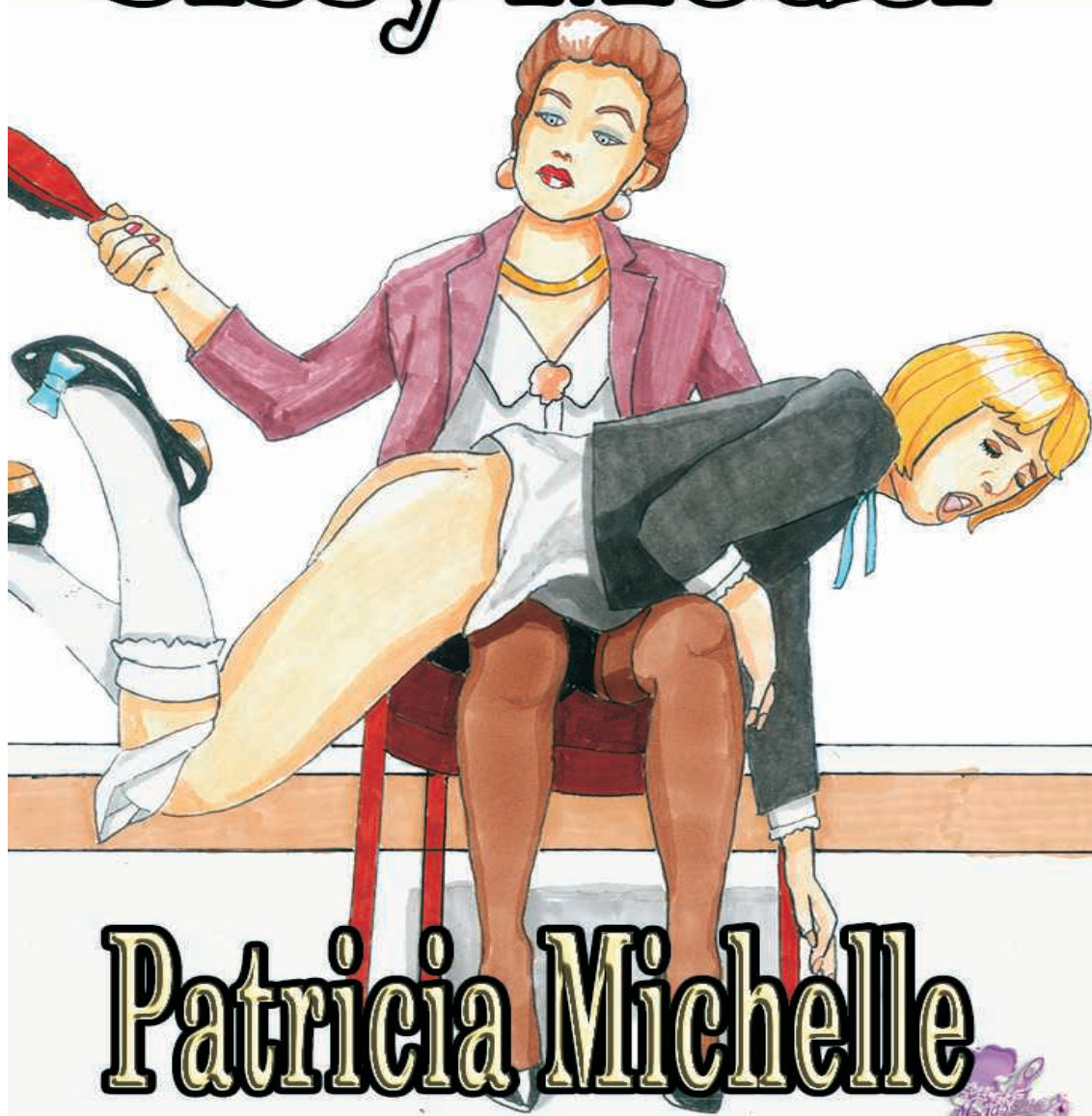


# From Husband To Sissy Model



Patricia Michelle



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For information address  
Mags, Inc.  
P.O. Box 5829  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413  
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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Patricia Michelle

# **From Husband To Sissy Model**

**By Patricia Michelle**

## **Chapter-1 Why do you put up with him, I wouldn't.**

In public Bob was getting worse and worse. We'd been married two years and it was quite clear who was the boss, at least at home. I was. However once outside, especially in front of others, he became dictatorial, bossing me around, contradicting me, and doing whatever he could to put me down..

It was not only embarrassing but humiliating, especially in front of my friends. There was a reason, actually several of them, for his actions. I wasn't tall, just five feet, four inches. Still Bob was three inches shorter. And at five feet, one inch very self-conscious of his height, even to wearing lifts in his shoes, and he never let me wear anything but flats when we went out..

If that wasn't enough to give him a Napoleon complex I was three years older. And a very successful interior designer, even though just in my mid-twenties. Bob, on the other hand had graduated with a teaching degree, but had never been able to land a permanent position. The best he'd ever done was some substitute teaching, and hadn't worked in almost a year.

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Consequently the more successful I became as the breadwinner of the marriage the more intolerable he became.

There was one other thing that was a real sore spot, and absolutely grated on his nerves. He had those boyish good looks like Michael J. Fox, who if dressed like a teenager nobody would ever think he was a day older than he looked.

In this I actually did have to feel sorry for him. There was nothing he could do about it. If he shaved every other week he was lucky. Unfortunately women, like girls, can be thoughtlessly cruel. It started on our wedding day, overhearing one woman remark that, "Darlene must be robbing the cradle." And another who whispered too loud, "You really couldn't call him handsome, could you, he's more cute, or pretty, than anything."

"Like some of the boys in my eighth grade class, maybe seventh," her friend laughed.

Which was probably the reason he could never land a real job. Who would hire a high school teacher that looked younger than his students? I think he knew it but could never admit it.

Which brings us to a very momentous day for him. We were at a party and once again in front of my friends he'd put me down so that my best friend, Kate Peters, found me in the ladies room crying.

"Honest to god Darlene why do you put up with it? I wouldn't, not for a minute. What that puffed up ego of his needs is something that will give it a much needed battering. Something to knock him down a peg or two.."

"Or three," I said vengefully.

A bit later she came up to me with a twinkle in her eye. "I've got it. I know just what will crush that overbearing, macho ego of his. Bring him to lunch tomorrow. Cora will join us a bit later and don't act surprised at anything that goes on. Just go with it," she giggled.

Kate and I had been best friends since grade school, and that was also how long she'd known Bob.

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While I became an interior designer her interest in fashion eventually led her to open a very successful, and expensive, children's boutique called Little Darlings.

I'm glad I didn't know what she had up her sleeve because I would have laughed myself silly from the start.

### **Chapter 2- Knocking him down a peg, or two.**

Sitting in the restaurant she started to tell us her problems of the day. "Starting with a real disaster. One of our boy models cancelled, leaving me without any boys."

Pretending to think about it for a minute she suddenly asked Bob, "When we were younger, like around fifth or sixth grade didn't your mother have you doing some modeling?"

"Yea, I didn't much like it, so I stopped doing it," he said. In reality it was undoubtedly because he never grew an inch taller.

"I know this is really an out of left field idea, but do you think Bob could take my missing models place?"

"W-What? Me model boy's clothes. That's nuts!" he said indignantly.

"Actually not so nuts. You really haven't grown much since then you know, and except for doing something with your waist and probably hair, you'd fit right into Kevin's outfits. It's just that I'm desperate, and it would pay \$25 an hour. I have a show this afternoon, and two this weekend. That's six hours, no probably seven," Kate said, winking at me.

"I told you, I'm not putting on, or modeling, any boy's clothes, god damn it," he nearly shouted.

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Finally realizing what she had up her sleeve I put my hand over my mouth to keep from laughing, winked back at her, and in my angriest voice said, “If you’ll excuse us for a minute Kate my husband and I have something to talk about. Outside now!”

Outside on the street I cut him short saying, “This may offend your precious ego Mister, but you’re going to do my best friend a favor. She’s desperate...”

“I’m not...”

“Did you hear how much it pays? That’s \$325. I’m sick of you thinking you’re too good to take a lessor job. That’s more than you could earn substitute teaching for nearly a whole week,” I declared.

“I told you...”

“No, I’m telling you Bob. You either do this and start pulling your weight, or we go home, you pack everything you own, and I kick you out,” I flatly stated.

“Y-You’re n-not serious, a-are you?” he asked nervously.

“Here are the car keys. I’ll be back around three. Anything of yours still in the house I throw out. Oh yes, leave the car keys. It’s my car, not yours,” I nearly shouted at him.

O-Okay, I-I’ll do it,” he said, realizing I was dead serious. And by then I really was.

“And Saturday and Sunday as well?”

“Y-Yes...”

“And you’ll do whatever Kate asks you to do?” I demanded to know.

“Yes, I said I would.”

“Alright, this is how it’s going to be. When we go back in you’ll tell Kate you apologize. That you were just surprised, that’s all, and of course, you’ll do it.

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And Bob, you're going to sound eager, and you'd better be convincing. Actually, you know what?" I asked.

"Ah, n-no what?"

"I hope this absolutely crushes that overbearing ego of yours. I hope you absolutely hate it."

Back inside Kate acted so relieved and thankful. "You really don't mind doing for me really," she asked, trying hard to suppress a grin.

"N-No, really I don't. Anything I can do to, ah, help you out. It, it'll probably be fun," he struggled to get out.

"Well, just to make sure I'm not wrong about this, Cora Nichols, will be joining us shortly. She's a sort of image consultant I use. Advising our models on hair style, make-up and what clothes they'd look best in. I will introduce you simply as the boy who's going to take Kevin's place and ask her opinion if she thinks you'd work out or not. I won't tell her who you are, or your age. If she figures it out we'll just laugh it off as a joke, and forget about it. Agreed?" she asked, and in obvious relief he naively agreed.

Which is when I understood Kate's remark about bringing her friend in on it I just managed to stifle another laugh as Kate winked at me.

In her late thirties Cora was a tall, stunning woman. The first tweak at his ego came when Kate said, "This is Bobbie Conners, my friend's, ah, nephew. He'll be replacing Kevin who cancelled once again. I was just wondering how you think he would fit in."

Waiting several seconds, pretending to study his looks, with Bob sure that she'd ask what the joke was, she said, "Yes, I think he'd fit in nicely. Has he had any experience modeling?"

I picked up immediately that she was on purpose not addressing her questions to him. Exactly how you would talk to other adults about children in their presence.

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“Yes some, although it’s been a couple of years. But Darlene said he’s a bright boy and could probably pick it up quickly again.”

“Well, if you plan to use him on a more regular basis you probably should enroll him in Ms. Martin’s modeling class. He could make quite a bit of money if he graduates from her class. Students of hers can make upwards of \$75 an hour, sometimes even more. Although naturally you’d want to handle whatever he makes for him. Children his age simply have no concept of money,” she stated, really laying it on thick.

“My goodness, that really is a lot of money,” I commented.

“Just where do you see Bobbie fitting in, Cora, and do you see any problems areas?” Kate asked.

“Definitely a different hair style. What he has is all wrong, much too grown up a style for a boy his age. Could you have him stand up for me, and then around?” she asked me, not him.

“Yes, of course. Bob, I mean Bobbie, please do what the nice lady asks. Stand up and then turn around for her,” I said, in my most condescending adult to child tone of voice. And was rewarded with a brief flash of anger which quickly disappeared when he saw the murderous look I gave him.

“Oh my, his figure. We’ll really have to do something about that Kate. It’s much too chubby for a boy model, isn’t it? And look at how he’s standing. No, no Bobbie. Please stand on both legs, heels and toes together. Hands laced in front of you. Now shoulders back more and try to stand more erectly. I think we’re really going to have to work on his posture. Now do you think you can remember how proper boys are supposed to stand, Bobbie?” she asked, talking to him as you would a child.

‘Y-Yes I c-can.’ He blushed

“Oh dear me. Wen you modeling today and anyone addresses you please try to answer, ‘Yes Ma’am or Sir.’ It’s much more polite, don’t you think?”

“Y-Yes Ma’am,” he managed to choke out.

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“I guess manners would have to be another area he’ll need work on. Now to answer your question I think initially he’ll work out well modeling your Little Lords & Lassies collection.”

When I asked what age range that was Cora smiled and said, “Why that’s the youngest teen collection. For boys and girls just into their teens, thirteen to fifteen. Oh my, look at the time. Just a couple hours till your show. If you want I’ll just take the boy with me and make as many changes as I can with him. I’m sure I can get rid of that ‘older’ look. Come along Bobbie, we’ll leave the adults to their lunch,” she said, and with that she held out her hand, obviously intending him to take it. Which, blushing shamefully, he did.

Before they left I leaned over and whispered, “If I hear even a hint that you’ve given Cora any trouble at all don’t bother coming home after the show. And I mean it, do you understand?”

“Y-Yes, I-I do,” he said fearfully.

Kate and I laughed so hard people started staring at us.

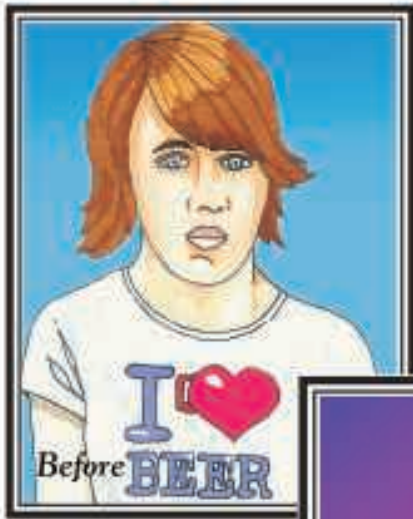
“Obviously you know what Cora’s going to do with him,” I said.

“Oh yes, but you couldn’t get it out of me for a million bucks,” she chuckled.

## **Chapter 3- From Bob to Bobbie.**

But Kate did know, and had discussed it with Cora. Here’s what happened. Their first stop, as she related to me later, was to a beauty parlor. “I want you to go sit on in chair Bobbie. Once in it I want you to sit perfectly still. I don’t want to see any fidgeting, and do not annoy the girls with any idle chatter. Boys especially have a tendency to squirm and fidget. For those boys we have a belt that goes around the waist, and these for your hands,” she said, indicating two leather straps.

“Do you think they’ll be necessary, or do you think you can sit perfectly still?” she asked sternly.



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Of course he was horrified that they would actually strap him into the chair.

“N-no Ma’am,” he said, barely above a whisper.

“No what, Bobbie?” she demanded to know.

“No Ma’am. I-I’ll sit perfectly still.”

“I do hope so,” she said, and as she thought he was too shocked and humiliated to dare more or utter a word as they worked on him..

When I next saw him it was as he was walking down the runway in Kate’s boutique in front of about forty women.

“Oh my god,” was all I could say, then couldn’t help laughing.

“Adorable, isn’t he?” Kate giggled, and that he was.

“What did he do when he saw himself?” I asked.

“Nothing. Well, that’s not quite true. I thought he was going to cry, poor thing, but he didn’t.”

The biggest changes were his face and hair, which he wore a bit long. It had been light brown, now it was blonde and styled so perfectly in a Dutch boy’s bob with bangs.

“Per Cora’s instructions they permed his hair. It’ll be literally weeks before it starts wearing off,” she grinned.

“It’s perfect, but obviously you’ve done other things. He actually looks younger.”

“Oh yes. Well, for example, to bring out the wide eyed look all little boys have they added long, fluttering eye lashes and added some mascara. Then a slightly darker, natural colored eyeshadow. They plucked his eyebrows some to make them more expressive and childlike. Rouged his cheeks, and then I had them draw on a fuller, lower lip so it looks more pouty and then painted them a

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slight pinkish color. Oh yes, you'll love this. This eyeshadow, mascara, rouge and lips they put on using dyes rather than make-up," she chuckled.

"You don't mean he can't wash it off?" I laughed.

"In months, maybe. As he'll all too soon find out," she said, and I couldn't wait till he discovered that.

"Obviously," I said, looking at him, "you managed to get his waist down to more boyish proportions."

"A firmly boned waist cinch took a couple inches off. However I have a better idea that will absolutely crush him," she grinned.

## Chapter-4 From Bobbie to Chrissie

"Now ladies what our two adorable models, little Bobbie and our darling Angela, are wearing is from our casual Little Lords and Lassies line. Little Bobbie," she said, I'm sure on purpose emphasizing 'little,' is wearing the most darling pair of shiny, tan, corduroy shorts with an attached bib.

"Notice the shoulder straps which crisscross in back and button to the bib with accenting red buttons in front and matching belt. Under it is the cutest, short sleeved white shirt with a darling peter pan collar. The perfect touch, of course, for his feet are black and white saddle shoes and short, turn down anklets.

His partner's outfit was identical except for the skirt. She looked about eleven and so crushing for him, I hoped, for she was actually a bit taller and they were holding hands. He was trying hard to smile but I could see it was taking a real effort.

"L-Look what they did to me," he hollered when we got home.

"Why I don't know what you mean. I think you look darling and much better as a blonde," I giggled, then angrily added, "Don't you dare raise your

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voice to me. I've had it with your arrogant, overblown ego. Pretending to be so macho. You'll do no more dictating to me, do you hear?"

"Y-Yes, b-but what am I going to do? My hair and they did other things to my face," he said, "how am I going to live this down?"

"Well, what does it matter? You have no job, you just sit around anyway, so there's no real harm. And not another word about this, or I'll do as I planned. Throw you out, looking like you do," I flatly stated.

It was later that night that he discovered that none of it washed out. "What the hell, none of this comes out," he said in real alarm.

"Oh my, why I really don't know. I'll have to ask Kate or Cora about it tomorrow. Oh yes, another thing. I hate it when you swear. That'll stop immediately. Understood?" I demanded to know.

Still in shock he said, "Yes, okay."

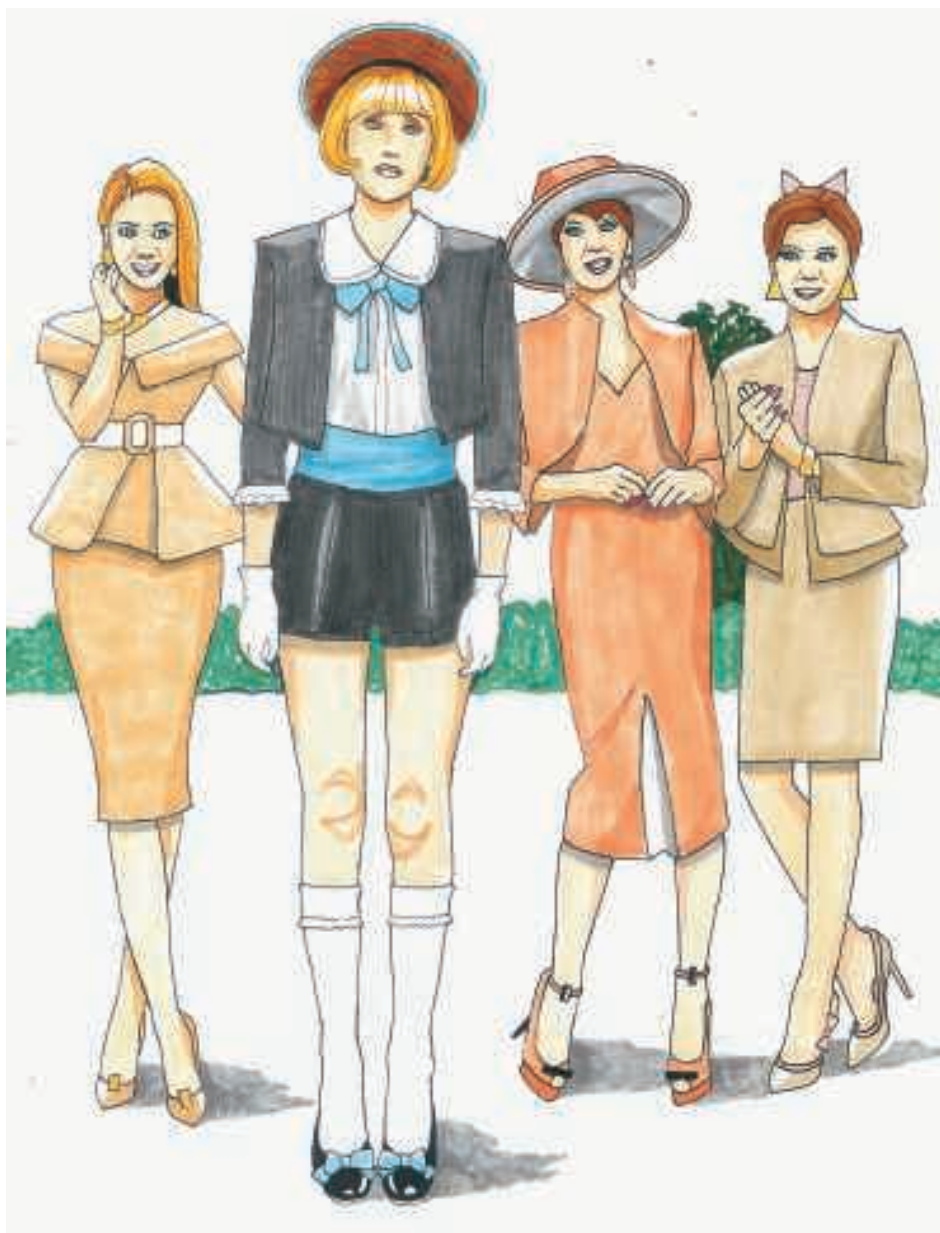
## **Chapter-5 The lawn party and Bob becomes Chrissie.**

The next day Kate had a lawn party showing at some rich woman's house. As soon as we got there Kate came over pretending to look distressed. "I'm afraid there might be a problem," she said, naming three women who knew Bob, who, needless to say, got very panicky.

"I don't think they'll recognize him, dressed as he is and with his new hairstyle and color. If you do run into them simply introduce him as your nephew who's visiting you. But it really would be best to change his name. What's his middle name?" she asked.

"Ah, well, it's Chris," I said.

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“Then that’s perfect. So he’ll be Chris, which I think sounds more boyish anyway. I’ll explain to Cora that we decided to use his middle name because it fits him better,” she said, trying hard not to giggle.

“Oh, I think so too. Well come along now Chris,” Cora said, leading him off by the hand, which I could see irritated him no end, but there was nothing he could do about it. I loved it.

When I next saw him he was holding the same girl’s hand, and I really had to laugh. For as I heard Kate explain they were wearing “dress-up” outfits from the little lords and lassies collection.

“Our adorable little Chrissie and darling, twelve year old Angela are wearing the most precious dress up outfits that I just know you’ll love to see your own children in,” she announced, I’m sure pointing out for Chrissie to hear just how old a girl he was paired with.

Bob, or Chrissie, was smiling but I’m sure his ego was crushed. As well it should be. Both were dressed adorable, grey velvet outfits. The short pants didn’t even come to mid-thigh. A bright blue, satin cummerbund showed off his figure. And like the pants he’d worn yesterday they had no front flap. A most childish touch I really loved. As I did the jacket, for it was truly a little boy’s bolero style, all too short and having no lapels. The white, satin shirt had a broad collar that actually fit over the jacket and was trimmed with tiny, eyelet lace, as were the sleeves. In front was an over large, floppy, blue, satin bow tie. And on his head was the most childish, schoolgirl hat trimmed in bright blue.

However there were other touches which I hoped truly did crush him. The long expanse of freshly shaved, childishly bare legs that ended in white knee socks, turned down at the tops and trimmed in dainty, eyelet lace. Then there were his shoes. Black, patent leather boy’s pumps with bright, blue, satin bows on each toe. The girl wore identical shoes only with little heels which actually made her a couple inches taller than he was. On his hands were wrist length, buttoning gloves. He looked just too adorable, I giggled to Kate.

“Oh, but it’s going to get much worse,” she promised.

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## Chapter-6 Rubbing it in.

When the show was over that was the outfit he was wearing when Cora brought him over, explaining, “The boy and girl models are expected to mingle for the rest of the party, and I thought he looked sweetest in this outfit. Which by the way you can have for him.”

As expected, and planned, we ran into the women who knew him as Bob. Naturally he was petrified, thinking, I’m sure, that he’d be discovered.

“Now let’s see Kate called him Chrissie, didn’t she. Is that your name sweetie?” one woman asked.

“Y-Yes Ma’am,” he stammered.

“Chrissie, you see, is my, ah, nephew. He’ll be visiting for a while,” I explained.

“So you’re the boy’s aunt, and where is Bob?” she asked.

“Oh, ah, Bob is off on several, er, interviews.”

“Well, I must say I’m sure you’re relieved. He was absolutely terrible to you the last time I saw him. Really Darlene, I don’t know how you put up with him,” she stated.

“I don’t put up with his antics any more, I assure you,” I said, looking my sternest at him.

When they left I said, “You see Chrissie, nobody likes Bob at all...”

“I-I didn’t realize...”

“Oh yes you did. You, or your ego, was precisely aware of how nasty you’ve been treating me. And as you heard me tell the lady I don’t intend to put up with it any more. Is that clear?” I demanded to know.

“Y-Yes D-Darlene, I-I’m sorry really.”

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“Oh you’ll be sorry, really sorry if I throw you out and divorce you. Which I’m so close to that the slightest hint of nastiness or arguing with me will do it. I hope you realize I’m dead serious,” I asked.

“Y-Yes I do,” he replied just when Kate came over.

“I just heard Chrissie call you Darlene. He really shouldn’t you know. In public he really should be addressing you as, ‘Aunty Darlene’ or what my niece calls me, ‘Aunty Dearest’ don’t you think?” she asked, really rubbing his in it and making sure to call him “Chrissie” which was so wonderfully childish I just knew he had to hate it.

## **Chapter-7 Poor Chrissie, reality really sets in.**

“You told me what happened last night when Chrissie tried to wash his face and the make up Cora put on him. Well, it’s a bit of a disaster I’m afraid. You see the previous customer who sat in the same chair they were using a more permanent make up on her, more like dyes...”

‘P-Permanent? H-How permanent?’ he asked in alarm.

“Are we talking a few days or a couple weeks here,” I innocently asked.

“Weeks? Oh no, I’m afraid it’s more like months. Four or five at the minimum, however the beautician said they often last a lot longer. Sometimes, she said, up to a year,” Kate said, desperately trying to maintain a straight face.

“Oh god, W-What will I do ?” he moaned.

“There’s nothing you can do. If you’re really lucky it may, or may not, start disappearing in four or five months. She says it usually takes another couple of months for it to all disappear. Now, this may sound like a disaster, but ever since I heard the awful news I’ve been thinking. At the very best it’ll be six to eight months before all traces disappear. And because of the way he looks

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there's no hope of him trying to apply for a job, is there?" she asked with a straight face.

"Oh my no, no hope at all," I said with a smile to her.

"Well, my solution, or idea is this. I could employ him for that time as a model, and during his free time in the boutique," she said.

"And he'd be making \$25 an hour every time he models?" I asked.

"Well yes, but actually more if he went through Ms. Martin's modeling class, which Cora strongly recommends. Apparently she wasn't satisfied with some of the basic instruction she was able to give him in such a short time. And then citing that he was, at times, obstinate, sullen, not as co-operative as she had hoped for. And once modeling he really didn't try as hard as she knows he really could if he wanted to, hardly smiling at all." She winked at me.

"So obstinate, not co-operative and didn't try as hard as he could have to do as she asked," I said angrily, then sternly at him added, "You know what that means, don't you?"

"Oh no, p-please..."

"You see I promised him that if he gave you or Cora any trouble at all that I was going to divorce him and throw him out."

"Frankly Darlene, I've thought you should have done that long ago. I really think you should. Then you can take your time picking a man that will treat you as you deserve to be treated," Kate stated firmly.

"Yes, that does it then," I said, getting up. "You can find your own way home. By the time you get there I will have thrown everything of your out the front door."

"N-No please, please don't. I'll change, I swear, I'll do anything. I'll be a model, I mean for as long as it takes, honest," he said terrified. And well he should be. He had no money, and for a long time he was going to look like a juvenile, little boy.

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“Don’t show him any sympathy Darlene. He doesn’t deserve it. Throw him out,” Kate said, trying to act as angry as I pretended to be.

“You said you’d model?” I asked.

“Yes, god, I-I will...”

“From now on you’ll do whatever Kate or Cora tells you to do. Regardless of what it is?” I demanded to know.

“I swear Darlene, I will...”

“I’m not Darlene to you. At least not until this is all over. I’m ‘Aunty Darlene’ or ‘Aunty Dearest’ to you. Even at home, is that clear?”

“Y-Yes Aunty D-Darlene.” He choked out.

“It’s probably best in any case for the next seven or eight months. So he doesn’t suddenly raise any eyebrows by forgetting and calling you Darlene. And you’d best call him, ‘Chrissie’ all the time for the same reason,” Kate helpfully suggested.

## **Chapter-8 Chrissie’s humiliating apology.**

“You’re right, of course. However I’m not finished with him yet. You mentioned a modeling course that Cora suggested he take?” I asked.

“Well, it’s a bit more well-rounded than your basic modeling course, but, ‘yes’ she did suggest he take it. And I usually pay the models \$50 an hour to those who complete it,” Kate said.

“Well?” I asked, staring at him as nastily as I could.

“Y-Yes, I-I’ll take it,” he said reluctantly.

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“I want you to ask me, as politely as a little boy can, to take it,” I demanded of my thoroughly cowed husband.

“P-Please Auntie Darlene can I take the modeling class,” he whimpered.

“Of course you can Chrissie, and you will be one of the most eager students in the class, won’t you?”

“Yes, I-I will.”

“We’ll see. What I’m going to do is put your fate solely in Cora’s hands. When I call her over you are going to apologize as respectfully and sincerely as you can. You will apologize to her for being so obstinate, for giving her a hard time, for not trying your best and for not smiling. You will then tell her how eager you are to take the modeling class that she, so kindly, suggested. If she doesn’t accept your apology, or seems reluctant to allow you to continue modeling I’m through with you,” I stated flatly.

I really heaped it on him, and without any regrets or sympathy for him. If he felt humiliated, well that’s exactly how I wanted him to feel.

Cora, of course, knew what was coming and made it so murderous he was nearly begging her before she was through with him.

“When young boys apologize they always stand in front of the adult they are apologizing to. And they bow their heads in shame as a symbol of your nasty behavior and of an adult’s authority that you chose to ignore, didn’t you?” she said, winking at us.

“Yes, Ma’am, I-I did,” he managed to meekly get out.

“We’ll see. You can start over and apologize properly,” she ordered.

When he finished she said, “So you admit you were a willfully bad boy, ignoring everything asked of you?” God, was she ever laying it on, and Chrissie was absolutely withering in front of her. I’m sure almost in tears, which, I decided, I would dearly love to see.

“Y-Yes Ma’am, I-I was...”

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Looking at me, I couldn't believe what she said next. "Perhaps, Darlene, when you get him home you should give him a good spanking. He certainly deserves it."

"Yes, perhaps I should. Do you think your bad behavior warrants a good spanking Chrissie?" I asked. Poor thing, it was such a horrible question. But, he was trapped, wasn't he? He really couldn't say, 'No.' And the only acceptable answer was a mortifying one. He obviously knew that I was testing him.

"Yes A-Aunty Darlene, I-I realize that I deserve a s-spanking," he choked out.

"I think it would be more appropriate, since it was Cora you were so nasty to, that she be the one to spank you, if that is, she feels you deserve it. Don't you?" I asked.

Totally defeated he could only answer, "Yes, I-I agree, Aunty Darlene."

"By all rights he should get a good spanking. However I hate to ruin a pleasant day. So I've decided to be lenient with you Chrissie, just this once. In the future if you give me even a hint of trouble I will not hesitate one second to take down your pants, and with a hair brush, give you the worst spanking you've ever had. You will not be the first little boy I've taken a hair brush to, as the other children will tell you. Is that understood?" she asked sternly.

"Oh yes Ma'am," he replied, not sure, I could tell, whether to feel relieved or frightened.

"You may sit now," she ordered.

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## Chapter-9 Necessary changes.

“What we were wondering Cora is whether you think Chrissie would make a nice addition as one of our models on a more permanent basis,” Kate asked.

“I see. Well, I think more could be done with his appearance. It’s rather rough, perhaps letting his hair grow out and then curling it, or maybe a cute page boy. It would give him a more innocent, angelic look if we lightened it a bit more, more appropriate for his age,” she ventured.

“But then he’d look even younger,” Kate said.

“Oh undoubtedly. But, you see, I see him being paired eventually with a younger girl. As I’m sure you noticed Angela, at twelve, is already a couple inches taller than the boy,” she said, making a shame point, at least to Chrissie. What she was saying was that he wasn’t even as tall as a twelve year old girl. Oh, he was terribly self-conscious of his height, in part it was what had brought us to this.

“I was thinking we could pair him with Rebecca Stone. Although frankly though she just eleven and still might be too tall for Chrissie,” she winked at us.

“Yes, I could see how the two of them would make an absolutely adorable pair. Why if you lightened his hair, and curled it, as you suggest, it would be why almost the same as hers. Why they could be brother and sister!” she exclaimed. “What a charming thought, but Rebecca doesn’t model the young teen line. She models the pre-teen Little Prince and Princess collection. Are you thinking he could actually model the much younger collection?” Kate asked, already knowing the answer.

“Not right away,” Cora said, much to Chrissie’s relief, which was short lived. “However once he completes Ms. Martin’s classes at her modeling school and she’s taken all the rough edges off him, then I think we should put them together and see how they look. Although there is another problem we really have to deal with. Chrissie’s figure. Even with a waist cinch we could barely get him in some of the outfits. And some he couldn’t even get into. To model the Little Prince and Princess line his figure simply has to be much more, well, slender. By at least four or five inches.”

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“Oh my, that much? Do you think it’s really possible?” I asked.

“It’ll be a struggle, but I think with a reduced diet and a sturdier waist cinch will help. If that doesn’t do it I think I know what will,” Cora assured us.

Having finally gotten her consent to attend modeling class he probably thought the crushingly shameful ordeal was over. Not quite.

“I’ll have the standard child modeling contract drawn up, Darlene. As he’s under age you, I assume you as his supervising adult, will have to sign for him. And, of course, all payments will be made out to you. You can come down to the shop and sign them tomorrow,” she said.

And Kate couldn’t help adding to it saying, “He’ll need a few outfits more in keeping with his age, don’t you think Cora?”

“Oh goodness yes. I’d forgotten all about that. He simply can’t go around dressed in grown-up clothes, can he?” Cora stated.

“No, not really. Imagine the strange looks he’d get and all the embarrassing question. When you bring him down tomorrow Darlene, bring the boy and we’ll have him fitted for more appropriate clothing. Whatever the costs we’ll just take it out of him modeling fees,” she grinned at me.

On the way out we ran into Chrissie’s partner, Angela, and her mother. Who simply insisted that we come to Angela’s thirteenth birthday party in two weeks.

“Won’t you be ever so excited when you too eventually turn thirteen too, Chrissie?” she innocently asked.

“Y-Yes Ma’am, I-I will,” he replied, for some reason with his head bowed shamefully. God, I loved it!

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## **Chapter-10 A richly deserved spanking.**

When we got home he started to regain some of his belligerence. I left the room and when I came back his eyes suddenly got wide as they could go. For in my hand was a long handled wooden hairbrush.

“Oh n-no, p-please...” he pleaded, backing away.

Catching up with him I grabbed his ear and twisted it as hard as I could. Yanking him over to a chair I angrily barked, “Take your pants down to your ankles, now!”

“I-I will, I will, but please stop, it hurts!” he begged.

“A lot more is going to hurt in a minute. Now get over my knees little boy. Hands on the floor and keep them there,” I ordered, and without any hesitation brought the hairbrush down as hard as I could. I rained a much harsher spanking on his behind than I ever thought I would. However when I thought of all the times he’d embarrassed and humiliated me I actually re-doubled my efforts.

He was soon hollering, kicking his feet and begging me to stop.

“P-Please stop, it hurts,” he begged.

“A spanking is supposed to hurt. It’s what little boys get when they’ve been bad little boys, don’t they?” I demanded to know.

“Y-Yes (sob, sob)”

“When we’re at home you will be an obedient, respectful little boy, won’t you Chrissie?”

“Y-Yes I-I will, oh, p-please...”

“You did not address me properly (whack, whack) did you? Apologize immediately.”

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“I-I’m sorry, Aunty Darlene, please . . .”

“When you’re at home you will do as you’re told and act precisely the age you’re supposed to be, won’t you?” I said.

“Y-Yes (sob, sob) I will, Aunty Darlene. I promise, but, yeoow, p-please stop,” he cried. Which I so enjoyed hearing I moved the spanking down to the backs of his legs. Then he really started crying.

“You will repeat after me. ‘When I’ve been a bad little boy I know Aunty Darlene must spank me,’” I ordered, which he did between choking sobs.

“When I am finished spanking you what do bad boys do?” I demanded to know.

“D-Do, I-I don’t know, oooh, yeoow, Aunty Darlene..”

“They apologize and promise to be good, little boys, don’t they?”

“Y-Yes . . .”

“And then they go stand in the corner to think about how they can be a good boy, don’t they?”

I asked, wondering if he’d finally stand up to me. But, of course, he didn’t.

“S-Stand in the, yeoow, y-yes, t-they do,” he whimpered.

“Very well, we’ll see. Stand up. Now do you have something to say?”

“Yes, I-I apologize and, and promise to be a good, little boy, Aunty Darlene,” he said, hanging his head.

“Well, where do you go now?” I asked.

“T-To the c-corner,” he said, starting to pull his pants up.

“What are you doing? I didn’t say you could pull your pants up. Leave them where they are, and go stand in that corner. Which we’ll call, ‘Little Chrissie’s

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Time Out Corner,” I said, watching him shuffle wit his pants down at his ankles into the corner.

Having gained control of my simpering, cowardly husband I wasn’t about to let up on him.

“Hands on top of your head,” I ordered. “If I see you fidget, or so much as move a muscle you get back over my knees. Is that clear?” I barked.

“Oh god, y-yes, Aunty Darlene,” he replied in a scared, little voice.

I know I went a lot further than I thought I would, but I was in a revengeful mood, and quite enjoyed hearing his scared, frightened voice. And I was determined to keep hearing that tone from him a lot in the future. Looking at him in the corner I decided scornfully that he was nothing but a bully. And, like all bullies they quickly turned into little, sissy cowards when bested. Not much of a man, I thought to myself.

Making a drink I sat down with a magazine and just let time run. Occasionally I looked up and sternly would say, “Stand on both legs, keep them straight, no bending!”

Ten minutes later, “ Get those hands back on top of your head!”

A few minutes later I curtly said, “Stop fidgeting and moving those feet!”

And like the little coward I could see he was he immediately stood perfectly still.

Two hours later I said, “You will now be put to bed. Follow me.”

When he turned to go into our bedroom I said,” No, no Chrissie, that room is for grown ups. This is your room from now on.” Which was the much smaller guest room.

“Clothes off. Into bed, where you’ll stay until I come and get you. If I find you’ve gotten out of bed you know what you’ll get,” I told him, putting the hairbrush down on the nightstand.

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## **Chapter-11 Chrissie gets slimmed down.**

In the morning I got him dressed in the dressy velvet outfit as it was the only one he had.

At the boutique in Kate's office with Cora present she handed me a model's contract. "As his guardian, Darlene, you'll have to sign for him as he's under age. Of course all his earnings will be put in your name," she said with a "gotcha" smile at me. I couldn't help wondering what Chrissie was thinking. I'd just sealed his fate for at least the next six to eight months. He couldn't sign as he was under age and everything he made was going to go to me. I smiled happily as I saw he looked absolutely crushed. And it so much worse for him.

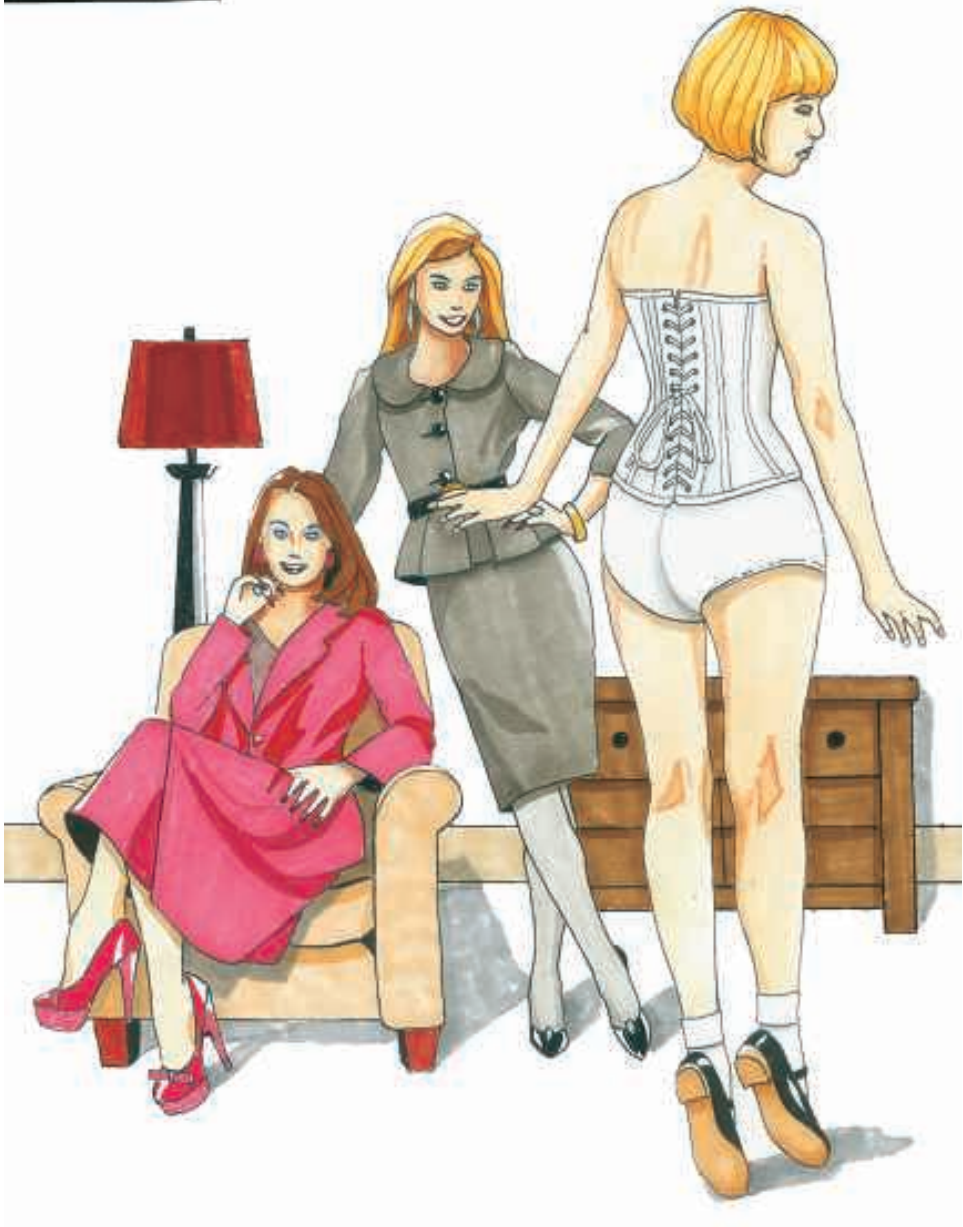
"Now then Cora, Darlene brought the boy down to be fitted for a more appropriate wardrobe," Kate ventured.

"Yes, I have several suitable outfits already picked out for him. However first I'd like to try a solution I've been thinking about concerning his figure. I'll take the boy and bring him back shortly," Cora said.

It was about 45 minutes later, as Kate and I sat in the fitting room, that she brought Chrissie back. Who I was amused to see had an anguished look on his face. And with good reason. For one he was wearing a tight pair of white, satin panties. Then the only thing he wore, besides his sock and shoe, that had me chuckling to myself, was, of all things, a corset!

"If you'll recall last year one of the mothers brought her teen age son in for some new clothes and he was actually wearing a corset. When you asked why she said the boy's English governess told her it was a tried and true way of bringing unruly boys, like her son, under control. She also said it immediately improved his posture and as a side note slimmed down his chubby figure. Remembering that last part I thought it might be the perfect temporary solution to Chrissie's figure problem. At least now we can get him in some of the Little Prince and Princess outfits. Also note how it quickly improves his posture. Which I'd noticed is really quite poor," Cora said.

"Why I think it's a most creative solution, Cora. How much were you able to take off his waist?" Kate asked.



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“Well I could have laced it much tighter, but for now I just took it in three inches. I felt it was best for the boy to get used to it for a couple weeks before we really start tightening it. This particular corset can be laced a full five inches. Now I did call the woman I mentioned and asked her if she had any suggestions or words of caution. And I must say she was quite helpful. Her greatest caution was that for quite a while the boy will not like wearing his corset. She reported her boy was forever trying to loosen it or get it off as it’s naturally rather restrictive. She suggested that once Chrissie is laced in the corset that the laces be triple knotted and then tucked inside, so that once it’s on there’s absolutely no possibility of him getting it off or even trying to loosen it,” she said, and I could see by his expression that he began to realize that she was very serious about his wearing a corset, and once on he’d be powerless to remove it. I couldn’t help gleefully smiling to myself of course. Oh my, hubby in a corset, I would never have thought Cora could be so devious!

### **Chapter-12 Dealing with Chrissie’s “problem.”**

“Well I think he’d never get used to wearing a corset if he can loosen it whenever he wants, so that’s probably a good idea,” I said, thoroughly enjoying the dismayed look cross his face.

“Now what is this tent I see him making,” I asked, pointing to his panties and the obvious excited dickie poking out from it.

“Yes, obviously you can’t help but notice it, can you? Apparently when I was dressing him and putting on his corset I accidentally brushed it a few times. Nothing that should have caused his little dickie to get in this state. I’m afraid it’s either highly sensitive or else, like little boys his age, it’s simply an involuntary reaction that obviously he can’t control. As so few boys his age can. If not brought under control he would undoubtedly develop a quite nasty, vulgar habit of playing with himself, which you simply can’t allow,” she stated, desperately trying not to laugh, as I was.

Poor Chrissie, he just stood there, head shamefully bowed, so nicely near tears as Cora did a thorough job of humiliating him in the most devastating

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manner. When I asked her what she'd suggest, she winked at me and said, "Well Kate and I have seen this problem, shall we say, rise up before in a couple of boys who have modeled for us before. I suggest we simply become quite observant of how often the problem manifests itself. If it continues and gets worse there are definite solutions that can be taken. Until then a few precautions. I would definitely not leave him alone in the bathroom and always keep the door open. And when he has to tinkle I think it would be best from now on to have him do it sitting. That way there's no reason he should be caught touching his dickie, is there? Also in the morning I would check his underpants and the sheets for any telltale stains."

I was so pleased that these last words of caution were just horrible enough to cause such delightful little sobs from my little hubby.

"There, there Chrissie. It's nothing to feel ashamed or embarrassed by," she said, patting him on the head. "All little boys have these problems at first. Although it does usually occur in older boys. Now don't you worry, if it continues I'm sure we can bring it under control."

### **Chapter-13 Chrissie gets a new wardrobe.**

It wasn't any wonder that after that devastating conversation that he offered no reaction at all over the next hour as he was dressed in one Little Lords & Lassies after the other. Not even the last one that we left him in.

What he was wearing, you see, were a pair of baby blue knicker pants with large, shiny buttons fastening them just below the knees. Childishly there was no front flap, nor even a belt. Rather the high waist, buttoning up the back with broad shoulder strap, also buttoning in back, showed off his much more sissy figure. The short sleeved, white satin shirt had a broad circular collar with a lace edged with a pink satin bow at the collar and sleeves.. White knee socks were on his legs fastened with pink bows and on his feet the ultimate in childish shoes, shiny, baby blue, patent leather mary janes with blue satin bows on each toe.

It amused me no end that he didn't notice the touch of pale blue eyeshadow, or his now curled, mascared eyelashes, or that his hair now sported even more

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childish bangs and curls that Cora had added, all of which made him look even younger.

There wasn't a reaction until we headed out of the store and he saw himself in a mirror.

"Oh no, please, I-I can't go out like this..." he pleaded.

"Come along little Chrissie. It's time for lunch and to show everyone how adorable you look in your new outfit," I said, tightening my grip on his hand and yanking him outside.

Once at a table we pointedly ignored him, although he was the subject of much of the conversation.

## **Chapter-14 What to do with little Chrissie.**

"Since he'll obviously be staying with you for some time I was wondering if you've made certain provisions for him. Like his own room, and what you'll do with him when you're out of town on business. Naturally you can't leave him alone, unsupervised," Cora said.

"Well I have put him in the guest room. Although the décor and furniture is more suited to a grown up. Why do you ask? I said, although I already knew.

"As you know my daughter, Alice, just turned fourteen and she's been complaining that she wants a room with more grown up furniture and décor. And I'd have to agree. What's in her room she's had since she was eight, so I've decided to completely redo her room and was going to give her furniture to Goodwill. Instead I thought you might want it for Chrissie as it would be more suitable," she said, trying her best not to giggle.

Of course I was ever so thankful and demanded that Chrissie thank her as well for being so thoughtful, knowing that his room would soon be filled with furniture perfect for an eight year old girl.

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“As to your other question, I really haven’t given it much thought. And I really should as I’ll be leaving town on a project for perhaps two, maybe three weeks. And obviously he’s much too young to even think about being left alone, unsupervised,” I declared, enjoying the crestfallen look on his face.

“Why then I have the perfect solution. He will stay with me. I’ve recently started letting Alice do some babysitting and the boy would be excellent practice for her. Although long term I really would suggest getting a governess or nanny for him. Especially if you’ll be out of town a lot. You might consider talking to the woman I mentioned who employs an English governess. They’re much stricter and less tolerant, especially towards boys. Which is just what your Chrissie might need,” she said.

“Yes, after last night,” I said, giving him the angriest look that made him cringe, “I think that might be an excellent idea.”

“Oh my, you didn’t have to spank him, did you,” Cora innocently asked.

“Yes, I’m afraid so. Which leads me to believe he may be more than your daughter can handle, if I leave him with you.”

“No, I really don’t think so. Alice is a very head-strong girl who, with my supervision, will see that the boy toes the line. I also have the child-minder that I can put on him. It used to be Alice’s, but she hasn’t had to wear it since she was like five or six.”

“That’s one of those gadgets that looks like a wristwatch, right?” I asked.

“Yes, it limits the distance the wearer can go before it starts beeping. You can set it from one foot to just about any distance, and the further past they go the louder and faster it beeps,” she grinned.

“I see, well that certainly will be helpful,” I said, amused at the shocked expression on hubbie’s face, which became more so when I added, “I also don’t want you to hesitate to spank little Chrissie whenever you feel, or your daughter feels, he needs it. I can loan you the hairbrush I used on him at night.”

“Oh absolutely. As Alice will attest to I’m not the least bit reluctant to spank naughty little girls or boys. But I’m sure Chrissie will be the most obedient and

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well-mannered young man for me, or my daughter, won't you Chrissie?" she asked.

Hanging his head he stammered, "Y-yes Ma'am, I-I will."

"Still I can't help but wonder what you'll do with him during the day. I mean that would be a real imposition to ask Alice to watch him all day," I commented.

"Really that's no problem. On Monday he starts class at Ms. Martin's Charm and Modeling School. Which will keep him busy most of the day, and he'll have plenty of homework," she said with a wink.

"Well then, that's settled. I'll see you when I get back sweetie," I said, getting up and kissing him on the forehead.

"G-get back, a-are you going now?" he asked nervously.

"Yes, little boy, my plane leaves in an hour," I said, and then whispered, "If I hear you've given Cora, or her daughter, or Ms. Martin the slightest bit of trouble don't plan on coming back, you won't be."

"Do I make myself very clear, Chrissie?" I asked, twisting his ear.

"Oouch, y-yes Aunty Darlene, it-it's clear," he yelped, and by the look in my face it was plain that he absolutely believed me.

It was not, however, going to be at all easy for little Chrissie. As I'd already had a talk with Kate and Cora about what was going to transpire while I was gone, I almost felt sorry for him.

Which didn't last long. For I was, in reality, going off to the Caribbean, hopefully to get fucked by as many studs as I could lay my hands and pussy on. I'd decided that Bob, or Chrissie, simply wasn't the man for me. Although he did bring out my mothering instincts and would make an amusing and charming little boy to have around the house.

If he had once put his foot down, or yanked the hairbrush out of my hand, I wouldn't be running off to some exotique island to get my pussy reamed. By the

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time I got back his fate would have been sealed. Even though I decided to still give him an out.

“If he once stands up to you, or tears his little boy clothes off, call me,” I told them.

### **Chapter-15 Cora lays the law down to poor Chrissie.**

As soon as I left Cora, in a hard, stern voice said, “I hope you will enjoy your visit Chrissie. However my feeling is that you are not the obedient, well-mannered boy I will expect you to be. So I want to warn you that any hard times, even the slightest, you give me, my daughter or the maid and I will not hesitate to give you the hair brushing of your life. My daughter may be just fourteen but she’s very grown-up. Which you will regard her as. Therefore you will be as obedient towards her as you are to me, or else, is that clear?”

“Y-yes Ma’am. It, it’s clear,” he replied in an appropriately, and clearly frightened tone of voice. The exact reaction Cora wanted to see. Half scared out of his wits, she felt, would make him much easier to deal with.

“You may continue to address me as ‘Ma’am,’ my daughter as ‘Miss Alice’ and the maid as ‘Ms. Rose,” she dictated.

When they got to her large house a girl, at least a foot taller than Chrissie, in jeans, t-top and high heels came out followed by Rose, her German maid.

Once introduced Alice innocently asked, “Is this the little boy you wanted me to babysit and watch over? Do you think I’ll have much trouble with him, mother?”

“It’s quite possible, I’m afraid, dear. Although he’ll be wearing your old child minder so you can keep track of him, he certainly lacks manners and respect and can be belligerent at times. However he starts Ms. Martin’s classes at her modeling and charm school on Monday, and I’m sure we’ll see a quick improvement in him,” Cora stated with a smug grin.

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“Oh, Ms. Martin? Poor boy. I simply hated her and her classes,” she shuddered.

“But she did turn you around, didn’t she? Now I couldn’t ask for a better daughter,” Cora said.

“Yes, still I wouldn’t wish her on anyone,” she added.

“Now as I told little Chrissie he’s not to give you, or Rose, any trouble. Report to me any hesitation to do as he’s told, any lack of manners or respect, and especially any backtalk, which I won’t tolerate. Then I’ll decide how he’s to be punished. Although I’m thinking of delegating that task to Rose. However I may ask you to punish little Chrissie, when he’s been bad, as I feel it would be excellent practice as you become more experienced babysitting difficult boys his age,” she said, sure, by his expression, that he couldn’t believe his ears. Being made to do everything a fourteen year old girl told him to do was humiliating enough. But to hear Cora say she’d let her punish him herself just for the practice must have absolutely crushed him. As was Cora’s purpose, of course.

Addressing her daughter, the maid and Chrissie she said, “For the boy’s sake and safety, and so that we’re not constantly worrying about him, I feel we should institute some house rules. The first rule is that once put in his room he’s not to leave it without permission, nor is he to leave the house without permission. If allowed out of his room either of you will lead him about by the hand. He is not to be seen doing anything you haven’t given him permission to do, or to be in any part of the house you haven’t given him permission to be in. Rose, for reasons I will explain later, if the boy needs to use the toilet he is to ask your permission and you will stay with him until he is finished.”

“My goodness Mother, you’re taking an awful lot of precautions,” Alice remarked.

“Yes, but it’s really more for the boy’s safety and our piece of mind. None of us are used to having a boy in the house, and we all know they don’t act as grown up or responsible as girl’s their own age. I’m also pretty certain that this particular boy is far from being the obedient, well-mannered boy we’re all going to expect him to be,” she stated, pleased to see his shoulders slump as she added, “Why don’t you take little Chrissie to his room?”

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## **Chapter-16 Chrissie's new room.**

Which Alice did holding out her hand for him to take, fully expecting him to do so, which he meekly did. Cora couldn't help smiling to herself, wishing she could be there when he saw his new room.

His mouth just dropped open, stunned, when she opened the door. "T-This is t-to be my room?"

"This is to be my room Miss Alice. Repeat it or I'll tell mother," she demanded, which he did still staring at the room. And with good reason. It was the most perfectly decorated of rooms, for a little girl, that is. All the furniture was white and ultra dainty. What Cora was sure would hold his attention however were the two beds in the room. One actually was a crib on rockers. The other, while not crib size, she referred to as a "youth bed." No more than an over-sized canopied, crib with sliding, high brass side bars.

"I outgrew it several years ago, but I think it will be perfect for you for the next few years," she commented innocently, totally missing Chrissie's mortified expression.

"Now Chrissie I do hope we can be friends. However we won't be if you don't mind me. Mother still thinks I may be too young to babysit, but I'm going to prove to her, by how well I manage you, that she's wrong. But as long as you're a good little boy and mind me I'm sure we can be friends. Okay?" she asked.

"Y-Yes Miss Alice," he said, crushed that he had to mind a fourteen year old girl.

"Now I'm supposed to ask you whenever I put you in your room if you have to go potty. If you do then I'm to call Rose. Do you have to go potty?" she asked.

Chrissie, finding it all so unbearable meekly answered, "No Miss Alice, I-I don't."

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“Poor Chrissie,” she said, patting him on the head like a child, “I really feel sorry that your Aunt is sending you to Ms. Martin.”

“Is it really that bad, Miss Alice?”

“Oh my, I positively hated it. As I’m sure you will, at first anyway. It does get easier as you learn the rules, but there are so many. My best advise is that you listen as hard as you can, never forget a rule or what she says, then she’ll have no reason to punish you, you see,” she said, unwittingly scaring him half to death.

“P-Punish?” he stammered.

“Oh goodness yes. I really think she enjoys paddling or caning her poor pupils,” she said, only making it worse.

“You just enjoy your new room and eventually someone will come and fetch you for dinner.”

Looking at the hated child minder strapped to his wrist he didn’t even try leaving his new room.

Some time later Cora came to get him. “I suppose the furnishings are a bit girlish,” she chuckled to herself, “but I’m sure your Aunt will see them as more appropriate for you than all that grown up furniture.”

## **Chapter-17 Chrissie’s first day at Ms. Martin’s Modeling and Charm School.**

Monday morning he was gotten up early by Rose and sat shamefully on the toilet as she stood over him. When she ordered him to stand still so she could dress him in the school uniform Ms. Martin required her students to wear. he hesitantly said he could dress himself.

“What nonsense. Imagine a boy your age actually thinking he can dress himself. Now stand still while I lace your corset and dress you, or would you rather I fetch a hairbrush?” she asked sternly.

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“N-No Ms. Rose. I-I’ll stand still,” he replied meekly. When Cora told me later she had the maid dressing and undressing him, and actually lacing him into a corset, I couldn’t think of any gesture as childish as not being allowed to dress or undress himself.

I wasn’t there when Rose dressed him in his school uniform. But she was so amused that she took a photo of him before she left with her phone and emailed it to me. I almost died laughing when I saw it. As poor Chrissie looked so hopelessly childish and juvenile. Think of what they call a, “short-all.” A one piece style with little, short pants that you would only find little boys wearing.

It was grey and buttoned up the back. The top of the short-all was squared off. There was no belt rather two buttons pulled his waist in showing off his now much slimmer figure. Most childish there was no front flap or zipper. Under the short-all he wore a white, satin shirt, although looking more like a blouse with short, puffed sleeves. At the juvenile, peter pan collar there was a red, satin tie with long streamers. On his feet he wore a pair of very short, turn down anklets and glossy, red, patent leather t-straps. The ultimate childish of shoes. Then, I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me until I blew up the photo. They weren’t, on his toes and heels were steel taps! Later I learned why.

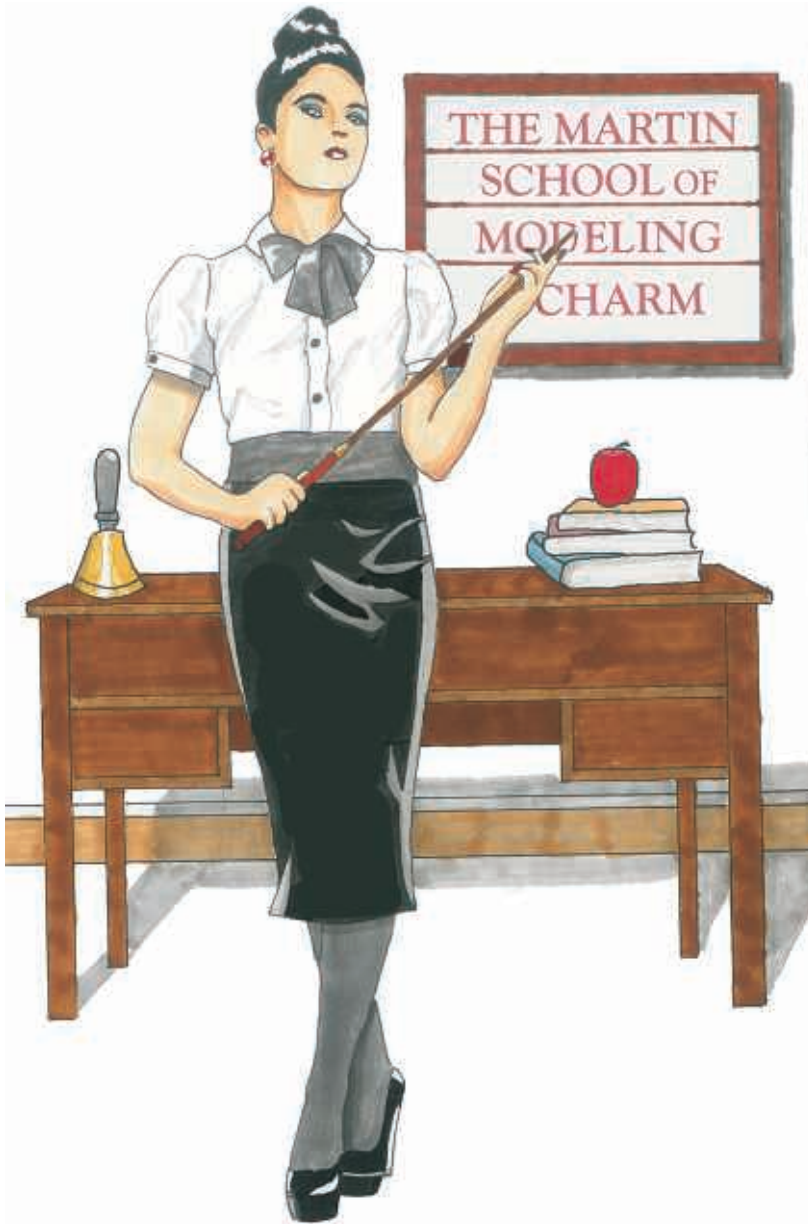
Childish as his uniform made him look it was even more exaggerated by Constance the girl standing next to him. She was dressed nearly identical to Chrissie but with some important differences. First she was already a couple inches taller, which must have crushed him, but she was even taller as her t-strap shoes had what looked with slightly higher heels.

Then obviously instead of shorts she wore a pleated skirt nearly to her knees and instead of anklets she wore more grownup knee socks. The total effect made Chrissie looking like a very, little boy next the more grown up dressed Constance. He looked so devastated I couldn’t help laughing.

Chrissie’s first introduction to Ms. Martin must have been a terrifying one. Perhaps in her early fifties dressed severely she presented a most intimidating sight. As Cora reported all he seemed able to stare at was the long, wicked looking, wooden cane in the hand of the stern, imposing woman.

Equally crushing, I was sure, was that his classmates aged from nine to eleven and even one eight year old.

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Once she had them all line up she said, “The name of your school children is Ms. Martin’s Modeling & Charm School. In it you will be taught not only to be perfect little models, but perfect little boys and girls. Perfectly well-mannered and obedient children who never think of hesitating to do as they’re told. Who maintain perfect poise and posture at all times. Who speak in the most respectful tone of voice, never once thinking of raising your voice, argue, question or contradict anything an adult tells you, or tells you to do. A perfect child who is graceful in motion and gestures and remains forever neat.

Now the first thing you will learn is that a well-mannered child is always seen to be smiling, even when they don’t want to. You are never to pout, show even a hint of displeasure, anger or sullenness. If you forget to smile, boys and girls, you will have your faces slapped until you are once again smiling.”

“Or, for repeat offenders this will be used on you,” she added, smacking down the cane with such a crack that they all jumped in fright. Despite their horrified expressions she ordered them all to smile.

“Now the boys will sit down and hold you feet out so we can remove your shoes, they’ll be returned shortly,” she ordered.

## **Chapter-18 Perfect posture.**

“Before we go any further you will learn the basics of proper posture. You will be taught one way to walk, sit, stand and bend. Once they are taught to you that is the only way you are to do it. And you will do it precisely as you’re told. Is that understood?” she barked.

Scared out of their wits all twelve nervously said, “Y-Yes Ms. Martin.”

“We’ll see. Stand with your heels and ankles touching. Now raise up on your heels until they are a good two inches off the floor. Hands behind you, fingers laced together and cross your thumbs right over left. Shoulders back, bow your heads, eyes fixed on the tips of your toes,” she ordered.

## Patricia Michelle

“The reason you always stand on your toes with your heels raised is to keep your legs together, to keep you from bending or standing on one leg. Children keep their hands laced behind them to keep them out of trouble, especially boys. Proper little boys and girls heads are kept submissively bowed at all times in the presence of adults as a sign of their authority over you. Once bowed your eyes are never to wander from the tips of your toes. Most importantly while standing or sitting children never fidget. Which I describe as the movement, the slightest movement, of a toe, a finger or any movement in your seat. It is most annoying and disruptive to adults, and draws unwanted attention to you. Which you will never do. Ms. Fit, if you’ll stand behind the children and correct them if you see so much as a muscle twitch,” she instructed her assistant, who also carried a cane.

“You will now be taught how to sit, which you will do precisely as you’re told. Stand facing the chair behind you. Walk towards it, yes, now pivot on your left toe till you are facing me. When you sit do so only on the very lip of the chair, smoothing out your skirts or pants as you do. Cross your ankles tightly and bring them under the chair until only the very tip of your right toe is touching. Yes, now knees together, hands cupped with fingers laced, thumbs crossed in your lap. Shoulders back, head bowed, eyes fixed on your hands.”

“Once seated you do not leave your chair without permission, heads remain bowed at all times. Only if given permission are you allowed to briefly raise them. It is up to adults to decide for a child what they may or may not see. Above all else when sitting you do not fidget or so much as twitch a muscle,” she dictated.

## **Chapter-19 Learning how to walk properly.**

It was then that boy's shoes were brought back and put on their feet. Told to stand they all made loud tapping sounds.

“We have put heel and toe taps on all the boy's shoes for several reasons as you will soon discover.

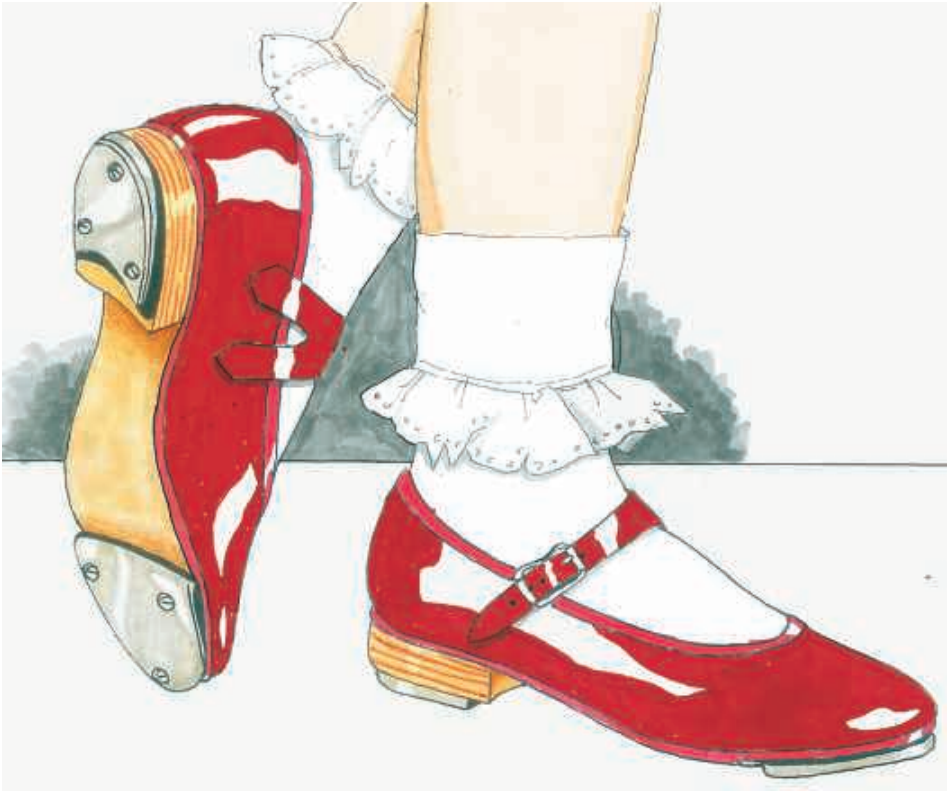
First at your ages boys are naturally more clumsy and awkward than girls. Second, a proper step for little boys and girls is never any longer than the length of one of your shoes. Now let's all practice walking up and down the room,” she ordered, and as they did there was much slipping and sliding from the boys and even a couple fell on their behinds.

“You will notice how much more treacherous it is to walk with taps on your toes and heels. They are there, and will be on all your shoes from now on to help you become more graceful and refined. You are used to walking more on your heels. However a more graceful child walks more on their toes. So you must concentrate to walk more up on your toes to avoid slipping or sliding. Which will take quite some practice. However as an incentive to try your hardest the child who's heel taps we have heard the most at the end of the day will have their shoes removed and have the bottoms of their feet spanked,” she said, sure that they then ad the proper incentive to try as hard as they could.

“Now when you are walking by yourself you may look up. When walking with a grown-up you always hold their hand. And when boys and girls are walking together the girl, being more mature and responsible than the boy will lead the boy when walking by holding his hand, with the boy walking on the right of the girl, two steps behind her, and only the girl is allowed to look up..” she declared, ignoring the obvious outrage of the boys.

For the next hour they practiced sitting, standing and walking.

Patricia Michelle



## **Chapter-20 When a child is allowed to speak, and when they're not.**

“The next important areas of rules to know is when a child is permitted to speak and when they aren't. A child never speaks, or even asks permission to speak in the presence of more than one adult.

If in the presence of just one adult and you wish to speak you must always ask permission, as all polite children do, by raising your hand. If you are ignored after you raise your hand put it down immediately.

“Now when given permission to speak you will never raise your voice. You will never, and I repeat never, argue with, contradict, disagree or question anything you are told, or told to do. As little boys and girls you are much too young to be able to decide what is best for you, nor are you old enough to have an opinion. It is left to grown-ups to decide what is best for you and to make all decisions for you. Is all this clear so far boys and girls?” she thundered.

“Y-Yes Ms. Martin,” they all responded, quaking in disbelief and fright.

## **Chapter-21 Learning to curtsy and bow and when.**

“One more quite necessary gesture that you will learn before we go on to other matters. That is teaching proper young girls how to curtsy, and little boys how to bow. Although you're not yet old enough to be allowed to bow like young men do. You will learn the English way that all little boys are taught to bow. It's called, 'the curtsy bow.' Until I indicate otherwise you will do precisely as I instruct the girls. When you first begin your curtsy or bow you delicately hold the edges of your skirts or pants between just your thumbs and forefingers and hold them out as far as possible. Before bending your knees place the right foot precisely behind the left. As you curtsy or bow you will raise the right foot gracefully until only the very tip is touching. With heads bowed, looking at the tip of your left toe the girls will curtsy however the boys will bow from the waist,” she instructed, spending the next half hour practicing them.

## Patricia Michelle

“Now, as to when you curtsy and bow, which will also be your first lesson in proper manners and etiquette. When introduced of course. When you are told to do anything, or anything is said to you. When entering or leaving a room you always stand in the doorway and curtsy or bow before you enter, or leave, any room, whether it’s occupied or not. You will always curtsy or bow before and after you speak. Is that understood?” she demanded to know.

“Yes M-Ms. Martin,” she said, not believing her dictates.

“Excellent. Now if you are given permission to do anything, to sit or stand, for example, you will always, ‘thank’ the person for giving you permission to do whatever you’ve been told to do as an acknowledgement of their authority. She then practiced them over and over until their knees were wobbly.

## **Chapter-22 Trying to remember everything was nearly impossible.**

Thankfully, or so they thought, she went on to other classes. Even so there was so much to remember that their behinds and the back of their legs were often painfully felt as they desperately tried to remember everything.

Their actual modeling classes consisted of runway and casual modeling. Both were quite nerve-wracking. They walked up and down a makeshift runway with books on their heads and ribbons connecting their ankles limiting each step to precisely one shoe length. And always with a smile on their faces, which was terribly difficult to do when you were terrified that at any moment a cane might come whistling down on them. In casual modeling they had to walk carefully between tables curtsying or bowing to each table. To enforce her edicts she sternly warned them, “The one who has broken their ribbon the most will have their feet spanked.”

After their modeling class the rest of the day was taken up teaching them Proper Voice, Grammar and Inflections. Then there was Neatness and Grooming, followed by ballet, tap dance and ballroom lessons.

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“Ballet will teach you to be more graceful, tap will teach you co-ordination and ballroom will teach you how to dance together,” she explained. The boys hated ballet and tap, but hated even more dancing with girls. You can just imagine how little Chrissie felt forced to kiss little girls after each dance.

In the afternoon they had a outside ‘play period’ in which they were made to jump rope, play hopscotch, then were led over to the swings, put in safety harnesses and allowed to swing for several minutes. Between ballet, tap dancing, jumping rope and playing hopscotch when the end of the day was declared they all breathed a sigh of relief. Although they shouldn’t have for, all lined up, the boys and girls who had done best were rewarded with gold stars on their foreheads. But then those who had done the worst in each class were singled out and harshly spanked, leaning over a chair, with a wooden paddle.

As you can imagine it was absolutely terrifying for them. Standing there on their toes, not daring to move a muscle, forced to smile. Never knowing if their name would be the next to be called after all the gold stars had been given out.

A couple of mothers and governesses arriving early to pick up their children and witnessing the end of class spankings remarked that it seemed awfully severe and that the children looked scared to death.

“Oh, I do hope so,” Ms. Martin declared, loud enough for the boys and girls to hear.

“You do?” one mother asked.

“I’m from the old school and believe that it’s important to instill a healthy degree of fear in a child, especially the boys. You can make your point quicker, they do what they’re told faster and they learn at a much more accelerated pace. Instilling a degree of fear, knowing that they will be punished for any fault they do try their hardest and are much more obedient,” she said heartlessly.

Patricia Michelle

## **Chapter-23 Things get no better once home.**

Before they left there was one last childish touch for Chrissie to endure. An envelope was pinned to his breast as well as all the other students.

“Inside children is a list of what you have learned today. Which you will recite for your mother’s, guardians, governesses or nannies at the dinner table. So they will know how to expect you to act from now on. There is also a list of your homework. Plus a summary of all the instances you had to be punished or if you received a gold star the reason for it,” she said.

You can imagine how humiliating it was for Chrissie to have to stand and recite what he’d learned that day in front of Cora, the maid, and especially her daughter. And Cora, naturally made it all the worse.

“So this is the way Alice, Rose and myself are to expect you to act, at all times, from now on, Chrissie?” she wanted to know.

“Y-Yes Ma’am,” he replied, nearly bursting into tears, which he did shortly there after when Cora, enjoying making it all the more humiliating, asked, “And did you like Ms. Martin’s little school, and all that you learned?”

“Oh no Ma’am. It, it was (sob, sob, sob) so terrible. I-I got spanked,” he cried, burying his face in his hands.

“There, there Chrissie, I know how hard it is, especially the first day,” Alice said heartlessly, “But I’m sure you’ll be spanked less and less each day.”

“Ms. Martin is, as you’ve experienced, a bit strict Chrissie. But whether you like her class or not I already see big improvements in you. And you’re only corrected when you haven’t followed the rules, or were seen not trying hard enough, aren’t you?” Cora asked, thoroughly enjoying putting my retched excuse of a husband in his place.

Still sobbing what could he say, but, “Yes M-Ma’am.”

“Then all you have to be is a good boy and do everything Ms. Martin tells you to and she won’t have any reason to spank you, will she?”

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“No (sob, sob) s-she won’t,” he had to admit.

With dinner over Cora suggested that Alice see to Chrissie’s homework. In his room was a small table and chair. “You will sit in this chair and not leave it until your homework is done. Now you remember how proper, little boys are expected to sit,” she said, talking to him as one would a child.

“Yes, Miss Alice,” he said, sitting in the horribly uncomfortable, rigid pose. To which she ordered him to stand instantly.

“You forgot to ask my permission to sit didn’t you?” the fourteen year old girl sternly asked.

“Yes Miss Alice. I-I truly am ever so sorry,” he replied, repeating the phrase he’d learned that all little boys must say when they’ve done something wrong. A phrase he surely had to hate saying, and it was only one of many phrases he’d learn to hate equally.

“I already know you’re first homework assignment. You must write everything you learned today 20 times. And try to memorize as many as you can. I know that tomorrow you’ll be quizzed on how many you’ve memorized word for word. Those that you don’t know you’ll write all over 25 times every night until you know them all word for word,” she advised.

“Oh yes, please try to sit as correctly as you can without fidgeting. I suppose I shouldn’t be telling you this but Ms. Martin asks all those who supervise one of her students to write down every instance when you do not do as you’ve been taught. Like when you just sat without asking permission. I’ll have to write that down, you see? What will happen in the morning is that the student with the most, ‘naughty at home’ marks won’t be spanked, they’ll be caned. And that hurts so much more. And just now when I saw you fidget in your seat, I’ll have to write that down too. I just thought you should know and try harder not to forget,” she said earnestly.

As she was just trying to be helpful Chrissie couldn’t help gratefully saying, “Thank you so much for telling me Miss Alice.” Even though it meant acting like the little boy he so obviously hated.

## Patricia Michelle

As you can imagine writing all the rules took several hours, that was followed by practicing walking with a book on his head, trying to remember to walk on his toes, then practicing sitting. Which was followed by a half hour of ballet, followed by another half hour of tap dancing.

When it was bed time poor Chrissie was too exhausted to protest when Rose came to take him to the toilet, dressing him for bed and tucking him in.

### **Chapter-24 Chrissie seals his own fate.**

As Alice had promised he was spanked slightly less each day as he struggled as hard as he could to act precisely like a little boy. It amused Cora and Kate no end to watch my overbearing husband willingly, and on his own, turn himself into a little boy. Nor, as she told me on the phone one day, had he, as yet, offered even a hint of rebellion.

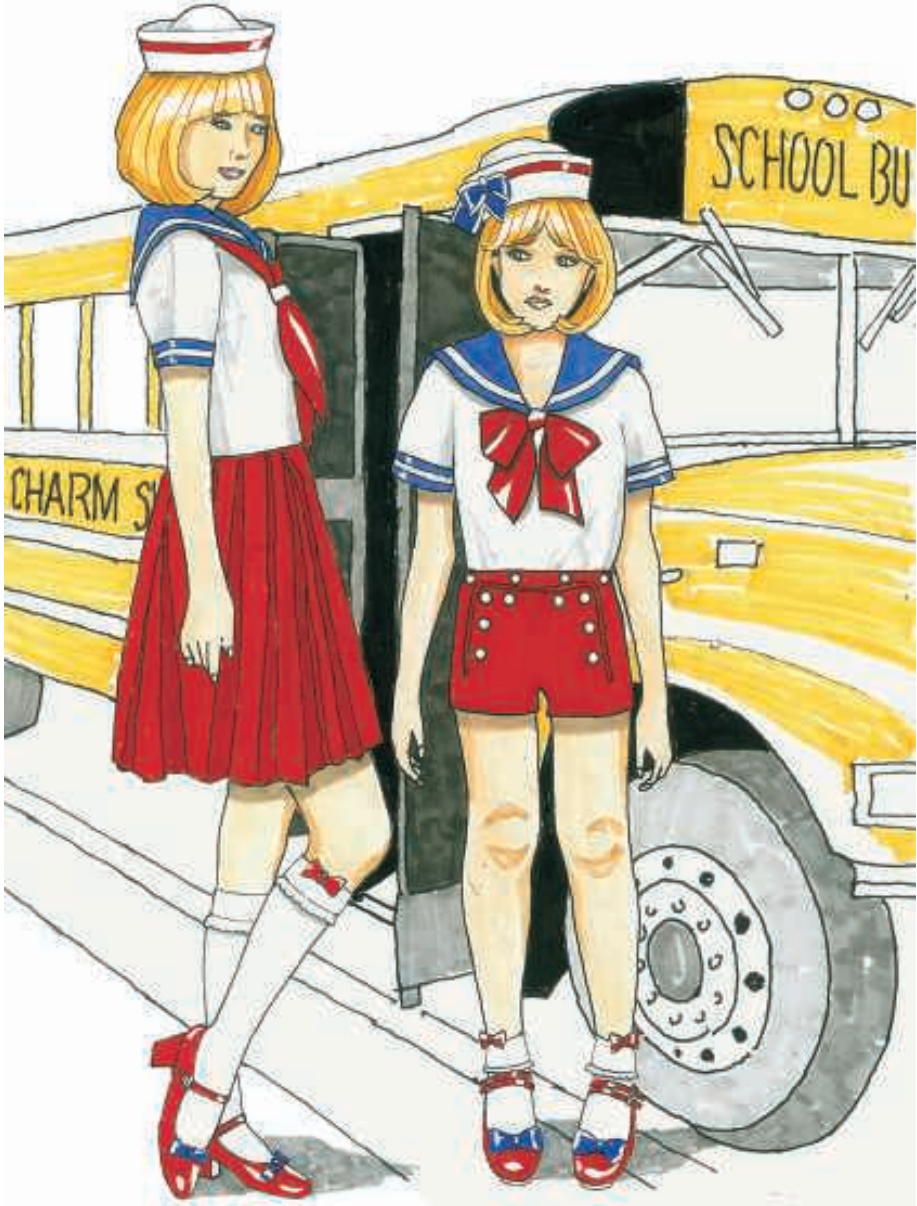
“It’s as you said Darlene. Beneath all that bluster and arrogance he’s really just a wimpy, little coward. I sincerely doubt if there’s enough man in him to even try putting his childish foot down. Even though you’re giving him every chance.” She commented.

“Well then, he’s just sealing his own fate, isn’t he?” Darlene proclaimed, hanging up and getting ready to have her brains fucked out by yet another muscle bound, blonde surfer boy, half her age. No thought at all of her miserable excuse of a husband.

### **Chapter-25 Out in Public**

Poor Chrissie, he undoubtedly prayed that the weekend would finally get him away from the horrible school and sadistic Ms. Martin. However that wasn’t to be, as at the end of the day on Friday she said, “Tomorrow classes start at eight. However at noon we’ll all go on a field trip to the ballet so you can see how graceful we want you all to become. And for our little, weekend excursions

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we have the most darling, dressy uniforms for you all to wear. Line up here and we will pass them out according to size,” she dictated.

The next morning after Rose had him dressed Cora couldn't help saying, while hiding a giggle, “Why don't you look so darling all dressed up in your little school uniform, Chrissie.”

“Thank you so much for your ever so kind compliment, Ma'am,” he replied, forced again to recite one of the hated phrases they'd been taught, although he tried to sound excited it was really hard to do.

Especially when he saw himself in a mirror. For what he wore was a white sailor's pullover, with a floppy sailor's tie, tucked into the most horrible, at least to him, short, red, sailor's pants with no less than eight white buttons. Worse still the shorts were actually ever so childishly buttoned to his sailor's blouse. On his feet were white turn down anklets trimmed in lace, with shiny, red, two strap mary janes with the hated heel and toe taps. Under the blouse was the sissiest red, satin bow. And on his head a white, sailor's hat decorated with a fussy blue bow.

It was no wonder Chrissie struggled so to sound excited.

At the school, before boarding the school bus, he was paired with the same twelve year old Constance. Who looked even more grown up than Chrisie in her school uniform. Unlike the sissy bow Chrissie wore, hers was the traditional sailor's bow. And unlike Chrissie's most childish shorts buttoning to his blouse she wore a knee length pleated skirt with her blouse tucked into it. And instead of the little anklets he wore she wore knee socks and actually was even taller than in her school uniform as her shoes had two inch heels. So much more grown up than poor Chrissie's.

“Just some rules first. We will walk in a nice, evenly line. Boy's being less grown up and less mature than girls will hold their partner's hand at all times. In public remember that children do not talk unless spoken to, although you may whisper between your partner and yourself, although never when walking. Now I do hope you enjoy yourselves. However an equally important reason for these excursions is for Ms. Fit and I to observe how you conduct yourselves in public. We'll be watching your walk, and if you are doing so on your toes, how you sit and stand, if the boy's head is bowed as you walk. We will be watching

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how nicely you curtsy and bow, your manners and tone of voice if you are spoken to, and so on. The partners who have acted the best will each receive a gold star. The partners who have acted the worst, of course, will both be spanked when we return,” she declared.

There was never, they discovered, any single moment when the threat of being spanked or caned wouldn't be present.

Chrissie and Constance, like the other boys and girls, made such a charming sight. Although it surely had to gall Chrissie being led about by Constance, walking two steps behind her, and not allowed to look up as they walked.

Nor did he have any retort when Constance meanly said, “You're one of the worst boys in class. You'd better not do anything to get us spanked.”

Fortunately they weren't.

The day, for Chrissie, was hardly over for when he was returned. Kate, anxious to see just how much of a brow-beaten little boy my husband was becoming said, “Both Cora and Alice are going out tonight. So I volunteered to babysit you tonight. And since she reports that you actually earned your first gold star at Ms. Martin's we both agree that you deserve a reward. I know how much you enjoy photography so I've decided to let you play with your camera in the backyard for an hour, and allow you to stay up an extra half hour. Isn't that nice?”

“Oh yes, I'd really like that, thank you ever so much,” he replied. Staying in plain sight so he could be watched Cora was pleased to see him enjoying himself. His beloved camera, of course, would only be given to him when he'd been a, “good boy.”

Patricia Michelle

## **Chapter-26 I finally return, but there's no relief for Chrissie.**

Chrissie probably wondered if he'd ever see me again when Cora informed him that my "project" had delayed me another week.

I did return, for I dearly wanted to take him to Rebecca's thirteenth birthday party. However one other thing occurred over the time he spent with Cora, as planned, that most assuredly both crushed and mortified him no end. Which was brought up in front of Alice, the maid, Kate and myself.

After several hugs and kisses, not on his mouth, but his forehead, as you would kiss a little boy, I asked the ominous question that I'm sure he was dreading.

"And how has my little Chrissie acted for you while I was gone?"

Truly dreading the worst, I could see the surprise on his face when Cora said, "Oh, on the whole, I think we're all agreed, Chrissie's been a well-mannered, obedient little boy for us. Or, lets say as much as he can be with only three weeks at Ms. Martins school."

"You know, I never did ask how long the school lasted," I said.

"Well, Chrissie will be attending at least for several more months. Ms. Martin doesn't set a length, but requires all students to pass each class with an 'A' and meet certain standards before they can graduate," she said, for Chrissie's much disheartened benefit.

She then went on to describe how effective the child minder had been recommending that I continue it's use. Then she produced his Naughty Boy notebook explaining it use, and that I was to note even the smallest infraction in it, 'for the boy's sake.'

## **Chapter-27 Dealing with Chrissie's problem.**

“There is one other matter which I'm afraid I need to bring up and discuss. Namely the problem we've noted with Chrissie's little dickie,” Cora said, grinning at us behind his back.

“Oh n-no, p-please,” he pleaded desperately.

“Yes, I'm afraid we do have to discuss this, Chrissie, regardless of how ashamed and embarrassed it might make you,” she said, firmly.

“Don't tell me it's gotten worse,” I said, loving what I knew was to come.

“Rose, please tell Darlene what you found.”

“Yes Ma'am, well as you instructed I checked the boys undies and bed sheets every morning and on three separate occasions there were sticky, tell-tale signs that sometime during the night he'd been obviously playing with his, ah, little person. I really don't know if he was consciously doing so, or if he wasn't aware he was doing it. Although the boy swears he wasn't doing it on purpose,” she said.

Which was true, although what the maid didn't know was that on those occasions Cora had gone in and dribbled copious amounts on hand lotion in his undies.

“Is this true, Chrissie?” I asked.

“Y-Yes Aunt Darlene,” he sobbed, absolutely mortified.

“His little person has also gotten excited on several occasions while I was dressing him Ma'am, and even Alice said it happened a couple times when she was dressing him,” she added. What she didn't know was the Cialis she'd ground up and sprinkled on his food. Guaranteed to excite his dickey unexpectedly and obviously at the worst times.

“Obviously this simply can't be allowed to continue. Such immature, childish actions will only develop into a very bad habit,” Cora proclaimed.

## Patricia Michelle

“Well frankly I really have no idea what to do,” I said, knowing that they already did.

“Fortunately there are several solutions I found out about. I contacted a friend of mine who’s a registered nurse. After explaining the problem she was most alarmed that a boy his age would be developing such immature urges and unwanted interest in touching his dickie,” Cora said, as we all gloated at the humiliated expression on Chrissie’s face. But, poor Chrissie, Cora and Kate were just getting started.

“She completely concurred that these nocturnal emissions and immodest displays must quickly be brought under control. The first thing she suggested is making sure that Chrissie is never allowed to touch his little person. That we should never leave him alone when he might be tempted to touch his dickie. She then suggested that we should take some preventative measures to ensure he can’t touch or play with his dickie when put to bed. When taken to the toilet, from now on, he should sit instead of stand when he does his tinkles. That someone should always be with him as he does tinkles and that someone needs to dab his dickie dry for him,” she said, as we all tried so desperately hard not to laugh. Delightfully couldn’t help cringing in crushing shame as these new edits were announced.

“Remember where I got the idea of putting Chrissie in a corset to slim down his figure? From one of Kate’s clients, a Mrs. Dover. When I explained the problem she put the boys English governess on the phone. After going over Chrissie’s problem the first thing she asked is why a boy Chrissie’s age was actually allowed to use a grown ups toilet,” Cora said with a straight face.

“I’m not sure I...oh, I see, she actually has the boy using a child’s potty,” I said, feigning ignorance.

“Yes, in fact she states quite firmly that, while her charge is a couple years older than Chrissie, it will be at least a couple more years before she thinks him grownup enough to be trained to use an adult’s toilet. As she described it the style of the boy’s potty places enough restrictions on him that she can actually leave the room and still be assured nothing naughty occurs. She simply feels boys Chrissie’s age get to feeling more grown up than they actually are if allowed to use an adult’s toilet. The potty is a reminder that he is still a child and

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subject to her authority,” she said, causing whatever manly feelins left in Chrissie to completely evaporate.

“So she feels Chrissies is too young to be using a grown ups toilet?” I asked.

“Oh, most assuredly. She feels he should be put back on a potty immediately. And she graciously volunteered, if he hasn’t been on one in a while to completely re-potty train. All you need do is take him over and leave him for a couple of day,” she said, letting a little giggle escape.

All of which was too much for little Chrissie.

“Oh god, p-please don’t Aunt Darlene,” he begged and sobbed so pitifully. And because he did, and didn’t put his foot down like a real man would I decided that’s exactly what he needed.

“Have you been given permission to speak?” I asked curtly.

“Or to swear?” Alice actually asked sternly.

“Nor did you raise your hand to ask permission to speak, as you know you’re supposed to,” Cora couldn’t help adding.

“No, A-Aunt Darlene, I truly am...”

“Be silent. Go stand in the corner till we’re finished discussing you. Hands on your head. And remind me the instant we get back home to give you a most thorough hair brushing. Is that understood?” I demanded to know. Wiping away, I was sure, of any relief he probably thought he was going to get upon my return.

“Y-Yes Aunt Darlene,” my completely intimidated, cowed, former macho husband stammered.

Patricia Michelle

## Chapter-28 More drastic measures.

“What concerns me is if there’s any way to put a stop to these unexpected, immature, excited displays his little dickie exhibits at the most embarrassing times. Did the boy’s governess have any suggestions at all?” I asked with a grin that Chrissie couldn’t see, but surely could hear.

“Actually yes, she did have a strong suggestion. It seems there’s a garment she refers to as a ‘boy’s modesty finger or sheath.’ As she describes it, it’s made of sturdy rubber and slips on a boy’s dickey. At the base is a little sack into which you fit his marbles. I assume she’s speaking of a boys testicles. A drawstring is drawn tightly and then triple knotted. The sheath itself has a row of a dozen eyelets into which you insert rubber laces. You then tighten it much like you would a corset leaving just the boy’s nob free. The last eyelet is left free so a small lock can be inserted, making it impossible to remove. Once it’s been installed, if the boy, for some reason, tries to become unexpectedly excited he’ll experience quite a bit of discomfort until it eventually stops trying,” Cora clinically explained, which caused a fresh round of dreadful sobs from the corner.

Nor was it over, as Cora went on. “She had just a few words of caution. Obviously from the description it’s rather time consuming to put on and take off. So, to keep from constantly being annoyed throughout the day putting it on and off, she recommends potty training him to specific limited times of the day to do his tinkles and poopies. Her charge she limited to three potty visits a day and only at certain times. And limiting his poopies to once a day, in the morning.”

“Oh yes, Rose, she asks if he normally does his poopies in the morning?”

“Most times he does, but not regularly,” the maid replied.

“The governess feels it’s best to get his poopies out of the way first thing in the morning. She suggests that to do so you give him several spoon fulls of castor oil in the evening and he’ll soon be eagerly and regularly doing them at the time,” she said, which brought a wonderfully mortified sob from the corner.

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“Now what’s great Darlene is that she has an extra modesty sheath she can let you have for the boy. And would be delighted to show you how to put it on,” Cora grinned.

“Goodness, what a thoughtful girl. I’ll definitely take her up on her generous offer,” I winked at them.

“Now, one last thing both the nurse and the boy’s governess recommended was that since little Chrissie’s dickie is having these unexpected, excited displays at the worst times, and that he’s showing a much too early interest in playing with his dickie they suggest that he be relieved of these unwanted urges at a set, regular interval. Ms. Glen, the boy’s governess, suggests that Chrissie’s dickie be relieved of these urges once a week. She relieves her charges urges each Friday between seven and seven-fifteen in the evening. And that she continues until the boy’s dickie has spurted at least twice and is thoroughly drained. Thinking that a thorough draining of his urges will result in much less excited displays for several days. By dealing with his urges he’ll learn more self-control and that there is a time and place for his dickie to become excited and is allowed to spurt, and when it definitely isn’t. She said, that if you’d like, to bring Chrissie over she’ll show you the technique she employs when dealing with her boy’s dickie,” Cora stated, giggling as we all couldn’t help doing. We talked loud enough, of course, for Chrissie to hear us, and what he heard was so horrible he sobbed out, “Oh p-please, n-not that, don’t...”

“No one gave you permission to talk. Another sound out of you and I’ll have Rose give your mouth a good soaping. Straighten those legs and get that nose into the corner,” I angrily barked at him, and like the cowering sissy he’s was proving himself to be he stuck his nose even further into the corner.

“Now the only thing to mention was that Chrissie seems to finally be adjusting to his corset. So Kate and I recommend that in, say a week or two, that it be taken in another inch and continue doing so once a month until he can fit into the Little Prince collection,” she winked. Although Chrissie couldn’t stifle more whimpering sobs upon hearing this I decided to let it go. His pathetic reaction was enough to satisfy me.

Patricia Michelle

## **Chapter-29 Downhill to Angela's birthday party**

“The only problem I’m still seeing is that it appears I’m going to be out of town on, ah, business a lot more than I thought in the future,” I said.

“Well, of course, I’m sure Alice would be happy to babysit him, she seemed to handle him quite nicely,” Cora said.

“And I’d be glad to let him stay with me,” Kate chimed in.

“Perhaps you might talk with Mrs. Dover’s governess about a more permanent governess, or nanny, for the boy,” Cora suggested with a straight face.

“Why yes, I think that’s an excellent idea,” I said. Imagine my former overbearing husband with a governess, or better yet, a nanny. I couldn’t wait.

All that occurred about two weeks before Angela’s birthday party and in that time I didn’t bring up any of the, for Chrissie, horrible subjects or garments that he’d been forced to listen to when I’d picked him up. I absolutely knew that he prayed that I’d forgotten about them. Of course I hadn’t.

Angela’s birthday party was to be a momentous event for him for I knew something he didn’t.

It started going downhill for poor Chrissie the day before the party. As I drove him to Ms. Martin’s I enthusiastically said, “I just know how excited you are to be attending Angela’s birthday party tomorrow, you are, aren’t you?” I asked in a tone that meant he’d better give the right answer.

“Oh, ah, yes Aunt Darlene. I am ever so excited, t-to be going to Miss Angela’s party,” he said, trying to sound excited. I knew it was the last thing he wanted to do. However I loved tormenting him with questions he hated to answer knowing he’d been taught that children never contradict, disagree or question a grownup.

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“And I know you’ll really want to make a good impression on everyone there, won’t you?”

“Y-Yes Aunt Darlene, I-I really want to make a good impression,” he answered miserably.

“I’m so glad you agree so I’ve decided that as soon as your classes are over I’m going to take you right down to Kate’s and buy you an extra special outfit for you to wear. Isn’t that great!” I asked, knowing too that he dreaded the outfits he’d had to model as they seemed to get more and more childish and juvenile.”

I also knew exactly the outfit he was going to go to the party in. It was one Kate said he especially disliked.

When we eventually arrived at Kate’s we looked at a couple outfits that, I could see, Chrissie was relieved at as they didn’t seem too bad. But then, with a wink to me, she said, “Oh, I know just the perfect outfit for Chrissie to wear that everyone will absolutely adore. It’s the one he modeled last week, and all the women thought he looked so precious in. I’m sure you remember it Chrissie, it was the crème colored outfit with the darling matching shoes, and socks and even matching gloves and hat.”

“Oooh,” he moaned dejectedly, “Yes Ma’am I-I remember it.”

To me Kate whispered, with a giggle, “How could he not forget it, he absolutely hated it.”

To add to his misery to one of her assistants she said, “When you put Chrissie in his outfit be sure to take his corset in another inch, otherwise it won’t fit.”

I couldn’t wait to see him in his new outfit and when he finally came out he looked so perfectly forlorn and miserable. And with good reason. I had to hold my hand over my mouth so he wouldn’t hear me giggling hysterically. The satin, creamed colored, short, bloomer styled pants had a band of eyelet lace trim at the bottoms with little, decorative pockets also eyelet lace trimmed. The high, tight waist showed off his increasingly sissyish figure. Which was held up by wide shoulder straps fastened to the waist with large, shiny white buttons.

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Under it was a white, satin blouse with a wide, rounded collar also trimmed in lace. Under it was a large, sissy bow with streamers to his waist. The puffed sleeves were short, also with lace bands. Over it all he wore a short, bolero styled, sleeveless with two shiny, white buttons. On his legs were knee high white socks turned down and trimmed in lace with cream bows. On his feet with cream colored, t- strapped, patent leather mary janes with girlish one-and-a-quarter inch court heels with taps on the heels and toes, of course, and bows on each toe. Short, wrist length gloves and a schoolgirl's straw hat with long streamers down the back completed his so totally sissy appearance.

He looked so utterly crushed, just about in tears, that I simply couldn't help rubbing it in.

“Oh my, why no wonder all the ladies thought he was so adorable. I'm sure you can't wait to get to the party so you can show everybody what an absolutely precious outfit you're wearing, and won't all the other boys be so envious of you, Chrissie?”

“Y-Yes Aunt Darlene, I-I can't wait to s-show everyone,” he replied dejectedly. Which is precisely how I loved seeing him.

Nor could Kate resist making it lots worse. “You know I just had the most wonderful thought. I know how eager Chrissie is to make a good impression. So why don't you bring him down to the beauty salon and I'll have the beauticians do something equally special with his hair to match his outfit. It has grown out a little in the past few weeks so I'm sure there's enough to something really special with,” she winked.

“Goodness, what a wonderful idea. You really must, 'thank' Kate for being so thoughtful,” I demanded, which, of course, he did with his shoulders slumped in defeat.

## Chapter-30 A “few” changes.

“You really are enjoying this, aren’t you?” she asked, with a grin, as he was led away.

“Oh absolutely, he’s getting just what he’s needed and deserved, “ I said firmly, asking her why she asked.

Instead she said, “So you don’t see this as a short term lesson? By that I mean he’s still your husband, or not?”

“If you mean do I ever see him being allowed to return as my husband, oh no, little hubbie has had plenty of chances to stand up to me, and Cora and you and act like a real man. I’m frankly disgusted that he hasn’t even tried. There’s a piece of paper that still says he’s my husband, but it’s really meaningless at this point. What he’s proved so far is that he’s really just a wimp and a coward at that. After a few weeks getting my brains fucked out by real men I could never go back to seeing him as a husband,” I declared.

“Well, we’ve made a few changes, so far, to give him more of that little boy look, but there’s a few more changes we can do to, shall we say, enhance it. And, if you want to see him in our precious pre-teen, Little Prince and Princess collection we ought to work to give him just the right look,” she stated.

I frankly loved the idea, and thought it so amusing to see how juvenile and sissy he could be made to not only look, but be forced to act. And I had absolutely no sympathy, or second thoughts, about it. So I told her to do whatever she wanted.

What transpired was that he was told to wait a bit and given a coke to tide him over. Which, of course, being doctored, put him out like a light in just a few minutes.

The first thing Kate had them do was to add even longer lashes, and had them permanently curled.

They made his blue eyes look so much bigger and childish. The eyebrows she kept bushy but slightly more girlishly arched. The lower lip she made

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slightly more pouty and added a bit more to his upper lip. Eventually, she giggled to herself, he'd look adorable with permanently made-up cupid's lips. He hardly had anything other than peach fuzz on his face, still Kate declared that all little boys and girls should have a peaches and cream complexion and be baby smooth, so she instructed the girls to laser as much as they could before he woke up, adding that if they found any stray hairs around his titties and nipples that they were to go too.

The biggest change was to be his hair, of course, and what they did, to my surprise and amusement, did, in fact, reduce poor Chrissie's little boy image even more. They first fringed his bangs, then as his hair had frown out some they added darling curls.

As we expected Chrissie was so distraught over his new hair style that he failed to notice the other changes she'd made.

### **Chapter-31 Off to Angela's birthday party and new humiliations.**

I couldn't help smiling to myself as I led little Chrissie up the path to the front door. Here was, for all the world, a most sissyish dressed little boy being led by the hand of a well dressed, sexy and now confident woman, me, in a white halter dress, short skirt and towering heels. Heels that he'd never let me wear before. My added height and new confidence I saw added greatly to his intimidation. Intimidated all the more from the severe hair brushing I'd had to give him when he had finally tried to put his dainty foot down and begged me not to take him. Next to me he looked even smaller.

Warningly I said, as I rang the bell, "For some reason you've been less than excited since we left Kate's, with hardly a smile. This attitude had better improve once we're inside, and I'd better see you always smiling or else it won't be a hair brushing you'll get it'll be a good caning. Do you hear?"

"Y-Yes Aunt Darlene, I-I'll be more excited," he quaked. Jesus he really is nothing but a cowardly wimp I thought.

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A few weeks ago he'd paraded down the runway childishly dressed the same as Angela. However she was much changed as Chrissie wished her a, "happy birthday" greeting her with a curtsy-bow as he was taught to greet all grown-ups. A gesture he truly hated as, with hands behind his back, standing on his toes and leaning forward, he gave her a big kiss right on the lips saying, as he'd been made to memorize, "I am ever so thrilled to see you again Miss Angela."

"Thank you Chrissie. I'm so glad to be out of those horrible, little girl clothes," she said, standing there in a very chic party dress, nylons and three inch heels.

"I'm sure, someday, you'll get to wear grown-up clothes too," she said, making it much worse by condescendingly patting him on the top of his head.

## **Chapter-32 Chrissie meets little Paulie.**

As expected we eventually ran into Mrs. Dover, her step-son and his governess. Frankly I was quite shocked at the boy. "This is little Paulie, who is actually my step-son, who I inherited," the woman said, not sounding pleased at all.

To describe him I'd say he was an inch or so taller than Chrissie. But dressed so much more sissy that he actually looked the younger of the two. He wore, like Chrissie, a satin outfit, but all in pink the absolute worst color that any boy would want to wear. Even worse for of all things he was wearing short, pink, satin bloomers. So horribly sissyish hemmed with white, lace ruffles fastened by pink bands tied in big bows. The bloomers were high waisted showing off a waist even more girlish than Chrissie's. He was obviously tightly corseted. His white, satin blouse had the broadest, pink collar edged in ruffles with a floppy, buster brown bow decorating it. The short, puffy sleeves were fastened with pink bands tied into bows. On his hands were short, wrist length satin gloves with pink buttons.

The long expanse of childishly bare legs led to the most sissy socks and shoes. White, turn down anklets, heavily ruffled with pink bows. Quite frankly I



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was shocked at his shoes. The pink, patent leather shoes had double instep straps each decorated with a pink bow, sharply pointed toes and heels that appeared to be at least three inches high, if not higher! No wonder he minced so daintily and tentatively into the room.

As arresting as his sissy image was there was his hair. It was in an almost Shirley Temple style with a mass of curls and fringed bangs. On his head was a pink hat, looking more like a bonnet with ribbons tying it under his chin in a big bow. His face was made up almost doll-like with huge, curled eyelashes, girlishly shaped eyebrows, blue eyeshadow and pink, cupid's lips.

Yet, despite the fact that he was dressed so outlandishly childish and wore what had to be the ultimate sissy outfit what really startled me was that what he was strapped in was a pink, leather, toddler's harness that actually had bells on it and jingled with each step he took. Connected to his harness was a leash of about five feet which his governess was leading him with.

"You have him in a harness and at the end of a leash?" I couldn't help asking.

"Yes, Paulie has a tendency, if left alone, to wander and not stay where his governess puts him. Several times she caught him outside without her permission. Almost as if he was trying to run away. So his governess recommended he be kept, at all times, in a harness and not go anywhere unless at the end of a leash. For the same reason she also recommended replacing his sissy heels with much higher ones. The ones he's currently wearing are three-and-a-half inches. Which makes it quite impossible for him to be running off anywhere, isn't it Paulie?" She asked.

"Y-Yes Mummie Dearest," he replied miserably with a full curtsy.

Yet his misery was amplified when she added, "His governess recommends that as soon as she notices him finally adapting to his current heels that they immediately be replaced with even higher ones, which I fully endorse," She said, to his obviously shocked dismay.

"Well I must say you have him most, ah, adorably dressed," I ventured, then curiosity getting the best of me I asked how old he was.

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Her answer, or rather his, did really shock me..

Turning to the boy with the coldest stare she said, “Well Paulie, you heard the nice lady. You can tell her how old you really are.”

For some reason he looked at her so pleadingly I thought he was actually going to cry.

“Oh p-please m-mother dearest...”

Turning to his governess she said, “Colleen, as soon as we get home, 25 spansks, give his mouth a good soaping, then stand him in the corner for two hours. Now, unless you want to double it, tell her how old you are,”

Hanging his head ever so shamefully he said, “Please Ma’am, little Paulie is twenty years old.”

Well, I was truly stunned. “He’s really twenty?” I asked in disbelief.

### **Chapter-33 Getting little Paulie under control.**

“Yes, soon to be twenty-one. When his father died a couple years ago I became his legal guardian. As the father was rich he grew up spoiled rotten, immature, lazy, disrespectful and undisciplined. Getting thrown out of two colleges for drinking, partying and the last straw, getting a girl in trouble. Frankly I was at my wits end. Until I went to visit a friend in England. She has two boys, one his age, and they were the best behaved, most well-mannered and obedient boys I’d ever seen. I simply had to ask her how she accomplished it. She said she owed it all to the boy’s governess. Very old-fashioned, English governesses are trained to employ strict corporal punishment and other, let’s say, subduing methods. So, as Ms. Glen came highly recommended despite her young age, at eighteen I employed her and brought her back with me. She assured me she knew precisely what to do with Paulie and she did it more quickly than I ever thought possible.”

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Not being able to resist I had to ask how an eighteen year old girl turned around a rebellious twenty year old boy.

“The very first thing I did to get him under control was to lace him as tightly as I could into a corset,” the girl said.

“Similar to the one my Chrissie wears to take in his quite chubby figure,” I commented.

“Well, of course, that’s one use, but the one I put little Paulie in is specifically designed for difficult to manage boys. It’s quite long and while the one your Chrissie wears allows some movement and bending the one Paulie wears has steel stays, rather than whalebone, that is absolutely rigid and doesn’t allow for any bending at all. Then the shoulder straps pull the shoulders well back to force him to maintain an erect posture at all times,” she stated, I thought rather heartlessly. I almost felt sorry for him.

“But, my goodness, that sounds so restrictive,” I said.

“That, of course, is precisely it’s purpose. Once in this particular corset a rebellious little boy is quite easy to supervise and naturally can offer no resistance at all when he needs to be punished or disciplined,” she coldly said.

“The other method we utilize on bad boys such as Paulie once was in England is called, ‘dress discipline.’ In which the boy is purposely attired in clothes that are meant for a much younger boy and, by design, are on the frilly side and very juvenile. Much as you see him now dressed. It serves two purposes, most importantly it never fails to horribly shame a boy, isn’t that correct Paulie?” she demanded to know.

“Y-Yes governess,” he actually sobbed out.

“Secondly it serves to remind him that regardless of his age if he acts like a child he’ll be treated like one until he reaches what call his, ‘majority.’

It allows him to put away any childish thoughts that he’s in any way grown up. Do you still think you’re grown up Paulie?”

“N-No governess, I-I don’t,” he could barely get out.

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“Well, he certainly doesn’t, in any way, look grown up,” I stated the obvious, then asked what she meant by, ‘majority.’”

“Unfortunately here in the state you allow children to think they’re grown-up at eighteen and an adult at twenty-one. However in England a child is only considered grown-up when those in charge of him decide he’s finally acting as an adult. Which could be at any age, quite possibly several years past his twenty first birthday. As I’m sure will be the case in little Paulie,” she said, giving Paulie a look that made him positively wilt.

Which obviously meant that his turning twenty-one would have no effect on how he was treated and expected to act. I couldn’t help but wonder when the girl thought he’d reach his majority.

“Oh my, I really barely have him under control, and he’s no where near the level of obedience I expect of him. Another two, perhaps three years. It’s really up to Paulie. I know one little boy back in England who’s twenty-five and is still treated, dressed and expected to act like the child he obviously still is.”

Which produced the most anguished gasp from little Paulie. I’m sure he couldn’t conceive of another year, let alone another four or five dressed and humiliated as he was currently forced to endure.

All of which convinced me that an English governess for Chrissie was exactly what he needed.

Leaning over to Kate I whispered, “Please tell me that your Little Prince and Princess collection has outfits like little Paulie is wearing. Wouldn’t Chrissie look so adorable and, more importantly, totally crushed dressed like him.”

“Oh my yes, what little Paulie is wearing, in fact, came from our Little Prince and Princess collection,” she grinned, then added, “And some are even more sissy.”

## **Chapter-34 Chrissie's does spurties.**

I'm sure Chrissie thought I'd totally forgotten the humiliating conversation concerning potty training him and installing a modesty sheath to control his supposed stained underpants and unwarranted, excited dickey he childish exhibited. So when I informed him of the dreaded visit to Mrs. Dover the following day he begged and pleaded not to go. However a sound paddling and whatever resistance he put up quickly vanished.

When we arrived her governess had some, for me, exciting news. "I think I have just the solution for you regarding a governess or nanny for your boy. The niece of a friend of mine has just graduated from the same governess school that I did. One of her dreams is to come and visit me here in the states. I know she'd love the idea of spending a longer time here and I'm sure if you offered to pay her way, plus room and board and whatever salary you can agree to she'd be more than willing to take on the supervision of little Chrissie. And while she's just nineteen she's quite headstrong and got very high grades in the disciplining of difficult children."

So despite Chrissie's pleading look at me, or maybe because of it I told her to contact her friend and I would arrange everything.

"Oh, that's so great, I know she'll be so excited," she said, then ominously added, "Why don't we go into the sitting room and I'll show you how to install the extra modesty sheath on Chrissie's dickey."

Once in the sitting room she sternly ordered him to put his hands behind his head and keep them there. She then removed his pants and shorts, then forcefully spread his legs. Poor Chrissie he looked so pathetically ashamed, and shocked, as he stood in front of us with his dickey and marbles on display not able to protect his modesty.

Producing the sturdy, rubber sheath his dickie started to get very excited.

"Tsk, tsk, on my, this will never do. It'll never go on in this state. I can see the obvious need for putting him the modesty sheath" she proclaimed.



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“Now, I think, would be an excellent time to show you how to deal with these childish, immature displays. If that’s alright with you?” she asked, and, of course it was. Actually I couldn’t wait to see what would transpire.

“Keep your hands where they are Chrissie, spread your legs a little more, and bend your knees for me,” she ordered.

Clinically she said, “Keeping the boy in a tensed pose is excellent training for teaching him self-control and discipline. I use these rubber, kitchen gloves applying an ample amount of Vaseline to the right glove when relieving little Paulie of his urges. Then using your left hand take a firm grip on his little sack. This will hold him in position and firmly under control. The right hand you use in, at first, a light up and down motion, and as you see it causes his dickie to become very excited.”

As she did so she warningly said, “There are a few things to remember to do Chrissie. If I see your hips move, or your legs straighten I will do this.” And with that she squeezed and twisted his little sack

Painfully enough for him to cry out.

“Now when you feel your dickie is about to do spurties you will immediately inform me by saying, ‘Please Ma’am, my dickie is about to do spurties.’ I will then tell you whether you have permission or not. If you allow your dicky to do spurties without permission I will instantly spank it with this,” she said, holding up a wooden ruler.

“Is that clear?” she asked.

“Y-Yes, Ma’am, it, it’s c-clear,” he replied, absolutely terrified.

“Getting little boys to ask permission for their dickies to do spurties, you see, is all part of teaching Chrissie some much needed self-control,” she stated.

I must say the girl was obviously an expert dealing with little boy’s urges. Several times he cried out that he was going to do spurties. “No, no Chrissie, not quite yet.”

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After at least twenty minutes of what had to be sheer torture for Chrissie she said, “Now you try it Ma’am.” Passing his quivering dickie over to me, a spare pair of gloves and a jar of vaseline she said, “Now you try it.” Can you imagine the humiliation on his part, and the amusement I got from fondling my wimp of a husband’s dickie.

After several minutes the girl said, “I think you can allow him to do spurties now the next time he asks permission. I’ll hold this and as soon as he asks permission to do spurites bend hi dickie down so it does spurties in this. There’s no reason for him to make a mess.” So at just the right moment I bent Chrissie’s dickie so he could do spurites in a shot glass.

“Very good Chrissie all your spurties went right into the glass,” She said approvingly as she patted his head.

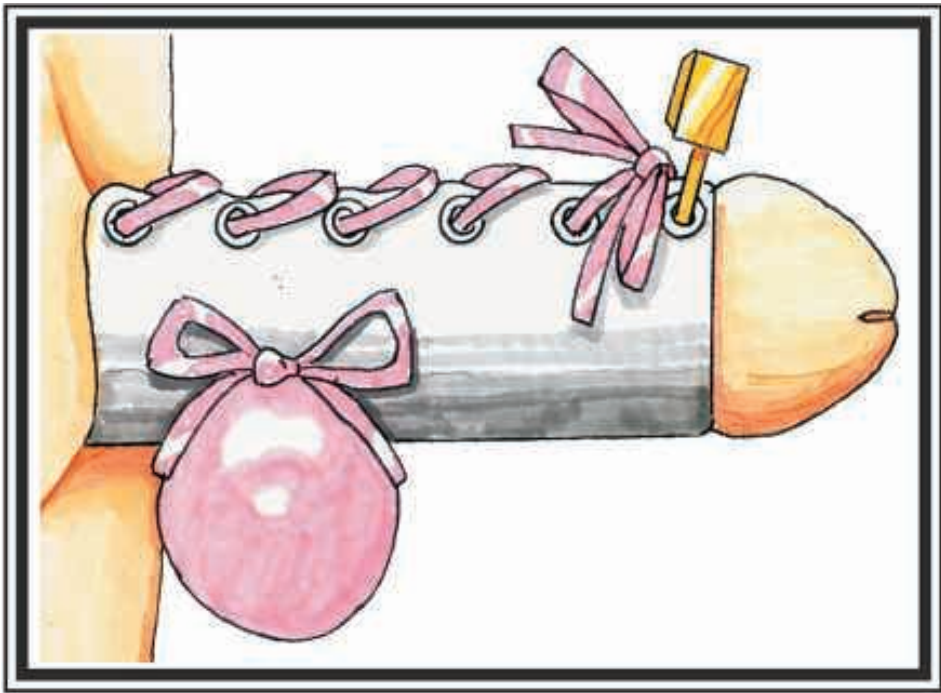
How crushing it must have been asking his wife for permission to do spurties. As he jetted into the panties his hips could be seen thrusting back and forth.

“You see his hips? You’ll have to work at stopping him from doing that.

## **Chapter-35 Chrissie’s modesty sheath.**

Despite the utter tears and sobs from Chrissie fresh ones flowed as she produced the modesty sheath. With his dickie reduced to miniscule size he was so shocked at what had just transpired that he offered not the slightest resistance as the girl first put his “marbles”, as she referred to them, into a pink, little rubber sack and then tightened the drawstrings until they were seriously reduced in size. Then she slipped his dickie into the sheath and laced it, as you would lacing a shoe. Once, and then again, then she tied the loose ends in a bow, slipped a small gold padlock into the eyelet closest to the tip and clicked it shut.

“There, that will certainly stop all those unexpected, childish displays and bedtime thoughts of playing with what he shouldn’t,” she declared, adding, “As it is rubber there’s really no reason for it to be removed for several days.



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Perhaps once every five days your new governess can remove and clean it, then after washing his dickey thoroughly simply reinstall it.”

## **Chapter-36 Chrissie’s new governess.**

A week later he got to meet his new governess. A tall, dark haired, attractive girl named Sarah Whiting. For which I got Chrissie all dressed up in one of his sailor outfits, the one I knew he hated most, as he truly looked his sassiest in it.

Despite being just nineteen I’ll have to admit Sarah was a quite imposing young lady. Tall, about five foot, ten and in the heels she wore well over six feet. She was dressed much as Ms. Glen, little Paulie’s governess was. In a crisp grey blouse with white color and cuffs, a striped tie and red belt holding up a tight, over the knee skirt Dark stockings were on her legs with high heels of at least four inches. Despite her fresh face she wore her hair in a tight bun with a bow set in back. I could immediately see how intimidated Chrissie was as she towered over him. However, undoubtedly it was the cane she held in one hand that he couldn’t tear his worried, fearful eyes from.

“I’m sure I’ll be capable of supervising your boy Ma’am. I got excellent grades in school and I have Ms. Glen to advise me when needed. And I have been taught how to potty train and toilet time train young children as she mentioned it was a concern of yours. However I will have to have her tutor me as to dealing with the boy’s childish, immature urges. But, I can assure you that he will be a most obedient, respectful and well-mannered boy at all times. Certainly there will be no hesitation on my part to discipline or punish him when necessary,” she said earnestly.

Turning to Chrissie she said, “I assume this is the boy in question?”

You may introduce yourself Chrissie,” I said.

“H-Hello Miss...” was all he got out before, in my surprise, she slapped him very hard twice.

“You will address me as, ‘Governess.’”

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“B-But I didn’t k-know,” he cried.

“But now you do and I doubt if you’ll forget,” she calmly said.

“ I also noted that you failed to curtsy/bow as you misspoke. After we’ve had a little, get together talk you will do 100 curtsy/bows in front of me, and for each you fail to do perfectly you’ll be caned twice,” she said, just as calmly.

Actually, if you have no objections Ma’am, the school teaches us that the first thing we must do when a child, especially a troublesome boy, is put in our care is to give him a firm paddling, caning or both. So that he quickly understands who is in charge and that unless he does precisely as he’s told I will not hesitate to discipline or punish him,” she said.

As Chrissie looked fearfully at me I dismissively said, “Yes, well you do whatever you feel necessary, Sarah. I leave him completely under your supervision.”

### **Chapter-37 Chrissie gets a little talking to.**

Grabbing him my the arm she said, “Come along Chrissie, it’s time we had a little talk.”

It was only a short time later that I heard poor Chrissies hollering and screaming at the top of his lungs. There was a pause then more hollering and loud sobs. And again a pause and more yelling and screaming. I assumed this was the girl having a “little talk” with Chrissie.

A couple hours later she led him downstairs sobbing and crying. “I think Chrissie now understands who is in charge and who isn’t. Would I be correct Chrissie?”

“Y-Yes Governess,” he sobbed out.

“My goodness, what a dramatic change in such a short time,” I remarked.

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“Yes I had very little trouble with him. First I had him grab his ankles and caned his bare bottom and the back of his legs several times. Then I bent him over a chair and paddled him, which I followed with him over my lap for a good hair brushing. So now you know that if you hesitate, even a fraction, to do as I tell you know what to expect, don’t you Chrissie?” she asked sternly.

“Yes G-Governess,” he whimpered, looking totally defeated.

“Now let’s hear you tell your Aunt Darlene what you say right after I’m forced to punish you, as sincerely and contritely as you can or it’s back over my lap,” she demanded of him.

“T-Thank you for punishing me g-governess. Chrissie was a bad little boy and deserved to be pThank you f-for punishing me G-Governee, I deserved to be punished,” he said, trying desperately to sound as sincere as he could.

“Now tell your Aunt what bad, little boys do after their governess has had to punish them.”

“I-I go and stand in the corner with my hands behind my head,” he said, hanging his head.

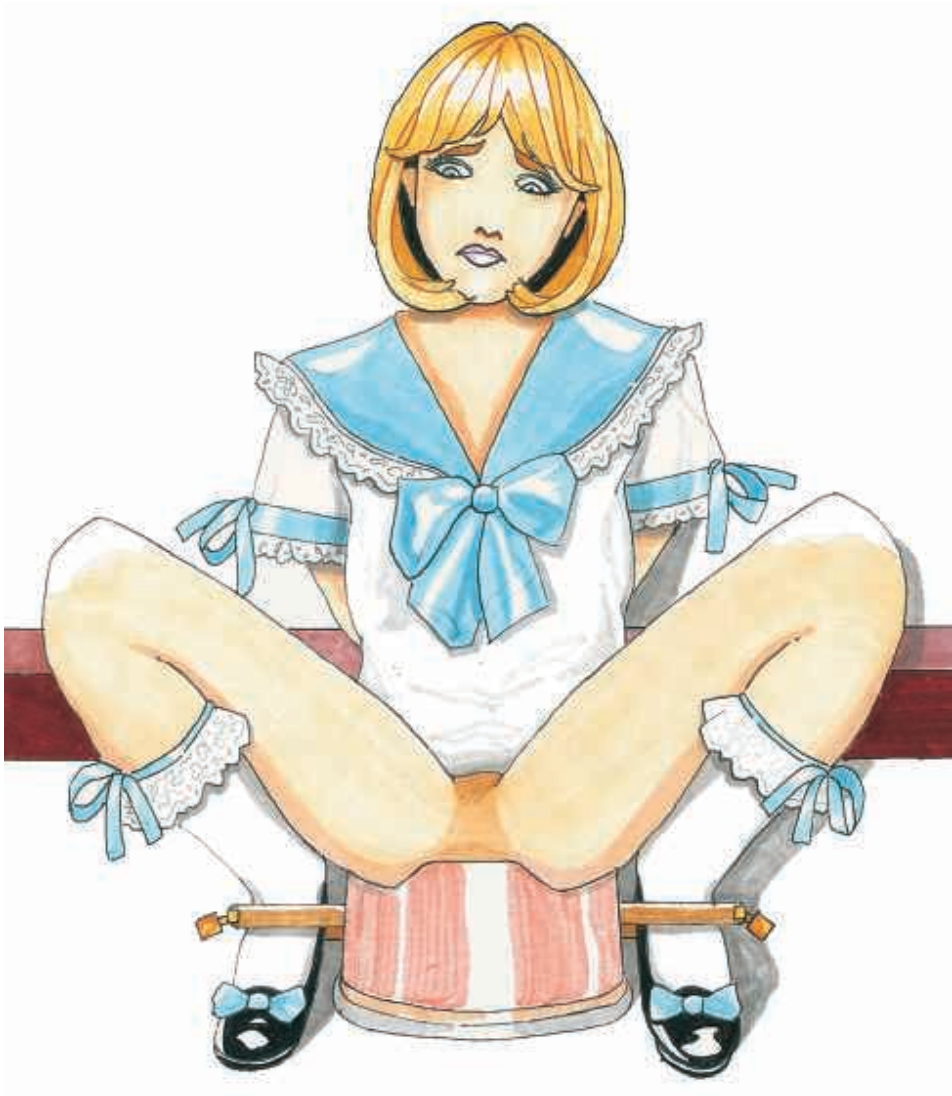
Out of curiosity I asked how long he was to stand in the corner.

“As I want to take time getting him ready for dinner I only had him stand in the corner an hour-a-half. It gives him time to think about being a good boy in the future.

## **Chapter-38 Potty training time.**

When I asked what she had planned for him after dinner she offhandedly said, “Oh, I thought there will be just enough time to begin potty training him. I know you plan to go out (I did, Cora had arranged a date for me. Her exact words were, “He’s not much upstairs but I can tell you from experience he’s like a bull in the sack, and nobody deserves a good fuck like you do.” Just thinking about it I could feel myself getting wet), but I would like you to be

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present so you'll know how he's expected to conduct himself while I potty train him."

"Certainly, I think I have just the time," I said, giggling to myself, not wanting to miss this for a minute.

After dinner I followed them up to Chrissie's room. I thought he'd break down and start crying when he saw the pink china potty in the middle of the room. I couldn't help laughing, to myself, at what I saw on the front of it. For "Little Chrissie's Potty" had been painted on it.

"When I knew I'd be potty training him I brought what we call a, 'training potty' with me and had time to have it painted with his name on it," she explained, then made Chrissie stand on a small stool while she removed his pants and panties leaving only in his frilly blouse, ruffled socks and darling shoes. She then began instructing Chrissie on how he was to use his potty. Chrissie was mortified, while I thought it hysterical.

"Please note that there are short, wooden cuffs half way back on either side, that for now are open, and a raised horizontal T-bar in back. Now when I say, 'potty sit time now, Chrissie' I want you to sit on your potty placing your ankles in the cuffs and grab hold, with both hands, to the bar in back," she dictated.

When he did as instructed she shut the cuffs tightly around his ankles and then I was a bit startled when she actually locked them with small padlocks. Then, in the back, she buckled his hands into a set of leather straps.

Which, of course, I couldn't help commenting on. "You've locked his ankles to his potty and strapped his hands to the bar in back. Obviously I'm curious," I said.

"What I've found Ma'am is that boys who think they're too grown up to use a potty become naturally resentful when they're re-potty trained and will do anything to avoid sitting on one. You either have to stay in the room to supervise their tinkles and poopies or employ a training potty to keep them fastened to it whether they want to or not. The advantage is that you can fasten them to their potty and simply leave and come back, say, an hour later. The other thing you can use a training potty for is as punishment for being resistive. If that occurs you simply fasten him to his potty and leave him sitting there all

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morning. Is that what you'd like, to sit all morning on your potty, Chrissie?" She asked.

"Oh no Governess," He said, obviously mortified at the thought.

After he was properly seated and restrained on his potty she said, "Very well you may do your tinkles now, Chrissie."

I couldn't imagine anything my former Mr. Macho had had to endure to date, or anything more humiliating, than to have a nineteen year old girl order him to do his tinkles not only in front of her but the woman who he, probably foolishly, still thought was his wife. And you could see it on his face.

After several moments when nothing happened, except for the wretched sobs coming from Chrissie, I commented that perhaps he didn't need to do tinkles.

"On no, Ma'am, I'm sure the boy has to do tinkles it's just that obviously getting re-adjusted to using a potty again will take some time. Boys, his age, who have mistakenly been allowed to use a grown-ups toilet will naturally feel ashamed when put back on a potty. That is how you feel, isn't it Chrissie?" she asked.

"Y-Yes Governess," he sobbed out.

"They are also unwisely used to some privacy when doing their tinkles or poopies. Developing a childish, false sense of modesty. So naturally he is having trouble doing his tinkles in front of us," she said quite clinically.

"So, you'll try again later?" I ventured.

"Oh my no. Chrissie will simply remain on his potty, regardless of how long it takes, until he does his tinkles. This is one of three set times Chrissie will be allowed potty privileges so it's best he get to it. Eventually, I'm sure, we'll hear him doing his tinkles for us," she assured me, and a few minutes later we heard them.

"There now Chrissie, that was very good. I'm sure in just a short time you'll be nicely potty trained. Now, one other thing. Open your mouth nice and wide

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and leave it open,” she ordered, and proceeded to pour three helping spoonfuls of some liquid into his mouth. Which produced a horrible expression and gagging as he swallowed.

“Ms. Glen informed me that Chrissie doesn’t always do his poopies in the morning. Which is what she recommends .So to condition Chrissies to doing his poopies first thing in the morning a liberal dose of castor oil in the evening will result, I’m sure, in a quite urgent need to do so as soon as I get him up,” she promised.

*Read the exciting conclusion in Book 2 as Chrissie plays with children “his own age”, is mistaken for Alice in Wonderland, models Little Prince and Princess clothes meant for children 8 to 10, then Brother & Sister unisex attire, and increasingly is mistaken for a girl, models Little Lady Ashley clothes, as a girl, becomes Christina and then Constance Marie Ashley, who is in need of even more quite severe lessons to become the perfect little girl-permanently.*