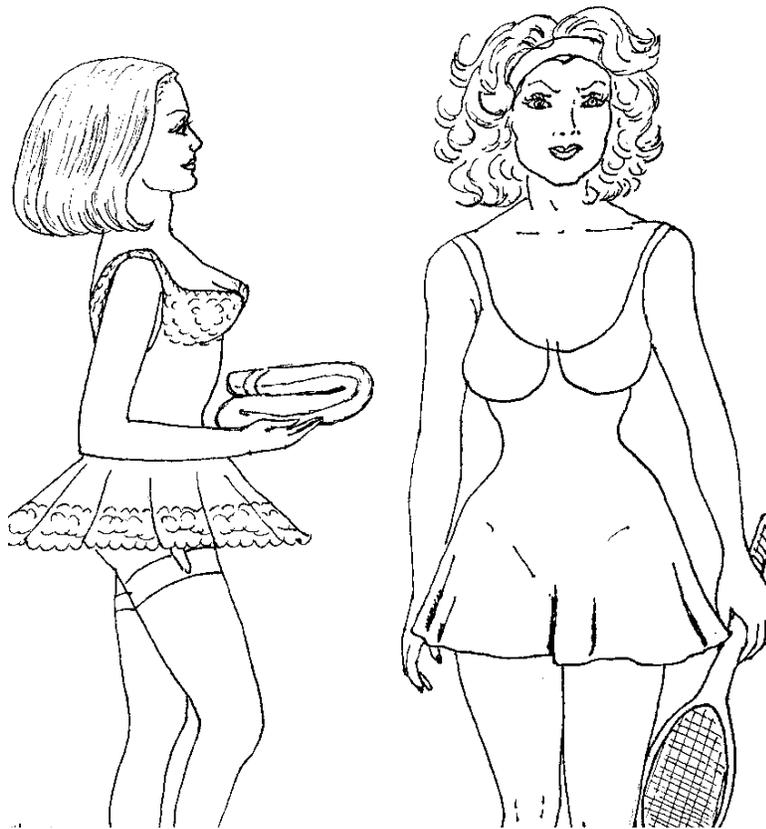


MYTHIC MISS

By Jasmine Jeffers



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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By Jasmine Jeffers

PREFACE

A faint hint of a breeze seeped through the tall windows at the back of the classroom. Hardly enough to mitigate the humid heat of a late May afternoon as the students labored over their final exams.

The proctor and professor of the class, Gene Yonalingi, loosened his tie, unbuttoned his top button and glanced at the clock. Thirty minutes to go and he, too, was free for the summer.

The class is Introduction to Mythology. Yonalingi is known at the university as a gifted scholar and avid lecturer on the subject. A former student of Joseph Campbell, he had gone on to achieve a bachelor's degree in anthropology and a master's in Comparative Mythology.

His summer would not be entirely free since he would be working on his doctoral dissertation. He had purchased a secluded cabin near the Oregon coast the previous winter and planned on spending the summer there, thinking and writing.

Yonalingi's special interest is gender in mythology, the descriptive attributes and behaviors of each, similarities, differences, and genesis among different cultures.

He surveyed the students scribbling frantically into their blue books, trying not to stare at the gauzy blouses, thin t— shirts, and shorts of the coeds before him.

The lacy camisole of a young woman in the front row caught his eye and he felt a familiar tingle shoot through his nipples.

The professor lifted his long thick pony tail from his neck allowing the faint draft to cool the perspiring nape. Despite his medium height and slight build, his deep blue eyes, softly sculpted features, his shy smile and gentle sense of humor made him popular among his students, especially the coeds.

Occasionally he made a note of something he needed to do or to purchase. He still had two weeks to get ready but grading papers, stocking supplies, and packing would eat up the time rapidly. The entries included computer discs, typing ribbons, and here and there were some that seemed incongruous: cosmetics, hair dryer, rollers, sun hat, summery dress, nail enamel, sandals...

Finally the magic moment arrived:

"Time is up, pencils down, make sure your blue books are signed and pass them to the end of the row. I will post your grades on my office door next Friday. I have enjoyed having you as students, have a great summer!"

With sighs and some smiles, the students departed and Gene's adventure was about to begin. He had prepared for it for a long time.

Gene was planning to spend the summer dressing and living as a woman.

Chapter One: METAMORPHOSIS

Gene could hardly wait to get home and to remove his suit. It was already 2:30 and he had a special appointment at the Isis Boutique at 7:00. It's proprietor, Christine Kama, had taken a special interest in Gene's secret passion almost two years ago.

As he settled into a floral scented bubble bath, images floated through his mind. He recalled how he had spent hours gazing at the pretty lingerie in the display window of her shop before summoning the courage to enter. One day he swallowed his fears, strolled in and casually rummaged among the racks of clothing.

Gene was ignorant of woman's sizing in those days, perplexed by “junior”, “misses” and appropriate numbers. He did know he wore tall pantyhose and 11/12 in old fashioned stockings when he could find them in thrift stores or catalogs. Surreptitiously holding a skirt up to his waist, or sleeve to his arm, his purchases were often too tight, too short, or otherwise ill fitting.

“Can I help you find anything, sir?”

He turned to see a tall 40ish woman smiling at him.

“I, oh, am looking for something for my girlfriend,” he blurted trying to calmly swing the hanger and skirt away from his waist.

A twinkle of merriment crossed her face as she followed with, “Do you both wear the same size?”

“No, oh, I mean, I don't know,” he tried to recover awkwardly, his face reddening.

Miss Kama's gentle and straight —forward manner somehow calmed him, “I have several male customers, whom, shall I say enjoy my fashions. I cater to their needs but not during regular business hours. The store closes in 15 minutes.

“If you wish my assistance, you may go back to one of the fitting rooms, and slip out of your street clothes. I will measure you then and help you select some outfits.”

A mixture of relief, excitement, and fear crossed his face. Still blushing, he replied, “Er yes, if you don't mind, this is so kind of you,…”

“Very well then, see you in 15,” with that she strode back to the front counter.

With a start he remembered he was wearing a white bra, panties, and coffee colored control top pantyhose under his clothes.

‘What the hell,’ he thought, *‘she already knows.’* He soon stood in the booth shivering expectantly in his feminine underthings.

She had hardly batted an eye when she called him out, took his measurements, and filled out a complete size chart. Christine was a take—charge kind of person and insisted that he follow her requests and tastes carefully. She expressed distaste for the hair on his chest, arms, and legs insisting it must go if he was to be presentable as a woman.

From the start, her goal was to help him pass in public. She found his intellect, humor, and interests compatible and soon expanded her efforts to include feminine de-

partment and other training exercises on some week nights and weekends at her home.

Although nothing sexual developed between them, Christine became intimate as a big sister or mother might be, strictly supervising his “development”.

And so “Regina” was born. “She” was to be completely crossdressed whenever she appeared at Miss Kama's shop or home. Tuesday nights became “student night” when 3 or 4 other transvestites would appear at Miss Kama's as she was addressed at all times. Their uniforms would consist of white blouses, black skirts, tan stockings, and black pumps with 4” heels. They practiced sitting, walking, mannerisms, and speaking over tea and cookies. They might discuss articles in fashion magazines or play cards.

Christine soon realized Regina was a great bridge player and invited her to join the Wednesday bridge group when her former partner had to drop out. The other “real” women found Regina to be sweet and charming and helped her along.

When a fourth replacement was found, Regina still attended, but attired in a complete satin maid's uniform which Miss Kama had tailored for her. She flitted about in her stiff bouncy petticoats, in black seamed stockings, serving snack trays or hovering attentively in a nearby corner.

Regina deeply appreciated the acceptance and lessons and adored Miss Kama, and was willing to do anything for her. Miss Kama, in turn, had come to rely on Regina's efforts and soon Regina served as a weekend maid, too. She did the laundry, cleaned the house, served her dinner guests which often included men, and even helped Miss Kama bathe and dress.

So, as the reverie ended and Regina began dressing for the appointment, she thought about what summery frocks, lingerie, and shoes she may select. She brushed and styled her hair into a pageboy and applied long red fingernails. She wore a floral print knee length dress with a full slip beneath. Her pantyhose were a soft pink shade with a lace texture. Regina had purchased expensive breast forms, so she jiggled ever so slightly as she leaned over to put on her t—strap patent pumps with 5” stiletto heels.

A tight belt and silicone hip padding helped perfect her feminine figure. She opened her shoulder bag and placed her cosmetics, tissues, wallet, and change purse inside. She carried the appointment confirmation card with Miss Kama's phone number. When crossdressed, Regina carried only female identification which even included a driver's license with her photo.

Regina would never forget the Saturday when Miss Kama had her dress in her student uniform except for an especially frilly blouse, dangling earrings, and a bright scarf tied in a large bow at her throat.

She drove the nervous Regina down to the DMV office. She was instructed to go in, explain who she was and to apply for a female version of her license.

Regina was embarrassed but on her best behavior.

The lady behind the counter was courteous and managed: “Show me your prettiest smile, dearie,” and soon the ordeal was over.

Regina doused herself with a spray of Chanel No. 5, rolled some dangly gold bracelets onto her left wrist, a gold watch to her right, and fastened the clasp to a gold chain around her neck. Examining herself in the full length mirror beside her dresser, she looked every inch an attractive young woman about to go on a date.

'It's only 6:15, plenty of time to get to the shop,' thought Regina, glancing at her watch. *'Miss Kama would approve of me practicing in these 5" heels,'* looking down at the glistening white leather.

Her home was 3/4 mile from the boutique near the top of a hill overlooking an older elegant part of town. Regina always enjoyed walking down the long winding tree-lined boulevard. She folded a light sweater with pearl buttons over her arm, tossed the keys into her shoulder bag, and she was out the door. She focused on her walk at first, —hips swinging, upper thighs moving loosely from the hip to the knees, short steps with one heel alternately placed in front of the toes of the other foot. Her right hand soon found the hem of her dress as the late afternoon wind became gusty.

Toward the base of the hill, Regina's attention was often focused on the estate of a young woman who lived in a large English Tudor style house. From this section, she could see over the high wrought iron fence to the front driveway and entrance. The homeowner was Joy Cummings, a highly successful model and fashion designer.

As Regina made her way down the hill, she saw Joy's red Mercedes 450 SL pull into the driveway and ease to a stop in front of the house. As the driver's door opened and the trunk popped open, two maids attired in short French maid uniforms emerged from the house. Joy did not appear to acknowledge the maids. Closing the car door, she casually kicked off her shoes onto the pavement.

Regina had reached the bottom of the hill and tried to catch glimpses of the scene unfolding behind the shrubbery..

Miss Cummings was apparently quite pampered. One maid scurried to the trunk to fill her arms with shopping bags and what appeared to be several hat boxes. The other attended her mistress, stooping to pick up her shoes.

Regina thrilled as she caught a peek of the maid's voluminous petticoats and stocking tops. Miss Cummings had reached up under her skirt to slide down a thigh top stocking which was flung over her shoulder and repeated the action with the other. Each floated through the air landing in a wispy puddle on the driveway. The maid retrieved them, straightened them and strangely, placed them lengthwise between her lips.

Regina was now transfixed, standing and peering through the bushes about 15 feet from the front entrance.

Joy Cummings had unbuttoned the back and unzipped her slim knee length skirt and it slid down her legs as she stood facing the front door. The servants had reached the front steps. Abruptly the woman turned and flashed some sort of hand signal. Instantly the maids dropped to their knees, heads bowed. Joy Cummings slowly unfastened the front of her blouse and let it slide from her shoulders. Her lips moved as she issued further orders to the domestics. She was clad only in a yellow satin camisole with matching tap pants.

Suddenly she became aware she was being watched. Her head turned and she stared directly at Regina peeking through the fence.

Regina panicked. She stood up and turned quickly to resume her pace. Her strides were too long and the footing which had turned to cobblestones was much too precarious. Still she could not resist a last look. Joy had taken several steps forward glaring angrily at the onlooker. Regina didn't see the lamp post or the break in the cobblestone which caught her left heel and twisted the ankle. She did not have time to do anything but shriek as her ribs glanced off the brick retaining wall and her head bounced against the iron of the lamp post. Regina's world turned to black.

Chapter Two: SURVIVAL

The dim light of dawn washed across a landscape already moist with the dew of night. Eyes, clouded with strands of lost dreams, fought to greet the morning with seeds of familiarity and continuity. These eyes were not the picture windows hidden behind the faded drapes of the previous evening. Something had happened to the lenses and spectral capabilities of the organs.

A distant memory of falling mingled with a growing awareness of surroundings, countless images compounded in a multiplistic pattern. Tiny dewdrops of water clinging to what looked like a dimpled knee clad in white fishnet hosiery. A honeycomb of convex crosshatching appeared to pulsate slightly.

A sensation of vertigo, of blood weighing heavily in the head. Looking down at one's legs and feet and seeing what? Many legs and feet attired in black stockings and shoes with impossibly pointed toes and stiletto heels that seem to converge to a single point. One of the ankles (or was it several?) appeared to be wrapped by the threads of the fishnet.

The pallid flesh behind the netting now became translucent taking on a cast of blue. The concept of sky thundered across the threshold along with memories of pink legs, of arms, wrists, and fingers circled with golden bands. Still, these kaleidoscopic eyes revealed black arms waving freely apparently clothed in long opera length gloves. Or maybe they were mittens but no thumbs or fingers were visible.

The awful sense of plummeting continued to hover on the edges of the new stimuli.

The gathering light continued to reach beneath the covers of ancient beds of memory filled with the emotions fear, pain, and loss. The growing network of stimuli interlocked with slowly meshing thoughts, a sentience nourished by a primitive language. A sentience knowing only that it is alive and must stay that way.

Twisting its head produced another flood of information. It's back was clad in a brilliant orange cape with black polka dots. An opposing memory of a flowery cloth could not sway the perception. The cape seemed rounded, hard, shiny like a vinyl raincoat.

...a cape royalty would wear.. raiment fit for a queen or lady of the court. Victoria Regina.. —Regina... 'The words and thoughts continued to erupt seemingly independent of the instruments of the body housing them.

'Upside down, trapped,' and fear resurfaced along with a shadow dimming the bright blue of the sky. A long hairy series of legs flashed across the convex vision field and a stabbing pain exploded in the abdominal region. An opening door in the distance quickly became a deep cavity of the darkest midnight ringed by jagged inverted peaks.

The fangs and maw of a spider!

Realization and crystallization of thought instantly gave way to instinct's action. The elytra of orange and black opened and began to flutter. Beneath, the diaphanous folds of a chiffon peignoir caught the air and flapped mightily against the inertia of the web's adhesion.

Closer came the darkness. The ferocity of struggle taxed the strength of the imperiled lady bug. At the last moment, with a miraculous snap, the insect broke free of its bondage and became airborne.

For a time it flew aimlessly, confused by its vision and desiring only to find shelter and sustenance. Soon it flew over a garden of bright flowers and broad leaves and curving stems.

Below, a glistening field of movement and enticing aroma lured the beetle to a soft landing on a carpet of green velvet. A sparkling cluster of insects seemed to be feeding on the carpet like a herd of cattle in a field of clover.

The graceful long legged creatures could have been ballerinas dressed in body stockings of sequins and silver dust. Their fragrance was mouth watering to the exhausted ladybug which crawled nearer for a closer look. The creatures were lost in the single minded pursuit of feeding and paid little attention. The beetle wasted no time pouncing on the nearest one. Had this been a dancer, she would now be missing her toe shoes, tight covered legs, and most of her tutu. The second bite consumed her entirely. Some of the slow moving creatures crawled away but those that remained seemed impervious to pain and accepted their role as food just as the leaf became the aphid.

The lady bug soon felt a heaviness in its lower abdomen and it crawled beneath the carpeted plateau. A tube extended from its bottom and deposited a jelly like mass of bright yellow eggs on the surface near the food supply which had replenished its strength. It returned to the sunwarmed plain where it rested. Death had been avoided, sustenance found, the next generation was to be.

When the shiny rounded red shaft appeared suddenly before the ladybug, curiosity impelled it to climb up onto the glistening surface. Instantly it was transported through the skies, a blur of blue and green rushed past. The rounded point of the shaft came to rest against a brownish conical mound. The beetle crawled to a new perch, the steep sides fell off sharply to a white sloping plateau which quivered gently in rhythmic motion. Suddenly a wind that seemed to emanate from a distant red rose rushed around the precipice.

The upward movement and swirling breeze spurred the reemergence of memory that had begun in the web. The shape below was connected somehow to the pink legs and arms of a forgotten creature. A great quivering orb that ended in just such a protuberance. Nectar spurting from an opening at the tip into an object like the rose in the distance. Consciousness completely alien to the ladybug coalesced, dissolved and reformed to hover in a realm of prescience.

The friction of the beetle's egg tube against the steep sides of the perch caused a new matrix to form. An ancient mother possessed these objects. A goddess whose milky orbs bestowed sustenance to the newborn of her universe. As the beetle descended to the soft white plains below it encountered the flat red shaft. Again it climbed aboard for the safety of relative camouflage.

Again it was lifted through air and sky and found itself next to the mysterious rose like petals that generated the winds of its world. Only it was two curving surfaces with a deep fissure between them. It began to explore the upper surface following the edges

upward to where they dipped slightly. Directly above was an overhanging monolith with two dark caves at the lower end. These opening were instinctively threatening to the insect and its six tiny legs hurried its tickly pace across the ruby rounded surface.

Suddenly the footing and shape moved with a cataclysmic motion, stretching and curving upward. A loud high vibration emitted from the crevice below and the ladybug slipped toward the opening. Regaining its balance, its vision glimpsed something unmistakably similar to the spider's fangs. White, squared off but the opening darkness behind instantly triggered the flight response. With no bonds holding it, the ladybug lifted its bright elytra, fluffed its gossamer rear wings and flew for its life.

Chapter Three: POSSESSION

A long crimson fingernail lightly traced across the lower lip of the reclining figure. The lips parted and eyelids with long lashes fluttered. A nascent awareness which had just sensed its tiny body departing now felt a heavier shell more akin to its evolving memory.

The eyes opened and stared upward at a radiant young woman with thick blonde hair, dressed in a shimmery satin sleeping gown of sky blue. Her long fingers caressed the cheeks and chin of the slowly awakening body. As she sat on the edge of the bed, her eyes sharpened and a quick smile of relief crossed her face.

“Well, you have finally awakened. The doctor was worried and would have moved you to the hospital by tonight if you hadn't come around.”

Her right hand moved above the right temple of the patient and touched a bandage there, causing the groggy person to wince. The fingers continued to ride lightly across the smooth surface above and behind the bandage revealing the side of the head had been shaved to allow cleansing of the wound.

“Oooh, I hurt all over,” whimpered the weak patient in a lacy nylon nightie.

“You have sustained a concussion, a possible neck injury, lightly bruised ribs, and a twisted ankle. Regina, I don't wish to be hard on you but the time will come when you must address the issue of why you were spying on us.”

“My femme name, Regina, you know it,” mumbled the dazed young professor, one Gene Yonalingi of the previous day.

“Of course, silly, we went through your purse once we got you inside. We found Miss Kama's business card and called her immediately. She recommended a doctor, a woman practiced in trauma cases. She agreed to come over immediately. By the way, my name is Joy Cummings and you are in one of my guest rooms.”

Regina's eyes swept the room. The bed actually had a canopy of white lace. She saw her dress, lingerie, and pantyhose folded neatly on a nearby bureau. The sight caused her to lift her head to look down to see what she was wearing.

A stiff object around her neck stopped her abruptly.

“Oh, that's a neck brace. The doctor wanted your head and neck to remain as immobile as possible. She didn't have the orthopedic type with her. So I offered one of my pink leather posture collars. Sometimes my maids are in need of more training and attention to their work. A few days in the collar causes immediate improvement.”

An involuntary chill ran down Regina's spine. With an effort, she tried to lift her left arm to rub the sleep from the corners of her eyes. A light metallic clink followed her hand to her face. With a start, she saw a pink leather wristband and light gold chain disappearing somewhere below her shoulders.

“What is this?” she demanded softly.

“Again the doctor has ordered that you be confined to bed for 4—5 days. We had to leave you alone last night and didn't want you to fall or walk away. So, your wrists and ankles have been fettered to allow movement but not mobility .”

Miss Cummings' explanations appeared straightforward but her embellishments were unsettling.

A maid had entered the room this time attired in a white satin uniform, with a bib apron edged in black lace. With a curtsy she stood next to the bed with palms pressed together behind her back.

"Of course, Yvette here may recall the time I came home from work early and caught her lounging on my bed during working hours in nothing but her waist cincher and stockings."

Yvette's face reddened visibly and her head dropped.

"I had my naughty darling in posture collar, wrist and leg bands instantly. Six inch chains kept her pretty little arms secured to her neck ring and twelve inch chains inhibited her stride. I put her into pumps with seven inch heels. My leather quirt kept her on her feet. Bobbette, my other maid, fed and cleaned her for the next two days. She has been a busy little beaver ever since.

"Yvette, take down the covers and inspect her diapers."

"Diapers?" cried Regina in acute embarrassment.

"Oh, relax, Regina," shushed Miss Cummings. "The doctor prescribed some strong medications for pain and rest. She said they may cause temporary incontinence or bladder control problems. Since you are confined to bed, a shortie nightie, diaper, and rubber panty is the best solution.

"Besides Yvette is a trained nurse and does not mind changing you. So even if you have to do number two, we will take care of you."

The diaper was wet and Regina was abashed as they pulled down the bed covers and gently lifted her legs apart and back toward her head. Regina could see the bands around her ankles and her brightly painted toenails.

Yvette left the room quickly and returned pushing a cart with a basin, hot water, towels, and other supplies. The rubber panties were unsnapped and Regina could see that they were bright red with a big rumba ruffle across the bottom. She could feel the diaper being unpinned as Yvette worked and Cummings supervised.

Regina was dumbfounded. She couldn't see down there but she knew what was between her legs and knew they knew as well. And yet, "she" had been treated as a female from the start.

"Oh, by the way, Regina, we had to shave your dolly and bottom to make clean up easier and more sanitary. You are baby smooth down there," remarked Miss Cummings.

Regina could feel her member being washed with a cloth and soapy water and dried gingerly with a towel. She was too weak to respond with much more than a slight thickening. Her bottom was patted *dry* and she was powdered all over before a fresh diaper was pinned on and the rubber panty replaced.

“I must get dressed and leave for a while,” announced Miss Cummings, “but Yvette will feed you a little meal and administer your medication which will allow you to sleep.”

The cobwebs were clearing in Regina's head. She was all the more entranced by and awed by the forceful Joy Cummings. She had no reason to distrust the woman's reasons for her bonds and clothing yet her unspoken fear prompted a feeble attempt at independence.

“Please, Miss Cummings, before you go. My students are expecting their graded papers by this Friday. I simply must get their blue books as soon as possible. Perhaps I could evaluate them as I recuperate.”

“Very well, Regina, if you give Yvette your office number she will arrange to have your teaching assistant drop them by.”

With that, Joy Cummings turned and left the room, her shiny gown undulating softly around her gorgeous bottom. Yvette followed.

With sudden weariness, Regina sighed and sunk into her pillows. The leather collar chafed her neck but she was too tired to care. When Yvette returned with a tray of broth, *dry* toast and ice water, she struggled to sit up and was spooned her first meal in two days. Yvette then gave Regina at least six pills to swallow. She slipped into a deep slumber even as Yvette clicked out of the room on her six inch heels.

* * *

Regina drifted to a place bathed in a pink—orange mist. Details and all sense of time seemed to evaporate as the mists condensed into a constant flow of intense sensuality. Everything that touched her was imbued with a dense eroticism.

People, familiar yet anonymous, came and went. Several voices and one in particular talked to her, instructed her, talked about her as if she were not there. The words could not hold their meanings yet this one voice became the sign—post in an otherwise featureless landscape. There was no fear of death here, all needs were magically provided, all she had to do was to obey the voice.

Sometimes she was immersed in a warm liquid and pulsing jets of pressure buffeted her all over. Afterward, she felt positively vibrant. She sensed that the soft nudity of her skin was caressed by large powder puffs showering her in a mist of glowing dust. Her breasts seemed larger and ever so sensitive and pain seemed to be an unknown entity even when she felt a prick in each nipple. She sensed something metallic in each one which only added to her world of sensation.

“Her ankle and ribs are healing quickly,” a voice observed, “and look at our nude fox prance in her marabou slippers. “

“Notice how her hips and titties are already growing!”

The first voice laughed: “The shameless little tart is constantly caressing that little worm between her legs.”

“I will put an end to that soon!” asserted the Voice,

“At this stage I encourage the indulgence. See, the hormones already prevent her from getting hard but she still gets off.”

Regina sometimes felt a sensation of ecstatic white clouds building around her and flowing convulsively into the orange — pink mists. Often following such episodes, a spoon of a creamy fluid would slide between her lips and she would swallow with relish as the voice told her to do.

She listened acutely for the voice which defined her world and adoringly sought to appease every one of its commands.

Chapter Four: A CHALLENGE FOR POWER

Three sharp smacking sounds broke the silence. Regina awoke with a start. Her hands and hairless forearms were immersed in a sink of warm sudsy water. She then noticed the puffy satin and lace sleeves of her maid's uniform and became aware of a soft hand cupping her naked buns. The hand lifted and applied three insistent slaps to a suddenly tingling butt.

A familiar voice spoke.

"Regina, I said stop daydreaming and finish my lingerie. Rinse them, put them into the basket and hang them on the line in the back yard," repeated Miss Cummings impatiently.

Regina whirled to find Joy Cummings in a short white tennis dress, athletic socks, and tennis shoes. She stood with hands on hips, a stern glare on her face. Looking down past the flared skirt, Regina saw her white ruffled panties were in a puddle around her shiny black patent heels.

"What's happening? Why?..." stuttered the disoriented maid.

"Oh, you are finally coming out of it," observed Miss Cummings. "Turn around, keep working and I will explain."

Strangely compliant, Regina resumed her task with a polite: "Yes, Miss Cummings."

Miss Cummings began. "You've been here about 10 days, my dear. The doctor has been here several times. Your injuries are not as serious as she first believed. She has prescribed lots of rest and gentle therapy such as whirlpool baths, sauna and massage."

"But why don't I remember this?" cried the confused Regina.

"The doctor felt the less mental stress, the better. You do have a head injury. So she has you on a combination of valium and a hypnotic drug which minimizes pain, shuts off your conscious mind and yet makes you pliable enough to respond to our ministrations."

"Your collar, cuffs, and diaper came off after a few days and you've been healing quickly."

"After 5 days you were moving about so well I called Miss Kama to inform her of your progress. She came over to visit and brought your maid's outfit along. My Bobette went on vacation this week and Miss Kama raved about your abilities so here you are, earning your keep, so to speak."

Regina struggled to absorb this flood of information. She dutifully rinsed and squeezed panties, bras, stockings, and other delectable items and placed them in the laundry as Miss Cummings voice, so mellifluous and compelling held her attention. Still, her concerns welled up to the surface and she voiced them.

"Surely, Miss Kama told you about me and my students and my plans for the summer. Was my office notified? When may I leave?"

"Yes, yes, Regina, the university has been informed of your accident and as a matter of fact, the teaching assistant will drop by early this evening. Your students have sent many get well messages, cards, and flowers to "Professor Yonalingi" and you'll see those in your room. You have the whole summer, so when the doctor gives you a clean bill of health, we'll allow you to leave for your cabin and summer pursuits. Don't you agree?"

"Why, yes, of course," assented Regina with a deep curtsy with both hands on her hems, which left her wondering where she had learned that.

Miss Cummings knelt and pulled the maid's elaborately ruffled panties up her legs and secured them around her hips. The lingerie was in the basket and Regina was directed to follow behind Miss Cummings.

Regina soon found herself in the wide secluded yard next to a set of clothes lines. Soon the wispy nothings, sheer stockings, camis and slips were hanging from pins.

Joy Cummings stood nearby playfully tapping a badminton shuttlecock in the air with a racquet. The late morning temperatures were warming rapidly and the black satin began to absorb the sun's heat, but satin is not a breathable fabric. Regina began to perspire as she finished her task.

"Feel up to some exercise, Regina?" smiled Miss Cummings. "I could certainly use some and you have been so inactive lately ."

Regina brightened. As "Gene", *he* had played a lot of badminton in college. Feeling a little stiff, but sensing no pain in her ankles or ribs, she nodded shyly, affirming her desire to play.

"Very well, let's get you out of some of those clothes so you can run around more easily. Don't worry, it is completely private back here." She walked behind the maid and unfastened the large bow at the back of her bibbed apron and lifted it over Regina's head. The clasp at the top of the dress was undone and a zipper opened the back to the hips. Miss Cummings eased the puffed sleeves down her arms and carefully worked the uniform over the full flared petticoats.

"Step out of your shoes, Regina. Those aren't 'Free Spirit' dress pumps like the television models playing basketball wear. You can play in your stocking feet."

Regina slid out of the heels and stood on the cool grass. She looked down at her white bra filled with her prostheses.

She loved her stiff taffeta petticoat in soft pink and her cinnamon colored seamed stockings held in place by a long waist cincher with garters.

Miss Cummings now faced the skimpily dressed maid and led her in some stretching and warm-up exercises which ended with some jumping jacks. Joy smiled as Regina's petticoat lifted and fell revealing her white gartered thighs and frilly panties.

Regina thrilled at the sensations of being so attired outdoors and was feeling frisky after weeks of no exercise.

"Let's make this interesting," began Miss Cummings with a mischievous smile handing Regina a racquet. "We will play best of 5, 11 points per match, win by two. The loser of each game will relinquish an item of clothing ."

With a smug stare she continued, "And I do believe I'll have a soft little sissy maid scampering about in her cincher and stockings in no time!"

She turned imperiously and walked to the opposite side of the net. The sun danced off of her radiant blonde curls as she put on a pair of dark glasses and watched as Regina made a few tentative swings.

Regina filled herself with quiet resolve, determined to give this haughty woman the match of her life. She reviewed fundamentals and strategy in her mind as they volleyed for first service. Regina won the service but relinquished it quickly as the footing in her sheer stockings proved slippery and she was unable to reach a lob to the right corner. Regina was down 4—0 before she regained the service and began to find her game. She volleyed the birdie left and right and forward and back and soon Miss Cummings was perspiring, breathing heavily and down 6—4.

Regina lost the serve trying to get to a shot that sent her feet flying forward, caused her to land on her petticoat which fortunately cushioned her fall.

Miss Cummings laughed uproariously at the sight and swiftly won 4 points as Regina fought to regain her composure and concentration.

Back and forth went the service, with a few points gained by each but Regina was finding her game and her stride.

At 8 all, she regained the serve and returned Miss Cummings' first volley with a stinging slapshot that whizzed by the left elbow before the woman could react.

Miss Cummings hit her next volley into the net and Regina led 10—8. She managed to land the third volley of her next service just inside the back line, past the lunging futile stroke of Miss Cummings. Regina could not restrain her joy. She bounced up and down, clapping her hands, skipping gaily about her court.

Miss Cummings was not a gracious loser.

"Fetch a towel and come over here, maid," hissed Miss Cummings.

Regina sobered quickly and scurried quickly to the other side of the net.

"Unzip my tennis dress," pouted Miss Cummings. Regina did as asked and slid the dress down over the young woman's panties to the grass where she stepped free of it. "Now fold it neatly and then pat my body free of perspiration."

Suddenly Regina was trembling with desire and trepidation. The sight of this beautiful woman clad only in filmy panties, sneakers, and socks, her fine uplifted and tanned breasts heaving from her exertions left the transformed man weak with growing desire in his loins. Yet, even in defeat, she demanded and received instant compliance to virtually every request. As she placed her outfit on the nearby patio table she wiped her face dry and handed Regina the towel.

Slowly she blotted her glistening skin as she grudgingly complimented him on a few of the shots but warned him not to touch her skin with his hands. Five minutes and she was trotting to the other side of the net and game two began.

Miss Cummings began to catch on to Regina's strategy and gained the service more often. The elastic waistband of her petticoat was stretching and sliding down over her

hips hampering her stride. The sun was in Regina's eyes. Miss Cummings won 11—1 and Regina found herself drying the winner minus her petticoat.

Back on the shady side with more mobility and renewed determination Regina won a close third game 13—11. Kneeling in front of Miss Cummings, Regina gingerly pinched the panty fabric on each side of her hips and eased it down her legs without making skin to skin contact. She found herself staring at the curly golden triangle of the woman who boldly flaunted her nakedness, taking her panties from the victorious yet humble maid and dangling them in front of Regina's face.

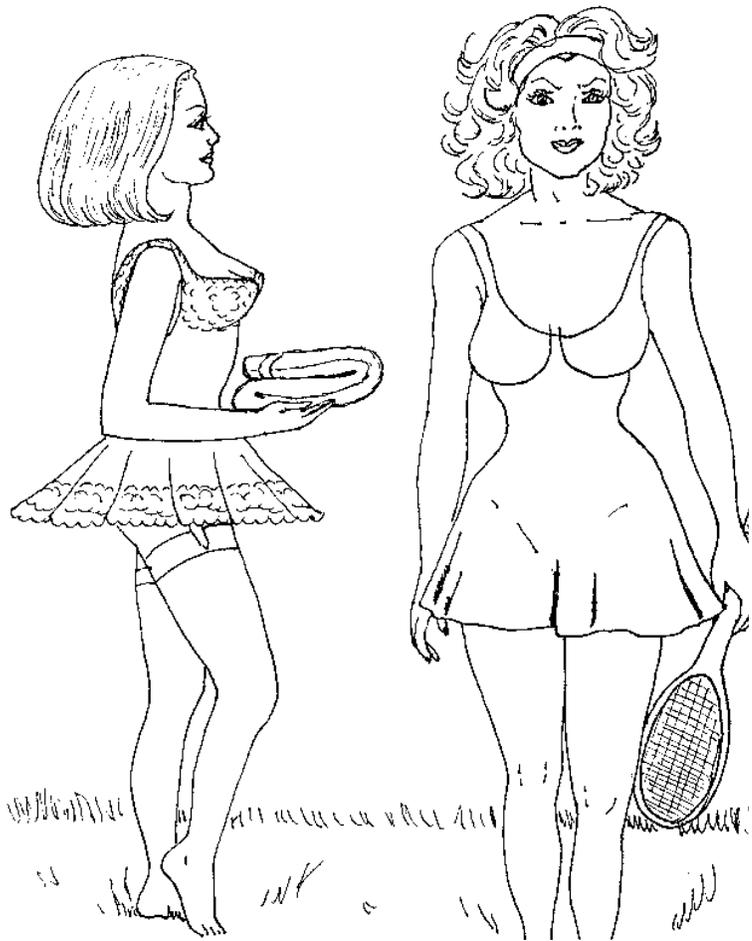
“Would you like to wear your trophy?” Miss Cummings mocked as Regina gazed at the see-through orange-pink panties.

“If you wish, yes please,” sighed Regina. Despite her victory, the games were taking their toll. She was breathing heavily, her side was beginning to ache, her head was throbbing. With a quick movement Miss Cummings slipped the panties over Regina's head, the backside covering the face.

She was again plunged into the erotic world of her recent dreams. Again she towel dried her opponent, this time peering through the haze of orange-pink light responding to the voice she now recognized as Miss Cummings. As he finished Miss Cummings repositioned the panties. Regina recoiled slightly as the pungent cotton crotch was placed over his nose and mouth.

“You have to be able to see if you have any hope of winning this match,” sneered Miss Cummings, supremely confident despite being down 2—1. Cupping Regina's chin and tipping the head back to meet her gaze, she pressed the cotton crotch between the lips of the quivering maid.

Game four was no contest. Watching the dancing breasts and fleshy bottom distracted the tired Regina from focusing on the feathered cork. Her aroma, voice, and fluid body movement entranced the young tv. *He* could no longer summon any desire to overcome. *He* was vaguely aware that *he* had lost and as *his* head dropped *he* no-



ticed **his** breasts with startled surprise. They were larger and fuller than *he* remembered and both nipples had been pierced. A gold ring hung from each.

“What with happening to me?” cried Regina in a soft high feminine voice modulated with a slight lisp, as she spoke through her panty gag.

“You're about to lose, that's what,” retorted Miss Cummings, “I'm going to be flying your panties on my flagpole since you no longer seem to have one of your own.”

It was true. As excited as Regina was, her desire for Miss Cummings surging, her panties revealed no tumescence whatsoever.

“Now prance over there, Miss Sissypants, and prepare to lose,” snapped Miss Cummings as she grasped the nipple rings, lifting slightly as Regina quickly regained her feet.

Regina struggled mightily to compose herself. She reached deeply for stamina and resolve once unlimited in somebody named Gene. Taking deep breaths, the spasmodic muscles relaxed and absorbed oxygen. She noticed Miss Cummings was showing signs of fatigue as well, slumping forward with a haggard expression.

With an upward sweep the shuttlecock flew into the air and the sweeping arc of the racquet propelled it to the deep left corner. Caught napping, the first point was Regina's. The second and third quickly followed. The service changed and Miss Cummings scored twice. As the game progressed, Regina found herself ahead 9—7 but lost the serve.

As she leaned forward awaiting the service from the opposite court, Miss Cummings suddenly paused and made a curious gesture. She pointed to his panties and made a rolling motion with the index finger.

Unconsciously, still focused on the birdie, Regina reached down with her left hand and pulled her panties to her ankles.

With a suppressed smile, Miss Cummings let the birdie fly. Regina lurched toward the sailing shuttlecock and promptly fell forward and watched it land a foot from her outstretched racquet. She looked down with utter amazement at the tangled fabric around her ankles. Regina rolled to her back and kicked them off. 9—8.

Miss Cummings prepared to serve. When she saw Regina focus upon her, she pointed to her upper legs and snapped her fingers twice. Regina, without shifting her eyes, reached down and “fastened the front garter tabs on her stockings. Miss Cummings quickly wheeled around and touched the back of each leg below her lovely butt. She snapped her fingers twice.

Without thinking, as if time was suspended, Regina undid her back garter tabs. The stockings began to float down toward the knees as Miss Cummings served.

The volley was long and intense. The birdie crossed the net 12 times without hitting the ground. The nylons worked lower until the tops had doubled over Regina's feet. She tried to plant her feet but skidded forward as the shuttlecock shot out of bounds as she lost control of the racquet.

9—9.

Regina pulled the shredded hosiery from each foot, a look of undisguised confusion on her face. She looked down at the lingerie littering her side of the court. She gazed across the net at Miss Cummings who was making a gesture like scissors cutting from below her luscious breast to her golden pubic hairs.

With robot—like motion, Regina placed her fingers on the top hook and eye closure of her waist cincher and slowly unhooked each one. The cincher dropped to the ground and Regina was naked. She knew who she was, why she was there, and yet could not account for the fact that she had disrobed without volition.

Miss Cummings looked on with interest as Regina became fully aware of her body for the first time in almost two weeks. She welcomed the breather as Regina reached up and felt the mane of curly locks permed on her head with the right side shaved smoothly above her ear. She felt the budding breasts and touched her nipple rings. Looking down she saw every inch of the body was hairless, even the pubic area which made her look like a little girl. With a gasp Regina realized why her erect penis had not been visible in her panties. It was enclosed in a cage of leather and wire with a tiny padlock swinging between her legs.

An erection was quite impossible!

“Why am I locked up like this?” shrieked a suddenly alarmed Regina.

“Listen, have you forgotten we're playing a game here? Stop asking silly questions and get ready for my serve. Unless you wish to concede in which case you will get back into your uniform and serve me!”

Regina was now angry and once again determined despite the unreality of the situation. She watched the feather and cork sail over the net and slapped it back.

Miss Cummings tried to react quickly but drove it into the net. Regina had regained the service.

So great was her concentration and fatigue, the beleaguered professor had forgotten the moist panties still clinging to the bridge of his nose, the material in his mouth. Regina's face resembled a giant insect's with eyes protruding through the leg openings. His salivary glands reacted in the same way a pebble in his mouth might keeping it from drying out. Regina swallowed hard, blinked the sweat from his eyes and executed a mighty windup motion with the racquet.

Miss Cummings, seeing the movement leaned back on her heels ready to move toward either corner at the strong serve.

At the last instant, Regina tapped the shuttlecock lightly arcing it high into the air. Too late, Miss Cummings saw it falling short, and rocketed forward extending the racquet, managing to loft it weakly over the net.

Regina was ready in front court. She deftly slapped it beyond the recovering woman— —match point!

Miss Cummings glared angrily at Regina hurtling the birdie back for the next service.

“Whatever control she has, I must not look at her or listen to her,” thought Regina desperately. She was on the sunny side of the net anyway and without clothing, her

movements were now unrestricted as long as she didn't trip over anything. Focusing entirely on the birdie, she served to the right side which Miss Cummings handled easily, and then returned the lob with another to deep left court.

Miss Cummings executed a remarkable backhand that had Regina scrambling forward.

Lunging forward, she swatted wildly, striking the shuttlecock. It rose, traveled to the net, hit the top band, where the birdie faltered, bounced up, and dropped just inside Miss Cummings court.

The match belonged to Regina!

She ducked under the net and stood before Miss Cummings, a smile trying to form as her lungs struggled for air. What she saw was a hand signal and she found herself on her knees staring at Miss Cummings feet still wearing the athletic shoes and socks. From above she heard:

"Well played, my pet. They are yours, remove them," Joy Cummings grudgingly ordered indicating the footwear. "I certainly got the exercise I wanted and more!"

As she did, she felt the panties once again being readjusted to cover her eyes.

"Gather our things and follow me to the outdoor shower by the pool and hot tub." With that she turned leaving a bewildered and tired Regina to savor "victory" and to peer about for the scattered clothing.

"Do clothes make the man?" wondered "Gene" ruefully as *he* joined the beautiful blond as she rinsed herself under the warm spray. *He* no longer looked much like Gene. *His* curly hair, nude body, developing chest with pierced nipples and manicured lacquered nails were instead that of a sexless sissy. *He* certainly did not feel "manly" either humbly wearing the panties of a woman *he* found himself obeying without question. Still, the situation was remarkable and *he* was secretly intrigued by the strange new circumstances. *He* was handed a bar of lilac glycerine soap.

"As your reward you may lather me up, Regina," announced Miss Cummings, "and then shampoo my hair."

Regina was enthralled. Miss Cummings stepped from under the showerhead into the sunlight, her body glistening in the heat of the summer afternoon. Regina's hands lovingly soaped and bathed the lush slippery skin of the strong and powerful woman. Regina felt a warm growing pressure between *his* legs where *his* manhood was enmeshed in its prison of leather and wire. *He* wished *he* could see better through the sheer panties yet had to rely on *his* sense of touch and hearing as Miss Gumming issued instructions.

Too soon, the task was completed, Miss Cummings hair wrapped in a towel, Regina was allowed to shower, wash out the panties, and to hang them on the line. Miss Cummings watched from the bubbling waters of the hot tub. A refreshed Regina, head also wrapped in a towel, was invited to join the lovely woman.

The two enjoyed a conversation, grudging admiration from Miss Cummings who allowed: "I am not often beaten by one of the girls." A warning was included: "Next time it happens however, my opponent may find her bottom waffled by my racquet."

Yvette appeared carrying a tray of cool drinks and Regina's medication. Both athletes were feeling drowsy and weak from their exertions. Miss Cummings left the patio for a nap. Regina was given a sheer pink floor length robe and directed to a chaise lounge with her drink and was administered her pills.

Before long, she drifted into a deep slumber.

Chapter Five: AFFINITY

Regina's eyes fluttered open. She stretched her arms, yawned, and looked around with a disoriented expression. She found herself at a work table in Miss Cummings study. She 'saw that she was wearing her “student uniform”, the one Miss Kama insisted upon each Tuesday night.

“Is it Tuesday? Is Miss Kama coming over?” Regina could smell her own perfume, and wistfully realized she missed her mentor and friend and hoped she was on her way. “If that is so, I had better inspect myself to assure I am presentable.” She had received more than one spanking from her teacher for being careless.

She examined her tan stockings for runs — they looked brand new. Her black pumps with 4" heels were shining, her blouse and skirt were clean and wrinkle free. She found a hand mirror and surveyed her face and hair. Her makeup was a little heavier and more dramatic than usual but skillfully applied. Regina's hair had been brushed out, was lustrous and fell softly upon her shoulders, The ends flipped up.

She sighed and sat down again. Sure enough, the front door chimes sounded. A sickening memory lurched across her mind. Didn't Miss Cummings mention a teaching assistant was arriving tonight?

Regina heard Yvette's heels clicking with softer footsteps following. Yvette appeared, ushering a young woman into the study. She wore a short sleeved mint colored satin blouse, jeans and flats. Her hair was fiery red and luxuriantly long, falling to her waist. She carried a brief case and large shoulder bag.

The maid directed her to a chair and left without a word. The woman nodded politely toward Regina and sat down, watching the door expectantly.

Regina felt petrified. This was Beth Richards, Gene's 23 year old teaching assistant waiting for Professor Yonalingi to appear.

After a minute, Beth looked over again, smiled, and introduced herself: “Hi, I'm Elizabeth Richards, are you Miss Cummings' secretary?”

Her heart in the pit of her stomach, Regina smiled, the corners of her mouth twitching nervously, and replied:

“Uh, no, my name is Regina.”

Something about the voice caught Beth's attention. She stared for a moment and then her jaw dropped in shock and amazement.

“Gene, my God, is that you?” She was on her feet and next to him instantly.

Regina, too, stood up wringing “her” hands with the long *red* fingernails. *There's no sense lying, lay it all out,* he thought, embarrassed and insecure.

“Yes, Ma'am, er, oh, I am, was, Professor Yonalingi.” His face reddened not only at the respectful greeting but also at the automatic curtsy, grabbing his skirt hem and dropping his left leg back and dipping his head.

Beth laughed nervously at the submissive gesture and sat down, stunned at the beauty of the person before her.

Over the next 15 minutes, Regina explained that she was a transvestite or cross-dresser, revealed her relationship with Miss Kama, and described her terrible accident. She told about the strange household in which her recovery was ongoing and about her plans for the summer.

Beth listened thoughtfully closely watching the mannerisms of the feminine creature before her. This was the same endearing person she loved to work for, yet more delicate—the hands fluttered more, the hips swayed as *he* pranced back and forth, the voice seemed to be an octave higher.

And, *he* “he”? curtsied in response to every question, scarcely aware that he was doing it.

“It is so clear now, why your doctoral studies focus on gender issues,” remarked Beth with fresh insight.

“I don't know exactly what has happened since I've been here,” fretted Regina, “I mean, I always thought I was a regular guy with an unusual hobby. I'm heterosexual, I adore women. It's a little weird though— I can be sexually attracted to a woman and to her clothing at the same time. Recently, things have been changing quickly. My body is softer and looks more female than male. And I am more timid and quick to appease Miss Cummings requests.” Her eyes filled with tears and she was overcome with emotion: “They even dress me as a French maid and treat me like a servant. And what scares me, Gene, the most is— I am becoming a sweet sissy boy, in a nether world between man and woman.”

He began sobbing girlishly and Beth tried to comfort *him* by taking his soft manicured hands in hers.

“Have you thought about having an operation and becoming a transsexual?” she asked.

“Oh no, I love my job and want to continue with my goals but will my new gender roles conflict with them?”

“That question is too large for me to consider,” laughed Beth, “How about if we get to work on those exams and we can talk about it more later.”

They settled down and began working.

Yvette appeared with coffee and snacks at one point. The content of some of the blue books often sparked discussion. Regina was enjoying the academic interaction with the bright and perceptive Beth. She, for one, had no trouble with his transition, she liked it, and called him Regina and used all the correct pronouns.

“Regina, listen to this paragraph from Kevin Leonard's exam: Cross-gendered behavior has even been observed among the gods of antiquity. Edith Hamilton, the great scholar, tells of the results of an error by the mighty Hercules:

“For this base action Zeus himself punished him: he sent him to Lydia to be a slave to the Queen, Omphale, some say for a year, some for three years. She amused herself with him, making him at times dress up as a woman and do woman's work, weave or spin.

“And so it can be demonstrated that gender is not only a rainbow of behaviors, but it crosses all lines even those of mortality .”

“Wow, that's beautiful— let's give the man an A,” exclaimed Regina, glowing with renewed esteem. “I must pursue that line of study .”

As they finished up, Regina turned serious, “Beth, I am hoping you can keep ”Regina” a special secret between us. I just don't think the administration is ready for full disclosure just yet, nor am I.

“Sure, Regina, agreed Beth admiring the frankness and vulnerability of the professor, ”yet, I want to get to know this persona better. Maybe I could visit you at the cabin this summer?”

“Yes, I would like that,” smiled Regina softly.

The door chimes sounded as they talked. Regina's back was to the door and she didn't hear the new visitor approach.

“Why, Regina, it has been such a long time!” the voice Miss Kama's, reverberated throughout the study.

Regina whirled and dropped to a deep curtsy: “Oh, Miss Kama, I'm so glad you are here, I missed you so much!”

“Come here and give me a hug, young lady. You are looking so much better.”

Regina thrilled to the sight and touch of his teacher. She wore a black silk jumpsuit with a white gold belt and gold sandals and it was obvious during the hug, she wore no brassiere. As they parted Miss Kama grabbed her palm and swung her around in a classic jitterbug swing. As Regina pirouetted, her skirt fanned out, giving Beth a glimpse of her stocking tops and ruffled panties.

Regina smiled sheepishly and smoothed her skirt as Miss Kama smiled at her modesty. Regina introduced the women to each other.

“How do you like my sweet young student?” Miss Kama asked of Beth.

“I thought that was the Professor before tonight!” she laughed. “I was shocked at first, but I rather like the change.”

Miss Cummings strode into the room and was introduced to Beth. After a few more minutes of chat, she asked if the work was completed.

“Yes, Miss Cummings, thank you for having Miss Richards over,” replied Regina with yet another sweet curtsy.

“You are certainly welcome, Regina, you may invite her again, soon if you wish. Now, say goodnight to our visitors. I want you to go to your room, get undressed and put on the night things I've laid out for you. Perhaps Miss Kama will come up later to tuck you in.”

Bidding the company goodnight, Regina meekly walked from the room. As the transformed professor left, he heard Miss Cummings speak:

“Miss Richards, can I offer you more coffee *or* perhaps a drink? We have a proposition for you and you may be interested in tonight's ceremony.”

Chapter Six: SURRENDER

Regina was feeling chagrined and her heart was beating faster than usual as she recalled her encounter with Beth Richards. As she put away her clothing, she decided Beth took the news well, considering it was “cold turkey” and all. She was glad the exams were graded, the students would be relieved. Her summer at the new cabin on the Oregon shore appeared imminent if she could just get away.

Over two weeks had passed and “Gene” had not worn a stitch of male clothing. Of course, there was probably none in the house to wear, so he decided his adventure had begun.

“He” had to put all concepts of Gene out of “his” head, at least for the summer. Come what may, Regina must bow to her fate and yield to the wishes of the powerful women influencing her life. It was her only hope for freedom.

She stood naked at the sink rinsing out the nylons and noticed both the nipple rings and the strange cage enclosing her genitals were still in place. She squeezed the stockings hanging them over the shower rod and sat down to pee which was the only way she could do it now. When finished, she took a few sheets of tissue and dabbed herself dry.

Standing, she splashed herself with some “jardin de fleur” cologne and massaged some skin lotion onto her tender breasts and between her legs where the strange contraption chafed her.

Regina reached for the cold cream to remove her make—up but decided to leave it on. She loved the dark kohl lining her eyes and decided to add more. Her severely plucked brows were arched and enhanced with pencil and blusher gave her a ruddy glow. A fresh coat of lip gloss and finishing powder completed the look and she returned to her bed to put on her nightie.

She had grown accustomed to waking up in a flannel or nylon gown, under which she found a soft sleeping bra and filmy panties. Tonight, her eyes widened in a mixture of arousal and confusion.

Arranged on the bed before her was the most erotic outfit she had ever seen. With wonder, Regina picked up the shiny black waist cincher, an affair in satin and trimmed in lace which appeared to have very stiff stays built into it. It had hook and eye closures in front. It was a tight fit but she managed to close all of them. Eight dangling garter straps bounced against her hips. She picked up the sheerest black stockings she had ever touched and then noticed the black tulle over the elbow gloves which she donned first.

Easing the hose over her ankles, she attached the lace tops which rose to her crotch to the garter clips. She could not resist padding over to the vanity mirror and taking a quick peek. She turned and looked over the shoulder at her pudgy white lush tush protruding from the blackness surrounding it. She looked for her panties, finding none, she picked up the brassiere which was made from a leather like material.

Gasping, Regina saw there were no cups only an underwire base covered with white lace. This too was a tight fit but once in place, she tugged each of her soft breasts up

and out. Back at the mirror, she was surprised to see small boobs thrusting from her chest. Regina was getting turned on, squeezing her nipples and pulling lightly on the rings which made them instantly erect.

Her crotch was swelling against its bonds which angered and frustrated *him*.

Next *he* found billowy pink harem pants. It had a lacy waist band which fit over the cincher yet was without a panty or crotch. Instead elastic bands fit snugly just below her stocking tops and at the ankles. Thrilled by the ultra femininity that *he* felt she swished about the room, reveling at the slinky slippery fabric rubbing against her inner thighs.

Then she found a turban like hat. It was a stretchy sheer fabric in the same shade of the pantaloons. Pulled over her blond locks and ears, the front was decorated with three upright peacock feathers surrounding a gold medallion encrusted with rhinestones. The rhinestones spelled out the words: "Sissy Neophyte."

Although the words were unsettling, the effect of the outfit was wondrous. Regina imagined herself to be an Arab concubine and shuddered at the thought of a huge sheik awaiting her special favors.

She sat down on the bed more perplexed than ever when she saw the shoes beside the night stand. She laughed out loud. Surely, a joke or prop, nobody could expect her to wear them. The highest platforms and heels she had ever seen. The top part looked like a regular sandal with an ankle strap. She picked one up. Size 9— "Hmmm, My size. Yet the platform must be 8" high— these are heavy and this stiletto spike must be 12 inches!"

They were incredibly erotic and Regina could not resist them. She strapped one on and then the other. Her knees were at chin level and her back was straight!

She contemplated standing when Yvette entered carrying a tray. On it was Regina's medication and a glass of milk.

"Ah, Miss Regina, time for your medicine and a night cap."

"Yvette, what's with these clothes?" laughed Regina.

Yvette set the tray on the bedside table and requested Regina take her pills.

Regina shrugged, swallowed them and chased them with the milk which was warm and comforting.

"Mistress Cummings thought you might enjoy a treat on your last evening here. The shoes are Miss Kama's idea. She feels they are wonderful for posture training and would like you to stand in them for 30 minutes before you retire.

"Stand in them?" snorted Regina. "Then I guess I'll go dancing."

Yvette ignored the sarcasm.

"I'll help you. Just slip to the floor and crawl over to the vanity on your hands and knees. I'll help you stand and you can steady yourself with your hands on the back of a chair, and .. you can then admire your sexy self!"

That much appealed to Regina, who dropped to the floor and followed the domestic's seamed stocking clad legs to the chair. She felt herself being lifted by the unusually strong arms and hands of Yvette. She wobbled uneasily trying to find her center of gravity and grasped the back of the chair. It was too low for Regina to stand with her back straight, so Yvette pulled it away and announced she would fetch a high backed chair from the next room.

For one minute, Regina balanced herself on the towering heels. Her reflections showed her head at the very top of the mirror. She was in a state of emotional turmoil and began to whimper softly. Regina had never before felt so feminine, so helpless, so exposed, and so vulnerable.

Regina sighed with relief as her hands grabbed the chair placed before her by Yvette. Carefully sliding her legs together at the ankles and knees, Regina rubbed one leg against the other, eyes closed, reveling at the delicious slipperiness.

Suddenly her head jerked back and she felt a stiff heavy object encircle the neck.

It was the posture collar worn on her first couple nights there!

Yvette had two straps fastened before she could react.

'*What was she going to do?*' She wasn't about to let go of the chair. Her neck felt stretched and her head tilted back slightly with the chin thrust upward.

A second later, a sharp smack landed on her exposed tushy!

Regina's mouth popped open in surprise with a sharp intake of breath. A round, red rubber ball with straps was jammed between her lips and buckled behind the head.

Regina was gagged for the first time in her life!

She was not having fun anymore. In fact, she was very frightened. A sexy new outfit and a request by her mentor to practice ladylike posture had become something quite different.

A long look in the mirror revealed an exotic harem slave in bondage.

And around her flitted a French maid, breasts bouncing against her décolletage, petticoats bouncing, heels clicking. This frenzied image had changed from a demure servant to a bold aggressor.

Yvette stopped in front of Regina and pulled at her protruding titties with long red fingernails.

"Regina," she breathed huskily, "lift your left leg and bend it back at the knee and hold for a count of 15 seconds, it will enhance your sense of balance."

When she hesitated, Yvette pinched her nipples hard, causing her eyes to widen and a muffled moan to escape.

Yvette had her repeat the exercise with her right leg.

When Regina paused for a moment, the maid knelt on the plush satin cushion of the chair. Reaching around the arms, she cupped each round buttock in her hands and began kneading them. Her ruby red lips fell to Regina's left breast and took the

nipple and ring between her moist lips. For several minutes she alternated breasts pulling at rings with her teeth and sucking voraciously.

Regina's view of the lesbian scene unfolding before her and the electric spasms rushing through her was contradicted only by the enormous swelling in his crotch. The last remaining vestige of his sex, bound in leather and metal, was swollen to almost unbearable proportions and reminded Regina that Professor Gene Yonalingi is still very much alive.

Abruptly Yvette stopped and pulled herself to her feet.

"I must a\leave to attend my Mistress, so carry n Regina until Miss Kama comes for you. Perhaps we shall have an opportunity to get to know one another better soon."

Regina was in no position to disagree. After what seemed like an eternity, but was probably more like ten minutes, Miss Kama entered the room. She was nude save for a pair of shiny black patent knee high boots with 5" heels.

Regina was in awe of the gorgeous body of the forty year old brunette business-woman who carried herself with an imperious flair. She stared anxiously at the riding crop and pink sheepskin lined wrist cuffs her teacher carried. She crossed behind her and Regina felt her large breasts press against her back and her fleecy thick pubic hair tickle her tushy.

"You look absolutely delicious, Regina," she breathed into his ears nibbling gently on *his* earlobe. He saw the crop fall onto the seat in front of *him* and could see in the mirror that she was cuffing his wrists together as *his* hands gripped the chair.

When done, her beautiful hands and long fingers cupped his breasts and she continued to talk to him.

"Did you enjoy playing professor in your pretty panties and stockings tonight? At your present level of training, can you feel comfortable conducting a class? Would you curtsy demurely at every question posed by a coed? Would you keep your knees pressed tightly together so the boys can't peek up your skirts?"

Gene cringed at the questions and wondered if he had really lost his male mannerisms and voice. His movements and speech with Beth Richards seemed completely natural, spontaneous and in synch with his feminine attire.

"I'm sorry you were hurt," continued Miss Kama, "but your accident has proven fortuitous for us because we have been able to greatly accelerate your progress. You are being molded and sculpted as many others have been in the last decade. You, with your fine intelligence and academic experience, are my prize pupil. From the insignificant lump of clay which comprised your male pride and perceptions, we have fashioned a sensitive precious work of art which may prove to be of priceless value in coming years. But first we must destroy the last vestiges of masculinity as we fire our model in the kiln of tonight's initiation.

"I hope you enjoyed your posture session, Regina, for there may be many more like it ahead for you, Now, I'm going to help you out of your sky high stilettos."

She dropped to her knees and unfastened the ankle straps and helped Regina step out of them.

“Stay on your tippy toes for several minutes so you don't get cramps; gradually ease your heels to the floor,” she advised. “Tiptoe over here to the vanity.”

Regina went stiffly to the mirror and table.

Miss Kama inspected the submissive subject critically for several minutes.

“Goodness, how did that lipstick get smeared all your breasts? Did Yvette take liberties with you?”

Regina nodded vacantly as *he* considered the words of the woman who now towered head and shoulders above *him*. *He* noticed *his* mascara had run too during *his* torrid ordeal with the domestic. *His* inner feminine soul was disturbed by this flaw in her make—up.

“Why the nerve of that impudent little slut! I shall personally take her across my knee at the party and crop her bare butt to remind her of her place.” sputtered Miss Kama as she cleaned Regina's breasts with a tissue. Then took some rouge from the makeup kit and brightened and enlarged Regina's nipples.

‘Party?’ thought Regina as her neck collar and gag were removed. ‘What is going on here?’

Miss Kama freshened and touched up the imperfections in Regina's maquillage.

“As I have mentioned we have a very special ceremony planned for you tonight. The guests have all arrived and you shall greet them shortly. You have been given a little something to keep you awake as well as a hypnotic drug with slightly hallucinogenic properties. You will be safe at all times, don't worry. The medication will keep you pliable and add to the mystery and beauty of your initiation.

“Just a few final adjustments.”

Miss Kama produced a key and proceeded to unlock the padlock holding the hated metal and leather cage confining Regina's cock and balls. She removed the contraption and Regina's piteously withered penis dropped from its prison.

Gazing at the shaved area framed by the lace band of the pantaloons, black stocking tops and bright pink pants, he looked like a little boy if a boy could ever be imagined in such a costume.

Miss Kama stood to his side and with the leather flap of crop lifted and cradled the lifeless jewels.

“And so you have come to this Regina. Tonight the world shall see you as you are. Gaze upon my naked flesh and your luscious visage and costume. With all your manly will and desire, make yourself hard.”

Regina, with the most erotic night of his life in progress, with clothes he would crave and a woman of impeccable beauty and power at his side, could not produce anything more than a slight swelling.

“Now, try this.”

She stepped forward, cupping her breast and offered a nipple to his crimson lips. She simultaneously ran her fingers through the slippery fabric between his thighs. As

he gently sucked and licked at her fragrantly scented nipple, She crooned softly into his ear.

“How would my sweet sissy boy like to spend the rest of his life in delicate lingerie? Wouldn't you just adore rolling silk stockings up my legs and attaching them to lacy garters? I bet I would not have to ask you twice to suck my longest stiletto heel, right?”

She stepped back and Regina stared at the half erect penis lying across the crop.

“Not bad, considering you've received a daily dose of feminine hormones since you've been here. It certainly answers the question of who you are. Now, what are you?”

Regina watched the riding crop rise and point to the jeweled medallion on his turban and remembered the words.

“I, am, a sissy neophyte,” he affirmed weakly.

“Again, with some of the enthusiasm you've exhibited over the past two years.” She stimulated his response with two light slaps to his exposed breasts with her crop.

“Yes, Miss Kama, I truly appreciated being permitted to dress and act as a member of the opposite sex. I hope to wear pretty stockings and panties and bras every day even when I must wear boy clothes. I really love being put in my satin and lace maid's uniform and serving all Mistresses. Yes, ma'am, I love being feminized and shall strive to excel in all aspects of sissiness.” Regina completed her speech with a deep curtsy.

“That's my girl,” smiled Miss Kama patting his cheek. “Now put on these large silver hoop earrings and I'll find your blindfold.”

She removed a satin sleep blindfold from a nearby drawer and covered his eyes, tying it in a bow behind his head.

“Come along,” said Miss Kama, grasping the short chain holding his wrists together and leading him out of the bedroom.

His sight had been taken away but his skin and other senses felt absolutely alive. The caress of the harem pants across his stockinged thighs felt like an electric current flowing across his legs. The tight leather like brassiere caused her breasts to bounce slightly as he padded along on nylon covered tiptoes.

Regina was led to the top of the spiral staircase where a chair lift was awaiting him. His jaw dropped. as he heard the sounds rising to meet his ears. It sounded as if a big party was in progress below.

Amid the laughter and glasses clinking, he could detect no male voices.

He was put into the chair with a reminder “to keep on his toes” and he felt the chair begin to descend.

Laughter and cries of admiration arose at the arrival of the bound harem girl.

Miss Cummings lifted him to his feet, welcoming him, and announced she would introduce him to the guests.

The next half hour was only the beginning of an intense immersion into a sea of femininity. As Regina was introduced to each guest, the names were heard and lost in the flow of sensation. He recognized the names of several top fashion models, some female professors and administrators from the university and at least two prominent business and political women. Some grasped his hands in greeting, others squeezed or slapped his bottom or caressed her breasts. Regina's emotions were in total turmoil as opposing sexual desires within his/her soul struggled with humiliation.

The scent of perfume and female odors permeated the air. With some he was invited to feel their breasts or legs and discovered that many were nude or clad in hosiery and garter belts and heels and little else.

At one point he was on his back on the sofa stretched over four pairs of stocking clad thighs with somebody tickling his penis and balls with the ends of her hair while he sucked upon the finger of another. Abruptly he was pulled to his feet and Regina heard Miss Cummings order Yvette to prepare her for the ceremony.

Chapter Seven: Initiation

Regina was led from the party through a series of rooms down a long ramp to what he guessed was the basement. He felt himself being placed on a circular velvet hassock of some sort. Regina was on all fours with his ankles and wrists secure, to loops on the circumference of the soft furnishing. He could smell the smoke and feel the heat of a wood fire somewhere in the room. Soon he heard hushed voices and footsteps as people began entering the room and assembling behind him.

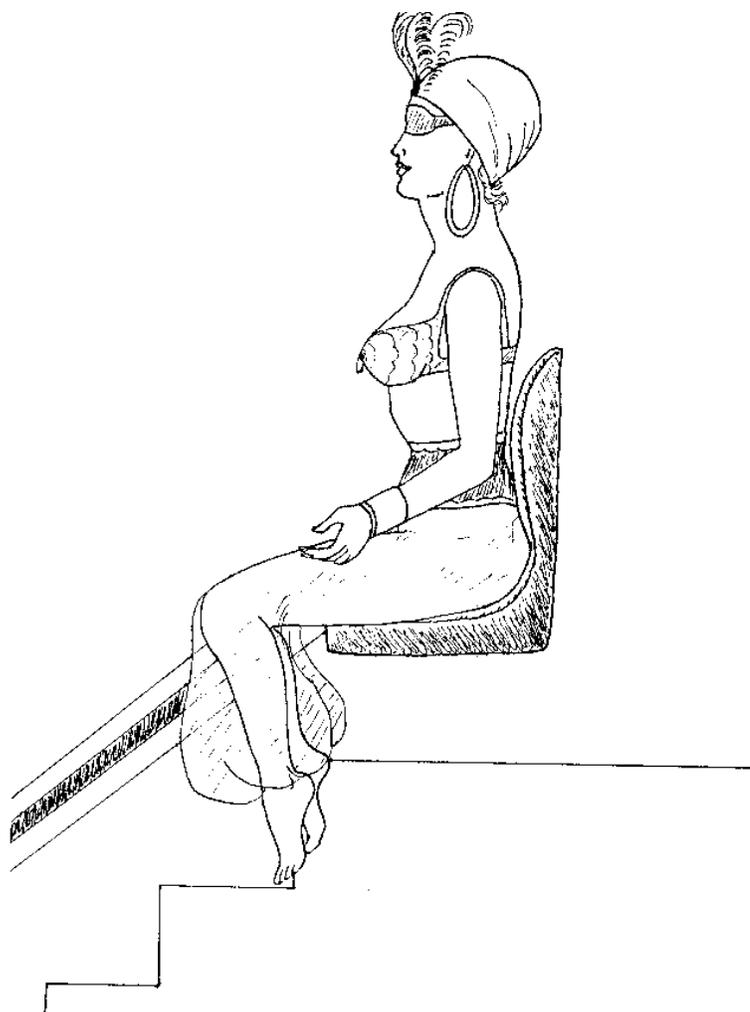
After a few minutes of silence, he felt a cup pressed to his lips. Regina drunk deeply of the cool water, grateful of the small tender mercies shown a helpless sissy. The soothing moisture relieved his dry mouth and throat. Somebody slipped the knot of his blindfold and Regina blinked in the orange glow of the chamber.

As his eyes began to focus and adjust, he realized that he was staring at a white fur bikini thong inches from his nose. Above was a smooth flat waist with a diamond twinkling brightly from the navel. Below he could see snow white stockings encrusted with rhinestones and fur fringe around the tops.

Then the VOICE began.

It is, was, unearthly, seeming to come from all directions or no direction. Was it the woman in front of him or somebody else? It moved into his head, through his body moving down his limbs and out through his fingers and toes. Its tone was feminine and powerful compelling his rapt attention. He was the well, the reservoir, and the voice was the rain, or the rivers of all creation filling him with ultimate truth.

“In the beginning, the GREAT MOTHER created the EARTH. Upon its bones She placed fertile soil and the great bountiful flora to nourish its life. She gave it water, the source of all life. Among the many animals selected to grace its vast plains, forests, and mountains, She chose one being to appreciate and serve Her. This species would worship the miracle of Her creation and would live to protect and to nourish the earth which nourished it.



“For countless centuries, early humans paid homage to the GREAT MOTHER. Through their religions, ceremonies, and totems, ALL existed in self sustaining harmony. The WOMAN, the female is the true and original creator and all men saw duty to maintain HER PRE—EMINENCE.

“Yet the ancient ways were lost as hordes of barbarians gained the upper hand eventually dominating the world with male energy. Ambitious, strong, sometimes magical, it was the warrior element which usually surged to the top. And the life systems of the planet began to suffer; women were and still are raped, massacred, and removed from power. We had lost not just our pre —eminence but our equality as well.

“Even in those early primitive cultures, men were required to adhere to strict rules of their particular culture. Through strenuous initiation rites and ceremonies, boys became men and at least societies could continue with some sense of equilibrium.

“But, today, such ritual no longer exists in modern culture. Our male leaders act as immature children fomenting war, economic chaos and pushing new world order.”

“A hopeful new tide is rising with the return of the women's movement. Women are seizing their power once again, only now time is short for life systems are dangerously threatened.

“Some men are realizing the old ways cannot continue. They are recognizing feminine traits within themselves and seeking to manifest them in everyday life. You are one of these brave few, Regina, and your numbers are growing. You love the softness of your clothing, the accessibility of your emotions, and the power you sense in us. As a teacher, you are in a position to further our goals. As a man, you long for the initiation into manhood your culture never gave to you. You have to die in order to be reborn.

“When you defeated Miss Cummings in the badminton match, you have shown your need for dominance remains strong. Yet your tenacity in the face of great odds is laudable. We shall remove your need for dominance and couple your tenacity with cooperation and devotion to female ideals. Through your submission to our will you shall achieve the first order of Love. So that you may be a worthy servant in the tasks of saving our species.”

“The process continues tonight and will stretch through—out the summer. At the end of the summer you may return to the work of your choice at whatever level you have achieved. Tonight you shall meet and pay homage to the Women of the Four Directions. You shall learn and incorporate their traits. Let us proceed.”

Regina, mesmerized by the voice, was dazzled by the apparition standing before him. Taking a step back, the woman emanated power, danger, and remote beauty. Her spirit conjured up Goddesses long silent but suddenly awake and prescient through her senses. A spotlight (or was it an inner glow?) caused the sparkle of the rhinestones in her nylons to flow across her legs in fiery waves like the aurora borealis.

A sight she was with matching gloves and white lace up moccasins tied off at mid calf. The boots were embroidered with intricate beadwork. A fluffy white fur strapless brassiere covered and uplifted massive breasts. Across her face, a white mask constructed of owl feathers and leather concealed. and lent an aura of a bird of prey. A

powerful totem, aided no doubt by the mysterious amulet hanging from a bone necklace about the neck.

THE WOMAN OF THE NORTH.

“Neophyte! Behold the Woman of the North! As pure and remote as a vast expanse of arctic ice fields. Pure in purpose yet ultimately unknowable as an ever changing mystery. With strength as fierce as a northern wind she transforms everything in her icy grip when winter seizes the land and seas. A force of nature driving glacial epochs and the direction of human kind.”

“The unforgiving nature of her cold charm disintegrates with the advent of arctic spring and summer. A prolific surge of ice springs from her snowy bosom. In wild abandon, grasses and flowers carpet the tundra; animals and plants multiply in abundance on the fecund plains. Beneath, the permafrost bears silent witness to the wintery passion momentarily subdued.

“Incorporate this wisdom, neophyte! Be pure in thought and action, indomitable in your will. Yet know when to produce when the season calls. Revel in your timeless mystery. Now! Worship the Woman of the North!”

The woman stepped forward and turned to the side presenting a bow of rawhide straps holding the bikini thong in place. Neophyte Sissy knew what to do. Grasping the string with sissy teeth he pulled, releasing the slip knot. North Woman turned and sissy repeated the action on the other tie and held the fluffy thong as it dangled from painted sissy lips. Regina watched as the woman seated herself before him in an ornate chair. She grabbed the thong from his teeth and held it behind his neck by the strings and pulled his head toward her. The hassock surged forward at once and the neophyte felt her legs slide over his shoulders. He found his nose and lips inches from her delicate fleecy vagina. The blond hair tickled and the scent intoxicated.

“Lick!” commanded the voice!

Regina complied and abandoned himself to the ritual. The sighs and gasps of her pleasure rolled through him in billowy clouds of relief and ecstasy. Neophyte sissy was extremely aroused and felt his manhood stiff and bouncing against his smooth tummy. Dimly, he felt hands probing his body, a smooth slippery substance was being applied liberally to his anus. A multitude of moans, sighs and giggles seemed to rise from the room behind him while the voice that commanded increased in intensity and pitch.

Abruptly, Regina felt a hand grab his hair, felt the thighs release him. He was bathed in his own perspiration and the nectar of the North Woman.

Again on all fours, something behind him clicked. Looking down and back between his legs, Regina's glance shifted to a locking gaze riveted upon the golden metallic phallus that sprung from the velvety interior of his rolling platform!

A series of colored lights lined the underside, seven in all. Each sparked briefly alternating from the bottom to the top. Each light also seemed to spin in a wheel like fashion. It was 8 inches long and it was pushing directly upon Regina's anal button.

“Neophyte! You must now pay the ultimate homage to the power of the Woman of the North. With pure will and devotion you shall sit seven times upon the Golden Transformer. As it deeply penetrates you shall feel the flow of the knowledge and power from the Northern Goddesses. It will imbue each of your energy centers with feminine energy. Your centers or chakras will glow with the colors seen along its heavenly shaft. With each withdraw the Golden Transformer will absorb and remove all of your silly boy conceptions, male pride, and manly desires. Surrender sissy, wiggle those little white fanny cushions onto the Transformer, DO IT NOW!”

And sissy did. With a cross between a whimper and a squeal, Regina felt a physical fullness followed by a blizzard of energy causing chills and intense emotional synergy. Regina felt giddy and girlish, wanting to giggle at the sudden infusion of ancient information he only dimly understood yet it awakened in him a flood of new experience.

Regina was singing in a Danish girl's choir at a Yuletide pageant. She danced in a colorful peasant dress around a pole.

He screamed as a Dutch girl being raped by a Germanic invader!

A Gaelic priestess finished an incantation for a fruitful harvest. Regina huddled against the breasts of a Lapland woman tending a caribou herd. Diana, the virgin huntress, drank the steaming blood of the mighty polar bear she had slain under a full moon.

With the suddenness in which it appeared, the Golden Transformer withdrew and disappeared into the platform.

Regina slumped forward reduced to a quivering wisp of his former self yet left only with feeble memories of that self. Oh, all the idle boasting he had made about meaningless victories, the times he had ignored or belittled women's opinions, the efforts made to save face or his silly male pride. Painful memories, stupid willfulness, the drabness of his male pants, shirts, and shoes. He watched from somewhere in his being at the flow of this energy that seemed to drain from his lowest chakra into the cavity left by the Golden Transformer. He longed for the female flow though mere seconds had passed.

As if by magic, the shaft reappeared and Regina settled onto it once again. The initial pain blinded in a flash of light and then he realized he was chanting an affirmation as the ceremony progressed:

“I love being a sissy servant to the Women of the North!” Regina really and truly meant it. With the seven sittings completed, the Golden Transformer disappeared into the hassock. He wept with a sense of emptiness, knowing only male programs memories and habits were being removed from his body. He slowly realized that his own organ was limp, red, wet, and shriveled. He stared at a fluted champagne glass beneath it partially filled with his creamy male essence. It was taken away and he felt the hassock spin 180 degrees. Yet another spectacle stunned his battered senses.

THE WOMAN OF THE SOUTH

“Behold the Woman of the South, tiny one. She symbolizes the Madonna, the Divine Mother. She embodies the vast unknowable life form that is the basis and guiding

force for life on this planet. She works with the Sun Goddess, replenishes the earth's crust with nutrients, and brings the rains which soothe the planet's thirst."

"Her loving and diligent duties have been complicated by centuries of abuse and neglect of the earth's life systems. The Goddesses in her service are under siege by the blatant destruction of our precious resources."

"The mountain ranges, plains, forests, and oceans will always be here. However, there is no guarantee *or* mandate that their powers alone sustain the living beings who have inhabited this globe for eons. Gaze upon the wondrous Woman of the South and pledge your undying allegiance to her guest."

Regina gaped in awe at the feminine vision of beauty before him. An entity so delicate yet with limitless power. Tall, with dark lustrous hair cascading to her waist, She wore a gold bejeweled brassiere in the sheerest chiffon. The design accentuated her ripe breasts. The diamond border evoked images of whitecaps on a tropical azure sea. Surrounding rubies glistened like orchids in the rainforest; pearl accents glittered like the stars in the Southern Cross.

A loose flowing skirt in the same sheer gold chiffon floated on her hips and swished against her bare ankles. The skirt hid nothing, on the contrary, sung with praises to the earthly charms of the female body. A veil covered her lips and nose, the lower edge fringed with tiny chimes which seemed to sing of newly hatched birds, buds bursting into flower, the cooing of a nursing child. An elaborate waist band of shells, chimes, and jewels echoed the sounds of distant waterfalls, twittering forest birds, waves lapping upon a deserted beach, wind sighing through a Douglas fir.

Transfixed, Regina watched as the woman leaned forward and stared deeply into his eyes, her kohl rimmed eyes sparkled with humor despite the onerous burden of her quest. She tilted his head back, and lifting her veil, she blew gently into each of his nostrils. He was enraptured with her scent, the most fragrant sensation he had ever known. He imprinted himself upon her, and She knew as She withdrew with that he would follow her with unerring devotion, as a calf might follow his mother through a large herd on an endless plain.

He then worshipped every inch of her body as the Voice instructed him in hidden secrets, how to tap her power, and in ways to reconnect with the regenerative forces of the planet. As Regina nuzzled her bountiful breasts or pressed his nose into the cleft of her scented derriere, he learned he had as much power as anybody or anything else in the universe. All he had to do was command his body or objects around him to obey. And to believe that it would work. For instance, he was told if he wanted larger breasts:

"Regina, stand in front of a mirror in your panties each morning and repeat 10 times, I command my breasts to grow large and full."

The woman had touched each of his nipples in turn with her index finger as her other hand rested upon his navel. He felt a jolt of energy run between her hands and noticed a strange tingling in his breasts which increased slightly as he repeated the command.

Soon Regina was between the woman's thighs tonguing the most succulent fount of womanhood in all of his experience. He tasted a summer harvest of juicy peaches, sweet corn, fragrant melons, and cherries bursting with crimson nectar.

His travels momentarily ended when the click was heard behind his legs, and the Golden Transformer reappeared for another relentless homage. Only this time, all fear was gone, only a gentle anticipation of the visions to come.

And they came in a flurry. Time seemed to condense as his body rode up and down seven times. He was in an Amazonian forest clearing scraping honey from a fallen tree. He knew the poverty of an Andean peasant as he chewed dully on coca leaves and led an alpaca across an alpine ridge. As a Mayan priestess, he attended to the planting of a spring garden and assured that ample rain would fall. He screamed as he gave birth to a daughter in a Kenyan village. In a Buenos Aires hacienda, stockings were rolled up his legs by a uniformed maid. All happened in the moment his body touched the Golden Transformer. When it again disappeared., Regina felt less empty, energized by the wonderful new lessons and sensations of this phase of the initiation. He vaguely noticed the half full champagne glass being removed from his flaccid penis.

THE WOMAN OF THE WEST

The world spun once again and Regina was now facing 90 degrees to his left. A faint sensation of butterflies rolled through his stomach as he gazed at a bold aggressive female in black leather.

“Behold the Woman of the West! This Goddess is the incarnation of the female in evolution. She is an eternal river, the fountainhead of female energy from its source. A purely spiritual essence, she thrusts herself into physicality from the Supreme Godhead beyond all form and gender.

“At times, She explores gently as a bubbling brook falling softly down a slight drop. When appropriate She crackles with the unleashed fury of heat lightning, devastating an entire forest with licks of her energy.”

Regina cringed in absolute terror as the Woman produced a long bullwhip from behind Her back, whirled it around her head once and snapped it with a thunderous pop above Regina's head.

“The Woman of the West and the forces she represents are on a journey. She is Isis traveling down the Nile. She is a fearless pioneer crossing a desert in a covered wagon. She sews a buffalo hide which will keep her tepee warm as her tribe journeys to its winter encampment. She assumes the leadership of an army and finds a peaceful solution to a conflict. She oversees the holdings of a vast financial empire and creates wealth for all of its members. Her intelligence, power, flexibility and resourcefulness strengthens every endeavor she touches. She is a fearless crusader in pursuit of truth, honesty, and love.

“It is her special courage and sense of challenge which enables her to overcome all odds.

“Sissy Neophyte, you may only worship the boots and heels of this formidable aspect of the female spirit. Pray that one day you may acquire even a drop of the oceanic depth of courage and resolve.”

Regina whimpered softly at the raw energy swirling around in front of and through him. The Woman's head was encased in a black leather hood with a tousel of flaming red hair erupting from the top. Green eyes and full lips revealed themselves through openings in the front. A nod toward her feet was all Regina needed to kiss and tongue the shiny boots. The Golden Transformer found its mark as he worked. For seven plunging moments, his tongue and senses intermingled in a fantastic journey to realms never before visited, barely understood, yet unforgettable.

When it finally withdrew, Regina was startled to see the black leather clad hand of the Woman of the West pulling on what was now a pliable worm between his legs.

She laughed as a small spurt of white fluid shot into the 3/4 full champagne glass, filling it to within a quarter inch of the top. Her voice was different from "The Voice". It filled his body. It, too, was so familiar:

"Oh, look! I rubbed the magic lamp of little Genie and now he must grant me my wish! The poor neophyte seems to be running on empty. I wish he would do something to recycle his energy."

She lifted the glass to Regina's eye level. He stared in disbelief at the volume of his own ejaculate and dumbly grasped at her meaning.

"Perhaps my Genie would like to taste the lash of my whip instead?"

Regina understood. His lips engaged the edge of the glass and she tilted it as he drank, downing the thick juice in one long draught. He heard applause in the room. He watched as her long finger cleaned the remains from the inside and without delay, proceeded to lick it clean when she stuck her finger between his lips.

"That's my good little Genie," she encouraged warmly, wiping her fingers dry across his cheeks. "Remember me well, sissy neophyte!"

The hassock whirled 180 degrees toward the East before he could even blink.

WOMAN OF THE EAST

As the ceremony continued, the intensity seemed to increase. The hallucinogenic potions given to Regina enhanced the women's words and the image induced properties of the horrific Golden Transformer. The sheer terror evoked by the Woman of the West's whip coupled with the utter shame of having to drink his own semen enabled Regina to sober momentarily.

A subtle wave of rationality connected the voice and hair of the woman to an image of a student, no, a teacher he knew... but when? where? And the other voices and bodies... they assumed such mythic proportions and yet felt so much a part of the here and now. As his vision locked on the feminine apparition before him, the feeling became stronger still...

On a low square black marble table, a woman danced slowly and suggestively. The shiny black hair with thick bangs and long straight sides flowed across her shoulders and bounced lightly against her high cheekbones. The almond shaped eyes, heavy with kohl and shadow, appeared as deep holes in the pale ivory face, beckoning him to approach. A flitting tongue slid in and out of red pouting lips. The thinking machinery in Regina's head lurched into action with inner observation:

'Haven't I seen that face with hair pulled back into a tight bun, with a black satin and white lace cap?'

Her costume reinforced his thought.

It was made of sheer black nylon and pink French lace. It was part kimono, part baby doll nightie, and part maid's uniform. The lace hem and lapels were held in place by a wide pink sash tied in back into a huge pink bow with streamers dangling almost to her knees. The hem was quite short, falling only to her stocking tops; the nylons were a gossamer off—black with a pink neon seam running the length of each. Her bare heels rested on the heels of the black patent slides on her feet. A cute pink satin bow decorated the top of each.

The sinuous movements of the mysterious dancer captivated Regina's full attention once again. He watched as she swirled two feather fans, one pink one black, revealing glimpses of her magnificent body, which undulated from neck to ankle. As feeble and drained as Regina was from his ordeal, he felt a tingle in his groin.

The audience enjoyed the performance as much as he did. He heard wolf whistles, claps, and shouts of encouragement. He could not hear their words clearly but it sounded like:

"Dance Sissy Vet!"

"Shake that silly bootie, Evie!"

"Wiggle that wee—wee, you winsome wench!"

The meaning of the words became garbled as the Voice overwhelmed his being: "Behold the Woman of the East! She is the eternal mystery of womanhood. Her actions and thoughts forever elude and confound the feeble minds of the male. Despite qualities of tenderness, compassion, and intimacy, she retains a certain ineffable charm that remains distant and untouchable. She is the Seductress of the Night. When her passions are aroused her love interest cannot resist the power of her sexual display.

"The Seductress realizes the importance of maintaining her potency during the day by careful attention to her wardrobe and grooming. An attractive and enticing outfit in public not only catches the visual attention of men she may wish to influence with our ideas and agenda. It may increase her self confidence and esteem as well. Care must be taken to cover these effects with modest street attire to discourage unwanted and dangerous elements in the male population.

"The Sissy Initiate will, in his first year, be skimpily attired in lingerie in all his private moments, at the discretion of the superior female in charge of him at any given moment. A winsome appearance and simpering manner increases his feelings of sissitude and reinforces his devotion to our cause."

The dancer had turned away from him and lifted her hem revealing the white jiggling globes of her butt. She grinded and rotated lower and lower until her knees touched the table top. The platform on which Regina was perched slid forward until his face was within a foot of the flesh vibrating like a Jell-O salad. The dancer leaned forward, her head resting on the table, her bottom high in the air, her legs and feet extending toward Regina.

Regina felt pressure on his lips and realized they were being coated with fresh lipstick.

Traditionally we allow one of last year's initiates to perform the role of the Seductress. This allows the servant to complete the circle of her experience, reminds her that everybody in our human family is important. It is a final lesson of her humility and her station as she begins her life of service.

"Our pretty Seductress loves to have her bottom decorated with a sissy's "kissy prints." But she has been naughty today!"

The leather flap at the end of a riding crop entered Regina's vision field and was placed upon the Seductress' left bun.

"Regina, you will kiss the touch of the Mistress' crop upon the ass of this servant. Just watch where it lands and place your lips cleanly at that site."

The crop lifted. four or five inches and descended quickly with a snap as it contacted the skin. A small red square appeared and Regina leaned forward and planted a creamy kiss on the spot. Again and again it fell, often with a whimper or squeal from the Seductress. At the command to stop, Regina leaned back. A bouquet of 20 or 30 lip blossoms decorated the posterior of the Woman of the East. A flash bulb behind him indicated the scene was recorded for posterity.

He heard another command and the woman shifted positions sitting gingerly on the edge of the table. She pulled the lapels of the sheer robe open and cupped a smallish rounded pair of breasts in her hands which displayed long red fingernails.

Once again Regina's lips were coated and although the crop did not strike them, he followed it around the surface of the pert titties and they too sported a pretty pattern of sissy kissy prints.

This again inflamed the passions of the Seductress who more than once lifted Regina's chin with the tip of her fingernail to plant a lingering tongue filled kiss of her own.

"And now you may worship the secret place of the Seductress, a pleasure denied to her for so long."

Remembering the rapture of the experience with two of the women before her, Regina buried his head beneath the frilly hem of the robe and his lips traveled the tops of her silky smooth white thighs.

Regina was startled instantly when his nose was stopped abruptly by a rounded stiff object!

Before he could reach his target, its moist tip and thick shaft left no doubt as to the true sex of this seductress.

It was too late to protest even if the power to resist still remained. His head was restrained momentarily as a condom was rolled over the thickening shaft. He hardly noticed as the click behind him and sudden fullness in his lowest cavity activated a rush of images as his lips closed around the male appendage. No longer Regina, but a hungry seductress feeding upon an eternity of desire, the initiate focused entirely on the matters "at mouth".

True to her uniform, she snaked on her belly toward a leering sultan. She was a belly dancer in a Moroccan opium den. She knelt down in her pink satin business suit to take “dictation” from her boss. A lesbian mistress lifted her dress to display her naked charms to a roomful of woman. She undressed her hardworking husband as he returned from a day of toil. She loved every moment.

Seven times the Golden Transformer found its mark. Seven times it withdrew taking the remaining vestiges of male energy with it.

A warm spurting sensation beneath the thin latex in his mouth brought Regina back to the room. He felt his head being lifted from the object of his worship.

As he looked up, he realized the sheer robe and sash had been removed from the Seductress. S(he) resumed a kneeling position on the table with upper legs and back straight, cupping her breasts so all the world could see her decorated breasts, bottom and withering wee wee.

The position of the hassock again shifted to the North.

The scene revealed to Regina demonstrated that the capacity for fear along with an affinity for his male parts still remained.

“THE SACRIFICE”

Approaching was a doctor, a surgeon, pushing a stainless steel cart. It held several utensils and other objects. She was unlike any physician he had ever seen. Clad in a white knee—length rubber dress with white support stockings and nurses shoes with the white ridged rubber soles.

The dress was strapless and the large nipples pressing against the bodice indicated the absence of a brassiere. The woman's blond hair was braided and pinned to the top of her head under a surgeon's cap. A mask covered her nose and mouth.

She came to a stop directly in front of Regina. The initiate stared at the objects on the cart in wide—eyed terror. There was a scalpel and semi—circular steel tray. A silver bucket was filled with ice. Absorbent cotton, sutures, antiseptics and sterilizing agents; beside them, a large empty specimen jar holding some sort of liquid.

The Voice, which had guided the entire ceremony resumed:

“Neophyte, you have shown great courage and poise in your contact with the Women of the Four Directions. As you know from your academic studies, any ritual or ceremony requires a memorable finish to imprint it upon the minds and bodies of the participants. To become a bonafide member of our elite and vital society, you must make one final sacrifice. It will show that you have left all doubt and second thoughts behind and that your commitment to our goals is absolute.”

“You are still in an elevated state of awareness. In your current energy form, anything is possible. We ask that you relinquish your left testicle to our cause. It will be kept by your sponsor, Miss Christine Kama. Our surgeon has mastered phenomenal techniques. The incision will be quite small, it will not bleed, and it shall heal itself instantly. It is your decision—what say you?”

Regina began to weep. It was a dream; it had to be!

How had an accident, a stupid exercise in snooping, ever led to this? how could a successful professor who was just a guy who admired feminine clothing and traits be swept into a series of events mandating this decision?

Such thoughts were not consciously running through Regina's head. A whirlwind of imagery, feelings, and emotions swirled through his being. He had tasted. the incarnations of dozens, perhaps many more women throughout the ages. Perhaps some of the lives had actually been his own. Their legacy and the passion to save the life systems of his planet rose among all considerations. With tears rolling down his cheeks, he nodded his assent.

The next words chilled him to the bone:

"If you at any time betray us and join any kind of activity or conspiracy which will damage the earth or the rights of any life form, you will be returned to us. We will remove your remaining jewel and you shall become our slave. It rarely happens, but if it does, your useless appendage will become nothing more than a convenient place to attach a tiny cock collar and leash. You will receive large breast implants and a lacy bra, garter belt, seamed stockings with Cuban heels will be tattooed permanently onto your body. You would never wish to re—enter society as a male.

"Doctor, begin the operation."

Regina was again spun 180 degrees turning his backside to the rubber clad surgeon. Regina felt his embattled privates being plunged into the ice bucket. The searing cold soon turned to numbness.

Regina tried to be stoical but emitted a loud moan when he felt the blade slice across his skin. He could not bear to watch.

Had he done so, he would have seen the blunt handle of the scalpel harmlessly ride along the edge of the sac.

He could barely glance at the bloody tissue filled jar displayed in front of his face.

A closer inspection may have determined the contents to be red food coloring and some uncooked chicken giblets left over from dinner.

The operation and deception produced the desired effects in the neophyte. He was transformed, fully programmed, an absolute believer in the purpose, requirements, and goals of the initiation.

Regina was on knees and elbows, head bowed staring at her black—nyloned knees through the sheer fabric of her pink pantaloons.

"I, a humble Sissy Initiate, am prepared to serve the glorious power of womanhood and our wonderful planet. I so look forward to wearing pretty dresses, and lingerie, and to helping in any way my superiors deem appropriate."

"So be it, Sissy Regina, well said," decreed the Voice, "and it is customary for the new initiate to serve as the property of the Woman of the East for a 24 hour period. She may amuse herself with you in any manner she wishes. Obey her, for she shall set the tone for the way you must respond to our desires.

"Yvette, step forward."

The hassock whirled to the East where the she—male rose to her feet. She was handed a pink leather leash with a double clip on the end. Regina's wrist and ankle bonds disappeared and the veil of intoxication seemed to fall from her head.

“She” was helped to her feet.

“From this point on you will act, talk, dress, and be referred to as a female. The small matter that resides between your legs is nothing more than a reminder of our sissy status and our responsibility to serve the Mother. We shall pay our respects to our guests and then you are mine.”

With that said Yvette snapped the leash clips onto Regina's nipple rings and led her to the edge of the circle from where the drama had played.

Regina felt the heavy sexual energy in the air, overlooking numerous couches and loveseats where nude and semi—nude women were attended by each other or by maids whom Regina recognized as fellow students from her Tuesday night class at Miss Kama's. Both sissies curtsied deeply to the audience who warmly applauded and then returned to their passions.

Yvette, dressed only in garter belt, hose, heels, and Regina's kissy prints led the fatigued initiate from the room.

Regina lay face down on the bed which was curiously covered with a rubber sheet. She wore only a garter belt, black stockings with pink neon seams and heels which matched “Miss” Yvette's.

Regina's arms were wrapped around Yvette's waist and cuffed to the brass uprights of the headboard. Regina's lips wrapped around Miss Yvette's limp moist love tool. Tears poured from his eyes as the snip snip snip of scissors filled her ears. Out of the corner of her eyes she saw the basin of water, shave foam, and razor.

“Don't pout baby. I will get in big trouble for this but I want your head shaven clean. I have special plans for you,” cooed Miss Yvette as Regina's blond locks fell around her.

“Now just stare into that big emerald in my navel,” she continued. “Put that pretty little chin on my belly and repeat over and over:

“I am a pretty feather fairy, I am a pretty feather fairy...”

We shall frolic together in our dreams, lovely one!” Regina softly spoke the strange words and gazed deeply into the many faceted gem. It reminded her of a forest. Tall trees waving in the winds, she burst through their canopy and traveled down to the forest floor. She drifted away from the room, far, far, away...

Chapter Eight: REBIRTH

Deep in a forest glen, a doe strained in the throes of delivery. Onto the soft needle covered ground, the fawn slid, a soft bleat escaped her lips as she breathed her first air. The doe, exhausted, slowly licked and cleaned the newborn, regaining strength from the protein in the afterbirth.

The fawn struggled to its feet within an hour tentatively sniffing, listening, and looking at the green summery world. Instinctively, she found her mother's teat and suckled contentedly, absorbing the rich milk.

Near dusk, she cautiously followed her mother to a nearby brook and tasted the sweet water. In the days that followed she nestled close to her mother, listening as her mother taught her warning snorts and whistles. They were sounded whenever she detected strange smells or shadowy movement in the brush.

On bright summer days, the fawn frolicked in flower filled meadows, tasted fresh shoots of twigs and grass. She chased butterflies and kicked her hooves at dragonflies. The doe, ever vigilant, hovered at the edge of the field and tasted the scents in the air and took in the sounds of the woodland.

One day amidst the birdsong, and sound of the wind, an alien chatter reached her ears. With a sharp whistle, the fawn stopped her play and pranced to her mother's side. Together they silently slipped into the protective cover of leafy shadows.

The eyesight of the forest creatures and their earthbound brains could not comprehend the dress of the two legged animals entering the meadow. Their keen sense of smell detected food in their straw baskets and floral aromas rising from their bodies. Strange sounds came from them and so the deer remained hidden and safe from the intruders.

"Regina, if you don't stop your yammering, I'll replace that ball gag and you can watch me eat in silence," the woman in the yellow sundress and wide—brimmed straw hat said to her companion.

Her companion wore a long pink satin cape with a hood pulled over her head, cried:

"But what if somebody sees me?"

"I've told you, this land belongs to Miss Cummings, we are miles from the nearest house and nobody will disturb us. I could have put you in a maid's uniform and chains and made you do several days work for me. Instead, we are having a lovely picnic and you shall serve me as my Feather Fairy."

"This is our destination. I'm sorry you had to walk on the trail in your maribou mules and pretty pink stockings. I know how slippery that feels but it was only a half mile. Here, let me help you out of that hot cape."

Regina was still disoriented by the exhausting ritual and mere four hours sleep. She was awakened at 7a.m. and sent to the bathroom for a quick shower.

She was chagrined to tears that every hair on her body had been removed, staring at her totally bald head.

After she had powdered and perfumed herself, Regina reported to her vanity table where Yvette sat in a peignoir. On the table was a box of fluffy hot pink feathers, a clear plastic wire framed pair of delicate pink butterfly shaped wings attached to a V shaped frame of little suction cups, and a large bottle of glue.

Regina was handed a satin sleep blindfold and donned it. She felt the sticky gum being slathered on her head, breasts, back and pubic area.

With her back to the mirror, Yvette applied her makeup with lots of pink blush on her cheeks and matching lipstick on Regina's cupid bow lips. False eyelashes interspersed with a few feathers were glued to her eyelids.

Yvette produced a pair of hot pink stay up thigh high stockings which Regina slid up her legs. Maribou mules with 2 inch heels were slipped onto her pretty feet. Two long feathery ear rings were threaded through her pierced ears and tickled her neck as they dangled.

Looking down, she noticed her pubescent breasts had been covered with a “bikini top” of feathers. Her pubic patch became a heart shaped mass of fluffy down.

Yvette insisted she wear matching elbow length spandex gloves, and when finally allowed to view herself, Regina's knees buckled and she almost fainted. Her “hair” was styled in a curly ultra—fem style of pink feathers. It was short with a V shaped front and large spit curls. Even her shaved eyebrows had been replaced by arching lines of feathers.

“Come along, Feather Fairy, You must attend to my dressing and we need to pack a picnic lunch.”

And so it went as Regina was displayed in her full glory in the remote forest clearing as the cloak was removed to allow her delicate pink clear fairy wings to unfold and flutter daintily in the forest breeze.

Regina did not have time to be self conscious over Yvette's totally amused satisfaction over the pretty fairy image that Regina presented. She swallowed what little pride that she had and helped Yvette spread the satin comforter in the shade of a venerable oak at the meadow's edge. They unpacked the food and enjoyed a glass of old fashioned lemonade sipped through straws.

She was kept busy serving Miss Yvette fried chicken, potato salad, and fresh fruit. She knelt on the blanket holding the paper plate for her imperious partner. When Miss Yvette became full, the fairy herself was spoon-fed while on hands and knees. She nibbled chunks of chicken and licked Miss Yvette's fingers.

A delighted Miss Yvette peeled a banana and fed the entire length into the feathered sissy's mouth faster than she could swallow. “Oh, well, little feather fairy, you will learn how to suck on and eat many such delights.”

The meal complete, Regina cleaned up and put the food away. Miss Yvette announced it was high time she let her little fairy play.

Regina was handed a white butterfly net and directed to the meadow where a variety of butterflies and other insects abounded.

When Miss Yvette mentioned she wanted a home video, Regina was shocked to see a camcorder being pulled from one of the baskets.

Miss Yvette also removed a hairbrush from the basket and smacking it against her palm,

Regina understood the threat of a spanking if she failed to comply. Off she skipped through the sunlight and flowers, a vision of femininity, a bizarre nymph of field, forest, and boudoir, with her pretty pink wings flapping gently.

Miss Yvette followed, capturing the feather fairy's feeble attempts to net the fluttering insects. She giggled and spurred on the skipping subject.

The day was hot, the sun intense, and both soon tired of the sport. Before finishing, Regina was posed upon a low boulder in the center of the meadow, standing with palms pressed behind her back, like a pink fairy in a meadow land version of September Morn.

Miss Yvette ordered Regina to sing an impromptu song about herself and turned the camera and tape deck to record.

Regina had always fancied herself a poet (but only as Gene) and began:

“Oh, pretty me, a feather fairy in pink

Tra to, I love to think

Of how life may come to be

An exercise in femininity.

Daily clad in stockings, always with seam,

I slink and curtsy, smile, and preen.

Now without panties or supporting bra

I wiggle my titties and sing to —de —do —dah.

I offer my tushy when naughty in deed,

And inform my Mistress: it's a spanking I need!

My oh my, life is what it seems—

I'm sissy Regina, the fairy of my dreams!

Miss Yvette turned the camera off, clapping and laughing delightedly at Regina's creativity. The perspiring sissy was



marched back to the picnic site hands still in position behind her back. Miss Yvette yawned and said:

"I feel a nap coming on. I must secure you somehow, I can't have a silly feather fairy singing silly rhymes while fluttering away to be lost in a forest. What will the animals think?"

She dug through the basket and produced a set of wrist and ankle cuffs. Yvette looked around and spied the smooth slender trunk of an alder tree about 25 feet from the blanket. It was pitched at a 30 degree angle only two or three feet above the ground.

"Ah, that will do. Come along, sissy ."

Regina was made to straddle the trunk draping her limbs around it with Yvette quickly locking her wrists and ankles together.

"Now you stand guard, and if you see any bears, don't hesitate to scream," she laughingly told Regina before prancing back to the blanket where she quickly fell asleep.

Regina's thighs felt chafed by the bark, but it felt cool on her cheeks and chest and she, too, dozed peacefully while her clear pink wings fluttered in the soft warm wind.

The two soft denizens of the forest, the doe and fawn, had watched and listened to the strange play of the two legged creatures. The doe, nose and ears twitching, could sense no danger from the two and was attracted by the sweet smell of perfume and food. The fawn, in her tender innocence was delighted by the playfulness of the large pink animal.

With sleep, silence returned to the meadow. Curiosity overcame fear and the deer approached the sleeping figure on the log watching for any movement. The fawn, in a moment of bravery, pranced up to it and sniffed the perfumed bottom of the feathered fairy. The saltiness of dried perspiration brought a tentative lick from the inquisitive ungulate. The doe soon approached and after a long sniff, nuzzled the ear of the sleeping girl and ran a wide rough tongue across the side of her face.

Regina's eyes fluttered open. A washcloth was scrubbing her face and she focused to find Miss Cummings and Miss Kama, both attired in black dresses, black hose and heels.

They were both fussing over her.

"There's our little darling, wide awake, bushy tailed, and almost ready for her big trip to camp," said Miss Cummings with delight.

Regina stared into a full length mirror at the image of herself and the two women.

Miss Kama was busily brushing the tangles from her beribboned hair which had been parted in the middle and gathered into two fluffy bunches on each side of her head.

Miss Cummings knelt at her side straightening the skirt of her summery little girl party dress over her petticoats and neatly folding the cotton anklets down just above the straps of the shiny patent Mary Jane's gracing Regina's feet.

"You know, Christine, this hairstyle is adorable but I really think the tight curls of the Shirley Temple piece are more appropriate for our four year old. We can pack this one for when she turns seven. It is suitable for ponytails so enjoyed by girls that age."

"Whatever you think is best, dear," chirped Miss Cummings.

Regina's jaw dropped as the wig was whisked from her head and she was momentarily stunned by the bald head.

As the new hairdo was decorated with a pretty bow, she ventured timidly:

"Why am I dressed like a little girl, Miss Kama? May I go home today? After yesterday's hike, and the initiation, and the badminton game the other day, I feel pretty good."

"What is the child talking about?" asked Miss Cummings.

"Beats me! Gina, what is this prattle? You know very well this is the day you leave for summer camp at the cabin with your mommy," stated Miss Kama sharply.

"My mommy?" asked Regina, her voice quavering.

"Well, she's not really your mommy. But she will be happy if you call her that at least for a week or so. She has graciously agreed to go along as your guardian or governess. After what you have been through, you should feel fortunate you have a chance to get to your cabin at all this summer. Come along, girl, your breakfast should be ready ."

The two ladies each took one of her hands and led her downstairs to the dining room. They helped Regina into a chair and fastened a bib about her neck. Two boxes of cereal, Lucky Charms and Barbie, were offered for her selection, and Regina numbly chose the sugary Barbie with pink marshmallow dolls. It was poured for her along with the milk. A small plastic cup of milk was served on a tray by Yvette.

Regina did a double take when she saw Yvette. The maid in her pink satin morning uniform was totally bald. Her face completely made up was streaked with tears.

"Miss Yvette, what happened to your hair? Why are you crying?" Regina asked in timid fear.

"Our maid has misbehaved badly and gone beyond the parameters deemed appropriate. Go stand in the corner until your services are needed," ordered Miss Cummings.

"As punishment, she is required to serve another six months as a ladies' sissy maid, a far more restrictive position. But such matters need not concern you, child."

"But why am I treated as a child, eating this icky cereal and milk? Like I was saying before, after Miss Cummings and I played badminton, Beth Richards came over and we graded the exams and then I was dressed as a harem girl and went through that horri..."

"Now just hush, Gina. You've had a serious head injury," began Miss Kama, "when the wound became infected we shaved your head so it would be clean enough to heal. But you drifted in and out of consciousness for several days. We've had a physician, a psychologist, and hypnotherapist working with you. Each time you awoke you seemed to be regressing, growing more and more juvenile."

"The best advice we've heard," continued Miss Cummings, "is since you plan to spend the summer as a female, you should be allowed to experience the childhood as the girl you wished you were. Wearing pretty dresses, playing hopscotch, jumping rope, and playing house with your dollies."

"You will grow at your own pace, every few days or weeks, you will age a couple of years and by late summer, you should become a young woman. Of course, we realize you want to study and write and you shall have ample time to do those things, too."

"But I haven't had time to move my stuff or buy supplies," Ragina managed to complain causing the women to look at the 'little girl' with adult disapproval.

"Don't worry dear, Miss Cummings has sent her secretary and a few decorators ahead to redecorate with very feminine furnishings and decor. Oh, she is placing the charges on your credit card."

Regina's head reeled with conflicting images struggling to reconcile the latest developments. She grasped for details from the previous two days.

"But I remember meeting the Women of the Four Directions and pledging my life to the Great Mother and to saving the earth. And I'm pretty sure Beth played the Woman of the West and Miss Yvette, the Woman of the East."

"Such a fanciful child! Tch, tch!" clucked Miss Kama, rolling her eyes.

"I have proof, I have proof," shrieked Regina jumping from her chair, and turning pale at the memory. I sacrificed my left testicle to the cause!"

She lifted her skirt and petticoat and grabbing the waistband of the cotton panty which she saw were covered with panda bears, Regina pulled it to her knees. She gaped at the pink ribbon tied with a large bow which wrapped her hairless wee—wee and...two testicles!

"But, two? What?" she sputtered.

"That's it, you have gone too far, you naughty little girl," snapped Miss Kama, grabbing Regina by the hand and dragging her across her lap, "Little girls do not pull their panties down in public, nor do they touch their nasty things."

Miss Kama commenced to administer an open handed spanking to Regina's tender bumpy.

Regina was beside herself in frustration and pain. She broke into tears which brought smiles to the two women who glanced at each other. After 15 or 20 spanks, Regina was put back onto her feet.

"Now let me retie your pretty dolly ribbon, Gina, and I want you to repeat 10 times what I have just taught you."

Regina stood sobbing with head bowed and tried to control her voice:

“L —l— little girls like me must not pull their panties down in public nor must I touch my nasty things...”

As she recited her lines, Beth Richards entered the room smiling. She was casually dressed in t—shirt, shorts, and sandals. When Regina finished she turned with tear filled eyes and looked uncertainly at the beautiful long—haired redhead.

“Oh Gina, don't cry, come here baby,” cooed the young woman getting down on her knees. “There is a very good lesson for you and I will help. Of course you must always sit down to go to the potty. And I will be happy to tie your dolly ribbon each morning or whenever it gets loose. Let me fix your pretty panties and remove your bib. Then you may run upstairs and select a baby doll or stuffed animal because we are going for a long drive today.”

Regina was glad to escape these bossy women, even for a moment. At least, Beth was nice. Maybe she would be OK as her “mommy”. She picked up a raggedy Ann doll from atop her bed and paused to examine her childlike appearance in the mirror. Unconsciously, she touched her chest and began to chant: “I command my breasts to grow large and full.”

After a dozen repetitions, she heard Beth calling from the foot of the stairs. With a sigh, she ran downstairs.

“Little girls do not run down stairs,” Miss Beth warned in adult tones taking her hand. “The station wagon is loaded and ready to go, Gina.”

The entourage of Miss Cummings, Miss Kama, and Yvette followed the two outside to the car.

Regina reached for the door handle on the passenger side but Beth stopped her.

“No, no, Gina. In this state and in Oregon, 4 year olds must ride in a car seat in the back seat,” corrected Beth opening the rear passenger side door.

An oversized car seat was anchored in place.

Regina managed to put her feet on the seat and then slid her legs through the openings on each side of the center bar. A waist and shoulder belt were fastened around her and then a white plastic tray was snapped down in front of her.

“Here, darling, is a bottle of juice if you get thirsty. There are some coloring books and crayons on the seat beside you. If you have to go to potty, just tell Mommy, and I will stop at a gas station or rest area. OK?”

Regina nodded uncertainly wondering how a 5' 5" four year old girl would be received in a ladies room.

“It's going to be a 5 hour drive, so we will sing songs, and count cows and have fun. If you feel sleepy, cuddle up with Raggedy Ann and take a nap. Now give Miss Cummings and Miss Kama a kiss and thank them for all they have done for you.”

Each of the women learned in.

Regina thanked Miss Cummings for rescuing and taking care of her. She kissed Miss Kama and thanked her for the lessons and for her pretty dresses, socks, shoes and wigs. Even Yvette stuck her head in Gina kissed her cheek.

“Bye bye.” whispered Yvette. Regina smiled at the maid's attempt to confirm her recent memories. The door closed, the engine started, and with everybody waving, Regina left for her cabin.

EPILOGUE— — A SUMMER SYNOPSIS

The reader who has faithfully persevered to this point must certainly be curious about Regina's experiences at the cabin. Her swift immersion into the waters of female mythology, as limited and tailored as the initiation had been, radically transformed her life. Regina's anticipation of solitude and study became an eventful melange of growth, change, and training. She realized that the scope of her gender studies and theses had been severely limited by her previously male perspective. Her strictly supervised daily existence coupled with frequent visits to a nearby retreat for the women whose organization she had pledged to serve, proved to be fertile ground for new data.

However, Regina was no longer the neutral academic or the detached scientist observing her subjects within the precepts of the scientific method. Regina was the subject, the experience, an ingredient in the cultural soup of a new mythology. She, and her subsequent writings, were to become a piquant new flavor—a taste and texture announcing to the world that a bold new and nourishing force had burst upon the scene. And it was capable of redirecting the tired failure of a male dominated society.

Herewith, several tasty vignettes from the summer, a “Miss”ology if one permits, form a study of a young miss learning her lessons as only an obedient crossdresser could.

And should one feel girlishly inclined, put on that dress, those pretty panties, the bobby socks and heels. Sit down at the table with skirts smoothed under, press those knees and ankles together tightly and enjoy your dessert.

GETTING ACQUAINTED

The secluded cabin was located in a lush valley of the Coast Range about two miles from the village of Mapleton and ten miles from the beach. Rustic redwood on the outside, the interior was a luxury apartment, a paradise for a pampered princess. French lace curtains, thick pile carpeting, satin and velvet everywhere. Out back, a small creek had been partially dammed to create a pond filled with gold fish, also the home of two white ducks and several mallards. A cord of wood on the porch was used in the pot bellied stove to warm the cabin on cool foggy mornings and rainy nights.

Regina's first two weeks passed quickly as she progressed to a youngster of 5, then 7, then 9.

On those days she was dressed in summery petticoat dresses and played in the yard often feeding the ducks or watching the fish and the deer that came to drink each evening as twilight fell. One hot day, Beth dresses her in a cute two piece bathing suit which had an attached skirt on the panty, put her feet into pink plastic sandals and the two of them went to a quiet beach near Florence.

Regina felt almost naked building sand castles with her plastic bucket and shovel and hunting for shells. A few folks happened by and looked oddly at the big girl in a little girl's suit, but walked on.

Another day, Regina was pit into a light blue romper which zipped up the back and Beth drove 35 miles to Fern Ridge Lake where they enjoyed lunch at a busy picnic grounds.

Beth was kind, fun loving and very strict. Inside the cabin those first two weeks Regina was kept in her pretty panties and white bobby socks and little else. The panties were especially girlish with tiers of rumba lace across the bottom and around the legs openings. They came with a variety of printed colorful images including lollipops, kittens, hearts and polka dots.

When Regina awoke in the morning, she would shed her nightie and panty, wash her face, and brush her teeth. Then she would select a pair of panties and a dolly ribbon which had the day of the week embroidered upon it. She would deliver these items totally naked to Beth, who would dress her tenderly.

Beth would then choose a wig, comb and adorn it with ribbons, bows or baubles. Then the girls fingers and toes nails would be inspected and touched up with pink polish if necessary. Any evidence of body hair required immediate removal. A touch of mascara on the lashes, blush to the cheeks and light lip powder was the final touch before breakfast was eaten. On cool days, Regina was put into pink or white tights under her short dress, but even the tights were seamed.

Regina was personally bathed by Beth every evening before her bed time. Regina performed most of her hair removal but after she was dried, powdered and perfumed by her guardian, Beth put her on her back on the bed and shaved her entire pubic area including the cleft of her butt followed by baby oil, powder, and a fresh pair of panties and baby dolls or long flannel nightie.

SCOUTING BUILDS SKILLS AND CHARACTER

Regina's tenth birthday, two and a half weeks into her vacation brought a special surprise. When she ran naked into the living room, Beth had a special outfit ready. She was handed a pair of white nylon gloves which she donned.

Beth tied the mandatory dolly ribbon around Regina's delicate privates and fussed over the large bow. Then Regina was given her first pantyhose, sheer to the waist in a tan shade with the obligatory seam sewn onto the back of each leg.

A white cotton undershirt was next followed by a dark green satin shirt dress which buttoned down the front with large black buttons. A canvas belt snagged her waist and she noticed an SSA insignia was embroidered on the left lapel.

The hem of the dress fell to mid thigh and Regina was next handed some black satin over the knee socks which left just a small expanse of her nylons exposed. Sturdy black oxford tie shoes were placed on her feet.

From a plastic bag, Beth removed a green satin beret with the same SSA insignia sewn on the front. She pinned it to Regina's pony tail styled wig with several bobby pins. This was the most sensuous outfit Regina had worn in weeks and the beribboned wee wee between her legs began to swell.

Beth did not notice because she was busy tying a black nylon kerchief around her neck and finished the accessories with a white satin 6" wide sash placed over Regina's right shoulder and crossed to her left hip.

"May I put my panties on now, Mommy?" asked Regina with a polite curtsy. She was curious about her clothing but did not want to appear forward.

"Oh no, Sissy Scouts must never ever wear panties," asserted Beth. She slid her hands under Regina's dress and lightly caressed her rounded tushy. "Scouts must always feel vulnerable by covering their exposed bottoms with the sheerest material possible. It reminds them to be humble and that the slightest sign of disobedience may result in an instant spanking," continued Beth tapping Regina's bottom lightly, "and you wouldn't want that to happen."

"Oh, no, Mommy," agreed Regina with another curtsy for safe measure, "What is SSA anyway?"

"It stands for Sissy Scouts of America; its like the Girl Scouts only for special people like you. Boys who want to be girls must learn so much more. While girl scouting lasts from ages 8—12, Sissy Scouts lasts from 10 through 19. I can only teach you so much, but in a group or social situation you can learn more and have fun, too."

"You mean I have to go outside with others dressed like me?" Regina asked in a small voice with tears forming.

"Yes, silly, they won't come to you, except," a car sounded outside the window, "to pick you up."

"Beth got up and ran to the door.

"She'll be out in a few minutes," called Beth to the woman driving the van. Four scouts piled out and stood in line at attention.

"Now, honey, you will learn lots of useful things. Today you will learn about ecology and a clean environment. Your troop will be picking up trash along the beach in Florence. Your sash is for merit patches. When you master a skill, they will give you a patch which you will sew onto it. Besides outdoor stuff like ecology, tree and plant identification, and camping, you'll learn sewing, lingerie care, cooking, makeup techniques, public speaking and deportment, ladies maid training and much more. Scamper outside, pet, they are waiting for you."

Regina met her sister scouts that day. Basic formation and marching, and the salute—n—curtsy were covered. the latter a salute with the left hand briefly touching the left brow, and then falls to the left hem and both hands lift opposite sides of the skirt while a curtsy is executed.

COSMETICS REPLACE COOKIES

Regina returned from the following week's meeting armed with a bookbag and briefcase filled with various products and brochures. It seems Miss Cummings fashion company had developed a new line of cosmetics and hosiery. A vigorous marketing study revealed a promising niche in the Eugene area. Names of dominant women, crossdressers, and sissies had been culled from mailing lists from magazine sales and related items. Many postcards had been returned requesting more information on Lady Christine cosmetics and Caress—Me hosiery. It was decided that the local Sissy Scouts would test the market and raise money at the same time by making house—calls and giving demos at preset appointments. Each scout would make 4 visits a day to different households for a 3 day period. Each would sell what they had in stock or take orders for items not available.

Beth was impressed with the extensive line and quality of the cosmetics and absolutely thrilled with the unusual hosiery and makeup smock. She and Regina had undressed one another and tried on the samples within minutes of Regina's arrival.

The hosiery which came in both pantyhose and stockings consisted of actually two pairs sewn together. The under pair worn next to the skin was a flesh toned support hose which squeezed the legs and crotch snugly. The sheer seamed outer layer came in four different colors and slid along the inner pair within one's shoes or when the legs rubbed together. The seat of the pantyhose had the same effect when in contact with a slip or tight skirt. The resulting sensations felt like one was being constantly caressed with fingers or feathers.

The smock featured a similar but reverse construction. The under layer was made of a sheer non—run stretch nylon with sleeveless arm openings with both back buttons and a series of three ties at neck, mid and lower backs. At the waist it flared out to a hem stopping at mid thigh. It could be fastened loosely over outer clothing or serve as a body stocking over a nude torso. The outer cape was a shiny nylon stitched around the neck above the shoulders. It fell loosely to the elbows and mid waist. The outer cape could even be rolled up and tucked into its own zippered pouch creating a faux collar.

Beth selected the "naughty nude" smock and pantyhose for Regina and was pleased to see that the seam was a contrasting black. She rolled the cape into a collar and removed her wig, which always made her feel so naked. She in turn dressed Beth in

“Midnight serenade” black and was glad the support yarn held her swollen wee wee in place between her legs, because Beth's firm upright breasts pushing against the sheer fabric were unbearably enticing. Instead Regina focused on giving Beth a new “look” with Lady Christine sophisticated lady makeup. When it was Beth's turn, she overlooked Regina's tender “age” giving her a slightly whorish appearance. She then took a nude stretchy stocking and pulled it over Regina's smooth head and face.

Beth announced that she had created the perfect outfit for the “house bound sissy”!

She sent Regina for a pair of sheer elbow length gloves, then demanded and received a full body massage. When her tender hands put Beth to sleep, Regina slinked off to her room and reluctantly removed the new clothes and got into her nightie and panties. She fell asleep when her head hit the pillow.

Beth was still attired in her new clothes as she sleepily dressed Regina for her appointments in Eugene. The scout uniform was altered slightly to include the new products.

She wore the “pansy pink” smock in place of the white undershirt and the same shade in Caress—Me Pantyhose. A dressier shoe in shiny black patent with rounded toes, a thin strap across the instep, and 3" heels was chosen. Beth also eliminated the over the knee socks preferring the neat straight black seams of the pink hose. The pink and green satin combo combined the colors of a summery garden with the feminine vivacity of a young girl.

Seating the young scout at the makeup table, Beth retained Regina's pale complexion using a light foundation, a hint of pink blush on the cheeks and matching lip color. Yet she emphasized her eyes with a thick coat of mascara and dark eyeliner. She darkened and extended the sissy scout's eyebrows. She reminded Regina that eye contact is essential in sales work and to look her clients in the eye whenever possible. Regina's fingernails had become long so Beth rounded the tips and applied a deeper shade of pink.

Regina was told to use lots of fluttery and expressive hand movements as she worked the magic of her makeovers.

Beth informed a surprised Regina that a place had been found for the scouts to stay in Eugene so she was to go pack some night wear, slippers, toiletries, and three fresh dolly ribbons.

“I'm certain that your Scout Mistress or one of your sissy sisters would be happy to tie your ribbon if you ask.”

Regina blushed at the thought and hurried off to her room while Beth padded into the kitchen in her fluffy slippers and sliding Caress—Me Pantyhose to fix a quick breakfast.

She welcomed the three days she would have to herself.

The van arrived promptly at 9 a.m. for the 55 mile drive to Eugene. Beth kissed Regina's cheek and slipped a 35 mm automatic camera into her bag with instructions to take photos of all her happy clients.

The Sissy Scouts practiced their sales presentations on the drive to town. The time raced by and soon Regina was dropped alone on a street corner in a wealthy suburb and told to meet the van at that spot in two hours.

Although Regina met several very nice and sweet cross dressers and sissies in her three days (and some quite the opposite), her first encounter was by far the most memorable. She looked at the appointment card which carried the name Ms. Marion Lantz and an address a half block away. With a nervous smile she stood on the front porch with her two cases on the ground next to her. The door was opened by a handsome 40ish woman in a stylish floral housedress with a pleated skirt, expensively coifed, salt and pepper hair in a tight bun with diamond ear rings.

Regina launched into her salute—n—curtsy with an introduction: “Good Morning, I am Sissy Scout Regina with Lady Christine cosmetics and Carress—Me hosiery. I am here in response to the card you returned requesting a free demonstration. “

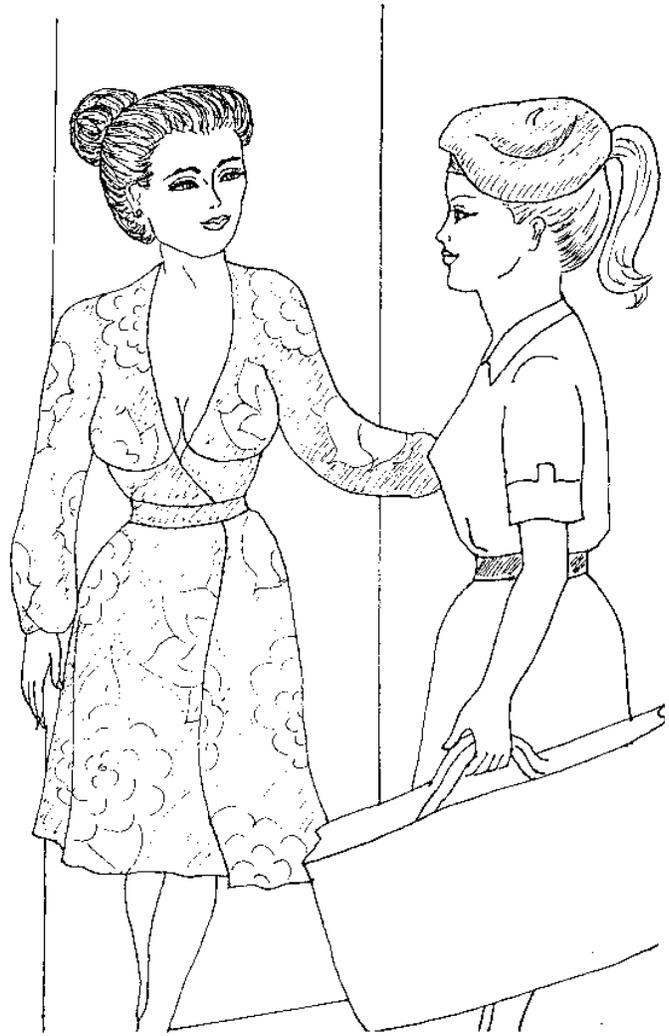
“Yes, of course dear. I am Mistress Marion Lantz. “Please come in, We have been looking forward to your visit.”

Regina was ushered into a spacious living room where she was invited to spread a display of the beauty products across a coffee table. She laid out a smock in each color with a matching package of pantyhose and stockings with each. A small table with chairs on opposite sides had been thoughtfully provided for the makeovers. Mistress Marion sat patiently in a French provincial chair sipping tea and making small talk until Regina was ready.

Regina stood before the woman and with a curtsy and deep breath began to speak.

“Oh just one minute, Sissy Scout, there is one other person attending today's demonstration,” interrupted Ms Lantz, calling out: “Pantysa, would you come into the living room now. You can finish the ironing later.”

Into the living room marched a young person of perhaps 18 or 19. Regina was not sure of the sex but the gender leaned toward the female. Clad only in an elaborately ruffled black panty and black pumps with 5 inch heels, Regina stared at the quivering



naked bouncing breasts which would easily fill a C—cup. Otherwise the body was hairless save a boyish haircut which was neatly combed.

“Sissy Scout Regina, I would like you to meet my houseboy, Pantyssa. He is the son of a dear friend. When she caught him in her underwear one day last fall, the lad tearfully confessed his desire to be a girl. She was shocked and came to me in despair. I explained that perhaps a wonderful opportunity had presented itself and presented a few ideas for her to consider.”

The mistress paused while the two sissies curtsied and said hello.

Pantyssa quickly fell to his knees beside Ms Lantz.

“Needless to say, his mother loved my ideas and gave the lad her blessings. They were of modest means so I agreed to finance the necessary surgery and training. I know the boy was startled to find himself leaving high school with only one semester to go. But I insisted he have breast implants and vocal surgery immediately. Usually a two year transition period is preferred first, but my plastic surgeon feels a dramatic change is best for the submissive transsexual. After this sissy recuperated, he was most attentive as I kept him in high heels only as he learned to be my male maid. He just earned his panties last month and now he is ready for the next step, make up and stockings.”

“By the way, Regina,” the bossy woman continued, “Did I catch a glimpse of one of those smocks beneath your dress as you leaned across the sofa?”

“Yes, Mistress, it is in “pansy pink”, the same shade of my Caress—Me Pantyhose.”

“Well then, step over here and let me unbutton your uniform. You must model it for us and you know that ‘less is best’ when it comes to indoor sissy attire.”

And so Regina carried on; dressing and making up Pantyssa, and his Mistress.

The lady had. Regina remove her tan stockings and replace them with a pair of Caress—Me Stockings in Naughty Nude. Regina attached the new pair to the garters of the woman's girdle, and judging by the way she crossed and uncrossed her legs, felt that she enjoyed them.

While Regina enjoyed mixing and testing the best cosmetics for Pantyssa's skin type, Mistress Lantz left the room returning with a nude tone girdlette. Six garter straps with clips dangled from the rubbery material.

Pantyssa was already buttoned into a nude smock.

When Regina finished with her first client who now looked all the world like a high school ingenue, Ms Lantz clicked her fingers causing both sissies to jump to their feet.

“Regina, will you remove Pantyssa's panties and shoes for me? Soon, this sissy will undergo rigorous corset training so pantyhose is not a part of his future. However, a tight girdlette and Caress— Me stockings are a fine start!”

Regina quickly whisked the fancy panties and pumps down the shaven legs of the humble house boy.

Ms Lantz beckoned him to her side where she spun him around and had him step into the narrow opening of the foundation garment. It squeezed his legs tightly, caus-

ing him to squirm as it passed his rounded rump and dangling silly thing. With the tabs positioned and smock straightened, Pantysssa was ordered to lie on his back on the carpet with legs in the air.

“Sissy scout, have you a stocking in a shade of white?”

“Yes, ma'am, that would be Snowflake Lace.”

“Very well, please roll a pair onto Pantysssa's legs attach them to the tabs and make sure those seams are straight.”

The support hose hugged the house boy's “gams” all the way from reinforced heel to the base of his crotch. The sheer lace overstocking which was sewn onto the reinforced top, slid sensuously against the inner fabric and against the other leg of the sissy; which the sissy was encouraged to do by his mistress.

“That's it, sissy Pantysssa! Keep your legs up, point your toes and alternate rubbing the sole of one foot across the top of the ankle and foot of the other leg. Now, doesn't that feel wonderful?”

Pantysssa certainly agreed. He had secretly worn his mother's pantyhose occasionally, but this was an entirely different experience. The smock clinging to his breasts, the constricting girdlette, and slippery friction of the stockings had combined to stiffen his silly thing to its maximum length of three and one half inches.

This development brought an amused comment from his mistress along with an order to play with his tits.

“Tickle your titties, sweetie. See if you can get your nipples as erect as your “wittle” wee—wee. It shouldn't too difficult,” and to Regina she asked, “What fragrances do you offer that would be suitable for our frilly boy?”

“We have two lines of perfumes— Sissy's Garden Delights and Garden of the Goddesses. The first line is designed with the pansy or panty boy in mind and includes ‘La—la Lilac’, ‘Felicity Freesia’ and ‘Sissy Bouquet’. For Mistress, we offer ‘Rose Royale’, ‘Gardenia Glissade’, and ‘Musk of the Matriarch’.

Regina sprayed a sample of each upon Mistress Lantz' arms between her wrists and elbows.

“I think ‘Felicity Freesia’ is perfect for Pantysssa. It is so cloying and its name will remind him to smile happily as he serves me. So, don't dilly dally, Regina, open a box and douse my dandelion in a cloud of sissy mist.”

Regina hurriedly set about her task. The houseboy was ordered to spread his legs and Regina liberally sprayed his soft little butt and hard little wee—wee, continuing across his belly and breasts to his throat. She scented his legs front and back and then his panties which Ms Lantz held up. Then the stern woman dropped the panties onto Pantysssa's face covering his eyes, nose, and mouth in a puddle of sweetly scented frothy lace.

Regina slid the boy's high heels back onto his feet.

Ms Lantz told the hapless houseboy to focus on his feminine frippery while the sissy scout was to discuss makeup and skin care for his Mistress.

Regina glanced at her watch and realized she had already been there for an hour. She sat down at the table and started with a facial cleanser and scrub. She then applied a toner, tightening the pores, and promoted a collagen and aloe preparation which would soften the skin and reduce wrinkles.

Then she selected a palette of foundation, lip, cheek, and eye color, which she skillfully applied. Mistress Lantz was quite pleased with the results. She was admiring herself in a hand mirror when Pantyssa suddenly began moaning.

“Oooh my, oh, I can't stop it, it feels sooo good.” Sure enough, the sensations had become too much for squirming sissy, who had soiled the front of his smock and girdlette with his sudden ejaculation.

Ms Lantz rushed over and yanked him to his feet. She grabbed his panties and mopped up most of the mess and then shoved the panties between the boys lips. She administered an open handed spanking to his exposed tushy and lectured him on his lack of control and on the need to inform her when such events were about to happen. She stopped short of bringing on tears which would mar his makeup. She ordered him back into his panties.

“Slip those soggy panties on, naughty boy. Maybe prancing about in them for the afternoon will remind you of shameful indulgence.”

Regina had to wrap things up. She asked if the Mistress would care to make a purchase. Mistress Lantz was as decisive as she was extravagant. She ordered stockings and smocks in every color for her sissy and one of each in black for herself, and several pairs of stockings in Naughty Nude. She purchased a bottle of perfume for each of them and a wide array of cosmetics and skin care products.

Regina meekly asked if she could take some pictures while the lady wrote out a check. She took one of the mistress sitting proudly in her French Provincial chair with her scantily clad sissy with head in her lap and arms wrapped about her legs. Then the mistress took one of the two sissies standing side by side in their sheer smocks and Caress—Me hosiery. Their arms were wrapped about the waist of the other.

Regina was still wearing her beret and nylon scarf. Then one last photo was taken with Regina in full uniform and Pantyssa on her knees looking up in admiration at the young sissy scout. Regina left the house with a check for \$275.39 and three minutes to spare before the van arrived.

Later in the summer, when Regina was 15 they returned to Fern Ridge Lake and this time rented a paddle boat and pedaled across the water just outside the swimming area.

Regina learned a lesson in humility that day. She had sassed Beth the night before so when she woke up, she found a western square dance dress in a plaid gingham of yellow, pink and white. On the chair was a voluminous petticoat with 50 yards of crinoline material. A long lacy pair of white pantaloons were folded on the seat of the chair. How red her face was that day as she pedaled about the lake holding a large sun

umbrella over the two of them. And it was tough to manipulate the pedals in the black lace—up shoes with leather soles and pointed toes.

Though nothing further was said about the strange rites Regina had experienced her treatment seemed to coincide with its goals.

IN PURSUIT OF A DOCTORATE

Due to her wonderful companion and the addition of a host of unplanned activities and classes, Regina's academic goals remained far in the distance. She had figured most of her research was done and all she would have to do is organize the half dozen paper boxes of notes into one coherent paper. However, her initiation and subsequent experiences opened her eyes to many different facets of gender and introduced her to many more trails to follow into the mythological past. Beth was deeply interested in Regina's studies and was a valuable resource in her own right.

A professional relationship which had begun in the classroom turned into a deep and mutually respectful friendship. Beth spent the previous summer touring ice age archaeological sites in eastern Europe and western Asia. Here, remnants of the Great Mother culture had been found and the two scholars spent long evenings in deep discussion about the purpose and meaning of discovered relics.

When she reached 15 at the beginning of August, Beth would drive her to a university library in Eugene once a week for a day of research. The librarians were impressed with the precocious young teenager in white blouse, plaid jumper, white knee socks, and saddle shoes using the graduate materials sections on mythology and women's studies.

A highlight of the summer came in mid August when Beth and Regina took a six day trip to Portland to attend a lecture by Jean M. Auel, author of the Earth's Children series. They drove north along the coast via highway 101, stopping overnight at a cozy bed and breakfast inn near Beverly Beach. The two received many appreciative looks as they explored the rugged headlands, and Regina found new confidence in her ability to pass.

At 17, childhood was vanishing into a near distance and her clothing was more adult in style. Resting with other guests in a large living room warmed by a crackling fire, they appeared as two sisters on a summer adventure.

Beth was one to combine work with play especially for Regina. That is, Regina would work and Beth would play. She had made prior arrangements (in Regina's absence) for Regina upon their arrival in Portland.

Regina was perplexed to see her old student uniform once worn to Miss Kama's classes packed with the rest of her things. When Beth asked her to press it that Thursday evening, Regina's question was met with a sharp glance and silence, bringing a quick curtsey and compliance.

The next morning with Regina attired prettily in white blouse, black skirt, naughty nude Caress—Me pantyhose and black pumps and Beth in her usual T—shirt, shorts and sandals, the two sampled the temperature outside the room. Regina was given a soft white cashmere sweater with pearl buttons and Beth grabbed a denim jacket. Regina held a black patent purse while Beth carried a large canvas bag with camera and other items tucked inside.

Finally, in the car on the way to a downtown office, Beth explained that she would spend the day sightseeing, Regina was to spend the day in charm school classes learning voice training and posture techniques. The events for the day would include a la-

dies tea and light lunch followed by a tour of a nearby lingerie shop and additional training.

"Oh, I almost forgot," said Beth removing an item from her bag. "They told me the young lady should bring an extra pair of stockings, not pantyhose for the afternoon fitting. And I have put your credit card in your purse. I want you to purchase the one which appeals to you most!"

If Regina was ready to faint at the announcement at tea that the young ladies were to be fitted for corsets that afternoon, she was definitely lightheaded when Beth picked her up. She had been tightly laced into a heavy pink satin affair with oodles of black lace embroidered onto it. Eight garter straps held her stockings in place. Her skirt was loose around the waist and she feared it may slide onto her hips.

Beth had been shopping and when the pair were back in the motel room and Regina was stripped to corset, stockings, and pumps with 5" heels, Beth produced a new dress for Regina. She had anticipated the waist size of her "young" student and the simple button down silk hugged Regina's torso coming to a below her navel where the fabric was shirred and flared

outward over her slender hips. The silver blue shade matched her eyes and the modest below the knee length made it versatile for a number of occasions.

"Hmmm, we'll have to augment your breasts and hips as you mature. But you look gorgeous for now— Go freshen your make up and then help me bathe and dress for dinner," was Beth's comment and command.

Beth's dinner attire was a basic black dress, coffee colored textured hose, and low heeled black patent pumps. A pearl necklace and several bracelets complemented the outfit with simple elegance. She decided that Regina looked too sophisticated in her nude stockings and high heels. She sat the girl down and replaced the stockings with the snowflake lace variety and white satin flats. Beth decided a pair of white gloves which buttoned past the wrist with a series of four mother of pearl buttons were appropriate. She fastened a white satin ribbon to the back of Regina's shoulder length blonde wig.

Dinner was a quiet formal affair at a small dark intimate restaurant in Portland's theater district. Regina displayed the etiquette and mannerisms she had learned that day.

Upon their return to the motel room, Beth finally unlaced the exhausted Regina's corset and sent her to bed in a long flannel nightie and pretty panties.

Regina endured another four hour lesson Saturday morning at a session on "fabulous nails: manicure and pedicure techniques".

Beth had her up at 6:30, laced her into her new corset and rolled pink stockings up her legs. Then she handed Regina a white brassiere with C—cups and filled them with Regina's bouncy breast forms once it was fastened. From the closet came a white nylon uniform dress with matching lace trimmed apron, and a pair of white oxfords with

thick rubber soles. A light makeup job and Regina was handed a purse with car keys, cash, and the address of the cosmetology school.

Beth shoved her out the door telling her there was enough money for coffee and breakfast if she felt hungry.

Regina stood outside in the cool morning air, stunned by the rapid transformation and gasping at the tightness of her corset.

Blushing suddenly, she realized that Beth forgot to dress her in her requisite dolly ribbon and panties!

She decided to forgo breakfast until she learned the cost of the class. Then she could slip out at a break and purchase a pair of panties at a nearby drugstore.

The other students turned out to be mostly young women casually dressed in jeans, shorts, and or blouses and t—shirts.

They stared at Regina's uniform with amused tolerance.

The instructor complimented her “professional yet feminine demeanor.”

She returned to the motel at 12:30 with long white nails decorated with pink roses and a tight white athletic panty beneath her dress.

Beth loved her nails and was amused to find the panties and a very hungry Regina. She treated Regina to a burger, fries and milkshake at the cafe next door. She told Regina how proud she was of her.

“Oh, Regina, I am so happy when I'm with you. I was crazy about that bright, funny guy, Gene, remember him? And now, I have a smart congenial young lady a wonderful companion and now, a perky cosmetologist. Where else will I ever find a ladies maid in satin who can discuss the queens of antiquity while bathing me or ironing my clothes?”

Regina felt a warm glow enveloping her solar plexus and heart. She imagined golden rays of love flowing toward the strong and beautiful woman seated across the table. But an uneasy flutter in the pit of the stomach emerged at the mention of Gene.

Did she love any of “him”?

His nearly forgotten male equipment started to enlarge slightly though firmly packaged between “her” legs by the tight elastic panty. *W*

as this to be a merely platonic affair? Would the relationship evolve beyond that of a bright sissy servant caring for an intellectual equal? The best Regina could manage in her confused state was to put her hand atop Beth's, to look her in the eye and to say:

“I am very fond of you, too, Miss Beth.”

Regina thought she saw a spark in Beth's eyes at the sound and feeling of her expression. Beth's thoughts had already moved along:

“Regina, I'll pay the tab. You take the key, go to the room, remove your panties and lay out a fresh dolly ribbon. I bought several fancy nail kits when I registered you yesterday and I want you to do mine for tonight's lecture.”

Regina had not forgotten her manners. She stood, thanked Beth profusely for the lunch and with a slight curtsy, returned to the motel room.

Beth came in two minutes later and stripped to her panties. She had Regina button her into a pink smock. Regina felt clumsy trying to grasp the buttons with such long nails. She had trouble picking things up, too, but Beth was very patient and supportive. Regina held her dress to her waist as Beth tied the pink satin ribbon around her cock and balls tying it into a big bow. Regina sat on a chair next to a small writing table while Beth sat on the bed. Regina tried to focus on the manicure but was distracted by Beth's lovely quivering breasts and enchanted by her easy laughter and the way she tossed her hair. Finally, she finished and Beth complimented her on the creative effects she had achieved.

Beth undressed Regina and sent her to the shower. Upon her return, she seated the naked perfumed girl and set her hair in curlers. She quickly applied eyeliner, mascara, shadow, blush, lipstick and finishing powder to Regina's face. Then Beth casually moved to the bed propped up some pillows and grabbed a magazine.

"Regina, I'm ready for my pedicure now. Remove the old polish and replace it with the color on my finger nails." Regina was happy to be free of the suffocating corset yet now felt totally exposed and vulnerable. She glanced at herself in the mirror, the face of a pretty young woman, the body of a pubescent teen save for the appendage dangling from her crotch.

She assembled the needed materials and climbed into the bed at Beth's feet. She wrapped twisted lengths of tissue between Beth's toes to wipe up any excess polish.

The eroticism of the moment simply overwhelmed her. The more she handled Beth's pretty feet and gazed at the shapely ankles and calves of her beautiful companion, the more her penis grew rock hard. She didn't dare look at Beth's face to see if she had noticed. Hopefully, her attention was absorbed by her magazine. To try to tuck the rigid member back between her legs would be painful and require such movement that Beth would be sure to notice.

Quietly Regina finished with one foot and slid over a bit to work on the other one. Gradually the tumescence subsided and Regina breathed a little easier though a slight discharge drooled from the tip. Regina eased backward, dropped to her elbows and began blowing gently on the glistening nails.

Beth wiggled her toes and gushed about how wonderful they looked.

Regina felt her smile and eyes were a little too bright when her eyes seemed to shift from the toes to Regina's crotch.

The afternoon was fading and they soon dressed for the evening's excitement—the lecture by Jean M. Auel.

Regina wore the same dress as the previous night, minus the corset. In its place she wore a full petticoat and Snowflake lace pantyhose. Beth looked fresh and summery in a brightly colored peasant dress. Regina had woven her hair into long braids.

The pair made their way to the auditorium, a venue seating several hundred people. Many folks streamed in to hear the popular novelist. They were not disappointed. Auel's

lecture was brilliant and everyone gained a deeper understanding for the Great Mother civilizations of the last ice age.

The highlight for Regina was during the question and answer period at the end. Beth insisted that Regina stand and ask a question over which the two had disagreed. Miss Auel complimented "the young lady on her most perceptive question" and proceeded to give a detailed answer which had eluded both of them.

Later at the book-signing, each come away with a personalized message. Regina was on cloud nine:

"To Regina, as bright as she is pretty. Best Wishes, Jean Auel."

A DIFFICULT PERIOD

Regina awoke still feeling the glow from the previous evening's outing. She had mingled up close with the public and had been accepted as a pretty teenager. Today, she and Beth must return to the cabin. Beth was already up, showered, and dressed. Regina headed for the bathroom.

When she returned, naked, with a towel wrapped about her head, She saw her outfit lying on the bed. Beth stood beside the bed with a white satin dolly ribbon already in hand. She quickly tied the ribbon and handed Regina a bottle of nail enamel in the same shade as Regina's pretty fingernails.

"Regina, paint your toenails with the same base-coat colors as your fingernails. Don't fuss with the little roses, I just want your toes to be pretty because you'll be wearing sandals without stockings. I'm going over to the cafe for some take-out donuts and coffee. I'll help you into your panties and dress when I get back."

Beth was out the door as Regina sighed and sat down to her task. She worked quickly and was finished with one foot when Beth returned. They sipped coffee as Regina painted her remaining toes. Beth was ready with the makeup kit and started in on Regina's face as the enamel dried.

"I have come to adore dressing and applying makeup to my sweet sissy ward. You might think you know it all now that you are 17 and can pass as a young lady. And although we may have sophisticated academic discussions, remember that you are still a silly immature teenager and in need of strict guidance at all times. And I expect a sweet smile, obedience, and charm school manners, are we clear on that?"

"Yes, Miss Beth," affirmed the still naked sissy.

Despite the rigorous training, Regina still felt meek and compliant in her vulnerable state, being talked down to by a fully dressed, assertive female. She felt Beth poke dangling earrings through the piercings in each ear and watch as she applied mousse to her hair. It was barely collar length in back but the sides were getting a bit longer, so it was combed back with two curls dropping in the front of each ear.

"Now, stand up and let me inspect you."

Beth walked around Regina examining her nails and looked for any signs of body hair especially on her arms, legs, or chest. Satisfied, she handed Regina her panties.

Regina gaped in horror. No self respecting 17 year old would be caught dead in these. They were a bright grape color with tiers of alternating black, white, and pink lace ruffles. What is more, they were oversized almost like bloomers without the leg material.

"Let me see," Beth was rummaging through the cosmetics case. "Yes, La—la Lilac is just right for today's ensemble. Hold up those panties, dear.

"Regina became enveloped in a cloud of the cloying fragrance with several squirts applied to the panties. Beth snatched them from her fingers and knelt down so Regina could step into them. She pulled them up with the waist band resting snugly at Regina's navel.

“I like an old fashioned kind of girl,” smiled Beth at the blushing Regina. “Now for your lovely dress.

”The dress was constructed of a thin gauzy cotton. The billowy 3/4 length sleeves hugged Regina's forearms mid—way between elbow and wrist. The puffy shoulders melded into a low square cut bodice decorated with a Guatemalan print border. The torso fit snugly as Beth buttoned the series of 10 buttons running up the back. The skirt flared out to Regina's calves with the same print embroidery sewn several inches above the hem. The dress was a shade of pale lilac. Regina did not like going out without her bra and breast forms. The lack of exercise and the suspected hormones being fed to her had transformed her breasts into two small flabby mounds. She stepped daintily to the mirror and saw that her nipples pressed against the fabric.

Not only that; but when she whirled and looked over her shoulder, her panties were visible through the semi sheer cloth.

She didn't dare complain as Beth motioned for her to sit on the bed. Her sandals were wedgies with a simple white leather strap across the top and several long satin ribbons which were wrapped around her ankles and tied into a bow.

“One finishing touch, my sweet,” said Beth removing a white broad brimmed straw hat from a box. It sported a grape colored silk band and an elastic strap which Beth pulled under Regina's chin.

“With today's heat and that sun you will thank me for this outfit, young lady. Now then, please load up the car while I go to the office and pay our bill.”

Soon the travelers were underway, speeding south on I—5. They reached Eugene about 11 A.M. and drove to a shopping mall on the outskirts of town to pick up supplies for the cabin. While window shopping, Regina asked Beth if she could have a new pair of designer jeans for her 17th birthday.

“No,” said Beth, “You know the rules: stockings with seams, skirts and blouses or dresses are required clothing for proper sissy maidens.”

“But...

“No buts about it unless you want yours warmed, ” warned Beth.

“Now, go over to the drugstore and buy two large boxes of maxipads and two bottles of Midol. Then run next door and buy yourself a plain beige long leg girdle in a small size, and two pairs of nude seamed stockings. I'm going to take a spin through that thrift store over there and I'll meet you at the food concessions in thirty minutes.”

Regina was nervous so she made an extra effort to swing her hips, take short mincing steps and speak in a soft lilting voice. She made the purchases without problems and carried the two shopping bags in each hand as she rode the escalator to the restaurant area.

Beth had already ordered so Regina sat down to a light meal of salad, fresh fruit, and iced tea.

Beth began to speak.

“Regina, I began my menstrual cycle today. You were much too young to participate last month, but often women who live together fall into the same rhythm. From now on, you are required to mimic my period or that of any other woman you happen to be with. Usually it lasts about 5 or 6 days so you will be on a similar schedule.”

“First of all, you must wear a maxipad at all times. Press it into the crack of your butt against your anus. I know it will feel funny at first but you'll get used to it. It will be held in place by a tight girdle or control top pantyhose. You will carry an extra supply in your purse, and each time you go to the bathroom you will check it. Replace it several times a day. Wrap the old one in tissue and drop it into the nearest trashcan. At night you shall wear one in your panties under your nightie. If you have to go during the night you will replace it with a fresh one.”

“As you know, women often feel lousy during this time. We get achy, irritable, and usually add water weight which makes our clothing tight and makes us feel ugly. And so I picked up a few items for you to help you look and feel the same way .”

Beth reached into her shopping sack and pulled out a long line bra in a plain nude shade.

“Here's your brassiere. You will notice it has D cups. We'll get some larger breast forms for you. But, for now, your regular ones are in the bag and you can use that extra pair of stockings to fill out the cup. I want to see big bouncy tits on you.”

Next Beth pulled out a white nylon full length slip.

“You may wear this under your house dress. I'll have you take in the hem when we get home to restrict your stride.”

“And speaking of house dresses, I found two for you,” continued Beth. “Here's an old fashioned one in basic black with a high necked Victorian collar, so suitable for a plain and prim young lady. The other is a simple brown shift in a polyester print. Rather shapeless, but comfortable and just the thing for a dumpy housewife or dull wallflower.

“Why are you frowning young lady? You do want to be a woman don't you?”

The last ten minutes had been a blur for Regina. She was acutely embarrassed sitting in a public place as a teenager in a white dress, white hat firmly atop her head and pretty wedgies on her feet. And an assertive lady was parading her intimate clothing in front of everybody and talking calmly about such a personal subject. She was blushing deeply and vaguely realized a question was addressed to her.

“What? Oh yes, Miss Beth, I do want to grow up. Was I frowning? Here's my pretty smile. Is my smile pretty? Thanks for the clothing. I'm so happy and lucky to have a wise guardian who knows what is best for me.”

“That's my Regina,” smiled Beth as she rummaged through Regina's bags assembling some items, “be a dear and run and buy me a cup of strawberry frozen yogurt and a latte “

“Yes ma'am,” replied Regina standing and reaching for her purse.

“Just take your wallet and leave your purse, dear, I need to put some things in it,” asserted Beth without looking up.

Regina was back in less than ten minutes with the dessert. She set them in front of Beth and stared at the shopping bag on her seat.

“Turn around Regina,” ordered Beth.

When she did Beth unfastened the top three buttons of her dress. “I can see your pretty panty ruffles,” laughed Beth, patting Regina lightly on her bottom.

“Now then, young lady,” began Beth taking her hand turning Regina to face her,

“No sense in dilly dallying. On the chair is the outfit I have selected for you. While I enjoy my dessert, you will go to the ladies room and remove your dress panties and shoes.

“Remember what I said about the maxipad.

“Then check your dolly ribbon and tuck yourself between your legs and pull on the girdle. Then the nylons are to be fastened to your garters. Then put your pretty panties back on. Are you following me so far?”

“Yes Miss Beth,” nodded Regina, her knees feeling so weak she dipped into an involuntary curtsy.

“Very good. The bra comes next. I don't want it stretched so do not fasten the hook and eyes in front and move it around. You just have to reach around in back and fasten it as best you can. Pack those cups as full as you can and then slide your slip and dress over your undies.

“You will wash your face with skin cream so that it is clear of any make—up, and then pull your hair back into a tight bun.

“You may wear your pretty wedgies for the rest of the day; however, your footwear will be much more sensible flat oxfords once we get home. And keep your lovely hat on.

“Run along, now, we have to get that food back to the cabin before it spoils.”

Regina changed as quickly as she could not wanting to get caught in a ladies room, though such fears were unfounded.

As she walked back to the table, she felt cramped below the waist and top heavy above it. She felt like everybody was staring at her huge bouncing breasts and as a matter of fact, most of the men were!

The white hat with the grape colored band clashed with the plain brown dress. Yet the shapeless dress seemed appropriate for her lack of make—up and rather old maidish frizzy hair style in its tight little bun.

Regina felt most of the women noticing her all too frumpy dowdy look. Which made her feel even more uncomfortable and unattractive. She was definitely beginning to appreciate her earlier outfit.

Beth merely nodded toward two of the shopping bags which Regina gathered along with the one holding the white dress and her purse and minced with a near waddle along behind Beth to the parking lot.

Regina learned the rest of the rules on the way home.

Her makeup was kept at a minimum, her hair would be in curlers at night and most of the morning. She would wait on Beth hand and foot, giving frequent massages and pedicures. On the fifth day she would begin a regimen of beauty treatments on herself, reclaiming her femininity.

BLOOD IS BEAUTIFUL

That night Regina gained a deep appreciation and valuable lesson in the process of menstruation. The story is just as wonderful and erotic being retold here.

After everything was unpacked, put away, or tossed in the clothes hamper, Regina was sent to change into her “new” black dress with her hip and fanny padding over the tight girdle. The dress was made of a heavy cotton blend and very warm for a summer evening.

When she returned to prepare a light meal, she was shocked to see Beth clad in a sheer brilliant white body—stocking with a deeply cut lace décolletage held up by thin spaghetti straps. She clicked about sinuously in a pair of fluffy red maribou topped mules.

At dinner Beth showed every sign of arousal, playing idly with her own nipples and squeezing her breasts. After dinner, Beth surprised Regina with a single candle topped cupcake, coated with white icing, the number 18 was spelled out with red cinnamon candy hearts.

“Happy birthday to my blood sister. It's about time I had a “consenting” adult around here, young lady, because tonight's demonstration and lecture is for mature audiences,” she intoned setting the treat before Regina.

Regina was delighted, her curiosity piqued by the announcement. After she washed the dishes, she was summoned to the living room.

Beth perched upon a tall bar chair. On the floor were several different shades of red lipsticks. She beckoned for Regina to kneel on the floor next to them.

“Tonight, my dear, the subject is blood,” began Beth with a voice full of tension and emotion. “Women bleed, every month, and when they do, they come alive. I, and many other women I've met, acknowledge it for what it is a normal and lovely process which defines our being as female. “

“Everything in life becomes intense during menstruation. Colors are brighter, sounds more pure, tastes, odors, and emotions all take on a vivid character. When it comes, we are reminded we produce life, babies, and that this particular month we know we have-n't.

“Now Regina, while I speak to you, coat those luscious lips and ever so gently, begin kissing and sucking my toes. Ahhh! That's it, very nice.. .yes.. .put those red lip prints all over my feet.

“I really believe if you research menstruation through the ages from the ancient Mother culture to small isolated ones, you will find some invaluable information on your gender thesis. You remember, of course, Joseph Campbell's studies of Venus figurines from the Paleolithic era?”

"He mentions the carving from Laussel, France where the heavy-hipped, large-breasted female holds up a bison horn with 13 vertical strokes cut into it. I think that's how many nights there are between the first crescent and the full moon. Her other hand is on her belly. If she is, as he believes, making the connection between menstrual and lunar cycles, this represents a huge cosmological leap for humans."

Regina was enraptured by both the young woman's words and her supple curling toes sliding in and out of his lips, the other foot caressing her breasts and shoulders.

"Yet, all of this ancient glory is hidden or lost by centuries of male dominated cultures. And I've dressed you this way to point out a clear dichotomy of how we perceive menstruation and how society teaches us to see it. Very good darling, my feet are tingling. Try a different shade of red and place kissy prints on my ankles, shins, and calves."

"Let's face it, when the "PERIOD" hits, women are "on the rag" and turn into miserable bitches. We're offered ever more products to take away the pain, hide the problem, patch the wound. It's a monthly bad dream, and now with PMS, even more grim. Men live in dread of us during our cycle and it's sooo wrong!"

"First of all, these products are making women sick. Remember the syndrome caused several years ago by one vaginal product? What's with these sterile white bandage Kotexes or white chlorinated sticks called Tampons? Does that sound healthy to you?"

Suddenly Beth hopped down from the chair, took Regina's hand, and led her to the bathroom. Beth hoisted herself onto the counter next to the sink and spread her thighs. Revealed was a crotchless opening in her bodystocking with a moist pink stain.

"Very gently, darling, place your fingers inside me and see what you can find."

Regina was a bit squeamish, but gamely probed her slick opening and found several small blood-soaked sponges.

"Do you see all the different colors blood can be? Kind of pretty, huh?" smiled Beth proudly. "Just rinse them out with warm water, squeeze them dry and reinsert them please. "

"And look at these, Regina," said Beth pulling some soft handsewn pads from a drawer. " These I made for the days when the flow is heavy and I wear them inside my panties. They're washable, too. I think I'll have you sew some for yourself tomorrow and save you the cost of maxipads. Perhaps a hot dog shaped foam covered in red satin with white lace to hold between your buns.

"Now think of all those garbage dumps filling up with all those bleached, unnecessary, and expensive female "hygiene" products. more and more women are getting smart and are returning to natural techniques, and in turn, are becoming healthier, regaining control, and saving money!"

Regina nodded in silent affirmation.

*"Now let's go back to the living room and I'll show you how sensitive I really am."
And did she ever!*

Regina covered her hips, thighs, and derriere with dozens of lip prints. She moved up to Beth's tits which Beth wiggled in delight and worked her way down her belly. Regina knew what came next when Beth pointed.

Beth writhed and screamed in ecstasy as the moistened face and lips slid across her searing opening. Waves of orgasm washed through her and even Regina felt the undulating currents pulsating from Beth's unrestrained climax.

She held Regina's head firmly in place for several minutes with her thighs and hands. Then she sent Regina to wash her face and to change into her baby doll and to meet her in Beth's bed. The "blood" sisters spent the night together, gently falling asleep. It was an evening neither would ever forget.

On the morning of day six, Regina stood nude, smooth, soft and scented for Beth's inspection. She sat for a dramatic makeup application. Her soft curls, dyed ash blonde by Beth were combed out and small pink bows were added.

Next, Regina was laced into her pink corset. Attached to the eight garter straps was Regina's very first pair of black Caress—Me "midnight serenade" stockings. Regina slipped a pair of white gloves on to protect the luxurious hosiery from her long pink manicured nails. The nylons felt heavenly and Regina became erect for the first time in weeks. She started to apologize but Beth giggled and slipped a sheer pink anklet stocking over the protruding member snagging it behind the testicles. Then She tied a black satin dolly ribbon over it in a big bow.

"Perhaps I will have my pretty sissy sew a seam onto her cock stocking one of these days," suggested Beth which only made Regina harder.

"Now slip into these patent black pumps. They have a t—strap and buckle which fastens along your ankle. See, six inch heels for my big girl."

The accessories came next. A gold ankle bracelet around each ankle, several tight ones on her wrists and forearms, a black satin choker around her neck, large hoop earrings, and a black and white satin rose barrette for the side of Regina's head.

And there it ended. No panties, slip, blouse or dress.

"Tell me, darling," inquired Beth, "Did you ever lay around and stare at pictures in girlie magazines in your former life as Gene? And perhaps did you play with your silly thing while looking at women dressed much like you are at this moment?"

"Yes, Beth, I can't lie to you. I did like lots of those magazines and I did play with my silly thing ."

"Well today you get to be one of those so called "girlies." You are to be an empty-headed little tramp posing constantly for an invisible camera. In fact, I'll get the camera out after while and we'll have a little photo session. Let's see how glamorous it is after a day of this. And remember that your true audience is probably some fat, hairy, ugly, cigar smoking jerk who would love to poke his you know what up your butt. But you don't care because you're getting paid, right?"

"You make it sound so awful," pouted Regina.

“For most women, it is pretty ugly,” asserted Beth, “they have to become mere sex objects in order to survive. If they can remain clean and drug free, it's probably better than waitressing. But at what cost emotionally and personally?”

“Yes, I can see what you mean,” agreed Regina, “but I am doing this, undergoing this training because I love women and want to help their cause and because I love you! I really do feel femmy and sultry and sexy and I want to be this way to please you.”

Beth's manner softened instantly and she leaned forward and kissed Regina lightly on the cheek and took her hands.

“Oh Regina, you are so special to me and I love you. And I guess I do like a submissive little sexpot fawning over me. But I also like that silly thing of yours in excess of hard sometimes. “

“Now, you gorgeous slut, get up on that old coffee table and pinch your titties, rub your inner thighs together, wiggle that butt and don't you dare touch your wee—wee—that belongs to me. I'm going to go get dressed so amuse yourself and think of ways to turn me on.“

When Beth reappeared in a nude lace bodystocking and knee high black boots with her lustrous red hair falling to the small of her back, it was Regina who was turned on. A 35 mm camera with flash bounced against Beth's ample breast pressed against the thin layer of nylon. With one hand on her hips and the other behind her head and her flag standing proud in a constant wind, Regina posed as the flash bounced and the auto winder whirred.

Beth soon tired of the game and asked Regina to fix them some coffee, juice, bagels and cream cheese. She slipped a ruffled pinafore over Regina's head and tied a big bow in back to protect her beautiful corset from food stains.

After breakfast, Beth decided the outside windows needed to be washed and sent Regina to perform the task. Then she thought the station wagon windows needed cleaning, too, and Regina stepped gingerly over the gravel and dirt in the driveway all of it recorded on film. Both enjoyed prancing about half nude in the secluded location after the crowds in Portland.

Soon it was lunchtime and Beth ordered lunch out back at the patio table, under a sun umbrella beside the pond. When all the food was on the table and Beth was seated, Regina was ordered to her knees besides her chair. Regina was hand fed morsels of cold cuts, cheese, melon, and sips of lemonade through a straw. Her cheeks turned red when Beth made her suck on an unpeeled banana. She was mortified as Beth calmly unpeeled it and fed it into her mouth faster than she could swallow the sweet creamy treat.

If such treatment wasn't enough, Beth insisted that she stand and lean over the table, her breasts flush against the cool metal surface. Beth proceeded to massage rose milk lotion into the white soft globes of her bottom and cooed into her ear about what a pretty sissy she was and how she was to keep her skin so soft for her lover's pleasure. Regina felt the laces of her corset being loosened.

“That was a fine performance, and I know your feet must be aching from those shoes. Go to your room, remove everything and slip into your sheer pink babydoll pj’s. Time for a nap because my darling has a busy evening ahead.”

And what an evening! Regina awoke to find a note beside her bed to take a shower, apply fresh makeup and to run to the living room and dress in the outfit on the sofa. She thrilled at the sight of the pink satin slip dress with spaghetti straps, the lacy white garter belt and the pink Caress—Me seamed stockings and pink satin mules. Again, the underwear was noticeably absent. She ran back to the room and selected some gold dangling earrings and matching necklace and sprayed herself liberally with “Sissy Bouquet” perfume.

Regina minced into the living room as Beth emerged from the kitchen carrying a tray of snacks and a bottle of sparkling cider. She was wearing a similar slip dress in black with black stockings.

The two young people enjoyed an evening of quiet communion, popcorn, sodas and dancing to tunes on the stereo.

Regina had spent a summer without sex and Beth still felt an attraction to the human known as Gene before the last semester ended. That night, with both forgetting their roles and enjoying each others touch and gentle humor, they found their lips locked together and their bodies intertwined on the thick white carpet. When it was over, a spent condom lie on the floor beside them, and two nude humans of opposite sex but similar gender made their way to a shared bed.

The next morning was Thursday and as they sat over breakfast in sheer peignoirs, Beth informed Regina that her 20th birthday would be Saturday. This coincided with the dinner—dance at the Women’s Retreat Center, a place the Sissy Scouts had met to test their skills on a group of very demanding ladies.

“Some old friends will be there,” remarked Beth, “and you shall go as my darling date.”

“Gee, then we’ll have to go back to school 10 days after that and I haven’t begun to pull together my dissertation,” sighed Regina.

“There may be some unseen developments, ” replied Beth cryptically.

It was a sunny morning so the two donned one piece bathing suits, sandals, pullover t—shirts and spent the morning walking the beach hand in hand.

“DANCING INTO DESTINY”

Saturday evening arrived quickly and Regina was stunned by the beautiful young woman staring back at her in the mirror. She wore a canary yellow strapless dress. The bodice was done in ivory—velvet and the skirt in several layers of canary chiffon fell to 3 inches above her knees. Sheer black stockings with rhinestone seams and strappy sandals with 3 inch heels graced her pretty feet. Several dangly silver bracelets and a rhinestone choker necklace and matching earrings completed the accessories.

Beth was a dazzling apparition in a corset dress in metallic red taffeta with nude hosiery and 6 inch black heels which made her two inches taller than Regina. Her long

hair was piled upon her head in a mass of red curls. She made the usual fuss over tying Regina's black velvet dolly ribbon.

Regina opened her panty drawer and waited expectantly. Beth gave her a mischievous wink and shook her head. Regina's skirts were wide enough that any erections would be hidden.

Beth carefully performed Regina's maquillage adding false eyelashes, deepening the kohl eyeliner, and applying extra blush. Her lips were lined and then coated with dry color for staying power.

"Now remember your manners, Regina. You will curtsy when meeting or leaving any ladies and in response to any questions. You may call me Miss Beth or Ma'am and the same goes with anybody else. Is that understood?"

"Yes Miss Beth," replied Regina with a deep curtsy.

"And since you are only 20, not a drop of alcohol, girl! You may drink punch or sodas. Here's your purse and you may carry mine as well. Shall we depart?"

"Yes Ma'am," enthused Regina. She was thrilled to be garbed in a ravishing outfit and going to a party after the quiet of the cabin. And she was even more excited to be with Beth.

* * *

The Summer Finale was an annual gala at the Women's Retreat. Formal gowns, a live all female orchestra, and a sumptuous banquet put everybody in a sparkling mood.

Regina saw some of her sister Sissy Scouts there. A few were dressed as French Maids in black satin dresses while others wore pretty dresses and attended the needs of their female escorts.

Beth and Regina were sharing a plate of shrimp as Miss Kama and a tall distinguished woman suddenly appeared before them.

Regina jumped to her feet and dropped into a deep curtsy.

"Hello Miss Kama and Miss Cummings. How nice to see you!"

"Your hair has grown out nicely, Regina, did you curl it yourself?"

"Yes Miss Cummings, I earned my hair care merit patch as a Sissy Scout."

"How exciting, and did you style Miss Beth's hair?"

"Yes Ma'am! And I have been provided with a white nylon uniform, white stockings, and shoes when I do cosmetology."

"Isn't that special?" Miss Kama exclaimed in mock approval with a wink.

"Regina, I would like you to meet Dr. Judith Ramsey. She is the dean of the Women Studies Department at the university. You may have heard of her," said Miss Kama.

Regina smiled and curtsied once again. Indeed she had heard of the outspoken feminist and lesbian. Her sharp intellect and imposing stature had made a lasting impression on women's issues locally and nationally.

The professor was dressed in a black and white tuxedo gown and with her rather low heels still topped 6 feet 2 inches with Regina's eyes level at the woman's large breasts.

Regina felt like a diminutive pixie next to the powerful female and played nervously with her skirts as the woman thoughtfully appraised her.

"Come on, Beth, let's get a drink. We have a lot of catching up to do," exclaimed Miss Cummings breaking the silence, "I suspect these two academics want to talk shop."

Miss Cummings grabbed one of Beth's arms and Miss Kama took the other leading the woman away.

"I've heard marvelous things about you Regina and meeting you confirms them. You are an absolute knockout, I can hardly believe you were once that pompous little pip-squeak I've seen strutting about campus. I suspect he is a "myth" by now, Myth Regina is more like it."

"Yes, Ma'am, I..."

"Would you like to dance young lady? We can get acquainted on the dance floor. Most girls and I am no exception just adore kicking up their heels."

"Yes, Ma'am, thank you I would love to..."

Dr. Ramsey was already pulling the girl by her hand. A slow tune was being performed so Regina wrapped her left arm around the tall woman's waist and buried her right hand in her partner's left. Her head rested against the lady's bosom.

"Well, Regina, the summer is almost over. How is your doctoral study progressing?"

It was like opening the floodgates. Regina explained about how all her ideas had changed and how excited she was with the new directions her studies have taken. She was in a research mode and could scarcely believe "Gene" would be back in front of a class in several weeks.

"Why don't you sit down tomorrow and write a letter to the head of your department and explain the situation. Perhaps you could arrange a sabbatical for a year to really consolidate your material. I know the gentleman and I will see him Tuesday and I could mention it, too, if you wish."

"That's a wonderful idea, Dr. Ramsey. My associate professor, Miss Beth Richards, is most competent and could take over the lectures for a while. Still I need some kind of income while I'm developing these ideas. I really believe the results will help the cause of women's rights. Oh my, I've never danced with anyone as tall as you."

The powerful woman had moved Regina's arms up and around her neck where Regina's pretty fingers interlocked. She was dancing on her tippy toes. And Dr. Ramsey

had cupped each of her buns in her hands bunching up Regina's skirts. She was certain her stocking tops if not bare thighs were visible as she struggled to follow.

The tempo of the music picked up and Dr. Ramsey suggested a jitterbug. She knew how to lead and knew many moves. A crowd soon circled the pair as they whirled about. Regina was putty in her arms, spinning ever faster. Her skirts lifted above her waist at times revealing her bare bottom ankle dolly ribbon to the delight of the on-lookers. Regina was red-faced and huffing as Dr. Ramsey led her off the floor.

Beth and her cohorts were waiting with broad smiles and cold drinks as the dancers approached. After several minutes of small talk, the three visitors disappeared into the crowd. Regina and Beth headed back to the dance floor and reveled in the closeness and rhythmic interplay of their bodies.

Regina wanted to sleep in the next morning but Beth pushed her out of bed at 8:30 and told her to fix breakfast and then to take a shower and to dress in her cosmetology uniform. At 10:00, as she finished the breakfast dishes, she heard a car pull into the gravel driveway. It was Joy Cummings and Christine Kama.

"Hello in there," called Miss Kama cheerfully, "Do we need an appointment for your hair stylist and nail technician? We hear she is very good."

"Of course not," laughed Beth, "Come in to 'Regina's Country Cuts and Tips', Regina, please prepare for two deluxe beauty treatments."

"Yes, Miss Beth," smiled Regina but sighing inwardly at the hours of work ahead, "May I offer the ladies some coffee or tea before we begin?"

"One black coffee," said Miss Kama.

"Peppermint tea for me," ordered Miss Cummings.

Four hours later, both women enjoyed the results. Beautiful custom nails on fingers and toes, and a creative new hairstyle for each lady. Regina shaved and rubbed lotion onto their legs and underarms. They finally departed about 3:00, with kisses on Regina's cheeks and a promise to get together back in the city.

Regina was tired but sat down at the typewriter to compose a letter to the chairman of the anthropology department. After a light dinner, Regina changed into a purple terrycloth romper and asked Beth if she felt like a walk on the beach at sunset. Beth agreed. While in Florence, Regina dropped the letter into a mailbox.

* * *

The next week passed quickly.

A summer together had been surprisingly free of "cabin fever". Indeed, familiarity, as Beth and Regina came to know one another brought growing trust, respect, and joyous interaction. Disagreements had arisen, and Beth always prevailed in the early stages of the relationship. As Regina reached 'maturity', however, they were approached directly between two equals with respect and tenderness toward the other.

Preparations to close down the cabin for the summer were well underway when the mail arrived one day. The box was located at the juncture of the main highway with the small gravel road which led to a number of secluded hideaways.

Beth had driven out to pick it up and came running inside to the bedroom where Regina was putting things into a box. "Regina, we have received the latest edition of 'Faculty News', listen to this: ANTHROPOLOGY: Victor Winslow, Ph.D., head of the department announces that popular Mythology professor, Gene Yonalingi, has been granted a year's sabbatical to pursue new research on his doctoral thesis. His position will be filled by Elizabeth Richards, at full professor status."

"Oh Beth, I'm so happy for you," exclaimed Regina, sweeping her into his arms and hugging her tightly.

"Thank you, darling, but that's not all. Read what it says under Women's Studies."

Regina began to read:

"A new position has been created in the department according to Dr. Judith Ramsey. It is Community Liaison Coordinator for Women's Issues. The position will be filled by newcomer Regina LaFemmelette. Her duties will include speaking to different civic and men's clubs on women's concerns and rights. She will work to keep these issues focused for our city council and state legislature so that new policies and legislation will address women's needs and concerns. This will begin as a half time position but could become full time if its effectiveness can be proven. Regina is a very feminine, vivacious young woman, extremely bright, persuasive, and dynamic speaker. We all wish her well."

"LaFemmelette??!!" shrieked Regina in alarm.

"Well, we had to find a last name for you," stated Beth matter—of—factly, "so we thought something exotic might provide the punch for a pretty young lady with a high powered message."

"Yes, but what does it mean?" asked Regina, her voice quavering.

"Literally, it is French for silly weak woman or an effeminate man. Now, do any of those fit you?"

"Well, oh, yes, but... " mumbled Regina as she stood there fully made up in nothing but garter belt, stockings, heels, and filmy panties through which Beth was caressing her soft bottom.

Don't worry, nobody is going to pull out a Larousse de Poche and call you on it. It may be a bit manipulative, but when we send a delicate flower into these bastions of testosterone, first we need to get their attention, then we hit them with the message."

"Regina, look at how far you have come in such a short period," continued Beth to her teary charge, "Nobody, is going to know there is a man under the pretty dresses, frothy petticoats and makeup when you meet with them. Now slip into your gauzy white peasant's dress and we'll drive into Florence and celebrate our new jobs."

* * *

The next day a letter came from Dr. Ramsey explaining job requirements, dress codes, and salary. Regina became even more worried.

“Beth, it says here I must wear a pink satin suit with white blouse for daytime engagements. A blazer with a pencil skirt, white lacy blouse, and any shade of Caress—Me stockings, and a pump with a 4" heel. A knee length dress with full petticoats is appropriate for office wear as well. Speaking engagements in the evening require a black satin suit with nude or black stockings, or a black cocktail dress at parties and dances.”

“I'm certain Miss Kama could provide a wardrobe,” smiled Beth.

“And look at this salary, it's less than half of what I was making before. What am I going to do?”

“In actuality your new position is a clerical position. You are classified by the university as an information clerk. The pay and dress is what the University and Women's Department expects a young woman,” Beth stated matter—of—factly, patting her lap from her seat on the sofa, “Not to worry. Come over here, baby, I have something to say .”

It was Regina's morning to vacuum and dust so she was in her complete French maid uniform, a coquettish figure in black satin and frothy white petticoats, lace and ruffles. Beth wore only a peach satin camisole and tap pants.

Regina planted her pantied butt carefully upon the bare thighs of her room mate. Beth wrapped her arms around the sweet maid's neck and kissed her deeply on the lips.

“I don't know about you, baby,” began Beth throatily, “but I would like this relationship to continue. And what do think is going to happen once we get back? Are you going to move back into that big house of yours alone as a pretty young female? Have you got the answers ready for the questions the neighbors will ask? On your new salary, you could afford my little apartment, maybe. I will certainly be looking for a larger place on what I'll be earning .”

Regina listened attentively, hearing the truth in Beth's words. She would eventually be making a terrible sacrifice if she had to give up her property just to pursue an advanced degree. Regina realized she adored this darling woman who had sacrificed an independent summer to undertake a strange position of guardianship.

Regardless of her newly adopted gender, Regina did not want to lose this woman. She, too, wanted the relationship to continue. But how? She never had “worn the pants” in their relations. She didn't have a ring to present to this wonderful being along with the proverbial question. Just what was the question in this instance?

‘Oh well,’ thought Regina as a possible solution crossed her mind, *‘I've nothing to lose so I might as well wing it.’*

Regina leaned forward giving Beth a quick peck on the cheek before sliding off her lap onto the floor. She knelt flatly upon her knees and shins and carefully spread her

petticoats and skirt into a circle around her. She took Beth's hands into her own and looked up into the angelic eyes of her love.

"Beth, this may sound more than a little strange, yet with all of the changes and growth we have experienced together, it is nevertheless heartfelt. Beth, may I become your wife?"

"Yes, yes, darling Regina. Well said and it matches my hopes and dreams perfectly ."

Emotions finally overcame the delicate sissy maid. She hugged Beth tightly around her calves and placed her head upon Beth's lap as sobs of joy wracked her body. Beth gently rubbed her fingers through Regina's hair and cooed softly to her. After a few minutes, she requested that Regina go the kitchen and pour them each a glass of wine.

As they sipped the soft dry red spirits, they made plans for their future. The story would be that Gene opted to stay at the cabin for the winter. He rented the house to Miss Richards and the newcomer in town, Miss LaFemmelette.

Miss LaFemmelette would be working as Miss Richard's housekeeper and personal attendant for minimum wages, less the cost of any special education, clothes and appropriate uniforms, and food and housing, when she wasn't working her coordinator job. After all, a busy college professor should not have to worry about such mundane concerns.

After Regina had carefully described the layout of the house, Beth described some necessary changes.

"Of course, I'll take over the master bedroom. I've always wanted a queen size canopy bed and we can redecorate in a very feminine motif. The posters of the bed will be something you may hold on to when I lace you into your corset each morning. I'm certain that Dr. Ramsey will insist that you be corsetted."

Regina winced visibly but Beth seemed to ignore it.

"And I'll have to see it, but we can probably fit a small bed for you into the dressing area outside the walk—in closet. That way, you'll be within earshot should I need your services, and you'll be positioned perfectly for dressing as my lady's maid and for wardrobe and shoe care."

Regina smiled wanly though she wasn't sure she wanted to sleep in a closet.

"The bedroom on the other side of the master bath may become the sewing room and we can put an ironing board in there, too. I think you will enjoy learning to sew your own lingerie. You are so creative and I will adore coming home to find you occasionally clad in some frothy little confection.

"I figure we can have the den downstairs converted into a small beauty salon. In your spare time you can attend a local beauty school to obtain a suitable license for my little beautician. We'll install two chairs, lots of mirrors, makeup and manicure tables. Maybe we can buy a massage table and put in a hot tub with whirlpool jets. You seem to have a gift for doing nails and hair and you could augment your income by ac-

cepting a few customers from among the women faculty members. I'm certain that they will be pleased by your many talents."

Regina was wondering where they were going to find the money for all of this, and when she was going to find the time to write her paper.

Meanwhile, Beth removed her apron, unzipped her uniform and stripped it down her body along with her petticoats. She pulled Regina to her and they embraced.

Regina straddled Beth's lap, her head resting on Beth's shoulder. After several minutes she began to doze.

"Oh is my baby tired?" asked Beth. "Here, I'll unhook your bra. Just stretch out on the sofa and put your head on my lap.

You've worked hard, you deserve a little nap."

Regina, clad only in panties, garter belt and stockings, gratefully snuggled his head into Beth's lap. Within a minute he had lapsed into a state between wakefulness and sleep where dreams seemed especially vivid. Regina was vaguely aware of Beth's soft caresses on her head and breasts.

* * *

Regina ascended a staircase of white marble. A warm Mediterranean breeze pressed her sheer transparent toga against her naked flesh. Tall marble columns rose toward a cobalt sky on either side. As she neared the top, she sensed the presence of powerful female energy. So powerful was its pull, she could not bear to gaze at it directly.

At the base of what she guessed was a line of thrones, her eyes fell upon a shallow stone dish, three feet in diameter, filled with soft multicolored rose petals. Instinctively, she knelt in it and the rose petals covered her to her waist.

"Neophyte, the Goddesses of Antiquity have followed your progress. We believe you are ready. Beyond lies the door to Divine Femininity. If you enter, there is no return. You follow the path of many and by doing so, forge a new mythos for the males of your culture."

"The time is only now. If your decision is yes, shed your toga and offer your naked breasts to us. Our energy will transform them instantly into fully functioning milk producing orbs."

Regina ripped off her sheer top and cupped her small tits. In the blink of an eye her hands held full fleshy globes with large darkened nipples. As she admired them, a rain of rose petals and gardenias fell thickly about her obscuring her vision. When they cleared, she saw she had been borne aloft in her stone dish by four immense naked women.

A large golden door opened in front of her seemingly out of nowhere. Inside was everything feminine she had yearned for over the years and more. And Beth was there, too, holding out Regina's wedding dress and a brand new pink satin maid's uniform. Regina sighed blissfully as she was swept into her future.