

NICK AND MIKE, THE BEAUTIFIED BULLIES

VOLUME ONE

CHAPTER ONE

Nick was not going to let anything spoil his summer.

He had no remorse for the repeated bullying that had resulted in him and his brother being expelled from school. He relished the early start to summer vacation.

Mother took it badly. She was prone to nervous headaches that had suddenly gotten worse. Upon the recommendation of her doctor, she was going on vacation to recuperate. As her plane faded into the sky, Nick and Mike playfully punched and joked with one another and enthusiastically talked about all the fun they were going to have. Even the weather was cooperating. It was in the high 80s, unusually warm for spring, but a chill descended upon the boys in the form of Miss Baldwin.

“Come, boys, get in the car.”



Mike mumbled to Nick, “Shit, she’s already bossing us around.”

“What did you say, Michael?” Miss Baldwin asked

“I was saying, the plane’s already out of sight.”

“I know your mother let you get away with murder, but I’ll not put up with bad behavior.”

“Oh, we’ll be good,” Nick said. He was the younger brother and had learned to use guile, especially in the face of authority. “We won’t be a problem.”

With a lighthearted but insolent tone to his voice, Mike continued, “Don’t worry, we’re going to be busy with baseball and stuff. No, we won’t be a problem! Everything’s cool. School got out early and . . .”

“Don’t lie to me. I won’t put up with it. I know all about your being expelled. The whole neighborhood knows that you’re a couple of smart-aleck bullies. The doctor told you that

your mother had a severe attack of her headaches, but in truth, she had a nervous breakdown and you caused it. That's why she had to go away for a while. It's time you changed. Starting now there will be no more lying, bullying or foul language. You're going to live by rules, my rules."

An uneasy silence followed as they drove home. Her words lingered in the stuffy air, unanswered.

When the boys first learned that their mother was going to stay with her sister in Arizona, they were delighted, especially when they learned that they would be left on their own, only supervised by Miss Baldwin. She was their mother's friend. They barely knew her, but she looked harmless. They were sure that they could easily bluff their way around her. Even as they pulled into her driveway, Mike had an optimistic smirk on his face, but Nick was a little less sure that everything was going to go their way.

It wasn't until they were alone and unpacking their bags in an oversized guest bedroom, that the boys broke the silence between themselves.

"Guess we gotta cool it for a while," Nick laughed to his big brother. "If we piss her off, she's liable to send us to bed without our dinner."

"Sure," Mike smiled, "let's not do anything before we eat. I'm starving. But after dinner . . . we'll see. What can she do to us, anyway?"

Nick shrugged. He wondered how things were going to be sorted out. Ever optimistic, he hoped that her warning was just an attempt to scare them into behaving. But 'living by her rules' didn't sound like fun.

Brenda, the housekeeper, served dinner. Nick stuffed himself in record time. The moment he finished, he jumped up from his chair and started to run off.

"Ask to be excused before you leave the table," Miss Baldwin said.



Nick paused in mid stride, his mouth full of food. He swallowed it all in one big gulp and asked, “May I be excused?”

“Yes, but wait in the living room until Michael and I are finished eating.”

About fifteen minutes later, she and Mike entered the living room. She began to speak, quietly but firmly. “Nicholas, tonight you ate dinner like an animal then tried to leave the table in a most ungentlemanly fashion. You will not continue to act that way in this house. Furthermore, it’s a disgrace the way you boys took advantage of your mother. Don’t you know that you’re the cause of her illness? You should be ashamed.”

“I’m sorry,” Nick mumbled.

“Yeah, me too,” Mike said in an offhanded way.

“I don’t like the tone of your voice. Everything I’ve seen and heard about you two is

disgraceful. However, before this summer is over you will be thoroughly reformed.”

Nick glanced at his older brother to see how he was taking this lecture. Mike was staring at her, his lips firm.

“First, let me fill you in on some of my rules. You will not leave the house without my permission. And when I do allow you out on your own, you will have a ten o’clock curfew on Saturdays and a nine o’clock curfew during the rest of the week. You will appear at meals on time. You will keep your room tidy and make your own beds. This week, Nicholas, you will help Brenda with the meals and the household chores, and, Michael, you will take out the trash, mow the lawn and help me in the garden. Each Monday, you’ll exchange duties: Nicholas outside and Michael inside. You will continue to take turns that way throughout the summer. Are there any questions?”

“Yeah,” said Mike. “Who the hell are you to tell us what to do?”

“You will learn, Michael, that being disrespectful and disobedient has consequences. You should set a better example for your younger brother. I will overlook this little outburst, but you better watch your step, young man. The two of you may go to your room now.”

Mike looked as if he wanted to say something but waited until they were back in their bedroom together.

“That bitch,” Mike said. “Just wait. I’m not giving up my fun to work around this damn house. “

“We’ll show her,” Nick said.

“I’ll tell you what. Let’s give her one day and see exactly what she expects from us. Maybe she’s all talk.”

“Yeah, she’s all talk,” Nick echoed confidently.

The next day, Friday, Nick worked inside. Mike worked outside. Periodically, as they worked, both of them muttered complaints (to themselves). It wasn’t overly strenuous work, but they wanted to be off with their friends.

On Saturday morning, she had them do a few easy chores then let them out of the house for the first time.

“Boys,” she said, “see if there is any mail at your house and come right back.”

Nick was relieved to be away from her, even exhilarated. She was always watching him.

There were only a few bills and ads in the mail.

“Let’s hang out here for a while,” Mike said.

“She told us to come right back.”

“Forget her. Let’s eat then shoot some hoops.”

Most of the food had been cleared out of the house so they had to be satisfied with crackers, soda, jelly and cheese. Then they spent the afternoon shooting baskets and planning what they would do to get around Miss Baldwin’s ‘rules’.

“It’s getting late,” Nick said. “We better go back.”

“The hell with her. What can she do to us, anyway? Let’s watch TV.”

That sounded good to Nick, especially since there wasn’t a TV at Miss Baldwin’s.

They enjoyed themselves for several hours. After the game, Nick said, “It’s after eleven. She’s going to be pissed.”



“Why?” Mike said, “We’re in our own house, and we’re not making any trouble. If you want, give the old bitch a call and tell her we’ll drop by tomorrow . . . if we feel like it.”

Nick wasn’t about to tell her that. He called and said, “Miss Baldwin, we were playing basketball then watched TV. Since it’s so late, Mike said we should sleep here tonight.”

“I see,” is all she said before he heard the click of her hanging up.

“She didn’t sound happy,” he told Mike.

“Big deal, let’s really give her something to really be unhappy about,” Mike said. “We won’t go back until tomorrow night, then we won’t have to do those stupid chores. We’ll get there just in time for dinner. I’ll be sick of eating crackers and cheese by then.” Then his eyes lit up. “Let’s find some girls and go to a movie tomorrow afternoon.”

Nick, nodding and smiling brightly, thoroughly agreed. Especially the idea about getting some girls pleased him. Recently he had developed an interest in them, the way they smelled, the way they moved, even the sound of their voices. All of a sudden girls were very mysterious in an inexplicably exciting way. His good looking brother had no problem attracting the interest of almost any girl he wanted. Nick wanted to learn how.

The next day, on their way downtown, they bicycled right by Miss Baldwin’s, waving to her as she worked in the garden. Expressionless, she wiped her brow and stared them down as they sped on by. The boys’ only reaction was to exchange glances and start laughing.

They went to Kleeg’s Drug store. It had an ice cream shop where the kids hung out. Peggy and Dawn, two girls they knew from school, were there. It took Mike only moments to get the girls to agree to go to the movies with them. Dawn was a gorgeous blond and Peggy a cute brunette. Nick was excited no matter which of them he got to sit with.

The only problem was a shortage of money, especially if they wanted to treat the girls to popcorn. They walked the few blocks to the theatre.

“Look,” Nick said, “There’s that little punk, Josh.”

“Let’s get him,” Mike said.

Within moments, they had chased him down and were threatening to beat him up.

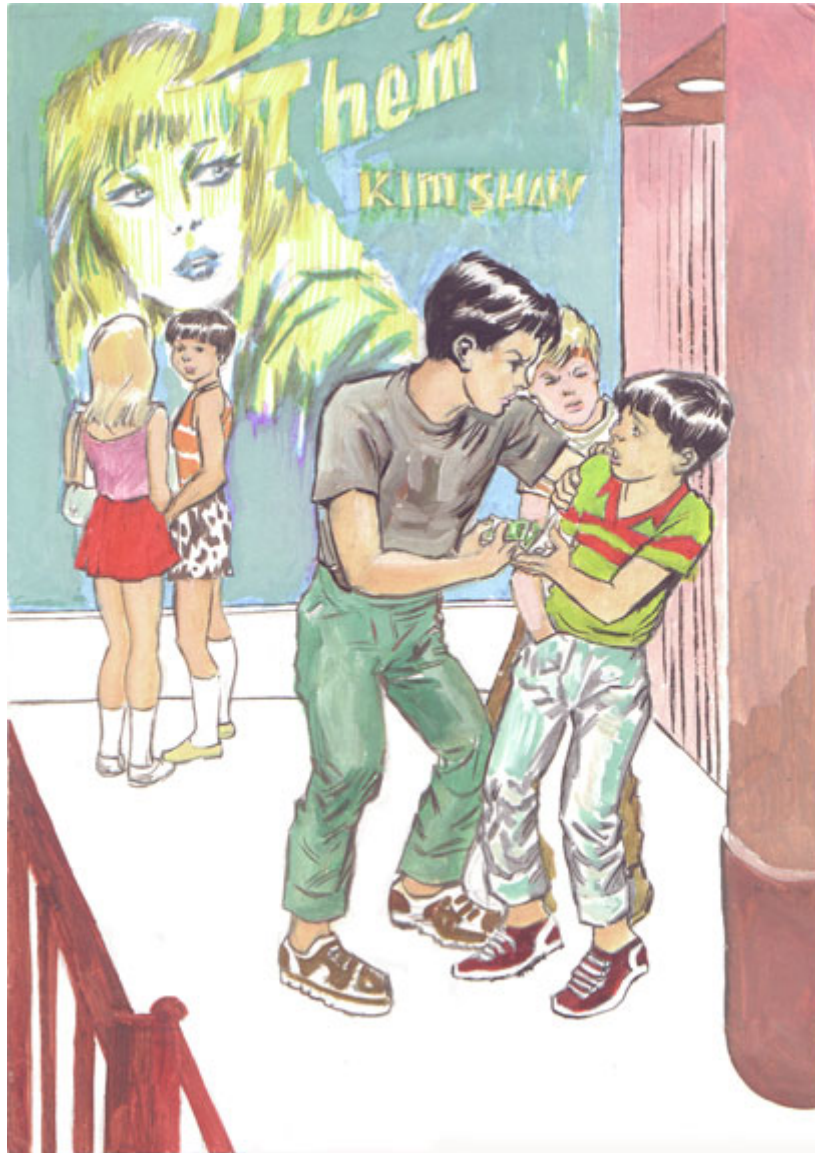
“Empty your pockets, wimp,” Mike demanded.

“Leave me alone,” Josh said.

“Because of you, we got expelled,” Nick said with balled-up fists.

“Give us your money or we’ll beat the shit out of you,” Mike said.

“Please let me go,” he said crying as he dug into his pockets. “I wasn’t the only one.”



“We don’t have time now,” Mike said releasing his grip on the boy as he grabbed the money. “But the next time we see you . . . “

Josh took off running.

The girls were grateful and Peggy even let Mike hold her hand during the film. Dawn was so close to Nick that he could smell her. She smelled so different from his brother and his buddies. He wanted to touch her, but he wasn’t sure how she would react. He sat in the darkened theatre inhaling her scent and stealing glances at her legs, chest and hair.

After the movie, they went back to Kleeg’s for ice cream then finished off Josh’s money playing video games. At dinnertime they returned to Miss Baldwin’s.

Nick was sure she’d give them hell, but she said nothing. Dinner passed in silence, and they

soon went up to their room.

“Shit, I told you. She’s just all talk,” Mike said.

“I guess you’re right.”

“Of course, I am.”

CHAPTER TWO

Breakfast Monday still brought no comment from Miss Baldwin. Unsure what to make of the situation, and out of money, the boys decided to cool it and do some chores again. Mike helped Brenda with the dishes while Nick asked Miss Baldwin what he was supposed to do outside. She told him to wait while she finished reading the paper. Nick couldn’t sit still, so he got up and stood by the windows, wishing he could go outside in the beautiful weather. Mike joined him. Bored and restless, the brothers had one of their practically wordless conversations, exchanging shrugs and expressions. They agreed that they both wanted to go outside and have some fun. The fact that Miss Baldwin still hadn’t mentioned their weekend spree made Nick feel good, made him feel like things were going to turn out fine after all.

Mike cleared his throat then spoke loudly to Miss Baldwin without directly looking at her. “We thought we’d go out,” he said.

Lowering her paper, she gazed at them for a long, uncomfortable moment then motioned to a nearby doorway and said, “Michael, you will find a large box on the middle shelf of that closet. Bring it here, please.”

Mike shrugged then casually sauntered over to the closet and returned with a faded old, oblong box. She motioned for him to set it on her lap and that’s what he did.

Brenda appeared and stood in the doorway. Nick didn’t know what to make of that, but his curiosity was quickly forgotten and amazement overtook him as Miss Baldwin removed a garment from the box. It was shiny blue with a huge white collar dotted with pink lace.

“My mother used to dress my brother in this when he was naughty. It was quite effective in teaching him proper manners. Now which of you two boys shall I make wear it? I believe it’s roomy enough to fit either of you quite well.”

“You can’t. I won’t let you,” said Mike, his hands tightened into fists.

Nick backed away in terror and shame into Brenda’s arms. She grabbed Mike too. The boys struggled, but with ease, the maid forced them to stand before their guardian.



“She’s really strong,” Nick thought.

“Perhaps, it would be best to put this outfit on you, Nicholas,” Miss Baldwin said.

“No, no!” he cried. “Not me. It was his idea. He said we didn’t have to obey you. Honest, Miss Baldwin, it was Mike, not me.”

Mike shot him an angry look.

“Is that true, Michael?” asked Miss Baldwin. “I should think as the elder brother you’d be more responsible.”

“You can’t make me. You can’t put that on me?”

“Well, it is certainly going to be one or the other of you.”

“Mike! Mike! Put it on Mike!” Nick cried.

“Listen to him whine,” Mike said. “If anybody should wear that, it’s him.”

“No, him!”

“Him!”

Miss Baldwin rose, carefully folding the garment over her arm. “Since you two can’t choose, I suppose I shall have to,” she said then nodded toward Michael. “Bring him along, Brenda.”

Mike’s face went white with fear. He struggled violently trying to get away, but Brenda let go of Nick and took Mike by both arms, twisting them until she was holding them behind his back.

“You can’t! You can’t make me! Nick! Nick stop them! Come on, Nick, help me!”

Frozen in fear and relief, Nick simply stared as the women dragged Mike away. They disappeared upstairs. Nick heard yelling and swearing, then suddenly complete silence. Still he waited. At last, he heard a door open upstairs, then footsteps, then he saw the women leading Mike like an untrained puppy that didn’t know what to do or where to go. Mike was indeed wearing the sissy outfit. Tears were streaming down his face. Nick had never seen him cry before. In addition to the costume, Mike wore lacy ankle socks and a pair of girls’ red patent leather shoes. His hair was decorated with a huge pink ribbon. He was clenching his fists spasmodically; shame and anger showed in his every gesture.

Nick couldn’t help it. He began to giggle at his big brother, “Boy, do you look silly.”

“Shut up!” shouted Mike.



“You may take him to the bathroom now, Brenda,” said Miss Baldwin.

Mike resisted, but Brenda’s grip was unrelenting. With little effort, she marched him down the hallway, his satiny outfit shimmering and his pink hair ribbon bouncing about his head.

“Come along, Nicholas,” said Miss Baldwin

Mike struggled as Brenda dragged him to the bathroom. Miss Baldwin and Nick stood in the doorway. Brenda jerked at Mike’s arm causing him to bend over the washbowl.

“We’re going to wash Michael’s mouth out with soap,” Miss Baldwin explained to Nick, “for using foul language while we were getting him properly dressed.

“Wash his mouth out?” asked Nick.

“Go ahead, Brenda,” she said.

“Nick, help me, help me,” pleaded Mike.

Miss Baldwin put a cautioning hand on Nick’s shoulder. Brenda held Mike securely with his one arm pinned behind his back. With her free hand, she wetted then lathered up a washcloth.

Holding it to his mouth, she said, “Open up, boy.”

“I won’t!” Mike yelled.

With that, she forced the cloth into his mouth and began to scrub vigorously.



“In the future, Michael,” said Miss Baldwin, “you will have your mouth washed out with soap anytime you swear. The same goes for you, Nicholas.”

While Nick watched disbelievingly, Mike began to retch. When Brenda finally released him, he stood at the sink spitting out the soap. He coughed and sputtered, cried and moaned. Miss Baldwin took Nick by the hand and led him back to the living room.

“You may go out now, Nicholas, and remove the weeds along the sidewalk. I want to see them all gone when I come out to inspect your work.”

Nick was gratefully for the chance to leave the house. What if she had another sissy outfit? If they could get Mike into one, what chance would he have? He thought about running, but knew he wouldn't get far without money. Fearful of disobeying Miss Baldwin, he began doing the weeding. It took two hours of hard work in the hot sun, but he did it.

“That's a good boy, Nicholas,” she said when she came out to check. “Now go to your room and clean up.”

As he passed Miss Baldwin's bedroom, Brenda, arms folded over her chest, was standing in the room. Beyond her Mike, lips tight, face still tearstained, was dusting. A new element had been added to his outfit. Over his romper suit, he now wore a ruffled white apron.

“Pretty apron,” Nick said, and Mike shot him a look of pure hatred.



Brenda, without bothering to even look at Nick, said, “You better do what you’re told, boy.”

He rushed to his room, changed and returned downstairs.

“Would you be a dear and set the table, Nicholas?” Miss Baldwin asked.

“Yes, Miss Baldwin.”

After Nick finished setting the table, they all sat down to eat.

Mike looked at the food and said, “I don’t want any.”

“You don’t have to eat if you don’t want to, but I need to make sure you don’t get into trouble while we have our lunch. Brenda, put him out of the way.”

Again squeezing poor Mike’s arm, the powerful housekeeper shoved him into the kitchen closet and locked him inside.

“Hey, let me out! Let me out! Damn, you all, let me out!”

He remained in the closet while they ate, but immediately afterward, Brenda took him to the bathroom to wash out his mouth for cursing again.

That evening, at dinner, Mike sat quietly and ate.

After he finished the dishes, Brenda led him upstairs to put him to bed. It was barely eight o'clock. A few minutes later, Nick heard muffled cries, then silence followed by, “Ouch! Ouch. Oh! Oh stop!”

“Shall we play a game of Parcheesi, Nicholas?” asked Miss Baldwin. He was distracted during the game, wondering what Brenda had done to Mike.

When Nick finally went to bed, he found Mike lying in his bed with the covers pulled up around his neck.

“How could you let them dress you in that thing?” Nick asked.

Mike didn't reply.

“I bet you liked it.”

“Shut up,” snarled Mike.

“I'll bet you like your sissy outfit and your apron too.”

“I'll get you!” said Mike, starting out of bed.

Nick jumped back. He knew he was going to get it. Over the years, they had fought many times and Mike always won. Then, startled at what he was seeing, he stopped. Mike was wearing pink pajamas.

“What in the hell do you have on now?”

“I said shut up!” Mike said.

The door opened and Miss Baldwin commanded, “Get into bed, children.”

“Nick was doing it,” Mike said, sitting down on his bed.

“One more word out of you, young man, and I'll have Brenda give you another spanking. Is that clear?”

“Yes, ma'am,” he mumbled.



“Goodnight, children,” she said as she left the door open and walked away.

“You let her spank you?” Nick whispered.

“I’d like to see what you could do if she wanted to put you in these pajamas.”

Nick imagined that if Brenda wanted him in girls’ pajamas, he would be in girls’ pajamas.



In the morning, Brenda woke them with a loud voice. “You ready to put on your satin outfit, sissy boy? Or do I put it on you again?”

“I’m no damn sissy!”

“You look like one to me. Do I need to spank you again?”

“I’ll put it on.”

Nick watched with a grin as Mike got out of bed. He removed his pajamas and took a pair of underpants from his drawer.

“Don’t you want panties?” Nick teased.

“Shut up,” Mike grumbled.

“You had best mind your own business, boy,” Brenda said to Nick. He shivered and imagined how he might have looked if Miss Baldwin had decided to put him in the sissy clothes instead.

From morning to night, Mike had to do housework. He cursed and complained enough to get three more mouth washings and a spanking.



Meanwhile, Nick was given hardly any work at all. Miss Baldwin even let him bicycle downtown in the afternoon and told him he could stay out until six. He was careful to get home on time, for which Miss Baldwin praised him.

Because he had been such a good boy, he was allowed to stay up until eleven. When he went to bed, he found Mike asleep, again wearing girl's pajamas.

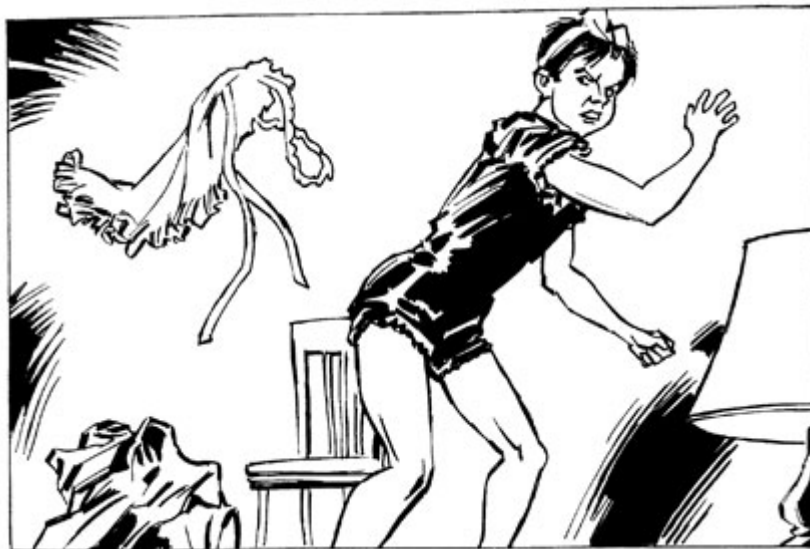
Thursday was Brenda's day off and Mike was cleaning without her supervision. He was still wearing theissy outfit and apron.

"Nicholas, let's go shopping," Miss Baldwin said. Then she looked at Mike who was cleaning the breakfast dishes and said, "Michael, I'm going to leave you here by yourself. By the time I return, I expect you to have washed the living room windows and cleaned the bathrooms. Is that clear?"

"Yes," said Mike.

"I hope it is. You are very much in need of discipline, and I am now convinced that it was entirely your fault that your brother misbehaved as well." She took Nick by the hand and led him to her car.

She had scarcely left the house before Mike had tore off his apron and thrown it on the floor.



"Where are we going," Nick asked.

"I need a new dress."

Nick didn't like shopping for clothing under any circumstances. It was even more uncomfortable, however, for him to be surrounded by women and women's things. Finally she bought something and asked the clerk, "Where is the girls' department?"

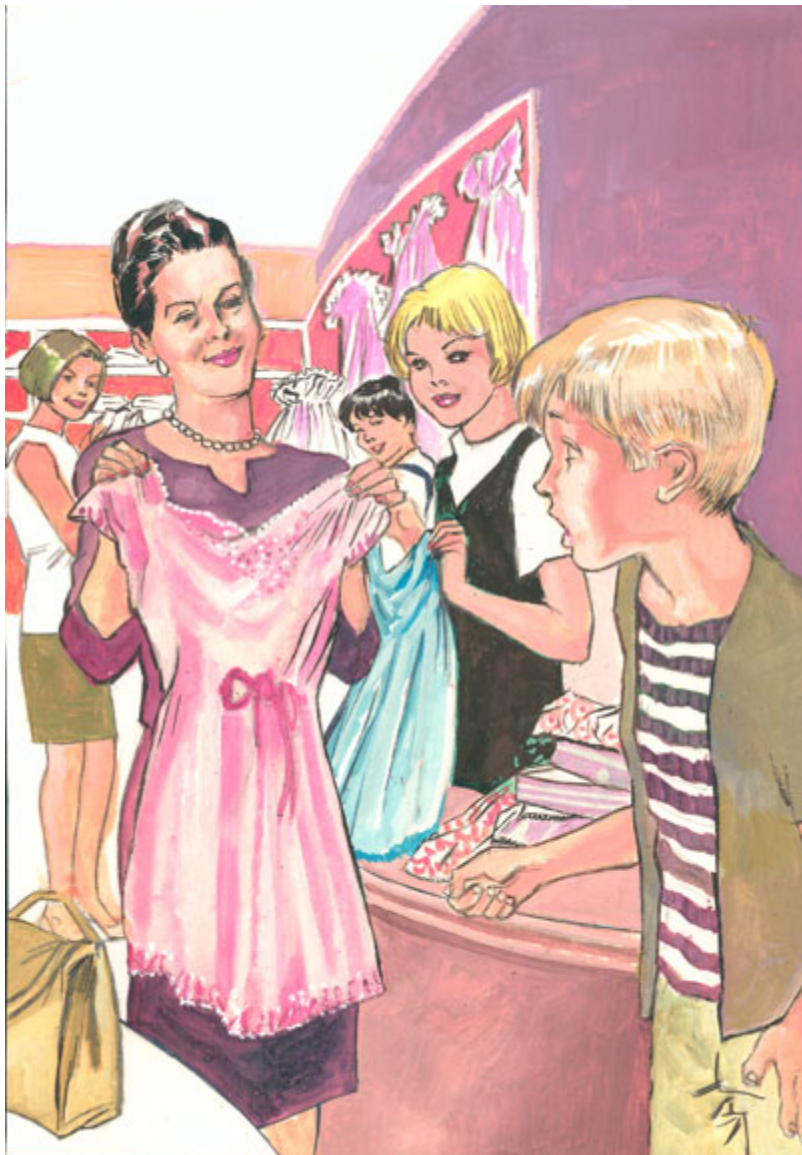
"Second floor in the rear."

She took Nick by the hand. He blushed as he noticed the amused glances, a big boy like him being led by his hand.

They followed the lady's directions, and while Nick stood to one side, she flipped through rows of girls' dresses.

"May I help you?" a clerk asked.

"No, I don't think that is necessary," Miss Baldwin said. "I believe, hmm, Nick, dear, come here a minute." He unsuspectingly did as she told him. He'd do anything rather than risk ending up dressed like Mike. However, it was acutely embarrassing when Miss Baldwin held a dress up and asked, "I like this one. Do you, Nick?"



"I guess," he said.

"It's a very popular fashion," the clerk said.

"I'll take it."

After they left the shop, Nick asked, "Who's the dress for?"

"Why do you ask, dear? Would you like it?"

"Of course not."

They went next to a shoe store and lingerie shop, collecting more things. He helped carry the boxes to the car.

"You've been such a good boy, you deserve a treat," Miss Baldwin said. She took him to Kleeg's and bought him a sundae while she had coffee. Several guys he knew were there. They smiled when she took him by the hand to leave. He was going to have a hard time living that down.



When Nick and Miss Baldwin returned home, they saw Mike's apron on the floor of the hall.

Miss Baldwin called, "Michael, come here."

There was no answer.

"Let's find him," she said.

In the boys' bedroom, Mike's pink pajamas were on the floor ripped to shreds. When they went into Miss Baldwin's room, they saw her cosmetics and dresses all thrown together in a heap on the floor. With a grim expression she went to the telephone and dialed.

To whoever was on the other end of the line, all she said was, "Yes . . . yes, very well . . . you

may.”

Mike had run away. Nick hoped he wouldn't be blamed.

Ten minutes later, there was a knock at the door.

“See who that is, Nicholas.”

When he opened the door, he stood back in surprise. There was Mike, his face white and his lips trembling. “Help me,” he whispered desperately, but Nick knew better than to try that. For standing behind him, one hand holding his shoulder and the other firmly grasping his ear, was Brenda.



“Your mother asked Brenda to look after her house on Thursdays. I imagine it was quite a

surprise when she walked in and found you there.”

“W-what are you going to do to me?”

“We’ll be making a few changes. Nicholas, go to the closet, you will find a blue-and-white-striped package on the shelf. Be a good boy and bring it.”

Nick was feeling sorry for Mike, whom he suspected was in for a very bad time, but not to the point that he was going to risk punishment by helping him. Getting the parcel, he handed it to Miss Baldwin.

“My brother once ran away from home too, Michael, and for six months after that, I’m afraid, he was required to wear this contraption.”

The parcel contained a bra!

“Brenda, take off the boy’s shirt.”

Feebly, Michael tried to stop her, his eyes wide with horror, but Brenda had little difficulty putting it on him. Then she attached a long metal chain to the back of the bra and locked it shut. She dropped the chain with a clank on the floor behind him.



“In order that you won’t be tempted to run away again,” Miss Baldwin said, “you will be kept in this special bra twenty-four hours a day.”

“You can’t make me wear that. I don’t care what you do to me. I’ll take it off as soon as you let go of me.”

“I think you will find that you can’t remove it without the key. My brother was never able to. However, if you do manage to, you will be severely spanked. Now, we will go upstairs, Michael, where we will make it even more difficult for you to run away.”

She took the end of his chain and started out of the room ahead of him. That swung him around, so that he was forced to walk backwards. He had to climb the stairs that way. Nick followed, grinning. Down the hall they went to their room.

“Do you have the scissors, Brenda?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Michael, I want you to get all your clothing and cut it into little pieces.”

“My clothes?”

“If you don’t do it now Brenda will give you a spanking and then you will do it anyway. Tether him, Brenda.”

Brenda inserted a padlock into the end of Mike’s chain, wound it around the headboard of his bed and locked it. Miss Baldwin handed him the scissors. Tearfully, he went to work destroying his clothes.

“Take off the things you have on and cut them up as well.”

He took off his pants, cut them, and when Miss Baldwin glared at him, he did the same to his underpants.

“When you finish with your socks, you may put on the underwear Brenda has for you.”

To Nick’s great delight, Brenda was holding up a pair of panties.



Mike trembled, “No!”

“Brenda, would you please—”

“I told you that you needed panties,” Nick giggled.

“Shut the fuck up!” Mike shouted. He grabbed the panties from Brenda and threw them to the floor.

They had hardly landed before Brenda had him over her lap spanking him.

He struggled for a while but eventually began to bawl.

“Let him go,” Miss Baldwin said.

“Pick up your panties,” she commanded.

Still sobbing, he kept his eyes turned away as he put them on.

“Put out your arms,” Miss Baldwin said as she tied his apron on him.

“You still haven’t learned not to use dirty language. Take care of him, Brenda,” she said as she handed the woman the free end of his chain.



Ten minutes later, Brenda was towing him back into the living room to stand before Miss Baldwin. He had a bright red face and was coughing with soap bubbles clinging to his chin.

Ignoring his disheveled state, she said, “Brenda will show you how to make dinner. Then go to my room and straighten out the mess you made. After that, you will finish washing the living room windows and cleaning the bathrooms. I imagine by the time you are done, it may

be past your bedtime.”

“How . . . how long do I . . . do I have to be like this?”

“You will have no other clothing until I am sure that you will not try to run away again. I am certain you will not want to do so dressed as you are. You may be wearing your harness for the remainder of the summer.”

“All summer,” he was shocked.

“If you show signs of sincere improvement, and I’m quite sure you will. Your punishment could be as short as one month. It is unfortunate that you aren’t a sweet little boy like your brother,” she patted Nick on the cheek, “but you have only yourself to blame. Are you going to be obedient, Michael?”

“Yes, Miss Baldwin,” he muttered.

“Very well, you may then go about your work.”

With all the tasks she had given him, he wasn’t nearly finished when Nick went to bed.

In the morning, Mike was still sleeping when Nick woke up. He saw Mike was wearing another pair of sissy pajamas and was chained to his bed.

Nick couldn’t hold back a fit of laughter, which woke his brother.

“Still wearing your pretty little panties?” Nick asked.

“Shut up!”

In the past, his violent response would have scared Nick but now it only made him laugh.

“Just wait,” Mike warned.

“What are you going to do?” Nick asked, “hit me with your bra?”



Day after day, from the morning when he helped Brenda with breakfast to the evening when he finished the last dish, Mike was kept busy. Thursdays, Brenda put a coat over his apron and chain and took him to his house to help her with the cleaning there.

Meanwhile, Nick was given no chores to do. Not that he was entirely free. Mike's example was always there. Although Miss Baldwin made no threats, he knew that if she could do that to Mike, she would have no problem doing it to him too. This realization made him eager to please her.

Miss Baldwin saw to it that he was kept busy. For one thing, there was water coloring. He never had any interest in drawing. However, Miss Baldwin, the day after she chained Mike, took Nick outdoors with a watercolor set and easel.

"Why don't you make a painting of the flowers, Nicky." She had begun calling him by that silly name.



He was poor at painting and found it boring, but Miss Baldwin seemed to like his work. When she particularly liked a drawing, she would pat him on the cheek, gently squeeze his shoulder, and once even kissed him on the forehead. Therefore, every day that the sun was out, he found himself doing watercolors for most of the morning. Then before coming back into the house, she'd have him pick a bouquet of fresh flowers for the dining room.

She was hugging him with increasing frequency, telling him he was a 'sweet' boy, praising him and saying things like, "Nicky selected the flowers all by himself, Brenda. Doesn't he have exquisite taste?" And when he went to bed, she would kiss him gently on the forehead as she tucked in his covers. Mike would glare at Nick when he saw these signs of favoritism, but he was in no position to tease him.

Going into town was another problem, one that occurred often. Having her hold his hand was bad, being referred to as 'Nicky' was worse, but most embarrassing was her asking him, as she frequently did, if he would like a 'treat' or a 'sweet' just as though he was a little boy.



Twice she bought more girls' dresses and undies. And she insisted on holding them up to him to be sure that they would be the right size for whatever girl they were intended. He found this as acutely embarrassing as the clerks found it amusing, and he wished it would not happen. But he didn't know how to prevent it.



One evening near the end of June, after Mike had been chained to his bed for the night, Miss Baldwin told Nick she had a little problem. He joined her in the living room and stood passively as she patted him on the cheek. Then taking his hand and keeping it between both of hers, she had him sit next to her on the couch.

“Nicky, dear,” she said, “I hope you don’t think I have been too hard on your brother. Do you think I should free him from his harness?”

“Will he . . . will he . . . will he still have to . . . ah do all the housework and . . . ah wear the ah . . .”

“The apron. Oh, I’m afraid so. You see dear, while your brother’s attitude has improved, I think you will agree that he has a rebellious streak in him. He requires discipline to curb it. However, I do have a problem.”

“Problem?”

“Yes, I’m afraid that no matter how much he might promise, once he no longer has to wear his chain, he might run away again.”

“But how could he? I mean, his clothes.”

“But there are your clothes too, Nicky. Although your brother is two inches taller than you and a few pounds heavier, he would have no difficulty wearing your things. I know he wouldn’t be able to resist the temptation. So, what do you think we ought to do Nicky? I do want to let him out of that chain but as long as he has access to your clothes, I am just afraid of what might happen. He might revert to his former bad behavior. Do you see my problem Nicky?”

“Y-yes.”

“Do you have any idea how we might solve it?”

“Gee, I don’t know.”

“Well, I do have one idea.”

“What’s that?”

“We could remove your clothes just as we did his.”

“But what would I wear?”

“Darling, I thought what you might do is wear those dresses I have been buying.”

“Oh, Miss Baldwin. You wouldn’t make me wear dresses.”

“Oh no, dear. I would never make a boy wear dresses. I just thought a good boy like you might be willing to, just for your brother’s sake, sweetheart.”

“I couldn’t.”

“Of course, if you don’t want to, I suppose we could leave Mike chained for the rest of the summer. Don’t give me your final answer now, dear. You run up to bed and we’ll talk about it later.”

Unable to speak, Nick did as she told him. He imagined himself being paraded down the street in a dress. The teasing would be unbearable!



CHAPTER THREE

Nick spent the next morning extremely nervous. Miss Baldwin's affectionate attitude toward him had not changed despite the dismay with which he had greeted her suggestion that he start dressing as a girl.

As the afternoon passed, she still said nothing about it. He hoped that it had been just a thought. As he was arranging a bouquet, Miss Baldwin said, "Nicky, be a dear and tether your brother for me. I'd rather not get up."

"Must I, Miss Baldwin?"

"Yes, Nicholas, you must."

Her tone had taken on a steely edge that made him tremble. He went over to Mike who was standing in the doorway holding his chain in his hand. The skirts of his apron hung around him. For a moment, their eyes met. Nick lowered his first.

“I guess I . . .”

Mike handed him the end of his chain with its open padlock. As though it were alive, Nick took it in his fingertips. A little bewildered, he looked around the living room. He’d never been asked to tether Mike before, and it seemed more shaming to him than it was to Mike.

“But . . . ah . . . ah where, Miss Baldwin?”

“Wherever you wish, dear.”

Hardly thinking what he was doing and wanting to get the job over with as fast as possible, he started across the room suddenly, yanking on the chain and forcing Mike to stumble. He quickly looped the end of the chain around a table and padlocked it.

“Come sit with me, Nicky,” Miss Baldwin said. She placed her arm affectionately around Nick’s shrinking shoulder and said, “Michael, dear, as you know you have been a very bad little boy. Over the past three weeks, Brenda and I, as well as your sweet little brother, have been observing you closely to see if your conduct showed signs of improvement. Last evening, Nicky and I had a little conversation about you, didn’t we dear?”

“Um . . . ah . . . yes.”

“And you’ll be happy to know that Nicky agrees with Brenda and me that your conduct has improved. Therefore, I think the time has come to see how you would behave without your harness. Of course you would still wear your apron.”

“Thank you.”

“But there is a problem. My fear is that, once you are free of your harness, you will remove your apron and panties, take Nicky’s clothes and try to run away again.”

“H-honest I—”

“Silence. I’m afraid anything you say might only convince me to keep you in your harness for the remainder of the summer. Our problem could be solved, as I explained to Nicky last night, if there were no boy’s clothing in the house.”

Nick squirmed with embarrassment, knowing what had to be coming next.

“With that in mind, I suggested to Nicky that he, for your sake, Michael, give up his boys’ clothes. That way the only clothing in the house would be dresses and lingerie, and I imagine you would not be tempted to run away in those.”

Michael stared from her to Nick whose face had gone red. Nick was on the verge of tears.



“Unfortunately for you, Michael, when I suggested this solution to Nicky last night, he did not agree to it.”

Michael tried to take a step forward only to find himself abruptly halted. He shook his head, “You, you mean, Miss Baldwin, if . . . if Nick dresses up like a girl, I can have my . . . this chain taken off me?”

“Exactly, Michael. And if not, you may not,” she said as she patted Nick on the shoulder. “As you can see, Nicky, should you decide to continue to wear pants, your brother will have to remain harnessed until September. On the other hand, if you start wearing dresses, I’ll free your poor brother from his chain. His fate, dear Nicky, is in your hands.”

“Oh, Miss Baldwin.”

“Perhaps I should leave you two boys alone to discuss it.”

Nick looked over at Mike. He was staring at him. Nick read his expression, but he just couldn't let himself be put into dresses. “I . . . I . . . oh, Miss Baldwin, isn't there some other way?”

“No, Nicky, there is not.”

“Do you want me to be like this all summer?” Mike asked.

“No, but . . .” Nick's words were stopped in mid-sentence as Miss Baldwin grabbed him and gave him a big hug that trapped his face in the depths of her ample bosom.

“I knew it,” Nick found himself crushed in Miss Baldwin's embrace. “My darling child,” she said.

Brenda appeared in the doorway.

“Brenda, didn't I tell you that this sweet boy would volunteer to be put into dresses so that his brother could be free of his chain?”

Past the mounds of Miss Baldwin's soft breasts, Nick could see Brenda smiling at him, the first time he had ever seen her smile. “He's sweet,” she said.

“Yes, now admit you were wrong. You thought he was a rude, disobedient boy just like his brother.”

Still smiling, Brenda said, “You were right, Miss Baldwin. I didn't think the boy had it in him.”

“But you see he does. Oh, darling, I'm so proud of you,” she added, kissing him on the cheek.

But he hadn't agreed. He wanted to correct Miss Baldwin, but he was unable (awash as he was in praise, and fearful of the consequences) to do so. Even as he was thinking this, Miss Baldwin with a gentle squeeze of his shoulders, cried gaily, “Come along, dear, and we'll dress you.”

“Right now?”

“But, of course, dear,” she said.

She took him by the hand and Brenda stood behind him.

“M-Miss Baldwin?” Mike said.

“What is it, Michael?” asked Miss Baldwin, sharply.

“I-I thought . . . I wondered . . . about . . . I thought you were going to take my chain off, Miss Baldwin.”

“And your chain shall be removed, Michael, as I promised, just as soon as your brother’s pants are removed from the house so that they won’t be of a temptation to you.”

Leaving Mike alone, they climbed the stairs. Nick walked like he was if in a trance. In his bedroom, he watched with despair as Brenda emptied the drawers and closet of his clothing. Everything she folded neatly into a pile and then taking his suitcase from the closet, she laid it on the bed and put his things in it. Leaving the lid open, she put her hands on his waist and started to undo his belt buckle. He backed away from her and right into Miss Baldwin’s arms.

“What are you doing, Brenda?” he asked.

“Undressing you, child.”

Before he could protest further, she pulled his shirt up over his head. He tried not to cry as she took his pants down. Motioning for him to sit on the bed, she removed them along with his sneakers and socks and packed them into the suitcase too. Now he was wearing only his underpants.



“May I . . . may I keep them on, please, Miss Baldwin?”

“Now, dear, we certainly don’t want to offend your modesty, so of course you may keep them on, until we get you into a suitable pair of panties.”

“Panties? Please, Miss Baldwin, can’t I wear my underpants. I mean they won’t show?”

“I know they won’t, dear, but I’m just afraid if we leave but one item of boys’ clothing in this house, your brother will be tempted by it. We can’t have that now, can we, Nicky?”

He didn’t think Mike would run away in underwear, but he guessed it was possible. By the minute, he was getting angrier with Mike. It was his fault this was happening. However, he could not concentrate on that, only on the thought of the ordeal that he knew now was only moments away.

She took him into her bedroom. While he stood trembling, she went to her bureau and produced a pair of pink panties.



She handed them to him. “Why don’t you slip these on now, dear, while I select your lingerie? I promise I will not look.”

“My lingerie!” he thought. But if he had ever been capable of disobeying Miss Baldwin, he was now long past it. While she turned her back, sadly he slipped off his underpants and drew the hateful girls’ panties up his legs. The silky fabric felt strange. He was dizzy with these strange new sensations.

“Are you changed yet dear?”

“Yes,” he managed to whisper with a creak in his voice.

“That’s a good boy,” she said.

“Hand Brenda your old underpants, Nicky.”

He breathed deeply and sighed as he gave up his last vestige of boys' clothing. With trembling fingers, he handed them to her. She took them without comment, then smiled and pointedly stared at his panties. Looking down, he followed her stare. His penis was thrusting up. Blushing with extreme embarrassment, he quickly bent forward and covered his errant erection with his hands.

“You know what to do now, Brenda?” said Miss Baldwin ignoring his excited state.

“Yes, Ma’am,” she said. She put his underpants in the suitcase, closed it and took it out of the room. A moment later, Nick heard her going down the stairs. Then he heard the front door open and close.

He groaned as the full realization of what was happening dawned on him. Miss Baldwin continued his feminization. She was now kneeling before him putting white ankle socks and a pair of bright red girl's shoes on his feet. The shoes were just like the ones Mike was wearing.

“Now, stand up, dear, and I’ll finish dressing you.”

“Oh, Miss Baldwin, I-I . . .”

“Raise your arms, dear,” she commanded as she pulled his hands away from the front of his panties.

As he raised his arms, his shame was complete. His erection twitched and throbbed against the silkiness of the stretchy panties. She looked straight at it and said, “No one is going to mistake you for a girl with that little man in your panties!”

The tears he had been holding back broke loose. He sobbed openly. She hugged him firmly. With his face buried in her strongly perfumed breasts, he cried. As his anguish subsided, she released him and stepped back.

Miss Baldwin dropped a slip over his head. It had wide straps edged with lace. The bodice had pink roses and small cups for the breasts Nick didn’t have. It hung straight on him, its hem deeply ruffled.

With a terrible sense of loss, he looked down at himself, saw the swinging of his slip, felt its ruffle tickling at his thighs. He was still sobbing. He tried to regain control, but his entire body shook. “Oh, Miss Baldwin,” he whispered. Too afraid to tell her to stop, too ashamed not to, he could find no words.



She walked him over to her dressing table and said, “Smooth your slip underneath you as you sit, dear.”

Blushing mightily he slid his hands down his bottom as he had seen her do. He could feel his panties under the slip. His penis twitched again. What was wrong with him? He squeezed his legs together tightly trying to control himself. He sat nervously wondering what was coming next. She plucked at his slip to arrange it neatly across his thighs, then took a hairbrush from the assortment of tubes, bottles and implements on the table before him.

“Your hair is really quite a tousled sight, dear.” Giving a little upward push at his chin, she had him look up at her as she brushed his hair. She combed it up, removing his part.



“I really can’t do much with this now,” she said. “That wasn’t too bad, was it, dear? What did you think I was going to do? You really look quite pale.”

He had thought she was going to put perfume on him, or even lipstick. It was all there on the dressing table. “Ah, nothing, Miss Baldwin. Ah . . . ah thanks for brushing my hair.”

“You’re quite welcome, dear.” She motioned him to his feet. The slip swaying against his legs was a reminder of his new state. He watched as she went to her closet. From a quilted hanger, she took a dress, “I think this is a pretty dress, don’t you, Nicky?”

He stared at it. It was the one she had bought the first day they went shopping, a pink sleeveless dress with a deep collar dotted with lace.

“Don’t you, Nicky?” she said just a shade severely.

“I guess so. I’m going to-to wear it?”

She laughed, “Well, dear, unless you want to run around the house in your undies, I should think you ought to. Lift your arms again please.”

She dropped the dress on him. Nick had never felt anything like this, the way the dress and the slip under it swung about him with his tiniest movement. He shivered, “It feels strange, Miss Baldwin.”

She did not respond immediately but took him by the hands and turned him to face her. “I’m sure it does, Nicky,” she said, studying him so carefully that he lowered his eyes in confusion. “However, I’m also sure after a couple of weeks, you will become accustomed to wearing dresses.”

A couple of weeks! In the dread of the moment, he had not even thought of the future. Glancing past Miss Baldwin, he could see other dresses, his dresses he suddenly knew, hanging in her closet. He turned away from the sight, his movement sending his skirts in a whirl about his body.

“Now, Nicky, before we go downstairs, I want to tell you once more, just how pleased I am with you. I think you’re a very brave, thoughtful and sweet little boy. It’s not every boy, I can assure you, who would volunteer to wear dresses to help his brother. And because you have been such a good little boy, I promise you, as long you remain so good, I’m going to treat you just as though you were my own little niece.”

“Niece? But, Miss Baldwin, I’m a . . . I don’t want to be a . . . a girl.”

Miss Baldwin patted his hand, “There, there, dear, you’ll love it, I’m sure.”

It was all so hopeless. Nick began to cry.



She took a lace handkerchief from her purse and dried his tears. She again took him by the hand and led him out of the room. Dimly aware of the feel of his dress and slip swinging on his body, he walked with her. He reached the top of the stairs and paused for a moment. Looking down, he realized what was coming next. Mike was going to see him in a dress.

“Please, Miss Baldwin, I don’t want Mike to see me like this.”

“Good heavens, how silly you are.”

“But . . . but . . . he’ll laugh at me.”

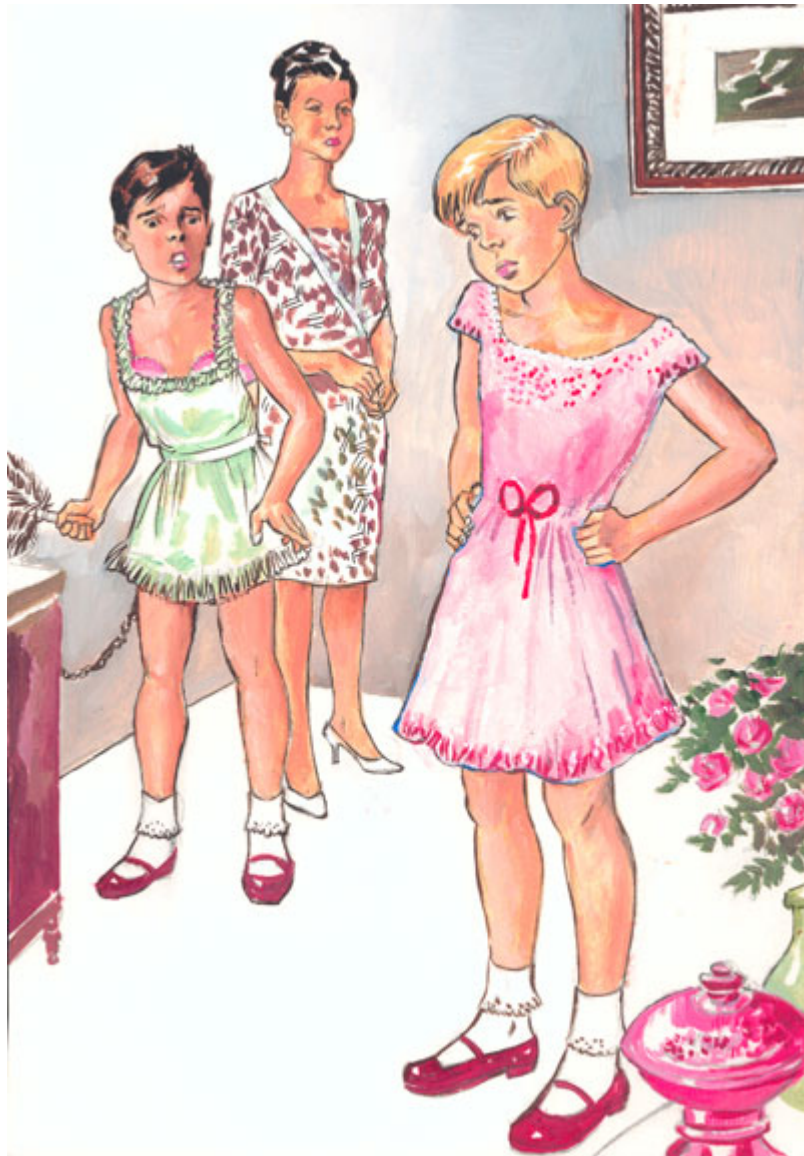
“Considering his position, I hardly think so. Now come along, dear.”

He followed her down the stairs, watching the patterns her dress made. It was something he had never before noticed. He was suddenly aware that his dress must be doing the same. “My dress,” he thought miserably. At the foot of the stairs, she took his clammy hand in hers and

led him into the living room. He lowered his eyes. When he finally lifted them, Mike was staring at him.

“Nick?” he whispered.

Nick dropped his eyes again and twisted at the sides of his dress. If only he could keep it from swaying. It felt so strange.



“Michael, I don’t believe you have thanked your brother for volunteering to wear dresses in order that you may be free of your harness.”

“Ah, thanks, Nick.”

“Now, Michael, you can do better than that. I want you to thank him properly.”

“Thank you, Nick,” he said.

“That’s not good enough. I want you to say to Nick what you are thanking him for and how much you appreciate him wearing girls’ clothes for your sake.”

Mike took in a deep breath and rushed out his words. “Thank you, Nick, thank you for . . . ah putting on a dress, I mean wearing dresses, so I can take off this . . . so I don’t have to be chained anymore.”

“Thank you Michael. You may release your brother now, Nicky.”

“Oh, why couldn’t she do it,” he wondered. Skirts swinging around him, he went over and undid the chain.

“Now bring him here.”

He led Mike to her.

“You may remove your apron, Michael.” Blushing, he did, uncovering his panties and bra. “Nicky, you may undo the lock at the back of your brother’s harness,” She handed him the key. In a moment, he undid the lock and Mike removed his bra.



“Put your apron back on now, Michael.”

Mike did as she ordered. The brothers stood next to one another in front of Miss Baldwin. Nick again began fingering his dress.

“Michael, If you are disobedient in any manner, I will put you back in your harness for the next two months. Is that perfectly clear?”

He nodded.

“Furthermore, don’t think for a moment, just because you are no longer harnessed, that you are to be relieved of any of your household tasks. That part of your punishment still continues and shall continue until I am convinced you have completely mended your ways, at which time you will no longer have to wear the apron. Do you understand?”

Michael nodded again.

“Now, one other matter. As I told Nicky, because he has been such a good boy and voluntarily given up his pants for your sake, from now on he’s going to have the honor of being treated as though he were my own niece.”

At that, Mike’s eyes widened in puzzled wonder, while behind him Nick went red and said, “Oh, please . . .”

Miss Baldwin apparently did not hear him. “Michael, until your punishment is over, you will treat Nicky not as your brother, but with the respect and deference with which any maid would treat her employer’s niece. Do you understand?”

“Me, a maid?” he groaned as he glanced down at his apron with his first complete understanding. “I don’t . . .”

“Well, you had better,” said Miss Baldwin. “I’m certain you aren’t looking forward to a trip over Brenda’s lap, are you?”

“Oh, no!”

“Very well then, I shall expect you to treat Nicky as I have described. Among other things, you will wash his lingerie and iron his pretty dresses. Is that clear, Michael?”

He merely nodded while Nick felt his face burn.

“You may go now.”

Michael started out of the room.

“Oh, one other thing.”

Michael stopped.

“As the maid, you will call me ‘Miss Baldwin’ and also use the proper form of address for your brother.”

“I don’t understand, Miss Baldwin. You mean I have to call him ‘Mister Nick’?”

“Good heavens, no. You really are dense.” She shook her head in exasperation. “I can hardly think of anything more inappropriate than calling your brother ‘Mister’. Don’t you remember I just told you Nicky is to be treated as my niece?”

“Ah . . . yes, Miss Baldwin.”

“Well, you would hardly call a girl ‘Mister’, would you? The correct mode of address is ‘Miss Nicky’. No, I think that would be too familiar. You shall address him as ‘Miss Nicole’.”

“Nicole?” the boys asked simultaneously. Nick was amazed and horrified.

“Suppose you now say, ‘Excuse me, Miss Baldwin,’ and ‘Excuse me, Miss Nicole’.”

Mike’s mouth had dropped open. Miss Baldwin’s gaze strayed toward the harness. He gasped out quickly, “Excuse me, Miss Baldwin,” and wide-eyed looking at Nick, “Excuse me Miss . . . Miss Nicole.”

Feeling faint with shame, Nick sank onto a chair, his skirts spreading about him.

With that, his apron swinging around him, Mike made his escape.

“Pull your dress down, Nicky. Your slip is showing,” Miss Baldwin said.



Mortified, he did.

“Now, dear, I am sure you understand why I gave Michael the instructions I did.”

“I don’t want to be . . . ah . . . a Miss.”

“But don’t you see, dear, it is for Michael’s own good. He still thinks of himself as quite superior. You will be doing him a service by acting as though you are my niece. It will be a good lesson in humility for him to address you as ‘Miss Nicole’ and take orders from you.”

“But I’m a boy. I don’t want a girl’s name, and I don’t want to be called ‘Miss’. You can understand, can’t you? Please?”

“Of course I understand, dear. And I think you are a very sweet and accommodating child to be willing to do so. And you are willing, aren’t you, dear?”

Nick noticed the tone of her voice with alarm. “Yes,” he murmured.

“Do you know, dear, I rather like the idea of you thinking of me as your Aunt. Therefore, dear, from now on, you may call me ‘Auntie Eve’. Is that clear?”

“Yes, ah, Auntie Eve.”

“Good.” She patted him on the cheek. “Now, dear, we will go out into the front yard and pick our flowers, shall we?”

“But someone might see me.”

“You cannot expect to stay in the house all summer.”

“Please don’t make me go, Auntie Eve.”

“Since you are still uncomfortable in your dress, we can gather flowers in the back yard today. Come along, Nicole.”

Nick hesitated. People could see into the back yard. What if someone noticed him? He was unable to move and afraid to complain. He offered no resistance when Miss Baldwin took his hand and led him out into the sunlight.

Terrified he scanned the street beyond the low garden fence. He couldn’t see anyone. Then he felt a gust of wind under his skirt and shivered. He felt so exposed with his bare legs.

He held down his dress and looked nervously around the yard. It was not nearly as private as he would have wished. People could easily see over the fence. If they did and they recognized him he would die. His hands began twisting at the fabric of his dress.

“What do you think, Nicole, roses today?”

“Fine.”

“Or perhaps the daffodils?”

“Good.”

“Nicole, Let go of your dress. You’ll wrinkle it.”

He let go of his dress and the wind immediately blew it up. He dropped his hands to hold it down but, as Miss Baldwin was watching him, he was careful not to grab and twist the fabric.

“Can we go in please, Auntie Eve.”

“Just as soon as we select the flowers, Nicole.”

He glanced nervously towards the fence. His hands again began twisting his dress.

“Whatever is the matter, Nicole?”

“I . . . I need to go to the bathroom.”

“Very well, I’ll pick the flowers.”

Nick rushed back into the house. He went to the bathroom, though he really didn’t need to. He needed some excuse. Mike’s teasing was nothing compared to the panic he had felt out in the yard

That evening, when Nick went to his bedroom, Mike was waiting in his girls’ pajamas. Nick wondered what Mike thought about seeing him so effeminately attired and having to pretend that he was, as Miss Baldwin put it, the ‘young lady’ of the house.

“Brenda left that for you,” Mike said indicating a nightgown lying on Nick’s pillow. “She told me to tell you to hang up your dress.”

“You know I don’t want to wear these things,” Nick said.

“Really?” Mike asked in mock surprise, “and you look so sweet.”

“I have to change. Please don’t look.”

“It’s okay, Miss Nicole. I’ve seen you in your underwear before.”

“Don’t call me that.”

“Miss Baldwin told me to.”

“You don’t have to when she’s not here.”

Nick turned his back, undid the buckles on his shoes and removed them.

“Remember, I’m wearing this stuff so you can be out of your harness.”

“Sure, Miss Nicole.”

“I told you. Don’t call me that!”

“What should I call you, Miss Nicole?”

“Nick!”

“Oh I couldn’t call such a pretty girl by a boy’s name.”

“I’m no girl you bastard!”

“You better get in bed.”

Nick opened the closet. It was full of dresses. He took one of the pink quilted hangers and set it on his bed.

“Don’t look,” he said.

“Sure, just like you didn’t look at me.”

Nick squirmed in humiliation realizing that Mike would see everything he had on, even the panties. He wondered briefly if he could go to bed in his clothes then felt tears forming in his eyes as he lifted the hem of his dress.

Mike let out a low whistle. Nick wanted to throw down his dress and tear off his slip, but was sure he’d be punished.

“Cut it out,” he said and pulled the dress over his head.

“Nice slip, Nicole.”



“Almost as nice as your pajamas.” Nick removed the slip.

“Those panties are cute on you too.”

Nick pulled them off and got into the nightgown.

“Really sweet, Miss Nicole,” Mike said.

“Shut up,” Nick sobbed. He crawled into bed.



CHAPTER FOUR

The following morning a knock on their bedroom door awoke Nick. For a moment, as he said, “Who is it?” through a yawn, his memory of the events of the day before were absent from his mind. But as he lifted his arm to brush back his hair, they all came rushing back, brought on by the sight and feel of the wide pink-laced sleeve of his gown.

Brenda came in and gave him a casual yet scornful glance as she pulled up the shades. “It’s time you get up, boy,” she said addressing Mike, “you have to make breakfast so get going.”

“Girl,” she said to Nick, “get into the bathroom and take your bath now.”

Squirming with embarrassment, Nick demanded fearfully but bravely, “Don’t call me a girl. I’m not a girl. I’m just wearing these things so . . .”

Unsmiling and with her hands on her hips, she stared him down. His nerve and voice gave way.

“As far as Miss Baldwin’s concerned, you’re a girl now, Miss Nicole, and whatever Miss Baldwin wants that’s what I want too. She may think you’re sweet, but to me you’re nothing but a little brat. Do I make myself clear, girl?”

Fearfully, he nodded.

Mike had changed into his panties and apron.

“See you later, Miss Nicole,” he said as he sped out of the room.

Getting up, Nick drew on the pink robe Brenda offered him. Making a wide detour around her, he scurried out. The nightgown felt strangely smooth and cool against his body. As soon as he got into the bathroom he locked the door and removed the damn thing.

He ran his bath and settled into the tub. He was glad to have all of the girls' clothes off. His mind went over the anguishing events of the prior day. He recalled how his dress had floated around him in the mild summer breeze as he had helped pick flowers with Auntie Eve. Then came the excruciating embarrassment of eating his first dinner in a dress with his aproned brother serving him. He dried off and decided not to put the gown back on. Wrapping the towel around his waist, he went back to his bedroom.

Brenda’s presence there terrified him. Would she spank him? There on his bed were pale blue panties and a burgundy dress with a floral print and a large lace heart across the chest. Nick remembered when Miss Baldwin bought that dress. He had wondered what kind of a daffy little girl would wear such a sissy garment. He hesitated, what if he refused to dress in these things?

Suddenly he was naked! Brenda had snatched away his towel.

“Put on your panties, Miss Nicole.”

Embarrassed to be naked in front of her, he hurriedly put on the panties. Brenda helped him into the dress, buttoned up the back and tied its sash into a big bow. Nick thought he would die of humiliation when Brenda lifted his skirt to adjust the attached petticoat. Then he bent over to put on his girls’ socks and shoes. “If you don’t want to show off your panties, Miss Nicole, you best bend from the knees,” Brenda told him and he flushed crimson. “Let’s go downstairs.”



The skirt was full and swung about him with each step he took. His bare legs and arms felt strange and uncomfortable.

Mike was preparing breakfast. He glanced at him with a sneer in his eyes, and Nick turned away to look out the window, extremely conscious of the swish of his skirts around his shivering limbs. He grasped a handful of it and began twisting it, almost unconsciously. A moment later Miss Baldwin entered the room. Nick looked over at her, giving her a rather sickly smile. She beamed at him.

“Your dress is very becoming, Nicole,” she said as she kissed him on the forehead, “but do stop twisting it. You don’t want it to wrinkle.”

Nick let go of his dress and wondered where to put his hands. The absence of pockets was a problem. Miss Baldwin put an arm around his shoulder and escorted him to the table.

He sat, conscious that Mike was watching.

“Be sure to press your skirts out from under you, dear, while you sit.”

Nick blushed and adjusted his skirts, avoiding his brother’s eyes.



“Michael, you may serve breakfast now.”

“Yes, Miss Baldwin,” said Mike. Fetching the orange juice, he set glasses in front of Miss Baldwin and Nick.

“Michael, I don’t believe you’ve said good morning to Miss Nicole.”

Mike smiled and said, “Good morning, Miss Nicole.”

Nick looked down at his glass, but Miss Baldwin, her tone now sweet as it always was to him, said, “Nicole, dear, it is polite to respond when a servant greets you.”

He managed to say, “Good . . . good morning, Michael.”

After breakfast, Brenda outlined Mike’s tasks for the day. She concluded by saying, “And when you’ve done all that, I’ll show you how to rinse out Miss Nicole’s lingerie and that pretty dress she wore yesterday will have to be ironed.”

Mike nodded and said, “Yes, Brenda.”

Nick hadn’t thought about that. He flushed as he realized that, as the ‘maid’, Mike was going to see and handle everything he wore.

“Nicole, bring your watercolors to the garden,” Miss Baldwin said.

“Do I have too?”

“I love your paintings, Nicole. Don’t you want to make me more?”

“I don’t want to go outside like this.”

“Oh, is that all? Come along, dear, you’ll get used to it soon.”

Nick was happy to be away from Mike, but he was sure that he would never get used to being out in the yard in a dress.

With a sigh, he followed her out to the easel. This part of the yard was visible from the sidewalk.

“Can we turn the easel around, Miss Baldwin?” He hoped to at least have his back to the road.

“Call me Auntie, dear.”

“Can we?”

“Let’s leave it here so you can draw a picture of the pansies for me, Nicole.”

He sat looking nervously towards the low fence and road to his left.

“I’m very pleased with you, Nicole,” Miss Baldwin said. “Not every little boy would get into dresses as you have, dear. I’ll have to try to think of something nice to do for you.” Patting him on the cheek, she added, “I’ll join you again soon, dear, after I take care of a few errands.”

She left. The day was a breezy one. The wind was constantly blowing at Nick’s skirts. Every few minutes, a gust would blow them up and he pushed them down. He had seen girls in similar predicaments, never dreaming he would find himself having to do the same. Several times cars drove by or even worse on a few occasions people walked by on the sidewalk just

a short distance away from him. Whenever that happened, Nick averted his face and hoped that they would take him for a girl.



On Tuesday, Nick's dress was green and red flowered. No longer was he called Nick or even 'Nicky'. He was either Nicole or Miss Nicole. In private, Brenda seemed disapproving and openly contemptuous. She called him 'girl' or 'girlie' or 'a young missy like you' though she never did when Miss Baldwin was present. He was sure she was teasing him. He hated it and wanted to tell her to stop, however, he worried that she might hurt him. He thought about complaining to Auntie Eve, as he had now become used to calling her. But he was afraid that Auntie might say something to Brenda who would take her revenge.

Mike called him 'Miss Nicole' in front of the women. When they were alone, he called him a 'little girl' and a 'dress lover'. Nick was aware, to his embarrassment, that Mike was washing out his clothes, ironing his dresses and skirts and hanging them up, folding his lingerie and putting it in his drawers. Mike teased him about each item of clothing. Always dressed as a

girl and treated by the two women as though he were a girl (nicely by the one and contemptuously by the other) and constantly teased by his brother, Nick was not only completely embarrassed but thoroughly confused.

He wore a different dress every morning and afternoon. Once Brenda dressed him in a pink but fairly plain skirt with deep pockets. It was the first time since he had been put in dress that he had pockets. it made him feel just a bit more comfortable because he had a place for his hands.



Miss Baldwin no longer referred him as ‘a good brave boy who had helped his brother by agreeing to wear dresses’. She now referred to him exclusively as ‘Nicole’, and treated him as if he actually were her niece.

She talked with him about feminine subjects. She seemed to assume that he was growing

interested in his clothes. She not only gave him little useful tips about how to handle his skirts, but described the proper terms, jumper, a-line skirt, camisole, chemise, etc., and names of the fabrics he wore.

On Wednesday afternoon, she took him to her bedroom and said, “I know you’ll find this interesting, dear.” She took a dress out of her closet and described it to him. “You see, this is a bias cut, dear, notice the draping.”

He stood there nervously fingering at his own dress as she took him through her entire wardrobe.



He was particularly uncomfortable dealing with Mike. So, that afternoon, when he was in the garden picking flowers and saw Mike taking out the trash, he tried to avoid him. However, Mike walked up to him.

“You want to get out of here?” he said.

“Yes, of course.”

“Our clothes are in our house. We could sneak out tonight and —”

“Sneak out! We’ll be caught for sure.”

“Or, I go there tomorrow to clean. Usually they let me go alone. I’ll get some things and meet you here at three, Okay? We’ll get away from here for good.”



Nick nodded and continued to walk. There was nothing in the world he wanted more than to get out of these dreadful dresses. But he was certain they’d be caught. He had no idea what to

do. It occurred to him to tell Miss Baldwin. He really should try to stop Mike from getting in worse trouble than he already was. However, if Mike was caught, they would put him back in the harness and then there would be no reason for him to wear dresses.

On Thursday, Nick wore a sheer white blouse with ruffles at the wrist down the front. He was quite embarrassed by the slip showing through it. With it he wore an enormously full skirt, dark blue with pink flowers, under which Brenda had him wear three lace edged petticoats.

He was becoming used to wearing dresses and was aware that each one felt a little different from the others. Handling very full skirts and scads of petticoats was quite a different sensation from a tighter skirt, yet the tighter skirts restricted his movements in ways that the very full ones did not. He still absolutely hated having to wear dresses, but was learning more about how to handle them. He no longer had to be reminded to smooth his skirts under him when he sat. He was also responding to Miss Baldwin's, "Dear, girls don't sit with their legs apart that way, see how I do it?" by keeping his legs together and even arranging them at the feminine angle she preferred.

That morning, to his great embarrassment, she gave him a tour through her lingerie. She told him that she would expect him to be able to describe his own lingerie properly. He almost told her about Mike's plans. But if she stopped him from trying to run, she might not put him back in his harness. Better to let him try to run and fail.

CONTINUED IN VOLUME TWO

NICK AND MIKE, THE BEAUTIFIED BULLIES

VOLUME TWO

CHAPTER FIVE

Just as Mike had hoped, Miss Baldwin sent him home to do the weekly cleaning and to pick up any mail.

"At last," Mike thought, as he walked briskly down the street, his apron flopping around him under the concealing coat. "At last they'd made the mistake he'd been waiting for."

He was expected back in two hours. That would be his head start. As he'd promised Nick, he'd bring along clothes for him and they'd get to the highway and hitch a ride, or hide or something. He considered running just as he was. He could remove the panties, apron, shoes and socks, but with no money, he would have to borrow clothes from a friend and that would lead to embarrassing questions. It was better to get his own things.



Both eager to be free and for the adventure ahead, Mike took off the apron as soon as he entered his house. Keeping his panties on, he'd get rid of them in a minute, he ran upstairs to his room. Quickly he crossed to the closet and opened it. He knew his clothes were hanging in there, he'd seen them last Thursday when he was still in his harness. But they weren't there now. The closet was bare.



His stomach churning, Mike began pulling open bureau drawers. They too were empty. Utterly dispirited, he sat on the bed, staring down at his shameful panties. They had not made a mistake.

Fighting back tears of frustration and rage, he left the bedroom and with steps as slow going down as they had been swift coming up, he returned to the first floor. His glance took in his crumpled apron and the discarded coat. Maybe he could run away in it. Nick would have to take care of himself. As he was staring at it, the door opened and there, silhouetted in the entrance, was Brenda.

“Why aren’t you in your apron, sissy boy?” she asked.

He backed away from her: “I-I . . .”

She advanced on him, hands on her hips. He continued to back away. “Why aren’t you in your apron?” she repeated.

He started backing up the steps. She followed up them after him. At the top, he looked around, trying to think where to run. He lost sight of Brenda for a second. She griped his wrist fiercely, led him into his bedroom and saw the open closets and bureau drawers.

“You thought we dumb enough to leave your things here for you, sissy boy?”

“I-I don’t know,” he mumbled. “I just wanted . . .”

“Wanted to run away?”

He shook his head, but he knew she didn’t believe him, he wouldn’t have.

“When I tell Miss Baldwin about this it’s going to be bad for you boy.”

“She . . . she’ll put me back in the harness?”

“That’ll be the least she’ll do to you, sissy boy,” said Brenda with some satisfaction. “Miss Baldwin, she really knows how to shame a bad boy like you. I can see you now, boy, prancing into town in your bra, apron and chain with your sweet little panties sticking out the rear. Your friends will get some fun out of that, I’ll bet.”

“Oh, no! No!” All thought of flight gone, replaced by this bizarre image, Mike was quivering. “Please, Brenda, don’t tell her. I beg you. Oh, please, Brenda,” he continued to beg and to his own surprise found himself getting down on his knees. He pleaded, “I’ll do anything, only please don’t tell her. I don’t want to be chained again. I don’t want to be shown off in public.”

“That’s what’s going to happen to you, sissy boy, unless you want to take a whipping now, the worst whipping you ever had.”

“Oh, yes,” cried Mike gratefully. “Please, give me a whipping, Brenda, only don’t tell Miss Baldwin.”

“Uh huh.” Reaching down, she yanked him to his feet, dragging him after her to his mother’s bedroom.



She picked up a hairbrush from the dresser and proceeded over to the bed, the agonized youth in tow. “Get over my lap now, sissy boy,” she ordered.

The defeated Mike did as she told him, and Brenda pulled his panties down.

She started with a hand spanking on his bare rear, thirty spanks to each buttock, at the end of which he was heaving and squirming with pain but not yet crying.



The hairbrush, wooden side down, came next. The first blow made him let out a screech of agony. By time she had spanked him in that fashion a half-dozen times on each buttock, he was weeping and pleading with her to stop.

“If I stop now, boy, you go back in your chain? You want that?”

“No, no.”

“Then ask me to spank you some more?”

Oh, he couldn't do that. He waited. She waited. He sensed she was about to let him go which meant she would tell Miss Baldwin. “Please, please, spank me some more, Brenda. Please.”

“Okay.”

After another half-dozen blows, she turned the brush over, and now began to use the brush

side. The sharp bristles bit into his inflamed and painful skin causing him to shriek even more loudly than before.



Finally, she finished him off with a vigorous bristle spanking on the inside of his thighs. By the time she let him slide off her lap, he was crying uncontrollably.

“Go stand in the corner, sissy boy, until you stopped your bawling.”



Shuffling over to the corner, his panties around his ankles, he sobbed and sobbed into the wall wishing he had never taken off his apron. When he finally regained control of himself and looked around, Brenda was nowhere in sight. Pulling up his panties, still sniffing, he went downstairs and found her sitting there, his apron on her lap.

“Was that a good whipping sissy boy?” she asked him.

“Yes, Brenda.”

“You want another?”

“Oh, no, Brenda.”

“Are you going to be a good sissy boy?”

“Yes, Brenda.”

“Say it.”

“I’m going to be a good sissy boy.”

“You want your apron back?”

“Yes, Brenda.”

“Say it.”

“I want my apron back, please, Brenda.”

Once he had tied it around himself, she put him to work doing the cleaning.

When Mike returned, holding Brenda’s hand, Nick did not have to ask what had happened. Plucking nervously at his skirts, avoiding any further look at Mike, he fled to the living room. Would Mike be back in harness? Would this mean an end to his time in dresses?

That evening, when Nick came out of the bathroom ready for bed, he found Brenda in the hall scowling at him. He backed away his hands clutching at the sides of his nightgown.

“You know what your brother was doing at your house today, little girl?” she asked.

Quaking, he said, “Cleaning it?”

“Don’t give me that, girlie. He was looking for boy’s clothes to put on and run away. You were supposed to run away with him, weren’t you?”

He didn’t know what to say. He was afraid to lie. What if Mike had confessed? Brenda would be angry if she caught him in a lie. But if he told the truth, that Mike had wanted him to run away and he had not told, then what would happen to him?

“I . . . I . . . he . . . he said he . . . well, you know . . . like, you say.”

“Where were you suppose to meet him, girl?”

“Behind the house.”

“You go there?”

“Oh, no.”

“So why didn’t you tell Miss Baldwin or me what your brother was planning?”

“I-I don’t know.”

“M-m-m-m,” She paused. “You know what I did to your sissy brother?”

Nick shook his head. In his agitation, he gathered a handful of the skirt of his gown and twisted it.



“Well, I’ll tell you. I took that boy’s pretty panties down and then I put him across my knees and I gave him a good sound spanking. When I’d warmed him up,” she said, advancing toward him as he backed against the door of the bathroom, “I took your mother’s hairbrush and I spanked him with that. When his rear was good and red, I turned the bristle side on him and spanked him some more. Then I made him stand in the corner until he stopped his crying and you know what?”

“No, what?”

“Know why I gave it to him so hard?”

“No.”

“Because he asked me, that’s why. He got down on his hands and knees and begged me to give him the worst whipping he’d ever had. What you think of that, Miss Nicole?”

He could only stare at her, visualizing Mike in his panties, on his knees begging to be whipped.

“Why?”

“Because he was afraid I’d tell Miss Baldwin what he was going to do, and she’d punish him even worse.” She paused again. “Strikes me that brother of yours is a real fraidy cat, Miss Nicole. He always has been that way?”

“N-no, Brenda. I don’t know.”

“Well, you hop into bed now, missy, and get a good night’s sleep.”

He did not get a good night’s sleep. What would Auntie do to him? When he finally fell asleep he had horrible dreams. He was outside wearing a sissy outfit and surrounded by laughing friends.



Nick’s hopes were dashed when Mike was not put back in his harness and Brenda dressed him in another set of girl’s clothes. He had further reason to be uncomfortable after Miss

Baldwin told him at breakfast that she wanted a few words with him that evening.

After Mike went to bed, Miss Baldwin called Nick into the living room. She sat on the sofa but directed him to stand in front of her. “Nicole, didn’t you tell me that your brother was planning to run away.”

“I didn’t think I should be a snitch, Auntie Eve.”

“I’m sure that is a very admirable trait, Nicole, most of the time. But, my dear, you were forgetting that our aim is to bring your brother around and turn him into a sweet obedient child so that he will no longer be such a heartbreaking burden to your poor mother. What would she have thought if I had had to call and tell her that Michael had run away and couldn’t be found, or perhaps had been hit by a car and was dead?”

“I . . . I didn’t think about that, Miss Bal — Auntie Eve.”

“No, I suppose you didn’t. You can be a very silly girl at times, Nicole. What do you think I should do to teach you not to be so thoughtless in the future?”

Nick stood with head lowered.

“You really did hurt my feelings, Nicole. I thought you’d learned to love and trust your Auntie.”

“Mike tried to run away even with no boy’s clothes. Shouldn’t he wear his harness again? Then I could have my old clothes back.”

“He was punished. Would you like to have me ask Brenda to punish you as well?”

“Please no, not that. I-I’m sorry.”

“Well, now don’t cry, dear. I’m not going to turn you over to Brenda.”

“Oh, thank you, Auntie.”

“At least not this time. Still, I must give you some little punishment. Let me see what it will be. Yes, I know. Tomorrow, after breakfast you will sit yourself right down at that desk over there, my pet, and write the following sentence three hundred times: ‘I promise not to be a naughty little girl.’ Very well, Nicole, that is all. You may read your book now.”

Gratefully, he picked up the book she had given him, ‘Little Women’, sat next to her and began to read. Every once in a while, she hugged him.

CHAPTER SIX

The next morning, as instructed, wearing his coral dress with the large pink collar, a large bow tied at the rear and full petticoats, he began to write the sentences. The punishment seemed mild. However, it took him more than two hours, and the sentence became increasingly personal and humiliating to him.



When he finally finished and showed the product to Miss Baldwin, she praised him. “Now you will be a good little girl, Nicole, as you promised?”

“Yes, Miss — Auntie.”

“And you will be obedient and do everything your Auntie tells you without protesting?”

“Yes, Auntie.”



“Well, that’s good, dear, since I would hate to think it would ever be necessary to punish you harshly. Still, I do want you to learn to be a perfect little lady. Now then, that’s all forgiven, darling, and to show you I hold no hard feelings, this afternoon I have a treat for you.”

“What, Auntie?” he asked, fearful that it would be a ‘girlish’ treat.

“Now don’t be impatient, dear. You’ll find out after lunch.”

It was around two o’clock when Miss Baldwin called Nick into the living room from the yard where he was unhappily occupying himself with water coloring. Glad to be inside, he minced his way into the room his skirts and petticoats swinging around him. Miss Baldwin was putting on a white straw hat.

“Oh, there you are, darling,” she said, gathering him to her to give him a kiss on the cheek. “My, don’t your petticoats rustle prettily? I just love your outfit, don’t you?” Not waiting for an answer, she went on. “As you know, darling, when your Auntie promises something, she always keeps her word. I said you shall have a treat and so you shall.”

“Thank you, Auntie Eve. What it is?”

“I know you are going to be thrilled. You and I are going into town to do a little shopping. Afterward, dear, we will have dinner together at a restaurant then Auntie is going to take you to a movie. Now aren't you excited?”

For a moment, he was speechless. His hands clutched at the sides of his dress and then drew away as he remembered that Miss Baldwin didn't like him to do that. “In . . . town? But . . . but, Auntie, I mean . . . like this?”

“But, of course, Nicole. I think that dress is fine. You'd rather wear another?”

“B-but, Auntie, p-people will s-see me. They'll know I'm a boy.”



“You certainly do not look like a boy to me,” Miss Baldwin said with a smile.

“Oh, but my . . . my hair . . . m-my face. I do look like a boy. Oh, Auntie Eve, please don’t make me. I’ll die if anyone sees me like this.”

“Nonsense, Nicole. You are such a timid little girl. I’m sure that once you get out you’ll enjoy every minute of it. We are going, you know.” Then, as if the thought had just occurred to her, “But perhaps you think that you don’t look pretty enough?”

“P-pretty?” That was the least of his worries. He didn’t want to look pretty.

As he was miserably considering this thought, Miss Baldwin continued. “I don’t think a girl your age should be allowed much makeup dear, but perhaps for an outing, I guess, if you really want, I could let you use a little.”

“I don’t want to wear any makeup.” Mike would just kill him.

“Very well, dear. Are you ready?”

Suddenly he realized what he’d just rejected. Perhaps, just perhaps, with makeup, people might think he was a real girl. At least there was a chance. As he was right now, everyone would recognize him. After that, his life would never again be worth living.



“Oh, Auntie, I changed my mind. I think . . . I think I’d like to wear makeup.”

“No, dear, you had your chance.”

“Please! Please, Auntie. If I have to go to town, please let me wear makeup.”

“Oh, very well.”

“Oh, thank you, Auntie!”

“Come along,” she said. Taking Nick by the hand, she led him to her room where she directed him to her dressing table. He sat, carefully smoothing his skirts under himself. He looked nervously at the tubes and bottles laid out before him. Miss Baldwin picked up her brush and set to work on his hair, eliminating his part and brushing bangs down over his forehead.



“With your complexion, Nicole, you hardly need rouge, but perhaps just a touch of eye makeup will bring out the pretty blue color of your eyes.”

With her words, she worked the faintest blue color into his eyelids, and then with a wand just a touch of mascara to his lashes.



Selecting a golden tube, with her free hand, she tilted his chin up to her and a moment later, for the first time in his life, he knew what it was like to wear lipstick.



He gazed hopefully at himself in the mirror. He did look different, more feminine; the very realization upset his stomach.

She nodded in satisfaction. “There, dear, you look quite pretty.”

“Do I . . . really?”

“Goodness, you wear your first makeup and already you are as vain as you can be. Shame on

you, Nicole.”

From the top drawer she produced a purse into which she dropped the lipstick, a little lace hankie and some change.

“Here dear,” she said, and handed it to him.

“I . . . I have to carry a purse?”



“All girls carry purses, Nicole, you know that. What would people think if they saw a girl without one?”

He took the purse and followed her downstairs. As they were leaving, Mike saw him and gasped.

“Nicole and I are going to spend the day in town, Michael. Doesn’t she look lovely?”

Nick just hoped that they wouldn’t see anyone who knew him, and, if they did, that they wouldn’t recognize him.

As soon as they got out of the car goose bumps rose on his arms. His legs felt bare and exposed. He knew everyone must be staring at him, and they must all know his secret. Every nerve was on edge as he tried to blend in. No one said anything or apparently noticed him. Maybe he’d be able to carry it off.



But why was Miss Baldwin doing this to him? He'd been good and done everything she asked. She had no right. His anger rose at the injustice. He was no sissy; he was a real boy. The guys in school knew it. The girls knew it too. He had even been out on a date with one.

He had never hated anyone as much as he hated Miss Baldwin at that moment.

“I thought I might buy you a pretty new dress. You would like that wouldn’t you, dear?” Miss Baldwin asked.

“I don’t need another dress!”

A passerby stopped short and she looked at him. She turned to the man with her and pointed. Nick stiffened in panic. He wanted run and might have done so if Miss Baldwin wasn’t holding him so firmly.

“Calm down, Nicole, your Auntie knows best.”

They entered the dress shop and headed toward the junior section. The same clerk approached who had watched with amusement when Miss Baldwin held the very dress he was wearing up to him.

“Yes, Ma’am?” she said. “May I help you?”

“You may. I am looking for a dress for my niece. We bought the one she’s wearing here and she just loves it, don’t you, Nicole?”

“Yes, Auntie,” he managed to nod and whisper.

With each passing second, he felt the gaze of the clerk intensifying. When he looked up, she was shaking her head.

“Your niece,” she said, “looks a lot like the boy you brought in when you were shopping for her.”

“Does she?” asked Miss Baldwin, “I rather imagine she does, now that you mention it. Nicole, do you think you look more like a niece or a nephew?”

“I don’t know, Auntie,” he said.

The clerk grinned.

“As you could tell, Miss, he is a boy,” Miss Baldwin said, “although quite a girlish one, aren’t you, Nicole?”

Nick couldn’t speak. He dropped his eyes, unable to meet the laughing ones of the clerk.



“Therefore, I thought it might be suitable to buy him something a bit on the boyish side. I believe you advertised sailor outfits?”

“Yes we did, and I believe this young . . . person would look quite darling in one. This way, please.”

Miss Baldwin took his hand. Following the clerk past row after row of dresses, they came upon a group of girls. Lucky for Nick, they were too wrapped in their own shopping to notice him.

The clerk selected a two-piece outfit. It consisted of a white top with a large collar and bow in navy-blue and a pair of white pants.

“At last!” Nick thought. It was a sissy outfit but at least it had pants. That would mean he couldn’t wear a slip or petticoats.

“You don’t think that a boy like my Niece here should be wearing pants, do you?” Miss Baldwin asked.

“No, of course not,” the clerk smiled.

Nick felt that smile cut him like a knife.

The clerk selected a pleated white skirt. Nick looked at the outfit with despair, so much so that he did not even complain when Miss Baldwin took him to a mirror and held the outfit up to him.

“Oh, Nicole,” she said, “that will look perfectly adorable on you. Don’t you just love it?”

He stared unhappily at his image in the mirror. Would there be no end to the humiliation?

“It is lovely, isn’t it Nicole.”

Her tone demanded a response.

“I don’t want another dress,” he whispered so very quietly.

“I didn’t hear you, dear, speak up.”

His anger and frustration overcame him again and he said angrily, “I said I don’t want another damn dress!”

At that, the girls did look at him.

“That’s a boy,” one of the girls blurted out.

Terrified, Nick turned to Miss Baldwin and said, “Auntie, let’s go.”

“Control yourself, dear. Girls, it is none of your affair that my little darling likes to wear pretty dresses just as real girls do.”

“It really is a boy.”

“Who is he?”

“I don’t know. What’s your name?” one asked him.

“Tell the girls, dear,” Miss Baldwin said.

“Nicole,” he whispered.

“How darling,” a girl said.

“Is he wearing everything?” another asked.

“My darling insists on it,” Miss Baldwin said.

Somehow, perversely, his penis chose this time to twitch. Covered only with his panties and barely concealed by his short skirt, Nick was terrified that the girls would be able to see it.

“Please, can we go Auntie,” he begged.

“Nonsense, Nicole, you must try on your new outfit. After all, it might not fit. Come along, let’s go into the dressing room.”

He could hear the girls outside talking about him and laughing as Miss Baldwin helped him off with his dress. He felt horribly vulnerable in his panties and quickly put on the sailor suit. The blouse had a blue band that ended in ribbons that flowed down his chest. The short sleeves had a matching blue band. The skirt barely reached to mid thigh. Miss Baldwin made a few adjustments.



“That’s lovely, Nicole, why don’t we go show the clerk.”

“Please, no, the girls —”

“I am certain the girls will not hurt you, Nicole. Now come with me.”

Nick felt chilled to his core as he reluctantly allowed Miss Baldwin to lead him back into the store where the girls were waiting.

“Oh, he’s cute,” one said causing him to blush deeply and avert his eyes.

“Where do you go to school, ‘Nicole’?” another asked.



Nick was terrified that they might find out. If the kids at his school heard about this, his life would be ruined. He was almost in tears when he was finally allowed to return to the dressing room. He removed the sailor dress and turned to Miss Baldwin for her help with his own dress, when the curtain opened.

“He is wearing panties!”

One of the girls had come to spy on him. He stooped down and made his body into the smallest ball he could.

“Go away!” Nick cried.

Still the girl held the curtain open.

“Auntie, please make her go.”

“Miss, you can see that you have upset my little Nicole.”

“I’ve upset the poor sissy. I’m so sorry,” she giggled and closed the curtain.

By the time that Nick, staring fiercely straight ahead and clutching a transparent bag containing his new sailor dress, was able to leave the store, the girls had made everyone aware of exactly what he was.

This agonizing tour continued, with Miss Baldwin dragging him into a shop where she wanted to buy a dress for herself. Here, Nick was the recipient of many a puzzled stare and some whisperings about his likely gender. Their stay was a lengthy one. Miss Baldwin couldn’t seem to make up her mind. Nick sat, his skirt and slip draped about him, wishing he were dead.



It was five o'clock when they returned to the car with their packages. "Now can we please go home?" Nick asked.

"No, dear, I promised you a treat and I always keep my promise," she said and began leading him up Main Street.

Coming toward them were Peggy Fallon and Dawn Thompson! Nick hadn't seen them since he and Mike took them to the movies. He almost ran in panic, but walked on trying to appear to be the girl he was dressed as. They glanced casually at him, and walked by. What a relief!

"It can't be," Peggy said.

Nick's body went rigid in terror.

Miss Baldwin turned to face them, turning Nick too by the grip she had on his hand. He tried to pull away from her, possibly to run, but her grip only tightened.

“It is!” exclaimed Peggy. “Nick what are you doing wearing a dress?”

“I-I . . . “

“I’m Miss Baldwin. I’m Nicole’s guardian while his mother is away for the summer.”

“Nicole!” Dawn exclaimed and giggled. Meanwhile, Peggy was introducing herself and Dawn to Miss Baldwin, unable, as she did, to take her eyes off Nick.



“Is he being punished, Miss Baldwin?” Peggy asked.

Nick was doing his best not to cry. He knew that they would tell everybody.

“Good heavens, no,” said Miss Baldwin. “He decided on his own to wear girl’s clothes, didn’t you, dear?”

“You like wearing dresses, Nick?” Peggy asked.

“I didn’t know you were such a sissy,” Dawn said.

“I’m not a sissy. I just . . . I . . . it’s . . .”

“Well, you could have fooled me,” said Dawn. “You’re even wearing lipstick and eye makeup.”

“Was that his idea too, Miss Baldwin?” asked Peggy.

“It certainly was. Why, just this afternoon he begged me to allow him to wear makeup, didn’t you, dear?”

“I-I . . .”

“Tell the truth, dear,” said Miss Baldwin.

“Well, ah, yes, I did, but . . .”

At that, the girl’s amusement became tinged with disgust.

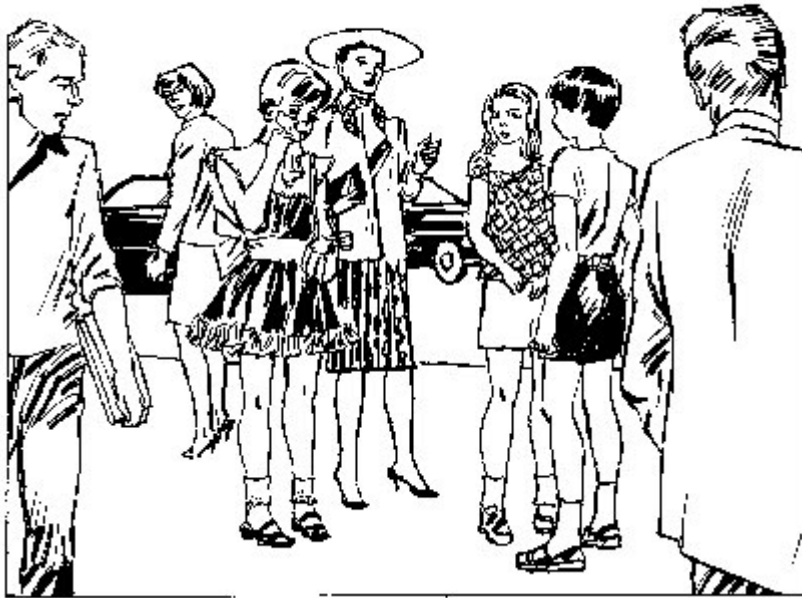
“What’s next, ‘Nicole’, a boyfriend?” Dawn asked.

Nick could not hold back his tears any longer. They began to stream down his face. He sobbed and sobbed, causing considerable attention from other people.



“Now, Nicole, stop your silly crying,” Miss Baldwin said. “Take out your hankie and wipe your eyes.” She pointed to his purse, and not even thinking that this was going to make him look more absurd, he opened it, removed the lace, edged hankie and began to daub at his

face. While he tried to recover his control, Miss Baldwin said, "Why don't you girls come and visit someday soon."



"We're off to camp today," Dawn said.

"But Mike, where's Mike?" Peggy asked.

"He is living with me, too," Miss Baldwin said.

"You don't mean he . . . oh, no, not Mike. Nick always was a bit wimpy, but Mike . . ."

"You mean, Nicole, don't you?" asked Dawn.

They both laughed and didn't follow up on the question about Mike.

As Miss Baldwin led him away, he moaned, "Oh, this is the end."

"I would hardly think so. Your friends will soon come to simply adore you, Nicole."

"God! My friends!" Nick thought. "Who would Peggy and Dawn tell?"

"At least don't call me Nicole."

"Very well, dear," Miss Baldwin said.

Miss Baldwin was leading him into a restaurant. A hostess barely glanced at them and led them to a table. Nick sat, being careful to handle his dress properly. If he didn't, Miss Baldwin would correct him, probably loudly enough for others to hear.

Soon the waitress arrived to take their order.

“I’ll have a glass of Chardonnay and my niece a Shirley Temple,” Miss Baldwin said.

While they waited, Miss Baldwin cheerfully chatted on about what lovely girls Peggy and Dawn seemed to be. “Quite suitable friends for you, dear,” she said. Nick mumbled some explanation about who they were and how long Mike and he had known them.

The waitress returned with her pad. “May I take your order now, ladies?”

Although it made Nick blush to be referred to as a ‘lady’, it was better than being revealed as a boy. In this restaurant’s dimness, he felt safe. Then, Miss Baldwin turned to him and asked, “Nicholas, what will you have?”

The waitress blinked, then turned to stare at him.

“I . . . I . . .” he stammered.

“She’s . . . a boy?” the waitress blurted out.

“Nicholas, tell her what you want for dinner.”

“I don’t want anything,” he moaned.



In the end, he had to order. It soon became excruciatingly obvious that the other waitresses were in on his secret, by their glances and by the way they somehow managed to pass his table to get a good look. The whispers spread through the restaurant. He couldn't eat, but he nervously took a drink of ice tea. When he put the glass down, he was shocked to see the ruby impression his lipstick had left on the glass.



When the seemingly endless meal was over, and they were making their way to the cashier, he was sure everyone in the place knew that he was a boy in a dress. The cashier removed any doubt when she said, “I hope you enjoyed your dinner, Miss Nicholas.”

He blushed and looked away from her.



“The food was quite nice,” Miss Baldwin said, “but Nicholas didn’t seem to have much appetite. Come along, dear.”

He heard the laughter as she led him outside where twilight gave him some protection.

“M-may we go home now, please?”



“Nonsense, dear, you haven’t even had your treat yet. There’s a lovely movie, that I’m sure you will enjoy and we are going to see it now.”

“B-but, Auntie . . . “

“Yes, Nicholas?”

He winced as a passing couple looked in puzzlement at him after Miss Baldwin called him by his name.



“Nothing, Auntie,” begging was only getting him more noticed.

They soon were at the theatre and Miss Baldwin had him wait near the box-office while she bought their tickets. Several girls stood nearby taking. A couple of them looked at him. “Isn’t that a darling dress,” he heard one girl say. “I do love that style.”

Nick glanced down at his skirts. A sudden wind was pushing them up, and he brushed them down and held them in place. He felt his organ swelling in his panties. Somehow the humiliation and apprehension was causing it to grow. It would not do to have his skirts blown up now. The tenting of his panties would be obvious. Grimly he held his dress down in front with both hands



Miss Baldwin returned and took his hand. He followed her past the ticket taker into the theater lobby where they joined several dozen other people waiting for the film to start. “Would you like some popcorn and a soda, Nicholas?”

He looked around nervously hoping no one had connected the boy’s name to him. Still hungry after eating so little dinner he said, “Sure.”

He ate and drank, barely able to concentrate on the movie. Its hero was Jeff, a boy his age, quite brave and masculine. Nick knew that he wouldn’t wear a dress.

Jeff’s neighbor and best friend was a cute girl named Betsy. Nick was shocked and ashamed to see that she was wearing a dress that was almost identical to the one that he had on. He grimaced as he saw the Betsy sit on the grass with Jeff, her petticoats spread all around her just as they spread around him.



As the movie went on, he started squirming in his seat. The ice tea with dinner and the coke here were really making him need to pee.

When the lights came on, he stood shifting his weight from one foot to another in agony.

“What’s the matter?” Miss Baldwin asked.

“I . . . I need to use the bathroom.”

“Can you wait until we get home, Nicholas?”

At that several of the movie patrons glanced at him and smiled. He dropped his eyes and said, “I have to go right now.”

“Pardon me, but isn’t that the same dress that Betsy was wearing?” a woman asked Nick.

“Nicholas insisted on wearing it,” Miss Baldwin told her.

“That’s an unusual name for a girl.”

“Nicholas is very unusual, as you can see.”

“He’s a boy, isn’t he?”

“Auntie, I have to go to the bathroom right now,” Nick was practically hopping from one foot to the other.

“Very well, dear. Come with me.”



In the lobby, Nick saw two doors, one for 'Men' and the other 'Women'.

What would happen to him if he went in the men's room dressed like this? Trying to keep from crying, trembling, he made his way toward the door, but a couple of boys gave him a curious look and he shrank back.



“I can’t go in there . . . they’ll . . . they’ll hit me.”

“Oh, very well, Nicholas,” said Miss Baldwin. “In that event I’ll have to take you into the ladies room.”

“I’m not allowed in there.”

Miss Baldwin took him by the elbow and led him to the ladies room. She opened the door and they entered. Two women and two teenage girls were at the mirrors primping. “Ladies,” said Miss Baldwin. They all turned to her, “I trust you will allow Nicholas to use a booth. He is frightened of what might happen if he tried to use the men’s room.”

“That’s a boy?”

“What’s he doing in a dress?”



“It’s funny,” said one of the teenagers bursting into such a paroxysm of giggles that the other ladies had to smile.

“That dress looks just like the one Betsy was wearing in the movie.”

“Nicholas is a real fan of hers,” Miss Baldwin said.

“Do you want to be like Betsy?” a girl asked him. Nick looked away from her.

“Since you are invading the ladies’ privacy, Nicholas, I think you should explain to them why you are so prettily dressed,” Miss Baldwin said.

“I-I’m wearing a . . . a dress,” he said, “be-because I . . . I . . . oh.” There was absolutely no way to explain it. “Please, Auntie.”

“Is it because you are being punished?” asked one of the women.

“No, no.”

“Then you like wearing dresses?”

By now, the utter shame of the moment and his overwhelming need to urinate had so unnerved him that to get it over with, he cried, “Yes, yes, I like wearing dresses.”



“And makeup too, I see,” observed another woman. “Do you encourage him in this?” she asked Miss Baldwin.

“I have to pee now!”

Nick managed to escape into a booth. He quickly lifted his dress, lowered his panties and peed.



“He loves wearing dresses and does so around the house all the time,” he heard Miss Baldwin saying. “There just seems no stopping him. He insists on wearing girl’s clothes, this is, however, his first public outing in dresses and I think he is finding it a trifle embarrassing.”

Nick heard the ladies and girls laughing.

“Ah, I see. You hope this will teach him a lesson.”

“I have been trying to teach him a lesson, yes,” Miss Baldwin agreed smoothly. “Are you finished, Nicholas?”

“Yes, Auntie,” he said in such a sad tone that he added to their amusement. Wishing he could stay in the safety of the booth forever, he nevertheless knew he had to go out. He lifted his panties and adjusted his petticoats and skirt. Then he took a deep breath, opened the door and rejoined the ladies.

His ‘Aunt’ studied him a moment. “Your lipstick needs freshening, dear,” she said.

“M-must I?”

“Indeed, you must. I don’t know about you, Nicholas. Didn't you simply insisted on wearing lipstick today?”

“Yes, Auntie,” he admitted, and allowed her to take him to the mirror. With trembling fingers he opened his purse, took out his lipstick. He took off the top. The lipstick was down down in its tube. He tried to push it up, and then he shook it. Finally he discovered that it moved if he twisted the base. Under the amused stares of the five females he lifted the scarlet shaft to his mouth and tried his best to trace a fresh line.

“I think he’s cute,” said one girl. “I think you’re adorable, Nicholas,” she added.

“Thank the young lady, Nicholas.”

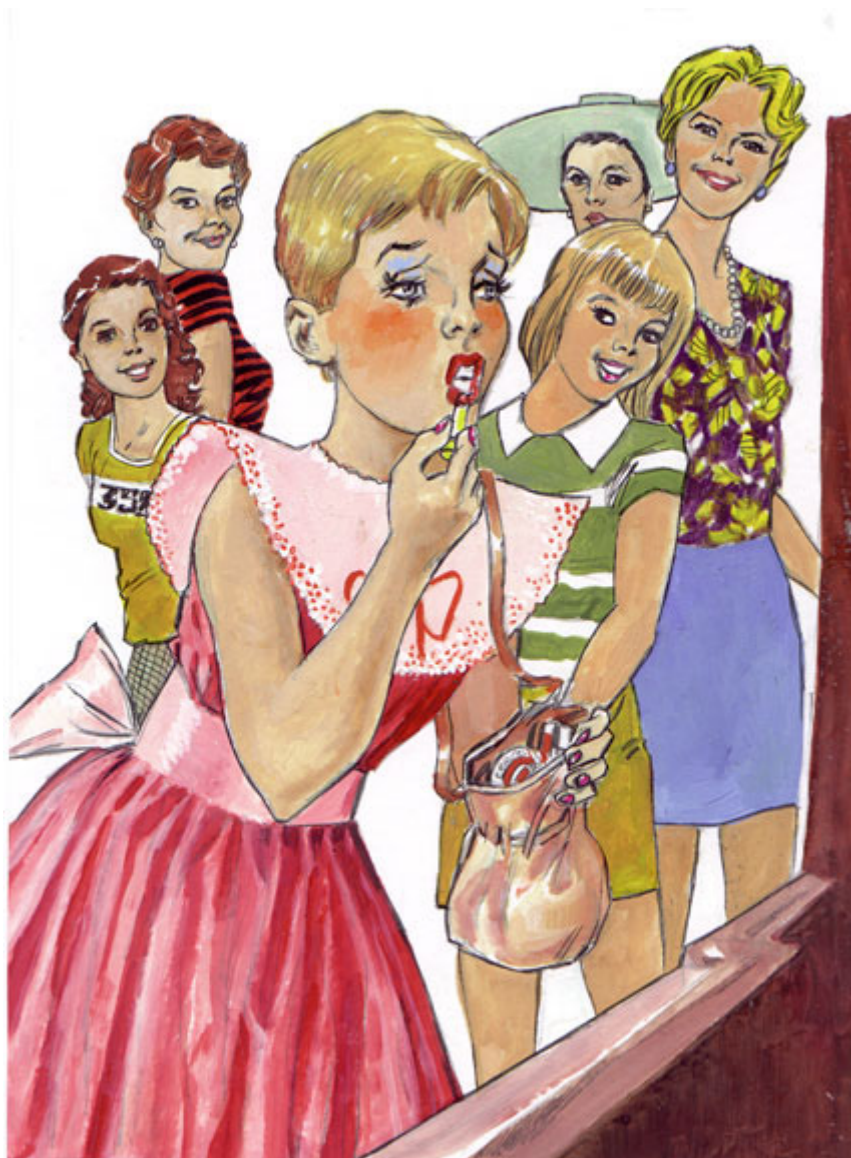
“T-thank you,” he managed to get the words out. He was having trouble making a neat line around his mouth. He went out a little farther with the color.

“Except,” she added, “I think that your name should be Pansy. That suits you better than Nicholas, don’t you think?”

“Y-yes,” he answered, ready to agree to anything by now, no matter how mortifying. He still couldn’t make a good line with the lipstick and drew it out still farther from his mouth.

“Just wait until I tell Tom.”

“The boys won’t believe this,” added her friend. “Let’s go find them.”



His lipstick was a mess; he just couldn't get it to look the way Miss Baldwin did it. He stopped before he made it even worse. Nick knew that no girl would have a mouth that looked like his. Anyone who saw it would stare at him and they would know, they would know for sure.

"Auntie, can you please help me?"

"My, Nicholas, you do need practice with your lipstick," Miss Baldwin said. "Well, I'm sure you did the best you could. Come along dear. Ladies, thank you for allowing my little Nicholas to invade your privacy."

"It was my pleasure," one said.

"I loved visiting with your darling 'niece'," the other lady said. "I only wish I had my camera so I could show my friends how lovely he looks."

Nick shivered at the thought and twisted at his dress with his hands until Miss Baldwin took

one of them and led him out into the theatre lobby.

Near the door to the ladies' room were the girls who had been in the bathroom. There were two boys standing with them. "There he is now," one of the girls said.

The boys looked at Nick with contemptuous smiles. He dropped his eyes and lowered his head wishing there were a hole he could crawl into.



There were many more amused stares and sarcastic comment as they left the theater and walked down the crowded street to the car.

On the way home, Nick began to cry.

"What is the matter, dear?" Miss Baldwin asked.

“E-everyone knew. And . . . and P-Peggy and . . . Dawn w-will t-tell e-everyone.”

“Since you love to wear dresses so much, you should be happy that your friends know. You did tell the ladies that you love wearing dresses, didn’t you Nicholas?”

“But --”

“Don’t worry, dear. Your Auntie Eve will take care of everything.”

It was late, and when they got home he went straight up to his bedroom.

Mike was still awake.

“What did you do to your mouth?”

Nick glared at him and set his purse down on the bedside table.



“Did you have a nice time downtown in your dress and makeup,” Mike asked.

“It was horrible.”

“Don’t you like for people to see how sweet and girlish you look?”

“Peggy and Dawn recognized me.”

“Peggy and Dawn know?” Mike asked in horror.

“It was so embarrassing.”

“Did you tell them about me?”

“She invited them here.”

“Oh, no!”

“Maybe they won’t come.” Nick certainly hoped they wouldn’t. The thought of those girls coming here and seeing him still in a dress was horrible.

“Are you sure you didn’t tell them about me?”

“I know they’ll tell everyone.”

“I’d kill you if you said anything about me.”

“I didn’t tell them.”

“That’s a good girl.”

“I’m not a damn girl!”

Nick was shaking in anger and humiliation as he changed into his nightgown. Mike watched it all, as usual, smiling and teasing him.

CHAPTER SEVEN

As Nick put on a skirt and blouse the next morning, he thought about every detail of horrible trip downtown. Why had Miss Baldwin been so cruel? Sullenly, he tried to avoid her. That evening, after a strained dinner, she finally asked, “Do you have something you wish to say, Nicholas?”

He looked down at his dress and said, “Miss Baldwin, why did you do that to me? By now everybody knows, knows I’m wearing dresses. I’ll never . . . they’ll always make fun of me. They’ll think I’m . . . I’m . . . a sissy.”

“Do you think you are?”

“No. I . . . I’m not,” he said in a kind of hapless mumble.

“Very well, dear, I should not be overly concerned about what your friends think of you. Come Fall, they may have forgotten about your little expedition in skirts.”

“They won’t. They’ll never forget it.”

“I am sure you will come up with some explanation. If you don’t or if you are not believed, you will have to live with the fact that people have decided you are a girlish boy.”

“Is this my punishment for what happened in school?”

“Is that what’s worrying you, dear? You’re afraid Auntie is punishing you? Of course not. It was your brother who was responsible for hurting those boys, isn’t that so?”

It wasn't, but he said, "Oh, yes, it was all Mike's idea."

"So why would I want to punish you, dear? No, you're a very good child. If yesterday had its embarrassing moments, I must say it was really your own fault."

"My . . . my fault?"

"Yes, I don't really understand why, when you're in your pretty dress, you insist on being called by a boy's name. Also, walk across the room for me."

Mystified, he did so. Wincing at the way his dress swung around him, and then returned to face Miss Baldwin.

"I really should have a film of that," she said. "I do recall trying to give you lessons in walking properly in dresses."

She had mentioned something about holding his arms in at the elbows and something about his knees, but he hadn't paid much attention since she hadn't made an issue of it.

"But what that has to do with it?"

"Come with me over to the mirror."

Puzzled, he walked with her.

"Now, dear," she said, "I certainly did my best yesterday to brush your hair attractively and make up your face, but as long as you insist on that big galumphing walk of yours, it will certainly give you away. Now, look at your arms. Look at your legs. What do you see?"

"Nothing."



“Hair,” she said, “not a great deal of hair, but hairy boy’s arms and hairy boy’s legs nonetheless. I must say if I were a boy wearing dresses and was taken by my Auntie into town, I would certainly want to look more like a girl than you decided you wanted to.”

“I-I didn’t, Auntie. I just didn’t think.”

“Especially a boy like you who enjoys wearing dresses and makeup, I believe that is what you said in the ladies room. I certainly hope you would not lie about that, Nicholas.”

“But, but that . . . that I said it . . . I wore the makeup because . . .,” he finished with a sigh, giving up on arguing with her.

“Therefore, dear, it is entirely up to you.”

“Up to me?”

“Yes, Nicholas. It’s up to you to decide whether you enjoy being recognized as a boy in a

dress or whether you would rather people think that you are a girl when we go out again.”

“Again,” he paused while he considered the horrible thought.

“Of course, dear. You don’t think I’d make you stay in the house all summer? No, indeed! I’ll be taking you out with me quite often. We don’t want you becoming bored, and it’s your decision, dear, whether you want to accompany me as a girlish boy named Nicholas or a darling girl named Nicole.”

“W-when?”

“Why, I should think next Saturday. I plan to go into town for the day and I’d love to have you accompany me.”

“Oh,” he clutched at his dress and twisted it nervously.

“Now, sweetheart, if you want me to give you some lessons, you need only ask.”

“Lessons?”

“Yes, on feminine carriage, voice, and cosmetics.” She smiled. “Why, don’t you think about it, dear? Let me know tomorrow. Goodnight now, come give your Auntie a kiss, she really does love you, you know.”

Mike was asleep. Nick was grateful for the unusual opportunity to change into his nightie without being teased.

The following morning, wearing the pink dress he had on that first day, Nick approached Miss Baldwin.

“Auntie Eve, I’d . . . I guess I’d like those lessons.”

“What lessons, dear?”

“The ones you said last night. You know, about how to walk and, and things like that.”

“Oh, those lessons. You mean, Nicholas, that you would like to learn how to walk like a girl, talk like a girl, and look like a girl?”

Nick wanted nothing less, but had no choice if he didn’t want to be ridiculed.

Flushing, he mumbled, “Yes, Auntie Eve.”

“Then suppose you ask me properly.”

“I . . . I’d like to, ah, learn to, ah, walk like a girl, talk like a girl . . . and . . . and,” he sobbed, “look like a girl, please.”

Miss Baldwin hugged him as he cried, “That is all right, dear, your Auntie loves you. Very

well, since that is what you would like, we will start today.”

Beginning that afternoon, and continuing over the next four days, he received an intense course in femininity. For hour after hour, he paraded in front of her, learned to stop, to stand, to hold his hands properly and to walk with elbows and knees in. At first, the results were awkward, but as the days went on, he learned. Meanwhile, she helped him remove all excess hair, even under his arm. He had no beard so that was no problem. She taught him how to do his hair and how to apply rouge, lipstick, mascara and eye shadow. Though he found it painful, he allowed her to pluck his eyebrows into an arch. After that, his face took on, even without makeup, a much more girlish look. She taught him how to polish his toe and finger nails and inspected them daily. Whenever she found a chip or a flaw she would make him redo all of them.



Mike watched his transformation silently during the days, but in their room at night, he asked, "What in the world are you doing?"

"Saturday was awful," Nick said. "Everyone knew I was a boy. I can't go through that again, don't you see?"

"Yeah, I can see you want to be a girl."

"I did this for you."

"I'd never wear a dress for anyone."

Anticipating his next outing, Nick worked fiercely at becoming as feminine as possible even though Mike teased him, and he found it terribly embarrassing. To be recognized as a boy when they went out would be even worse. It was far better to act as 'Nicole' than to feel the utter humiliation that would come should his true gender be revealed.

He always wore lipstick, tried to walk in girlish strides, and even tried to comb his hair into a girlish style. He was frustrated because it was just too short.

Miss Baldwin was full of praise for his efforts. "Darling, you look just lovely," she would say.

"That dress looks good on you, Miss, now that you're learning to walk properly," said Brenda.

Every time he succeeded with his makeup, every time he succeeded in using his best girlish swaying walk, he would be praised. Never a frown anymore from Miss Baldwin, no sarcasm from Brenda, approval was everywhere.

Despite his best efforts, when the long dreaded Saturday morning arrived and it was time for him to get ready for the trip into town, he was almost as nervous as he had been the previous Saturday. He was sure he would make some mistake and be found out.

However, there was one moment, a moment of complete privacy. He had just finished his bath, and in his nylon slip had just finished applying makeup (Oh so carefully) and brushing his hair. Miss Baldwin had told him to wear his new outfit, the one they had bought the previous Saturday. His back to the mirror, he turned to his bed, picked up the blousy sailor top, and drew it over his head. With some difficulty, he managed to knot the blue satin tie. He stepped into the pleated linen skirt, drew it up, and reached behind to do its zipper. Then, without really intending to, he turned around and caught sight of himself in the mirror. His lips formed a silent 'O'.



“I look pretty,” he thought in wonderment. Almost dazed, acting automatically now, he picked up the white patent leather purse with the little strap and placed it over his arm, left the room and went downstairs to where Miss Baldwin was waiting.

“You look very lovely in that outfit, Nicholas,” she said.

“Thank you,” he murmured.

“There are just a few small things.”

“What, Auntie?”

“Come with me, dear, I have a present for you.”

She led me to her room. There was a blond wig on her bureau. “Good, I could use some help with my hair,” he thought.

“Most girls your age are beginning to develop.”

“What do you mean?”

“Their bosoms, dear.”

“Oh, Auntie.”

“You have worked so hard to be convincing as a girl, I would hate to have you exposed.”

“But . . . ”

“Take off your top, dear.”

Nervously he removed his blouse. She opened a package on her bed, “I hope this fits you, we will have to buy you some more today.” She removed the garment and helped him into it.

“There is just a little bit of padding to make it look more natural,” she said as she adjusted his shoulder straps. “See, it fits you just fine.”

Nick looked down at the twin mounds on his chest in a combination of horror and fascination. He had never seen a bra on a girl and now he was wearing one. It was a lovely garment, decorated with lace and with a little bow where the cups came together. “It doesn’t belong on my chest,” Nick thought.



“That’s darling, Nicholas. Now put your blouse on.”

Fortunately, the blouse was full and opaque and the bra pads small. His new breasts hardly showed at all. But he knew they were there. How could he hide them from Mike? What would his brother say when he saw them?

“The second thing is your hair. I know you have tried hard, but you would look much more convincing with longer hair.” She placed the wig he had seen on his head and brushed it into shape.

“Auntie Eve, may I . . . may I ask a favor?”

“You certainly may, precious.”

“It’s . . . it’s my name.”

“Your name? What about your name, Nicholas?”

“It’s just that. I was wrong, Auntie Eve, in wanting to be called that. I . . . if you would, I’d rather ah . . . Nicole.”

To be called ‘Nicholas’ while dressed and looking as he was would give him away.

“Of course, Nicole,” she said.

Although it was awfully embarrassing and humiliating to be out in girl’s clothes, the day was better than the previous Saturday.

Nick was not quite sure what made it better. It might have been when they were shopping for more bras. He was horribly embarrassed when the clerk wrapped a measuring tape around his padded chest, but when she said, “I think I have something that would look lovely on you, Miss.”



Nick knew she thought he was a real girl. That could have been it. Or, it might have been the moment when they were entering the restaurant for lunch, and a man opened the door for him. Perhaps the moment the waiter held his chair.



That may have been it, but it was probably later, in mid-afternoon. Until then, he had been too tense, too afraid of being discovered. His mind was giving him all kinds of contradictory orders; “You must act like a girl. You must be a boy.” When they were simply walking in the sunlit breezy day in the park along the river and Nick slowly, girlishly, walked out to the river’s edge. He simply stood there staring into the water, the wind gently blowing his skirt around him. Reflexively, with one hand, he brushed it down and was intensely aware of the fact that, in his other hand he was holding his little leather purse. He turned to look at Miss Baldwin. She was studying him. Timidly, he smiled at her. That was a moment of enjoyment.



He returned home still in a comfortable fog.

“Nicole?” Mike was startled.

Nick was immediately alert and self-conscious about his swollen chest.

Nick dreaded undressing in front of Mike that night. He didn’t say anything until Nick had removed his wig and blouse.

“What are you doing?”

“You wore a bra,” Nick said.

“It was to tie the chain to, and it didn’t have pads like those.”

“Miss Baldwin said . . .”

“You’re letting that old lady turn you into a real girl.”

“It’s just for a little while.”

“They would have to kill me before they could do that to me.”



CHAPTER EIGHT

The next morning, after Mike went to prepare breakfast, Nick got out of bed and selected an outfit. Miss Baldwin now let him do that for himself. He thought about the bra, but since they weren't going out, he decided to skip it. At least Mike wouldn't be able to accuse him of

trying to be girl.

Miss Baldwin was disappointed. "You looked so nice yesterday."

"I don't want to wear a bra at home."

"Plans change and people visit."

"Someone is coming to see us?"

"You seem self conscious about your bra. Most girls your age wear one."

"I'm a boy."

Her face hardened into a scowl. "We are going shopping. Come with me and I will dress you."

In his bedroom, she had him remove his dress and put on a bra. Then she found a summer dress with narrow shoulder straps and a low neckline.

"Put your wig on its stand."

"My wig?"

"You must get over your fear of being discovered as a boy in a bra. I'll teach you it's not so bad."

She took him to her bedroom where she brought out a pair of large falsies. Nick covered his chest with his hands as if that would keep her from putting those things in his bra.

"Lower your hands, Nicole, this is for your own good."

The falsies overflowed his bra and extended beyond the neckline of his dress making them totally obvious.

"This looks horrible."

"If you are good in the future, and put on your bra yourself each day, you won't have to go out like this again."

Without a wig and with obviously false breasts much too large for his age, everyone stared at him that day and most people laughed and called their friends to look at him. They loudly speculated as to which of the sexes he belonged until he wanted to die right there. It was a lesson he never forgot.



The days and then the weeks went on. Nick became used to his small breasts; however, Mike teased him terribly about them. Miss Baldwin took him out on three to four trips a week. Some of them were quite simple and practical, the drug store and the cleaners, both places he and Mike had been occasionally in the past. But why should he be recognized? Then he had just been another boy. Now, he was just another girl with his hair long, his lips and nails colored red, his body inside a pretty dress, in his hand a purse.

He was very uncomfortable whenever they went to the grocery store. He still felt so foolish when the clerks smiled at him. They knew him from the time Miss Baldwin had taken him there without a wig and wearing those horrible falsies.

One day, as they emerged from the market, Nick was suddenly intensely aware of his appearance, perhaps because of the new dress Auntie had bought him. It was a sundress, brightly colored, his bare shoulders interrupted only by spaghetti strings tied into bows resting on the top of his shoulder blades, his padded bra was creating what seemed to him to

be substantial mounds on his chest. His skirt was so very short and freely floating that it threatened to expose his panties and their contents at the slightest breeze. He licked his lips and felt the smooth texture of his lip-gloss and tasted its cherry flavor. Summer was ending and in a little more than a month he and Mike would be on their way to school, boys again. What would school be like after Peggy and Dawn told everyone about seeing him in a dress? He and Mike had most of the guys scared of them but that would change if they decided he was a sissy. He would have to think of something to explain why he had been in a dress. He just couldn't move or sit like a girl. There was so much to unlearn.



“What’s the matter, Nicole?” asked Miss Baldwin noticing his mood.

“I was thinking about school.”

“We have some time before Fall. We’ll talk about it later.”

That evening, Miss Baldwin called Nick into the living room for one of their ‘chats’. He was still in his sundress but, because the evening was chilly, he was wearing a white cashmere sweater over his shoulders, a loan from Miss Baldwin’s own collection. Sweeping his skirts under himself and then arranging them, touching the hem where it lay high above his knees, holding his legs tight together, and sitting upright with his chest thrust forward, he awaited her words.

“I have been talking to Brenda and she agrees that your brother’s attitude has markedly improved these last several weeks. I wonder what your thoughts are about that, Nicole.”

So wrapped up was he in his own feelings and his growing immersion in a girl’s life, that he had been paying little attention to Mike’s activities, except for the teasing, of course.

“I guess, Auntie.”

“Are you sure? Your opinion is crucial, Nicole. Has your brother been punished sufficiently, or shall he continue on his present course for the remainder of the summer?”

“I’m sure he wouldn’t be bad anymore. Are you thinking of letting him out of his apron?”

“Yes, I am, dear. I think that is what I may do, now that I know you approve.”

“I see. I’m sure he’ll be very happy. Does that mean he won’t be a servant anymore, too?”

“I would certainly expect him to continue to help out around the house. However, and this I have been meaning to bring up, Nicole, it could also be a fine opportunity for you to learn some of the little household tasks that all girls are expected to learn. Brenda would do the basic housekeeping, but you two children would be expected to do your share. Now, dear, if you would rather keep your brother as your servant than help around the house yourself, you have only to say the word. I’ll explain your decision to him.”

“Oh, no, Auntie. I’d love to learn more about housework, I really would it’ll — it’ll be nice. I mean . . .”

“To help?” Miss Baldwin said.

“Uh huh.”

Fidgeting with his skirts as he always did when nervous, Nick asked in a tight voice, “And, I mean, well, what . . . if he’s not wearing his apron, what will Mike be wearing?”

“Why, I thought I’d give him back his trousers, dear. After all, we can’t have him running around the house naked.”

“You mean we’re going to be just like regular boys for the rest of the summer, Auntie?”

“Regular boys? Oh, I see,” she laughed gaily. “No, don’t you worry your pretty little head about that, Nicole.”

“I don’t understand, Auntie.”

“Why, dear, I would think of depriving you of your dresses. I know how much you love them, and you know how much I enjoy taking my darling niece with me on our little trips. No, dear, I wouldn’t think of making you wear trousers just because your brother is.”

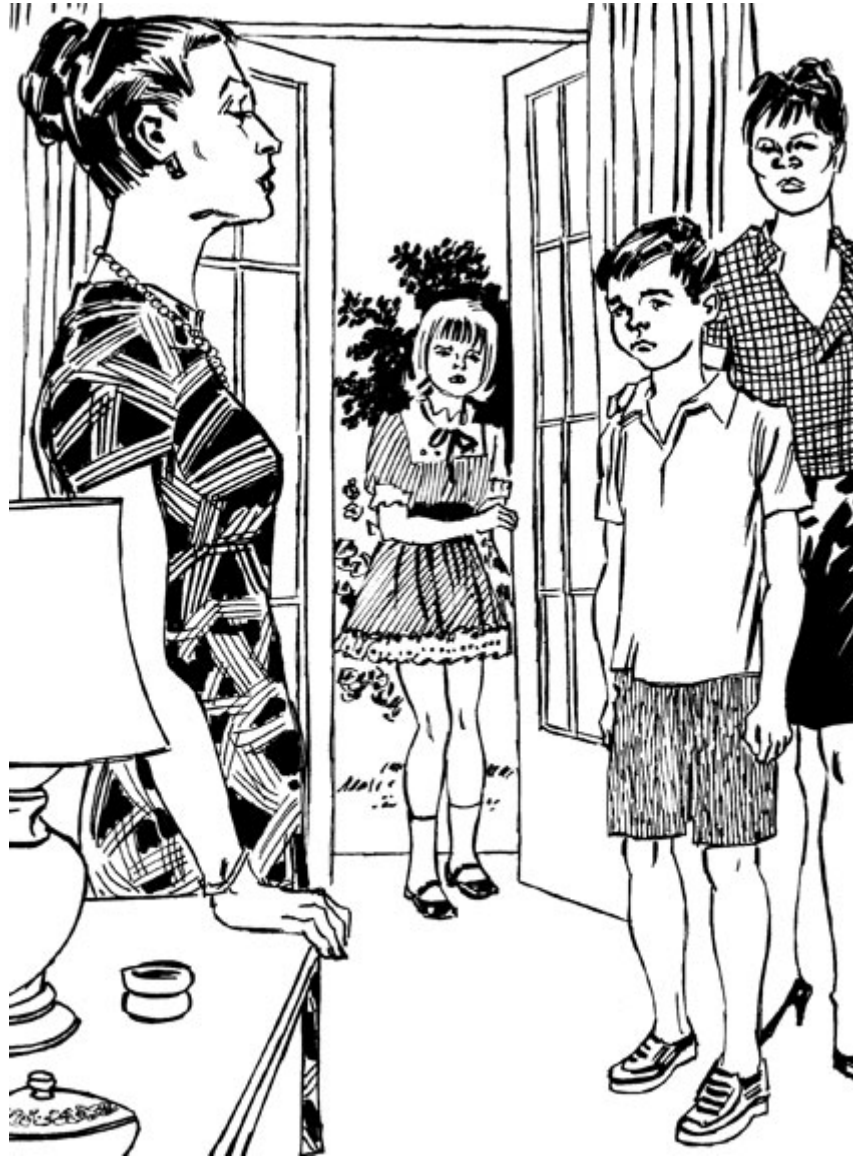
“You . . . you mean, Mike’s going to be wearing pants and I’m going to still be in dresses?”

“Yes, dear, and that’s a promise.”

“You can’t.”

“Don’t be silly, Nicole, after all your work learning to be a good little girl, I certainly am not going to force you to make any changes in your situation.”

The following day, Brenda brought Mike downstairs in a pair of shorts and an open neck shirt. Miss Baldwin nodded for him to come toward her. Nick was standing, by the French doors leading to the garden still wearing girl’s clothes and still wearing girl’s makeup. He had not felt so uncomfortable in them for weeks.



“Michael,” said Miss Baldwin. “You will be pleased to know that your punishment is at an end. As long as you behave yourself for the remainder of the summer, you will be able to live as a normal boy. Naturally I shall expect you to continue to help around the house. Is that clear?”

“Oh, yes, Miss Baldwin, it sure is, thank you, I’m . . . I guess I was bad and deserved what I got.”

“Well said, Michael. Your attitude certainly has improved, and all three of us are quite pleased with you. I hope I will have no cause to think I made a mistake.”

“You won’t.”

Miss Baldwin motioned Nick to come over and join them. Blushing, he did so. He was wearing his blue and white petticoat dress, the one he always seemed to have on for his worst days. It had a tight fitting top that emphasized the larger pads Miss Baldwin had insisted he

start wearing.

Smilingly, she went on, “You will, of course, take good care of your sister, won’t you?”

“My sister? But I . . . he . . . I-I mean, I thought . . . Nick . . . he . . . she . . .”

As Mike tried to stammer out his confused thoughts, Miss Baldwin rose, and with a loving pat to Nick’s cheek, swept out of the room.

“You . . . you’re going to keep wearing dresses?”

Nick turned away, the hem of his skirt brushing against Mike’s leg who jumped back a step as if bitten by it.

“She wants me to,” he mumbled.

“You mean she’s not making you?”

“I don’t know.” The last thing Nick wanted to do was cry in front of Mike, that would be so girlish, but he could feel the tears coming. “She . . . you know how she is, Mike. I sure don’t want to.”

“Yeah, you do,” he said, and walked out of the room.

Sadly, Nick stood alone. He desperately wanted to run up the stairs, tear off his dress and put on pants. He could hardly remember what wearing them felt like. He stared at the stairs, visualizing himself doing it . . . tearing (yes, tearing) off this dress. Then he visualized Miss Baldwin’s reaction, then Brenda’s.

Miss Baldwin re-entered the room.

“Did you have a nice little chat with your brother, Nicole?”

“Yes, Auntie,” he mumbled unable to look up at her. Any thoughts of rebellion fled from his mind.

“What is the matter, dear?”

“I-I just hope that he won’t be mean to me.”

“If he is, dear, he’ll be punished. I can assure you.”

That made him feel a little better.

However, when he went to bed and hung up his dress in the closet near Mike’s pants and shirts, he was devastated. Mike’s teasing was all the worse because he was now in regular pajamas. Nick wished he had the nerve to confront Miss Baldwin and make her give him his pants back.

As the next several days passed, relations between Mike and Nick got worse. When Mike called him 'Nicole', his voice dripped with sarcasm. Finally, Nick had had taken all of the abuse he could. It happened in the kitchen one evening as he, wearing a white ruffled apron, was washing the dishes, and Mike, was drying them.

"You put on that apron to protect your pretty dress eh Nicole?" Mike said.

"Oh, you're awful. I did it all for you. If I hadn't put on a dress you'd still be in that bra and chain, and . . . and it's only because I said you were a good boy now, that . . . that . . . you'd still be in that apron if I hadn't said so. Oh, I hate you!"

Nick's speech might have been more effective had it not been for the tears that were streaming down his face, and for the fact that he was saying it through his painted lips.

"Aw, come on, calm down, Nicole, it'll be over soon."

"I-I'm n-not a sissy. You finish the damn dishes yourself."

Taking off his apron, he threw it in Mike's face, and ran out of the kitchen, past Miss Baldwin (could she have been listening?) and upstairs to their room.



The following day, a Saturday, Mike was invited to join Miss Baldwin and Nick on a trip to the coast. She asked Nick to change into his sailor suit and Mike into a blue linen jacket and white trousers. They changed together. Nick was horribly uncomfortably to have Mike watching him. Sharing a room with him had become almost unbearable.



“Oh, you two do look so charming together,” said Miss Baldwin. “Just like a set of boy and girl twins. Now don’t twist your skirt, Nicole, you’ll wrinkle it.”

The trip was acutely embarrassing for Nick. Having to appear in public as a girl with his brother was bad enough, but Miss Baldwin had made it clear that she expected Mike, now that he was in the company of two ‘ladies’, to behave like a perfect little gentleman.

When they arrived and parked the car, Mike opened the door for Miss Baldwin. As he did, Nick started to get out and Miss Baldwin stopped him. “No, Nicole, your brother will open the door for you.”

Mike hurried around to the other side, opened Nick’s door and watched as he got out. The rest of the day was much the same. Mike held doors for both Auntie and Nick, but at the restaurant, it was Nick’s chair he held, and, to his mortification, it was Nick that Mike was required to offer his arm. In that fashion, his hand through Mike’s arm, they walked just ahead of Miss Baldwin. They received many favorable comments.



“Oh, what a delightful brother and sister.”

“Aren’t they sweet?”

“I certainly wish I could get my Tom to treat his sister so well.

Mike acted every bit the polite young man while Nick had to prance about in his dress and listen to comments about the ‘darling little girl’. He was only glad that this horrible summer would be ending soon.

CONTINUED IN VOLUME THREE

NICK AND MIKE, THE BEAUTIFIED BULLIES

VOLUME THREE

CHAPTER NINE

Around three o'clock one Sunday afternoon, someone rang the doorbell. Since Brenda was away for the day, Miss Baldwin sent Nick to answer it. By now, he was quite confident in his masquerade. No one even seemed to look at him suspiciously anymore, and he had no doubt that whoever was at the door would assume him to be a girl. When he opened it, however, all his confidence drained out to be replaced by sudden terror. There, before him, both wearing shorts and halter tops, were Dawn and Peggy. "Why, Nicole," cried Peggy gleefully, "don't you look pretty?"



Nick stepped backward, his burgundy skirt swinging against his legs, his arms automatically going up to his chest to try to hide the mounds so visible under his frilly nylon blouse.

“He does look pretty,” murmured Dawn, and reaching out, took him by the wrist and drew him forward. Hopelessly, he came out on the porch with the girls.

“My God! Breasts!” said Peggy.

“And he has a real girl’s hair-do,” Dawn said. “Goodness, Nick, you really are turning into a girl, aren’t you?”

“I’m a boy.”

That caused them to laugh uproariously, the noise bringing Mike from around back. He was dressed in shorts and T-shirt and wiping the sweat from his forehead as he came up to the girls and Nick.

“We’ve come to visit your pretty brother, Nick,” said Peggy.

“We got back from camp yesterday,” Dawn said. “All the time there we couldn’t stop talking about seeing Nick in a dress. We didn’t understand, but now we can see that he is really trying to be a girl.”

“How do you like having a sister for a brother?” Peggy asked.

“Oh, please stop making fun of me,” Nick begged, but made no effort to get away from Peggy who now had him by the wrist.

Mike, grinning, said, “Well . . . you know.”

“No we don’t know,” Peggy said. “How long have you been keeping it a secret that your brother likes to dress up?”

“Oh . . . that, well, for a while.”

Nick looked at him, realizing he wasn’t about to help.

Peggy laughed. “You know, we were wondering whether you dressed up too, Mike. Maybe it runs in the family.”

“Me? Nobody would ever get me in a dress. I’m no sissy.”

“Like Nick?” Peggy asked.

Nick glared at him for a moment. He thought about telling them the truth, that until just a few days ago, Mike had been a household drudge in an apron. However, seeing Mike as he was now, Nick doubted the girls would believe him. Besides, there was a threatening look in Mike’s eyes, directed at him.

“Do you wear dresses all the time, Nicole?” Dawn asked.

Nick just stared at the ground. Oh this was too awful. They’d tell everybody. What would he say to the guys at school? One time in a dress he might have explained, but another . . . and wearing a bra!

“Do you?”

“Yes,” he mumbled.

“Do you do your own makeup? It is really quite attractive.”

“Yes.”

“Are those breasts real?”



“No!”

“Too bad. May we come in?”

Nick stepped aside to let them in. He was about to go in too, when Mike grabbed him by the wrist.

“You say one word, Sis . . .”

Nick didn't know whether he meant 'sister' or 'sissy', but either was awful. Blushing, he whimpered, “I won't,” and they entered the house.

Miss Baldwin smiled at them fondly. “Michael, join us in the living room. Nicole, run out into the kitchen like a dear and bring us some ice tea. Be sure to put on your apron. I wouldn't want you to soil that lovely blouse.”

“Yes, Auntie,” sighing, he went to the kitchen, put on the ruffled apron and reentered the living room with their drinks.



“Why don’t you tell the girls what you have been doing all summer, dear,” Nick heard Miss Baldwin say.

“Yeah, Mike, we haven’t seen you in ages,” said Dawn.

“Oh, I’ve been keeping busy,” Mike said uneasily. “You know, chores, things like that. We go out sometimes, but we haven’t gotten to town much.”

“You would not believe, girls, how much help Mike’s been around the house,” said Miss Baldwin, dripping sweetness, and fondly patting Mike on the wrist

“Yeah, well, there’s a lot to do around here,” he said.

“I’ll bet ‘Nicole’ has been a help, too,” said Dawn.

“She is a darling,” Miss Baldwin agreed. “She’s simply blossomed this summer. You have

been happy, haven't you, dear?"

Nick knew, by now, that any attempt at explanations invariably added to his problems. He simply said, "Yes, Auntie, I have."

"What amazes me," Dawn said, "is how different they are, Miss Baldwin. I always thought Nick was a bit odd, but I had no idea just how much of a sissy he was. But, Mike, he's so—"

"Masculine," Nick spat out.

"Yes, isn't he?" Peggy grinned over at him. "I'll bet you haven't even been to the mall to see the new styles, have you, Mike?"

"Nah," Mike said, "That kind of thing is for girls."

"And sissies like your brother?"

Mike shrugged his shoulders magnanimously as if he did not want to be the one who said what Nick was.

"Well, Mike," Dawn said, "I think it's good of you not to make fun of your brother. He must embarrass you. I know if my brother put on a dress . . ."

Both girls laughed. Dawn's brother was about two years older than Mike, a football player.

"Nicole can't help being what he is," Mike said.

"Perhaps now that you girls have finished their tea, you'd like to see Nicole's wardrobe," Miss Baldwin said.

"No, that's okay, Auntie. I'm sure they —"

"Oh, we'd love to, Nicole," Peggy said. "We'd love to see your pretty dresses. I'll bet you have scrumptious lingerie, too."

He had to take them up to his room. The first thing Peggy noticed was the framed page of some of his sentences. "What's this?" she asked. "Who promises not to be a naughty little girl? Did you write that, Nicole?"



Nick tried to ignore her.

“I’m sure you aren’t a naughty little girl, Nicole,” Dawn said. “Now show us your clothes.”

Nick opened the closet and they oohed and aahed, partly in ridicule, but partly in genuine admiration for the things Miss Baldwin had bought him.



“What about the pants?”

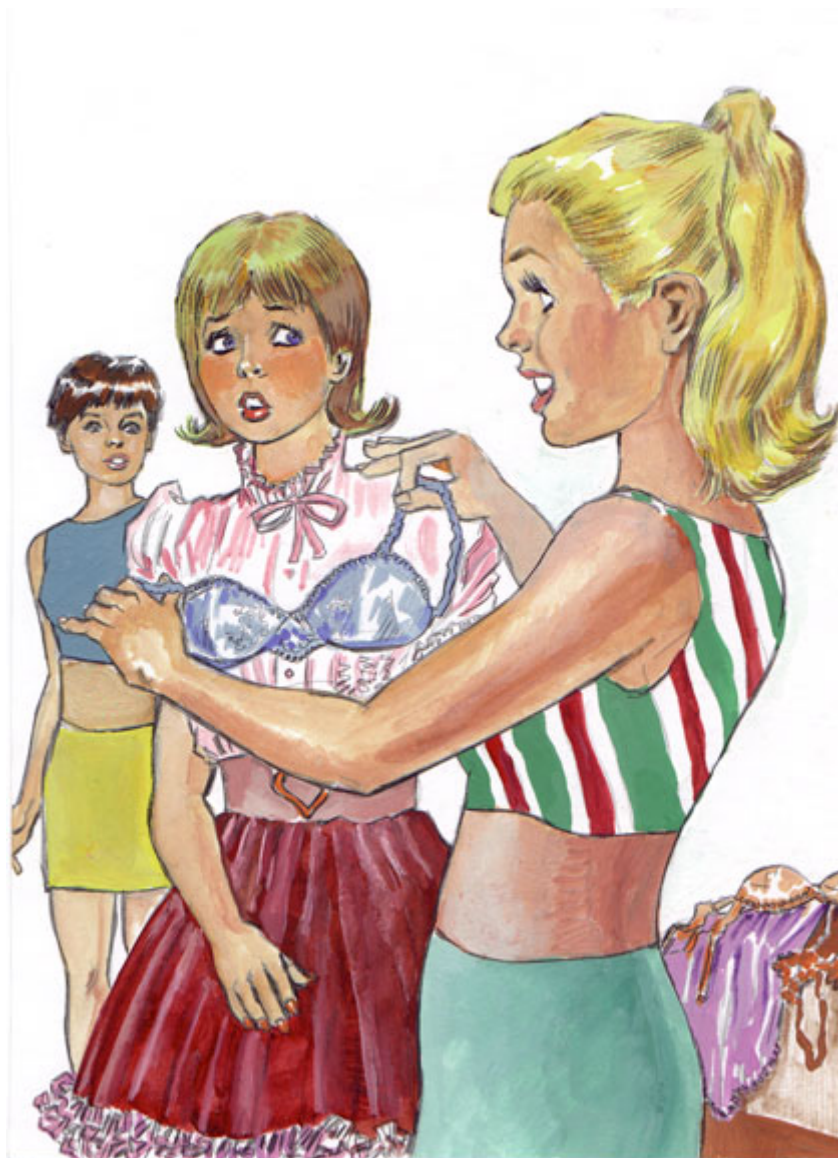
“They’re Mike’s”

They were not satisfied until he opened his bureau drawers and exhibited his frilly undies, too.

“You have more bras and panties than I do,” Peggy said. “It’s not fair.”



Dawn inspected a blue bra and said, "How sweet, it's a 32A. We could share our bras, except that I don't use padded ones anymore."



Mike arrived to say that Miss Baldwin wanted them to come back downstairs.

“Your brother is the strangest boy I’ve ever seen,” Dawn said. “He doesn’t have a single piece of boy’s clothes. He doesn’t even have girl’s pants, just dresses and skirts.”

“He is strange, isn’t he?”

“What about you,” Nick said. He was fed up and about to tell all about Mike’s summer.

Mike reached for Nick’s wig and pulled it off. “Did you know it was a wig?” he asked as the girls laughed.



Nick grabbed it back and put it on his head.

“It does take hair a long time to grow out, doesn’t it Nicole,” Dawn sympathized. “When it gets long enough I’ll help you style it.”

“I’ll be happy to help you with your makeup,” Peggy said. “You should know that your nail color is hopelessly out of fashion. Everyone has changed from ‘baby pink’ to ‘hot pink’, and you need more lip gloss.”

“Let’s go down,” Dawn said.

“Did you have a nice time girls?” Miss Baldwin asked.

“Oh yes,” Dawn said. “It was such fun looking at all of Nicole’s darling things.”

“You girls do like to look at each other’s clothes, don’t you?” Mike said. “I can’t imagine

anything more boring.”

“That’s because you are a boy, dear,” said Miss Baldwin, putting her arm around his shoulder.

“What is Nicole?” Peggy asked. “You can hardly say that she or he is a boy.”

“You are quite correct my dear,” Miss Baldwin said. “I have been wondering and thinking about that. I think the closest I have come is that he is not either a girl or a boy. He is inbetween, perhaps Nicole is a girl-boy.”

“It certainly fits him,” Dawn said. “I know everyone will want to hear about this.”

“You’re not telling, are you?” Nick was devastated.

“The first time I saw you in a dress,” Dawn said, “I thought it might be a game or a punishment. Now I know different. Of course I’ll tell everyone that you want to be a girl-boy.”

Nick knew his reputation was now beyond all hope. It was just not fair. All of this was for Mike and he was getting away free.

After the girls left, Mike said, “Hey, Nicole, I’m sorry for . . . well, you know.”

“Of course, we know, Michael,” Miss Baldwin said. “I’m sure Nicole understands. There was no point in telling those girls how you spent most of the summer. Don’t you see, Nicole, your brother didn’t mean to hurt your feelings?”

“Yes, Auntie,” Nick said doubtfully.

“Have you finished with the car, Michael?” asked Miss Baldwin.

“I still had some polishing to do.” As he left the house, he looked relieved and happy.

Nick looked at Miss Baldwin reproachfully. She simply smiled.

“I’m afraid Mike was a bad boy, wasn’t he, Nicole?”

“Yes, but you were the one who called me a girl-boy.”

She just smiled and said nothing more. Indeed, for the next several days there was no further reference to the girls except for Miss Baldwin’s casual remark that, “You two ought to really return the girls’ visit. It’s only good manners.”

CHAPTER TEN

As the days went on, Mike grew increasingly confident. One evening, when asked to help his 'sister' set the table, he said, "That's for girls."

To Nick's surprise, Miss Baldwin agreed, telling him, "Your brother is really quite correct, Nicole. Now that he is back in his trousers, and is again the he-man boy he knows himself to be, it is not seemly he occupy himself with such girlish tasks. You set the table, Nicole."



"But, Michael dear," she said with a sweet smile, "I shall certainly expect you to hold your sister's chair out for her. I have noticed recently that you do not hold doors open. That is not gentlemanly. I certainly hope I don't have to speak to you about that again, dear."

"You certainly won't, Miss Baldwin," said Mike.

That evening in a parody of good manners, he not only held Nick's chair at the beginning of the meal but when it was over, he rushed to tilt it back so that he could get up in a ladylike fashion. Nick was flush with both embarrassment and anger. Apparently, he had misunderstood Miss Baldwin's comment about Mike being naughty. It was now his destiny to flounce about the house in dresses, doing girls' work, while his triumphant older brother swaggered in and out, acting the man of the house.

On Thursday, to his further shame, Miss Baldwin told Nick that since Mike was a 'young man' again it was not suitable for him to do the dusting. Mike was told to mow the lawn. Both of them accompanied Brenda down the block to their own house, Nick was keenly aware of the swinging of his skirt as he walked next to his brother who was in his pants. Once there, Mike got the mower and began while Nick went in the house. There, Brenda gave him one of the aprons that had for so long been Mike's.

"Oh, Brenda, please don't make me wear that!"

"Nobody's making you wear anything, Miss, that I know of," said Brenda. "But I'm sure you don't want to get your pretty blouse and skirt all dirty, since we're going to have to wash windows today. They really are a sight. Now let me help you on with this."

Nick was afraid to refuse. It didn't make him feel one bit better when Brenda also put an apron on herself. He could already hear Mike in their room tonight talking about the two 'maids'. She took two flowered kerchiefs from the bag, one of which she knotted around her own hair, and the other she tied over Nick's wig. He felt so foolish and such a weakling that he knew he deserved the teasing he was going to get. She then put him to work with a dry mop and dusting cloth while she prepared the pails of water for the windows. When he finished the dusting, Brenda had done the insides of the windows in the living room and dining room. Opening the front door, she beckoned for him to follow her. Gazing down at his apron, he hung back momentarily.

"Come on, girl," Brenda said with just a tinge of exasperation. "Step lively now, and we'll get this chore done in no time, child."

Nick was sadly swabbing at the living room window when Mike reached the top of the lawn with his mower.



Mike stopped and grinned. “Hey, Nicole, I guess women’s work is never done.”

Nick stiffened, and pressing his lips together, continued to swipe at the glass.

“On you that apron looks good, Nicky,” he added. Nick could see Mike through the mirror the window made, and for a moment how terribly he wished to be standing alongside him, the normal boy he had been until so recently, in T-shirts and jeans.

“Hey, Nicole,” he added, “you know what? When you reach up like that, your slip shows.”

Without thinking, Nick reached behind to brush down his skirt to stop this display of his undies. He then blushed fiercely, realizing he had reacted as any girl would to such a comment. He felt so inferior to his brother that he wanted to cry.

“Michael,” Brenda said, “It’s not nice for a boy to tease his sister. Finish your mowing.”

“Okay, okay. Hey, by the way, I’m thirsty. How about someone getting me a glass of ice tea when I finish?”

“Yes, Mr. Michael, I’ll be glad to,” said Brenda.

A half, hour later, Mike came clumping into the house and plunked himself down on the sofa. “My ice tea ready?” He asked.

“Yes, sir,” Brenda called from the kitchen. “Coming right up.”

Nick, having finished drying the last window, came into the house. He glanced at and then away from his lounging brother as he carried the pail and rags to the kitchen.

“Miss Nicole,” Brenda said, “why don’t you take this into your brother. He sure has been working hard, and I know he’ll appreciate it. I’ll be in shortly.”

Nick returned to the living room carrying a glass of ice tea on a tray, a bowl of sugar and spoon next to it. He set the tray on the end table next to Mike. As he bent over, a curl escaped from the kerchief he still wore. He brushed it back as Mike shook his head in disgust.

“How about putting the sugar in, Nicole?” he said. “Two teaspoons, okay?”

Nick glared at him but said nothing. He sugared the tea, stirred it and handed it to him.



“Thanks, Sis,” Mike said.

Fighting back tears, Nick nodded and fled back to the kitchen where he had tea in silence with Brenda.

The next day, for the first time since the weekend he had not come home on time, Miss Baldwin gave Mike permission to go into town by himself. Off he went, in his pocket ten dollars and his only instruction, “Try to be back before eleven, dear.”

Meanwhile, Nick spent a quiet evening at home. Miss Baldwin was teaching him embroidery. Their lesson was interrupted at nine by a telephone call. After she returned from it, Miss Baldwin said, “Isn’t that nice, dear? Those sweet girlfriends of yours have invited you over tomorrow.”

“Please, Auntie Eve. I’d rather not.”

“I already accepted for you. Mike’s been invited too. Isn’t that nice?”

“He’ll make fun of me. He’s been awful lately.”

“Now, dear, brothers often tease their sisters, you know, and for that matter,” She smiled beamingly, “sisters have even been known to tease their brothers.”

It was past midnight when Mike came into their bedroom. Nick had waited up, too worried to sleep.

“Mike, Did you . . . did you see anybody you knew when you were in town?”

“I had a great time. I looked up some of my old friends. We went to Kleeg’s, had hamburgers, flirted with some girls and went to a movie.”

Hesitantly, knowing he shouldn’t want to know but having to know, Nick asked, “Did they . . . they . . . anybody ask about me?”

Mike shrugged his shoulders.

“What did they say?”

Another shrug, “They think you’re quite a sissy.”

“Did you tell them I’m not?”

“One of the girls, a friend of Peggy’s and Dawn’s, asked me how my darling little sister was.”

“What did you say?”

“I told them I’ve done my best to teach you to be a real boy, but I guess the fact is that once a sissy always a sissy.

“No!”

“I said it sure is embarrassing to have a brother who likes to dress up like a girl, but there’s nothing I can do about it.”

“You didn’t!”

“Yeah, and Peggy and Dawn came. They told everyone how ‘pretty’ you were getting to be, describing your dresses and underwear and told them that Miss Baldwin now considered you to be a girl-boy.”



“Didn’t you defend me?”

“I agreed that you were a girl-boy, not a sissy.”

“You bastard! Why didn’t you tell them the truth?”

“What truth? Look at yourself.”

“You could have told them I did it for you.”

“They’d believe that?” Mike’s voice rose. “After all, you told those girls that you like to wear dresses, didn’t you, and they told everybody else. It’s your own fault. What was I supposed to do? Tell them that my brother who wears dresses and makeup isn’t a sissy? What would they think of me if I said that?”

“I see,” Nick said bitterly.

“Did Miss Baldwin tell you that the girls called to set up a visit?”

“Yes.”

“I think she wants to know if Nicole can come over to her house tomorrow. I guess she’s looking forward to a hen session with you.”

“Don’t be so mean. I can’t help this.”

“You can’t help wanting to look like a girl?”

“You know what I mean, damn you!”



The following morning, Mike slept late, not arriving downstairs until after ten. Nick was in the kitchen.

“How about making me some breakfast, Sis?” he asked.

Nick swung around furiously, the manliness of his movement considerably dissipated by the way his skirts swung around him. “Make it yourself,” he said. “And don’t call me that.”

Hands on hips, Mike coolly said, “I spent a couple of months waiting on you while you were learning to be a pretty young lady, remember? And Miss Baldwin says that a boy’s sister should wait on him, and that’s what you are, aren’t you, Sis?”

“Bastard!”

“Shall I tell Miss Baldwin you said that?”

With a sigh, Nick got his apron, “Bacon and eggs?”

“Right.” Mike stayed in the doorway and watched him put the bacon on to fry. “Pour me some juice too, Sis.”

“Get it your . . . oh all right.” Nick took out the pitcher of orange juice, poured a glass, and handed it to Mike, who sipped it contentedly while Nick made his breakfast. When he saw it was about ready, he walked into the dining room and sat at the head of the table waiting to be served. A few moments later, Nick brought in his plate, and after pouring him some fresh juice, still in his apron, sweeping his skirts under himself, he sat to his left.

“I ought to tell them that you spent most of the summer, wearing an apron and girl’s panties and in a chain hooked to your bra.”

“Who’d believe you? They’d think you were just making it up because I made a little fun of you.”

Nick nodded sadly. He was sure Mike was right.

“After all,” Mike said, “everybody knows I’m not a sissy like you.”

“Now, now, Michael,” said Miss Baldwin as she entered the room. “You really must not call Nicole a sissy. Nicole is doing his best to learn to be a lovely young girl and not a sissy. A sissy is quite different from a girl, dear. Even from a girl-boy like Nicole.”

“Yeah, well, that’s what the kids think he is,” Mike said.

“Nicole, dear, might I have a cup of coffee?” Miss Baldwin asked, and he rose to get it.

“I’d like one too, Sis,” Mike said. “That’s short for sister, not sissy, Miss Baldwin.”

“That’s a good boy, Michael; you see you do know the difference.

Nick returned with their coffee.

“By the way, dears, Dawn invited you both over to her house for lunch today.”

“Do I have to go out with Nicole?”

“Yes, certainly, it is proper for a brother to escort his sister to social affairs when she does not have a young man of her own. Perhaps you can all go to the movies.”

Nick blushed on hearing that.

“I thought you might wear your white linen skirt and the v-neck blue blouse.”

“Yes, Auntie Eve,” he said.

“And I want you to wear a suit, Michael.”

“Oh, come on, Miss Baldwin” said Mike. “The girls will probably be in shorts. Why should I wear a suit?”

“Because I tell you to, dear,” Miss Baldwin’s voice became hard.

“Oh, okay,” Mike had heard that voice before.

“I was interested, dear,” said Miss Baldwin, “in what you said to the other children about Nicole last night. Do you remember what it was?”

“Oh, they were kind of making fun of him.”

“I know they were. Now correct me if I’m wrong, but did you tell them that Nicole has always been a sissy and you have tried to teach him how to be a real boy, and it was embarrassing to have a brother who dresses up like a girl?”

“How did you know that?”

“Peggy told me when she called.”

Nick glared at Mike angrily.

“She’s got a big mouth.”

“She does?” asked Miss Baldwin, her smile no less pleasant than it had been, her tone no less sweet. “Ever since you’ve been out of panties and back into pants, you certainly do seem to go out of your way to make fun of Nicole, don’t you, Michael?”

“You said it was okay to tease your sister, didn’t you, Miss Baldwin?”

“Yes, dear, but I wonder if it is nice to lie about her. Of course, maybe you weren’t lying. Maybe Nicole has always loved wearing girl’s clothes, and it was you who always tried to make her into a man. Is that so, dear?”

“Well, no, I-I just —”

“I wonder what Nicole would have said if circumstances were reversed, dear,” Miss Baldwin

went on in her dreamy reflective tone.

“What do you mean?” asked Mike.

“Why, I was just imagining. Suppose Nicole was Nick right now, and you, instead of being Mike, were Michele. Do you think Nick would lie about you the way you do about Nicole?”

“Michele!” shouted Mike. “I’m no Michele. Nobody can make me wear a dress. You know that, Miss Baldwin.” Then he looked at Nick and quivered.



“Make you wear a dress? Of course not. I wouldn’t make any boy wear a dress, unless he asked, as Nicole did.”

“Oh. Okay. I . . . I . . .” he lapsed into silence.

That seemed the end of it. Miss Baldwin asked him if he would do some weeding, and he fled outdoors, leaving Nick to clean up after him.

When Mike finished weeding and came back into the living room, Nick was bending over an embroidery frame, frowning at it as he tried to figure out the proper placement for the pink thread on his needle.

“Boy,” said Mike, shaking his head.

“Oh, Michael, dear, you look all sweaty,” said Miss Baldwin. “Run up and shower like a dear. It’s nearly time to get ready for your luncheon date.”

CHAPTER ELEVEN

A half, hour later, his terry cloth robe about him, Mike came out of the bathroom, whistling, without a care in the world. He was thankful no one had seen him when he was being punished. It was just lucky that the girls had gone to camp right after they saw Nick. Miss Baldwin had worried him there for a minute, but now he was confident again that he could wrap her around his finger. He was, therefore, more annoyed than worried when, upon entering his room, he found Miss Baldwin seated on the edge of his bed, and Brenda standing next to the door.

“Excuse me,” he said, “but I have to get dressed now, Miss Baldwin.”

“You certainly do, dear,” she said sweetly. “Have you decided which suit you are going to wear?”

Mike glanced at his closet without interest. There were only two to choose from. “I don’t know, that one I guess.”

Miss Baldwin shook her head slightly. “No dear, I’m afraid that one won’t be suitable.”

“Well, the other one then,” he said, a trace of annoyance in his voice.

“I’m afraid that one just won’t do either, Michael,” said Miss Baldwin. Brenda picked up a box that had been lying behind Mike’s bed. “I thought you might like a suit my brother used to wear.”

“Not another one of those boxes,” Mike thought and raised his arms in a defensive pose.



Miss Baldwin removed the lid and began to push aside the tissue.

“Oh, no. No, no, no!”

“Oh, yes, dear,” said Miss Baldwin sweetly. “I am sure you will look quite charming in it.”

“No, you can’t. I won’t let you. You wouldn’t dare!”

Mike, in his terror, whirled around and ran right into Brenda. Easily, she turned him around and marched him over to the bed.



“I do hope,” said Miss Baldwin, smiling up at him, “that you are not going to give us any difficulty about this, Michael. I cannot understand why you should since I am confident that Miss Dawn, her mother and Miss Peggy will find you absolutely enchanting once you are suitably decked out in my brother’s suit.”

Michael was struggling in Brenda’s grasp as best he could, breathlessly he screeched out, “You can’t make me. I’ll fight you. You can’t do this to me!”

“Oh, I think we can. Don’t you Brenda?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” said the housekeeper joyfully. Mike made one final mad effort to escape, only to find himself falling to the floor. As he did, Brenda grabbed his robe and yanked it off, leaving him on his hands and knees completely naked. Brenda reached down, calmly grabbed his hair and in that painful fashion pulled him to his feet. She pulled him with her to the chair by his desk, where she sat, pulled him down over her knees and wrapped her leg around his, locking him in place.

“I’m about to be spanked again,” thought Mike who had believed that humiliating experience was long since behind him.

Sure enough, Brenda’s hand came down quite firmly on his naked rump.



By the end of a dozen, he was in tears, by two dozen audibly sobbing, by three dozen pleading for mercy. At Miss Baldwin's nod, Brenda pushed him off her lap.

"Are you ready to get dressed for your luncheon date, Michael?" Miss Baldwin asked.

"Why? Why? I tried to be good, Miss Baldwin. Oh, please, don't do this to me."

"My dear child," said Miss Baldwin kindly, "I so much hoped this wouldn't be necessary. However, my pet, you have certainly been acting like an awfully beastly child. I am afraid it is necessary to punish you once again and this time make the punishment fit the crime."

"F-fit the crime?"

"I do recall you accusing Nicole of being a sissy, which is not true. Everything he did, he did for you, as you full well know, you ungrateful boy. Well, I think it is now necessary to see who the sissy really is. Brenda, I wonder if you would be kind enough to fetch Michael's

pantaloons for him.”

“I’ll be glad to, Ma’am,” she said.

The crushed boy tried, reflexively, to back away on all fours from the advancing woman. However, she easily lifted him to his feet. Guiding him by the elbow, she plunked him down on the bed next to Miss Baldwin who held down his arms none too gently. While Mike watched, dazed now with the pain of his spanking, and the horror that he was about to undergo, Brenda briefly knelt in front of him and drew pantaloons up his legs.



Then she stood him up as she drew them up about his waist and snapped them into position. They were made of sheer white nylon, the legs adorned with row after row of ruffles the last set of which puffed out from the bottom elastic. Again he was seated and Brenda put on his feet a pair of pink knee high socks with ribbon trim and pink high-heeled shoes. From the same bureau drawer, Brenda now produced a camisole, its straps ruffled to match those of his pantaloons. The still sobbing boy struggled ineffectively as the women dressed him in it.

“Shall we put on his blouse next, Ma’am?” Brenda asked.

“Yes, indeed, the darling sissy should wear a suitable blouse under his pretty suit. Don’t you agree, Michael?”

As Brenda produced the blouse from a box Miss Baldwin exclaimed, “Isn’t it lovely, Michael? My brother, Charles, who we used to call Sissy Sweetums, simply adored it. As you can see, although the unobservant might think it is a girl’s blouse, in fact it buttons just as a boy’s shirt does and is cut for the male form. After all, dear, I know you don’t want to wear a dress and so would hardly ask you to wear a girl’s blouse either.”

“Oh-h-h-h,” moaned Mike still smarting from his spanking, knowing what would happen if he disobeyed, meekly he held out his arms and allowed Brenda to pull the blouse on him.



It had sheer white sleeves that ended in a cascade of lace above his elbows. The blouse had a wide round collar frilled with lace. As Miss Baldwin had told him the three tiny pearl buttons

up the front were right-to-left, as on a boy's shirt, but that produced no comfort for him.

"Now if you will help him on with his trousers, Brenda," Miss Baldwin asked.

Surely there had never been trousers like these. He watched as Brenda drew them up his legs. They were short and full, consequently, the bottom ruffles of his pantaloons were visible. They were deep blue velvet with a row of pink buttons running up the outside of each leg. They had a zipper front that was framed by wide bands of pink lace trim.



"His sash," Miss Baldwin instructed. This was of silk, a pale pink hue. She finished off at his left side by pinning a huge pink bow into place.

His jacket came next. It was of the same color and fabric as his trousers and had a row of the same pink buttons. The sleeves were short, just halfway to his elbows, and prettily puffed. Brenda spent a few moments pulling down the sleeves of his blouse.

“Now his bonnet, Brenda.”

“Certainly, Ma’am.”

“Oh . . . not that too,” whimpered Mike as he saw it.

Made of straw dyed a delicate pink to match his sash and shoes, it had a wide round brim festooned with artificial flowers over a wide pink satiny ribbon that wound about the brim and which extended in long streamers. Once she placed it on Michael’s head, Miss Baldwin fixed the streamers around his chin, tied them in a big bow along the left side of his throat.



Miss Baldwin led the sissified boy, to her bedroom. There, she sat him at her dressing table. Hopelessly, he allowed her to paint his lips with pale but lustrous pink lipstick and put a touch of pink rouge on his cheeks. She then sprayed him with a sweet smelling perfume.



“You look darling, dear. Let’s go show Nicole.” She took Mike’s hand and dragged the reluctant boy out of her room.



He felt awkward on his high heels and might have stumbled on the stairs were it not for her stabilizing grip. Hardly able to acknowledge that his own actions had led him to this sorry state, he was sad and angry rather than remorseful.

Nick was waiting downstairs wearing a v-neck orange blouse and straight blue skirt.

“Mike?” he gasped.



“I think, Nicole,” said Miss Baldwin, “that from now on your brother would much prefer not to be called Mike or Michael. Isn’t that so, dear?”

Mike, lips trembling, stared down at the floor.

“I think instead, from now on, we should call him Prissy Honeybunch. Isn’t that a nice name for you, dear?”

Mike did not respond.

“From now on, Nicole, dear, I hope you will try to protect your brother from any nasty boys who make fun of him. I suppose you two are eager now to walk to your luncheon date.”

“Walk!” cried Mike. “Oh, please, please, Miss Baldwin, don’t make me walk outdoors like this!”

“Oh, yes, please, Auntie Eve,” Nick said. “I’d be embarrassed to be seen in public with him.”

“Well, Nicole, if it would embarrass you,” Miss Baldwin relented. “Why don’t I drive you then? Nicole, take your brother’s hand like a big sister should.”

“I don’t want him holding my hand,” moaned Mike.

“Come on Mike,” Nick said. Miss Baldwin frowned at him. “I mean Prissy, give me your hand.”

Now that Nick was getting used to the situation, he was beginning to enjoy it. After all, Mike had been mean to him ever since he’d been back in trousers, and had made fun of him to their friends. Surely there was some justice in the world. After all, Mike had called him a sissy. So, who was the sissy now?

Nick took his hand and led him to the car. He had dreaded this trip. But somehow with Mike shrinking as much as he could into the back seat, it didn’t seem so bad. There they suddenly were, parking in front of Dawn’s house, a place they knew so well. Nick remembered how Mike had often teased her and had dismissed almost everything she had ever tried to say to him, “What do you know? You’re just a girl,” he would say.



Nick opened his door.

“I don’t wanna!” Mike whined.

“If you don’t get out of the car right now, Priss,” Miss Baldwin said, “I shall ask Mrs. Owens and the two girls to come out to get you. Would you prefer that?”

“N-no,” moaned Mike. Nick took his hand and led him up the steps. By the time Dawn answered the door, fresh tears were streaming down his face.

“Mike? Michael. Michael, oh my God! Peggy, Mom, come see Michael!” she screeched at the top of her lungs.



Mike's next few hours were ones of unrelieved nightmarish mortification. The two girls did not attempt to hide their contempt for him. Nick's situation was virtually forgotten as they teased Mike mercilessly.

Mike had to tell them his new name, "It's . . . it's . . . I'm . . . my name is . . . is . . . Prissy Honeybunch," this even made Mrs. Owens burst into laughter.



“Once a sissy always a sissy, isn’t that what you said, Prissy?” Peggy asked him.

She wasn’t satisfied until he mumbled, “Yes.”

“That means you’ve always been a sissy and always will be one, won’t you, Prissy?”

“I-I guess.”

“What a darling bonnet,” Dawn said. “May I see it?” She untied the ribbon and took it from his head. “Lovely, but shouldn’t Prissy have long curls?”

The girls were merciless.



At lunch, Peggy said, "I'll bet Prissy would like to have milk with his lunch rather than iced tea."

He was served milk, and Dawn asked, "Mom, do you remember when our cousin Janice was visiting? Didn't she leave one of the baby's bottles here for the next time?"

"Yes, dear, she did, but why? Oh, you mean?"

"No, I won't I won't! You can't make me drink from a baby bottle."

"Drink from a bottle, Mr. Honeybunch? Why, what a sweet ideal," Dawn said as though it hadn't occurred to her.

Mike picked up his glass and drowned it in a single long swallow that, combined with his tears, gave him an attack of hiccups. For the moment, that settled it. He sat eating his cookies while the others had sandwiches and salad.

“Your outfit is quite attractive, Nicole,” Peggy said.

“Thank you,” he blushed.

“You are fortunate that Miss Baldwin allows you to wear dresses. Most people wouldn’t let you.

“Your hair and makeup are looking good too,” Dawn said.

“That’s very kind of you to say.”

“If you can come to my house one day we can experiment with makeup. Perhaps we could braid your wig or really go crazy with glitter.”

“That’s very nice of you,” Nick managed.

“If I didn’t know you were a girl-boy,” Peggy said, “I could never have told it by looking at you.”

Nick was uncertain how to respond. He hated being a girl-boy, but if they knew how uncomfortable he was in dresses, their complements would turn to teasing. He found himself chatting with them, giggling and using feminine gestures.

After lunch, Mrs. Owens and Dawn cleared the table. Dawn returned from the kitchen carrying a baby bottle filled with milk. Poor Mike leaped to his feet, his pretty sash jumping about him, his fluffy frilled collar bouncing up and down on his shoulders.

“You can’t make me. You can’t make me!” he screeched.



“One more word out of you, Mr. Honeybunch,” Miss Baldwin said, “and I shall ask your young hostess to take you over her knees for a spanking.”

“You wouldn’t!”

That was a mistake. She took him by the ear and dragged him over to the delighted Peggy who sat on the couch and patted her lap. Miss Baldwin forced him across her knees and Peggy gave him about a dozen spanks that had him newly in tears.

“I want to spank him, too, please, Miss Baldwin,” said Dawn.

“Why I think that’s very kind of you, Dawn, to be so willing to chastise the naughty little sissy. Isn’t it nice of her, Prissy?”

Mike was still lying across Peggy’s lap. He ignored her question.

She took his ear again and twisted it forcefully. He yelped in pain.

“Isn’t it, Prissy,” she repeated.

“Yes. Oh yes,” he cried.

“Very well. Thank, Miss Peggy for your spanking and then ask Miss Dawn if she will please spank you, too.”

“Thank you for spanking me, Peggy . . . Miss Peggy.” She let him off her lap. Dawn was patting hers. “Will you p-please spank me too, Miss Dawn.”

“I’ll be happy to, Prissy,” she said.

Nick had to grin as Mike trotted over to Dawn and quite expertly, after all, he had had a lot of experience in being spanked this summer, got across her knees.

“I don’t believe this is the first time the boy has been spanked, is it, Eve?” Mrs. Owens asked.

“No, indeed it is not,” Miss Baldwin agreed as Dawn waited with Mike lying across her lap. “For most of the summer, the boy has been in the care of my housekeeper and I believe she has had cause to spank him numerous times. Isn’t that so, Prissy?”

“Yes, Miss Baldwin.”

“Do you have any idea how many times Brenda has taken you over her knee, dear?”

“I . . . I don’t know, a dozen or so, I guess.”

“Why were you spanked so many times, Prissy?” Peggy asked.

“B-because, I guess, I guess I . . . ah . . . misbehaved.”

“Well, now that’s not quite true, is it, Priss?” asked Miss Baldwin. “You see, as punishment, he was required to do housework. Indeed, for most of the summer I guess you could say Prissy was our little housemaid, weren’t you, Prissy?”

“Y-yes.”

“Oh, how wonderful,” cried Dawn. “Did you wear pretty maid’s dresses, Prissy?”

“No!” cried Mike from her lap.

“That’s quite true,” Miss Baldwin said. “When he was not in one of his sissy outfits, he simply wore an apron. However, underneath it he had on sweet little panties, though perhaps not quite as lacy as the ones he is wearing today, isn’t that so, Prissy?”

“Y-yes, Miss Baldwin.”

“Don’t forget the harness,” Nick said.

“Harness?” Dawn asked

“Oh, Dawn, please start spanking me. Please. I can’t wait anymore.”

“Well, if you insist,” said Dawn. “May I lower his pants, Miss Baldwin?”

“Of course, dear.”

Mike grabbed for his pants. “No don’t!”

“Remove your hands, Prissy,” Miss Baldwin said sternly. When he continued to hold on she said, “It will be much worse for you if you do not obey me promptly.”

Sobbing, he let Dawn pull his pants down to his ankles.

“Miss Baldwin, there is something in Prissy’s panties. It’s pressing against my leg.”

“They are pantaloons, dear,” Miss Baldwin corrected her.

“They are lovely, I’ll keep them safe.” She pulled them down baring Mike’s bottom. From her, he received another dozen spanks that again reduced him to tears of shame.



“Prissy,” Miss Baldwin said, “in order to calm yourself, stand in the corner facing the wall.”

The girls smiled as Mike retrieved his pantaloons and short pants. He stood in the corner, sobbing. When perhaps twenty minutes had passed, his breathing returned to normal. Peggy called over to him, “You may come out of your corner now, Mr. Honeybunch. Mommy has reheated your bottle for you. I’m sure you have no more objections to taking it, do you, you darling sissy boy?”

Mike turned from the wall.

“Do you?” she repeated threateningly.

“No, No, Peggy . . . I mean, Miss Peggy, I don’t. I’ll, I’ll take the bottle.”

Peggy moved to one end of the couch and motioned Mike to join her. “Sit on my lap, sissy, so I can feed you,” she said. The bottle moved toward his lips and a moment later he was sucking milk from it.



Once he was fed, they started getting ready to leave. Peggy helped Mike on with his bonnet, tying his ribbon in a big bow at his chin. Just as they were approaching the door, it opened. In walked Dawn's older brother, Jack.

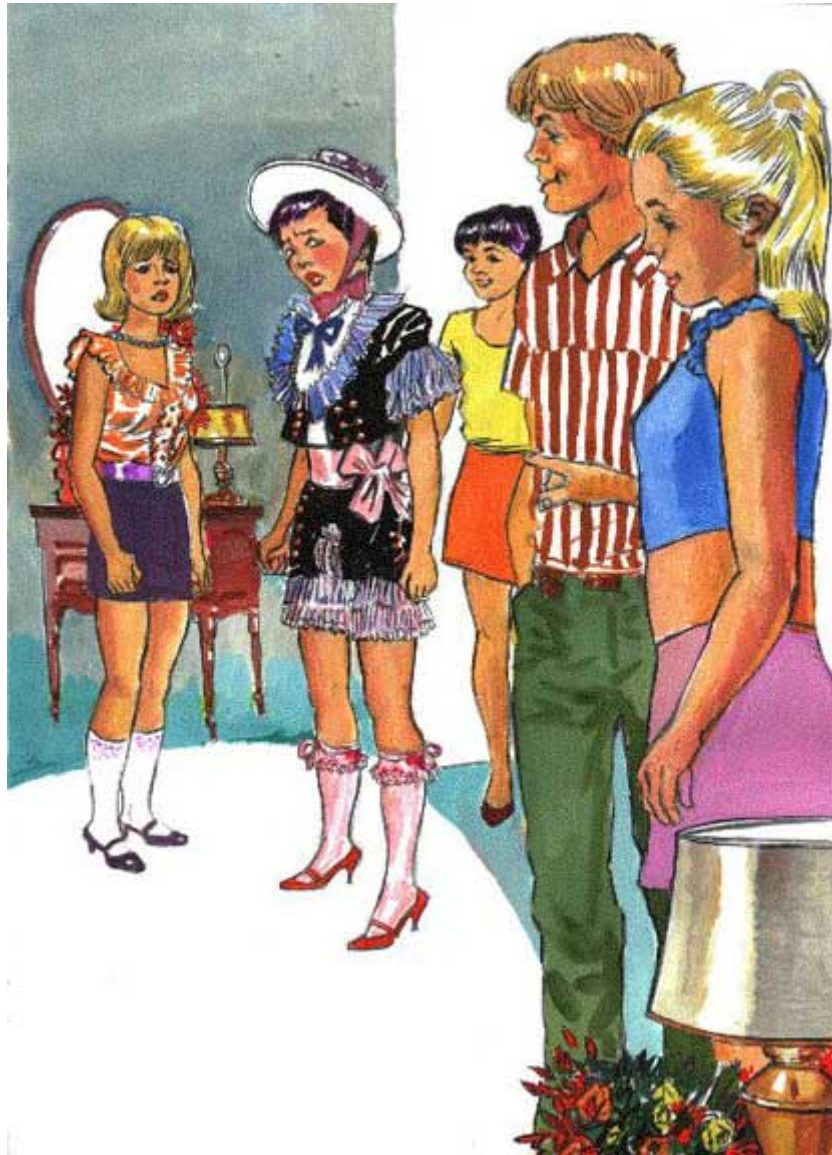
"Look who's visiting," Peggy said.

"Mike?" he was astonished.

"He's not Mike anymore," Peggy said. "Tell Jack your new name, sissy."

Mike had to introduce himself to the startled boy as 'Prissy Honeybunch'.

"I can't believe it," Jack said.



“It’s true.” Peggy said. “Watch this. Come here Prissy.”

Mike walked to her.

“Let me fix your lips, sissy.” She took a lipstick from her purse. “It isn’t exactly your color, Mr. Honeybunch, but you need a touch-up after taking your bottle.”

Mike stood with his fists clenched as she painted his lips.



“Amazing,” Jack said.

“What do you think of Nicole?” Peggy asked.

Nick’s heart was in his throat as Jack looked at him.

“Hello, have we met?” he asked.

“How precious,” Dawn said. “Don’t you even recognize Mike’s brother, Nick.

“That’s Nick?”

“Yes,” Peggy said, “He likes wearing dresses. We think he’s a cute girl-boy.”

“I can’t decide who’s the cutest,” Jack said. “Who else knows about this?”

“Everybody knows about Nicole,” Peggy said, “But not very many people have seen him. Nobody knows about Prissy yet.”

Nick had the feeling that would change soon.

Back in the car, Nick finally was able to relax. The talk around town was going to be about Mike now, not just him. He could imagine what people would be saying.

“Why are we stopping?” Mike jolted Nick out of his daydreams. Miss Baldwin was parking.

“We have another stop, children. Celestina has offered me her services.”

Nick remembered with some trepidation the last time they had been here. Celestina Hernandez was a dressmaker and her son, Sebastian, was the world’s biggest sissy. He and Mike had looked in his window one day and seen him wearing one of the dresses his mother was making.



“This is too good not to share,” Mike had said, and the brothers laid in wait for Sebastian. He was older than them but was a timid boy. They easily overpowered him. Then stripped him of all of his clothes and burned them.

“What am I going to wear?” he had cried.



He struggled some as they dressed him in the clothes he was delivering but all his resistance was gone when they led him down the main street of town in the fancy lingerie his mother had sewn for some young bride.



Mrs. Hernandez had complained furiously to their mother, but she just gave them her usual half-hearted lecture that even she knew the boys were ignoring.

Miss Baldwin opened her car door and said, “Come along boys.”

Nick and Mike followed her to the door. Nick hoped that at least Sebastian wouldn’t be there. He looked down once again at his short skirt and thought angrily, “That sissy Sebastian should be the one in a dress, not me.”

“Oh how darling,” Mrs. Hernandez greeted them. “Now let’s see, it’s Mike who is the sissy and Nicole the girl-boy. Is that right? I don’t want to get it wrong.”

“You are correct,” Miss Baldwin said, “except it’s not Mike, it’s Prissy.”

“Of course, how foolish of me. Sebastian your friends are here,” Mrs. Hernandez called. “Bring the bags with the pretties I made for them.”

“Pretties,” Nick thought. She must have more female clothes for Miss Baldwin to humiliate him with.

Sebastian came in carrying two bulging bags. One had just “Celestina” on it and the other, ominously, “Lingerie by Celestina”.

“Nick, Mike!” he exclaimed.

“It’s Nicole and Prissy, dear,” his mother said.

“Yes, of course, you must be Nicole,” he said to Nick.

Nick was fuming. The bastard was acting so brave. A minute alone with him, even wearing this getup, and he would knock the smile off his face. But Nick knew he wasn’t going to get the chance. He took the teasing and the bag Sebastian offered him as did Mike.



Upon their return home, Mike ran up to his room. He came back down saying, “Where are my clothes?”

“The lovely garments in your closet and the new things Sebastian just gave you are your clothes now, Prissy.”

CHAPTER TWELVE

Monday and each day that week, ‘Prissy’ wore a different sissy outfit. The common elements were the lace and bows, the feminine fabrics and colors and of course his brightly painted lips.

That Peggy, Dawn and Jack had not wasted any time in letting others know of Mike’s punishment soon became obvious. Every day boys and girls came to Miss Baldwin’s house. They asked if “Prissy could come out to play,” and though she always brought him to the door for them to see, she never made him go out.



Mike spent a lot of time pleading with Miss Baldwin to forgive him. He promised every promise in his desperate desire to be allowed back into his regular boys' clothes.

"I am afraid, dear," Miss Baldwin told him, "that you had your chance."

As a 'little sissy' boy, Mike had to take an afternoon nap. So it was that Miss Baldwin and Nick were alone together Thursday afternoon, each doing their knitting.

"I think Prissy is scared that you might take him into town in his sissy clothes," Nick said.

"I quite agree, dear. I know the poor child is terribly unhappy. He thinks he'll be teased quite a bit when he appears in public in his sissy outfit."

"I don't suppose . . ." he adjusted his skirt, "there's any other way?"

"I wish I could think of one. I do intend to take him into town, and if he's not going to be

wearing sissy clothes, I have no idea what he could wear.”

“Suppose, I was just wondering, suppose he would agree to wear one of my dresses? I think he’d like that better than his sissy outfit.”

“Nicole, how very thoughtful and generous of you to be willing to share your pretty dresses with your brother. But you know him. He has absolutely vowed never to wear a dress, and I’m certainly not going to force him. Why, if he’d been willing to do that, I might never have put him in his sissy clothes at all. But you remember what he said, nobody’s going to make him wear a dress.”

That night Nick asked him.

“Mike, wouldn’t you rather wear a dress than that sissy outfit?”

“No, absolutely not. It’s only three more weeks until Mom gets home. Wait until she hears what this . . . this awful woman has done to us.”

“If you had been nicer to me you wouldn’t be in the position you’re in now. But it’s up to you.”

“Nobody’s going to turn me into a girl.”



At lunch the next day, Miss Baldwin said, “My darling Prissy, you will be delighted to learn that I remembered another adorable outfit my brother used to wear. I have now bought you the appropriate underclothes to wear with it.”

“Not panties.”

“No dear, of course I would never force a boy to wear panties unless I was afraid he was about to run away. You are not planning to do that, are you Prissy?”

“Oh no, Miss Baldwin.”

“The pantaloons you have been wearing are for sissies, not girls. You do know I would never force a boy to wear girls' clothes, don't you?”

Mike looked down at his frills and lace.

“Don’t you, Prissy?”

“Yes, Miss Baldwin.”



“I am not sure his outfit will fit you, but if it does, you can wear it for your trip into town tomorrow. Perhaps we can try it on you this afternoon just to make sure. Will you be free to help out, Brenda?”

“Sure will Ma’am,” said Brenda.

Nick was curious about what Mike’s newest sissy outfit would be. He guessed it would somehow be even more shameful than the one he had worn to Dawn’s house or Miss Baldwin wouldn’t have chosen it.

Around three o'clock, as Nick was coming into the house from picking flowers, he heard screams of protest. Hurrying up the stairs, he went to his bedroom where the sounds were coming from. There he saw Mike stretched full length on his bed, his arms held behind his head by Brenda, kicking his legs ineffectually as Miss Baldwin bent over him. He could barely see Mike between the two women, but he seemed to be wearing a ruffled cotton undershirt of some kind. Nick couldn't understand why he would object to that.



Then, apparently having finished, Miss Baldwin rose and smiled down at him. “There, Prissy, how do you like that?”

“I don’t! I don’t!” he wailed.

Nick drew in his breath as it became clear to him that Mike was wearing diapers.

Miss Baldwin noticed Nick and said, “Oh, there you are, dear. You’re just in time to watch us finish dressing your baby brother.”

“My baby brother?”

“Why yes, Nicole. Peggy gave me the idea when she thought it would be fun to have Prissy suckle from a bottle. I had completely forgotten we used to dress my brother as a baby for special occasions. I wasn’t sure we still had his darling outfit, and I knew we didn’t have any diddies so I sent Brenda out to buy the necessary items. Ah, here they are.” She picked them up. “These are your plastic pants, Prissy, now hold your legs still so your Auntie Eve can dress you. You do like wearing pants, don’t you?”

Held as he was, helpless in Brenda grip, the sissified and now about to be babified boy stopped his struggles. He watched expressionlessly as Miss Baldwin drew the plastic pants up his legs and snapped them into place around his waist.

“Let him go, Brenda.”

She produced his top. It was of pink sateen with a wide, round ruffled collar, tiny puff sleeves, smocked just below the collar and flaring out in gentle pleats. Once it was on him, it barely came to his waist.

“Now for your ‘trousers’, dear,” Miss Baldwin said.

From the box on the bed, she plucked a pair of matching sateen panties with rubber lining and elasticized leg holes. It was completely covered with white lace ruffles.

“Sit on the bed, dear,” Miss Baldwin said.

Mike rustled as he moved due to his plastic panties, the rubber of his bloomers, and sateen of his outerwear.

Brenda put a pair of white anklets on him and followed them with a pair of pink baby booties.



“Now for your bonnet, dear,” said Miss Baldwin.

It was also of pink sateen with a ribbon that she tied at a bow around his chin.

“There, Nicole, don’t you think your baby brother looks absolutely adorable now? Won’t all the boys and girls just want to hug and kiss him when we take him into town tomorrow?”

“Please,” was all that Mike could whisper?

“I think he looks adorable,” Nick agreed.



A half-hour later, poor Mike was again lying on a couch this time with his head in Miss Baldwin's lap as he suckled from a bottle.

Miss Baldwin insisted on having pictures. The first was of Mike feeding, and then of Mike standing in his baby clothes clutching Nick's hand. Mike was in no position to complain. Miss Baldwin had pushed a pacifier into his mouth.



Mike ate dinner with them. He did not actually eat dinner himself; he had to sit with his hands at his sides while Brenda filled his mouth with baby food. Added to his costume was a cotton bib that was embroidered with the word "Baby".

"Please, Miss Baldwin, may I . . . ask something?"



“No, dear, not until you have had your bottle. You will feel better then.” She led him to the couch and directed his head again to her lap. She fed him the bottle, remarking, “Now when we take you in town tomorrow, darling, it’s possible you may be a little nervous so I shall allow you to suck your pacifier. And, of course, in case you get hungry, I’ll have a bottle with me to feed you. You’ll like that, won’t you? I’m sure they won’t mind heating it up at the restaurant, and of course I will have a supply of fresh diddies in case you do wettums or even pooh-poohs. My, oh my, I guess from now on your friends will not call you Prissy Honeybunch anymore. You know what they will call you? Baby Prissy Honeybunch, because that is what you will be.”

When at last he finished his bottle, she allowed him to get to the floor, but not to stand, as he was a baby. “May I speak now, Miss Baldwin?”

“Why yes, darling, you certainly may, although it is near your beddy-bye, time.”

“I . . . I . . . oh, please, don’t make me wear these things to town tomorrow. Please, Miss Baldwin!”



“Such nonsense.”

“Let me wear one of my sissy outfits, please.”

“No, dear, that’s absolutely out of the question. I have just about made up my mind to keep you in diapers and your pretty baby things for the rest of this summer. I am sure Nicole and I can sew some very lovely little baby boy outfits for you. I know you would refuse to wear baby dresses and I wouldn’t think of asking you to.”

“Miss . . . Miss Baldwin?” He glanced over at Nick. “I . . . I don’t want to be a baby.” He looked like he was about to cry. “Please, let me be like . . . like Nicole.”

“Like Nicole? I don’t believe I understand you, dear.”

“Y-yes I . . . I . . . oh, please, let me wear one of Nicole’s dresses.”

“Do I hear correctly?” Miss Baldwin seemed shocked. “Our big sissy baby boy who said nobody would ever put him in a dress. You now want to wear one?”

“Yes. Oh, please.”

“Are you telling me that you want to become a girl-boy like Nicole?”

“Uh huh. Yes, please, let me be like Nicole. Oh, please, Miss Baldwin, I’ll be good if you let me.”

“I don’t know, dear. I certainly had my heart set on you going into town tomorrow as Baby Prissy Honeybunch. Hmm.” She turned to Nick. “If I agree, would you be willing to loan your brother one of your dresses, Nicole?”

“Yes, Auntie Eve.”

“Now, you understand, Priss, if I do allow you to wear a dress tomorrow, and I’m not saying I will, it won’t just be for tomorrow. You will wear dresses for the rest of the summer and learn to be a sweet, demure girl-boy like your sister.”

“I-I understand, Auntie.”

“Dear me, this is quite a decision.”

“Oh, thank you, Miss Baldwin.”

“I didn’t say yes.”

“Oh, please do, please. I so much want to wear dresses, Miss B . . . Auntie Eve.”

“Auntie Eve,” repeated Miss Baldwin with a smile. She held her arms out to him and he hesitantly rose and walked into her embrace. “Why-yes, you pretty boy,” she said, “if you so much want to wear dresses and learn to be a girl-boy, your Auntie will be happy to allow you to. Brenda, change him into his jammies and bring him back to kiss me good night.”

He came down wearing a babyish gown over his diapers and plastic panties. He seemed more comfortable, but Nick remembered his first time in town in a dress. If he knew . . .



Shortly after Mike went to bed, Miss Baldwin sent Nick up to wash and set his wig. When he was done he washed off his makeup and went to his bedroom. Mike was curled up in bed, his back to Nick. He was sure Mike was awake, but he didn't say anything as Nick undressed and put on his nightgown. Once in bed, he turned out the light and said, "I'm glad you'll be joining me, Mike." Nick thought he heard a sound, perhaps a small sob from Mike, but he said nothing.

The following day, Mike in his nightgown paced the house nervously. Shortly after lunch, he came into the living room where Nick was knitting. He mumbled, "I shouldn't do this."



“You better not let her hear you say that, Mike, unless you want to stay in diapers.”

“Do you think she really would have taken me out in them?”

“Mike?” I said softly. “Maybe . . .”

“Maybe what?”

“Oh, just that maybe once you are in dresses like me . . . maybe we can be friends again.”

“Michael,” It was Miss Baldwin’s voice. Michael shivered. “Come upstairs to my room now, dear,” came the voice again, “it’s time.”

With a deep sigh, Mike went.

Nick soon went upstairs to change for the trip to town. He studied himself in the mirror, fussing with his hair.



When he came back down, in his sailor dress, Mike had yet to make his appearance.

Nick heard two sets of high heels clicking on the stairs. Miss Baldwin entered the room first in her white linen dress. Emerging from behind her was Mike. He was in the same dress that Nick had worn on his first trip to town. His lips were red, his hair combed over his forehead (but it was not long enough to be a girl's). "He looks like a boy in a dress," Nick thought.



“Nicole,” said Miss Baldwin, “say hello to your sister, Michele.”

“Hi, Michele.”

“Hi . . . Nicole,” whispered Mike.

“Michele, I hope you will be good today and I do not catch you in any lies. Because, if I do, not only will I tell anyone how cute you look in diddies, but I can assure you I will parade you through the town in them tomorrow.”

A few minutes later, the two girl-boys, Nick by now quite experienced in feminine impersonation, Mike very awkward looking, left the house with Miss Baldwin.

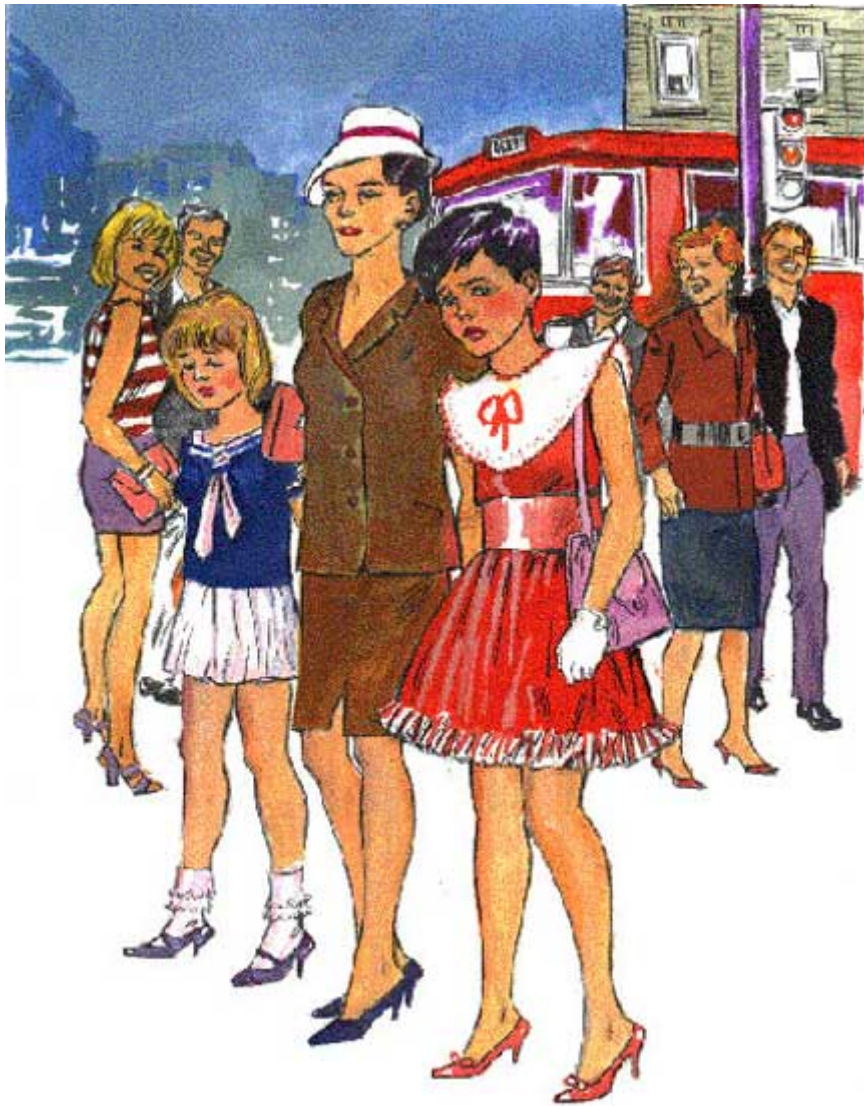
CONTINUED IN BOOK 4

NICK AND MIKE, THE BEAUTIFIED BULLIES

VOLUME FOUR

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

For Michael, the afternoon in town was a copy (though he didn't know it) of Nick's first outing in that same dress. By its end, he was irrevocably marked, just as Nick had been, as an avid sissy and dress lover.



Nick knew from his own experience how Mike must feel listening to Miss Baldwin telling all those curious people, “Yes, the dear boy absolutely begged me to let him wear pretty dresses and makeup, didn’t you, Michele?” What could he say? That he had not begged?

So, to ‘Didn’t you, Michele?’ he had to tell the truth that was the shameful lie all rolled into one, “Yes, Ma’am, I asked to be allowed to wear dresses.”

Miss Baldwin would laugh gaily and add, “I do believe he was getting quite jealous of how lovely his brother looks in dresses. You adore your pretties, too, don’t you, Nicole?” to which Nick would have to say, “Yes, Auntie Eve.”

Mike was constantly blushing and nearly in tears. Miss Baldwin took him to the same clerk who had been selling dresses for Nick and bought him a wardrobe of new clothes which he had to try on in the store. One amusing thing happened. At least it was amusing for everyone but Mike. When Miss Baldwin told Mike to change into his first new dress, he was in such a daze that he began to take his dress off right in the store. He was almost out of it when Miss Baldwin told him that the proper place to try on a new dress was in the dressing room.



By the time they returned home, he had three of his own dresses, three blouses and three skirts as well as a collection of ‘adorable undies’, and other accessories.

“I think it is lovely you boys are nearly the same size,” Miss Baldwin said as we got out of the car. “I know how sisters love to exchange clothes.”

Mike winced at that and Nick reddened.

Over the next several days, Mike and Nick, as sisters, began to draw close to one another again. Their shared misery left neither of them any reason to tease the other. In fact, they helped each other with back buttons and zippers. There were also hooks, eyes, and sashes that it was nice to have help with.



Nick was happy for that help and happy that Mike no longer teased him, though he still hated wearing dresses. They felt so funny and it was so shameful.

Nick taught Mike the rudiments of knitting under the benign presence of Miss Baldwin, and they did water coloring together. Although in private they still called each other by boys' names, they were careful, when either Miss Baldwin or Brenda was near, to call each other 'Nicole' and 'Michele'. They did the household chores together, including going out together in the yard to gather flowers.



One thing Nick disliked was that Mike looked so much like a boy. Miss Baldwin did not allow him a wig or falsies, though he did have to wear a bra. When they went out dressed alike, the obvious fact that he was a boy in dresses caused people to look suspiciously at Nick as well.



“Auntie, when may Michelle have a wig to wear?” Nick finally asked one day.

“He must earn it as you did,” Miss Baldwin said. “Would you like a wig Michelle?”

“Maybe when we go out.”

“Oh no, if you earn one, you will wear it as Nicole does, all of the time.”

“Would I have to wear falsies too?”

“If you are to look like a proper girl-boy instead of a sissy in a dress, you must learn to look and act like a girl. Nicole will help you.”

Thus, Nick was given the task of training his older brother in the art of being a girl. He spent

hours trying to teach him to walk, sit, hold his purse, put on makeup and do any number of other girlish tasks. He was a poor student.



“Why don’t you want to learn?”

“What’s the point?” He asked. “In a few weeks Mom will come home and we’ll be away from this bitch.”

“Careful.”

“She can’t hear.”

“You might make a mistake if you get in the habit of saying that.”

“That’s why I don’t want to act like a girl. If I do all that stuff like walking and sitting like a

girl would, I might make a mistake when I'm back in boy's clothes."

"Aren't you afraid people will know you're a boy in a dress?"

"I hate it, but it's only for a few weeks."

Mike did just enough to avoid punishment. Miss Baldwin was quick to praise him whenever he did anything feminine. Activities such as arranging his skirts, learning to curtsy, learning to daub on his own lipstick were all sources of such praise. However, she was also quick to criticize his mistakes.

"You'll never earn your wig if you walk like that, Michelle." Or, "Watch Nicole, see how she holds her legs while she sits." Or, "Take that lipstick off and start over. You aren't even trying."



Nick was afraid that she would punish him for his inability to teach his brother, but she said nothing about it to him.

Brenda was no longer the hovering threat she had been all summer. True, she did smile when she called Mike 'Miss Michele' just as she did when she called Nick 'Miss Nicole', but she no longer ordered them about, no longer even threatened them with a whipping if they were bad. She seemed to assume that they both would help around the house, and they did in all manner of girlish ways. Brenda now took out the trash, did the lawn mowing, and the car washing, all the manly tasks, leaving most of the housework for them. She too began to praise Mike, not only for his skillful housework, but also for his appearance.

"My, don't you look nice and pretty today, Miss Michele," or "That skirt is very becoming on you, Miss Michele," and so on.

Evenings they spent with Miss Baldwin. Occasionally, she took them to a movie, but mostly they stayed home knitting or crocheting, all three of them together. When bedtime came and they were in their nighties, Miss Baldwin would give them a hug, assuring them what sweet girls they had been all day and then give them each a kiss on the forehead.



One day, Miss Baldwin said, “Nicole, Michelle, Mrs. Owens has invited us to lunch.”

“Do we have to go?” Nick asked.

“Certainly, Nicole, her daughter Dawn has been so kind to you. What shall you wear? It must be something special. I think I may have just the thing.”

She led them to her bedroom and looked through her closet. Finally, she removed two boxes.

Nick shuddered, knowing the sort of things that had come out of her boxes before.

“Auntie,” he said, “you aren’t going to make us dress as sissies are you?”

“No, darling, I would never make a good boy dress as a sissy. Quite the contrary, these dresses were my own, my favorites. They are a bit out of fashion today, but they have happy memories for me and I want you to enjoy wearing them as well.”

She opened the first box and took out a light and frilly summer dress that was years too juvenile for the boys.

“Oh Auntie,” Nick said.

“Yes, it is lovely, Nicole. Girls today just don’t know the pleasure of wearing petticoats.”

Under the dress was a frilly mound of them. She opened the second box. The dress in it was similar.

“These will do nicely,” she said, smiling as the boys grimaced. “Change and come down to the living room.”

She left Nick alone with Mike.

Mike stared at the dresses and winced. “People will see us,” he said.

“Maybe just Dawn and Mrs. Owens.”

His hands balled into fists, “I can’t stand it.”

“We have to, remember Brenda . . .”

Nick took off his skirt and blouse and stepped into the petticoats. They were full, lacy and short, reaching just to his knees. Their net scratched his thighs and the taffeta made crinkling sounds with every move.



Mike's dress was of yellow organdy, Nick's a blue and white print with lavender trim. Both dresses buttoned at the back. "Mike, will you button me?"

They helped each other dress, doing up buttons and tying bows which would otherwise have been difficult to reach. Nick's full skirt, covered with ruffles, flared out over his petticoats. The short puffed sleeves were similarly ruffled. The top clung to his chest, displaying the swelling of his padded bra. Around his waist, a wide lavender ribbon, tied at the back, matched the ribbon bows on his sleeves. He put on pink turn down stockings and red patent strap shoes.

Mike, though he was wearing an almost identical dress and petticoats, looked quite different from Nick. His flat chest made him look more like a child and his short hair added confusion. He looked like either a tomboy put in a fussy dress against her will, or a boy being punished in petticoats.

The brothers went downstairs together, their full petticoats were so wide that they could not walk side by side down the broad staircase without their dresses touching.



“You look lovely,” Miss Baldwin said. “I have just a few more things to complete your outfits.”

From the closet, she took two straw hats each with a pink ribbon band around the crown that bowed at the back with streamers. She placed them on their heads and, as a final flare, handed them each a child’s pink satin purse.

“Your purses contain your hankies and cosmetics, darlings.”



Nick's cheeks flared with the thought that he would have to face Dawn's teasing.

Brenda joined them. She was all dressed up and looking very attractive. She favored them with one of her rare smiles.

"They sure look sweet, Miss Baldwin."

They drove to Dawn's house, Mike and Nick scrunching down in the car as much as they could.

"There's her house," Mike whispered, "no cars, that's good."



They drove by.

“That was Dawn’s house, Auntie” Nick said.

“Lunch is in the park, Nicole.”

“We can’t go to the park dressed like this,” Mike said.

“Hush, Michelle.”

Nick shifted nervously, his petticoats rubbing against his thighs. Who would be there? Who would see him in this silly outfit? His hands went to his skirts and he started twisting.

There were dozens of cars at the entrance to the park. Nick carefully held down his dress and petticoats, spun on the car seat and stepped out. He looked around nervously while Miss Baldwin insisted on fussing with both boy’s ribbons.

“That is much better,” she said. “Give your makeup a final check, darlings.”

Nick opened his purse, removed a mirror and freshened his lipstick. Miss Baldwin took out her perfume and sprayed it liberally over him and then did the same to the cringing Mike.



Nick felt so foolish he wished that he could die. Or at least run, but where could he go in this silly outfit.

They walked into the park, Nick's eyes cast down. He could hear, feel and see his wide skirt and petticoats. He could smell the heady scent of his perfume just masking that of the freshly mown grass. He shivered as he saw several prettily dressed teenage girls talking and giggling with their boyfriends. As he walked by, he could hear that they were talking about the girl-boys and he winced at the thought of being one. Perhaps if he were careful, they wouldn't find out. But he looked so out of place in Miss Baldwin's old dress and Mike, Mike just looked silly.

They made their way to where Mrs. Owens was standing. She nodded and smiled towards them.

"Girls," she said, "I'm delighted to see you again. You both look darling. You don't have to hang around with us adults, you'll find Dawn, Peggy and many other children your own age to play with."

She turned to another woman near her and chatted with her briefly. The woman turned and looked toward them with a puzzled expression.



“Go play, darlings,” Miss Baldwin said.

“Do we have to?” Mike asked.

“I’m sure you will have more fun playing with the other children, Michelle.”

The way she said it was not a request.

As they walked away, Mike asked Nick, “Do you like pretending to be a girl?”

“I told you I hate it. Why do you even ask?”

“It’s just that you look so much like one.”

“That’s because if I try real hard I can fool people into thinking I’m a real girl. It’s embarrassing to behave this way, but it’s so much worse to be recognized as a boy in a dress.”

“Yeah, it’s bad,” Mike said ruefully looking down at his short, full skirt.

“Where can we go? I don’t want anyone to see us,” Nick said looking around. “Oh no,” he exclaimed. “It’s Ben and Jerry. Let’s get out of here!”

Too late! The grinning boys greeted them, “Hi, girls.” said Ben scornfully.

“Aren’t Nick and Mike cute in their dresses,” Jerry said.

“Don’t call them by those names,” Ben said, “Dawn told me that they are Nicole and Michele now.”

“Go away and leave us alone,” Mike said angrily.



“Can you tell us about girls now that you’re one of them, Michele?” Ben asked.

“If I could just get you alone, I’d beat the crap out of you,” Mike said his eyes blazing.

The guys seemed startled, but quickly recovered. Ben smiled, “Did you hear that, this sissy girl-boy actually threatened us. That’s a laugh, isn’t it?”

“Yea, Michelle, you talk big for a pantywaist. What are you going to do, scratch our eyes out or run crying to her mommy?”

“Anyone who smells as sweet as they do should talk sweeter too.”

“I guess that she talks so brave because she knows that we’d never hit a girl.”

“I’m no girl, you bastards! I’m no girl!” Mike was yelling.

“Maybe not,” Ben said, “maybe you’re a boy. Maybe you’re the toughest boy I ever saw. But

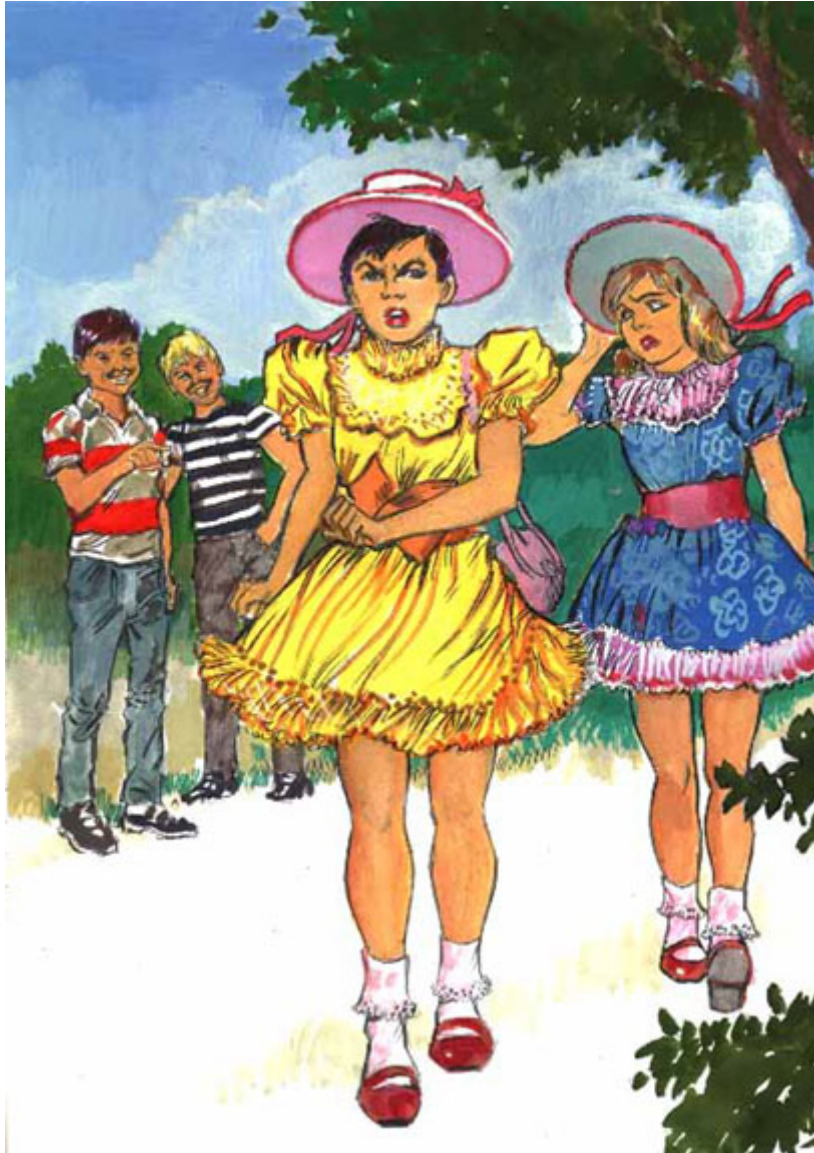
I sure don't think so."

"His little girl-boy sister looks like she wants to kiss you, Ben," Jerry said. "Do you want to kiss Ben, little girl?"

Nick had no idea what to do. He couldn't stand this teasing, but if he fought, he would be punished even if he won. He stared down at the ground, grabbed a handful of his dress and twisted. He tried to shut out the teasing words, but he could feel his eyes filling with tears. He couldn't cry. Then Mike was tugging on his hand.

"Come on, don't pay any attention to them."

Together they hurried off followed by jeers and laughter. The streamers of their bonnets trailed in the air behind them, their skirts and petticoats were swaying. Nick automatically fell into the girlish walk that Miss Baldwin had drilled into him. Mike walked forcefully, like a man. But the effect of his strong posture and stride was only to make him look more ridiculous in his dress.



“I’d love to teach those bastards a lesson,” Mike said.

“I know just how you feel, but what would Miss Baldwin do to you afterwards?”

“Let’s hide, I know the perfect place.”

Nick followed him behind a dense bit of shrubbery. Finally, they were out of sight.

Almost at once five girls came into their hiding spot.

“See I told you I saw them duck into the bushes,” one said. Nick didn’t know these girls by name, but he recognized them from school.

The gleam in their eyes sent a chill racing down his spine. “Leave us alone, girls,” he said.



“You girl-boys are so cute.”

“Are they really boys?”

“Let’s see.”

The girls grabbed at the boy’s dresses and, despite their frantic resistance, lifted them above their waists. Discovering that they were wearing taffeta petticoats, the girls burst into gales of laughter.



“I didn’t know anyone older than five wore those.”

“Let’s see what these ‘girls’ are wearing under their cute petticoats.”

“Let go of me,” Mike cried trying to hold down his dress and petticoats without success. Soon both were above his waist.



Seeing that the boys were wearing panties, the girls burst into laughter again.

“I bet you ‘girls’ adore your sweet panties, don’t you?”

“Stop it!” Nick pleaded vainly trying to push down his dress.

“No! No! Please don’t!” his voice shrill with terror. Eager fingers were tugging his panties down to his ankles.



Despite Mike's frantic struggles, they took his panties down too.

"They are boys," someone said and their laughter became hysterical.

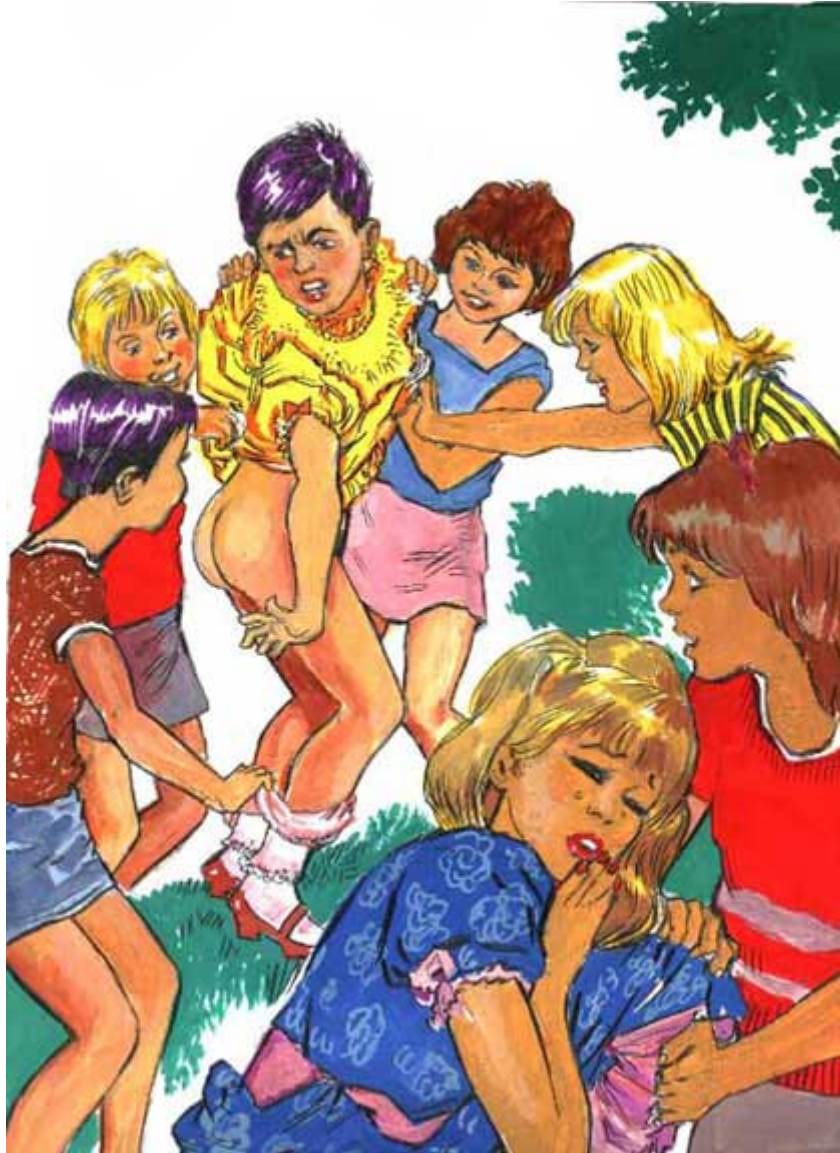
Nick covered his face with his hands and burst into tears of frustration and humiliation.

"Look, the girl-boy cries like a girl," a voice declared jeeringly.

"Please, please, it's not decent," Nick sobbed too frightened to offer any resistance. The girls kept his petticoats up examined and talked about his male parts.

"It looks a lot like a penis, only smaller," one said.

"Michelle's is no bigger. I can see why they are confused about whether they are boys or girls."



“Do you think those tiny things can get hard?”

“I don’t know; they’re so little.”

“Nicole, can you get that little thing hard for us? Just stroke it for us, you too Michelle.”

“I think they went this way.” It was Mrs. Owens. She and Miss Baldwin came around the bushes and the girls went flying, leaving the boys to retrieve their panties and rearrange their clothing.

“What are you doing?” Miss Baldwin demanded.

“We weren’t doing anything wrong,” Nick whispered meekly, his cheeks still flushed and stained with tears.

“Look at you,” she said. “My pretty dresses are all rumpled. Just wait until I get you home.

This will call for a serious session with Brenda.”

“Oh n-no,” Nick was crying again, “I . . . didn’t . . . do anything,” he managed between sobs.

She led them back to the car past the curious groups of their former friends and classmates who smiled at pointed at them, noting their disheveled condition and tear stained faces. Nick cried all the more thinking of what they would say and do to him when he returned to school.



CHAPTER FOURTEEN

One evening, Mike, who had been silent for a while as he stared down at the expanse of his nightgown, finally expressed the boy’s fear.

“You . . . you don’t think she’s . . . she wouldn’t send us to school in dresses, would she?”

Nick shuddered at the thought.

“I don’t think so. I mean the principal wouldn’t allow it, would he?”

“Besides mom wouldn’t . . .”

During the summer, they had received letters from their mother. They had replied, telling her how happy they were. They had no choice, since Miss Baldwin dictated the letters.

“Right. After all, Michele, I mean Mike, we’re only with Miss Baldwin’s for the summer, not permanently.”

“You’re her favorite. I mean, if you . . . she wouldn’t put you in . . . in diapers or anything if you asked, and she might me. Ask her, please, Nick.”

“I can’t. I’m afraid of her answer.”

One evening they were helping Brenda with dinner when the doorbell rang. Nick was mashing potatoes in his frilly white blouse and navy blue skirt, an apron over it. Mike was setting the table wearing a pink print dress with ruffled skirt. Nick heard Miss Baldwin go to the door and open it. Though they were not expecting anyone, Nick knew it was possible that it was one of Miss Baldwin’s lady friends. They seemed to find the boys cute, or perhaps Peggy and Dawn to have some fun at their expense.

“Uh-oh!” Mike cried coming into the kitchen.

“What?” Nick asked.

“Nick? Mike?”

They stared at each other, their lipsticked mouths hanging open in an agony of embarrassment as mother and Miss Baldwin entered the room.

“Nick! Mi-Mike!” she exclaimed with her gaze momentarily shooting to Miss Baldwin and then back to the boys, “What are you doing dressed like that?”



Nick felt horribly self-conscious and flushed. He wondered if he could be blushing as red as Mike was.

“Your younger child, Nicole,” said Miss Baldwin calmly, “has been in dresses since June, while Michele got into his three weeks ago.”

“Oh, Mom, Mom, she made us,” cried Mike.

“You’re wearing lipstick, too, and Nick, your chest . . .” she gasped. “Eve, what have you done to my boys?”

“I have been educating them,” said Miss Baldwin.

Nick ran to mother and she gave him a hug and then held him away from her as she studied his appearance. He felt tears of shame trickling down his cheeks.



“I think you boys better go change,” mother said.

“We can’t, Mom,” Nick said. “We only have our . . . our dresses.”

“My dear Annette,” said Miss Baldwin, “you certainly deserve an explanation I am sure it will satisfy you. Please join me in the living room. Girls, will you tell Brenda to hold dinner while I talk to your Mommy.”

“Girls?” Mom repeated.

Miss Baldwin led her out of the room. She closed the door. Nick looked at it anxiously, but soon found his elbow taken by Brenda who escorted the boys back to the kitchen.

The two women remained together for about an hour. Then the door opened, and Miss Baldwin crooked her finger, beckoning the boys to come join them.

Mom looked at them somewhat more calmly now. Her expression still seemed somewhat

glassy but the color that had fled from her cheeks had returned.

“Curtsy for your mother, Nicole,” said Miss Baldwin.

Stomach sinking, he did so. ‘Michele’ had to do the same.

“I have been listening to Miss Baldwin. I am far from sure I agree with all the steps she took in disciplining you two, but, on the other hand, I can hardly say that she was wrong. Do you think she was wrong to put you in dresses, Nick, or shall I call you Nicole?”

“I . . . I . . . Oh, Mother, I . . . I guess I was a bad boy and Miss Baldwin . . . Auntie Eve, she really . . . I mean, I guess she had to punish me somehow, but dresses . . .”

“And you, Michael? Miss Baldwin tells me that you were so rude and disobedient that it was actually necessary to put a harness on you to keep you in line. Is that so? Did you treat this lady that way?”

“Oh, no, I mean, I-I didn’t want, you see she first made me wear this . . . this . . . and . . . and then . . .”

“Did you?”

“Well, I mean, sort of.”

“I see. And in the end you asked if you could wear dresses, too?”

“I had no intention of putting him in dresses until he asked,” Miss Baldwin said mildly.

“Yeah, but that was only because . . . because I . . . she was making me . . .”

“Making you what?”

Michael hung his head in shame. “She . . . ah . . . I . . . ah . . . kind of made fun of Nicole . . . I mean Nick, and I kind of . . . ah . . . lied and . . . and bragged . . . and she, Oh, Mom, she put me in these sissy clothes and then . . . Oh, I mean . . . oh . . . oh . . . diapers.”

“Because you were acting like a big baby?”

“I . . . guess.”

Mom nodded. “As I said, Eve, I think your remedy was a bit extreme but I must admit that their punishments certainly fit their crimes.” She smiled, “And I must say you boys do look sweet.”



Over the next twenty-four hours, any hopes Nick had had that mother would put him back in pants were gone. She seemed fascinated by her sons' appearance and behavior. Nick was surprised that Mike didn't simply demand to be given back his clothes. If he had, she might have agreed. But he had been well trained, and when she told them, "I think you two may as well finish your vacation in dresses," Mike just protested weekly and ineffectively.

For the next two days, they lived at Miss Baldwin's, mother having agreed to have them stay there until school started. They spent several hours at home on Friday with mother and Brenda helping them give it a final cleaning. Although their boys' clothing was back in the closets, neither of them even asked if he could change.

They flitted about in their dresses. Much of their docile behavior came from the fear with which they viewed Miss Baldwin and Brenda.

Nick acted like a girl because he had been taught to be a girl for three months but he hated his dresses as did Mike. Mike was still more boyish than not, but he had learned to obey or suffer

the consequences.

“Girls,” mother said (she had begun to call them by that humiliating title), “I have decided to sell the house and move in with my sister.”

“Then we won’t be going to school here?” Nick asked. There was hope. It least they wouldn’t have to live here where all their friends knew about them.

“No, those plans have already been made. I will be leaving this weekend and Miss Baldwin has agreed to let you stay with her, though I hope to be here for Christmas.”

Nick glanced over at Miss Baldwin who smiled knowingly at him. He blushed. She had understood his glance. She was promising him that; she would have plenty of pretty frocks for him.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Mother did leave Saturday. The sadness of saying goodbye was magnified for Nick by the uncertainty of his future. Mike was the one who got up his nerve to ask Miss Baldwin, “Auntie, where will we be going to school?”

“Where you have always gone. Why do you ask?”

“But what will we be wearing?” Nick asked.

“Oh I see, don’t worry Nicole. You and Michele won’t have to give up your precious dresses.”

“You mean you will send us to school in girls’ clothes?” Mike asked.

“Of course Michelle.”

“They’ll kill us,” Mike said.

“Yes,” Nick said.

“Don’t worry darlings. I’ll talk with the principal and your teachers. I’m certain they will protect you.”

“They won’t. They can’t,” Nick said. He knew that his own victims could find no protection last year and he was sure that there would be none for him or Mike.

“Can’t we wear pants again?” Mike asked.

“It would be best if you could wear your dresses at school as you will at home,” Miss

Baldwin said. "However, if the principal thinks that will be too disruptive, perhaps, just for school, you may change into girl's pants and blouses."

"Girl's pants," Nick repeated.

"Don't worry, Nicole, as long as you live in my house you will always wear your beloved dresses. Even if you must wear girl's pants and blouses to school, and I hope you will not have to, you may still wear your bra and panties under them."

"Panties," he repeated again. "Wear panties to school."

"Certainly, I would not deprive you of them. Of course you will wear panties to school. Why should we buy needless boy's underpants? Your makeup will be more subtle for school, just a pale pink lipstick to match your nails."

"Nail polish?"

"You wouldn't want to polish your nails every afternoon and remove the polish every morning."

Monday morning, the first day of school, Miss Baldwin woke the boys early.

"Come downstairs with me, girls," she said. "I have a surprise for you."

Nick and Mike crawled out of bed, and put on their slippers. Still half asleep they followed her down.

"Good morning Nicole, Michelle," Sebastian's cheery greeting was like a bucket of ice water in the face. Nick was instantly alert and aware of the way his panties and padded bra showed through his nightgown. He clinched his fists, wishing he could bury them in Sebastian's grinning mouth. Being seen without wig or makeup was somehow even worse.



“Sebastian has brought you some special things for your first day back to school,” Miss Baldwin said.

“You told us we could wear girl’s pants,” Nick said.

Sebastian snickered and Nick immediately felt stupid to be begging for girl’s pants to wear.

“Thank your mother for completing these things on time, Sebastian,” Miss Baldwin said. “I’m sure you need to get back now.”

Nick was happy to see him go, but was not pleased when Brenda arrived a moment later.

“I know that Nicole and Michelle are anxious to see their new clothes,” Miss Baldwin said. “Let’s not make them wait any longer.”

Out of the bags came two outfits. The boys backed away.



“Those aren’t pants,” Nick said lamely

“I said that I would speak with the principal. I will be going to school with you today and doing just that, I don’t see any reason for you to have to give up your dresses until and unless the principal decides you must.”

“That’s not a dress,” Mike said.

“I asked Celestina to make you both special dresses for your first day back to school. Nicole will wear hers, but you have been a disappointment to me. Even with your sister’s constant help, you seem incapable of learning how to be a proper girl-boy. Perhaps you need a bit of an incentive, so today you will be a sissy girl-boy.”

“A what?”

“You may wear the bra and wig that you have not earned, but you will wear them with a sissy boy outfit.”

Back in their bedroom, the boys were helped to change.

“Take off your gowns, girls,” Miss Baldwin said.

The boys soon were standing uncomfortably in panties or, in Nick’s case, his bra and panties.

“Your bra, Michelle, laces up the front. I expect you might need help with it the first time.”

Nick put on his new dress and, with assistance from Miss Baldwin, zipped up the back.

“Oh Auntie, this dress, my chest!” A circle of ruffles outlined and emphasized his false breasts.

“What about me,” Mike said. His strapless bra now contained substantial falsies that Nick knew he would find impossible to hide.



“You girls both look darling. Come Michelle, Brenda will help you dress.”

“Please,” Nick whimpered.

“What is the matter, Nicole?”

“Don’t make me wear this to school.”

“It looks sweet.”

“Can’t I wear pants?”

Miss Baldwin frowned.

“Or at least a simpler dress.”

“After you wear that dress, whatever the principal and I agree you shall wear for the rest of the year at school will likely be simpler. Perhaps it will be dresses maybe skirts and blouses or even girl’s pants and t-shirts.”

“Auntie!”

“I know. It would be a horrible disappointment to me too. But you can be sure that if it is to be girl’s pants, they will be the most feminine we can find, and if you must wear girl’s t-shirts, they will have the cutest images on them. Just think how they will show off your

figure. In the meantime, don't you agree that you should wear this dress today? Your friends will get the inevitable teasing out of their systems, and for the rest of the year, while you wear simpler garments, they will leave you alone."

"They'll never stop," Nick said.

"A ponytail today, Nicole, and a hair bow. Could you do that yourself while I help Michelle?"

Nick's shoulders sagged and he let his arms fall to his sides where they brushed against his full skirts and petticoats. He clutched and twisted the fabric.

"Don't wrinkle your dress, Nicole. Fix your face, dear."

He turned to the vanity, spread his skirts, sat and began to comb out his wig. In the mirror he could see the women putting a blouse on Mike. It had a high lace collar and sleeves that ended at his elbows in a mass of ruffles. Nick drew the wig on his head, finished combing it and gathered the back into a ponytail. He secured it with an elastic band.

They were helping Mike into a pair of short purple pants. It had a triple row of white ruffles attached to the bottom of each leg. Even with the ruffles, they ended high on his thighs. There was a strange design on the front that looked like a lacy front zipper, but the pants actually closed in the back. Celestina must have been grinning when she sewed it.

Nick selected a bow that would go with his dress and fixed it to his wig with Bobbie pins.

Mike's next garment was a vest that matched his pants. It had a white lace collar and rows of white buttons running down the front that emphasized the swelling of his chest.

Mike looked miserable. Nick didn't feel so good himself. What would the kids at school say? He began to feel sick. He couldn't think about it. He concentrated on his makeup. When he finished and stood up, Brenda was fitting a wig on Mike. It had long ringlets descending all around. Mike was also wearing knee high stockings with bows at the top and high heel pumps matching Nick's.



Nick watched as Miss Baldwin supervised Mike's application of his makeup.

He stood twisting at his dress with his hands. He knew he looked and acted like a girl and that he kids would tease him. It would be worse for Mike in that outfit, but it was his own fault. Nick would never have been in these clothes if it weren't for Mike.

When Mike finished, Miss Baldwin sprayed him with perfume. Nick endured the same treatment.

"Come give me a kiss, you charming little girls," Miss Baldwin said.

Nick twisted at the strap of his purse as Mike kissed her on the cheek. Then he walked to her, not too close because he didn't want his full skirt to touch her. He bent towards her and he kissed her as well.

Actually quivering with humiliation, eyes fixed firmly to the ground at their feet, the girl-boy

and the sissy girl-boy entered the school building and walked with Miss Baldwin to the principal's office. Nick could feel the eyes on him.

"Wait here, girls," Miss Baldwin said. Oh how Nick hated being called a girl, and how he hated looking so much like one.

The brothers sat on the wooden bench in the hall outside the principal's office. They had been there many times before. In the past, they had sprawled, exhibiting their bravado and lack of concern. The principal never did anything to them, just sent them home. This was so horribly different.

They sat with their knees tightly together and their hands on their laps as they had been taught. Both boys stared at the floor. Mike hunched forward trying to hide his breasts. Nick had been corrected so many times before when he had tried to slouch that he sat with back straight out of habit.



“Look who’s here?”

Startled, the boys looked up to see Freddie, a boy they had terrorized and robbed routinely last year, and some of his friends.

Mike put his face behind his hand as if to hide.

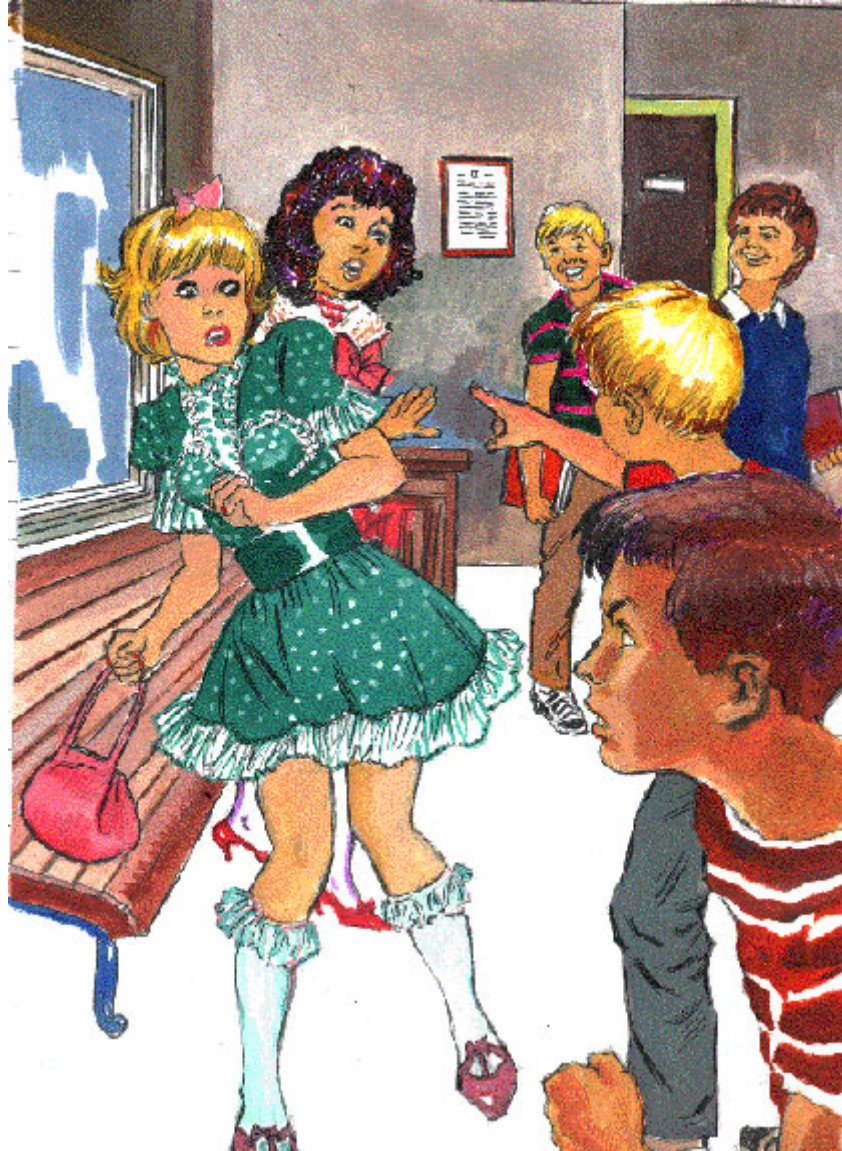


“Tough guys, huh,” Freddie said. “I heard about you. Wearing dresses now, eh Nick. And Mike, what the hell are you wearing. What’s that, tits!”

Nick stood up hoping to see a teacher to call for help.

“You owe me,” Freddie said.

Nick and Mike were normally fearless. But dressed as they were, they shrank back from him. Nick lifted his arm, in part to ward him off and in part to hide his breasts



“You sissies got any money in your purses?” Freddie asked.

“I don’t know, maybe a little” Nick said.

“Give it to me,” Freddie said.

The boys searched through their purses and gave him the money they found.



“Is that all,” Freddie said.

“I gave you everything,” Mike said. “Now leave us alone.”

“Not everything,” Freddie said. “You can give me a show.” He grabbed Nick’s dress and pulled it up.

Nick fought to keep it down, but others joined in to help Freddie, lifting his dress high and tugging at his wig.

“No! Stop!” Nick cried.

Mike, terrified, ran down the hall.



“Don’t let the sissy get away,” Freddie yelled.



The guys left a shaken Nick and surrounded Mike. One of them grabbed the wig off his head.

“Pants him!”

Mike struggled. They pulled at his pants until they broke off its buttons and lowered it.

“Panties!”

“What a sissy.”

“Leave me alone!” Mike cried.



The boys laughed at him.

“Tomorrow you better have more money or we’ll beat the crap out of you,” Freddie said.

That phrase was one that Nick and Mike had used on these same boys many times before.

“What is going on here?” Miss Baldwin’s stern voice caused the boys to scatter.



“You horrible children,” she said to Nick and Mike. “The principal will never agree to allow you back after that disturbance.”

“It wasn’t our -”



“Michelle, stop right now. Nothing is ever your fault. Never the less, you are always in trouble.”

Nick and Mike quivered as Miss Baldwin scolded them. “You girls are a mess,” she said. “Fix your clothes and makeup.”

The giggles began and Nick shrank. How could she call him a girl in front of his schoolmates? He adjusted his petticoats and fluffed out his skirts. Then he took his lipstick and mirror from his purse and touched up his mouth.

“Looking good, Nicole,” a girl Nick barely knew teased him.



Miss Baldwin led the girl-boys past the laughing children back to her car.

“At least we won’t have to go to school in dresses,” Nick thought.

“We have another stop, and you girls had better behave,” Miss Baldwin said.

Nick sat quietly, wondering what was coming next.

Cars were parked everywhere around Peggy’s house. Nick could hear the music from the street and see the kids through the windows.

“Let’s go home,” Mike said.

“It would be rude not to go when Peggy was so nice as to invite you to her party,” Miss Baldwin said and led them up the walk.



“Nicole! Michelle!” Peggy greeted them cheerily. “Welcome to my back to school party. You girls know everyone here.”

No one went to class the first day of school. They registered, got their books and left. The party had many of the members of their class at school. Most of them had not seen Nick or Mike since spring. They had only heard about the changes. Some hadn't believed the stories; others were startled to see the extent of the brothers' transformation. All were curious about their obvious breasts.



Nick's mouth was dry from prolonged nervous tension, and he went for a drink. Mike, alone in the center of the room, became a target.

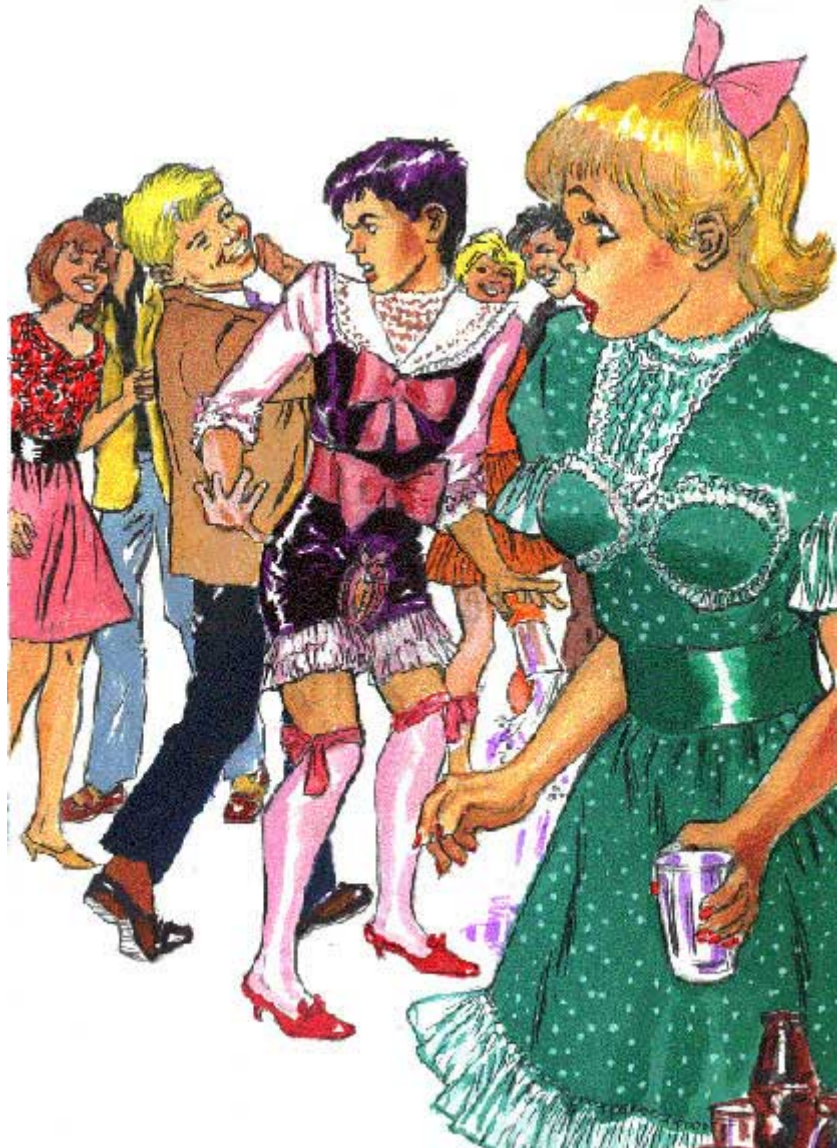
"Where's your dress, honey?" Mary asked.

"Why don't you lend her yours, Mary?" Gary asked.

"She'd stretch it out with those huge breasts," Mary said.

"Yea, check out those tits," Phil said.

"Shut up! Shut up!" Mike spun around, yelling at the whole room, totally out of control.



Miss Baldwin rushed over, “Michelle, whatever is the matter with you?”

“Make them shut up.”

“Your behavior is totally unacceptable.” She grabbed his arm and pulled him towards the door. “Nicole, come with us. We are so sorry, Peggy.”



“That’s alright,” Peggy said. “The girls are welcome here anytime.”

Mike didn’t stop quivering even after they returned home.

“What is the matter with you?” Miss Baldwin asked.

He twisted his hands together, looked like he wanted to say something but decided not to.

“Is it your sissy suit?”

Mike nodded.

“You prefer your dresses?”

He managed another small nod.

“Oh very well. Brenda, bring the other new box.”



Soon the boys were dressed alike. Mike’s wig, however, was styled too young for him in a mass of little curls. He looked angry.

“Do you have something you want to say?” Miss Baldwin asked.

He stood in front of her, eyes cast down.



“Well?” she asked again.

“This wig . . .”

“Yes, what about it?”

“Don’t you have one more like Nicole’s?”

“Give it to me,” she took the wig. “You haven’t earned it anyway. Now listen to your sister and learn how to be a proper girl-boy.”



Nick took his responsibilities very seriously. Hour after hour he worked with his brother.

“You must learn to look more like a girl,” he said, observing Mike putting his eyeliner on carelessly. “When we go out together, if you look bad, everyone will know what you are and will wonder about me. Take that makeup off and start over.”



“No, No,” he said. “Swirl your skirts like this,” Nick would demonstrate and Mike would awkwardly follow his lead under Miss Baldwin’s watchful eyes.



“Have you decided you wish to continue to wear dresses,” Miss Baldwin asked Mike at lunch. “Or would you prefer another sissy suit?”

“I think I like dresses just a little bit more.”

“Very well. Nicole, change to your blouse and short skirt. Michelle, you can change into the similar waltz length dress.”

After the boys changed, Nick said, “I just don’t know what to do with your hair until you earn your wig. Let me try curlers. He tugged and twisted at Mike’s hair, winding it around small pink curlers. Mike spent the afternoon practicing feminine movements with his hair up in curlers. Finally, Nick removed them and combed Mike’s hair out. “It’s hopeless,” he said. “I can’t do anything at all with this short hair.”



At dinner, Nick said, “Auntie, we can’t go back to that school.”

“No, you can’t. Your behavior has forced me to make arrangements with a suitable private school.”

“But, Auntie Eve,” Nick said in a tiny fearful voice, “It’s not a . . . a girl’s school, is it?”

“Nicole. Nicole,” exclaimed Miss Baldwin with a laugh. Reaching out to hug him she said, “As pretty a girl as you make, I am very much afraid you could not live a whole year as a girl in a girls’ school without being discovered. As for you, Michele, I am afraid you would have less success than Nicole. No matter how much you love your pretties, you will have to go to your new school as boys.”

“Oh thank you, Auntie,” Mike said, breaking out into a broad grin. Nick too was greatly relieved. He was hardly looking forward to wearing dresses to school where, as Auntie had pointed out, he had no doubt that he would soon be discovered.

“It is a boarding school quite a long drive from here,” Miss Baldwin said. “It will be quite impractical for you girls to come home, except for the holidays.”

Nick looked at Mike and both boys smiled. “Finally!” Nick thought, “I will be out of the control of this horrible woman.”

Brenda joined them and, with an unusual smile said, “Bedtime, girls.”

She accompanied them to their bedroom.

“We can change without help,” Mike said.

“I want to watch you sissies undress one last time.”

She sat and grinned at them as they helped each other out of their dresses.



“Leave your bras on, girls. I want to think of you sleeping in them tonight.”

They put on their gowns.

“Hang up your dresses nicely. I want everything to be ready for you when you come back at Christmas.”

“They wouldn’t make us wear that stuff again,” Nick thought. “Then again, they might.”

Their clothes neatly put away, she tucked them in, “Good night, sissies. It’s been fun.”

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Nick took the first shower in the morning. When he returned to his bedroom, he was excited to see a pair of his long missing pants laid out on the bed. With them were a shirt, socks, shoes and even jockey shorts. It was over, finally over. It was good that they were going to school in another town. No one there would know about their horrible summer. In a few days, he and Mike would identify the weak ones, the wimps who they could depend on for extra cash. Life would be good again.

He hastened to dress, perhaps too hastily, as when Mike returned and started removing the polish from his nails, Nick flushed to realize that he had put his socks and shoes on over his painted toes. The polish had become so much a part of his life that he hadn't even seen it. He would have to be careful of everything for a while. Walking or sitting like a girl would definitely get him into trouble with the guys at his new school.



They had been driving for almost three hours when they entered the town where the school was located. Neither Miss Baldwin nor the boys had felt much like talking.

Nick was excited to be out in pants, but he was a bit uncomfortable about his hands. He tried to sprawl and leave them carelessly at his side, but he kept finding them folded neatly on his lap. He had to concentrate on their location.

The highway crossed over train tracks then narrowed to a two-lane city street that paralleled the coast. Miss Baldwin turned left, then right, and left again, always ascending above the city center towards the top of a hill overlooking both the city and the ocean.

They pulled into a driveway. Nick noticed that they were at the gate of a very large house,

perhaps a mansion, on extensive grounds. There was a high metal fence and gate with the letters 'SBS' formed in the same metal at the top. Miss Baldwin spoke into an intercom and the gate opened. She drove a short distance to the doors of what Nick was now certain was the largest and most elegant house he had ever seen.

A stern faced woman in her forties with dark brown hair and horn-rimmed glasses came out of the front door to meet them. "Welcome to the Silvan School," she said. "I'm Ms Gilbert, the principal. I hope you had a pleasant drive."

"So nice of you to meet us," Miss Baldwin said. "These are my friend's children, Nick and Mike."

"Will you be staying?"

"No, I want to get home before nightfall."

"Have a safe trip. I'll take them now and introduce them to their new school."

"Nicholas, Michael, come give your Auntie a hug and a kiss goodbye," Miss Baldwin said.

Nick went to her. She gathered him into her arms and planted a kiss right on his mouth.

"I will miss you, Nicole," she whispered.

Nick looked around nervously. He hoped that none of his classmates had seen this display. He was certain that no one could have heard 'Nicole', but still her saying it made him uncomfortable.

"Where are the rest of the guys?" Mike asked ignoring Miss Baldwin's outstretched arms.

"Don't worry about a thing, Miss Baldwin," The principal said. "We will take good care of your charges."

Turning to the boys she said, "Come with me, children. Walk this way."

Mike left Miss Baldwin standing there without a word.

After a long summer practicing a girlish gait, Nick was afraid that he would truly 'walk that way'. He tried to take long strides and not swing his hips.

"Finally we are done with that old bitch," Mike said to Nick, who hoped that the principal had not heard.

They followed her to a room where three girls and a blond woman who appeared to be around thirty were waiting. To Nick's astonishment the girls were wearing dresses so short that he could see their panties.

He grinned as he eyed their swelling breasts. Looking closer, he was startled and excited to see their nipples pressing out little bumps in the fabric of their uniforms. It was cool that the help dressed like this. He wondered if they had boyfriends already. If they did, he figured that

he and Mike could discourage them from dating these girls. They had a lot of experience in getting what they wanted from boys at their old school. There was no reason to think that it would be any different here.

“I will leave you in Miss Marion’s capable hands,” Ms Gilbert said, and she left the room.

“Help our new arrivals, girls,” Miss Marion said. One knelt in front of Mike. Damn, she was cute. Mike stared openly at her breasts.

“Lift your foot,” she said.

“Why?”

“Lift your foot.”

Miss Marion looked grim. Mike must have noticed as he lifted his foot. The girl removed his shoe. He raised his other foot without being asked.

“Lift your foot, Nick heard. There was a girl kneeling in front of him too. He allowed her to remove his shoes.

A second girl joined the one with Mike. They began unbuttoning his shirt. He backed away.

“Resistance will be punished,” Miss Marion said.

“Let us do this,” one of the girls whispered to the brothers. “You don’t want to be caned, believe me.”

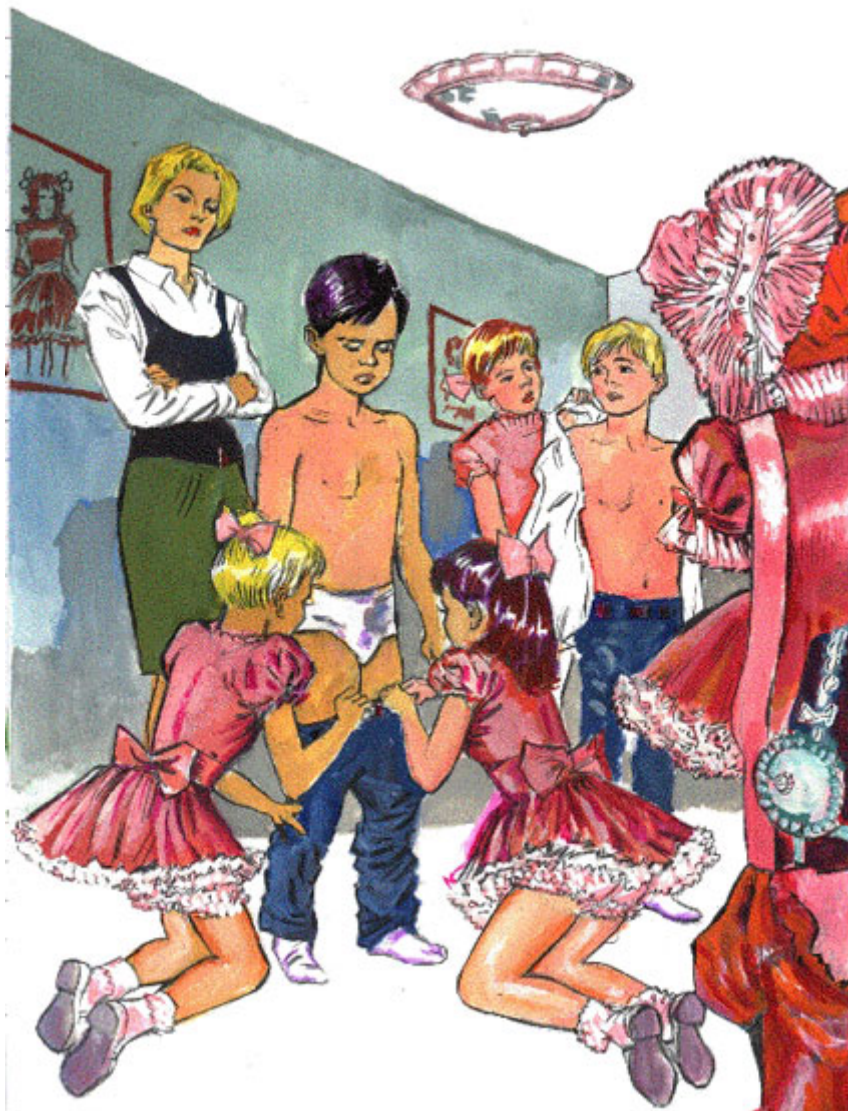
She started unbuttoning Nick’s shirt. It was embarrassing to be undressed by this pretty girl, but also a bit sexy. Were they maids?

Mike’s shirt was off too.

A girl unzipped Mike’s pants.

“What are you doing!” he exclaimed.

“Please keep quiet,” she whispered. “Everyone goes though this when they arrive.”



She pulled down his pants. Nick was also reduced to his underpants. One of the girls left the room with their clothes.

“Don’t!” Nick heard Mike shout.

Suddenly, Nick felt his underpants being pulled down! “Hey!” He shouted. He hadn’t seen the girl come up behind him. Surprised, he covered himself with his hands and bent his knees, futilely trying to stop their decent. Despite his efforts, she stripped them away.

Nick, flushed with embarrassment, kept his hands at his groin and tried to keep his body between his privates and the girls.

Mike was naked too. That must have been the reason for his shout earlier. Nick shivered thought the room was warm. What was this, some weird initiation?

One of the girls took the underwear out of the room. Both boys covered themselves as best they could.

Just then Ms Gilbert returned. With a smile she looked over the boys in their naked condition. “Miss Marion, did you have any difficulty preparing our new students?”

“Not at all, Miss.”

“Excellent,” Ms Gilbert said. “Children,” she addressed Nick and Mike, “I know you are confused and embarrassed, and you will be dressed soon. But first I will describe the history and Mission of the Silvan School for Boys.”

Nick stood in a half crouch covering his penis and wondering why the hell he couldn’t have his pants on for this speech.

“Our benefactor, Mr. Silvan, founded this school to help address a serious problem in our society. Violence and sexual misconduct are rampant among young men and our overflowing jails do nothing to rehabilitate them. Mr. Silvan believes that -”

“Hey, how about some pants,” Mike said.

“Do not interrupt me again.”

Mike glared at her, but stayed silent.

“Mr. Silvan believes that if violent young men can be identified early enough, they can be taught to be valuable members of society. That is why you and all of our other students are here. You think that you are tough and that you won’t follow our rules. Every boy here thought that same thing when he arrived. Every boy sooner or later, painfully or not, ended up following them. Believe me, you will too. Now then, you asked for pants. Sarah, bring our new students their pants.”

One of the girls left the room and returned carrying two boxes. They looked too small for pants. Indeed, when she opened them Nick could see that the boxes contained panties. Panties! And they looked the same as the ones the girls were wearing, white with a pink ribbon threaded in and around each leg.

“For the three years you will be with us, this is the closest thing to pants you will ever wear,” Ms Gilbert said.

“Three years!” Mike exclaimed.

“Help our new students into their ‘pants’, girls.”

Mike tried to ward off the two girls who approached him with one hand while he desperately attempted to conceal himself with the other. Nick didn’t even offer that token resistance. After wearing girl’s clothes all summer, he was more or less resigned to his fate. He let the girls put panties on him.

“Now help them into their new tops.”

Two more boxes arrived, these a bit bigger than the first two. The girls opened them and

removed -

“Bras!” Mike exclaimed. “Those are bras!”

“They are your new tops,” Ms Gilbert said. You will wear them day and night for as long as you are here.”

“What the -”

“I hope you were not about to curse,” Ms Gilbert interrupted Mike. “A cursing would not be a pleasant way for you to begin your first day with us.”

Nick’s stomach was churning, bra and panties again. It must mean girls’ clothes. What kind of a place was this?

He allowed one of the girls to put the bra on him. It was unlike any he had worn before. It had heavy yet soft breasts surrounded by lace and ribbon, but the oddest and most embarrassing thing about it was the large and protruding nipples.

In a daze he allowed himself to be put into turn down socks and black cross-strap shoes.

It was barely a surprise when one of the girls brought him a pink dress identical to the one she was wearing.



She zipped it up his back and checked the flare of its many built in petticoats. The guys were really going to give him a hard time when they saw him dressed like one of the maids.



“Come, children,” Ms Gilbert said.

Fully dressed, the boys followed her out of the room, their petticoats swishing merrily. Nick had an impulse to make a run for it. Common sense prevailed. Where would he go? How would he get through the closed gate? He couldn’t hope to climb it with these hampering skirts, and even if he could, what then? He had no money and knew no one in this town.

“This is your classroom,” Ms Gilbert said. “Join the other students.”

The boys walked through the door she indicated. Nick was sure that he was in for a teasing or worse, but what he saw made him stop in his tracks.

All the children were dressed just as he was and some of them were obviously boys. Could it be that they all were? Some of them looked so feminine.



Now he wondered about the ‘maids’. They might have been boys too. But how? They looked and acted so feminine. Nick was suddenly overcome with embarrassment. They must have been boys and he had thought they looked sexy.

The room was lined with vanity mirrors and stools. Most of the students were putting on makeup, doing their nails or working on their hair.

A stern looking woman was lecturing an unfortunate girl or perhaps boy.

“Miss Nicole, you know better. When you apply your mascara each lash must be separated from the other. Sit back down and start over.”

“My name isn’t Nicole it’s John, and boys aren’t supposed to wear makeup,” the person who Nick now firmly believed was a boy said. “I’m tired of wearing this stupid dress too.”

Slap! The teacher’s hand landed hard on his face. “Mince over there, sit your pretty bottom down on that stool and completely re-do your face. It had better be perfect. As a result of that unladylike outburst, you will be visiting Miss Muffy after class.”

“No please,” the ‘girl’ pleaded. Her tone had completely changed. “I’m sorry. Please don’t send me to Miss Muffy. I’ll do anything.”

“I do not make idle threats. If you are truly better in the future you may avoid visiting her again.”

Dejectedly the ‘girl’ made her way the vanity mirror.

‘She’ moved so much like a girl, Nick observed, and her makeup was so perfect in spite of what the teacher said. Was it his fate to look like her and the ‘maids’, Nick wondered? Was he to be transformed fully into a girl?

The End



