

Sissy In Kilts & Petticoats.

Book 2

In Book 2 the boy, now forced to masquerade as a girl is employed by a guest. He thinks as her maid, but she has her heart set on a darling niece. Sent to charm school and ballet class “she” becomes ultra girlish and younger and younger. Trying to escape her dreadful toddler status she’s put into a baby harness.



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Sissy In Kilts & Petticoats

Rebellious Young Male Sent To England To Be Turned Into A Sissy...And Then A Little Girl.

Book 2

By Patricia Michelle

Chapter-1 Unexpected sensations.

When I was gotten up I almost protested when I was put in a wretchedly perfumes bubble bath and not allowed to bathe myself, but fortunately shut my mouth just in time and submitted to being briskly scrubbed until she declared me, "squeaky clean."

It was as she was scrubbing me between my legs that I received a most unexpected shock. My pussy, I mean my dickie, started to get excited and very stiff. Oh god, this is great, I'm finally free of that damn ribbon, I thought. But then I got a worse thought. What if she discovers what's there? Still as she vigorously scrubbed I couldn't help but get more and more excited. And wasn't able to stop the moan of pleasure that escaped me.

"Oh my goodness, is your little flower getting all excited?" she asked.

"Oh, y-yes, Nanny," I moaned.

"Well, that certainly is unexpected," was all she said, while I was almost silently pleading with her not to take her hand away. But she did, leaving me gasping.

When my bath was finished I wasn't even allowed to dry myself. But, as she approached me with a big, fluffy towel she suddenly stopped.

"Oh my, you poor thing," she exclaimed.

"Is-Is something wrong Nanny?" I asked worriedly.

"Why you have almost no little boobies do you? A girl your age should be a little more, well, developed.

And just look at your bottom. Why it's almost flat, like a boys," she remarked. I wanted to tell her that's because I was a boy, but, of course, it was way to late to suddenly confess.

"Don't worry dear, I'm sure something can be done to speed things up," she assured me, something I really dreaded hearing. I didn't want boobies or a girlish bottom! I knew right then, I had to figure out how to escape, fast.

That thought I had to put aside as I hung from a lacing bar as she wrapped a new corset on me and began lacing me in. By the time she finished I honestly didn't think I

was able to breathe. But measuring my figure she sounded disappointed.

“Oh my, I was hoping for more. I was barely able to lace you down to twenty-one inches. Well, that will have to be at least a start,” I heard her say to herself. A start? My god, any tighter and I was certain I’d pass out!



As I stood naked in my corset on the stool waiting to be dressed I cringed when I saw the panties she'd selected. Oh please tell me, not those, I prayed, but they were. They were the most awful truly little girl's pink, satin panties. My whole bottom was nothing but row after row of lace ruffles with bows at the waist and legs, which were also ruffled. The bra was almost worse. You could only describe it as a little girl's sissy training bra as it too was ruffled, even the straps, with a big bow right in the middle.

But when she took out the dress she'd picked I almost started crying. I didn't think anything could be more frilly or juvenile than the dress she'd bought me, but sadly I was so wrong.

"I'm sure you wanted to be all dressed up for your Auntie and show her how sweet you look in one of your precious, new party dresses, don't you?" she asked.

Dying inside I never-the-less said as excitedly as I could, "Oh yes Nanny, I-I'd love to be all dressed up for m-my Auntie."

"And it's in your favorite color, pink. The Mistress was certain pink was your favorite color as she thinks you look so adorable in it. I do hope it's your favorite color."

What could I say. "Oh yes Nanny, pink is my most favorite color," I replied, although I hated pink.

"Oh, I'm so glad, as almost the entire wardrobe the Mistress picked out for you are all different shades of pink. And your room is all pink, just for you," she exclaimed.

When she finished dressing me I almost couldn't bring myself to look. When I did I nearly died, it was so much worse than I could ever imagine. Short as the skirt was it had four tiers of ruffles and with the wretched petticoats stood nearly straight out. The short, absurdly puffed

sleeves were fastened with bows. At the ruffled collar was an even larger bow, with two more bows at the waist and a huge one tied in back. On my feet were the most frilly little socks with two tiers of lace edged ruffles and pink bows. Then as I lifted first one foot and then the other she buckled my feet into I just managed to stifle a sob when I saw them. Shiny, pink with double straps and little girl sissy heels. But what made them so awful was that there was a bow not only on each strap but on each toe!

Declaring that all little girls wore gloves when they dressed up she buttoned my hands into short, white, lace trimmed, satin gloves, and even they had bows decorating them.

I couldn't believe I was going to be presented to Auntie Veronica like this. Surely she'd see how ridiculous I looked. That hope was dashed as I remembered she was the one who'd picked it out. Oh god, I thought, surely this couldn't get any worse.

Chapter-2 Potty trained.

But, of course, I was wrong. It suddenly got much, much worse when Nanny asked, "Now, before we go downstairs do you have to go potty?"

"D-do you mean do I have to pee, Nanny?" I asked.

"Oh my, such a vulgar word for a little girl. From now on when you have to go potty please ask by raising your hand and saying, 'Please Nanny, can I use my potty to do tinkles or poopies,'" she said, and then asked, "Do you have to do tinkles, Louisa?"

I truly didn't want to, but the fact was I did have to pee, so, my face turning red in shame I said, "Yes Nanny, can I d-do my tinkles?"

"Of course sweetie. You'll find your potty under your bed," she said, to my stunned shock. She couldn't possibly mean for me to actually use a potty! But, sure enough under the bed was a white porcelain potty.

"I-I use a toilet, ah, to do tinkles, Nanny" I pleaded.

"A grown-ups toilet? What nonsense, why you're a long ways before I can begin toilet training you. Apparently I'll have to re-potty train you. Now take it out and put it in the middle of the room," she ordered.

With all my heart I wanted to stamp my feet and scream, "Enough is enough!" but when she saw me hesitate I could see a suddenly forbidding expression and saw her reaching for the paddle. So, in defeat I did as ordered. And then it got so humiliating I just wanted to die.

"Hold your skirts up while I pull your panties down for you young lady. Now when I say, 'You can potty sit for me now,' you see the two pegs on each side? Place your feet behind them. Then put your arms behind you and hold onto the rod in back while I buckle you in," she instructed, actually tightly buckling a leather strap around my waist.

"You may do your tinkles now, Louisa, she said, but I was so humiliated at the thought of peeing in front of a seventeen year old girl that I just couldn't.

"There, there, I know you must be feeling a bit embarrassed using a potty again, so I'll just sit and wait. Please inform me when you're finished doing your tinkles," she said.

Nothing happened for a good ten minutes, but I finally managed to let go.

"I-I'm finished doing my tinkles now, Nanny," I shamefully announced.

"What a good girl!" she proclaimed, then said, "Now raise up just a bit and I'll wipe your little flower for you, then I'll let you up."

Well, that did it. I just started sobbing, and totally mistaking why she sympathetically patted my cheek and said, "Don't worry honey, the more you use your potty the easier it'll get."

I didn't want it to get easier, damn-it. I was a twenty year old guy for Christ's sake! I was just temporarily trapped into acting like a little girl until I made my escape. Oh please, don't let it get any worse, I silently prayed. But, naturally, my prayers weren't answered.

Chapter-3 Presented to Aunty.

Not to my surprise when Aunty Veronica saw me she jumped up and gave me the biggest hug.

"Oh my, don't you look absolutely precious. Don't you just love your new party dress, Louisa?" she asked so excitedly happy, that what I could I say? No, I hate it! You've made me into a stupid little girl! But instead, trying my best to sound as excited as she was I said, "Oh yes, Aunty Veronica, I absolutely love my new party dress. Thank you so much!"

After we sat at the dinner table she asked Nanny if she'd had any problems.

"Oh no, Louisa was a perfect doll. Although there are a couple of observations I feel I must make you aware of," she said.

"Oh my, nothing serious I hope?" Aunty said.

"No Ma'am, however I couldn't help noticing that the poor Louisa has almost no boobies at all. They don't even fill her little girl's trainer bra, and by now they should

have developed at least a little. And my other observation is the girl's bottom. Why it's nearly flat, like a boy's," she said, leaving me mortified.

"Well, I'm sure it's just a case of late development. Please bring both up when you take her to my doctors tomorrow," she said, and I suddenly got very scared.

"I-I'm going to a doctors, Aunty Veronica?"

"Why yes, I simply want to have her check you over, that's all."

"Then perhaps I should inform her of another occurrence that I found most unusual. As I was scrubbing her little flower, if you can believe, she got a most excited reaction." Oh god, I couldn't believe she was bringing this up!

"At her age, that is most unusual to say the least. It appears she's a late developer in some areas and over developed in another. Yes, please discuss it with my doctor. I'm sure she'll have some advise. Now don't you worry, Louisa. I'm sure doctor Jessup will know just how to treat you," she patted my hand trying to re-assure me. Which did nothing to re-assure me at all, I was panicked. Surely the doctor would discover who I really was.

"There was one other thing, Ma'am. Apparently someone foolishly was actually allowing her to use a grown-ups toilet for her tinkles and poopies. Imagine a girl her age allowed to use a grown-ups toilet. So, I'm afraid I'm simply going to have to re-potty train her," Nanny declared.

"Re-potty train her? I see," she said uncertainly. Well, now, finally she was going to declare how absurd potty training me was. Despite whatever age she thought I was.

Instead, to my dismay, all she said was, "Well, we shouldn't let little girls think they're grown up too soon,

can we? So, as she's in your complete care you just do what you think is best for her."

All I could think of was that I really had to get out of here as fast as I could before they really did turn me into a little girl. I consoled myself that just right now I was just pretending to be a little girl as there was nothing else to do until I'd planned my escape.

Yet as I sat there and listened, increasingly alarmed, to what Auntie Veronica had planned for me I realized that she had every intention of turning me into what her image of a little girl was. And it sounded absolutely horrible.

"Now I know you'll be excited to hear that your nanny and I have spent I don't know how many hours creating a schedule for you for every day of the week. You'll be doing and learning so many wonderful things perfectly suited to a girl your age. Oh, by the way what is your middle name?" she asked so unexpectedly that without thinking I said, "It's Martin, Auntie Veronica."

"Martin? I suppose that's a family name. but totally unsuitable for such a darling little girl. I think it should be, 'Marie.' Yes, Louisa Marie sounds so much better. And, to avoid unnecessary questions, you'll be introduced as my visiting niece. So when asked your name you'll say it's Louisa Marie Winters. Now, doesn't that sound so much better?" she asked.

"Oh yes, it, it really is so much better, Auntie Veronica," I said, wanting to throw-up.

"Now, in the morning when your nanny gets you up first she'll put you on your potty. Then you'll do exercises to improve your figure. After which she'll bathe and dress you in your schoolgirl's uniform and take you to breakfast. Then it's on to the little schoolroom I've set up just for you. Where you'll wait for your teacher. I'm sure you'll like Ms. Harris.

"Now after your lessons you'll change into your cute, little maids uniform and clean your room and do whatever chores I have for you. And then, and this is really exciting, we've enrolled you in Ms. Prindall's Tippy Toe School of Dance."

"I-I'm going to dance school?" I asked in disbelief.

"Oh yes, Ms. Prindall's is the finest dance school for girls in the city. You'll be taking ballet, of course, to improve your gracefulness and then tap dance. For which we've found the most adorable costumes. Of course your dance lessons will only be Monday, Wednesday and Fridays. Then on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturday morning you're really going to learn how to be the most perfect little girl. As you'll be attending Julia Preston's Precious Princess Charm School. Doesn't that sound so wonderful, Louisa Marie?" she asked.

No, I wanted to holler, it sounds absolutely horrible I almost blurted out. But, biting my lip I managed to say, "Oh that really sounds so wonderful, Auntie Veronica!"

"I just know Ms. Preston will remove all that tomboy in you once and for all. I understand her methods are a bit unorthodox, but you'll learn proper etiquette and manners, poise and posture, proper diction and vocabulary just to name a few. Then in the afternoon she takes all her little Princesses, "That's what she calls all her girls, on an excursion. It'll be so good for you. I know how shy you are and now you'll be spending time with other girls your own age."

Oh my god, how in the hell am I going to pull that off? I wondered. Surrounded by who knows how many girls I'll stick out like a sore thumb.

"Now when you come home you'll have your nap and after that your nanny will take you out to play for a little while. We've set up a wonderful, little playground for

you. Then you'll be dressed for dinner. After which you'll undoubtedly have homework to do. And if you've done all your homework correctly your nanny will allow you to sit at your play table and play games, or read and if you've been a really good girl she's said she'll allow you to watch TV, or even a movie. Now, doesn't that sound like the most exciting, fun filled days?" she asked.

"Oh yes, Auntie Veronica, it really sounds so exciting a-and lots of fun," I said with as much enthusiasm as I could muster, which was hard as it sounded just too dreadful for words.

After I'd been pottied and put to bed as Nanny was raising the side bars she said, "Now once I put you to bed Louisa Marie I don't expect you to get out of it for any reason, am I understood?"

"Yes Nanny, I promise," I said.

Chapter-4 Getting out of bed, a big mistake!

Laying wide awake, what else could one do, being put to bed at eight-thirty I let an hour go by then climbed out of bed. First testing the door, which to my chagrin, I found locked. Then I tried the windows, which I opened only to discover there were bars on the outside. The same in the bathroom. Damn, I thought, well obviously I wasn't going to sneak out of the room. I'll just have to wait for my chance, there'll have to be one.

When I was gotten up in the morning and was put on my potty I realized, to my dismay, that I really had to take shit.

"Do you have to do tinkles and poopies, Louisa Marie," she asked.

"Y-Yes Nanny," I cringed.

"Very well, do them and I don't want to hear any childish sobs out of you," she said sternly.

I tried so hard not to cry, it was so humiliating doing poopies in front of a seventeen year old girl while she stood over me waiting. Then having to lift up my bottom so she could wipe me.

Nanny seemed in a foul mood for some reason as she bathed and dressed me.

"Now then Louisa Marie, were you a good girl and stayed in bed all night?" she asked.

"Oh yes, Nanny, I did," I lied.

"Let me show you something," she said, turning on the tv and pushing play. And there I was scrambling out of bed, testing the doors and windows.

Oh my god, there was a camera some where.

"So, you not only disobeyed me you lied as well. Fetch the paddle and get over my knees this instant you bad, bad, little girl," she ordered. When she saw me hesitate she said, "Since you seem reluctant to obey your Nanny instead of thirty you'll get forty."

That dissolved any hesitation I had and seconds later I was across her knees having my skirts pulled up and my panties pulled down.

"You will count each spank and say, 'Louisa Marie was a bad, little girl.'" When I say I'm finished you'll stand, curtsy and say, "Thank you for spanking me. I disobeyed my Nanny and deserved to be punished."

She then blistered my poor rear end until I was screaming and begging her to stop. I couldn't believe how much it hurt. It was the worst spanking I'd ever gotten.

When she finished she grabbed me by the ear yanked me into the bathroom and ordered me to open my mouth.

“This is for lying,” she declared, then shoved a huge, mushy bar of soap into it and began vigorously thrusting it in and out. I couldn’t believe she was washing my mouth out! I was soon gagging and retching with tears flowing down my cheeks.

After I had a mouth full, pardon the awful pun, I was yanked back into my room. Placing a chair facing a corner she barked, “Stand on the chair facing the corner, hands on your head. You’ll stand there until I’m ready to take you to the doctors. I’ll be monitoring you and if I see you put one hand down you’ll get thirty more with the paddle.”

I stood there for what must have been almost two hours. Tears were still pouring out from the terrible taste of the soap, and I desperately wanted to soothe my poor, battered bottom, but I didn’t dare. I was one chastised, miserable little girl. And all I had to look forward to was the disaster I was sure was looming when we got to the doctors.

Chapter-5 My visit to the doctors.

I was literally on pins and needles fearing the worst when we got to the doctors. Who, a bit to my relief, turned out to be a very good looking, friendly woman. I don’t know what I would have done if it had been a man. I died several deaths while Nanny explained about my under developed boobies and my unusually flat, boyish behind. Here it comes, I thought, when she asked Nanny to undress me.

In a panic I pleaded, “Please doctor, c-can I leave my panties on? I’m so embarrassed.”

To my great relief she said I could. Then proceeded to poke and prod my chest and rear end. Asked to bend over

I never expected to be suddenly jabbed in both cheeks with a needle.

“Well, that should help. Bring her back every two weeks and I’ll administer two more until we start seeing some improvement. Now I’ll give you some sensitizing cream to rub in every morning and evening on her boobies. But first sweetie here’s two pills I want you to take,” she ordered. I was, as you can imagine, quite fearful of what was in them, but saw no way of refusing. Giving Nanny a bottle she added, “ Give her two each morning with her breakfast.”

When Nanny then explained how sensitive my little flower was I found myself lying on the examination table with my feet strapped into stirrups and raised over my head. As the doctor manipulated my flower I couldn’t help but get excited as it was so much like how Miss Ann relieved me of my urges. So much so that, without thinking, I cried out, “Please doctor Louisa Marie’s, ah, flower is about to squirties!”

“Really, oh my. But thank you for warning me. However ‘squirties’ is not quite correct. Little girls say their flower is going to do ‘creamies.’ Do you think you can remember, honey?” she asked.

“Yes doctor, I will,” I promised. Christ, first I had a dick, then a dickie that did ‘squirties,’ then a pussy and now I had a little flower that did ‘creamies.’ Stupidly I found myself wondering how I was going to remember what it was that I actually had?

Just then she rubbed me exactly the wrong way, or the right way, and I couldn’t stop myself from spurting over and over in my panties.

“My goodness, did you have an accident sweetie?” the doctor asked.

“Y-Yes, doctor,” I admitted, still gasping.

"What happened?" Nanny asked.

"Well, it appears Louisa Marie did a creamie in her panties."

"Is that bad, I mean a girl her age..."

"Oh my no. Nothing to be alarmed about. It is unusual, but not unheard of for a girl her age to have such an overly active, sensitive, little flower. However I am cross with you that you didn't warn me," she said, although she didn't sound really mad.

"I-I'm sorry, doctor, I-I just couldn't help it," I admitted.

"Yes, well, that really is the only problem. Her little flower is going to be prone to become overly excited, and may even do a creamie, at the most unexpected times. So, what you'll have to do on a weekly basis, say, every five days, is to relieve her of these unexpected urges she'll undoubtedly be having. And to watch her at other times as well," she said, as the two of them huddled in the corner too far away for me to hear. But, at that point I really didn't care what they were saying as I was overjoyed that it appeared I'd escaped the doctor's visit with my shameful secret intact.

Chapter-6 My first dance class.

After being redressed Nanny announced that it was almost time for my first dance lesson. I wasn't as fearful as I'd been prior to the doctor's visit. But I was sure I'd stand out and be laughed at when I got there as obviously I was too old and big to be in a girl's dance class. Worse, of course, is that since I'd ruined my panties I'd be going with nothing under my too short skirt.

We were met at the dance school by the owner and teacher, Ms. Preston.

"As I explained on the phone Louisa Marie has never had any dance lessons and I'm afraid is at that awkward stage," Nanny said.

"Well, that's certainly no problem. Girls have to start sometime don't they? And I have the perfect beginner's class of eight to ten year olds, and I'm sure she'll fit right in," the woman said. But all I could think of was me with a bunch of eight to ten year olds, who, I was sure, as soon as I entered the room would start laughing, pointing and giggling.

"Fortunately I brought your ballerina and tap outfits and they both have panties. I'll dress you for your ballet class but then you'll have to ask Ms. Preston to help you with your tap costume," Nanny said. And all too soon I was standing looking at myself in a pink, what else, little girl's tutu trimmed in sequins. White tights were on my legs and pink satin toe shoes on my feet, which were really difficult to just walk in.

As you can imagine I wasn't looking forward to joining the rest of the class. But I received a real shock when I did. There were about a dozen girls that I joined and a couple were actually taller than me!

I didn't know whether to be relieved that I appeared to fit right in, or be humiliated that eight to ten year old girls accepted me as one of them.

One in particular, Bethany, was very welcoming, giving me a big hug. That is until I found out she was ten, and at least two inches taller than me.

I won't go into detail about my first dance class. Needless to say by the time ballet came to an end I was beyond exhausted and every muscle in my body was in pain. But especially my poor feet. Then dressed in a little girl's sailors costume I tap danced till my legs had turned to jelly. I was never so glad to see Nanny come to get me.

I could still barely move the next morning then after I had done by tinkles and poopies something new was added to my morning regime.

For fifteen minutes Nanny vigorously massaged my boobies and even my nipples with a lotion which made them tingle. Unexpectedly I found myself enjoying it even though I knew I shouldn't as I knew the real purpose, of course, was to actually give me real, little boobies. I prayed I'd be out of here long before that happened.

"Now this is a special bra the doctor suggested I get for you. It's called a little girl's 'helper bra,'" she said, as she slipped it on. It was stiffly underwired and once on she pulled and tugged what little I had until they actually fill the tiny cups and I had the resemblance of a little girl with boobies.

Chapter-7 My first day being home schooled.

I had completely forgotten this was my first day of school, and had no idea what that held. So once I'd been dressed I looked for all the world like a little schoolgirl. I wore a blue plaid, pleated skirt with a high waist to which were attached broad should straps that fastened, front and back, with big blue buttons. The white blouse had short sleeves and a big sissy collar, both banded in blue plaid which matched my schoolgirl's tie. My mid calf socks were plain except for blue, satin bows at the tops. On my feet were two strap, shiny mary janes. My hair was done in a short ponytail with a huge blue bow.

At breakfast I almost faltered in my desire to do everything I could to please Nanny when she handed me two pink pills to take, prescribed by the doctor. I knew what they were for and I didn't want to take them, but I did. I prayed whatever changes they'd cause would not be noticeable until I made my escape.

After breakfast I was taken to the little schoolroom that had been set up for me. Already there was a kindly looking older woman I imagined about in her sixties. He introduced herself as Mrs. Harris, although I was simply to call her "Teacher."

"Now Louisa Marie I will be teaching you arithmetic, history, geography and spelling. Now I expect you to pay attention and to always be looking directly at me or at your desk. When seated hands folded nicely on your desk please. Now when I ask a question, if you know the answer, you'll raise your hand. When I call on you stand, curtsy and say, 'Yes Teacher I know the answer. The answer is.....' If you don't know the answer say, 'No Teacher, I don't know the answer.' Then curtsy and be seated," she instructed, treating me like the little girl I appeared for all the world to be. God I hated being talked down to, but I wasn't about to get off on the wrong foot.

She seemed like a nice lady and I'd always had an interest in history and learning about England might be interesting as well.

But that first class turned out to be a most humiliating revelation. As the morning dragged on I became more and more alarmed. Good grief, I kept thinking, how old does she think I am?

First she started with multiplication. "Can you tell me, Louisa Marie, what one times one equals?" she asked, to my disbelief.

Humiliated I stood, curtsied and said, "Yes Teacher, I know the answer, the answer is one."

"Oh very good. Now can you tell me what one times two equals?" she asked, and so it went up to twelve. Then times two and times three. This is incredibly ridiculous I thought. Christ, I learned to multiply in the second grade when I was, oh my god, seven! No, she couldn't possibly

think I was seven. Then it got worse, I actually got three of them wrong. I was mortified. I couldn't even multiply like a seven year old!

"For homework please write the correct answers fifteen times each so you'll remember them dear. Now shall we go on to spelling?" she said, holding up a picture of a house and pointing to a window asked, "Can you tell me what this is Louisa Marie?"

"Yes Teacher, I know the answer, the answer is a window," I cringed.

"And can you spell 'window'?" she asked, which I did then had me identify and spell all the parts of a house.

"For homework here is a picture of a typical living room. I'd like you to print with this red crayon all the parts of a living room and furniture you can and try to see if you can spell them correctly." She instructed.

When Nanny came to get me she asked how I did.

"Oh quite well. She appears to be a bright little girl," she said, patting me on the head. Right, I thought miserably, very bright for a seven year old.

Nanny took me back to my room and soon had me in my little girl's Alice maids costume. Her instructions were to make my bed, like a good girl, tidy up my room, dust and vacuum, shine the shoes I'd worn the previous day along with hand washing my panties and bra.

She was very pleased and surprised at how well I had done everything. I could have told her I'd had years of doing nothing but that so she shouldn't be surprised, I thought ruefully, but, of course, I couldn't.

Chapter-8 My first day at charm school, oh yuck!

I was then dressed in one of my frilly, pink party dresses to make a good impression on Ms. Prindall when I was taken to Charm School.

"Of course, once you're there you'll be fitted and dressed in the attire she insists all her little Princesses wear," she said. I couldn't imagine it could possibly be any frillier than what she dressed me in so I wasn't concerned and put it out of my mind.

I had my meager lunch with Aunty Veronica which always delighted me.

"How did she do at her first day of school?" she asked Nanny.

"Oh Mrs. Harris was most impressed. She said your little Louisa Marie is a very bright girl. And you should see how she cleaned her room? It's positively immaculate. In fact, if I get a good report from Ms. Prindall on how well she behaved at her first day at charm school I've decided to allow her to draw for a whole hour when she gets back," Nanny declared. And while I should have glowed at her praise, instead I was gritting my teeth and making a valiant effort not to ball my fists. The one thing that truly irritated me no end and that I found so humiliating was them discussing me as if I weren't even sitting right there. Exactly as one discusses a child too young to be included in their conversation.

"Well, my goodness I'm sure she'd enjoy that, wouldn't you, Louisa Marie?" she finally addressed me.

"Oh yes, Aunty. I really would," I said brightly as it was the one enjoyable activity in my miserable life that I really enjoyed.

As nanny drove me to my first day in charm school I was surprisingly calm and only a bit nervous. After all I'd been accepted in dance class as just one of the girls, to my disbelief, in the eight to ten year old class and didn't look a bit out of place. Then I'd been accepted by Mrs. Harris, although god knows how old she thought I was.

What we drove up to was a high gate, then up a long drive till we came to what looked like an old fashioned Victorian gingerbread house all in pinks and yellows.

"Oh my, aren't you just the most precious little girl! I'm sure you'll absolutely love the time you spend in my little charm school. I pride myself in turning out the daintiest, sweetest, most darling little Princesses," the matronly Ms. Prindall gushed. I swear I wanted to gag.

"Now you just go into that room over there where all the other students are gathering and introduce yourself as Junior Princess Louisa Marie to Miss Emma who is in charge of all our Junior Princesses.

Oh yuck, I moaned, now I'm a Junior Princess. This is definitely not sounding good, I thought to myself.

When I entered there were about twenty girls just sort of milling around. I was so pleased to see someone I knew. Bethany, from dance class. Although compared to some of the other girls, and me, she looked more grown up than she did in dance class. She was wearing a pink, gingham dress and while frilly it was not as frilly, or little girlish, as what I wore. I looked enviously at her skirts which almost fell to her knees. Instead of the god awful, little, ruffled socks I wore she was wearing tights and pink heels higher than mine. Which made her all that much taller than me. Her gorgeous, below shoulder length hair wasn't done in stupid pigtails like mine. Next to her I felt even more the little girl and I truly hoped this was the uniform I'd be wearing.

"Oh, I'm so happy to see you'll be attending charm school too," she said, hugging me.

"So am I Bethany. I don't know anyone," I said, adding, "what's it like here?"



"I'm sure you'll like it, there are a lot of things you'll be taught, but I have to caution you," she said in a hushed voice.

"First, I'm sure you'll find some of their methods quite unusual, but you'll get used to them, we all had to. Then we always address each other as 'Princess'. And always make sure to sound as excited as you can and always try your hardest. You see that instructor over there? The one with the yardstick? We call her 'Ms. Spanker,'" she said.

"Y-You mean I can get spanked here?" I asked. Oh god, this is not good.

"Only if you don't try your hardest, or you get too many Bad Princess marks. But I'm sure you'll do fine," she said, trying to reassure me, which didn't help very much at all.

Changing the subject I hopefully asked, "Will my uniform be like yours, ah, Princess Bethany?"

"Oh, goodness no. This is a Senior Princess uniform. Yours will be yellow," she said.

"How long does it take to be a Senior Princess," I asked.

"It only took me a little over a year," she said proudly, "but most girls it takes about two years."

Hearing that was really dis-heartening. Surely Aunt Veronica wouldn't keep me here until I became a Senior Princess. Well, I thought, I'd be long gone before that.

"Now all Junior Princesses are assigned a big sister. I'll ask Ms. Emma if I can be your big sister, would you like that?" she asked.

Here I was being asked by a ten year old if I wanted her to be my big sister. It was crushing, but she was trying to be nice, having no idea I was actually a twenty-one

year old guy. So, what could I say but, "Oh yes, Princess Bethany, I-I'd love for you to be my big sister."

"Great! Now I suggest you go over and introduce yourself to Ms. Emma before she comes and gives you a bad Princess mark," she advised.

Which is what I did. I had no idea how many bad Princess marks you got before you were spanked, and I didn't want to find out.

Ms. Emma had the ten of us who were designated Junior Princesses line up according to our height.

"Now girls, the school operates using the buddy, or partner, system," she said, paring us off. My partner was to be the girl next to me, Princess Angela.

"While Princess Angela is just nine you're both almost the same height, the same beautiful, blonde hair and blue eyes. I think you'll look so adorable together," she proclaimed.

"Let me go over just a few of our most important rules before we have you properly dressed as darling, little Junior Princesses. We expect to have your undivided attention at all times. Girls who's eyes wander from an instructor when she is talking will receive a Bad Princess mark. As you will if it's determined that you're not trying your hardest. We expect all our Junior Princesses to always be ever so excited with happy faces. If we see you pouting, frowning or looking annoyed you'll receive a Bad Princess mark. There's no talking in class although you may whisper to your partner when you're not being talked to. Now, before we get you dressed you'll be taken to our salon where you'll receive a new hairstyle more suitable to a Junior Princess," she said, and I soon found myself in a beautician's chair having my hair shampooed .

As it was Ms. Emma came by and said, "Princess Louis Marie's hair is much too short. You'll have to add

extensions until it grows out and give her a very tight perm."

I had no idea what she was talking about, but my thoughts were interrupted as an awful smelling lotion was being applied followed by I don't know what else being done to my hair. Then dozens of curlers and rollers of all sizes were tightly wound around my hair. After what seemed like forever I was put under a hair dryer where I felt like my head was being baked.

Princess Angela, sitting under a dryer across from me, was finished first. When I looked up they were just finishing combing her out. At first I didn't recognize her. Her hairstyle was one I hadn't seen for years. It was a ridiculously dated and meant for only very little girls. Dangling down her face were the longest, I think they're called sausage curls, four on each side all the way to her shoulders. In front were the longest bangs almost to her eyes. As I watched yellow, satin ribbons were being tied into bows on each side.

It wasn't until she waved at me that I realized it really was Princess Angela. Then the most awful thought hit me. No, they couldn't do my hair like that, my hair was way too short. But my relief was short lived when I remembered Ms. Emma mentioning my needing hair extensions.

My lips quivered in dread as my hair was being combed out and my heart sank as I felt them tying ribbons in it. Then they turned me to a mirror and I gasped and nearly started crying for I looked exactly like Princess Angela.

"Don't you just love your new hairdo, so perfect for a Junior Princess, don't you think?" Ms. Emma asked.

I wanted to scream that I hated it. How could you do this to me? I look more like the sissiest, little girl there

ever was! All of which I wanted to say. Instead I glumly replied, "Yes, Ms. Emma, I-I like it."

"Oh my, you don't sound very excited and happy, and is that a frown on your face?" she sternly asked.

"I-I was just surprised, I-I mean I really, really love my new hairdo Ms. Emma," I said, trying desperately to sound as excited as I possibly could while trying so hard to hold back my tears.

"And now we'll go and get you outfitted in the most adorable Junior Princess uniforms. I just know you'll positively fall in love with them," she said to Princess Angela and me.

"Oh yes, I'm so terribly excited, I can't wait to see how I look as a real Princess, can you?" she asked me.

"Ah, yes, I can't wait either," I said, hopefully sounding excited, but I was anything but. If what we were going to be dressed in was anything even remotely like our little girl hairdos I certainly could wait, forever.

Taken into a fitting room I was stood on a wooden stool and told not to fidget and do as I was asked. I panicked, as I usually did when undress all the way down to my corset. But I shouldn't have, for my pussy, or little flower as they now referred to it as, fortunately passed even the closest inspection. I couldn't help wondering once I ran away how the heck I was going to get the damn thing off.

When they finished dressing me and I saw myself it was actually even worse than I'd ever imagined. For I wore the frilliest yellow, taffeta dress with the shortest skirts and petticoats that made them stand nearly straight out. Diagonal bands ran up the front and back dripping with no less than three layers of ruffles so huge they fell over the enormously short, puffy sleeves and ending in bright yellow bows. The sleeves had bows securing them

with no less than three tiers of the daintiest lace ruffles. A solid, yellow skirt fell over the longer, if you could call it that, gingham skirt which had little yellow bows all the way around. I counted at least four stiff, gauzy, white petticoats falling well below my skirts.

Short, ankle socks with two tiers of ruffles and yellow drawstrings were tied in bows on my feet.

But the worst was that sticking out below my skirts and petticoats, for all to see, were gingham bloomers fastened with bows and even longer streamers above long double tiered lace ruffles and in back was an eight button drop seat!

I was so mortified at how I was dressed and my doll-like hairdo that no respecting girl would be caught dead in, that I didn't at first hear Ms. Emma address me.

"I said to sit down and hold your feet out so I can put your shoes on for you. We frown on Princesses who day-dream. We give them Bad Princess marks," she warned.

As I sat holding my feet out she took out a pair of shiny, bright yellow shoes. I cringed when I saw them for they were even more little girly than the ones I had been wearing. They had crisscrossing straps with a bow in the middle that matched the bows on each toe and ankle straps with an even bigger bow, of all places, in back. But worse of all was the tiny, white lace bordering each shoe. I couldn't believe it! Then she did something that truly left me puzzled. Before buckling the ankle straps she picked up a short chain with rings at both ends and slid them on to the straps on either shoe. After tightly buckling them she produced little locks and, as my mouth dropped in shock, fastened them to holes on each strap. She'd actually locked the shoes on my feet!

I wanted to say something, to ask what the hell she was doing. Instead I tentatively said,

“W-Why did you p-put locks on my shoes, Ms. Emma?”

Looking quite annoyed she said, “Junior Princesses who are chatterboxes we reward with Bad Princess marks. Are you a chatterbox, Louisa Maria?”

“Oh no, Ms. Emma,” I hurriedly said, and swore not to utter another word. Not even when told to hold my hands out so I could be gloved and wondered why she was powdering them. I quickly found out as the white, satin gloves trimmed, of course, in huge lace ruffles appeared obviously too small for my hands. Yet she was patiently kneading and tugging them on me one finger at a time.

It took her at least ten minutes to get my hands in them. Then with a button hook she secured the four buttons at each wrist. To my alarm I found I not only could barely bend my hands but my fingers as well.

I know I should have kept my mouth shut but I just couldn't.

“P-Please Ms. Emma, I'm sure there's been a mistake. The gloves are too small for my hands.”

Glaring at me she said, “That does it. One Bad Princess mark for your continued chattering and another for questioning and interrupting me.” Taking out a small round stamp she stamped my left cheek twice.

“Do you have anything else to say?” she sternly asked.

“N-No Ms. Emma,” I said, then clamped my mouth shut.

“Very well, hold still,” she ordered as she removed my earring and replaced them, with of all things, gold bells. Then she clipped a bell to each of my gloves. What on earth, I wondered.

"You may stand now and follow me. When you stand and walk remember all Princesses stand and take the daintiest steps on just their toes," she cautioned.

What, I'm supposed to walk on just my toes, how ridiculous is that, I thought. But several things happened all at once when I stood up and tried to walk.

"Ouch, ouch," I couldn't help crying out as I felt a sharp, painful jab on the bottoms of both heels. Then when I tried taking a couple of steps I heard two louds clicks and suddenly felt myself slipping off my feet. At the same time I'd completely forgotten about the short chain hobbling my ankles and I tripped and fell in a mass of petticoats and skirts.

As I staggered to get up I realized they'd not only put sharp tacks in the heels of both shoes, but large steel taps on each toe.

Ms. Emma didn't seem a bit upset or surprised as she helped me up. "It always happens, but don't worry you'll quickly be mincing ever so daintily taking the tiniest steps in almost no time. This is simply one of Ms. Prindall's unique methods of training her little Princesses the correct manner in which she expects them to stand and walk. We've found that many of our new Princesses try to be naughty and take off their shoes when no one is watching. So, we've unfortunately had to add little locks to prevent that. And 'no' your gloves aren't too small, they're just the right size to teach you that all our Princesses do everything ever so daintily. As to your bells they are to teach you to sit and stand as quiet as a mouse without fidgeting. Which adults find so distracting and annoying. Little girls, as I'm sure you've heard, are to be seen and never heard," she lectured, then added a warning that frankly scared the hell out of me.

“Now each time we hear one of your bells ringing when you’re sitting or standing we give you what we call a ‘tinkle mark.’ At the end of the day the Princess with the most tinkle marks has to hold her hands out so they can be spanked. We also give out what we call ‘ouchie marks’ whenever we hear a girl not walking on her toes or tripping, slipping or falling. The girl with the most ouchie marks has to kneel on a chair once her shoes have been removed so we can spank the bottoms of her feet. So try to do everything as carefully as you possibly can,” she warned.

Just a few minutes ago I was silently laughing to myself at the ridiculous idea of walking and standing on just my toes. Now, it wasn’t so funny. I either walked as daintily as I could on just my toes or suffered the sharp, painful consequences. All the while trying to remember to take the shortest, littlest steps. So, this is what Bethany warned about Ms. Prindall’s unique training methods, I remembered miserably.

Once back in the room all the Princesses were lined up as before. The difference was all the Junior Princesses all looked identical. We all wore the same outlandishly frilly uniforms and we all had the same little girlie hairdos. We all looked like nearly identical dolls. The only difference was hair color.

Chapter-9 Learning proper perfect Princess rituals.

“Now before we take our little lunch break there’s a ‘greeting’ and ‘introducing myself’ ritual all the new Junior Princesses must learn. When you first arrive you’ll greet each other in this manner. As you come in you’ll go to the first girl in line, curtsy, and in your most excited and thrilled voice say, ‘Hello Princess, then say her name,

I am ever so thrilled to see you again. You look absolutely the most adorable today!’ Then you lean forward, as she does, hands behind you, and kiss her on both cheeks and then a nice loud kissie on the lips. Then the Princess you’ve greeted will curtsy and say, ‘Thank you ever so much for your sweet, little kissie. You look most ravishing today.’ Then you simply continue down the line greeting each girl. You my go first Princess Stephanie,” she instructed.

When it came to my turn she was quite critical.

“No, no Princess Louisa Marie, I just know you can sound a lot more excited and thrilled, and do raise your voice. That’s hardly how a little Princess talks,” she admonished.

“That was just a peck, give Princess Diana one we can all hear please. And do raise your voice,” she kept saying. As you can imagine I felt so ridiculous and stupid, but I didn’t want anymore bad marks, so I tried to act and sound as little girlish as I possibly could.

When I finally made it to the end of the line she said, “Those were excellent curtsies Princess Louisa Marie. But, my goodness, we’re going to have to do something about your voice. It’s much too deep, almost like a boys.”

To one of the assistants she added, “Please make a note that Princess Louisa Marie will need a voice collar.”

Naturally I had no idea what she was talking about, I was just glad to get to the end of the line.

With all the greeting done we were taken to a dining room. I sat with Princess Angela, my big sister, and Angela’s big sister, Princess Chelsea around a circular glass table.

However when Princess Angela and I went to sit Ms. Prindall stopped us. “No, no girls. You don’t sit until your

big sisters put your pinafores on for you. Now ask your big sister to put on your pinafore for you and after remember to curtsy and thank her, then wait or her permission to sit."

God, this was just too idiotic and not a little humiliating standing there as a ten year old, my big sister, tied a wretchedly frilly pinafore on me. Then I actually had to curtsy and "thank" her. It was all I could do to stop from screaming.

"Now wait for your big sister to give you permission to sit and, of course, curtsy and thank her," she instructed.

So when Princess Bethany gave me permission to sit, feeling even more like a little girl than I already did I curtsied and said, "Thank you for allowing me to sit Princess Bethany."

What made it all the worse was that neither big sister wore pinafores.

Once we were seated Bethany squeezed my hand and whispered, "You did that almost perfect. Don't worry, you'll soon get the hang of it. And really, you look so much cuter in your Junior Princess uniform. And your hairstyle is so much more flattering. It's really perfect for you."

Right, perfect for a girl in one of those frou-frou, over-the-top little girl beauty pageants, I dejectedly thought. But, she was just being nice so miserable as I was feeling I "thanked" her.

Once seated the first question I asked was what was a voice collar?

"Oh, they're nothing really. They simply raise your voice till you sound like a proper princess when you speak. I only had to wear one for 4 months. Although your voice is unusually deep so you may wear one lon-

ger," she said, and since she didn't make it out as anything horrible I put it out of my mind.

Chapter-10 Manners & Etiquette for perfect Princesses.

I was shocked and became suddenly very nervous when, giggling, Princess Chelsea said, "I wonder which one of the new princesses is the boy?"

"You mean there's a boy dressed as a new Princess?" Angela asked, astonished.

"I heard Ms. Prindall say to Ms. Emma 'The boy is probably too shamed to give you any trouble, just treat him, or her, as one of the girls,'" Princess Chelsea said.

"Well, that makes two," Bethany giggled, and added, "We all think it's Princess Peaches. Whoever heard of a girl named Peaches? Poor thing she's been a Junior Princess for as long as I've been here."

"She's either a boy or the most tomboy I've ever seen. But, I do feel sorry for, well, her. I don't think she'll ever become a Senior Princess," Chelsea remarked.

Oh my god, I gulped in dread, I'd better do everything I could to act like the most delicate, dainty little girl in school so they never come to suspect me as the boy, I fearfully decided. If anything gave me away I knew it would be my voice. I hoped this voice collar whatever it was really would help.

After our meager lunch I followed the other new Junior Princesses to our first class, Proper Princess Manners & Etiquette. Most of the rules had already been painfully ingrained in me. But some were new and having to recite and then print them left me in despair. How much further would I have to sink into little girlhood before I'd figured out how to make my escape?

These are the ones that almost brought me to the breaking point.

“Junior Princesses are too young to make any decisions on their own. They must always look to their Nanny, governess or big sister to make decisions for them.”

“Junior Princesses never do anything without the permission of their Nanny, Governess or big sister.”

“Junior Princesses are not to be caught doing anything they haven’t been given permission to do, or be seen anywhere they haven’t been given permission to be.”

How galling I thought bitterly. Now, not only does my Nanny have complete control over me but my ten year old big sister!

After god know how many rules we had to recite and print in the notebooks titled, “What I learned today.” The next class was even more nerve wracking, Proper Princess Poise & Posture.

Chapter-11 Proper poise & posture for Princesses.

I wasn’t surprised when they put books on our heads so that we could learn to walk like perfect Princesses. Where had I seen this before? But now I had tacks in my heels, treacherous steel taps on my toes and I could only take the shortest, tiniest mincing steps if I didn’t want to trip. Well, fine, I thought, if I was extra careful I’d eventually get the hang of it.

But then it suddenly got a lot more complicated when the teacher said, “Now Princesses when you walk I’d like you to turn your toes out with each step. It will help your darling bottoms wiggle as you walk and your skirts to swish and make frou-frou back and forth, which adults

find so adorable in little girls. Now let's position your arms and hands correctly. Elbows in please, arms nicely bent with fingers together and held at all times parallel to the floor."

After we all assumed the pose she instructed us to I couldn't believe what she next. She draped a yellow, heart shaped drawstring purse, ruffled at the top over our right hands. I just couldn't imagine any girl wanting to be seen dead with such a ridiculously sissy purse.

"Now then, simply walk to one end of the room, pivot on only your right toe, curtsy and then return. If your books or purse falls we call that a "dropsie." Don't worry, just try your hardest. However the next time we meet the Princess with the most dropsies unfortunately will have to have her hands spanked. So I advise you to practice between classes," she warned.

Christ, I muttered to myself, as I minced across the room, if this is what charm school is going to be like, and this was just the first day, I wanted out of here as fast as I could figure out how to get away. I couldn't imagine a couple weeks of this, let alone months.

Feeling miserable and sorry for myself I was also not concentrating for I suddenly felt a really painful smack, from the teacher's yardstick, on the backs of my poor legs.

"Turn those toes out Louisa Marie. The next time it'll be two smacks," she threatened.

A bit later I yelped as I smacked again, only twice.

"You're not wriggling your bottom, Louisa Marie. I want to see that bottom wriggling and those skirts swishing, understand?" she asked sternly.

"Y-Yes Teacher," I promised and from then on my whole world centered on turning my toes out, wriggling my bottom and swishing my skirts.

We must have made thirty trips up and down the room and I was so relieved to see that I wasn't the only one who's books and purse fell. I was so grateful when she finally told us we could stop. My nerves were absolutely frazzled from concentrating so hard.

I was puzzled as she set chairs on either side of the room. Then I couldn't help the moan that escaped me, as it did from the other Princesses, when she said, "Now we'll add one more thing. When you get to a chair you'll curtsy to it, daintily pivot and then sit as delicately and gracefully as you can. You'll then neatly arrange your skirts around you and after putting your hands in your lap, with fingers crossed, count to five, then stand, curtsy and walk across the room to the opposite chair."

So once again I minced up and down the room. However as I'd already been drilled over and over, how to sit and even with books on my head, I had no trouble doing it again and again. I even knew how to prettily arrange my skirts. I don't know how many trips I made, the books on my head only fell once.

When the teacher finally said that it was time to go on to our next class we all breathed a collective sigh of relief.

Until, that is, she said, "I would like to point out Princess Louisa Marie's efforts to you all."

Which made me get suddenly really scared. What on earth could I have been doing wrong.

"Princess Louisa Marie sat in her chair twenty times and her books only fell once. Not only that but not once did she fail to neatly arrange her skirts absolutely perfect. For which she has earned not one but two Good Princess gold stars," she announced. And as everyone clapped she put two stars on my cheek and erased the bad Princess marks I had on the other.

Well, as you can imagine I was stunned. And feeling so proud of my accomplishment I actually smiled happily for the first time that day. Then I remembered I was a twenty-one year old guy, and I felt shamed and humiliated at my reaction. What was I thinking beaming happily at all the praise being heaped on me? Then my thinking turned again. If I'm trapped acting like a little girl until I made my getaway I might as well enjoy the all too little joy when it came.

Chapter-12 I learn to talk like a proper Princesses.

In that state of mind our next teacher came in and said, "In my class Princesses you will learn to speak as all proper Princesses are expected to. We will concentrate on pitch, diction and vocabulary suitable for Princesses your age. Now in front of you is a card with several rules and phrases. We'll start with the rules first. As we review them I will expect you to sit perfectly still. I don't expect to hear a single bell tinkle. You will, of course, receive a tinkle mark each time I hear one.

So there I sat praying that I wouldn't set the bells on my ears off and not daring to move even one finger.

"The first rule is that when Princesses speak they always sound ever so excited and thrilled even when they aren't. Adults never want to hear an unhappy Princess. They find it most distressing. So you will never pout, or sound displeased or sullen. Proper Princesses are always breathlessly happy," she instructed.

"Now below that most important rule are two words which Princess never say. You never 'like' something. You 'love' or 'adore' or 'positively adore' it. Nor is something ever 'nice.' It's 'adorable, or precious, enchanting, dreamy or even ravishing."

Below that is a phrase which I would like each of you to stand and recite," she dictated. When I read the phrase I swear I wanted to barf. But when called I dutifully stood, curtsied and said as breathlessly excited as I could, "Pretty Princesses are ever so perfectly precious."

"Oh my no. You have to raise your voice up much more. Try again," she said, and I did my best, but apparently not enough.

"Goodness, no wonder. Are you one of the Princesses who needs a voice collar?" she asked.

"Yes, Teacher. That's what Ms. Emma said," I replied, hoping whatever it was would solve my deep voice, which was drawing all too much attention.

"Very well, please raise your curls up and lean towards me," she instructed. I suddenly had serious misgivings when I saw her take out what looked like a gold metal band, but didn't move as she put it around my throat and I heard a click. It really felt uncomfortably snug.

"Now let's hear you repeat the phrase please," she asked and with the constriction of the collar my voice suddenly went up an octave.

"No, not quite there yet," she declared, and proceeded to tighten it until I heard another click. Repeating the phrase I did so, this time my voice squeaking like a little girls.

"Yes, that's it, perfect pitch," she remarked.

"It-It's awfully tight, Teacher," I squeakily protested as mildly as I could.

"Oh I'm sure you'll get used to it in a week or so. Then in a couple months, well, then we'll see," she declared with no apparent concern about how tightly it encircled my throat.

I couldn't believe it, I was to be half strangled by this thing around my throat for a couple of months? No way, as soon as I got back I'd figure out how to get the damn thing off.

And actually it was even worse for I still had that stud in my tongue which caused me to lisp regardless of how hard I tried not to. Now, with that collar it became even more pronounced. A fact that Teacher was quick to point out.

"I really love how quaintly you still lisp Louisa Marie. It's always so sad when little girls lose their charming lisp as they grow up," she remarked, making me feel even more miserable as I was one of only two Princesses who still lisped. I now sounded even more little girlish than even Princess Angela.

By the end of the class we'd acquired a whole new vocabulary, and towards the end she made a contest out of it. We earned good Princess marks by using as many new words as we could in a sentence.

First Teacher asked Princess Angela to compliment me on how I was dressed.

"Oh Princess Louisa Marie you look ever so dreamy and so enchantingly precious," she gushed.

"Very good Princess Angela. Now Princess Louisa Marie you must thank her for her wonderful compliments and then, let's see, compliment her on her hair," she directed.

"T-thank you for your most wonderful compliment. I-I'll cherish it, er, forever and ever. And I'm so jealous of your, ah, gorgeously ravishing hair," I managed to get out without throwing up.

Chapter-13 Finally the end of the day.

And so it went until the end of class, at which time we returned to the main room. As we stood in line Ms. Prindal gave out gold stars to Princesses who'd done exceptionally well. Then we all got suddenly very scared as she announced those princesses who didn't try hard enough and would be spanked. Then those with the most "dropsie" who would have their hands spanked. Then the ones with the most "ouchies" and would have the bottoms of their feet spanked, and I swear I nearly fainted

as I was one of the names she called. Oh god, I was going to have my feet spanked!

But then she said, "It's our tradition not to discipline our Princesses on their first day. However the next time we meet I'm afraid you will be."

You could hear the collective sigh of real relief, myself maybe the loudest. But then I realized just how devious it was. From then on each time we met we'd basically be competing against each other not to be one of those to be disciplined. My one thought is that I'd better remember to always walk with my toes turned out and make certain I wiggled my bottom. I hated the thought, but I shuddered when I thought of having my feet spanked.

When Nanny came to pick me up she caught one look at me, fully expecting her to wonder why I now looked even more like a little girl, and to my surprise said, "Oh my, you look so darling in your charm school uniform, and I just love what they've done with your hair. It's so perfect for you!"

She then asked Ms. Emma if she had any instructions for her. Who first explained about the bells and that she needed to constantly remind me every time she heard them when I was sitting or standing.

"If they become a real distraction you'll find a good reminder is to simply give her hands a good spanking," she instructed.

"Well I wouldn't want to, I hope you don't make me spank your hands Louisa Marie," she said warningly.

Then Ms. Emma went on to explain why tiny locks were on my shoes, the reason steel taps were on my toes, and the purpose behind the chain hobbling my feet. When Nanny asked when they could be removed I couldn't help my dismayed reaction when she said, "Oh goodness, they're never to be removed unless of course you take her out in public. Now I suggest you tack all her shoes and have steel taps put on them as well. The little locks will work on any of her shoes. Now she's wearing very tight gloves which we feel will teach her to do everything ever so daintily and delicately. You'll to keep her gloved at all times until we see definite improvement. Besides it takes forever to put them on and take them off."

Oh hell, how on earth was I ever going to make my getaway if my shoes are always locked and chained on me? To say nothing of not being able to take the damn gloves off myself. Well, a pair of scissors would take care of that, I grinned to myself. Then remembered her saying my shoes didn't have to be chained when I was taken out in public. So, I had to put all my thinking into getting away when they took me out in public.

"Now this is her, 'What I learned today' book. I'm sure her aunt will want to hear all she's learned today," she said, handing it to Nanny, and then adding, "Be sure not to remove her gold stars so her aunty can see what a very good Princess she was today."

When we got back Nanny said, "I know I promised you could draw until dinnertime Louisa Marie. But, she

said I wasn't to remove your gloves, and I don't know how you'll draw with them on."

But seeing how crestfallen I was she said, "If you promise not to tell Ms. Emma I'm going to remove your gloves. Then I'll put a pinafore on you to protect your precious dress. How does that sound?"

"Oh thank you so much Nanny. I'm ever so eternally grateful," I said, before I could stop myself.

"Well, it seems as if charm school has already worked it's magic with your voice. It always confused me that such a darling girl had such a deep voice. Now you finally sound your age and they've even brought back your charming lisp, which I was so afraid you were losing," she said with a big hug.

Of course I loved it when she gave me big hugs and kisses. And I know she meant it as a compliment, but when she said that I, "finally sounded my age," I couldn't help wondering how old she thought I really was. I know I left for school looking a lot older than the ridiculously, frilly, little girl I now looked. But she didn't seem to notice it at all.

Well, if Nanny didn't notice how different I now looked surely Aunt Veronica would. How could she not? Which really made me nervous. Stupidly I actually wished she wouldn't notice how changed I was from this morning.

After tying me into a frilly pinafore Nanny tackled the task of removing my gloves.

"Oh my, this really is a struggle. Why you'd never get these off yourself," she proclaimed. True, but all I needed was a pair of scissors, which was my next goal.

Leading me outside she said, "Why don't you do a drawing of the Mistresses' house and present it to her on

her birthday in a couple weeks? It would make a wonderful present."

"Oh yes, Nanny, that really is the bestest idea," I replied, disgusted with, after just one day at charm school, how little girlish I was talking. But what I was thinking was that it fit perfectly into the plan I'd been devising. I'd go overboard being the best, most adorable, most well-mannered little girl if it killed me. And they'd be so impressed that I'd lull them into giving me more and more freedom and less strict supervision. The drawing would be the icing on the cake. Then I was sure the right opportunity would present itself and I'd be gone.

The hour I was allowed to draw flew by, and I was so disappointed when Nanny came to fetch me. She checked me over, buttoned me back in my gloves and led me downstairs to be present to aunt veronica. I was so nervous not knowing what to expect when she saw me.

Chapter-14 Unbelievably Aunty loves how I look.

"Oh my, just look what the school has done to you," she gasped when she saw me. Oh crap, that definitely didn't sound good. I was all ready to be laughed at, at how ridiculous I looked when she added, "And in just one day! I didn't think you could look more adorable, but she certainly does, don't you think?"

"Yes Ma'am, I think that's the prefect look for her," Nanny replied, "I think we should throw everything in her closet out and fill it up with bunches of dresses that look just like what's she's wearing." Oh please, tell me Aunt Veronica isn't going to go along with this ridiculous, little girly look, I moaned. But, no such luck.

"I absolutely agree. In fact I'll engage a seamstress to create the sweetest, most precious outfits imaginable. And remind me to tell her to make bloomers for all her fancy dresses. They do look so precious on her."

Oh crap, if anything marked me as a little girl it was those damn bloomers! I hated them.

God, I thought, this was getting worse and worse. I didn't know if I should be relieved or dismayed that she couldn't see how absurdly little girlish I now looked. I know she wasn't blind.

"And did you have a good time at your first day at Ms. Prindall's charm school, Louisa Marie?"

"Oh yes Aunty Veronica, I had the most bestest time I've ever, ever had. Thank you ever so much for sending me," I gushed out the response I'd been made to learn word for yucky, lisping word.

"I'm so glad you like your school. I was really concerned that you wouldn't. So, instead of just sending you until you graduate as a Junior Princess I've decided you can go until you become a full-fledged Senior Princess. Wouldn't you like that?" she asked.

"Oh yes, I'd absolutely adore being a Senior Princess," I said, thinking I'd be long gone before that ever happened.

"And look Ma'am, she's already earned two gold stars," Nanny pointed out.

"Well, my goodness. I'm so impressed. That deserves a big reward. But you can earn an even bigger one if you can earn one more by the end of the week," she declared.

It was then that Nanny brought up why little locks were on my shoes, the hobbling chain, the bells and my gloves. This is it, I thought, she's finally going to be outraged.

I had no idea what she had in mind, but it all fit into my grand plan.

To my stunned surprise she offhandedly said, "Yes, I was already aware of Ms. Prindall's interesting methods. The daughter of a good friend attended her school and she was a real tomboy. Absolutely hated her adorable, dainty dresses and refused to walk like a proper Princess. I think they had her in their special shoes for almost six months until they finally completely rid her of her tomboy ways."

Well, who cares. I wouldn't be wearing them for much longer, I thought smugly.

Throughout dinner I had to recite everything I'd learned that day from my book.

"My, they certainly accomplished a lot in just one day," she remarked, and then asked, "Now I know you said how impressed Mrs. Harris was, but what exactly did she teach you this morning?"

"Well, I, ah, learned to spell all the parts of a house. Then I learned to multiply up to three," I said.

"And did you get them all right?"

"No, I-I missed two," I had to admit. God, this was humiliating. Any second grader could have gotten them all right. Here I was twenty-one and I couldn't remember how to multiply up to three!

"Oh my, the fours and fives will be much harder," she remarked, making it all the worse.

You might think after the traumatic day I'd had that it was over. Oh no, I had homework. First writing and the multiplications I'd missed fifteen times. Then I had to spell all the parts of a living room.

But then, I couldn't believe it. I had to practice ballet and tap for half an hour each. I was really ready to just collapse in bed. But, that wasn't to be.

"Don't you think you should practice your walking? It's up to you, but Ms. Prindall did caution me that you came real close to having the bottoms of your feet spanked," Nanny said.

"Y-Yes Nanny, I'd better practice," I moaned, and then endured yet another half hour of practicing my walk. Toes turned out, wiggling my behind. Finally she put me to bed.

The first thing I did when I was to reach behind my neck and feel for the clasp that I was sure was on this damn collar. To my surprise I couldn't feel anything that felt like one. I couldn't for the life of me figure out how it came off. Well, no problem, all I needed now, besides scissors was a file.

As I started nodding off I kept playing back a most bewildering day I'd just been through. What I kept coming back to was no one's surprise from Nanny or Aunt Veronica at how ridiculously little girlish I'd been made to look and act, and even talk. They didn't appear to see the difference. If anything they'd applauded how absurdly little girlish I'd become. They couldn't be blind surely.

At first when introduced to Ms. Winters she thought I might be fifteen, maybe fourteen. Then that horrible housekeeper had dressed me like a twelve or thirteen year old. After which Ms. Winters bought me an Alice maids uniform, and then a fancy dress, shoes and socks fit more for a ten or eleven year old.

Mrs. Harris treated me, at best, like a third grader. At charm school ten year old Bethany had been made by big sister and I had to ask her permission, for god's sake, to

even sit down! I even bemoaned the fact that Princess Angela had bigger feet than me.

Oh yes, I thought miserably, let's not forget Nanny thought I was much too young to use a grownups toilet and had proceeded to re-potty train me. Then, of course, there was the bed. Not really a bed at all. To me it was just an oversized crib, even though Nanny referred to it as a "youth bed."

What was so confusing was I couldn't help remembering all the praise and compliments from everyone I'd gotten, and especially lots of hugs. Nanny had even kissed me twice, even though they were just on the forehead. And I had eared two gold stars that I couldn't help be proud of, and even a reward Aunt Veronica had promised. I hoped I'd like it.

And I remembered how all the girls had been so nice to me, which was such a relief as I'd been so scared. But most of all because I'd been such a good girl Nanny had let me draw for a whole hour.

I honestly didn't know what to think. Except I found it obviously much more rewarding to be a good, little girl as I was expected to be. Which I'd planned to fake anyway, I gloated, until I made my run for it.

Chapter 15 –My first week as a Junior Princess.

Gradually, as the first week went by I settled into a schedule and daily routine that seldom varied. Some things I really did hate. I had yet to get over the humiliation of being pottied and doing tinkles and poopies in front of a seventeen year old girl. But I'd resigned myself and had finally stopped sobbing. I guess you can get used to anything if you don't have any choice.

I hated Nanny checking my panties in the morning to see if I'd been naughty and played with my flower during the night. I was mortified Wednesday morning when she'd found my panties all sticky. I was sooo embarrassed as I remembered I'd been dreaming of Nanny, who I was infatuated with, and me together.

"Well, never mind honey, we'll deal with these naughty urges of yours on Saturday," she said mysteriously.

And who wouldn't hate sitting in class every morning being taught as if, at best, I was in the third grade. Ballet and tap was simply pure torture. It exhausted me to my limit and by the end of class every bone and muscle was hurting, but especially my poor feet.

However I did have to admit I actually enjoyed Ms. Prindall's charm school, even though they were relentless in turning me into the sissiest, daintiest little girl you could ever imagine.

It's just that I so looked forward to how nice and friendly all the other Princesses were to me and how Bethany went out of her way to help me.

There was one other thing I hate to admit I enjoyed. Per the doctor's orders before I was put to bed each night I would sit on Nannie's lap while she vigorously massaged and kneaded my little boobies, as I was to refer to them as, and my nipples with a special sensitizing cream. I don't know whether it was her massaging them, the cream or the damn pill, which I hated taking every morning, but I was soon getting little thrills not only from my boobies and nipples, which shocked me as they became erect, but my dickie, I mean my flower did as well. I could feel it stiffen and get so excited. It was thrilling and frustrating all at the same time. I desperately wanted to reach

down and rub myself I felt that close, but naturally I didn't dare.

Then while my nipples were still erect and excited she'd tie ribbons around each, tying them into bows while explaining, "Hopefully these will help them grow."

On Thursday, when I got home, aunt Veronica had a seamstress waiting to measure me for my new, little girls wardrobe. There was nothing I could do but act excited, while cringing at the thought of the horrible clothes I'd soon be wearing.

I really wanted to kill Aunt Veronica when she said, "Now Mrs. Grey, be sure to make matching bloomers for my Louisa Marie. She looks so precious in them. And I'd like the very special party dress we discussed finished for the party I'm planning for her on Sunday."

That Friday turned out to be possibly the happiest day I'd had since the day I arrived in England.

I'd been so frightened of having my feet spanked that I actually asked Nanny if I could practice my walk every night. You really can't imagine how difficult it is to take every step as daintily and carefully as possible on just the every tips of your toes to avoid slipping then try to remember to turn your toes out and take the tiniest steps to avoid the damn chain between my shoes from yanking and tripping me. All the while making a conscious effort to swish my bottom enough to make my skirts sway and bounce with each step.

To my astonishment when gold stars were given out I received one for Most Improved Walk. Everyone clapped, hugged and congratulate me. Nanny was so impressed as was Aunt Veronica who presented me with a small gift. When I opened it I saw it was a Cinderella watch with tiny gems surrounding it on a gold band.

Oh swell, just what I needed, a Cinderella watch, I thought dejectedly, but, of course, I thanked her profusely.

“You’re most welcome Louisa Marie. However since you earned a third gold star I promised you an even bigger reward. I’ve decided you can have a wonderful, little party on Sunday. You can invite your big sister, Princess Angela and her big sister, four more of your darling friends and their mothers, Nannies or governesses. We’ll have a tea party and then play lots of games. Doesn’t that sound like fun?” she asked.

Great, a little girl’s tea party and god knows what else. Oh yeeek. How crashingly boring.

But, naturally I lisped, “Oh that sounds ever so heavenly and exciting. Thank you ever so much Aunt Veronica.

Then she did something which more than anything served to remind me of my status in her eyes.

She handed me an envelope saying, “Here’s your weekly allowance dear, and since you need to start learning about money here’s a book titled, ‘How I spend my money.’ I’m sure your Nanny will help you figure it all out.”

I was frankly stunned. I’d thought I’d been sent to her as a Junior Maid. Which I did very little of during a day. Mostly it was brushing Aunty Veronica’s hair, massaging her feet, which she really loved, or tending to her nails. All chores which I’ll admit I enjoyed doing. But, almost from the day I arrived my status changed to, I don’t know what. She treated me more as if I were her ward. Worse her increasingly little girl ward. I had been receiving a monthly salary, now, like a child, I was receiving a weekly allowance which Nanny, obviously, was going to closely monitor.

As I was led up to my room to be put to bed I felt so dispirited and gloomy. However that all disappeared when Nanny said, "You must be very careful not to lose your watch Louisa Marie. Those gems are real diamonds you know, and that band is solid gold."

Oh my god, I've hit the jackpot! This was all I needed to get me back to the states. As soon as I got away the first thing I'd do was pawn it and be gone.

I following morning I wasn't sure whether I was looking forward to Saturday or not. We'd been told that every Saturday we'd be taken on an excursion. I had no idea what that would mean, but it did mean going out in public and for sure I didn't want to be seen by anyone dressed as frilly and little girlish as I now was.

However it did start out on a good note. I didn't have school so I was allowed to sleep in extra half hour. Then, after breakfast, I sat and hand printed invitations to give out for the Sunday party Aunt Veronica had planned.

Chapter 16 – Oh please, not in public dressed like this!

I arrived at Ms. Prindall's at mid-morning and handed out my invitations. Don't ask me why but I gave one to Princess Peaches. I sort of felt sorry for her, or him, if she was a boy. If he was a boy we were in the same boat, sort of speak. She seemed eternally grateful as the other girls ignored him as they all thought she was a boy. I hoped she was really a girl as I hated the thought of kissing another guy every time we greeted each other.

After we'd all lined up Ms. Prindall said, "We have a different uniform for when you go out in public, they're a bit less fancy than your school attire. Now, I'd like each big sister help their little sister get dressed."

When I heard, "less fancy" I breathed a sigh of relief. But now I stood being undressed by my ten year old big sister. Being dressed and undressed by Nanny I'd gotten used to, but it was mortifying to be undressed by a ten year old. I prayed she wouldn't remove my bloomers, but she did.

The ones I stepped into were yellow and shorter than the ones I'd been wearing, so I was sure they wouldn't show. Of all the ridiculous frillies I wore it was the damn bloomers that made me really feel like a little girl.

Standing on a pedestal holding my arms out as Bethany started dressing me I was too embarrassed, with my flower exposed for all to see, to do anything but hang my head and look at my feet.

I nearly broke down and started sobbing when Ms. Emma walked by and stopping remarked, "My goodness Princess Louisa Marie you have the loveliest little flower. Ellen come over and look at Princess Louisa Marie's flower. Isn't it the loveliest little thing?"

"Oh my, why it's absolutely adorable, isn't it?" Ms. Ellen exclaimed, even lightly brushing it.

God, I just wanted to shrivel up and die. What I wanted to so desperately scream was, "Look, damn it, I'm a guy, and that's not a flower, or a pussy, it's a cock that you'd pass out over!"

But shamefaced all I could manage to lisp was, "Thank you ever so much for saying what a lovely and adorable, little flower I have Ms. Emma and Ms. Ellen."

I was too miserable and dispirited to really pay much attention to what I was being dressed in.

I did catch a glimpse, with some relief, of what looked like a not too terribly frilly sailor's dress.

But when Bethany had finished dressing me and I looked in a mirror I nearly fainted. Oh dear god, please tell me I'm not going to go out in public dressed like this. Bitterly I remembered Ms. Prindall saying that on public attire "wasn't quite as fancy." And, I suppose, compared to what I wore attending her school that was true. It was a bit less fancy, but at the same time it was so much worse.

I was wearing a yellow, sailor's dress but it was very high waisted, more like a real, little girl's dress, or one you'd find a toddler wearing, and so short I swear it barely covered my bottom, so that the bloomers I'd thought wouldn't show were shamefully exposed. And with three, lace, ruffled petticoats really ballooned out absurdly.

The sailor's collar was not only edged in ruffles, but at each corner were the floppiest bows and streamers. Which matched the bows on the short open sleeves, both banded in gingham.

The skirt also had three lace edged bands on it. At the collar there wasn't the traditional loosely knotted tie, but a huge bow with streamers that actually fell below the skirts. The white, knee socks had double rows of ruffles top and bottom with bows, just as floppy, in the center. On my feet were shiny, yellow sissy shoes with bows on the toes and across the insteps,. They were locked on but it was not apparent as the locks were in the shape of tiny hearts. They were tacked, of course, with steel taps on the toes. I did notice that there was no chain hobbling my feet.

Naturally my hands were so tightly gloved I could barely move my fingers , and I had no idea what the holes on the insides of them were for, but I was soon to find out.

As I stood there morosely looking at myself and silently praying that where ever we went nobody would see me, Bethany suddenly made it unbelievably worse.

"Please lean forward and hold your head still while I tie your bonnet on for you," she said.

A bonnet? She probably meant a hat or like a Scottish bonnet, I thought. But it was a real bonnet. Not a babies bonnet with wings. No, this had a huge hood that stood up on top. It was yellow with a big yellow bow in the middle and trimmed with ruffles.

As I leaned forward too stunned to do anything she took the two long streamers and tightly tied them under my chin in the largest bow. Not finished, she draped a yellow, patent leather heart shaped purse over my shoulder.

Truly, looking at myself, I wanted to cry. The dress was more fitting, I thought, for a toddler and was so short it was impossible to hide my damn bloomers. But Bethany thought I looked great in it. "You look so totally darling that I'm sure you'll get many admiring looks on our excursion," she said.

I know she was just complimenting me, but all I could dejectedly think was, "How could I ever survive being seen in public like this?"

However my spirits picked up considerably when Ms. Prindall announced where we were going.

"Today Princesses we are going to take a lovely walk in the park. After which you'll watch a puppet show and then we'll all sit on blankets and have our lunch. Then we'll continue our walk to the petting zoo, where you'll be allowed to pet the animals. Now, doesn't this sound exciting?" she asked.

And everyone did, because except for me, and maybe the girl who was really a boy, to everyone else it was exciting. One thing I did notice was that none of the Junior Princesses seemed at all outraged by the truly little girl dresses or bonnets they'd been dressed in. Princess Angela actually seemed thrilled and thought she looked, "so terribly cute." And, trying not to gag, I was forced to excitedly lisped that I thought I did too.

But what really excited me was where we were going. I'd been to that park and there were a lot of places one could get purposefully lost. With no hobbling chain, this, I thought, looking at my diamond watch, was my big chance. All I had to do was pick the right spot and I'd be gone in a flash.

"Now Emma as soon as you secure our Junior Princesses hands and attach their umbrellas we'll be off," I heard Ms. Prindall say.

What the heck did she mean by, "securing our hands," and why on earth did we need umbrellas, it wasn't raining.

"Hold hands now, then hold them up to me," she directed Princess Angela and myself. Then opening the clasp of a gold ring she inserted it in the hole in my glove then into the one on Princess Angel's glove and closed it with a snap.

I was stunned, our hands were now fastened together and looking at the clasp I knew it would be almost impossible to get off with my tightly gloved hands. And even if I tried I was sure to alarm Princess Angela. In one snap my thoughts of getting away vanished.

As I was dejectedly pondering what to do now I was handed an umbrella that I hoped I'd never have to open as it was trimmed in lace ruffles with a frilly bow on top. As I held it Ms. Emma fastened the strap snugly around

my free wrist. Too snugly buttoned, I realized, for me to even try to undo. Now neither hand was free!

When Princess Angela asked why she'd clipped our hands together Ms. Emma said, "We're so afraid that one of our Junior Princesses will become separated or lost when we take them out in public that we feel it's necessary to take extra precautions to insure that never happens. We once lost a poor little Princess for nearly two hours. Of course once you become a Senior Princess we won't have to take such precautions."

"Now we also have certain rules we ask our Junior Princesses to observe while out in public. You never talk to strangers. When walking you look straight ahead, no looking around and no talking. You may look around and talk but not loudly, when we stop. Your big sisters will walk behind you to correct any mistakes you make."

Glancing over at my big sister I felt so envious and at the same time so miserable. Her pink sailors dress was nothing like the horrible one I wore. Her skirts actually fell to within a couple inches of her knees and I could see just one petticoat. She wore tights rather than the little girl, frilly socks of mine. Her shoes had neither laces or tap on them, and with two inch heels I looked so small and so childish compared to her. Her beautiful hair fell softly below her shoulders in a much more grown up style. And instead of the humiliating bonnet tied on my head hers was broad rimmed and quite stylish.

Chapter-17 A day at the park.

With everyone ready to go we were led out to the pink, what else, school bus.

When we arrived at the park Ms. Emma said we could open our umbrellas. Which, was when I saw that it was

really a dainty, little parasol. Not like the real ones princess Bethany and Chelsea opened.

"Always hold your umbrellas straight up over your head dears," she instructed.

"Could I please ask Ms. Emma why we need, er, umbrellas? It isn't raining," I couldn't help asking.

"Why they're to protect your fragile complexions from the sun, of course," she answered. I wanted to say, "then what is this damn bonnet for?" but I just bit my tongue.

As we walked, and even though it was quite leisurely, I was soon getting fatigued, especially my legs. I put it down to the ever so tight corset, but even so I couldn't believe I couldn't walk the short distance before we stopped.

Each time we did stop Ms. Emma directed us to open our purses, take out the compact with the mirror, powder our faces, apply fresh lip gloss and rouge our cheeks.

I shouldn't admit it but I actually enjoyed the puppet show, it was quite funny. But I really enjoyed petting all the animals at the petting zoo best.

All in all the excursion was the enjoyable time I could remember having.

The only thing that really bugged me was the difference between how Bethany and Chelsea were allowed to act. I don't blame them, after all they were Senior Princesses. But while Princess Angela and I were expected to always look straight ahead and not talk while walking I could hear Bethany and Chelsea chatting away and giggling behind us. Nor was she delinquent in reminding me of how I was to act.

"Now, now Princess Louisa Marie you were told to hold you umbrella straight up, not tipping over, weren't you?" she asked.

"Yes, Princess Bethany, I'm so very sorry," I had to say.

A few minutes later she admonished me when she caught me trying to take a peak around.

"You're supposed to look straight ahead, were you being naughty and looking around?" she demanded to know.

"Yes, Princess Bethany, I-I was being naughty. I'm so very sorry" I was forced to admit to a ten year old girl. God how humiliating!

"Well, don't let me catch you doing it again," she ordered curtly.

In the bus on the way back Princess Angela said, "Wasn't that absolutely the bestest most wonderful day? I had so awfully much fun."

I had to agree with her, I did have a fun time. But then reality sank in. Nanny, and undoubtedly Aunt Veronica, were going to see me in this horrible dress, meant I was sure, more for toddlers and ,of course, the wretched bonnet. I really had no idea what to expect. By all rights they should see how ridiculously childish I looked. But, they'd only gone gaa gaa over my charm school uniform when I'd expected a more outraged reaction.

Naturally Nanny adored how I was dressed and insisted on showing me off to Aunt Veronica.

"Oh my, doesn't she look so adorable, and notice how the bonnet so perfectly frames her face. I simply must call Mrs. Grey and ask her to create some matching bonnets for her."

Oh god, not more bonnets, I thought with my spirits totally sagging. Where would it stop?

Nanny could see how the excursion had tired me out so she put me right to bed for my nap. When she got me

up I was bathed and dressed for dinner. Which Aunt Veronica spent excitedly talking about the coming party.

Chapter 18 – Doing creamies for Nanny.

I was rather puzzled later that evening as Nanny prepared to put me to bed. After pottying me she didn't start dressing me. Instead she had me step into an awfully tight satin panty that felt like very slick rubber on the inside.



Before I could ask she said, "If you remember the doctor prescribed dealing with your all too unusually excitable little flower and the unwarranted urges you feel. So I've set aside seven o'clock every Saturday to attend to the matter. These are your creamie panties that the doctor suggested I get to keep all your creamies from ruining your beddy bye panties."

Taking out a paper she studied it for several moments, then said, "These are the doctor's instructions which I'm to follow."

Standing close to me she instructed, "Step up close to me, spread your legs and bend your knees till they're resting against mine. Now, hands behind your head please, raise your head up and keep it there. Then thrust your hips forward towards me as much as you can. Now, as I caress your flower you're not to fidget. If you do I will stop and remind you. When you are close to doing creamies for me you are to immediately inform me. It says here that there's no reason why you shouldn't enjoy the sensations your flower will feel. However you need to learn self control and discipline. Do you understand so far Louisa Marie?"

"Yes Nanny, I understand," I replied, thinking, where have I heard this all before.

"Now I did find your panties sticky one morning and I do think when I pottied you the other night I could tell by how agitated you were that your little flower, for some reason, had become quite excited. It did, didn't it?" she asked.

"Y-yes nanny, it-it did, I-I mean it was," I had to confess as I'd obviously been caught. But, for Christ sake, what red-blooded male wouldn't seeing Nanny, who I couldn't stop dreaming about, waltz in wearing nothing but a short, see through nightie. I couldn't stop staring at

her incredible breasts, gorgeous legs and the tiniest panties.

"I'll need to report both instances to the doctor and see what she says," she spoke, more to herself.

The feeling I instantly got as Nanny started caressing my cock, now my flower, was indescribable. And it seemed that not even a minute had gone by before I urgently had to whimper, "P-Please Nanny my flower is about to do creamies."

"Within just a minute? You really must learn some self control. Why it normally takes me, well never mind," she said, catching herself.

"I'll go slower, perhaps that will help," she remarked. I truly felt I was being erotically tortured as my excitement and urgency just kept building up until I thought I would explode. But then she would stop all together until I controlled myself, while inside I was silently begging her not to.

Over and over I desperately would announce I was about to do creamies. Finally, nearly out of my mind, I moaned, "Oh p-please Nanny I don't think I can control m-myself any longer."

"Very well, if you really have to, you have my permission to do creamies for me now. But next time this will be our starting point," she warned, obviously annoyed with my supposed lack of control. And then I jetted creamies over and over, god, I really thought I'd never stop.

I nearly fainted as the last creamie spurted out of me. All, to my amazement, held in by the rubber lined panties. I swear it's a good thing my knees were against hers as I would have collapsed on the floor. As I lay in bed I was disgusted with myself as I couldn't help thinking about how long it would be till next Saturday.

Chapter 19 – Aunt Veronica's party.

I actually woke up sort of excited about today's party. After all my new friends would be there and whatever was planned would have to be at least a little fun, I hoped.

But it was at the breakfast table that I suddenly got this horrible, sinking feeling. For who would interrupt us but the seamstress carrying a big bag and several boxes.

"I just finished your little girl's special dress for your party. And I must say I really outdid myself, it's one of my very best creations. Unfortunately I didn't have time for a matching bonnet, but I found the most darling matching shoes, gloves, hair bows and purse. And, I even found the most perfect, matching parasol and I just know she's going to love the matching earrings I managed to find" she said, bubbling over with excitement. I really had a bad feeling about this.

Please, dear god, I begged, don't let it be anything like what I had to wear at charm school. And I'd really kill myself if it looked like that awful toddler dress.

But after Nanny had me dressed and I got a good look at myself I couldn't help looking frantically about for something to really kill myself with.

The dress was pink taffeta and what made it so horrible was the huge heart right in the middle. It was so wide it actually went past my arms. It had not one but two tiers of ruffles trimming it and right in the middle was a bow with streamers almost to the hem of the skirt. Shoulder straps, ruffled on both sides, fit under a wide, lace ruffled collar. It was sleeveless which somehow made me feel sort of naked.

Half way down the skirt, front and back, were two, slightly smaller hearts identical to the one on top with bows and streamers actually falling past my knees. However the wretched woman hadn't stopped there. Tiny bows decorated the hem all the way around.

If the dress wasn't enough for me to want to kill myself everything else surely was, starting with the white, mid-calf socks with scalloped lace tops with bows and long streamers. Then when she took the shoes out of a box my mouth simply dropped open. They were pink satin and, to my disbelief, had not one, or two, or even three straps, but six reaching almost to the tops of my socks. On each toe was a pert, stand up bow. But there was actually a bow in the middle of all six straps which Nanny used a button hook to fasten. Although instead of a button on the third strap she secured it with a pink, heart shaped lock. And for the first time they actually had little, sculptured heels, although barely an inch high, if that. They already had steel taps on the toes and I watched, in dismay, as Nanny put tacks in the heels then fixed a short chain on the straps that locked.

The satin gloves matched the socks with long scalloped, lace tops. But what made them so absurdly frilly were the pink bows at the wrists with not one but two tinkling bells and attached to them lace ruffle so long all I could see were my fingertips.

Then after fixing my long curls with two small bows she took out of a box a huge pink double bow and pinned it to the top of my head.

"Now for her matching earrings I noticed her wearing those charming bell earrings and I couldn't believe that I found these," the woman said, producing big, shiny plastic heart shaped earrings that, unbelievably, had bells dangling from each.

I was truly in despair as Nanny led me downstairs to show me off to Aunt Veronica. Who, naturally, was so ecstatic over how I looked she gave the woman a bonus.

As the time for the guests came near Nanny instructed me to stand by the door and greet each guest. I was first to introduce myself to the mother, Governess or Nanny and then greet my guest as I'd been taught to.

It was only a couple minutes before the doorbell rang and when I opened it there was Bethany. But first I curtsied to her mother and said, "My name is Junior Princess Louisa Marie and I'm forever charmed to meet you."

"And you must be Bethany's little sister, aren't you so adorable," she gushed, as I curtsied, leaned forward and kissed Bethany and said, "I'm so positively excited to see you again Princess Bethany. You look so divinely enchanting in your oh so sweet lavender dress."

"Thank you, I'm so totally thrilled I could come to your party. You look absolutely darling in yellow, but ever so dreamy in pink and I just adore your adorable shoes, are those your very first heels?" she said.

If she only knew, but, of course, I said, "Oh yes, they're my very first heels and I'm so excited."

Actually while just an inch high they were causing me no end of problems. Having those damn tacks in the forced me to mince even more daintily on just the very tips of my toes or get jabbed.

And so it went, however I did get quite a shock when Princess Brittany appeared, for she wore a toddler's harness of all things with reins her Governess held. Not only that but when she walked past I noticed the harness was locked on in back. Even more strangely she didn't seem the least disturbed or embarrassed even though she was a Senior Princess and, I was sure, even older than Bethany.

When everyone was there Aunt Veronica had us playing games like pin the tail on the donkey and ring around the rosie. Stupid children's games but I actually found myself laughing and giggling. But what I really liked was playing badminton. I'd always been competitive and Bethany, Princess Angela and Chelsea played four others. I was so excited when we won but it was so frustrating. Princess Angela and I had to play with our feet hobbled so we could barely move, and while I had a racquet in one hand I had to hold the frilly parasol over my head at the same time. Even so however hard I swung the badminton racquet I could barely get the birdie back across the net. I seemed to have no muscles left at all. In fact when I tried to make a muscle I didn't see even a hint of one. Man, this was getting bad.

Not to get us too excited we were sat down to have out tea and little finger sandwiches. Can you believe lettuce sandwiches? Would I ever have a real meal?

I also enjoyed the jugglers and then the magician Aunt Veronica had hired.

While we were seated I asked Princess Bethany about Princess Brittany being in a toddler's harness.

"Oh, the poor thing. She had no sense of direction and is forever getting lost. So her governess has to keep her harnessed and on reins whenever she's taken out. There's a couple other Princesses who wear and harness when they're taken out. For the same reason I suppose," she said, as if it were no big deal.

One thing I tried to do during the party was to befriend Princess Peaches. Who was ever so grateful that someone was just talking to her. And when I mentioned to the others that I really didn't think she was a boy I was gratified to see them start to open up to her. Even though,

secretly, I really did think she was a boy. Well, misery loves company I thought.

When I thanked Aunt Veronica for giving me the party I really was sincere. I'd had a great time. However, later in bed, I had to wonder what had become of me? Here I was, once thinking I was the most macho guy on campus. My only goal to fuck as many hot co-eds as I could. Now I was a little girl dressed in the most outrageously frilly clothes. I acted more and more like the little girl everyone thought I was, and I even talked like one. Most troubling was that a lot of times I actually found that I was enjoying myself. There were still a lot of things I hated, and I had to convince myself now a lot more often that I was simply play acting. That I was only pretending to be a good, little girl until the right opportunity presented itself.

Chapter 20 – Oh no! I really have to get away!

So for the next few weeks I was the best little girl you could ever imagine. But two things occurred that tightened my resolve to near panic that I'd better get away a lot sooner than later.

One thing that I'd become gradually aware of was how tight my panties were beginning to fit me. Then, one morning, after Nanny had dressed me, instead of putting my lip gloss in my purse I accidentally dropped it. As I bent down to pick it up I suddenly heard a loud rip. I couldn't believe it, I'd just split my panties.

"My goodness, whatever caused that. Hold your skirts up, I'll be back in a minute," Nanny said, returning holding a tape measure, which she used to measure my bottom.

“Well, it’s no wonder you split your panties. Your bottom is almost two inches bigger. Finally those pills the doctor prescribed appear to be taking effect. Isn’t this so exciting, you’re finally beginning to develop like all the other girls your age,” she stated.

Oh no! I’d prayed those pills wouldn’t start taking effect before I could make my get away. But no such luck. My bottom was now not only two inches bigger, but felt sort of wobbly.

“Oh yes Nanny. I-I’m ever so excited that I’m finally beginning to develop,” I said, trying to muster as much enthusiasm as I could, while inside I was devastated. But worse was to come.

“I think I’d better measure your boobies as well. I’ve found your bra more difficult to clip recently,” she said, as I prayed my bottom was the only place I was developing.

“Why this is absolutely marvelous. Your boobies have finally out grown your trainer bra. We simply must inform your aunt, I just know she’ll be so excited for you. And then we have to get you fitted for all new panties and bras,” she declared.

Naturally Aunt Veronica was so excited and pleased for me, while I was utterly despondent at the prospect of shopping for new panties and bras. But that’s what occurred that very day, which was when I began getting really desperate to get away, and fast!

So I bided my time waiting for my chance. When no one was looking I swiped a pair of scissors. And then I got hold of a little file to get that damn collar off. I used every opportunity when I was left alone to use it. But it was really slow going. I couldn’t try to file it off in front as that would be noticed. So I did my best trying to file it off in

back. The problem was I couldn't see what I was doing, but at least I could feel I was making some progress.

I did notice that my plan seemed to be working. The more I acted like the perfect little girl the less strict Nanny was with me. And I did everything to encourage that.

Which, I found out, wasn't going to be as easy as I thought. First Nanny decided that I'd been in my corset long enough to be fitted for a new one.

"M-My corset is still quite tight Nanny, I protested in dismay, although in truth it was looser than I'd let on. And I knew if I said anything I'd go right into a tighter one. But, putting a finger between the laces she wasn't fooled.

"I think you are fibbing me Louisa Marie. Don't you want to have the tiniest, most attractive figure of all the Princesses so they're all so envious?" she asked, and I knew what I had to answer even though I dearly didn't want to.

"Oh yes Nanny. I truly do want to make all the princesses ever so envious with the tiniest, most attractive waist of all."

"I'll only have you fitted for one three inches smaller," she said, causing me to nearly pass out in dread. My god, three inches smaller, no that was impossible. I'd surely fainted dead away, and I was only slightly relieved when she added, "but I'll only lace you an inch tighter, to start."

So that afternoon I was fitted and laced into a new corset taking my waist down to, what to me was an almost inconceivable twenty-one inches Surely, I prayed, none of the other Princesses could possibly have a tinier figure.

After Aunt Veronica's party for me she became friends with many of the mothers of the other Princesses. So almost every Sunday after that one of the mothers would

host a get together. Naturally I was all dressed up for them as it became a friendly competition to see who could dress their Princess up the fanciest. By then the seamstress had delivered a whole new wardrobe for me, which I totally detested. Between the outrageously frilly dresses to the bonnets, which I just hated, to the childish socks and wretched shoes I looked more like a doll than a real person.

It was at one of these get togethers that I overheard one of the mothers remark to Aunt Veronica, "Your Louisa Marie seems awfully shy. While all the girls were chatting away I noticed she has hardly said a word. I hate to see her just sitting there."

Later, in front of Nanny, she brought it up. "I know these are your very best friends so I don't understand why you don't speak up when they're all talking," she commented.

Thinking fast I said, "I really wish I could Aunt Veronica, but I don't know about fashions and celebrities and who's dating who."

Which was actually the truth and I couldn't have cared less. All their giggling, squealing, and swooning over boys left me bored to tears.

"Obviously we've been concentrating a little too much on her academic education. Why don't you call some of the girl's nannies and governesses and find out what they're reading, favorite TV show, movies and such. I do hate to see Louisa Marie left out of her little friends 'girl talk,'" she instructed.

The very next day Nanny handed me a magazine called Teen Heart Throb. "This is one of the magazines all your little friends read. I want you to read it so you'll be able to participate when they're all sitting around chatting," she said.

Well, I flipped through it, god, how yucky! So I spent the time trying to file off that damn collar.

A while later I lied when Nanny asked me if I'd read it. What I didn't expect was for her to pick it up and quiz me. It took her little time to realize I hadn't read it.

"I-I'm sorry Nanny, I-I fell asleep," I said lamely.

"I haven't had to give you a good spanking in a while. When I tell you to do something and you don't, little girls get spanked and stood in the corner, don't they?" she asked sternly.

"Y-Yes Nanny," I meekly replied.

"So, instead of allowing you to draw, you will sit in the corner and read this magazine cover to cover. I will then quiz you and you'll be spanked five times for every question you don't know the answer to," she declared.

Well, I swear I didn't miss a page. I tried to read everything I could. I learned who the hell Justin Bieber, every girls' heart throb, was. I learned who Lady Gaga, Miley Cyrus, Taylor Swift, Kathy Perry, Selena and Cody Simpson were.

But, I still got spanked. I got spanked because I didn't know Justin Bieber had a date with Selena, and that they kissed! I got spanked because I didn't know that Katy Perry's "fab" new dress was red with white pok-a-dots. Nor did I know who Taylor Swift was seen flirting with.

Every day Nanny gave me a different girl's magazine to read. And with my sore bottom as a reminder I read every word I could and looked at every photo. Then she'd quiz me. If I got all the answers right I was allowed to draw. If not I got spanked.

When I was a guy, which by now I could barely remember, I was the biggest sport fan. I avidly read Sports Illustrated and religiously watched ESPN. I'd buy Play-

boy and Hustler and my cock would get hard with every photo I fantasized over.

Now my world consisted of “Teen Heart Throb”, “Fab Fashions”, “Girl’s Life” and “Hotties For Girls.” And conscious of Nanny closely watching me when I was with my friends I went gaa gaa over Justin Bieber’s new hair style, swooned over Cody Simpson’s shirtless photo (god, I wanted to gag over that!) and squealed the loudest over Taylor Swift’s new striped wedge heels.

I was disgusted with myself.

Chapter 21 – Sudden inspiration, a way out.

One of the events I hated most were the weekly dance recitals to show off to the mothers how much progress their little darlings were making.

Like the other girls I had to perform a solo ballet dance and I was always the worst and only slightly better at tap dancing.

“That’s okay sweetie, I know you’re trying your best. And you are improving,” Aunt Veronica said, hugging and trying to make me feel better as I sobbed at my latest humiliation.

“I’ll tell you what, if you ever get the loudest applause of all you can have whatever you most wish for,” she offered.

Yea, swell, as if that would ever happen, I thought miserably. But then I had a sudden inspiration.

“My fondest of all wishes, Aunty Veronica, is if I had a bicycle like all the other girls,” I said, remembering that last week Bethany had asked if I wanted to go bicycling with them and I couldn’t because I didn’t have a bike. If I had a bike I could just make my get away pedaling as fast

as I could and I'd be long gone. It was perfect. And I knew exactly how I'd get the loudest applause.

You see a couple weeks ago Ms. Preston had shown us a Shirley Temple movie where she'd sung, "On the good ship lollipop" while tap dancing.

So I explained that I'd like to learn how to perform the same song while tap dancing to surprise Aunt Veronica.

"Oh my, what a wonderful idea and I have just the costume for you too," she said.

I had to let Nanny in on the surprise I'd planned and she too thought it was a great idea. She even gave me extra time to practice. Which I did over and over until I could do it perfectly. Even every gesture.

When I thought I was ready Ms. Preston produced an almost identical costume to the one Shirley Temple wore in the movie. Then Nanny and her made me up to look as much like Shirley Temple as they could.

So there I was on stage tap dancing for all I was worth and singing, "On the good ship lollipop" to the absolute surprise and delight of all the mothers. And guess what, I got the loudest applause of all! On the one hand I hated what I'd just made myself do, but on the other all the applause and hugs really were great.

Then I heard the magic words.

"Well, you certainly have earned your bicycle, what a surprise!" Aunt Veronica said, giving me the biggest of hugs.

That night all I did was dream about the ten-speed bike I'd get, just like Bethany's, and then I'd be long gone. The next morning I ran, or rather minced as fast as I could, downstairs to see my new bike.

You can't imagine my total dismay when I saw it wasn't a ten-speed bike like Bethany's. But rather an old fash-

ioned pink bike with a basket in front and a bell on the handle bars.

I hid my dismay as best I could thanking Aunt Veronica over and over. Then I thought, what difference did it make really? I could still make my get away I'd just have to peddle faster.

And my chance came when I told Bethany I now had a bike and could go bicycling with them that weekend. When it came I put the scissors, file and the little money I'd saved in my purse and was ready to go.

I didn't even mind how I was dressed, sort of. Nanny had declared it the perfect attire for my bike ride and Aunt Veronica thought I looked, "simply adorable" in my pink, sleeveless romper. It had a big bow at the top, a bigger one at the dropped waist and yet another in front and back of the bloomed pants. Under it was a white, short sleeved blouse with bows fastening each sleeve. My anklets were edged in dainty lace with a bow on each. My pink shoes had double straps with a bow on each. My white, straw, schoolgirl's hat was white with a pink band, long streamers and tied under my chin.

Nanny also decided to have me put my hair in double braids which I actually did myself. I was slightly relieved that ever since we were taught how to do our hair in different styles in charm school my hair wasn't always in those hopelessly ridiculous little girly sausage curls that I so detested. We learned to put our hair in pigtails, single and double braids and even looped braids. Plus more elaborate styles with our hair intricately put upon top of our heads. I don't know why but I was really quite good at it, even receiving three gold stars for my efforts.

Obviously not what I remembered wearing, it seemed so long ago, when riding my old ten-speed, but all too soon I'd be gone and what I was wearing with it, and I

couldn't wait! I was even heartened a bit when I saw Princess Angela and some of the other Junior Princesses similarly dressed.

Soon we were biking in a wooded park I wasn't familiar with. I envied Bethany pedaling with abandon as I struggled just to stay up with Angela. I remembered when I used to bike ten miles easily. Now, even on low hills I lost my breath and my legs felt like lead.

But suddenly I saw a fork in the path coming up. So I gradually fell to the back, turned right when everyone else went left, and started pedaling as fast as I could finally making my get away! Only the hills got steeper and longer and totally exhausted I had to get off and sit under a tree to catch my breath. But excited that after all my planning I'd finally gotten free.

There was just one problem, I was lost. I had no idea where I was. Then as I pondered what to do I happened to look up and my spirits suddenly sank as I saw Bethany pedaling towards me with a concerned look on her face. I didn't have to fake the sudden sobs that over took me as all my plans came crashing down. My get away had lasted all of twenty minutes!

"Oh my goodness, what happened? I was so worried when I saw you were missing," Bethany asked.

"I-I s-stopped to adjust my seat and when I looked up everyone was gone," I cried, making it up as I went. "T-then I thought you'd gone right, a-and I kept pedaling and-and then I got lost."

"You poor thing, you just follow me," she directed and what could I do, and was soon reunited with everyone else. The rest of the ride I couldn't bring myself to enjoy even a little.

All I was thinking was, boy, I'd really have to be more careful next time and make sure I knew where I was go-

ing first. I was so excited when we went bicycling again the next weekend and we were going to the park that I knew. So I knew exactly where I was going to make my get away and where I'd go.

All ready to go I was puzzled when Bethany snapped a leather leash onto the front of my bike. But, it became all too clear and all my plans simply crumpled when she attached the other end to the back of Angela's seat. There was no way to split!

Which Bethany made all too clear when she said, "I just don't know what I'd do if you got lost. I'm in charge of you and this is the best solution I could come up with. Just follow Princess Angela and I'm sure you'll be fine."

As I pedaled behind Angela I was just devastated, but wasn't ready to give up. I'd have to fall back on plan B.

Chapter – 22 Falling back on Plan B.

I was trying so hard to be a good, little girl that, as planned, Nanny started not supervising me as closely as she had been. Last week, when we'd made a trip to town, she'd even trusted me to sit at an outdoors table by myself while she went to the ladies room.

So, with Aunt Veronica's birthday coming up I hurried to finish the very detailed sketch of her house, which I was quite proud of. I was sure she'd be so surprised and pleased that I'd be given even more freedom.

The day, however, didn't start on an up note, at least as far as I was concerned.

"This is a special birthday for your Aunty. And she'd like you dressed extra special to impress all her guests. So she asked her seamstress to make you a most gorgeous party dress," Nanny said, to which I forced myself to react excitedly, but inside I had a sense of impending doom

and more humiliation. As each new outfit left we hooking even more hopelessly little girly.

And to my great dismay I was oh so right. For of all the styles I hated most were the high waisted ones that to me were more like a toddler's smock. This was pink with a wide pink sash tied in a huge bow in back, the streamers falling well below the absurdly short skirt, that me cringe, as they stood almost straight out due to the mound of no less than four petticoats. Around the scalloped bottom were pink bows with of all things strings of pearls draped between them. In front of the lace collar was a big pink bow with ruffles running down the front. The hugely puffed, short sleeves had pink bows and unbelievably pearl loops decorating them.

On my legs I actually wore white, over the knee stockings, but they didn't make me look any more grown up. For they had long, double tiered, lace ruffles with pink bows and the longest streamers.

When I looked at my feet I simply wanted to die. They resembled the horrible shoes with the seven straps, the only redeeming grace is that these only had four, but each with a bow and were edged, top and bottom, with white lace. But instead of a bow on each toe there was a big pink heart also trimmed in lace with a strand of pearls draped in front and, oh god, bells in the middle! And, naturally, the toes had taps on them.

When Nanny pulled the white satin gloves up my arms they were much longer, coming over my elbows and like the stockings the tops had long, double tiered, lace ruffles with pink bows and long streamers.

"And now a special hair do for a special dress," Nanny proclaimed, pinning my hair up in an elaborate style held together by pins and a big bow trimmed in lace and two strands of pearls. You'd think with my hair up

I'd look more grown up, but in truth I looked just as little girlish.

The only thing I was thankful for was I wasn't wearing bloomers. Although even with the petticoats well below the skirt they just barely covered my bottom, which gave me grave concern. And shamefully I had great cause to be concerned when Nanny said, "You just have to see your panties, they are absolutely gorgeous. Stand in front of the mirror and curtsy."

When I did I swear I just wanted to dig a hole and disappear. For my panties were nothing but row after row of ruffles with yellow bows at the legs and the largest pink bow right in the middle with long streamers. I realized that every time I curtsied I'd be showing off these horrible panties. But, naturally it was worse for she had me turn my back, bend and look over my shoulder. I gasped in dismay when bending even slightly my skirts popped straight up to reveal my panties in back and a big, pink bow right in the center.

Didn't she realize how humiliating this was going to be, showing off my shamefully, frilly panties to complete strangers? Obviously not.

Just then Auntie Veronica came in and, as I expected, gushed over my new party dress.

"Oh my, doesn't our Louis Marie look positively precious. I must send a bonus to the seamstress. Notice how the high waist so shows off her long, girlish legs. Now don't you feel ever so much more grown up with your long stockings and gloves and your hair up?" she asked, and, naturally, I agreed although I felt far from grown up. Just the opposite.

"And, goodness, just look at her adorable, dainty shoes. Why they even have bells on the toes. How com-

pletely novel. You simply must add her heart earrings with the bells," she instructed.

Which, to my despair, she did. Now with every step and the slightest movement I'd send my bell tinkling madly. God, how I hated those bells!

"Now dearest, I have a present for you and a favor to ask," she said, producing a double row of pearls necklace and clipped it on me.

"After everyone is here would you please perform for all the guests your charming, "Good ship lollipop" dance and song? If you will I'll let you keep your necklace," she said.

I couldn't think of anything I wanted to do less, it made my stomach churn, but, of course, I said, "Oh yes Aunt Veronica, I'd be ever so most happy to perform for your guest."

When she left Nanny sternly warned me, "Your Aunty is much too extravagant with you. Those are real pearls and that necklace must be worth six or seven hundred pounds."

What? I was shocked. I'd hit the mother lode. Seven hundred pounds was at least a thousand dollars if not more! I not only had my ticket out of here, but with the watch and the money I'd stashed away I had enough for new clothes and to live for maybe two or three months. So I was definitely going to give the performance of my life.

Chapter- 23 Showing off my panties.

However there was one other thing I immediately noticed regarding the wretched shoes. They had neither locks or a hobbling chain. Which I was careful not to bring up. I also took quite a chance when Nanny wasn't look-

ing. I reached down and removed the damn tacks, and she never noticed.

You can't imagine how embarrassing it was meeting perhaps forty strangers and with each curtsy showing off my humiliating, frilly panties. And the women never failed to notice.

"Oh look Marge, doesn't she have the most gorgeous panties," one would remark.

"And just look, matching bows in front, and how adorable, in back too," another commented.

"My goodness, doesn't she have such a lovely, well formed bottom for a girl her age?" another added.

"Yes, really quite lovely. But, you should be careful Veronica not to put her in any tight jeans. You certainly don't want the boys to start staring at her in the wrong way. Especially if her bottom gets any bigger," her friend commented. Something I fervently prayed wouldn't happen!

"Well, fortunately I don't believe in pants and especially jeans on Louisa Marie. We're doing all we can to take the tomboy out of her," Aunt Veronica assured them.

Nor could they miss my tinkling, giggling bells or the tapping of my shoes.

"Where ever did you get the idea of putting bells on her? They really make such a wonderful sound, and, of course, you always know where she is, don't you?" a woman remarked.

"Actually they're a sort of requirement at the charm school she attends. But you are right, they do sound so charming," Aunt Veronica replied.

"I think putting bells on her shoes is such a novel idea. Why, if she were mine, I'd put them on all her shoes," she stated.

"Why I never thought of that. Can you see to that?" she asked Nanny. Oh no, please, she couldn't be serious.

"Put bells on all her shoes? Yes, of course, Ma'am," Nanny replied. Whoever that woman was I hated her!

Unfortunately there was more humiliation for me to endure when the friends, Angela and Princess Peaches, arrived.

Both were dressed in gorgeous party dresses and if anything they looked even more grown up. At least their dresses covered their bottoms, which mine barely did, if I stood bolt upright. Next to them in my high waisted toddler dress with all my petticoats I was just crushed.

I wondered ruefully what their reaction would be if I told them I was a twenty-one years old and a guy? But bitterly I already knew. They'd think I was trying to be funny, and if I persisted I'd undoubtedly earn a spanking and most probably have my mouth washed out.

When it came time to perform Nanny took me upstairs, changed me, and I gave the best performance I possibly could.

I couldn't help beaming at all the applause and "bravos" I got. Then was taken by surprise when one mother said to Aunt Veronica, "I'm having a birthday party for my eight year old daughter next week and I'd pay her ten pounds if she'd come and perform."

"Oh I'm sure she'd be delighted to, for twenty pounds, that is," Aunt Veronica said, winking at me.

After everyone had their cake it was time for presents.

When Aunt Veronica opened my present she was absolutely floored.

"Oh my goodness Louisa Marie, I'm overwhelmed. It's fantastic. I had no idea how talented you were. This is the best present of all. And you deserve the biggest re-

ward you could want. Whatever she asks for you be sure she gets it," she directed Nanny.

Just then one of her friends said, "Could she do one of my house? I'd pay whatever you think is fair."

"Marlene, you own an art gallery. What would you say would be a fair price?" she asked one of her friends.

"Well at least 400 pounds, if not more."

F-Four hundred pounds! My god that was almost 600 dollars! I was truly floored. Too bad I'd be long gone before I ever got around to a sketch of her house I thought.

Chapter-24 Naughty Nanny.

When the party ended Nanny took me upstairs and undressed me. Then to my puzzlement she put my creamie panties on me.

"I know his isn't the night I normally allow your flower to do creamies. But you do enjoy it when I pet your flower, don't you?" she asked.

"Oh yes, Nanny," I replied shamefully, yet eager. I couldn't stop myself, Nanny excited my flower into such a state I could hardly bear it. I really had to make an effort, now days, to remember that my flower was really my dick.

"Then this will be my reward for being such an impressive little girl today," she declared.

I know I was supposed to keep my head up and still as I was petted. But today Nanny was dressed so sexy in a red halter dress with her awesome tits nearly bursting out that I couldn't help sneaking several peeks. Which is what she caught me doing.

"Now, now Louisa Marie, what are you sneaking peeks at?" she asked.

I almost said, "The most awesome set of tits I think I've ever seen." But instead I hesitantly said, "I-I'm sorry Nanny. I-I was peeking at your, ah, boobies. They're awfully, er, large."

"Yes, I'm really quite proud of them. I know they drive men, well, you're really much too young to understand," she said. Although I knew exactly what she was going to say. They would drive any normal man crazy, especially if you were a tit man like myself.

"Would you like to touch them?" she asked, causing, my, ah, flower to instantly stiffen to the max.

These are called breasts. Some day your little boobies will become nice, big breasts, maybe even as big as mine," she ventured. That I fervently hoped would never happen. My boobies were already all too noticeable, at least to me, and I prayed I'd get away before they got any bigger.

"You may place both hands under them to feel them and then gently fondle and touch them," she instructed. I swear the minute I touched them I almost lost it.

It wasn't more than a couple minutes later that I had to urgently cry out that my flower was about to do creamies.

"My goodness Louisa Marie, whatever had come over you? Why the last time I petted your flower you went almost four minutes before announcing that you were about to do creamies," she said, immediately taking her hand away.

"I-I'm so sorry Nanny, it's just hard to concentrate after such, ah, an exciting day," I managed to dream up. Although if I'd told the truth I would have said I'm living every red blooded horny guy's dream fondling the best set of tits on the planet.

"Well, while you try to control yourself take your hands away and lean forward and I'll massage your boobies for you. Let's see how they're doing," she instructed.

"I'm not sure if they've grown any, but apparently they're becoming much more sensitive, aren't they?" she asked, as my boobies got so aroused as she fondled them that I couldn't help the moan that escaped me.

"T-they do feel m-more sensitive," I panted.

"Now, while I massage your boobies you can tell me what big reward you'd like," she said.

She was driving me crazy and while she did I was supposed to act as if it was having no effect on me and she expected me to calmly tell her of the big reward I wanted. God, this was torture! But I'd given a lot of thought to what I wanted.

"I'd like to have a set of watercolors so I can start doing real paintings," I asked.

"Oh, that easy, we'll go tomorrow," she promised, which was perfect.

"And Princess Bethany says there's a big parade in a couple of weeks and I'd really like to go," I added.

"That's a wonderful idea, of course we'll go," she said, and I couldn't help congratulating myself on how perfectly my plan was coming together and she didn't suspect a thing!

"There, I think that's enough for now," she declared, and frankly I was relieved because I didn't think I could any more.

"Would you like to touch my breasts again?" she asked, in an unusually husky voice.

"I think so Nanny," I said, trying my hardest, pardon the pun, to sound more timid than excited. Although I felt my "flower" instantly spring to attention.

This time she was much more instructive and I soon found myself more caressing and fondling them, and pinching her nipples than just touching them. And the more I did the more vigorously she petted my flower. Then I realized she was working her way up to an orgasm and I was giving it to her.

"Ooooh please Nanny, m-my flower is going to do creamies," I nearly yelled.

"Yes, you may do creamies now, while I, while I..." she gasped and as she orgasmed I creamed my panties so thunderously that I thought I'd never stop.

I had the feeling I'd be touching Nanny's breasts a lot more in the future. Which was fine by me, but if she only knew, I giggled to myself.

Chapter -25 The Great Escape, almost.

The next day, as promised, Nanny took me to town and to the art supply store.

I knew that every time we went to town Nanny also had of other things she had to get. I pretended not to be able to decide what I wanted and the longer I took the more antsy she got.

"I'm sorry Nanny, I just can't decide. Why don't you make your other stops while I decide what I want. I promise, cross my heart, to be right here when you get back," I offered innocently.

She thought a moment then said, "Very well, I'll trust you, but heaven help you if you disappoint me," she warned.

When she got back there I was just as promised, and when she asked the lady if I'd behaved myself the woman said, "Oh my, she was a perfect angel and so polite."

The next couple of weeks, as I'd hoped, Nanny trusted me more and more, until it was the day of the parade.

"Could I please wear my bicycle outfit Nanny, and my most favorite of shoes?" I asked, meaning the ones without the locks and chain. She agreed, completely unsuspecting. The reason I wanted my bicycle outfit is I thought I could run faster in the bloomer pants than being encumbered by skirts and

petticoats.

So it was that at mid-morning we were standing on a sidewalk watching the parade go by.

"Please Nanny, I'd ever so truly love a cotton candy, I'll stay right here, I promise," I asked, seeing the vendor way down the street. So, as soon as she was walking off I started running in the opposite direction. At least I tried. How do you run when you can't remember how? I couldn't stop from running on my toes, or not turning my toes out. So I minced as fast as I could when I heard someone holler, "It's the Queen's Guard!"

And all of a sudden I was swept up in a mob going in the same direction, only they were running. The next thing I knew I'd been knocked down, hit my head and was out like a light.

When I woke up I found I was in my bed and Aunt Veronica and Nanny were standing over me talking.

"First it was getting lost on her bicycle and now this. You absolutely have to insure that this never happens again," she directed.

"I-I'm sorry Aunt Veronica and Nanny. I was staying right where I promised and suddenly I was being pushed

and shoved and knocked down. That's all I remember," I said, which I thought sounded pretty convincing.

"You just get your rest sweetie. We know it wasn't your fault. And your Nanny has promised to take steps to see that it never happens again. Now just relax, you've got a serious bump on your head," she said. Which was fine with me.

Some time later Nanny shook me awake. "You can go back to sleep in a minute, I just need to take a couple of measurements. I need you to sit up for me and raise your arms. Yes, I'm taking her measurements now," I heard her say, realizing that she was talking on the phone to someone. She measure me around the armpits, above and below my boobies and strangely over my shoulders."

"Yes, I think it'll fit. It will be a little tight, but it will do until I take her in for a custom fitting," I heard her say, and when I asked what she was talking about all she said was, "Just something to insure that you'll never get lost again."

I didn't think too much about it and fell back to sleep, until the next morning.

Chapter 26 Oh God, please don't put that on me!

Once Nanny had pottied, bathed and dressed me for some reason she asked me to hold my arms out. What I saw her take out of a box made my heart stop in disbelief. For what she took out was a white, toddler's harness with bells on the front.

"Oh please Nanny, I don't want to wear that. I won't get lost again, I promise," I begged as she approached me.

"This will insure me of that. Now hold still while I put it you in it," she ordered.

“N-No Nanny, I really don’t want to wear it,” I pleaded, backing away.



“What nonsense is this? You’ve seen other little girls wearing them. It’s simply a precaution. It will take a while to adjust to it and I’ll have to train you in how to walk on

leash. Really, it's not a big deal. Now stand still or would you like a good spanking?"

"N-No Nanny," I said in defeat.

She first fit it around me and I felt her buckle it in back and then heard a "click." Then she brought the straps over my shoulders and started cinching them. When she finished it was really tight and I heard two more "clicks." In horror I finally realized what they were. I'd been locked into the harness!

I watched in dismay as she produced a long leash that split into two which she attached to the locks on each strap.

All business like she said, "Well, we have all day to get you trained in how to respond while you're harnessed and on leash. The Mistress is having guests for dinner and I want you reasonably trained by then."

I prayed I didn't hear her right. It was too humiliating to even think of. Being presented to total strangers in a toddler's harness and at the end of a leash.

"I-I don't have to wear it in the house, do I Nanny?" I asked hopefully.

"Just for the first couple of months, then we'll see how adjusted you are. Now the first rule is you are always to keep your leash taut. There's never to be any slack in it. Now when I tug once you begin walking straight ahead. You don't stop until I tug it again. Immediately stop remembering to keep your leash taut. Now when you feel a tug to the left or right that's the direction I want you to walk, do you understand?"

"I-I think so Nanny, I responded miserably as Nanny started walking me around the room. Wallowing in my misery I was half paying attention and half rebelling

against being put in the damn harness and being made to walk on the end of a leash. God, how humiliating!

"You're not paying attention, I think on purpose. Hold your skirts up in back," she ordered angrily. And all of a sudden I let out a painful yelp as Nanny harshly applied her cane to my poor bottom.

"Obviously you're in need of an incentive. You'll get this (whap) every time I feel even the slightest slack in your leash. And this (whap) every time you're slow to respond. Do we understand each other?" she demanded to know.

"Oh y-yes Nanny," I cried and for the next hour I concentrated as hard as I could. I hated it, but what choice did I have?

Shortly before dinner Nanny dressed me in one of my ultra frilly toddler dresses which I so hated as I knew my panties would shamefully show.

When I looked in my purse for my pearls they weren't there.

"Yes, I've decided it would be best if I kept them so you wouldn't lose them," she said. Now I wondered despondently how was I going to make off with them?

I wanted to beg her not to put the harness on me but I knew it would only make her angry. To complete the horrible little girl look she put my hair in pigtails with huge bows.

And this is how I was presented to Aunty Veronica and her three guests. Who all fawned over me. To my surprise no comment was made at all about my being in a toddler's harness or being led into the room on a leash. Except for Aunty Veronica, who said, "I see that the harness you borrowed seems to fit. Although white isn't really the best color for her dress, is it?"

"No Ma'am, I agree. First thing tomorrow I'm taking her to be fitted for several more custom harnesses so she'll be more coordinated," Nanny replied.

"I do hope they all will have bells. They make such a delightful sound," she commented.

I dreaded the visit to the shop the next day. Nothing good would come out of it, and it turned out so much worse. The harness I was fitted for was pink, of course, and to my dismay was bordered in rhinestones with not four bells but eight!

The lease was also trimmed with rhinestones but it also had five bells on it. "The bells will alert you when she's allowed slack in the leash so you can take appropriate corrective measures," the woman said.

"I'm sure I've provided her with the proper incentive so that she knows I never expect to ever hear even a single bell," she said, looking sternly at me.

Chapter-27 Escape Plan Number Three.

It was when Aunt Veronica proudly showed off my sketch of her house that a light bulb went off. Especially when one of her guests wistfully stated that she'd love one of her house.

Raising my hand I said, "I would be so thrilled to do a sketch for your guest Aunt Veronica. But I already have two I promised, and I-I think I'm ready to start on the first one."

Thankfully she agreed and escape plan number three began to form. I could make six or seven hundred dollars on each so I didn't need the pearls, sort of. The only thing I had yet to figure out was how to actually get hold of the money.

I wasn't looking forward to going to charm school the following day wearing the damn harness and being walked in on the end of a leash.

But, of course, I shouldn't have been concerned.

"Oh I'm so glad your Nanny put you in a harness. I was so concerned when I heard what happened to you at the parade. Now you'll never get lost. And really that's one of the fanciest harnesses I've ever seen. And your leash even has bells," Bethany said.

"I hate it," I said bitterly.

"Well then all you have to do is become a Senior Princess. You'll be considered much too responsible and grown up to need one," she declared.

So there was my next goal. Become a Senior Princess and then I'm free of the damn thing.

Chapter-28 A Senior Princess at last, then tragedy!

Over the next couple of months several things occurred. I was almost \$1,500 richer having finished a sketch and a watercolor that I was really proud of. As I expected Nanny put the money in a joint account, but I had an idea of how to get it.

Then there was the day that Aunt Veronica's lawyer showed up with some legal papers for me to sign. I wanted to ask what they were but got a warning glance from Nanny so I just signed them.

Later, when I asked her what I'd signed I was thunder struck when she excitedly said, "It's just the greatest news for you, you are now Louisa Marie Winters."

I guess I was dense, so I asked her what that meant.

“Why that mean she legally adopted you and named you her heir in her will,” she said.

Well, it still didn’t sink in so I forgot about it. As to being adopted frankly I thought it hysterical.

A few weeks later I was totally shocked when Aunt Veronica said, “You know it’s your birthday next week and I’ve planned a big party for you and have invited all your little friends.”

By now I’d forgotten all about my birthday as it was never brought up. But she was right, it was next week. The bigger question was how old did Aunt Veronica think I was?

I found out when the cake was brought out and there were eleven candles on it. You’re not going to believe this, but in a weird way, I actually felt a sense of relief. As the way I was treated and dressed I felt more like eight or nine at best.

Later I asked Nanny how Aunt Veronica knew I was eleven and she stunned me by saying, “Well, that’s easy. It’s what your birth certificate says.”

How Aunt Veronica managed that I don’t know but I was now legally eleven years old. Again it simply amused me as I had my get away nearly planned out.

The next event took me nearly five months but I finally graduated to Senior Princess. Everyone was so excited for me, and frankly I was proud of my accomplishment. Especially when I saw how I looked in my graduation dress. It was pink taffeta and the skirts actually fell all the way to mid-thigh!

And it even had a little, square neckline that prominently showed off my now not so little boobies. I didn’t know what to feel. On one hand they made me look more grown up, on the other I was panicked as I saw just how

big they had grown. Instead of the childish, frilly little girl socks I wore over the knee stockings with bows. My shoes even looked half way grown up with semi-pointed toes and official, Senior Princess two-and-a-half inch heels. Nanny even let me wear my hair down instead of stupidly in pigtails or braids. I really did feel, or at least, more grown up.

As expected I was finally free of the wretched harness and leash. But to my astonishment my shoes weren't hobbled nor were there tacks in my shoes.

I wore my pearls and matching pearl earrings. The way, I planned, to get hold of the money was to ask to use it to buy something valuable, like the earrings. My next request would be a matching pearl bracelet. Then I'd be set I'd wear them all one day and then simply disappear. Pawn them, get my cash and off I'd go, back home at last.

What also came with graduating to a Senior Princess was that Nanny declared she was no longer my Nanny but my Governess.

"Senior Princesses are too mature and grown up for a Nanny," she declared. I didn't know what changes that would mean but that night I found out. Instead of being pottied she led me to a grown-ups toilet stating that it was time I was toilet trained. God, what a relief to get off that humiliating potty.

It was shortly after that Aunt Veronica promoted Nanny to Housekeeper. I was excited for her but wondered if that would change our relationship. I was still ungodly infatuated with her and would do anything for her. To my dismay I found that indeed it would.

"I'll still be in charge of you, however with my new duties I won't be able to supervise you on a daily basis. So I've hired a junior governess for her," she explained as my

heart sank. And it got worse when she introduced me to her later that day.

"This is Abbey, Miss Abbey, and while she's just fifteen and a bit rough I feel she has the right temperament to be an excellent governess for you. And so that you're kept monitored and supervised at all times she'll be home schooled along with you," she declared.

God, I kept sinking lower and lower. It was hard enough to accept Nanny, at seventeen, supervising me, but now I had to obey a fifteen year old girl!

And, of course, it grew even more humiliating. "I've just begun toilet training Louisa Marie, so you'll have to continue her training. Now, recently she's been a very good girl but you're to show no hesitation to spank her or stand her in the corner at the slightest hint of questioning you. In fact as soon as we're through I suggest giving her a good dozen with a cane to establish your authority," she said.

So when she left I had to bend over, raise my skirts and got a dozen really painful cracks.

"I do hope we'll be friends, but you to understand that I won't hesitate to punish naughty girls?"
"Y-Yes Miss A-Abbey," I sobbed.

I wondered if she'd take over petting my flower and fondling my boobies, although now that they'd grown they were referred to as my titties. Fortunately the housekeeper reserved that task for herself.

I eventually adapted, what else could I do. All the while still planning my get away.

About two months passed and then tragedy fell on us. Auntie Veronica was killed in a car crash. Naturally we were all devastated. A week after the funeral we all sat in the lawyers office as she read the will.

"And to my darling Louis Marie I leave my entire estate," I heard her say, and I nearly fainted over what I heard next. "Her estate comes to a little over six million pounds."

Good grief, that's like eight million dollars! Well, putting up with being a little girl does have it's rewards, I thought happily. Until I heard what came next. "You will receive your inheritance when you turn eighteen. Until then Ms. Greenway, who has been left one million pounds, will become the Mistress of the house and your legal guardian. During which time you will receive a monthly allowance of 2,000 pounds."

Well, bad news, good news. No way I was staying a girl the next ten years. It was unthinkable. But in six months I'd be like \$19,000 richer and some how I'd get my hands on it. I started scheming to forge her signature. Oh yes, that would do it.

Chapter-29 Finally a foolproof getaway, nothing could go wrong.

I spent weeks practicing her signature and was sure I had it perfect. Then I kept waiting for the right opportunity, and five months later it came. I saw that there was a teen fashion show and luncheon and it was only two blocks from the bank.

My Governess, now the Mistress of the house, gave me permission but warned I'd have to go all dressed up, which was perfect. So, besides being all dressed up I was also wearing my pearl necklace, earrings and bracelet. If I could pull it off with my monthly allowance and my pearls I'd be gone with almost \$20,000.

There was a pause between the luncheon and fashion show and holding my breath I asked, "As the show doesn't start for half an hour could I go down the street and

look in the window of the Fancy Miss boutique? They always have the most adorable shoes."

I'd been on my absolute best behavior and Miss Abbey had gradually, as I'd hoped, let me go more on my own.

"If you promise to be back in precisely a half hour," she said.

"Oh yes, Miss Abbey, thank you ever so much," I promised with my heart beating excitedly.

I never bothered looking in the window. After today no more of those damn sissy shoes. I couldn't wait to get back into a pair of sneakers.

I came to the end of the block and there was the bank, right across the street.

Just as I was about to cross I was yanked back by the ear. Turning in shock I saw Miss Abbey holding it with a furious look on her face. Oh shit!

"I was bored so I thought I'd join you, and here I find you half way down the block."

"I-I'm sorry, I thought I remembered another store across the street..." I said lamely. "You were given permission to go no further than the boutique. And here I find you willfully disobeying me. When we get back you're going to get the addling of your life, and when the Mistress returns god help you," she said, really seething in anger.

I did get the paddling of my life. I thought it would never end. I was screaming, hollering, kicking my feet, sobbing and begging her to stop. When she finally did she marched me into a corner. "You'll stay there until I discuss you with the Mistress," she ordered.

Chapter-30 All hope of getting away are dashed!

God, was I afraid of what she'd do, but to my surprise, she quite calmly said, "Don't worry, after tomorrow you'll never lose track of her again." And then left, leaving me to fearfully wonder what would happen tomorrow.

In the morning at breakfast she ordered me to give her my hand. Out of a box she took a rather attractive gold bracelet and clipped it to my right wrist. From the same box she produced two smart phones, giving one to Miss Abbey.

"This is the latest in child safety. It's called Child Finder. The bracelet has a GPS chip which allows you to know precisely where she is within a foot. Plus it also has a distance limiter which is can activate with this button."

"You mean like they have for pets?" Miss Abbey asked.

"Precisely the same, except for a child. Set it at zero and if she moves a foot away a loud beep will sound," she said, and then I knew I was truly screwed. There just had to be some way to beat it. The only thing I could think of is if the Mistress was away and I could get hold of Miss Abbey's and then run like mad. I couldn't conceive of another seven years as a girl!

To remind me of what a bad girl I was I was ordered to sit at my play table and write, "I've been a bad girl and deserve to lose all my privileges for a week," two hundred times.

I got about half way done when a breeze came up and I got up to shut the window. I took one step and was startled to hear a beep. I took another step and heard an even

louder beep. My third step produced a beep so loud it was painful.

At that moment the door was flung open and in stormed Miss Abbey. "What are you doing out of your chair? Bend over your chair this instant," she ordered angrily, and taking up a hairbrush proceeded to blister my already sore bottom at least thirty times.

That night I couldn't help sobbing in frustration. I couldn't even take one step from where I'd been put without them knowing. Seven more years as a girl, I couldn't bear it!

Epilogue

That should be the end of the story, but not quite. Fast forward four years. I've just graduated as a debutante and this Saturday will be presented to society. As I look in the mirror, even though I don't want to, I have to admit I'm gorgeous. My figure, which the Mistress stated is finally perfect, measures 36-C, yes C, an unbelievable nineteen inch waist and a thirty eight inch bottom. My hair is so long it almost touches my titties. I'm wearing a strapless white gown with the full, petticoated skirt actually falling over my knees. On my feet are white satin pumps with pencil thin, four-and-a-half inch heels.

Any other girl would be so proud and excited to be going to her first debutantes ball.

But I'm not, I'm terrified as Miss Abbey has arranged a date for me!

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