

# From Husband To Sissy Model.

Book #2

By Patricia Michelle

***11 Full Color Illustrations!***





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# **From Husband To Sissy Model Book 2**

**By Patricia Michelle**

## **Chapter-39 Playing with children his own age.**

After observing Chrissie for the next two weeks Sarah asked if she could have a talk with me.

“One of the things I’ve noticed, that I think is a concern, is that except for the other students in Ms. Martin’s classes he has virtually no contact with other little boys and girls his own age. And even in her classes there’s very little socializing as she permits no talking. So I thought I would make an effort, at least on weekends, to schedule his activities around other children his age. So that he becomes more adept at socializing, at least at his age level,” she said.

“Yes, I could see where that would prove very beneficial,” I said, giggling at the thought of Chrissie inter-acting with other children his supposed age. I was sure it would absolutely crush him. It was one thing, humiliating enough, to be forced to act like a little boy with adults, quite another matter to pretend he was the little boy he ap-

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peared to be with other children. It amused Kate and Cora no end when I told them what Sarah, in all earnestness, had planned. And Kate just couldn't help making his life more miserable.

It was the following day at dinner that I said to Chrissie, "Sarah has just the most wonderful news, don't you Sarah?" I asked, hiding a smile for I couldn't wait to see his expression.

"Well, I've called a few mothers and other governesses to see if they'd allow you to play with their little boys and girls our same age. And they all thought it a great idea. And Kate suggested a little girl named Rebecca Stone, who you'll eventually be modeling clothes with as soon as you graduate from Ms. Martin's classes. I talked to the girl's mother who thinks it's a wonderful idea. A perfect way of getting to know each other before you start modeling together. She's a bit young, just eleven, but I'm sure you'll get along just fine. Then, of course, there's little Paulie. Ms. Glen thinks he would benefit from some contact with children his own age. Isn't that exciting?" she asked.

I just couldn't help laughing to myself at Chrissie's reaction.

"P-Play w-with Paulie?" he cringed, "Oh y-yes that's r-really exciting," he said miserably.

"Perhaps if you're not busy over the weekends you could take Chrissie around to some of his new friends," she suggested, which, of course, I amusedly agreed to.

So over the next few weeks I delighted in taking little Chrissie on visits to his new circle of friends and watching him struggle so, poor thing, to act their age. Frankly there wasn't anything more hysterical than watching Chrissie in his sailor romper suit trying to jump rope, play hop-scotch and funniest of all seeing him try to roller skate, half terrified, trying desperately to keep his balance and not fall, with old fashioned skates with steel wheels strapped to his shoes.

Rebecca was a charming little girl who was, I thought, perfect for him. For at eleven she was actually an inch or two taller than Chrissie. And as Kate had mentioned they not only had matching blue eyes, but almost identical blonde hair. Even the girl's mother commented that they could almost be brother and sister. Which I already knew was Kate's plan.

## Chapter-40 Chrissie's new home and new room.

It was a couple weeks later that he was surprised to find out that we were moving. My business was doing great and I could well afford a new house. At no time was the hopelessness of his situation brought home as when I announced to Sarah, pointedly ignoring him, that I'd not only bought a new house but that I had sold this one. Which brought a startled gasp from him, as I expected, and a sharp reminder from Sarah not to interrupt adults when they are speaking.

I was quite curious to see how he'd take this unexpected bit of news. Which was not well, for right after being corrected he blurted out, "Yes, b-but you can't..."

Which was as far as he got. "I really must apologize Ma'am. I simply don't know what's gotten into him. Apologize to your Aunt immediately and then go stand on your naughty boy time out stool in the corner, pants down, hands on your head. I'll decide later whether I will use the hairbrush or cane on you, depending on how still you stand. And one more sound and I'll give your mouth a most thorough soaping. Is that understood?" she demanded to know.

"Y-Yes governess," he replied in the frightened, cowed voice I so enjoyed hearing, as he went to stand in the corner.

I actually expected his outburst when he heard I'd sold this house. You see it was actually his house which I'd moved into. So there he stood in the corner, on his time out naughty boy stool, pants down, hands behind his head, not daring to utter a sound but close enough to hear us. And, naturally, I delighted in making it worse.

"I found a buyer for this house rather quickly, and I made a nice profit on it. And the new house you'll just love. I'll take you out and show it to you tomorrow, so you'll have to get a babysitter for Chrissie. Such grown up talk like buying and selling houses, mortgages and remodeling I'm sure is beyond his ability to comprehend," I stated, even though in reality he'd handled all the paperwork and remodeling on this house himself.

"Oh certainly Ma'am. I'm sure Alice would enjoy making some extra money babysitting Chrissie.

And I'm just dying to see the new house," she said excitedly.

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“Well then I’m sure you’ll also be excited to know that I not only want you to design and decorate the perfect room for little Chrissie, but your own room as well. The only thing I ask is that you create a very safe, worry free environment that insures Chrissie can be monitored at all times,” I directed.

“Actually there were a few modifications I was going to suggest be made to his current room, however we can just incorporate them into his new room.

When I asked what they were I was delighted to hear her say, “Well, of course, all the windows should have security bars on them. The door to his room should not be able to open from the inside, so that we know that once he’s put in his room I’ll know that’s where he is, regardless of where I am. Plus we should put cameras in each corner so I can be sure he’s doing as he’s been told to.”

### **Chapter-41 Chrissie’s new room.**

When the remodeling was done and we finally moved in I couldn’t help but smile at the perfect room Sarah has created for little Chrissie. I just loved the crestfallen expression on his face when he saw his new room. The dominant color was baby blue with pink accents. The wallpaper had childish, nursery rhyme figures on it. The furniture was from Alice’s old room. All very dainty and delicate. The centerpiece was a canopy “youth bed.” Basically an overgrown crib with high side bars that slid up. The floors were all hardwood with a play area consisting of a small table and chair. Plus an area to practice his dancing. Off to one side was the bathroom. As promised the window were all barred, the door opened only from the outside, and in each corner was a camera to monitor him while he was in his room. If there ever was a room meant for a little, sissy boy this was it.

### **Chapter-42 Chrissie understands what a miserable excuse he’d been as a husband.**

A few days after we’d settled in and we were having dinner Sarah casually mentioned that she hadn’t heard me speak of my husband.

“I was just wondering because I was looking forward to meeting him. If he’s away on a job somewhere?” she asked.

Pretending to flounder, and looking straight at Chrissie I said, “Why yes, he’s finally managed to get a temporary job way across the country. I’m afraid he won’t be back for several months Which, if I may be frank, I don’t really care if he comes back or not. It’s just that our marriage was having it’s troubles as all my friends knew. They’ve actually been pushing me to divorce him. Chrissie knows how awful, nasty and dictatorial he was to me, don’t you Chrissie?” I asked sternly.

“Y-Yes Aunt D-Darlene,” he said shamefully, hanging his head and slumping his shoulders.

“It’s simply something I could no longer tolerate. So good riddance I say. Actually my friends have been pushing me to go out with other men while he’s gone, just so I’ll see that there are men out there who will treat me with proper respect. They’ve been trying to fix me up with some real men for a couple weeks now,” I said, which brought a sudden gasp from Chrissie.

“Yes Chrissie, was there something you wanted to say?” I asked sweetly.

“N-No Aunt Darlene,” he replied with the most delightful, tortured sob, which Sarah, bless her, completely mistook.

“Oh my, for some reason all this talk of your husband seems to have upset Chrissie. My goodness was he that nasty and mean to your Aunt Darlene?” she asked innocently.

“Y-Yes he, he was,” was all he could miserably get out.

“Well honestly Ma’am, I would take up your friend’s suggestion. If he was that horrible and mean I think you really should go out with other men. Besides, since I’ve been here, you haven’t gone out at all except to work,” she commented, having no idea just how many real hunks were already in my life.

“If you think so too Sarah, perhaps I should. My goodness I haven’t let my hair down or had any fun since he left. I think I deserve to have a good time and some fun, don’t you, Chrissie?” I couldn’t help driving a nail into his over blown ego. Although there really wasn’t much of it left.

I almost had to laugh for what could he say but, “Yes A-Aunt Darlene, I-I think y-you should have a-a good time,” he sobbed out in defeat.

## Chapter-43 Chrissie gets a dressing down.

It was a fateful day when Chrissie arrived at Kate's for his first time modeling, with Rebecca, outfits from the Little Prince and Princess collection. His first attire was a sailor's outfit. He'd worn sailor outfits before but none like this. I made sure I was there when he got his first look at himself in a mirror and I wasn't disappointed. He gasped and cringed when he saw himself. I had hoped he'd start crying, but was disappointed when he didn't. Still I couldn't have been more pleased. For Chrissie was wearing his first pair of bright red, satin, sailor pants that buttoned so childishly to his blouse by four buttons in front and in back. He was wearing his first pair of white, children's tights, and his first pair of two strap, bright red, patent leather mary janes. The short sleeves of his blouse were puffed with bright blue bands and edged in white lace. As was his sailor's collar with an overly large floppy red bow. On his hands were wrist length, white satin gloves. Even their schoolgirl hats with chin straps that buttoned were the same. And he was dressed identically to Rebecca except for her skirt and one-and-a-half inch heels. Which, to my amusement, actually made her look the older of the two.

What followed next neither of them liked. Put side by side in beautician's chairs they heard Cora tell the girls to give them identical hair styles she called, 'page boys.'

"It's the perfect children's style for either boy or girl their age. Lighten the boy's hair so it perfectly matches that of the girl's. Then I'm afraid you'll have to cut about two inches off Rebecca's hair so the length of their hair is the same," she ordered.

To which Rebecca bitterly protested. Turning to him she said, "Why couldn't your hair be longer? Now they have to cut my hair. I hate you!"

Chrissie, of course, was already obviously upset hearing that not only was he being given an identical hairstyle to the girls it was going to be colored so it perfectly matched hers.

When they were finished all the beauticians gathered around and "oohed" and "aahed."

“Why they look just like brother and sister, don’t they?” one remarked.

“I think that’s why Cora wanted identical looks as she and Kate think they’d be perfect for the Brother and Sister collection,” a second said.

“I think they look so alike they could actually be twins, couldn’t they?” yet a third remarked.

“They really could. It’s really difficult to tell them apart. Hopefully they’ll have the girl wearing a hair bow, if not it really would be difficult telling which is which, wouldn’t it,” the first declared, which quite alarmed Chrissie more than it did Rebecca.

Just then one of the beauticians came in, and looking at them, asked, “I really can’t tell which is the boy and which is the girl.”

“Will Rebecca please raise your hand so Maude can tell who is who,” Cora asked, hiding her big grin.

“Why that’s precisely what we’re hoping for. When they model the Brother & Sister collection they’ll be wearing identical outfits and we don’t want to audience to know who is who as at that age it’s quite normal to see little boys and girls dressed in many of the same outfits.

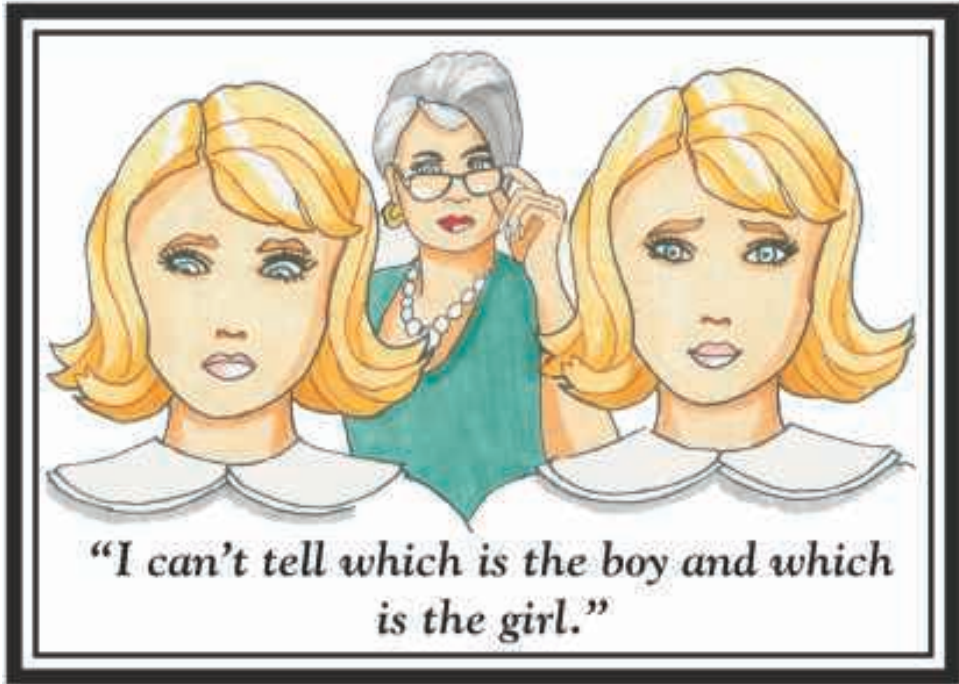
“Well, that’s true at their age mothers do tend to dress them up like little dolls, don’t they,” the woman casually remarked.

Which, I could see quite alarmed Chrissie. This was going to be all too amusing.

## **Chapter-44 Kate lays it on, thick.**

When Cora came to get them she delightedly clapped her hands, “Why they look just perfect, don’t they? Well come along children. Rebecca, as you are more experienced and are the taller, you will always lead Chrissie by the hand wherever you go, walking slightly ahead of him,” she instructed, hiding a smile as she saw Chrissie looked so crushed learning that he was to be led about everywhere by an eleven year old girl.

The actual show was even harder on poor Chrissie as Kate truly drove home his little boy status announcing to the audience, “Now on the runway we have little Chrissie and Miss Rebecca modeling the



most adorable sailor outfits in our pre-teen, Little Prince and Princess collection. The outfits are suitable for children ages six to ten. Much of their attire is identical and has many advantages as with children of such a young age they can wear many of the same garments. As you can see they're both wearing identical girl's blouses, tights, the same

shoes, gloves and even their darling sailor hats buttoning under the chin.”

“And don’t they look so darling with matching page boy hair styles. Just the perfect style for children their age, don’t you think?” she asked, laughing to herself when she observed Chrissie’s crestfallen expression learning that not only was he dressed appropriately for a six year old, but much of what he was wearing were girl’s attire.

I was continually amazed that my ex-husband, as I now couldn’t help thinking of him, could actually walk down a runway in a room full of women dressed as a ten year old, at best, and do so without a puzzled look on any of their faces.

Kate and Cora had to laughingly remind me just how possible it was. “You keep forgetting he’s actually shorter than eleven year old Rebecca. And since we completed electrolysis he has the same peaches and cream complexion that all little boys have,” Cora grinned.

“And with the alterations Cora made to his eyes, the long, curled girlish eyelashes, and of course, his pouty, cupid’s lips the problem you’re having is you still see your husband, but you’re the only one,” Kate stated.

“Then there’s his figure. After months of dieting and breathless corseting his figure is almost as girlish as Rebecca’s and notice how it’s pushing his bottom out more and more. Which perfectly matches out future plans for him,” Cora stated, but when I asked all she’d say was, “It’ll be a real surprise.”

## **Chapter-45 Modeling Brother & Sister fashions, poor Chrissie!**

If he was despondent over the Little Prince outfits he modeled it was obvious he was crushed to tears when Kate started them modeling the Brother/Sister fashions a couple weeks later.

Which I wouldn’t have missed for all the tea in China. So I sat with Kate and Cora in the fitting room when he first saw himself in a mirror.

## **Chapter-46 Chrissie in kilts, sort of.**

When they modeled their first Brother & sister outfits I could see how crushed Chrissie was as Rebecca walked Chrissie down the runway as Kate described their outfits.

“Kilts, of course, are perfect attire for either boys or girls. However our Brother & sister kilts come in two different styles. The model on the right is wearing the more traditional kilt attire. While the model on the left wears the more youthful version of a bodice kilt. Which hangs from a sleeveless bodice, and as you can see are considerably shorter than the traditional kilt that falls to about two inches above the knees. Both outfits feature bishop collars with ruffled jabot bibs. As you can see the model on the right wears more grown up knee socks, while the one on the left wears the short, ankle length socks while both wear mary janes so suitable for children their age. And don’t you think braids on girls and boys of their age the absolute perfect touch?”

Oh My God this is just too amusing for words. Poor, Chrissie, he’s struggling so hard to smile. I can’t imagine Mr. Macho could feel any more humiliated,” I chuckled to Kate and Cora.

“Oh, just wait till next weeks show. If kilts don’t crush him just wait until he sees himself in what new addition I’ve made to the Brother/Sister collection, just for him,” Kate smiled with a wicked grin.

## **Chapter-47 I can’t believe what he’s modeling.**

I couldn’t wait till the next fashion show. But despite my questioning both Kate and Cora they refused to even give me a hint of what he’d be wearing.

When the curtain parted and Kate announced her latest addition to the Brother & Sister Collection I almost fell out of my chair. I was laughing so hard in disbelief I drew a lot of stares from the women around me. For, of all things, Chrissie and Rebecca were dressed in completely matching smocks!

“Charming smocks are perfect attire for children of all ages. And are suitable for play, as you see them wearing, or dressy occasions. And as

it's a loose fitting garment the same smock can be worn for many years starting at around six or seven and up to ten. Their grey smocks, as you can see, have rounded collars supporting a loosely tied, red tie which perfectly matches their red tights. The fullness of their smocks is caused by the under liners, much like a petticoat which helps prevent wrinkling. On the more youthful version the hem falls just above mid-thigh while on the more grown up version the hem falls a couple inches above the knees. And for shoes of course patent leather Mary Janes suitable on both boys and girls of their age, and don't pigtailed with yellow bows seem to be the perfect style to go with their smocks," she gushed.

To the irritation of those around me I couldn't help giggling. Imagine my ex-husband, at least that's how I thought of him, in a smock AND in pigtailed. It was just too hysterical. Chrissie couldn't help seeing me as I was right up front and gave me the most forlorn, pleading look. In response I gave him a big thumbs up and clapped.

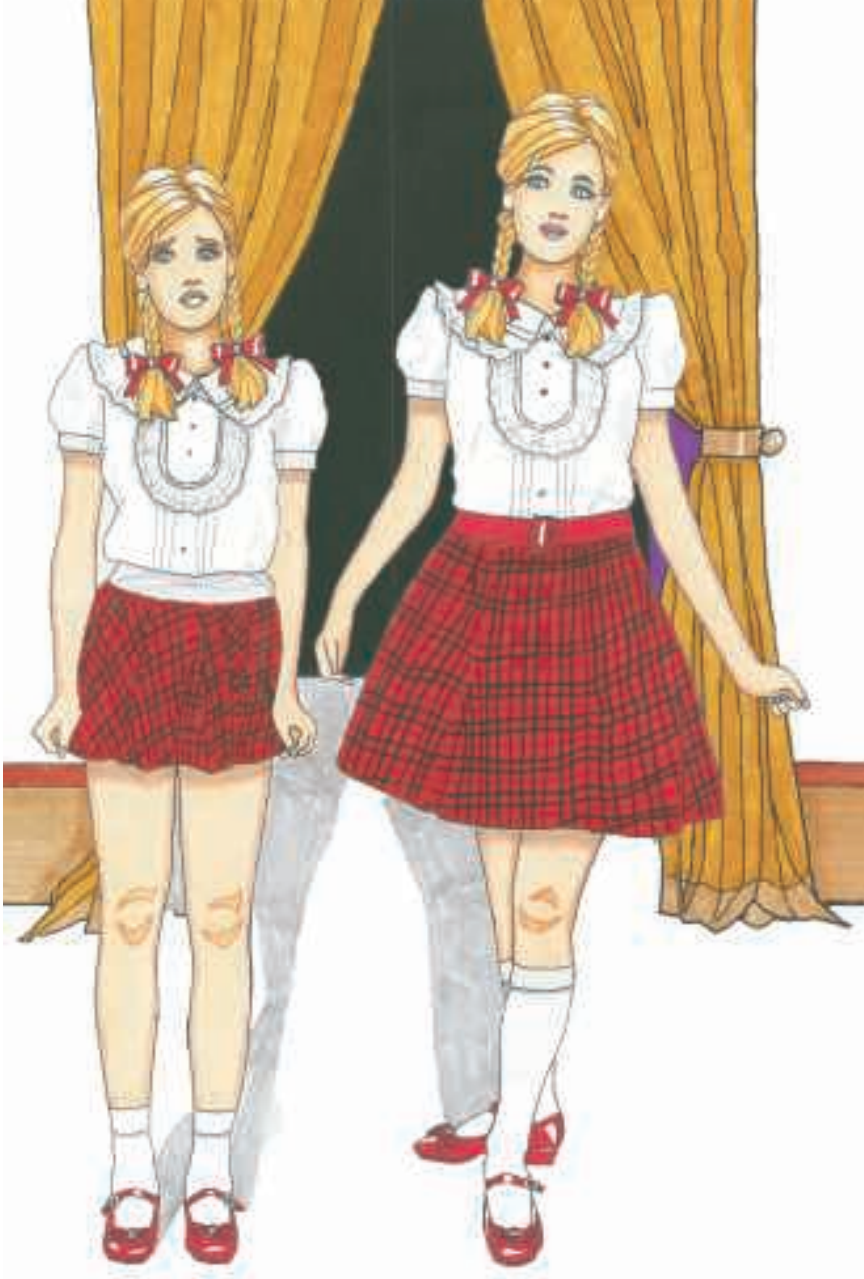
But what came next, I could see, totally crushed him.

"Now children, please raise your charming smocks and show off your darling undies for the ladies," she ordered. I think Chrissie was near tears as he raised his smock along with Rebecca to show off their white, short, bloomed pants. "At their age mixing and matching between boy and girl styles is quite common so I thought little girl's short, bloomers the perfect undergarments," she announced, although I didn't buy it for a minute. And Kate, later, admitted it was all her idea.

Cora later said pigtailed were her inspiration, saying you couldn't believe the tortured gasp Chrissie sobbed out when he saw himself.

After they made their turn and returned behind the curtain to be changed what they eventually appeared in, this time, made me gasp and before I could stop myself I exclaimed, "I can't believe it!"

Which earned me several annoyed stares from the women around me.



## **Chapter-48 Mistake identity.**

My distraught sissie's identity crisis only deepened after the showing as the models were expected to mingle among the guests. Nor did Kate change what they were wearing. I suspect on purpose and I was so right.

“Now let’s see,” one woman innocently asked, “Is this the darling little boy or the girl? I honestly can’t tell.”

“Oh, this is Chrissie, the little boy Ma’am,” Kate said with a wolfish grin to me.

“Well, whether he’s the boy or the girl he looks positively adorable. I just love her, I mean, of course, his socks and aren’t those the perfect shoes for them,” She exclaimed.

After that Kate obviously planned there were more mix-ups. More than once poor Chrissie was mistaken for the girl which naturally caused the most mortified reaction from him.

“There, there Chrissie it was just a silly mistake, but no real harm was done. I’m sure no one for a minute didn’t think you were the girl,” she said, well meaning, sort of, but, for some reason it only made it worse.

“T-They thought I-I was a girl,” he sobbed later to me, burying his face in his hands.

“I’m sure you must feel sooo horrible at the thought, poor thing. But you didn’t know and until you found out you weren’t embarrassed. Only after, am I right?” I asked.

“Yes, t-that’s true,” he had to admit.

“So no real harm was done,” I said, trying desperately not to giggle.

## **Chapter-49 Doomed at the Halloween party.**

What doomed his fate was Kate’s Halloween themed costume party at her store. She invited all her best customers and, of course, all the models were expected to be there in costume.

He’d been taken to a costume store and Sarah had selected a pirate’s costume for him. However when it was delivered it was discovered that they’d sent a costume way too big for him, on purpose of course.

“I just don’t know what we’re going to do, everyone will be arriving in two hours and the costume shop is closed,” she said, acting distressed, and on cue Cora said, “The only thing I can think of is the costume shop delivered a costume that Susan Winters was supposed to wear but her mother called and she’s sick. Although she’s ten Chrissie is



almost the same size. There's just one problem. It's just that we'd be asking Chrissie to be a really brave little boy. Do you think you can do that for us, Chrissie?? She asked innocently.

Not having any idea what he was agreeing to he said, "Yes Ma'am, I-I'm sure I could."

It's just that the costume Susan picked out is an Alice In Wonderland costume," she said.

"Oh my, I can see why you asked Chrissie if he could be a brave boy. I know it's an embarrassing thing to ask, but you did promise to be brave, didn't you," Kate asked, grinning to Cora.

"P-Please, don't you have another costume?" he asked pleadingly.

"I'm afraid not. However if Cora gives you a little instruction I'm sure you could fool everyone into thinking you're really a girl then you wouldn't be embarrassed at all. Would you try, just for me?" she asked.

"Y-Yes, y-you said you thought I could fool everyone?" he asked, almost desperately.

"Oh absolutely," Cora, on cue, chimed in.

"What I suggest Cora is that as soon as you have him dressed you show him how to act, ah, a bit more girlish. You could, for example, teach him how to walk more like a girl and even curtsy," Kate added.

Getting into the act Cora said, "Of course I can, and at the party we'll simply call you Alice."

"I think that's an excellent plan. However if he's to fool everyone I suggest we'd better start referring to him as 'her' or as Alice, don't you think?" Kate asked, with a wink.

"Oh my yes, we'd certainly hate to be the ones to accidentally embarrass him, I mean her. Now try to remember, until the party ends that you're now Alice," Cora instructed.

"Yes Ma'am, I'll try hard to remember," he naively replied.

"Very well Cora, why don't you take Alice and get her dressed as quickly as you can," Kate said.

Which is what transpired, except there was a problem. The dress wouldn't zip up.

"I'm afraid it's too late to make alterations, the only possible thing we can do is take in her corset," she declared, which is what they did, a full extra inch.

"Oh p-please, it-it's too tight," he cried out.

"It's the only solution Alice and the party won't last forever," she said, which, as planned, gave "her" a much more decidedly girlishly figure.

Once she was dressed she made a most adorable Alice In Wonderland, with a few alterations Cora had made. Dressed as Alice she wore a light blue dress, white, ruffled pinafore, blue bow in her hair and darling strap shoes. The alterations started with her skirts which had originally stopped just short of the knees, or would have. On Alice, or Chrissie, they were hemmed an inch above mid-thigh. The costume had come with one petticoat, Cora added two more. No bra had come with the costume, but Cora added the most precious, ruffle trimmed little girl's trainer bra and satin panties, equally frilly. She replaced the plain, white, short socks with turn down anklets, heavily ruffles and even with bows.

The plain, flat heeled mary janes she replaced with red, patent leather shoes with bows on each toe and two inch high little girl heels. They added an "Alice" wig and a big, blue bow pinned on top of her head.

Adding pink lipstick, blue eye shadow, rouge, eyeliner and mascara Cora grinningly whispered, "She looks more like an Alice In Wonderland doll, doesn't she?" Which Kate laughingly agreed with.

## **Chapter-50 Girly lessons for "Alice."**

Cora first taught Alice how to sit, then she taught her how to curtsy, making her practice over and over until she did several perfect curtsies in a row.

She next taught Alice how to walk. "It's very, very important Alice that you always walk just like little girls do. If you walk like a boy they'll know you're a boy, and I'm sure you don't want that."

"Oh no, Ma'am, I really wouldn't want that," she said, playing right into Cora's hands.

"So I want you to pay very close attention. Little girls always put one foot precisely in front of the other as they walk, and in their little heels their steps are much shorter so that they look like they're daintily mincing as they walk," she instructed.

But try as hard as she could Alice just couldn't seem to satisfy Cora. "I-I'm trying, honestly I am," she said in obvious frustration.

“Well, I just don’t know what we’re going to do. Wait, I think I’ve got it. Sit down and hold your feet out to me,” she ordered. Going over to a bulletin board she removed two push pins and after inserting them in each heel strapped her shoes tightly back on.

“Now let’s see you walk back and forth across the room for me,” she asked, and after just a few steps Alice startled, cried out, “ouch!” “ouch!” “oh, ouch!” Obviously to stop the pins from sharply pricking her heels she had to force herself to take more mincing, dainty steps up on her toes as much as she could.

“There, you see, that’s almost exactly how little girls walk. They’ll serve to remind you when you’re not walking as you should, don’t you think?” she asked brightly.

“Yes Ma’am,” she said miserably.

“Now let’s hear you say, “Thank you Ma’am, my name is Alice,” with a curtsy please,” she ordered, but after several tries she said, “Oh my that will never do, you sound like a boy. If you talk like a boy everyone will know you’re a boy. Surely you don’t want that, do you?”

“Oh no, I don’t want anyone to know I’m a boy,” she said, nicely trapping herself.

Pretending to think for a moment she said, “I think I’ve got it, stick out your tongue please Alice.”

She did as Cora asked, with a confused look on her face.

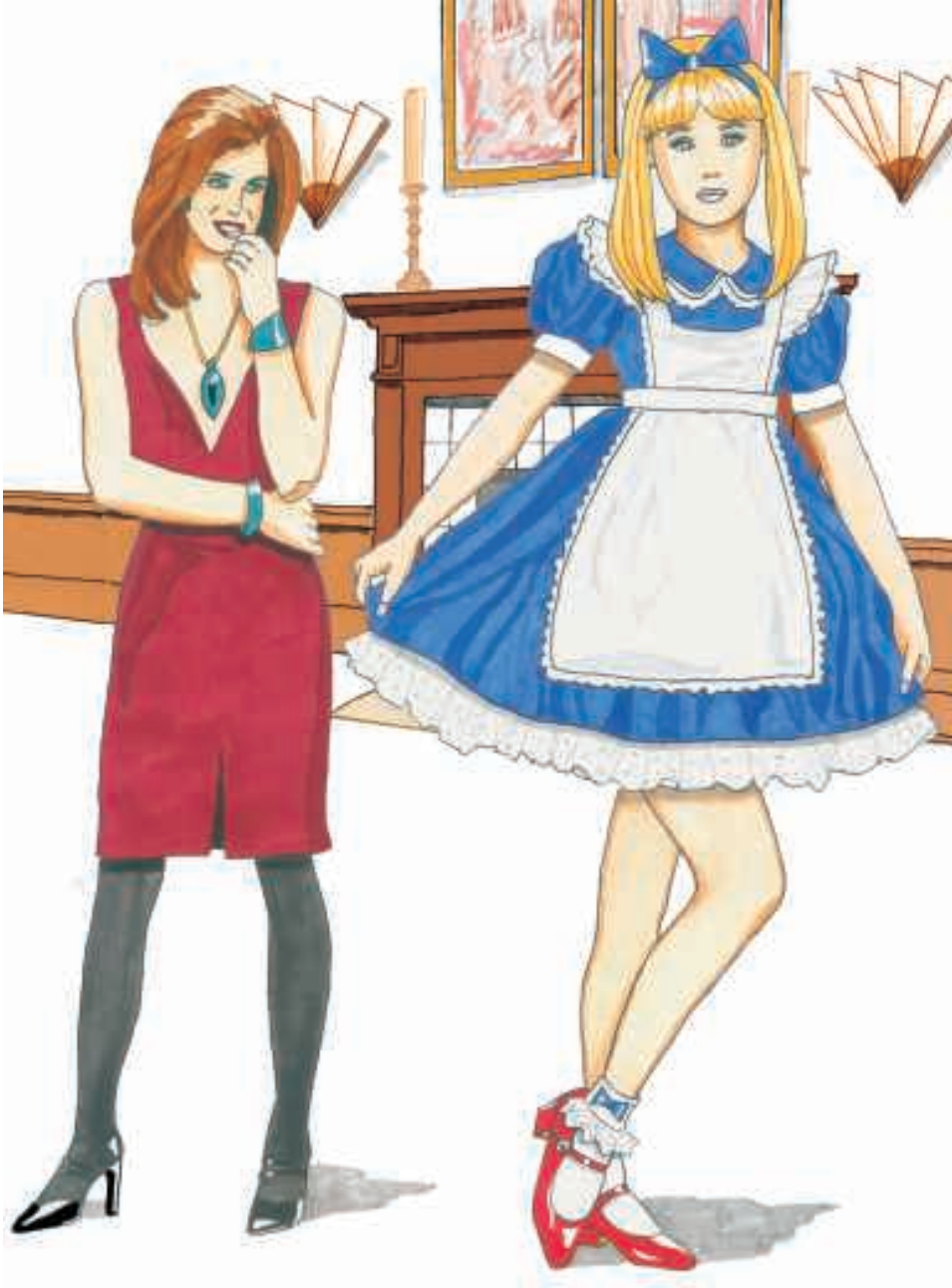
What Cora did was take a penny out of her purse, put a large dab of super glue on it and pressed it right underneath her tongue on the very tip. Holding it there for a few moments. Then she asked her to repeat the phrase.

What came out was, “Thankth yoith Ma’am, myth name isth Alith.” She said in a perfect little girl’s lisp.

“There, now you sound like a girl,” she declared to the befuddled boy/girl, and before she could utter a word of protest Cora took her by the hand and to the party.

## **Chapter-51 Chrissie is all too convincing.**

I was already at the party and pretended to be shocked when Cora brought her in. When Cora explained the costume mix-up, hiding my



grin, I said, “My goodness you really are being a brave little boy, isn’t he, Sarah?”

“Oh yes Ma’am. Most boys would be so resentful, but I’m so proud of how willing he was to help out, aren’t you Ma’am?”

“Absolutely, I think if Chri., I mean if Alice is successful fooling everyone that tonight she, I mean he, should get a really big reward, don’t you?”

“I absolutely agree, maybe he can play with his camera and take some nice pictures in the garden, I know he likes that,” she said innocently, then added, “I have to say he, I mean she, looks very believable and so adorably convincing that I’m sure she’ll have no trouble fooling everyone.”

It wasn’t a short party, lasting almost five hours. And, or course, throughout I could see he was a bundle of nerves, never knowing if, or when, somebody might discover him, or her.

## **Chapter-52 Chrissie learns the awful truth.**

To set up Chrissie’s descent into dresses, petticoats and frills he was surprised one day to see Rebecca being dressed in one of the Little Prince boy’s costumes. When he asked her why she was dressed as a boy she said, “They have so many boy’s Brother and Sister outfits that they want to show for today they asked me if I would wear some of the boy’s outfits.”

“B-But you’re a girl,” he said, stating the obvious.

“Of course I am silly. But you do know that when we model the Brother and Sister outfits that the audience doesn’t know if we’re really a boy and a girl, or if we’re both girls or both boys. Especially when I’m not wearing a hair bow or when we’re wearing hats.”

“Oh no, I’m really sure that isn’t true at all,” he said, horrified at the thought.

“You’re so stupid, of course it is. Ms. Peters told me herself that since the outfits are all the same it’s important for the audience not to be able to tell who’s who. Don’t tell me you didn’t know?”

“N-No I didn’t,” he replied, obviously dismayed that the audience might actually think he was a girl.

Cora, standing nearby, and listening confirmed what Rebecca had said. “Why, of course, Chrissie. With the Brother and Sister outfits, that can be worn either by little girls or boys, it’s important that the audience not know who is who. Don’t tell me that sometimes one of the

ladies hasn't mistaken you for the girl, even if Rebecca is wearing a hair bow."

"Y-Yes, sometimes," he admitted shamefully, cringing at the memory.

Laughing Rebecca said, "I think it's so funny when they think I'm a boy, I'll bet you do too?"

"Ah, well, yes, I-I think it's funny too," his pride forced him to say the opposite of what he was thinking.

"There you see, no harm, no foul," Cora said, and with a giggle Rebecca added, "Wouldn't it be so funny if Chrissie modeled girl's outfits, and nobody knew?"

"Yes, it would be a big prank," Cora agreed, so pleased with Rebecca. For she was neatly trapping him and neither were aware of it.

"Oh, I-I could never..."

"Why, of course you could. Remember how you fooled everyone in your Alice in Wonderland costume at the Halloween party," Cora reminded him.

Innocently making it worse Rebecca said, "Wow, that was Chrissie? I would never have known for a minute. You really made an adorable Alice." To which Cora forced him to thank her for her compliment,

## **Chapter-53 Skirts and Petticoats for Chrissie.**

It took three weeks to set up putting Chrissie in skirts and petticoats permanently. Enough time for him to forget the awful conversation with Rebecca and Cora. It was just before a lunch time show that Cora came in pretending to be very distraught. When Kate, playing her part, innocently asked what the problem was Cora said, in front of Rebecca and Chrissie, "Samantha Cook, the girl who models with Rebecca the Little Lady Ashley collection of the more romantic Victorian girls outfits is no longer available. The family is moving away."

"What are we going to do, we have to have another model, it's all that we're showing today," Kate said.

And while it was Cora who had planned to offer the solution they were both surprised and delighted when Rebecca piped up and said, "Why don't you have Chrissie take her place? He could you know."

"Oh no, I-I couldn't.." he said, turning red.

"Of course you could. Oh, you must be a scaredy cat. Is that what you are?" she asked.

"No, I'm not, I-I mean..." he blurted out, before he could think of what he was saying.

"But of course, why didn't I think of Chrissie. He's nearly the same size as Samantha," Cora added.

"And you really fooled everyone at the Halloween party. Everyone thought you were adorable, didn't they?" Kate asked.

"Y-Yes Ma'am, they did," he answered miserably.

"Well then, that's settled, and it will only be for a short time Chrissie. Until we can find a replacement," Cora adding sternly, "I do hope you're not going to cause a fuss."

"No Ma'am, I-I won't," he replied, obviously horrified at the thought, but overwhelmed by Kate, Cora and Rebecca.

"Don't worry. It'll be so much fun, you'll see," Rebecca said earnestly.

"Oh my I just thought of another problem. We can't call him Chrissie, everyone will know that he's really a boy, won't they?" she said, and again it was Rebecca who offered a solution.

"Why don't we call him Christina, it's close to Chrissie, but very girlie," she suggested, and then and there with every one, but Chrissie, agreeing it was the perfect name.

"Now Rebecca," Cora said, trying to keep a straight face, "please try to remember to always address Chrissie as Christina. Try to think of him, well her, as a girl, and if you can dear, try to help her when she does something you know proper little girls don't do."

"Oh yes, Ma'am, I'll help Christina as much as I can, I mean if you want me to?" she asked Christina.

"Yes, I-I would, thank you," was all he could say, actually thankful.

"Now then Christina, stick out your tongue please," Cora directed.

"Oh please, do, do you have to?" he asked knowing what was to come.

“I’m afraid so, you don’t want everyone to hear your boyish voice, do you?” Cora asked.

Reluctantly he agreed that he didn’t. Anything would be better than to be discovered to be a boy, Cora was sure. So Chrissie, now Christina, had her little, girl’s lisp back.

## **Chapter-54 Down the runway as Little Lady Ashley Christina.**

I had to be there, of course, when Christina made her first walk down the runway as Little Lady Ashley Christina and I simply couldn’t have been more amused. Although trying hard to I couldn’t help clapping and laughing out loud to the annoyance of those around me. I couldn’t help myself because “she” was mincing down the runway trying hard to smile but obviously not succeeding. And with little wonder as Little Lady Ashley Christina was dressed in one of the frilliest little girl dresses I think I’d ever seen. Her pink dress had a double tiered skirt that barely came to mid-thigh. The short, puffed sleeves were fastened with pink ribbons and bows. Her socks were double ruffle tiered accented with pink bows matching her pink, patent, mary janes along with the ribbons tied in her juvenile pigtails and pink earrings. Is it any wonder that I couldn’t stop laughing?

Obviously Cora had put tacks in her shoes for she minced so daintily down the runway on just her toes. I thought it was absolutely hysterical that every ten steps Kate had her stop, turn to her left, curtsy to the women seated there, and her little girl lisp say, “Hello, my name is Little Lady Ashley Christina, see how pretty I’m dressed.” Another ten steps and she turned to her right and repeated her lisp litany. Poor Chris, I mean, of course, Christina. She tried so bravely to smile but she looked devastated, and given a chance, I was sure she’d break into the biggest, retched tears.

## Chapter-55 What a brave little boy, ah girl.

After the showing I pretended to act shocked. “What on earth? Why do you have Chrissie modeling as a girl?” I asked, and Cora and Kate went through their explanation.

“Actually it was Rebecca’s idea. And while most boys would cringe and rather die than be dressed as a girl,” Cora said, “Chrissie, or rather Little Lady Christina as we refer to her when she’s dressed as a girl was very brave and so nicely agreed to model out Little Lady Ashley outfits until another model could be found. And you can be so proud of her, I mean him, because he really didn’t put up a fuss at all.”

“Oh my, that really was so brave of you, and you actually volunteered to continue modeling the Little Lady Ashley collection until Kate finds another model?” I asked.

“Y-Yeth Aunht Darthlene, I-I guess I did,” he lisped, although he’d hardly volunteered. Kate and Cora just wanted it to appear that he did.

“And there are some pluses. For one she’d be making a whole twenty dollars more an hour, and I’m afraid I was so bold as to almost promise here that you would raise her allowance.”

“Why for such a brave, little boy, I most certainly will, all the way up to six dollars a week. Isn’t that wonderful?” I asked, with a big, seemingly affectionate hug.

“Y-Yeth Aunth Darthlene,” she replied.

“How long do you think it will take to find another model?” I asked, a very momentous question, at least for Christina.

“I’m sure it will be several weeks at least. There’s no one we’ve seen that we feel would be perfect,” Kate said, and were rewarded seeing poor Christina’s face fall at this terrible news.

And, of course, Cora was eager to make it even worse. “Until then I’m afraid there are going to be some sacrifices that Miss Christina will have to make. However he, she’s been so co-operative and brave so far that I’m sure she’ll continue to be, won’t you, Christina?” she asked.

“Oh, well, yes Ma’am, I-I’ll try my hardest,” she answered, having no idea what sacrifices Cora was referring to, although we could see that she dreaded the worst. And she was in thinking so.

She couldn’t help the groan that escaped her when Cora said, “Well, first off, naturally we had to tighten her corset. But even then we had to

let out some of the outfits, and still they were awfully tight weren't they, Christina?"

"Yeth Ma'am, some werth really tight," she admitted.

"So, obviously we need to reduce her figure even more, and the solution, unfortunately, is a new, smaller corset. The one she's wearing just can't be laced any tighter. It will feel much too tight, at least at first, but if worn constantly she'll eventually adapt to it," she said, heartlessly.

"I also suggest keeping all her shoes tacked, at least until she begins walking more naturally as all the other little girls do," she advised, which drew another miserable groan from Christina.

Then it was Kate's turn to make life even more dreadful. "Now I really think the wisest course of action is to keep Christina dressed at all times in Little Lady Ashley attire and have her act, as much as she can, in as girlish a manner as she can. The quicker she acts more naturally girlish the less self-conscious she'll become, would you agree?" she asked, and as it sounded so logical, to her chagrin, we all agreed, the three of us giggling to each other, silently, of course.

## **Chapter-56 Kate sets the stage.**

After spending hours picking a suitable wardrobe of outfits and accessories for Christina to wear on a daily basis, including sleepwear we headed home. Christina was silent, having an appropriately doomed expression on her face. Sarah, with the best of intentions, bless her, kept up constant stream of reminders every time Christina failed to act as little girly, "as I know you can," she'd critiqued her.

So while little Christina was getting accustomed to her girlish frills Kate was setting the stage for her permanent imprisonment in dresses. When I was out of town at a ski lodge getting royally fucked by one of the instructors, she was having a conversation with the woman who represented the Little Lady Ashley line regionally, Dorothy Perkins. I'd actually had met her a couple of times, and she'd even met my, at that time, dictatorial husband, who she'd taken an instant dislike to. So Kate wasn't the least bit nervous taking her into her confidence.

She said nothing, simply asked Dorothy for her impression of her new Little Lady Ashley model.

“Why she’s adorable, a little rough on the edges, but she’s perfect. Where ever did you find her, and who is she?” she asked.

When Kate, giggling, told her who Miss Christina was she was totally floored, then burst out laughing. “God, I really hated that strutting, little shit. I really felt sorry for Darlene married to such a creep. You absolutely must tell me the whole story,” she demanded.

Which Kate did, showing her dozens of photos of his gradual transformation into first the most darling, sissy little boy and then how they got her to model girl’s clothes.

After hearing the whole story she had a hard time to stop laughing.

“Honestly, I couldn’t think of anything more perfect for that guy, obviously a real wimp to let this happen to him. I do hope Darlene is finished with him,” she pleaded.

“Oh god, yes. She’s out getting fucked by some Nordic type, ski instructor. She’s completely stopped thinking of him as a husband months ago. She actually gave him every chance to prove he was a real man and put his foot down. What he’s proved is that he’s really just a wimpy coward. Which really disgusted her, as far as she’s concerned he’s simply getting what a wimp and coward deserves. What’s fascinating is that he could still just get up and walk out anytime he wants, and Darlene wouldn’t lift a finger to stop him. She’d even give him some money. So if he lets us turn him into a frilly little girl, well, so be it.”

“Well, I must say I would never in a hundred years guessed she was a guy. However you didn’t let me in on this most fitting punishment and frankly so amusing solution without a reason. Obviously you want me to play some part. And Kate, whatever it is I just hope I can stop laughing. God, this is too much!”

So Kate told her, leaving Dorothy laughing so hard she nearly fell off her chair.

## Chapter-57 Now it's Dorothy's turn.

A few minutes later Kate introduced her to Miss Christina. And Dorothy, playing her part, really laid it on thick.

"H-Hello Ms. Perkins, I am ever so pleased to meet you," she said, with a curtsy.

"And I'm so pleased to meet you Miss Christina. You look absolutely adorable in our clothes and your curtsy is most charming dear. You obviously must love dressing up in our most frilly outfits," she asked.

"Oh, ah, yes Ma'am, I really do," she was forced to say.

"I was telling Kate that I simply must get some pictures of you to send to corporate. Perhaps you could arrange for a photographer to be here at your showing tomorrow?" she asked Kate, who'd already arranged it.

A couple weeks late, as planned, Dorothy showed up again and after the showing Miss Christina was ushered into Kate's office. There to be confronted by not only Kate and Dorothy but Cora, Sarah and myself.

When we were re-introduced Dorothy scornfully said, "Oh yes, I could hardly forget our meeting. Mostly I remember that terrible, arrogant, little husband of yours. I do hope you've got him out of your life. God, what a shit."

"Well, for the most part. He's off somewhere on the west coast working at some temporary, I think. I really haven't heard from him in a while," I replied.

"Hopefully you won't ever hear from him again. If you haven't divorced him yet, it's high time. If I'd been married to him I'd have cut his balls off if he tried to treat me as I witnessed him treating you," she said with venom. Her tirade had the desired effect on Miss Christina who was positively cringing in shame at how truly disliked he was.

"Ah, well, no not yet. But I have to say not having him around has been like heaven. I certainly don't miss him for even a moment," I proclaimed.

"Well, we really do need to go out for drinks and find us a couple of real men, how about tonight?" she asked.

"You really should go and have some fun Ma'am. Who knows you might meet a real hunk," Sarah said, having no idea of what was really transpiring. And to Christina's dismay I accepted.



“Now then, the reason I’m here is I have some great news. I saw Miss Christina a couple weeks ago and thought she looked like the perfect model for our Little Lady Ashley collection. So I had Kate have some pictures taken of her, sent them to corporate, and they too agreed she’d make a perfect model for us,” she said, although she’d never sent the photos anywhere.

“And I’m authorized to sign her to an exclusive contract,” she declared.

“Oh my, that is exciting. But, of course, I would like to know more about the contract,” I said.

“Of course. Well it’s a standard one year contract, with another year renewable at our option. You’d be paid double Kate’s rate, which would be \$80 an hour.”

“My god, \$80 an hour?” I pretended to be startled.

“A fair rate. Naturally as she’s a minor it would be paid directly to you,” she added.

“Well finally you can finally start paying me back,” I said to Christina before I could stop myself, which everyone understood. Except for Sarah, who just gave me a quizzical look.

“There are however some provisions and areas of concern I have that would have to be addressed,” she declared.

“I’m sure they can all be addressed. So far I have no objections. And I’m sure Christina has no objections either, do you?” I asked, fixing her with such a cold, menacing stare that all she could stammer out was hanging her head in defeat was, “N-No A-Aunt Darlene.”

## **Chapter-58 Dorothy’s “provisions” for poor Christina.**

When I asked what the provisions and areas of concern she said, Dorothy, keeping a straight face said, “As she will now be representing the Little Lady Ashley collection the most important provision she that she must be kept, at all times (she emphasized) dressed in our attire.”

“By, ‘all the time’ you mean just that?” I asked, wanting to drive home the point.

“Yes, precisely that, especially whenever she’s taken out in public, she simply can’t be dressed in anything else,” she stated.

“Yes, naturally, that makes perfect sense,” I agreed.

It was then that Kate whispered, “Dorothy is going to have her revenge for when he tried to grab her ass at the party you hosted. I don’t know what she plans, but it should be amusing, and I presume won-

derfully humiliating so just play along with whatever she comes up with.”

So playing along, not knowing what she had up her sleeve, but hoping it would absolutely crush the wimp I once thought of as my husband, I asked, “What are the provisions and areas of concern you spoke of?”

“Well, first off there’s her name,” she said, winking at me.

“Her name?” I asked innocently, not knowing where she was going.

“Headquarters feel Christina is simply not, let’s say, traditional or romantic enough of a name. In any case we give all our Little Lady Ashley models what we feel are more appropriate names. They feel Constance Marie Ashley is the perfect name for her. All our model’s, you see, last names are Ashley. Think of it as a stage name,” she said.

“Now for financial reasons we’ll need you to sign this document legally changing her name to Constance Marie Ashley for the length of her contract,” she grinned at me.

Oh my, it was a real legal name change. I almost laughed out loud as I signed it ignoring Constance Marie’s disbelieving, shocked expression.

But what came, I could see, truly left her so nicely devastated.

“Then there’s her age,” she said.

This ought to be good, I thought to myself, and it was.

“I don’t need to know her actual age, but her age needs to match our, ah, target audience. So all our Little Lady Ashley models are the same age. If asked they all say they just turned nine,” she said with a straight face.

“So what you’re saying is that Constance Marie, if anyone asks, just turned nine?” I asked. My goodness this was certainly going downhill fast for our trapped little girl.

“Yes, exactly, although she’s actually a bit short for just turning nine,” she remarked, really twisting the knife. I loved it, but what she said next truthfully gave me cause for concern.

“Of course before we can go any further she’ll need to pass our standard physical and have her teeth examined,” she declared.

## **Chapter-59 Dorothy's "concerns" leaves Constance Marie in shock.**

"Physical? How on earth is she going to pass a physical?" I whispered to Kate.

"Don't worry. Cora and Dorothy dreamed up the perfect solution. When we're finished Cora will explain," she giggled.

"Now, I'll pick her up the day after tomorrow for her physical. Then she'll be returning with me to go through out Little Lady Ashley Program for new models. All our models look precisely the same you see. Each must fit the profile of how we expect them to look and act. They all have the same make-up, hair style and length and figures with a waist of no more than nineteen inches. So, obviously my first concern is her figure, which I believe Cora told me was currently twenty-three inches. Naturally we'll have to whittle that down considerably. Although being short for her age we may have to get it down to eighteen inches," she stated, grinning to us behind her back.

"Oooh, no-noo.." poor Constance Marie gasped.

"Yes Constance Marie, was there something you wish to say?" I asked sternly, and with slumping shoulders she replied, "N-No Aunt D-Darlene." So, another chink in her previously macho image was gone. Well, so be it.

But then, to my enjoyment, it just kept getting so horribly worse, at least for her.

"Now the other major concern is her weight. All our models weigh precisely 109 pounds, although because she's shorter I'm thinking more like 104 would make her appear slimmer," she said, looking at me with an expression of, "how am I doing?" I gave her a big thumbs up!

"Goodness do you really think that's possible in just three weeks?" I asked, appearing to be coming to her rescue.

"Not really, so I'm afraid we may have to keep her a few additional weeks until we get her figure and weight presentable. I hope that will be alright?" she asked.

"Yes, of course, I'm sure Constance Marie is so excited to be selected as a model that she'll want to do whatever's necessary for her to look absolutely perfect. Won't you?" I asked with the coldest, threatening voice.

“Y-Yes Aunt Darlene. I-I’m really so excited,” she said, although for some reason she didn’t sound all that excited.

“Just a couple more concerns. For one there’s her voice. It’s most unusual for a girl her age to have a rather deep voice that, at times, actually sounds, well, boyish. Although it will be quite easy to remedy. Oh the plus side she does have a delightful little, girl lisp,” she said, although I couldn’t help wondering how on earth she was going to accomplish changing her voice.

## **Chapter-60 Dorothy’s new model program just for Constance Marie.**

“So while we correct those areas of concern she’ll be going through our new model program, which is rather intense,” she said, and naturally I had to ask what that entailed.

“Well one class will deal with her poise and posture in which she’ll learn to walk, sit, stand and bend in a very precise manner. Another class deals with her manners and proper etiquette. Her class in gestures will be refined to the correct position of her arms, hands, fingers, legs and feet. Then she’ll have a very important class called remedial speech. It will include proper inflections vocabulary, grammar and what we call learned phrases and responses. We’re very careful of what we allow our models to say when they speak. So she’ll memorize 92 phrases and responses so that she’ll always know what to say,” she grinned at us.

“You mean after she’s learned all these she isn’t allowed to say anything other than those she’s memorized,” I asked, as seriously as I could, chuckling behind my hand.

“Oh gracious yes. Imagine the trouble it would cause if all of a sudden she actually blurted out what she was thinking to say. She’ll never have to worry about what to say once she’ll learned all her phrases and responses,” she declared.

“Of course she’ll be taking ballet to improve her gracefulness. I’ve noticed she’s still quite awkward even in low heels. Then there’ll be tap to help her co-ordination. And then every Friday she’ll get all dressed up in the fanciest little girl gown and dance with all the boys that come

over from the Bradon Boy's Academy. Have you ever danced with a handsome boy, Constance Marie?" she innocently asked.

"N-No, I h-haven't," she replied, shutting her eyes and visibly cringing at the mere thought.

"Make sure you go and take your camera," Cora whispered with a giggle she couldn't help.

"Then there'll be one of her most important classes we'll call Constance Marie's Profile. We make up a profile for each of our models, you see," she said, giving me the most wicked smile. So I couldn't wait for what came next. "Most of our models are a bit older than nine. But for the sake of our customers and audience they have to pretend to have just turned nine. So, if asked, for example, what grade she's going into she will reply that she's so excited that she's going to be in the fifth grade. So we'll tutor her on everything she's learned up to the fourth grade. Then there's what school does she go to. What her favorite TV shows are. Her favorite hobbies and activities. Her favorite magazines such as Sugar and Teen Idol. Her favorite boy heart throbs. Favorite colors, and so on. So that whatever question she's asked she'll have just the right answer appropriate for a darling, nine year old girl," she declared.

Oh my, before Dorothy finished with her she would actually think, act and talk just like a nine year old. I had to cover my mouth to keep from laughing my head off!

Before we left Dorothy took me aside and asked if I was okay with what she had planned.

"I just can't get out of my mind how he obviously enjoyed humiliating and embarrassing you in front of all your friends. Then too there's the matter of him trying to grab my ass," she said.

"Oh have at him, or rather her. Whatever you're planning she more than deserves it. Months ago I gave him more chances than he deserves to put his foot down, but, like the coward he's turned out to be, he never did. So far I love all 'concerns' and 'provisions' you've outlined. Besides it'll free me up to find a real man," I said, already thinking about the hot date I had that night.

"I have to warn you I may go a little overboard," she cautioned with a giggle.

"You can go as overboard as you like, it should be infinitely amusing," I smirked.

“I may also have an idea that could free you up even more,” she added, but didn’t explain.

## **Chapter-61 Constance Marie finally rebels, but not for long.**

As expected when we got home Constance Marie angrily stated that there was no way “she” was going to let, “that lady” turn her into a frilly, nine year old girl.

“She’s not going to actually turn you into a nine year old girl,” I lied, “It’s all just made up, you’re just be pretending that your nine,” I said reasonably.

“I said, I’m not going to do it, nobody is turning me into a damn little girl,” He said, belligerently.

“Fine,” I said, and grabbing her by the ear yanked her to the front door and pushed her outside.

From my purse I took out a twenty dollar bill, and thrust it into her hand. “Here’s twenty dollars, good luck,” I said, and slammed and locked the door.

I let her pound on the door and beg to be let in for a good half hour, before opening the door, just slightly.

“What do you want?” I asked coldly.

“I-I’m sorry. I’ll do it. Please let me in,” she pleaded.

“You’ll do what?” I demanded to know.

“I-I’ll pretend to be a nine year old girl. B-But I can’t..”

“What do you mean, you can’t,” I asked, knowing what she was thinking.

“W-When I go for that physical, they’ll know I’m not really you know,” she explained.

“Don’t worry about that, it’s easily solved,” I said, refusing to elaborate.

Seeing the utter defeat in her eyes I finally let her in.

That night at supper I crushed up a sedative and put it in her glass of milk. Which, as planned eventually put her out like a light by the time Sarah had her dressed for bed and had put her in it.

When I took out what Cora had called an Instant Pussy and explained it to Sarah all she did was chuckle.

“I was wondering how on earth she was going to pass that physical,” she said.

It only took us about fifteen minutes to get it on. The edges had surgical glue and when we attached it, it was amazingly realistic. The feathered edges were, even close up, invisible, and the blonde, curly public hair we both thought was so cute.

As I figured, the next morning, when she got up and saw what was now between her legs there was a terrible outburst.

“W-What have you done to me? Get this, this thing off me,” she hollered.

“Now, now Constance Marie calm down. It’s merely a temporary solution to help you pass your physical,” I lied again.

“But, but it’s like I have a, a pussy,” she pleaded.

“Well, of course it is. How else are you going to pass your physical? And you don’t have a pussy. I have a pussy. On girls your age we refer to it as your, ‘little flower,’” I said.

“This is just till the physical right? Then you’ll t-take it off?” she asked hopefully.

“Yes, of course,” I lied again, secretly gloating to myself. I couldn’t wait to see what Dorothy had up her sleeve.

## **Chapter-62 Constance Marie’s physical, and a “few” changes.**

She seemed obviously greatly relieved when the doctor, a friend of mine, declared that she was, “a perfectly healthy little girl.” However Constance Marie wasn’t quite through yet.

Declaring that she looked quite pale due to a supposed vitamin deficiency she got a shot in each cheek. “You should see some results in about a month,” the doctor whispered with a chuckle.

“Now we just have to deal with a couple concerns the doctor has,” I said.

“C-Concerns?” she asked nervously.

“The doctor is just going to do a couple of things to help your speech, that’s all. Just do as she says please,” I said innocently.

So when the doctor nicely asked her to open her mouth as wide as she could and stick her tongue out, she did. At which time she felt her throat being sprayed with something. Then a crème temporarily numbed the tip of her tongue and she didn’t feel a thing as a syringe filled the tip of her tongue with liquid lead.

When she tried to say, “What did you do?” what came out was, “Wahb dith yoht fo,” in a suddenly girlish squeak.

“There now, no more of that distracting, much too deep boyish voice. Now you sound your age, and with even more of a delightful lisp,” I said to her, who looked stunned, and before she could react in came her next surprise, poor thing.

## **Chapter-63 Constance Marie’s new tutor.**

“This is Ms. Higgins. As you don’t have as much experience as our other models Ms. Higgins will be your special tutor. She will be completely in charge of you on a daily basis and assures me that you’ll eventually become the most perfect Little Lady Ashley model,” I declared, and was rewarded with such a nicely frightened, scared expression as she looked at her new tutor.

And with good reason. In her fifties I’d describe her more in the battle axe style. Attractive in a rather maidenly manner with her hair in a tight bun. Dressed severely and rather old fashioned in a long, black dress with a tight bodice and sleeves and in her mid-calf boots literally towered over Constance Marie. But what held her attention was the long handled, wooden hair brush she was tapping menacingly in one hand.

You see, as I mentioned to Darlene, I had my own plans for Constance Marie and Edna, her first name, I thought would be perfect She assured me that Constance Marie was going to become the frilliest, daintiest, little nine year old girl there ever was. Nor did I hide from Ms. Higgins who she really was and how she got to where she was now.

“Good for her,” she said, referring to Darlene. “He, or she, is getting what she rightly deserves. The last one I, let’s say, converted was a cheating, shit of a husband. I turned him, now her, into the most

brow-beaten, feminized maid for his ex-wife, and she couldn't be happier. I've never turned a husband into a little girl before, so this should be highly amusing."

"As I will be in charge of supervising you as you go through the Little Lady Ashley program you will address me as, 'Governess.' Is that clear child?" she asked coldly.

"Y-Yeth Gofereness," she stammered, already quite scared out of her wits.

"Fine, now while I do some shopping you can take Constance Marie to her next appointment," I instructed, which obviously startled her.

"I thouth a wath gohink thome," she said.

In a flash Edna grabbed an ear and painfully twisting it sternly said, "Apparently you've forgotten one of the golden rules. Isn't it, 'Children should be seen and not heard?'"

"Yeth, oh, yeoow," she cried.

"If I hear another sound out of you child I'll give you a face slapping and then wash your mouth out so you'll taste it for days. Is that clear?" she bellowed.

"Yeth, yeoow, Governeth," she cried out, absolutely terrified. Which, I'm sure, is how Edna wanted her as she walked her two blocks to my beauticians.

Once inside she directed her to a chair.

## **Chapter-64 She's now a real Little Lady Ashley.**

"Sit in this chair. Put your hands on the arms and don't move them. It will be a while before they get to you. Drink this," she ordered, handing Constance Marie a doctored drink.

When she was out like a light, Grace, my beautician, and two assistants went to work turning Darlene's wretch of a husband into the most over-the-top nine year old Little Lady Ashley.

It was hours before she woke up, and, of course, I had to be there. When she was turned to a mirror at first there was no reaction from her at all. Then when she finally realized she was looking at herself she cried out, or tried to, "Whab hab u don toth meth?"

“Why really not all that much sweetie,” I couldn’t help grinning, “It’s just now you look just like all our other nine year old Little Lady Ashley models.”

Of course there was a reason, actually several, why Constance Marie didn’t, at first, recognize herself. For with the extensions weaved into her hair it now fell in girlish waves and curls well below her shoulders.

Then there was her face that I’d given specific instructions on how to deal with it. Electrolysis with a laser left her with a permanently smooth, peaches and cream complexion. To give her those wide eyed, big, doll-like eyes all little girls have they raised her eyelids. Then they added the biggest, curled eyelashes, top and bottom. Using collagen they filled out the cheeks and stained them a pale pink. Using the same method they created the most darling, pink, cupid’s lips and permanently dyed in bright blue eye shadow. In truth Constance Marie now looked more like a doll than anything else. Exactly the look I wanted.

## **Chapter-65 Poor Constance Marie, she’s not going home.**

It was obvious, as her new governess led her out of the salon with a firm hand, that she still was completely dazed.

Put in the back of my limo I’m sure she wanted to ask where we were going, as she could see it wasn’t the way home. But was too scared of Edna dare to utter a peek.

As we drove up to my home I cheerfully said, “Welcome to your new home, at least for the next month, or so.”

She looked so relieved when she saw Sarah, her nanny, standing at the front door.

“Oh my, why you look so adorable and precious! I just can’t believe it,” she gushed.

“Nanthy, Ith so gfad to seth yuth,” Constance Marie unfortunately exclaimed, so naturally relieved.

“Oh my, I’m so sorry I have to do this,” she said, and slapped her quite hardly.

“You did exactly right, Sarah,” Edna, dispassionately commented. “This is a golden opportunity for little Constance Marie to become a Little Lady Ashley model. However it all depends on what we can accomplish in a month’s time. Being a Little Lady Ashley model is quite exacting. So, for her own good we must be quite strict with her.”

Turning to stunned and sobbing Constance Marie she said, “Until I get you into your Phrases and Responses class your entire vocabulary will consist of, ‘Yes or No Governess or Nanny.’ And when you’re addressed as ‘Little Girl’ it means you’ve been a bad little girl. You will then say, ‘Constance Marie is a bad little girl. She deserves to be spanked.’ Then either your Nanny or I will decide whether to spank you or not. Is that understood?” she demanded to know.

“Yeth Governeth,” she quaked.

## **Chapter-66 Constance Marie’s new room.**

I just had to follow along when her governess, and Sarah, took her to her new room. I’d spent weeks decorating it and couldn’t wait to see her reaction.

“And here’s your new room. Don’t you just love it?” Edna asked, opening the door.

Poor Constance Marie, she simply couldn’t stop the dismayed gasp that escaped her when she saw her new room.

For this room made her old one look like a stripped down Motel 6 room.

It was done up in every shade of pink I could find. All the pink furniture was so delicate and dainty that she’d have a hard time sitting on the chairs without breaking them. Everything, from the chairs, her make-up dresser and bench to the draped windows were heavily trimmed in ruffles, lace and bows. But the centerpiece was the pink, brass, canopy bed with curtains on each bed post with high sides that slide up and locked. Much too high, I made sure, for her to get out of once Sarah put her to bed. In once corner was a special rocking horse. Special because I’d had added buckling strap for her feet, hands and ever her waist. Once Sarah had her strapped to it she could leave her as she was for several hours.

There was a little plastic game table and shelves lined with at least twenty of the frilliest dolls, I was sure she'd love, perhaps not I chuckled.

One door led to her bathroom, another to an old fashioned classroom, and yet another to where she would practice her ballet and tap dancing.

"Well, I asked if you don't just love it?" Edna said in such a threatening voice that, shutting her eyes, Constance Marie had to say, "Oh, yeth Governeth." Obviously she hated it, perfect, I thought.

## Chapter-67 All dolled up.

I didn't see her again until dinner time, and I'll have to admit my mouth dropped open and I couldn't help giggling to myself. Her pink, pinafore style dress dripping in ruffles, lace and bows didn't even come to mid-thigh. And below that, oh my, were glossy, satin, pink bloomers tied with pink bows and white, lacy, ruffles. The pink, ruffle and lace trimmed bonnet, tied in a bow under her chin made me chuckle it looked so hopelessly little girlish, as were the white, satin, ruffled, short gloves.

What I eventually noticed was how she walked. For on her feet were the sissyish, little girl, pink shoes with pink bows on each double strap. Not only that but, of all things, they had white, ruffles trimming them. I couldn't help but be amused at how she was obviously straining to walk on just her toes. And every few steps she gave out a suddenly painful, "ouch" and tried raising them even higher. The other thing I noticed was that there was a slim chain leading from the back of one heel to the other, forcing her to take the tiniest, most mincing of steps.

"My goodness, that small chain between her shoes obviously are training her take the daintiest, little girl steps, aren't they? But what's causing her to wince, obviously painfully, at almost every other step? I asked Edna.

"It's quite ingenious actually. You know those whoopy cushions that when you sit gives you a shock? Well, I just took the shocking elements out of them and glued them the bottoms of her heels. So when she mistakingly forgets to mince daintily on her tops she gets a bit of a

shock as a reminder,” She explained with no concern with the effect on poor Constance Marie.

“You mentioned, ‘for now’ you mean what?” I asked.

“I’ve decided that the perfect gait for a dainty, little girl her age won’t be any longer than two inches,” She declared.

“You remember I mentioned turning a cheat of a husband into his ex-wife’s maid? Well, I trained ‘her’ using the same method until I completely conditioned her to be unable to take more than a two inch step. So should see her mincing so daintily in her eight inch heels when her mistress summons her,” She chuckled.

When she finally made it over to me she curtsied as best she could on her toes and in an exaggerated, little girl lisp she now had said, “Wello Mith Perkind, Mth name isth Littwe Lady Constance Marie Ashley.”

As we sat there and had our dinner with Constance Marie sitting ever so properly I had the most

Amusing thought.

## **Chapter-68 Could I really turn her into a little girl?**

Could I actually make her forget she was once a man, albeit a miserable excuse for one? With Edna’s help of course could she be trained to not only act like a little girl but think like one as well? She’d hate every minute of it, of course, as she was forced to act precisely like a nine year old little girl, but Edna so scared and terrified her that despite wanting every minute to rebel she simply couldn’t offer even the slightest resistance. Then there was how Sarah regarded her. It was obvious that she’d already completely forgotten that Constance Marie was once a boy. Not ever knowing she was actually once a husband.

Then I had a most devious thought. The carrot and stick approach. Her governess would obviously be the stick, while Sarah would be the carrot. But then I had an ever more delicious thought. Just when Constance Marie actually started acting and thinking like a nine year old girl I’d create a situation to remind her she was once a man. It would be so devastatingly cruel that I just loved it!

I explained my thinking to Edna, who laughingly said, “So just as she’s starting to act and think like a little girl you’ll do something to remind her of who she once was and how far she’s fallen. How wonderfully fitting.”

## **Chapter-69 I couldn’t help watching.**

I wanted to stay clear of Constance Marie as much as I could. I wanted her in the clutches of her new governess, scared out of her wits, submitting to every demand simply to avoid being punished as Edna went about forcing her, whether she wanted to or not, into acting like the daintiest, over the top, little girl and more importantly beginning to think like she was actually a nine year old little girl.

However I simply couldn’t resist watching Edna and Sarah turning Mr. Macho into a little girl so I had hidden cameras installed literally everywhere inside and out. I could then watch her from my iphone, ipad or computer. And if something terribly amusing occurred I planned to email it to Darlene, Kate and Cora.

The following morning as I sat on the veranda with my coffee I turned on my ipad and clicked on, “Constance Marie.” And there was a scene I never tired of watching of watching. For there was Constance Marie fastened to her potty doing her tinkles and poopies for Sarah. My god I thought, from an arrogant, dictatorial, overbearing twenty-four year old husband to a potty sitting, tinkling and pooping little girl. When first put on her potty she had cried and sobbed so from the absolute humiliation of it. So it was so rewarding that little sobs were still escaping her.

Well I just couldn’t help it I sent Darlene, Kate and Cora the link so they too could watch the scene that they found as amusing as I did.

## **Chapter-70 Lace her tighter!**

I went back to reading the Wall Street Journal for a while. When I glanced down at my ipad I couldn’t help chuckling.

Poor Constance Marie. She was standing against a pole, her hands stretched high above her, her hands strapped to a ring in the pole with her feet barely touching the floor as Sarah was yanking on the laces of a most formidable looking hour glass corset. Fascinated I watched as tightened the corset not once but several times and each time Constance Marie was growing increasingly alarmed.

“Oh p-please Nanny, it, it’s too tight,” She begged finally.

“I’m sorry Constance Marie, but I have my orders, one inch more,” Sarah said.

“Oh, oh it’s really too tight, honest,” she pleaded unfortunately. For just at that time Edna walked in.

“What’s all this noise about?” She demanded to know.

“Constance Marie says I’m lacing her corset too tight.”

“What are you lacing her to?” Edna asked.

“Just another inch, to twenty-two inches,” Sarah said.

“Not hardly enough. She’s a pudgy little girl, and I have only a month to get her down to nineteen inches, or less. Take her corset in two full inches,” She ordered, then to Constance Marie she threateningly said, “You will not complain or utter a single word when your Nanny is corseting you, Is that clear” She barked at her.

“Y-Yes governess,” She gasped. Finding it increasingly difficult to just take a breath.

“Take little breaths and don’t get excited or you’ll faint,” She advised her, then to Sarah added, “If she faints then take her corset in not two but three inches.”

How on earth she was going to get her waist from twenty-three to nineteen inches, or incredibly even less I could only wonder. Oh, I almost forgot, I giggled, we’d decided it was going to be a lot more than a month before she fit into our perfect image of a Little Lady Ashley model. Even though it was an image that we’d totally made up.

## **Chapter-71 Constance Marie’s breakfast ritual.**

I watched Sarah dress her as Constance Marie stood on a pedestal in one of the outrageously frilly, little girl dresses with masses of ruf-



fles, lace and bows I'd picked out including the most darling half boots, the frilliest bonnet and gloves. Sarah had the most difficult time gloving her, actually having to powder her hands first. Once she was buttoned into the, I knew, one size too small gloves she could barely bend her wrists or even her fingers.

When Sarah remarked that they seemed awfully tight Edna said, “Yes, on purpose. Little Lady Ashley models do everything as delicately and daintily as possible. Which her gloves will teach her.”

“Before your Nanny takes you downstairs for breakfast with Ms. Perkins she will undoubtedly ask you how you slept. You will curtsy and excitedly say, “Little Lady Constance Marie slept ever so heavenly, I’m so delighted that you asked, Ms. Perkins.”

“Now after you have greeted Ms. Perkins you will ask Sarah, “Please Nanny will you put my pinafore on for me? Please note Sarah that the girl is to be pinafored at all meals and at all times while outside so that she doesn’t wrinkle or mark what she’s wearing. Now, after Sarah has put your pinafore on for you, you will curtsy and say, “Thank you ever so much for putting my pinafore on for me, Nanny.”

After she’d made her practice her recitals she sternly said, “Polite Little Lady Ashley girls always thank the person who has permitted them to do anything, is that understood, Constance Marie?”

“Y-Yes governess,” She quaked.

“Very well, when Sarah, Ms. Perkins or I say, “You may sit now Constance Marie, what do you say?” She asked.

“I-I say “Thank you for permitting Constance Marie to sit,” She said.

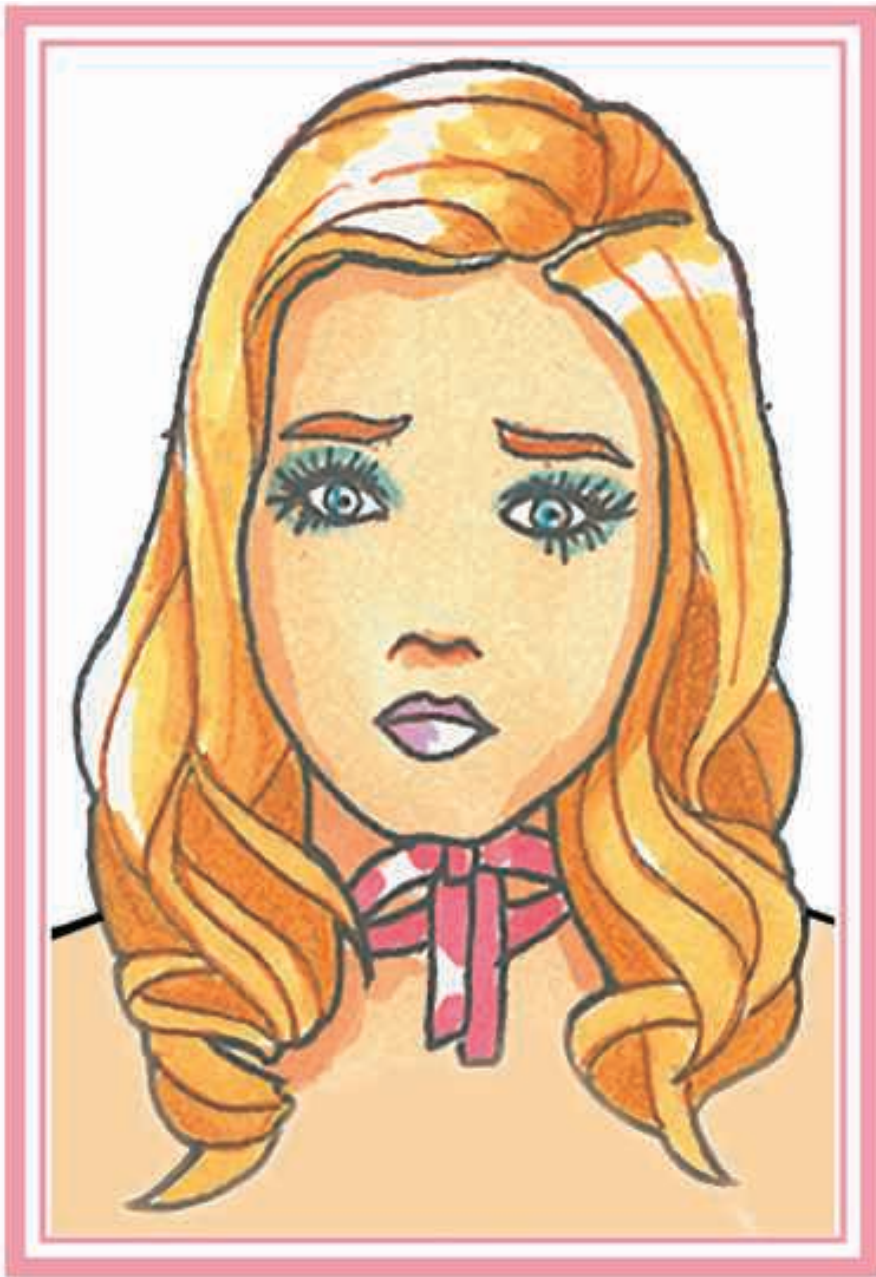
“What I want you to do until Sarah takes you downstairs is to sit at your play table,” She instructed, which, unfortunately she did only to be yanked up by the ear.

“Have you already forgotten to ask permission to sit?” She thundered.

## **Chapter-72 What I learned today notebook.**

“Sarah, five spansks with the cane right after breakfast,” she ordered, then put a pink notebook, plus a pink and red pen down in front of her. On the front it said, “Little Lady Constance Marie Ashley’s What I Learned Today.”

To Sarah she said, “Each time she’s taught something new she’ll write it down in her What I learned Today Notebook.” Then to Constance Marie added, “Turn to the Rituals Section and print, “Today Constance Marie learned her Breakfast Greeting Ritual.”



Without thinking she, of course, began writing.

“What are you doing?” Edna hollered, ripping out the page.

“I told you to print. You’re only nine years old, too young to have been taught how to write yet. Now use your pink pen and print what I told you. You will dot each ‘I’ with a red heart, a red half moon for each

comma, and a red star for each period. You will print neatly between the purple lines with each capital letter being exactly two lines high," She ordered.

Half an hour later when she came back she said, "This is absolutely horrible. Every other word is either above or below the line. Sarah, you will give her two days to practice. After that for each word not between the lines you will spank her hand twice."

I almost felt sorry for her, almost. With her hands so tightly gloved she was having the hardest time just holding the fat pens in her hand.

## Chapter-73 Pinafored

When she was finally brought down with her governess glaring at her forbiddingly, she performed the humiliating breakfast greeting. Then had to stand while Sarah buttoned and tied her into the frilliest, little girl pinafore I could find on line. The description read, "The ultimate little girl's pinafore with broad shoulder straps with ruffled wings and heart shaped pockets. It buttons up the back down to a large bow at the waist. Suitable for girls to age seven." Oh my, how perfect I chuckled.

I'm sure she was hungry but had to so uncomfortably sit there with hands folded in her lap, head bowed and ankles tightly together until Edna gave her permission to eat. Which Constance Marie had to thank her for having permission to eat her breakfast. Unlike our hearty breakfasts when her

breakfast was brought it consisted of one piece of toast, a small egg and a glass of milk.

Poor Constance Marie her nervousness didn't decrease as Edna kept up a constant stream of criticism.

"Terrible, just terrible. Sit upright, elbows in, eat more daintily, stop fidgeting, I saw your left foot move, you should be keeping those ankles tightly crossed. Well, that will shortly be corrected," She declared, and to Sarah added, "When she finishes her breakfast take her to the classroom."

## Chapter-74 Learning to walk like a Little Lady Ashley model.

When Edna arrived she said, “First we’ll tackle your atrocious walk. If you want to be a Little Lady Ashley model, you do, don’t you?”

“Oh yeth governess, it, it’s all Constance Marie has ever dreamed about,” She recited, although we all knew, except Sarah, that it was the very last thing he/she wanted.

“First the position of your head. At all times, while walking, it is to be bowed, which you seemed to have learned. It is to be fixed straight ahead and is not to move a fraction left or right. Arms are to be bent at precisely forty-five degrees, palms raised, fingers, except your thumb, together at all times. As you walk your head, elbows, arms, hands and fingers are not to move. Sarah, replace her earrings with these and clip these to her gloves,” She ordered, handing Sarah a pair of earrings with large bells dangling from them, and identical bells to be attached to her gloves.

“As you walk the bells are not to jingle, not even the tiniest tinkle, Is that understood?” she barked.

“Y-Yeth governess,” Constance Marie fearfully replied.

“On either side of the room you’ll see a chair. As you reach one chair pivot daintily on just your toes, and return,” She dictated.

As she did, still not used to the short, mincing steps on her toes she not only received several shocks but worse she couldn’t seem to make the bells stop ringing.

“You’ll give Constance Marie two days of practice then you’ll spank her hands every time you hear the bells on her gloves tinkle. And spank her bottom every time you hear her earrings tinkle,” She instructed.

My goodness, I thought amusedly, she was going to end up with the most exaggerated dainty, mincing little girl walk more like a living doll, which Edna grinning said that was exactly what she planned to turn her into.

## **Chapter-75 Learning to sit like a Little Lady Ashley model, supposedly.**

After at least a dozen trips up and back across the room Edna said, “You’ll now learn how a Little Lady Ashley sits. Walk to the other chair. When you get to it you’ll curtsy to the chair, pivot daintily on just your toes. As you sit you will do so erectly only on the very tip of the seat. Cross your ankles tightly right over left with only the tip of your left toe touching the floor and with the heel precisely perpendicular to the floor. After your feet are properly posed you will arrange your skirt and petticoats daintily with just your thumb and forefinger until they arranged in a perfect circle around you. Once your skirts are arranged, elbows tight against you, hands folded tightly in your lap with the right thumb crossed over the left, and with your head bowed eyes fixed on your hands. At no time while sitting will you ever raise your head unless it is to answer a question or if given permission. Most importantly, while sitting, you are not to fidget or squirm even the slightest. By that I mean I do not want to see so much as a finger twitch, or either foot to move a fraction of an inch. Little girls are expected to sit perfectly still while in the presence of adults. When you fidget you draw undo attention to yourself, which adults find most annoying.”

“My goodness, it appears quite uncomfortable. I mean sitting on just the lip of her seat. If she leans forward or even back even the slightest she’s likely to fall off her chair,” Sarah remarked, which, I thought, was an understatement.

“I’m sure it will be until she learns how she’s expected to sit. However this is how a Little Lady Ashley is expected to sit. What you’ll do each day, besides practicing her walk, is to practice her sitting. Tomorrow start with her sitting perfectly still for fifteen minutes, then each day you’ll add five minutes until you’ve trained her to sit perfectly still without a muscle twitching for ninety minutes.

Each time you see the slightest movement you’ll spank her five times. If she carelessly falls off her chair you’ll spank her fifteen times,” She ordered heartlessly. Oh my, poor Constance Marie, it appears Edna really did plan to turn her into a doll.



## **Chapter-76 Vocabulary, Grammar & Inflections for Little Lady Ashley's .**

For her next lesson Constance Marie remained sitting at her desk, albeit very uncomfortably.

“This lesson deals with the proper way nine year old Little Lady Ashley models are expected to speak,” She lectured.

“Little Lady Ashley models are always expected to speak in an excited voice with an exaggerated tone of voice. Of importance is your use of as many little girl adjectives when talking as a girl your age normally does,” She said, I’m sure making it up as she went.

“When speaking you should always use two, and preferably, three adjectives. Print these approved list of adjectives which you will use from now on. They are, ‘Darling, darlingest, adorable, adorabelest,mstest, bestest, goodest, precious, enchanting, love, loveliest, positively, precious, simply, ever so, devine, divinely, heavenly, sweetest, wonderfulest, dainty, daintiest, delicate, beautifulest, heavenly, heavenliest, dreamy, dreamiest, thrilled, thrillyest.”

“Now let’s practice, shall we?” She asked. Which, by now, Constance Marie knew wasn’t a suggestion.

“Try to use as many descriptive adjectives as you can. For now you may consult your list of little girl adjectives trying to sound as excited as you can. Very well, please describe your shoes and how much you like them,” She said.

“Constance Marie loves her shoes, t-they are her, ah, most favorite shoes,” She struggled to get out.

“That hardly tells how much a little girl loves her shoes, sound more excited and raise your voice, it sounds almost like a boy,” She critiqued. Which almost caused her to reply, fortunately she didn’t.

“A more fitting reply would be, for example, ‘Constance Marie positively loves her moistest, adorable, most darlingest shoes.’ Now repeat it, and I wanted to hear you so excited you’re positively breathless,” She ordered, making her repeat it over and over until she sounded more like six year old than someone who’d just turned nine.

“Somewhat better, for homework have her write her adjectives twenty times each night until she has them memorized. Then practice her by having her describe her dress, gloves,, hair and room and how much she loves and adores them,” She instructed.

I couldn’t believe how ruthlessly Edna was going about turning him/she into a little, nine year old who honestly sounded more like a seven or eight year old. It was so amusing that I emailed her lesson to Cora, Darlene and Kate.

## Chapter-77 Little ballerina Constance Marie

I'm sure Constance Marie was finally relieved from the stress of sitting so uncomfortably not daring to so much as twitch a muscle through two long classes. However, of course, Edna saw to it that her relief was short lived as her next class was Ballet.

“Constance Marie’s next class will be ballet, where you’ll learn to be as graceful as a swan. Which will be followed by tap dancing lessons to improve the natural clumsiness and awkwardness and will do much to improve her balance. Then on Friday’s she’ll have her ballroom lesson where she’ll learn how to dance with boys,” She said, which, as expected, produced a dismayed look on Constance Marie when she mentioned dancing with boys.

“Sarah, you can take Constance Marie and dress her in her ballerina costume,” She instructed.

This, I thought, I have to see. Darlene’s basically ex-husband dressed as a nine year old ballerina. I was sure Cora, Darlene and Kate would find it as equally hysterical I sent them the link so they could watch.

Oh my how ridiculously adorable she looked.. Dressed in a pink sequined tutu with a mound of petticoats causing her tutu to stand straight out doing nothing to hide her lavishly ruffled, pink, satin little girl panties. Shiny white tights were on her legs with beribboned, pink toes shoes on her feet, and, of all things, a fake diamond tiara pinned t her hair “I suspect from your awkwardness that you’ve never had ballet lessons before,” Edna asked.

“No governess, Constance Marie has never had ballet lessons,” She had t admit.

Poor Constance Marie as a ballerina she was absolutely hopeless. She couldn’t take even one step up on her toes before losing her balance. She wasn’t fluttering her hands and arms as Edna wanted her to. Stretching at the bar she couldn’t hold one leg straight without losing her balance and falling in a heap. She was nearly in tears from Edna’s constant stream of criticism.

“Now, now Constance Marie I realize how difficult all this is when you’ve never done it before. But, don’t worry I have a few aids that I’m sure will help you learn. Sarah, would you go over to the closet and get

a box marked Constance Marie's ballet shoes Then hanging on the wall is a set of straps marked arm positioning aids." She asked.

Ordering Constance Marie to sit she removed her shoes and to my disbelief proceeded to angle one foot straight down into a pink, mid-calf boot forcing her foot straight down. As she forced her other foot into the second boot to Sarah she said, "Sarah, would you please place Constance Marie's wrists into the cuffs at the end of the straps and then, then go over to that wall and with the lever lower the bar that's overhead and attach the straps to it?"

With her bizarre boots on Edna said, "Now raise the bar until her toes are just on the floor."

When she did Constance Marie's arms were raised high overhead and was standing, just barely, on her toes.

"Now see that dial all you have to do is move it forward and Constance Marie will walk. You can turn the dial to 'back, left, right, dip or twirl and pirouette,' Using the control I'd like you to gradually teach her a short five minute ballet dance called 'The Dance of The sugar Plum Fairie.'" When you feel she's learned it we'll have her perform it for Ms. Perkins and her friends. I'm sure she'll be delighted," She said,, successfully hiding a chuckle.

Poor Constance Marie as Sarah manipulated the controls she was forced, in her bizarre boots, to walk just on her toes. First forward, then back, then could do nothing as she was made to twirl. Darlene texted that she looked more like a puppet on strings.

## **Chapter-78 Constance Marie learns she's really a doll.**

You could see the pained relief on Constance Marie's face when her first ballet lesson came to an end and Sarah had removed the horrid ballet boots. Redressed she was taken back to the classroom.

Sitting behind her desk Edna conversationally said, "All Little Lady Ashley models have just turned nine. Whether that's their actual age is not important. That is the age group we're targeting, so that to everyone you will meet that is how old you are.

“Now when anyone asks what you are your answer will always be, ‘Constance Marie is an adorable, darling Little Lady Ashley Doll.’ Now repeat what you are to say when anyone asks what you are, sounding as excited as you can,” she ordered.

I’m sure I knew what Constance Marie had to be thinking. What, now I’m a damn doll!

Nevertheless she repeated what she was to say when anyone asked what she was. Although Edna made her say it over several times before she actually sounded excited.

As she recited the, most probably hated line, Sarah couldn’t help asking, “You said she was a Little Lady Ashley Doll?”

“Why yes, Ms. Perkins and everyone at corporate think of their models really more as dolls, who all look exactly the same, act precisely the same, and talk all the same. They’re looked upon more as animated dolls that are taken out, put on display, model the various fashion, then we put them back in their rooms or supervise their activities,” She declared.

Just kidding Sarah said, “Perhaps you could display her in a glass case,”

“My goodness, what an interesting idea. I’ll have to, ah, ask Ms. Perkins to see if corporate likes the idea.”

This really was too much. Imagine a once twenty-four year old guy reduced to the status of a nine year old animated doll! I couldn’t help wondering what Edna had up her sleeve next, but it was obvious she was thoroughly enjoying the challenge.

“She’s actually going to turn ‘her’ into a real, live doll. How wonderful, well actually how wonderfully horrible, yuck, yuck,” Cora texted.

“She already looks like a doll, now she’s being turned into one. I can’t wait to see what else she has planned. You should give Edna a huge raise!” Kate added.

## **Chapter-79 Looking perfectly doll like at all times.**

It was the following day that we learned what she had up her sleeve next.

“This is a class in looking perfectly made up at all times. You must look precisely like all the other Little Lady Ashley Model Dolls,” She declared, “and we’ll start with the approved hairstyles worn by all our models and when they are to be worn. For dressy occasions such as at the dinner table, fancy events and when being presented to guests she’ll wear her hair down in front of her with a bow pinned to the top of her head.

Now for more casual activities you’ll put her hair in perfectly matching braid with fastened with perfect bows. Lastly, for all other instances, such as playtime, you’re put her hair in pigtails with matching bows and long streamers. You’ll need to tutor her in the various hairstyles until she can do it herself. Just make sure her hair is perfectly doll like at all times and not a single hair out of place,” She instructed Sarah.

“As a Little Lady Ashley model you’ll be expected to look like a perfect doll at all times. You are to be perfectly made up, groomed and dressed at all times. I leave it up to you Sarah to ensure that she is. Is that clear?” she barked.

“Yeth governess,” She replied in a scared little voice.

It was so amusing every time Edna referred to her as a doll I could see her cringe.

“We’ll see, here is your purse which you will never be without,” She stated, handing her the frilliest, pink purse I know I’d ever seen. Interestingly it had a bell attached to it.

“Now here is powder and rouge for your face, lip gloss for your lips, shoe polish in various colors. Put them in your purse,” She ordered.

When she had Edna had her hold her left hand out at which point she buckled a pink, Alice In Wonderland watch with fake diamonds to it.

What’s interesting , and I had to smile, for it wasn’t actually a real watch but had a timer.

To Constance Marie she said, “It’s programmed to beep on the hour. When it does you will stop whatever you’re doing, take the mirror and compact out and powder your face, then apply fresh rouge to your cheeks and using lip gloss make your lips as shiny as you can to ensure that you’re perfectly made up at all time. Then you’ll check your hair to see that not a single hair is out of place. After which you’ll check your gloves noting even the tiniest smudge mark on them. You then do

the same with your shoes. There's not to be the tiniest mark on them or on your heels. After which you'll check all your bows to make sure they haven't come loose and still make absolutely perfect bows. You'll check for any wrinkles, and that your socks are perfectly even. This will ensure that you look perfectly doll like at all times, am I quite clear on this, Constance Marie?" She demanded to know.

"Yeth governess," she replied, not believing, I'm sure, that every hour on the hour she was going to endure the ritual of making sure she looked perfectly doll basically every minute of the day.

## **Chapter-80 Constance Marie's afternoon walkies.**

It was as lunch was finishing that Edna said, "It's time to take Constance Marie out for her afternoon walk in the garden to settle her lunch. Please take her up to her room and see that's she appropriately dressed and I will instruct you on how she's to be walked when outdoors."

When Sarah brought her down Edna, handing her her purse, said, "The first thing to learn Constance Marie, is proper purse etiquette while out in public. First, hold your purse daintily with on your thumb and forefinger. Second as you walk your purse is to remain perfectly still at all times. It should sway left or right, or up or down."

Saying this she handed Sarah two bells to Sarah.

"Attach these to her purse. They'll tell you if she's allowing her purse to sway as she walks. When you hear them you'll first warn her, if it occurs a second time during her walk you'll spank her hand ten times each," She declared.

Sarah couldn't help remarking, "Isn't that going to be, well, difficult for her to learn?"

"The other models have learned," She said, winking at where she knew there was a camera, "However I'll grant her a couple days to practice," She conceded. It was obvious Edna was thoroughly enjoying turning Constance Marie into a for real nine year old little girl. I couldn't help but wonder what she'd be up to next.

What came next was she handed her the frilliest, over the top, umbrella I think I've ever seen. To which I could see bells attached at the very top. "To protect her delicate complexion she'll always hold an umbrella above her head," then to Constance Marie said, "You are to hold the umbrella perfectly upright at all times. It's not to sway or bob up or down. The bells will tell you, Sarah, if she's holding it correctly. Again you can give her a few days grace, then spank her hands if it occurs twice in one walk,"

Before heading out to the garden Edna said, "You will walk in front of Sarah so she can watch you. You may look up when she gives you permission. When you get to the door curtsy and she Sarah if she would pretty please allow you to go outside for your walk," She instructed.

As Constance Marie walked nervously down the garden path I almost had to feel sorry for her. For the rough brick path was very uneven. Yet, as she walked she wasn't to move her arms, her purse had to remain perfectly still and her umbrella held straight up. She really couldn't see where she was going unless Sarah gave her permission to look up. Even worse she couldn't help stumbling and tripping in her little girl heels as she was forced to walk on her toes with the gait trainers limiting each step to a dainty, mincing three inches.

It was, of course, hopeless, although she was forced to try even harder, with Sarah adding an ominous encouragement, "Please Constance Marie try to concentrate, I know you can do better. I really don't want to spank your hands, do you?"

"N-No Nanny, I-I'll try harder," She promised, and, to her credit, she did. Although I'm sure her first walkie was an obvious stressful one. I amusedly thought I'd keep up with her walk on a daily basis to see if she really couldn't be trained to walk without tripping or stumbling or moving either her purse or umbrella.

## **Chapter-81 Proper phrases and learned responses for a Little Lady Ashley Doll.**

Constance Marie's first class after her walk was titled, "Phrases and Learned Responses."

“To project the perfect image of a Little Lady Ashley Doll you will need to learn certain phrases and, what we call, learned responses to questions you may be asked. This is to ensure everyone that you really are a just turned nine year old little girl, whether you are or not. If you respond in any way out of character it will leave people wondering about your actual age. And we want to be absolutely certain that you say nothing that leaves a false impression. Do you understand our reasoning, Constance Marie?” She asked.

“Yes governess, Constance Marie thinks so,” She responded naively.

“Excellent, so we’ll start with a few simple ones and then build on that. Now one of the most likely questions you’ll be asked is, “Were you a good, little girl today?”

Your response will be, “Constance Marie tried her most, bestest to be the goodest little girl she could possibly be.’ Now you repeat it ten times while you write it down, rather print it down.”

“That was almost perfect just try to sound more breathlessly excited it would be almost perfect,” Edna encouraged.

I could see she wanted to gag as she repeated the ridiculously girlish response over and over until Edna was satisfied, and it went down hill from there. Nor to it escape me that Edna had stopped referring to her as a model but as a Little Lady Ashley Doll. She was really going about methodically ingraining in her that she was no longer to consider herself a model but a doll. Fascinating I thought, I wondered if she really could.

To the question, “What is your most favorite thing to do?” Edna said that her learned response was to be, “Constance Marie’s mostest, favoritest thing in the whole world is to play wth her most darlingest, beautifuliest dolls.”

“Now when you’re given a compliment your response, sounding as excited and grateful as you can will be, for instance if you’re complimented on your dress, should be, ‘Oh Constance Marie thanks you ever so much Ma’am for complimenting me on my ever so dreamy dress, it’s one of my mostest, favoriest dress dresses that Constance Marie is sooo in love with.”

Oh my, this is so rich.

I’m sure Edna was testing her when she unexpectedly asked, “So, is pink your favorite color, Constance Marie?”

I could see her struggling to come up with a response, she hoped, would satisfy her. After a few moments she hesitantly said, “Oh yeth, Ma’am, pink ith Constance Marie’s mostest, wonderfulest color that she absolutely adores,”

“”That was very good,” Edna smiled up at the camera, looking quite satisfied.

## Chapter-82 Playing with dolls.

I’m sure to Constance Marie’s relief, sort of, is when Edna declared to Sarah that it was time for Constance Marie’s afternoon nap. Sort of, because it was just another indication of her little girl status. After all only little girls needed an afternoon nap. Then she had to stand on a stool while Sarah undressed her, another symbol of her childish status and then was redressed in a little girl’s nightie , ruffled bloomers and bonnet then put to bed in what really amounted to an oversized crib.

When she awoke 45 minutes later Sarah said, “Since its raining outside your governess is going to allow you to play inside today. Once I get you dressed in one of your darling play outfits you can play with your dollhouse and your dolls, isn’t that exciting?”

“Ah, yes Nanny, very exciting,” She replied without much enthusiasm.

“Oh my, you really don’t sound very excited. Perhaps we should spend your playtime practicing your tap dancing,” Sarah suggested.

“Oh no, Nanny, Constance Marie would really, really love, more than anything, playing with her dollhouse and dolls,” She quickly pleaded as she truly hated her tap dance lessons that left her utterly exhausted.

So once Sarah had her dressed in her adorable, pink jumper, put her pinafore on and her hair in pigtails Constance Marie sat among her dollhouse and dolls and without very much enthusiasm started playing with them. Which I thought so hysterical I immediately texted Darlene, Cora and Kate telling them to get online that they were going to see Constance Marie play with her dolls and dollhouse.

And it was hysterical because, you see, I’d bought them. And they were programmable, talking dolls that Edna and I had spend several

hours programming each one for the maximum, humiliating effect they'd have on poor, poor Constance Marie.

All Sarah was told was when she handed a doll to her to push a little button in back.

You can imagine her shock when the doll said, "Hello my name is Dapne Dressup. What's your name?"

"Play nice with your doll and answer her, Constance Marie," Sarah instructed.

"Uh, it', it's L-Little Lady Constance Marie Ashley," She actually answered the doll.

"That's a very pretty name. Are you a doll like me, too?" We'd programmed deviously.

"C-Constance Marie is a dainty, darling, delicate Little L-Lady Ashley doll, l-like you," She cringed.

Oh God, this is too, too much! I couldn't help laughing.

"I absolutely adore dressing up, do you adore dressing up?" the doll asked.

"Yes, C-Constance Marie adores dressing up."

"I want to go for a walk, find me my red high heels and put them on for me," the doll ordered, and Constance Marie had them on the doll then said, "I need my purse too, I won't go walking without my purse.

"I love walking in my high heels. You're not wearing high heels, you're dressed more like a little girl. How old are you." The doll, as we'd programmed it asked.

"Constance Marie just turned n-nine year old," She told the doll.

"I'm so much older than you. One day you'll be allowed to wear high heels like me. Now take me for a walk," Dapne Dressiup ordered.

Imagine in your mind a twenty-four year old guy reduced to a nine year old girl moving it's legs and walking the doll around for the next ten minutes.

"We can stop now. Thank you, you're a very nice doll," the doll said.

Next came Betsy Ballerina that Constance Marie had to dress and twirl around. Then came Molly Maid, which she had to play at dusting and vacuuming. But the funniest doll she was forced to play with was Barbie Baton who, after dressing her as a majorette, Constance Marie

had to put on her boots and then a baton in each hand and play at twirling the batons and lifting her legs for high kicks.

We'd programmed each doll to ask her name and if she was a doll too. We all had the funniest time watching her play with her dolls.

## **Chapter-83 A special dinner, not.**

It was on the following Friday at breakfast that I said to Constance Marie, "Your governess and Nanny have informed me how well you're beginning to do in some of your classes. Sarah told me how nicely you played with your dolls even."

Quite startled at this sudden praise she blurted out, "Really, they really said that?"

"For that reason I have two friends coming to dinner tonight and I'd like to present you to them. Now don't be nervous, they're very nice ladies who I'm sure will adore you. So Sarah, I'd like you to dress her in one of her absolute prettiest party gowns. Pay extra attention to her make up and hair so she looks absolutely perfect for my guest. And, if they give you four compliments as a reward I'll let you play with your camera in the garden all afternoon tomorrow," I promised.

"Oh yes, she won't have to wear her gait trainers tonight," I added, which caused Constance Marie to breath a sigh of relief.

Well the chance to play with her camera certainly did the trick. She didn't even object, well not all that much, when Edna suggested taking in her corset an extra inch to show off her figure.

That night when Sarah brought her in to meet my two friends, Lilly Chester and Grace Thomas, I couldn't have been more pleased. All dressed up in a pink, of course, party gown mincing even higher on her tow and taking even tinier steps than I'd seen her take. Her hair and make up were perfectly doll-like.

Whispering to Edna I asked, "What do you have her figure down to?"

"With her corset taken in an extra inch her waist is twenty inches," She said.

"Just another inch to go," I remarked.

“Oh, just as an experiment, let’s try for two,” Edna smiled, and couldn’t help agreeing with a chuckle.

“And am I mistaken but she seems to be taking even tinier steps and is she walking even more up on her toes than the last time I saw her?” I asked.

“No, you’re not mistaken. I actually found a whoopy cushion with a bigger shocker so I replaced her old ones with them. She’s virtually mincing on her very tippy toes. As to her gait over the past couple of weeks I’ve gradually decreased her gait trainer to just the daintiest two inch step. However I’m curious to see if she can be trained to limit her step to just one inch, barely able to put one foot in front of the other, if you have no objection?” She asked.

“Oh my no, I’d be curious myself,” which caused us both to chuckle. Poor Constance Marie!

My friends thought Constance Marie was dressed so adorably, and was so polite and well-mannered even complimenting her on her curtsy.

Ah but then, as I hoped, it started going downhill.

“It’s so strange but she looks almost like one of Jillian’s, my six year old daughter’s dolls. Perhaps I could bring her over and she could play with a real, live doll,” Grace laughed.

Which, I could see, didn’t go over well with Constance Marie at all.

“You say she just turned nine? It’s hard to believe,” Lilly remarked.

”Why do you say that?” I asked innocently.

“Well my daughter is seven and I guess takes after me as I’d say she at least a couple inches taller than your little girl. And just look at her tiny feet, why Diane’s feet have to be at least two sizes bigger, and she just turned seven,” She said.

Which, I could see, really didn’t go over well, but I think the final straw was when Edna said, “I really didn’t realize just how young she actually looks. Perhaps it would be more fitting if we told everyone she just turned eight.”

Of course my friends didn’t understand her remark, but Constance Marie certainly did. She appeared to really reach a boiling point by her angry expression and was about to blurt out a response when Edna seeing her expression sternly asked, “Yes, Constance Marie was there something you wished to say?”

Thoroughly cowed by Edna's murderous look she buckled and said, "N-No governess."

## Chapter-84 Rebellion

As soon as Sarah got Constance Marie back to her room she angrily stamped her foot and proclaimed, "I'm not going to be some little girl's dolly, and I'm not going to be eight years old."

"So you don't want to be a doll and you don't want to be eight year old?" Edna calmly said as she entered the room.

"No, I won't be either," She said adamantly.

"Well, would you be happier dressed your age?" Edna asked.

"Dressed my age, you'll really let me dress my age?" She asked hopefully.

"Of course. Sarah, first thing tomorrow I'll bring you clothes more suited to her age," Edna announced.

"You're really going to dress her up?" Sarah asked, probably expecting Edna to order her to spank her.

"It'll be more a dressing down," She said curtly, out of Constance Marie's hearing.

Later, with me, she said, "I fully expected this, of course, although frankly it came later than I thought it would."

As did I. "So we'll do as we planned and nip this little tantrum in the bud?" She asked.

"Oh my, yes. I'm sure it'll be most amusing, at least for us," I giggled.

## Chapter-85 Little Girl Tabitha Ashley

Early the next morning Edna said, I'm sure to Constance Marie's and Sarah's surprise, "You can take her corset off, then after you undress her put her up on that changing table over there."

Once on it Edna swiftly brought the straps dangling from each side over her and tightly buckled them together, pinning her torso and arms to the table.

Alarmed Constance Marie started to protest but Edna pushed a pacifier in her mouth. The pacifier had an extra large bulb which prevented her from hardly making any sounds at all. Once in her mouth she buckled the straps behind her head.

Naturally Sarah was more than a little shocked.

But before she could ask Edna said, "You'll have to agree that her behavior was intolerable. Throwing a baby tantrum. Not even acting her age, did she?"

"Well no, I was quite disappointed in her," Sarah admitted.

"She doesn't want to be a doll. She doesn't want to be eight. She wants to be dressed the age she acts. And so she will. Ms. Perkins had informed me that there is a new line of Ashley attire meant for girls not as grown up. It's called the Little Girl Ashley Collection. And the other day she mentioned they were looking for just the right model," She said with a straight face as, of course, there was no such collection.

"So that's what you meant by 'dressing her down?'" Sarah asked.

"Yes, Constance Marie is the new Little Girl Ashley model. Although Ms. Perkins feels that Constance Marie is much too grown up a name so her new name from now on is Tabitha. A much more appropriate name for the clothes she'll be modeling," Edna proclaimed.

What she did next truly did shock Sarah for Edna slipped a triple thick diaper on her, then up her legs drew on a pair of crinkly, rubber lined, plastic rhumba panties, fully ruffled front and back.

"Diapers?" Sarah couldn't help asking.

"They're required wear for Little Girl Ashley models as many girls the age she'll represent aren't fully potty trained. They're simply a precautionary measure in case she has an accident," Edna assured her.

When Sarah had Tabitha dressed in the clothes Edna had brought and had turned her to the full length mirror so she could see herself she let out a gasp and tortured sob. For she was dressed in a high waisted princess styled smock. The mounds of petticoats causing it to flare out quite babyish. Pink, ruffled anklets and four strap, white, baby shoes were on her feet, and on her head a true baby's bonnet tied under her chin.

However what truly set off her toddler attire was the hem, so short, her ruffled, plastic, rhumba panties were clearly visible.

“Now then you can tell by her expression that she absolutely hates her Little Girl Ashley attire and wearing diapers. And I almost know the minute you turn your back on her she’ll try to get them off,” Edna stated.

“I guess I would too if I was suddenly put in diapers,” Sarah agreed

“So to prevent that please put these on her hands, they’ll keep her out of trouble,” she said, handing her a pair of pink satin, thumbless, ruffled mittens. They laced up to the wrist straps and then were tied into tight bows. Just then a girl came in loaded with camera equipment, tripod and light.

“This is Melanie, a photographer Ms. Perkins has employed. Since the Little girl Ashley is a new line of attire the first thing she needs to do is get some still photographs up on the website of the various outfits and accessories,” She lied convincingly.

So let’s start with the Little Girl Ashley pacifier. If you could take it out and hold it up for Melanie to photograph and then hold up her official Little Girl Ashley safety mittens,” She directed.

As expected as soon as Sarah took it out Constance Marie, now Tabitha, started protesting. But the only thing leaving her mouth was gibberish.

Before Sarah could ask Edna said, “The pacifier is coated with, ah, sweetener to calm her and it, ah, temporarily affects speech.”

So first the girl photographed the dummy then the mittens, and then what both Edna and I were sure would crush Tabitha.

“Would you help me buckle her into the Little Girl Ashley safety harness,” She asked, winking at me.

In fact it was nothing more than a pink baby or toddler’s harness with bells on the front.

Once tightly buckled Edna handed Sarah the leash and had Melanie first take some close ups then of Sarah holding the leash. Tabitha looked ready to cry and did so when Edna had Sarah hold up her dress so photos of her Little Girl Ashley plastic rhumba panties could be taken front and back.

Once Melanie had finished taking photos Edna said, “Sarah, you can lead Tabitha to the breakfast nook for her breakfast. Melanie please bring your equipment and follow us.”

## **Chapter-86 Tabitha’s first breakfast**

When they reached the breakfast nook Tabitha’s reaction to what awaited her was priceless. Her face literally crumpled. For waiting for her was a pink highchair!

“Before we put her in her highchair Melanie please take some photos of the Deluxe Little Girl Ashley Safety Highchair. Then take some close up photos of the rungs for her feet, the safety clips that attach to her harness, the fold down locking tray and the rollers,” She instructed, then to Sarah added with her best straight face, “The rollers you’ll find quite handy Sarah if you’re busy with something else, but still want to keep an eye on her. You can simply roll Tabitha in her highchair to where you need to be for however long you want. You could give her some toys to play with for instance.”

When Melanie was finished photographing the detail Edna said, “Now climb up into your chair, Tabitha.”

As expected it was the last thing she wanted to do. So Edna simply picked her up and put her in it with her hands at her sides. Then after closing the rungs on her ankles, fastened the large clips to her harness and folding down the tray the only thing she could move was her head. Edna then had Sarah tie the ruffle edged, rubber bib on her and handed her a warm milk sippy cup holding her nose when she refused to open her mouth. After which came spoonfuls of strained vegetables which she ended up getting all over her bib.

“I can see why she’ll need a bib when I feed her, yuck,” Sarah remarked wiping all the food from the bib.

## **Chapter 87 Tabitha in her playpen.**

After breakfast Sarah led her back to her room where a playpen had been set up. When she saw it she stubbornly resisted getting in. Which

Edna would have none of. Opening the door she pushed her in, shutting and locking the door.

“This is the approved Little Girl Ashley playpen. Notice the much higher sides which makes it quite impossible for her to climb out of. Which assures you that you can safely leave her in her playpen and not worry about her getting out,” Edna said, smiling up at the camera.

On the floor were dozens of large, sponge blocks with letters on them.

“I want you to play nice with your blocks and spell out your name before I get back from my breakfast,” Edna ordered her.

However when she got back Tabitha was sitting there sobbing. Edna was sure she knew why as the milk in her sippy cup she’d laced with a strong diuretic.

“Oh my, did Tabitha have an accident and did wetties in her diapers? She asked. to which Tabitha miserably nodded.

“Well, little girl I will give you twenty minutes to spell out your name with the blocks, or you won’t just be doing wetties in your diapers, you’ll be doing poopies as well,” She threatened.

Not surprisingly she was so horrified at the thought that despite her mittened hands and the almost impossible to control sponge blocks she just managed to spell her name out before Edna came back.

## **Chapter-88 Capitulation.**

As we thought a weeks worth of being Tabitha and the unbearable humiliations, including being diapered and doing wetties in them and she was pleading, as best she could with a pacifier in her mouth, to please let her be nine year old Constance Marie again.

However she really got such a panicked look on her face when I casually remarked to Edna, rehearsed of course, at breakfast one morning, “I saw the photos that Melanie took and they turned out so great that I’ve signed up Tabitha for shows all over the country for the rest of the year, what do you think?”

“Oh, I agree she looks so adorable in her Little Girl Ashley outfits why don’t you simply schedule her for all of next year as well,” Edna replied, trying desperately to keep a straight face.

After that Tabitha grew absolutely frantic in her pleading which we pretended not to understand.

“I think what she’s trying to say is she wants to go back to being Constance Marie, is that what you’re trying to say,” Sarah asked.

“Yeth preathse,” She begged.

“Quite impossible, Ms. Perkins has her booked thru the end of next year,” Edna said with finality.

We let enough days go by for the hopelessness of her little girl status to sink in before Edna finally asked, “Do you really want to go back to being Constance Marie and being nine years old again?”

“Oh yeth, yeth,” She pleaded.

“Well it just so happens that one of their Little Lady Ashley models has moved out of town and they need a replacement. So you can fill in on a temporary basis. However,” She said sternly, “The slightest hint of problems with you, and I mean the slightest, and back you go to being eight years old and in diapers again.”

The utter relief on her face, from our made up story, was priceless.

So, as we’d planned all along, Tabitha became Constance Marie once again.

## **Chapter-89 Raising Constance Marie’s spirits.**

Becoming Constance Marie again wasn’t going to be all roses, Edna saw to that. Starting with her corset, that she finally got down to nineteen inches. And then shortening her gait trainer chain to one-and-three quarter inches.

Be that as it may from then on Constance Marie was too afraid not to act like the most perfect nine year old girl, or doll.

It was after a month that Sarah had a conversation with Edna.

“There’s no problem with her, is there?” Edna asked.

“Well, yes and no. She’s acting like a perfect little lady, I couldn’t be more please in that aspect. It’s just that she obviously isn’t happy, more despondent. I think she needs something to raise her spirits,” She said.

“Yes, I’ve noticed she doesn’t seem very lively. It’s really my fault. I feel that perhaps I’ve been much too demanding and strict with her. Too quick to discipline her. What do you suggest?” She asked.

“I suggest we take the opposite approach. More rewards when she’s being good. But most of all I think she needs some playmates that she can have fun with,” She said.

“Yes, I think a couple of playmates would really cheer her up. I’ll discuss it with Ms. Perkins,” Edna promised.

Which she did. Frankly I’d never thought of using the carrot approach, nor did Edna. We both so enjoyed forcing the pathetic excuse for a male and husband to look and act like a nine year old little girl that we never considered it.

“Let’s see what happens using Sarah’s approach. I’ll find a couple of playmates for her that she can have fun with and buck up her spirits. Then we spring the little surprise we have planned for her,” I said, gloatingly.

“I agree, it could be even more devastating,” Edna grinned.

## **Chapter-90 Constance Marie’s new playmates.**

A few days later after Sarah had dressed her I one of her frillier play dresses I introduce her to the two girls I’d picked for her playmates.

“I’d like you to meet two wonderful girls you can play with. This is Alexandra, she’s ten and models the Prince & Princess collection. And this is Victoria, she’s eleven and also models the Prince & Princess collection,” I said.

I’d selected both because they were noticeably taller than Constance Marie.

“And who is this charming and adorably dressed little girl? I hope you didn’t dress up just for us,” Victoria said.

“My name is Constance Marie, and I’m ever so delighted and thrilled to meet you2,” She said with a curtsy.

“As to you question, no, Constance Marie you see is a Little Lady Ashley model doll and as such is required to always be dressed in their attire unlike Prince & Princess models such as yourselves who can

dress how you please when not modeling. Constance Marie is actually wearing one of play outfits,” I said.

“I don’t think I’ve heard of that line of clothing,” Alexandra remarked.

“Oh, ah, well it’s sold in the larger metropolitan cities. Constance Marie is the first to model it here,” I said, chuckling to myself as we’d simply invented it just for her.

“Well, that makes sense, but I know its most courteous but she really doesn’t have to curtsy, I mean to us,” Victoria said.

“One of the edicts concerning being a Little Lady Ashley model is that she must always conduct herself in a most well-mannered and polite way which includes curtsying to anyone older than she is,” I said, all made up, of course.

When I said this I could see a cringe pass across Constance Marie’s face. Oh good, I thought, maybe she’s remembering she’s not really nine, or even better, that she’s not a girl. Or it could be the difference in how they were dressed. Constance Marie had her hair in pigtails and was dressed in a yellow, gingham sundress hemmed well above mid-thigh. On her legs were lace trimmed anklets with yellow bands, on her feet yellow mary janes with crisscrossing straps and on her head a yellow straw, wide-brimmed hat with her hands, naturally, gloved and accented with yellow bands.

In contrast both girls were dressed casually. Alexandra in a cute pair of short and top, her hair down, sandals on her feet. Victoria was wearing a short skirt, sleeveless top and platform, wedge shoes that made her appear to tower over little Constance Marie.

“Now Victoria tell Constance Marie what your most favorite thing to do is,” I asked.

“Oh, my most favorite thing is taking pictures with my camera,” she said enthusiastically.

“It is? That’s. my most favorite thing to do too,” Constance Marie said excitedly.

“Perhaps Sarah, you could take the girls out on the veranda where they can get to know each other. Victoria, as you’re the oldest when Sarah isn’t present you’ll be in charge,” I said.

An hour later when Sarah brought them back Constance Marie said, “Victoria and Alexandra have invited me to go with them to the zoo this Saturday, can I please?”

“We’ll see, after we have a little talk,” I said.

When the girls left I said, “We’ve decided to let you play with your new friends Tuesday and Thursday afternoon. As to Saturday we’ve decided it all depends on how well you’ve applied yourself during the week and how well you’ve improved in the areas you need to. Certainly your ballet and tap need to improve. If Sarah awards you three gold stars you can go on Saturday. And if you earn five gold stars you can visit with them on Sunday as well,” I said.

As expected she willingly tried her best to turn herself even more into a nine year old little girl than she already was. Much to the amusement of Edna, Darlene, Cora, Kate and myself.

## **Chapter-91 Disaster at the zoo.**

As planned she earned five gold stars and was so excited when all three left for the zoo with Sarah as their chaperone.

We didn’t expect them back for several hours. But much sooner than expected Sarah returned with Constance Marie sobbing her eyes out fleeing to her room.

“What on earth?” I asked.

“I’m afraid the visit to the zoo was a bit of a disaster for poor Constance Marie. Even though she was wearing one of her playtime outfits compared to how the other girls her age were wearing she was really overdressed,” She explained.

“A lot of them started pointing, laughing and cruelly making fun of her,” she said.

“Oh my, how horrible for her,” I said, although I was thinking just the opposite as was, I saw, Edna.

“I was wondering if the collection had any, well, less frilly attire that she could wear like other little girls do?” Sarah asked.

“Well, I haven’t seen the entire collection. Let me look,” I promised, although as we’d invented it we knew there wasn’t. But, I thought, what fun we’d have designing new clothes for our little girl.

So over drinks with Darlene, Cora and Kate we decided we'd each design a playsuit for Constance Marie and make a contest out of it. Whoever came up with the most outrageously sissy, little girl play outfit would win \$1,000.

## **Chapter-92 Back to the zoo.**

A week later we each showed off our designs and Cora won hands down. This time when they went back to the zoo Constance Marie was so relieved in her new playsuit. Although, if anything, she didn't even look nine. For she was wearing a pink jumper with romper shorts and a heart shaped, pink, Pok-a-dot bib. The shorts had heart shaped pok-a-dot pockets. Her hair was in pigtails with pink ribbons tied in bows. On her feet she wore a pair of KEDS sneakers. But not your normal white KEDS. Online Cora had found the most juvenile pink, pok-a-dot KEDS with two inch platform soles. Attached to the ends of the sneaker laces were huge tassles with bells attached. Yet even with platform soles both Victoria and Alexandra were still noticeably taller. They looked like two sisters walking their little sister around the zoo.

But Constance Marie had a great time with her two "older" sisters. Excitedly thanking me for allowing her to go.

## **Chapter-93 A crushing reality check.**

So over the next few weeks Constance Marie became a happy, well-adjusted nine year old. We even bought her a computer, albeit a child's, pink, plastic one with over sized keys. Before giving it to her we programmed it so she could only email Victoria and Alexandra. It had a beginner's photo editing program that allowed her to play with her photos. She even had access to a limited number of websites created for girls seven to ten.

She could play at her computer for half an hours each day if she earned one gold star.

Having drinks with Cora, Kate, Darlene and Edna one night Darlene said, "I think Constance Marie is entirely too happy to suit me. I think its time for the reality check we discussed.

To which we all laughingly agreed.

Over the weeks Constance Marie's ballet and tap had so improved that I had taken to having her perform darling, little routines for my women guests. They had been so complimentary that she was no longer self-conscious performing them. I had also made sure that she was rewarded by being allowed to visit her friends more frequently.

So when I told her, one day, that I had two friends coming for dinner that night who were dying to meet her and that I would like her to entertaining them by performing her tap dance routine she actually looked forward to it.

Poor Constance Marie she nearly passed out when Sarah brought her into the living room. For there were Kate and Cora who, as planned, pretended not to know her.

"And who is this precious little girl, she's a real doll," Kate asked.

"This is Little Lady Constance Marie, and in a way she is a doll," I said.

"Isn't she so adorable, I just love her doll-like face and darling outfit," Cora enthused.

"I don't know why, but she looks vaguely familiar, although I have no idea where I would have seen her," Kate mused, then winked at us.

We could that she was bewildered that they didn't recognize her, but most importantly crushed. Remembering that they once know her as Darlene's husband who, due to these two women, had been turned into a little girl. It looked like she was about to run out of the room, but not with Edna staring threatening at her.

Throughout the dinner they kept up a constant stream of over the top compliments. From her tiny feet and hands, to her girlish figure, "that any girl her age would die for."

Finally it was time for Sarah to take her back and change her into her ballet costume.

When she brought her out I could see the amused looks on their faces, trying their hardest not to laugh out-loud. I had no trouble keeping a straight face as I had spent some time online shopping to put together the perfect little girl's ballerina outfit which started with the shortest, stiffest, pink tutu so that with each step she took it bounced up and down showing off her pink, sating clad behind. The top was pink sequined with tiny, lace shoulder straps. On her arm, puffy, satin

arm bands that I'd only seen little girls wearing. For her ears I'd found dangling, ballerina earrings and for her pigtailed hair pink ribbons tied in bows, then for her head a little girl's fake diamond, plastic tiara. Then, of course, there were her torturous toe shoes, which despite her progress, she was still having the greatest rouble staying up on her toes.

Obviously she was not the most graceful of ballerinas as she danced to the music of The Sugar Plum Fairie. For the most part we stifled our laughter and chuckles as she danced.

"It's impossible to believe she was once a man and actually married to Darlene," Kate remarked, "Now look at her, it's priceless!".

When she finished she ran, sobbing to her room, and of course, we all had a good laugh and raised our drinks in a toast.

## **Chapter-94 An unexpected twist.**

It was a few minutes later that Cora came into her room acting concerned at her sobbing departure.

"I really don't know what upset you so. I thought you tap danced and sang incredibly well," She said.

"Y-You did?" she replied grateful for the compliment and comforting hug she gave her.

It was a week later, as planned that I said, "Do you remember that nice lady, Cora Chandler? Well she's quite taken with you and wondered if you'd like to spend the day with her at the park riding ponies?"

"Riding a pony? Oh yes, can I go, please," She said excitedly.

So Constance Marie spent the first of several days with Cora, even a weekend at her home. She came to look eagerly look forward to her time spent with Cora.

As Cora explained it, "I'm forty-five, I always wanted a little girl, but getting pregnant at my age isn't an option.

## Chapter-95 Disaster.

So it was that Cora had a serious talk with Constance Marie. "I'm afraid I have some rather bad news for you and what I think you will find good news. The bad news is that the Little Lady Ashley line of clothing has been discontinued."

"It, it has, then I'll go back to Darlene?" she said hopefully.

"Darlene? Who on earth is this Darlene?" Cora asked, stifling a chuckle.

"She's my..." she started to say, then realized she couldn't admit who she really was.

"She's just someone I, ah, used to know," She stammered.

"Well, you see, the problem is Ms. Martin's contract for your, er, training as a Little Lady Ahsley model is with the corporation. And as they've discontinued the collection there's no reason, or funds, to keep you. So she contacted an orphanage that's agreed to take you until you're eighteen," Cora said with a straight face.

"An, an orphanage? I-I'm going to be put in an orphanage u-unit l -I'm e-eighteen," She blurted out, obviously horrified.

"Yes, unfortunately. However there's an option. You see I was about to adopt a little girl but she was tragically killed in an automobile accident. You look so much like her you could be twins. You could take her place. All we'd have to do is legally change your name to Bethany Ann. I have her birth certificate which says she, well you, are ten years old."

"I-I'd be ten?" She asked in dismay.

"Oh yes, but the real Bethany Ann's birthday is in a couple of months so you would actually become a much more grown-up eleven year old. And as I intend to employ Sarah she would no longer be your nanny but your governess. So, I guess that's your decision. The orphanage, which I've heard is very nice, or I can adopt a much older Bethany Ann," She said with a straight face.



## **Chapter-96 From Little Lady Ashley to Lolita.**

Not surprisingly Constance Marie's decision was to have Cora adopt her. But not without a few problems to deal with.

“As you’re soon to be eleven you’re much too old to be wearing your Little Lady Ashley outfits meant for nine year olds, wouldn’t you agree? You’d really want to dress your age, I imagine.” Cora asked innocently.

And Constance Marie, soon to be Bethany Ann, thinking of being so much more grown up, all of eleven, eagerly agreed.

“Well, it just so happens that Kate, the other woman you met, owns a children’s boutique. And the corporation that discontinued the Little Lady Ashley collection did so because there’s a new line called The Lolita Collection meant just for older girls your age,” She said with a straight face.

“It’s all the rage in Japan and Korea and is becoming very popular here. She said you’d look great in them, and if you’d agree to do some modeling for her she could give you a whole wardrobe to wear,” she said, trying desperately hard not to giggle. Bethany Ann naively agreed. I’m sure thinking how much more grown up she’d finally look.

“So first we have to give you the perfect hair style that all Lolita girls want to have,” Cora declared taking her to her beautician, which was next to Kate’s boutique. Bethany Ann’s hair, now several inches below her shoulders Gloria first permed then styled into a mass of cork screws which she fastened with blue ribbons.

“T-This is how Lolita girls wear their hair,” She asked uncertainly as she looked in a mirror.

“Oh absolutely, I think she looks so adorable in her Lolita hair do, don’t you Gloria?” She asked.

“Oh my yes, I’m sure other Lolita’s would die of envy,” Gloria remarked, with a giggled wink to Cora.

With her hair done they headed next door to Kate’s.

“Goodness that hair style is perfect. And I have the perfect bonnet to go with it,” She said, placing the most extravagant pink bonnet on her.

“Now for your very first Lolita costume, which came all the way from Japan,” which was actually true.

When Kate dressed her in the frilliest pink Lolita dress so truly did take on the appearance of a Lolita doll. While her skirts were not quite as childishly short, they were much frillier and extravagant “Now for your accessories,” She said, handing her a pink, patent leather, heart

shaped Lolita purse, and then the perfect Lolita earrings, two dangling, silver stars to each ear.

Then Kate the best, or worst, depending on your point of view, finishing touch. Lolita socks and shoes. The ruffled ankle socks came first, and then the shoes. "They're called Rocking Horse Lolita shoes," She explained as she strapped her feet into the pink shoes that had a three inch wooden sole with the front cut back as well as the heel, offering no support when one wore them. Neither Kate or Cora could figure out such ridiculous had become must have shoes for all Lolita girls.

"I-I look more grown up, l-like this?" She said, dubiously.

"Oh absolutely, It's exactly what other Lolita girls your age would simply die to wear," Kate assured her.

"But these shoes, they're really hard to walk on, in," She said, taking a few tentative, awkward steps.

"Oh I'm sure you'll get used to them. It makes the girls who wear them look so much taller, like you do now," Cora said, with a straight face, both of them amused that she actually believed it.

However to prove the point she allowed her access to a couple of Lolita sites so she could see for herself.

"Now notice how doll-like the Japanese try to make themselves look. They actually refer to themselves as Lolita Dolls," Kate fibbed, but for a reason.

"So what we'll need to do, when you model, is to make you up just as doll-like as you do now. And when you do we'll refer to you as our Lolita Doll, Bethany Ann. And I'd really appreciate it, when asked, if you would introduce yourself as Lolita Doll, Bethany Ann. I think you'll be such a big hit," Kate enthused, giving her such a big hug that Bethany Ann readily agreed that she would.

Of course Kate insisted that she, at all times, be dressed in Lolita fashions, accessories and her makeup should always be doll-like.

So Cora, who she asked Bethany Ann, to call her Aunty Cora had her little girl. Who she loved dressing up, pampering and putting on display. More like you take a doll out of a glass display case to show off.

## Chapter-97 The real, final revenge.

It was a couple months later as Bethany Ann had settled in to life as a Lolita Doll that Cora said to Sarah, "I'd like you to dress Bethany Ann in her prettiest Lolita dress, with the frilliest bonnet and most adorable shoes this Saturday. I've been invited to a big engagement party and I'm dying to show her off to everyone."

Bethany Ann had no idea who's engagement party it was until they arrived. The poor thing visibly crumbled when introduced to the bride to be. Her former wife, Darlene, and her tall, very masculine fiance.

"And just who is this adorably dressed little girl?" Darlene asked.

"This is Bethany Ann, who I adopted several months ago. She's Kate Conner's new Lolita Doll model," Cora said, then to her added, "Give a nice curtsy to Ms. Jeffrys and her fiancé and say how very pleased you are to meet them."

Which Bethany Ann, looking totally devastated, was forced to do.

It was perhaps an hour later that Darlene asked if she could borrow Bethany Ann, that she'd like to show her some of the rooms in the house. So nervously she could do nothing but follow her.

As they went Darlene innocently asked, "So, what do you think of Brad? Isn't he every woman's catch, so tall, handsome and masculine?"

"Y-Yes h-he is," Bethany Ann cringed at the humiliating question.

The first room she Darlene led her to was the master bedroom, shocking Bethany Ann when she said, gloatingly, "This is where Brad fucks my brains out nearly every night, sometimes twice. You can't imagine the size of his cock, it's massive. Something you never had, was it BOB?"

"Oh yes, I know, I planned it all just to teach you a lesson. If you'd ever put your foot down and started acting like the man again I thought I'd married I would have taken you back. But, like the cowardly wimp you proved to be, you never did. Which, as far as I was concerned, sealed your fate. And now look at you. Actually adopted, eleven years old, and you even look it, and, for all intents and purposes living the life of a Lolita doll."

"P-Please stop," She begged, at her former wife's cruel, unforgiving words.

“Oh, and it gets so much better,” She said, leading her into the most over the top, frilly, little girl’s room.

“This is where you’ll be staying when you come to visit. Right next to our room where undoubtedly you’ll be able to hear Brad and I fucking our brains out all night.”

“And, this is just the best yet,” She said, with a wolfish grin, and opening a closet took out the most little girlish white satin dress, shoes, veil, gloves and flower wreath. “This is what you’ll be wearing at our wedding, you see BOB, you’re going to be our flower girl,” Darlene said triumphantly.

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