

Perry Mathews had just turned eighteen and graduated high school. He was a scrawny mop haired young man with bright sapphire blue eyes. He was brought up in a strict middle-income family in a small midwestern town. Perry had many friends including girls. He dated frequently but nothing really serious. He was more into hanging with his guy friends playing video games. It's not that he didn't like girls, it was just that they confused him. They were all about clothing, makeup and some screen or pop idol. Things he didn't have anything in common with. He was very attracted to them and thinking about this one or that one as he masturbated. It was so much easier hanging with the guys than with the girls. Now that he graduated, Perry had other things in mind.

His parents wanted him to go to Kansas State but Perry didn't want to be that close to home. If he went there, his parents would expect him to come home frequently. He wanted more, someplace away from cold winters and freedom to be himself. Someplace also very far away to discourage his parents from visiting. When a college in Southern California offered a partial scholarship, he accepted. He loved his parents but wanted out from their thumb. Perry also decided not to wait for the fall term, packed a few belongings into his used Honda. Once he got to California and settled would transfer his college fund and savings to a local bank.

"Look, Mom and Dad, I've never been to California. I need time to check the place out before school starts. That way, if I don't like it or the school, I can always come back to Kansas State," he explained after his parents bitterly complained.

"Son, your Mother and I are not at all happy with this as we've told you a hundred times. You're going to be living in a different world than ours. Going to State, we'll be close by if you need help. From what I hear California is like a bowl of granola. Take the flakes out, all you have left are fruits and nuts. We don't like it but your reasoning is sound and we won't stop you. Just make sure you keep in touch. I expect you to call us at least once a week when you get there," his father retorted.

"Yeah, sure Dad," he promised. "I can't wait to get there, find a place to stay and maybe find a job until school starts," he thought.

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The trip was mostly boring until he reached the Rockies and driving thru Denver. Perry wasn't a big sports fan but liked the Broncos and impressed when he detoured to see their stadium. He was even more impressed when he got to his destination. The city was about ten times the size of his, nestled against a backdrop of mountains. Perry had checkout this place and the college on-line and had an idea of what it was like. He just didn't realize how picturesque the place really was

or crowded. He checked into a motel and grabbed a handful of those flyers describing places of interest.

"Finely I'm on my own. No one to tell me it's bed time or what to do. This place looks fantastic. Never seen anything higher than a railroad crossing until I hit the Rockies. Now I practically have them in my backyard. Wow! I can't wait to go exploring but I need to find an apartment first. Something I should have done much earlier," he thought opening his laptop and searched for apartments available in the area.

An hour later he gave up his search in disgust. Not even an efficiency apartment was within his price range. Deciding to get an early supper went to the diner connected with the motel. The waitress was middle aged with bleach blond hair held in place by a hairnet. She was wearing a yellow uniform with a white waist apron tied in a pert bow. He looked at the menu she gave him and again surprised by the prices.

"Ten dollars for a hamburger and fries? Three fifty for a coke? That's twice as much as back home. I had no idea prices would be so high here. I'm definitely going to have to find a job for the summer instead of playing around like I wanted. I don't have near enough savings and my school funds will just cover that cost. Better check the want ads before I do anything else tonight," he thought unhappily.

Again, he wasn't happy examining the want ads listed on his computer. He either wasn't qualified or for flipping burgers or frying chicken. Perry had worked in a fast food place a couple of years ago and hated it.

"Guess I'll go to the college tomorrow and check it out. Their web site doesn't tell me what I need to know. Maybe I can get a dorm room and check to see if they have any summer job offers," he thought getting ready for bed.

His first stop that next morning was at Micky D's for a bacon, egg and cheese biscuit with a cup of coffee. It was close to the campus and had a good view of it from where he was sitting. Perry's next stop was the campus administration building. In student affairs he found out that since he wasn't a registered student a dormitory room wasn't available. It was also too late for him to register for summer school. From there he was directed to a bulletin board where job listings and off campus housing were posted. The secretary told him where it was but that it was pretty much picked over. After a few minutes of looking, reached up and pulled down a card.

"This might work if it's still available," he thought reading the card.

"Bedroom with meals provided for the right person in exchange for working in my boutique. Call 666-5555 for an appointment," it read.

"I have no idea what a boutique is but should be okay. Beats the heck out of flipping burgers though. Probably has something to do with flowers," he thought taking out his cell phone.

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The job was still available, given the address and told to come right over. Perry discovered why some college kid wasn't already working there. It was located on the edge of town over an hour from campus. It was by his standards a small brick house attached to a small store with no lawn just white rocks. He wasn't happy with its location but had little choice and rang the doorbell.

When the door opened a woman, he guessed was in her late fifties or early sixties greeted him. She was taller than Perry with black gray streaked hair fashioned into a bun on each side of her head. She was wearing a black satin cap sleeved blouse and gray below the knee skirt, sheer black nylons and black patent leather three-inch stiletto pumps. Her face was round and wearing full makeup. For a woman her age Perry thought she was pretty. He thought she was pretty because she was wearing full makeup with bright wet red lipstick. Something only the girls he knew wore on really special nights like the prom.

"Yes, young man, how can I help you?" she asked examining him through the screen door.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm the one who called about the room and job. My name is Perry Mathews," he replied.

"Oh, there must be some misunderstanding. I was expecting a woman. I thought you said your name was Cherry when we talked on the phone," she replied starting to shut the door.

"Wait! Please! I'm desperate and need this job and room. Just give me a chance," he desperately replied.

"Very well, come on in. I really need some help and I have coffee ready. I usually have a cup or two after I close the store. Would you like some?" she said stepping back so he could enter.

"Yes, thank you ma'am," he replied relieved that she would hear him out.

"I don't like being called Ma'am. Makes me sound older than I am. You will refer to me as Miss. Norman. Understood?" she almost snapped.

"Yes ma...Miss. Norman," he quickly replied.

She led him into the kitchen which he found quite modern and told him to sit. Perry, a bit nervously sat at the kitchen table and told her he liked his coffee black.

He was startled when she gave him a look and said, "You are too young to be drinking coffee like that. Cream and sugar it is then."

Perry hadn't drunk coffee like that since he was a little kid. Not wanting to displease her and lose what chance he had at getting the job, he nodded his head. As he told her his life story and why he wanted the job drank it.

"Way too sweet for my tastes but I really want this job. With what I'll save on rent and food, I'll be able to rent an apartment when school starts if I want," he thought accepting another cup.

"Well young man, do you have any idea what a boutique is? I've never heard of a man wanting to do such a thing. No? Well, it'll be easier if I show you. Come with me," she said when he finished telling her his life story.

Miss. Norman led him to the side of the house and opened a door and flipped a light switch. What Perry saw was a women's clothing store. He had absolutely no idea about any of the clothing hanging from chromed racks.

"Oh," he gulped. "I...I thought it would be like a flower shop."

"It's not a bouquet young man, it's a boutique. To be specific, a vintage clothing shop catering to women of discriminating tastes. I call it, La La's Vintage Fashions. I guess you didn't see the sign as you came down a side street. You seem like a nice boy but can you see yourself working here?" she replied.

"Eeerrrr, yes...Ma'am," he mumbled. "Gosh, I never expected this. Guess I could handle cleaning up or moving stuff around," he thought wrinkling his nose at the heavy floral scent in the air.

"That's Miss. Norman boy!" she crossly snapped.

"I'm sorry, Miss. Norman. It won't happen again," he quickly answered hearing the anger in her voice which made him cringe. Then added, "I..I worked last summer doing janitorial services. I can do that."

"Well, we'll see. Now if, and I say if I take you on, I have very strict rules of behavior. One, is that you will have no one visit without telling me beforehand and absolutely no parties among others. I'm still not sure I want a boy working in my boutique," she stated a bit harshly.

"Miss. Norman...errr...I just arrived in town. I don't know anyone and don't have a problem with that rule. Look, I'm a hard worker and will do whatever you say. Just give me a chance, I really want this job," he replied.

"You sound sincere but we shall see. Okay, I'll give you a chance boy. Mind you, just one chance. If you don't do as I wish, you will be let go. You move in tomorrow morning. Just make sure you're here well before nine. That's when I open the store," she said in dismissal.

"I don't know if I will like this but it's an opportunity to save a bunch of money. Knowing the prices in this city, free room and board are worth putting up with her treating me like a little kid," he thought getting into his car.

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Perry drove into Miss. Norman's driveway at six thirty. "I hope I'm not too early but she did say well before nine. Guess I'll find out when I ring the doorbell," he thought going up to the door.

To his great surprise she was not only up but dressed and wearing full makeup. She was wearing a black with white pen stripping business suit and knee length straight skirt, crème satin blouse, dark hosiery and creme patent leather pumps with a three-inch stiletto heel. To his eyes she looked very imposing.

"Go..good morning Miss. Norman. I..I'm not too early, am I?" he stuttered.

"At least you're prompt, follow me and I'll show you to your room. Like I said, I wasn't expecting a boy to apply so no complaints about the room," she said curtly.

"Yes ma..Miss. Norman. I'm sure I will like it," he said quickly correcting himself.

Perry didn't have a sister nor had he ever been in a young girl's room either. When he entered the room, froze dropping his two suitcases to the wood floor. The room would have thrilled any teenaged girl. The parquet flooring was covered here and there with fluffy lavender rugs. The furniture was all white with gold pen stripping and delicate looking. On top of the dresser was a fancy Victorian doll. The twin bed had a lavender chiffon canopy, a bright white satin quilted spread and periwinkle pink sheets. On the periwinkle pink painted walls were posters of Elvis and other 1950's rock stars along with a couple of floral oil prints. The room had a distinctive smell of flowers.

"Well, just don't stand there with your mouth hanging open. Get busy and unpack your things. You will keep this room as clean as it is now. The bathroom is right across the hall. I'll give you twenty minutes then meet me in the kitchen for a light breakfast. I'll tell you what I want and what I expect from you while we eat," she instructed leaving the room.

"I don't feel comfortable being here. I feel more like a sneak in some girl's room. Like I have any choice. Don't think I'll ever get used to all this pink though," he thought beginning to unpack.

Opening a drawer began tossing in his underwear. It didn't take him long to empty both suitcases. Taking his laptop, placed it on the vanity which he planned on using as a desk. Finally, he grabbed his toiletries and went to put them in the bathroom. Perry paused as he entered. Like the bedroom, the bathroom was painted periwinkle pink while the commode, counter top and bath in a darker pink. The flooring was in white tile with a periwinkle pink fuzzy rug.

"Oh gawd! More pink," he thought going over to the linen closet to put away his toiletries.

The first thing he noticed when opening the door was a box of tampons sitting next to a large package of panty liners on the shelf. He knew what they were from watching all those TV ads. He paused a few moments, then reached out to move them to the side. Perry was a little scared to even touch those most feminine of items. He quickly placed his stuff on the shelf; then out of curiosity took the box of tampons. With a shaking hand pulled one out to examine. Removing the pearly colored wrapping saw the pink plastic applicator with the shiny white string hanging out the back.

"Breakfast is ready," he heard Miss. Norman shout and quickly replaced the tampon and wrapper into the box and on the shelf.

"Coming," he shouted back blushing.

A bowl of cottage cheese, half peach and a slice of unbuttered toast along with a cup of cream and sugared coffee awaited him. Miss. Norman was finishing her toast when he entered. She gave him a hard look but just said "sit."

As he began eating, she got up and went into the store. When she came back carried two items in her hands. One was a periwinkle pink overall. The overall was in a light weight denim with a square neckline with adjustable straps and Y back, buttoning at the side. On the bib front was embroidered a small cluster of darker pink periwinkles and in gold, "LaLa's Vintage Clothing". The other item was a white cotton cap sleeved shirt.

"When you finish put these on. This is your uniform while working in the store," she bluntly stated.

"Pink? Don't you have any other ones I could wear?" he tentatively asked.

"To be exact, this color is called periwinkle pink and it's the signature color for my store. And to answer your question, no. This

is the only color overalls I have or will allow. If you have any objections, pack up and leave right now," she harshly replied.

Taken aback by her tone, Perry swallowed his pride and replied, "No, I'm sorry. I'll wear it Miss. Norman."

"Very well but when I tell you something from now on, I don't want to hear any arguments. We'll get along nicely if you just promptly do what I tell you. Hurry and finish up. We need to get the store ready to open," she kindly replied.

Back in his room Perry reluctantly stripped and began putting on his uniform. The shirt confused him for a moment as the small pearl buttons were on the wrong side. The soft cotton shirt seemed to hug his torso and buttoned up to the rounded collars. Stepping into the overalls discovered they had a satin lining and a snug fit. They were tight in the crotch and seemed to dig into his ass cheeks. His boxers were bunched up as well.

"This overall is a bit small on me and digging into my crotch and ass. I'll have to ask if she has a larger size. I feel like a darn fool wearing it but Miss. Norman didn't give any real choice. Other than these two small pockets on the bib, the others are just decoration. Where am I going to put my wallet and cell? Damn, they don't even have a fly," he thought

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In the store Miss. Norman gave Perry a quick tour and showed where the janitorial supplies were. She told him to vacuum the floor then wipe down the counter tops. When he finished that sent outside to wash the windows. Going outside wearing the uniform made him blush. It was rush hour and there were a lot of cars going past the shop. Adding to his embarrassment were the pink rubber gloves and boots she gave him to wear along with the white rubber bibbed apron.

Perry was greatly relieved getting back into the store. "I don't think I have ever been this embarrassed. At least no one knows me here. I would have died if any of my friends had seen me," he thought.

By the time he finished up outside, it was time for lunch and he was very hungry. The meager breakfast had just made a slight dent in his hunger pains. When he mentioned it to Miss. Norman, she instructed him to go to the kitchen.

"I could use a bite as well. Go to the refrigerator. On the top shelf you will find some soup I made. Heat it up in the microwave. You'll find some saltines in the right-hand cabinet. Bring the soup and four crackers for the both of us when it's done. While the soup is heating make some coffee and bring us a cup. Don't dilly-dally. I have more work for you," she instructed.

"Soup and four lousy crackers? I know the food is free but I'm still a growing boy. I need real food like a burger and fries. Hopefully she'll fix a real meal come supper time," he grumbled going into the kitchen.

Perry spent the rest of the work day moving chromed display racks around the store. "I like to completely rearrange my shop every month or so. That way when my regulars come in. They have to look around more. They usually pick out something they didn't plan on purchasing. It's good for sales. Now that you're here, I can do it more often," she explained.

By the time Miss. Norman locked the doors on the shop, Perry was exhausted. Those racks were heavy and on some the small wheels didn't cooperate. The underarms of his shirt were sweat stained as was the front when he removed the overalls. She noticed the stains under his armpits and wrinkled her nose.

"Once we get inside, go take a bath and while you're at it shave those pits. I can't have you working in my shop with those kind of stains on your blou..shirts," she said as they entered the house.

"Shave my pits? Guys..," he started to say when she interrupted.

"I don't care what you want. Like I told you earlier, either do what I demand or pack your bags. If you have a problem call me and I'll do it for you," she snapped angrily.

"I don't want to do that but I certainly don't want her to do it for me. I should just pack and get out of here but then I would still need a more permanent place to live," he thought but replied, "Yes, Miss. Norman."

"What the heck, no one will see me without a shirt for a while. Might as well get this over with," he thought once in the bathroom.

Perry quickly figured out that his rarely used electric razor wouldn't work on armpits. Now that he was eighteen hoped to start seeing some real facial hair coming in. Looking in the linen closet found some pink lady's razors and a can of feminine shaving cream. The cream had a slight floral fragrance but that would be gone once he bathed.

Having to take a bath also bothered him. He much preferred taking a shower. As he sat in the steaming water, was upset that the pink bar of soap smelled like flowers. Soaping up the wash cloth, Miss. Norman knocked on the door; then to his surprise and embarrassment, stepped into the room.

"Sorry about the intrusion young man but I wanted to see if you needed help shaving," she sweetly said with a big smile.

"No, no I did it already," he replied blushing scarlet and thrusting the wash cloth to cover his groin.

"Oh, don't be so modest. You don't have anything that I haven't seen many times before. Hold up your arms so I can see if you did a good job. See that they stay that way. Well, hurry up supper is almost ready," she answered turning and leaving.

"I can't believe she just walked in here like that. I was in the damn tub. Going to have to make sure I lock it next time," he thought drying off.

Supper was better than his other meals but not by much. A small baked chicken breast and two sides that he didn't recognize. Miss. Norman told him the greens were Kale and the light brown Quinoa. Another cup of cream and sugared coffee was sitting by his plate. Looking down at the meager serving, Perry frowned.

"Look Miss. Norman, I appreciate what you did but I think I'll just find a burger joint and have supper there," he said taking his car keys out of his pocket.

"Young man! Give me those keys this instant. You're not going anywhere! I fixed a very healthy meal and you will eat what I provide. Either give me the keys or pack your bags!" she yelled angrily and stood up with her hand held out.

"Sounds just like my Mom but she isn't my mother. It's too late to pack and leave now and not wild about staying in another cheap motel either. I can always leave tomorrow," he thought as he placed his keys in her palm.

"Well, what do you have to say?" she demanded with a cold look.

"Eerrr, sorry Miss. Norman. I'm just really hungry," he managed.

"Sit down and eat before it gets cold. You need to lose some weight in any case," she replied sternly.

"Yes ma'am..I mean Miss. Norman," he quickly corrected. "Lose weight? I'm already skinny as a rail," he thought.

When they finished, she got up and tied pink organza apron around his waist. Seeing his puzzled look said, "You're now responsible for the cleanup. Rinse the dishes and put them in the washer. Wipe down the counter tops and table. Then you're free to do what you want. You look tired and think you should just go to bed. We have a busy day tomorrow. I have a shipment coming in that will need to be sorted."

"So much for my first day with Miss. Norman. If I had known it was

going to be such a pain, never would have agreed to stay here. Everything from this room to my work uniform are just too girly and I'm still hungry to boot," he thought getting into bed. Looking up and seeing the canopy groaned and turned over. Despite his day, fell asleep quickly.

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The next morning, he was given a fresh uniform after breakfast. She told him to get dressed and meet her in the shop. Again, she had him vacuum, dust the display cases and then wash the outside windows. Like yesterday, embarrassed about being outside but not as much. Lunch was watercress sandwiches with some carrot sticks and a cup of that sweetened coffee. He hated all of it and seriously considering leaving that afternoon once the shop closed. That afternoon, Miss. Norman had him unloading the boxes of new inventory. Most of the boxes contained dresses, skirts, blouses and shoes from the 1950's and early 1960's. Except for the shoes, all the rest had to be hung on hangers. It was easy work and he didn't mind as it was better than shoving metal racks. He was surprised that he actually liked the feel of chiffon, nylon and satin blouses he had to put on padded hangers. Perry imagined what some of them would look like on his old girlfriend, Sally. Blouses Sally would never think of wearing. They were way to frilly and lacy for a farm girl like her. It wasn't until he opened a box filled with panties and matching camisoles that he took pause. A pair of panties slipped out of the cellophane as he took the packet out of the box. Perry intended to put them back into the packet but stopped as he touched them. They were so sensual to the touch and light as a feather.

Perry couldn't help himself as he took the pair of scarlet semi-sheer full cut panties with a black floral lace insert on the front from the box. For some unknown reason, began rubbing them on his cheek. A big smile on his face thinking about how Sally would look in them. Unfortunately for him, Miss. Norman chose that time to enter the storage room. It wasn't until the flash went off on her cell phone that he noticed she was there. His face turned as scarlet as the panties that floated down from his hand to the floor.

"Pick your panties up off the floor sissy boy. You'll have to hand wash them later," she said, turned on her heels and went back into the shop.

His face burning in shame, bent down and picked the panties up. Having no pockets to put them in, stuck the panties inside the bib of his overalls. As he stood back up, realized he had an erection and shifted it into a more comfortable position. Still blushing he began to unpack the box.

"What have I done? Now she's going to think I'm some kind of pervert. How the hell can I even explain why I was doing that? I don't even

know myself. Shit!" he thought.

As they were getting ready to close for the night, Perry was sweeping behind the counter. He wasn't blushing now and Miss. Norman hadn't said a word about what had happened. That all changed when she came up to him holding the scarlet panties in her hand.

"Look what I found on the floor. Aren't these your panties little boy?" she said. "I wonder how they got on the floor?"

"Yo...you tol..told me I...I ha...had to wash them...n..and didn't have a pock..pocket to put the..them in," he stammered blushing brightly.

"That I did sissy boy; however, I meant for you to leave them out so you could pick them up later. Not stick them in your pants! No! Don't say anything. We'll discuss this after supper. Get back to sweeping. I want to close," she snapped clearly irritated.

"Now she's going to kick me out for sure. Oh well, I'm too mortified to stay in any case. I planned on leaving anyway," he thought.

Once the shop was closed and they walked back into the house, she handed him a bag. Looking inside saw the panties and the matching camisole. The camisole had two-inches of black floral lace hemming and the bodice stitched in elaborate black floral embroidery. He quickly shut the bag.

"Go take your bath and since you seem to like those so much, wear them when you come to supper. Don't you dare to think of arguing with me on this sissy boy! If you don't, I'll make sure that college of yours gets a copy of that picture I took. You know the one with you rubbing them on your face and that bulge in your pants. Now, scat. I'll see you at supper and we'll discuss your future with me," she stated harshly.

"No! Please, you can't do that!" he replied scared by her threat.

"Are you arguing with me sissy boy? If you are, I'm ready to email that picture to the registrar. Didn't I just tell you to go and take a bath. This time you will get the bubble bath from the closet and add it. I'll know if you don't," she hissed.

"No...no I wasn't arguing Miss. Norman. I'll do wha..what you say," he capitulated blushing and headed to his room.

"What have I gotten myself into? I don't want to wear that stuff much less take a bubble bath. I don't even know why I did what I did in the first place. I can't let her send that picture to the college either. I'd never be able to show my face there. If she just wants to humiliate me, well, she's already done a damn good job. I'd have no choice but to go back home in shame. Tell my folks I failed; then, I'd

be right back where I was under their thumb and no telling what will happen to that picture. I hope she will be satisfied now and delete it," he thought finding the bottle of lavender scented bubble bath.

Finished with his bath Perry gingerly picked up the camisole and looked at it. "It's very pretty and sexy but on a girl. Not me," he thought as it slid down like flowing water on his body. He was surprised to feel his penis jerk as the sensuous fabric settled. Stepping into the panties did the same thing as the nylon crotch caressed his ass and groin. "Damn! Why am I getting an erection? These are girls' clothes for crying out loud," his mind screamed. Trying to suppress the weird feelings, quickly put on his cargo pants and pull over shirt. He did feel a little better once he had on his clothing hiding his shame.

Miss. Norman was waiting for him when he entered the kitchen. She had changed out of her business suit and had her hair up in a high ponytail. A vivid red satin billowing sleeved blouse with a V-neck exposing some of her ample bosom. A wide black patent leather belt with a gold buckle at her narrow waist and just below the knee black straight skirt. Red hose and black mid-calf patent leather boots with a four-inch stiletto heel completed her dressing. As usual in full makeup with red glossy lipstick that matched her blouse. Perry found her quite imposing and blushed. As he got nearer, could smell her spicy perfume.

"Sit!" was all she said picking up two plates.

There was a four inch by five-inch filet of salmon, some Kale and green beans on the plates. The usual cup of sweetened coffee already at his place. He was hungry but each swallow was hard. All he could smell was the scent of lavender emanating from his body. His mind too occupied about what she was going to say after they finished. The soft sensual feel of wearing a camisole and panties also helped to take his mind off his food.

With the meal finished, he cleared the table and put the dishes in the sink. As he was doing that, Miss. Norman stepped up behind him and put an arm around his waist pressing her breasts into his back. Perry did the only thing he could, he froze.

His mind screaming, "What's going on?"

"Yum, you smell very nice sissy boy. Are you wearing your pretty cami and panties?" she whispered into his ear as her right hand lowered to cup his groin. Her left hand cupping his left breast. "Oh, yes you are, aren't you? Tell me sissy boy what you are wearing under your pants and shirt," she whispered while beginning to move her hands in a circular motion.

Perry was becoming very confused. "What's going on? Is she coming on to me?" his mind questioned even as his penis jerked into full

erection.

"I asked you to tell me what you are wearing under your clothes? Now tell me," she demanded giving his balls a squeeze making him jump.

Realizing his delicate position and as much as he didn't want to admit it answered, "A..a..cam..camisole an...and panties," he managed.

This time she pinched his nipple and demanded, "You can do better than that sissy boy. Describe them and sound enthusiastic about it like I know you are."

"Describe them like I enjoy wearing this stuff?" he thought but another pinch started him talking.

"I'm wearing a red with black lace decoration camisole an..and red panties with black lace on the front," he gasped.

"You can do much better than that sissy boy. Tell me how delighted you are to be wearing your pretty camisole and panties. I just know you love them. Your little tinkle down here is telling me the truth. If you don't sound really excited and love what you're wearing, I will have to email that picture to your parents. Oh yes, I got your media contacts while you were in the bath from your laptop. You know you shouldn't be leaving it on when not around," she said giving his balls another hard squeeze.

"No, please, don't do that," he gasped truly frightened out of his wits.

"Then tell me you love wearing your dainty pretties and that you are a sissy. I know that's what you really are. Despite any protestations, your erection tells me the truth. Now tell me!" she demanded this time beginning to rub his erection.

Perry was bewildered by how this much older woman had taken so much control over him so quickly. His mind was reeling and he did have an erection that he couldn't explain. If nothing else it should have wilted with the shame. Instead, as she rubbed it through his pants, throbbed with need.

"Tell me sissy boy. I know you can do it. You need to admit what you are. You're certainly no man wearing such delicate women's lingerie. Admit that you just love your new dainties and a sissy boy," she purred into his ear.

Perry hadn't masturbated in a while and as she rubbed the silky material over his penis made it erect. The sensations coming from his chest as the slinky fabric rubbed across his nipple was too much. He needed to cum. It would be mortifying if he did but the sensations were overpowering. Sally had once given him a hand job which felt

great but nothing like this. He was almost there when she stopped. He was left panting and gasping.

Miss. Norman's hands were still on his crotch and touching his chest when he bucked, her hands moved with him leaving no feeling. "Now, now sissy boy. If you want me to continue, tell me who you are and that you love your lingerie," she whispered into his ear. Her hot breath sending more tingling into his brain.

"I..I love my silky lingerie an...and I'm a sissy," he gasped.

"Oh no Cherry, that didn't sound very sincere. Now tell me how much you love your pretty camisole, panties and are a sissy," she instructed beginning to massage his groin.

"Please..," he began but she squeezed his testicles again making him flinch.

"I love my pretty red panties and camisole. I really, really do. They feel so wonderful and I can't help it. I'm a sissy," he exclaimed defeated.

"Better but let me hear you say, 'Miss. Norman, please let me wear pretty feminine panties and camisoles all the time. I just love them as only a real sissy can,'" she instructed running her red varnished nail up his trapped penis.

"Miss. Norman, please...please let me wear pretty feminine panties and camisoles all the time. I just love them so much as only a real sissy can," gushed out of his mouth before he could stop them; then, burst into tears.

"Why those must be tears of pure joy," she said then whispered, "Now aren't you glad that you admitted who you truly are? Now tell me those are happy tears."

"Why is she torturing me like this? I've never felt so humiliated in my life," he thought then said, "I'm a sissy an..and crying tears of joy now that you know."

"I'm very pleased my sissy. Now, I think it is time for your reward," she whispered and began stroking him more excitedly.

It wasn't long before he had a massive climax. The thin nylon had no means of holding it back and it seeped into his cargo pants creating a large stain. He collapsed and if Miss. Norman hadn't a good hold around his waist, would have slumped to the floor.

"What a good sissy you are. See, when you do what I ask you will be rewarded. I'm more than happy to grant your fondest wish. I'll give you plenty of pretty panties and matching camisoles since it makes you

so happy. I think it only proper for you to thank me, don't you?" she said with a broad smile.

"Ye..yes Miss. Norman. Thank you," he answered as waves of guilt spread over him.

Seeing that she had pushed him as much as she could this night, helped him stand. "Why don't you go clean up your little mess and wash out your pretty panties. There is a bottle of Woolite ® under the sink. You'll need them for tomorrow. Good night sissy," she said walking away.

Humiliated beyond belief, Perry couldn't wait to get away from this crazy woman. He rushed to the bathroom as he felt cold cum begin dripping down his thigh. Perry shut the door but discovered he couldn't lock it. Giving up, quickly stripped off his sodden pants and the panties. He wanted to toss them both into the trash but knew he couldn't. After cleaning up, washed the panties leaving them on the counter top. Sleep did not come easy for him that night.

##

He was awakened the next morning by Miss. Norman. "Come on you lazy sissy. Get up. We have a lot to do today and you need to select all your pretty lingerie," she gruffly said pulling the sheet and comforter off him.

Seeing that he was wearing boxes and a tee shirt, her eyes flared in anger. As he started to turn over, she slapped his ass hard. "Sissy what's the matter with you! Wearing those horrid boxers and tee shirt. I know you messed your panties but not your precious camisole. Looks like I'm going to have to get you some proper nighties today as well. Now, get in the bathroom. I have your bubble bath waiting," she practically shouted making him cringe.

With his butt stinging Perry got out of bed and rushed into the bathroom. Sure enough, there was a pile of multi-colored bubbles filling the tub and the strong smell of lavender. He was reluctant to get in and smelling like flowers but he did. Perry was too scared not to do it. This time the water felt oily as he sat with bubbles floating around his chest. The smell of lavender even stronger than before.

His hopes for some peace so he could contemplate his situation didn't last as Miss. Norman entered wearing a white rubber apron. He watched in shock as she went over to the linen closet. There she removed some pink lady's razors and the can of feminine shaving cream.

Putting the items down on the edge of the tub said, "Time to get rid of the rest of that ugly body hair. Keep quite while I shave your chest and legs or I just might accidentally cut you. I'm sure you hate it but

just didn't know how to get rid of it properly. Every sissy I have met kept their bodies hair free. Well, I'm going to show you and expect you to keep doing it."

"No, please Miss. Norman. Haven't you done enough to me already? Look, I just want to go home. Back to Kansas and promise not to say anything to anybody. Please just let me go," he begged as tears filled his eyes.

"What? Let you go when you just came out as being a sissy. Oh no, can't do that. You have so much to learn and it's obvious you still refuse to recognize who you really are. Oh no, you need me to teach you what you need to know. I would fail in my civic duties if I refused or stopped helping you. I know you feel desperate and after you messed your panties...well you really need my help. I promise when you leave here, you will be a proper sissy and enjoy it," she replied raising his left leg and squirting shaving cream on it.

To Be Continued

Periwinkle Pink Part 2

As Perry stepped out of the bathroom, he was blushing as pink as the towel he wore around his waist. Miss. Norman hadn't stopped with just shaving his legs and chest but his butt and groin as well. He did protest but all she did was mention a few of his media friends and silenced further complaint. She had treated him like a little kid and now without any pubic hair felt like one. Not only that but he now smelled like a girl. His bath had a strong lavender scent as did the body lotion he had to use as well as the feminine deodorant.

He let out a groan as he saw what was laid out on his bed for him to wear. The scarlet panties with the black lace insert, the matching camisole, the periwinkle overalls and a white translucent nylon cap sleeved shirt. There was no mistaking this shirt to be anything other than a girl's blouse. For a few minutes he just stood there, holding back tears.

"This has gone far enough. I'm a man not some silly sissy like she thinks. I should put on my clothes, pack my bags and get out of here but she has that picture and one of me with that big stain on my pants. She said she would post them on the internet, if I don't do what she says. If my parents or friends see those, I won't be able to go home again. Man, I should have gone to State like they wanted. I'm so screwed," he sadly thought picking up the panties.

Miss. Norman was waiting for him in the kitchen. She had changed out of the pink sweats she had worn while embarrassing the hell out of him in the bath. Her hair was in a big puffed out pageboy and in full makeup. She was wearing a pink paisley print below the knee A-line dress with short puffed sleeves. The full skirt was flared out by white net petty

coats and her legs clad in black seamed hose. A pair of strappy pink sandals that matched the dress on her feet. They had four-inch spiked heels making her much taller than Perry. Miss. Norman might have looked grandmotherly but her demeanor and disposition, intimidated the hell out of Perry.

"You took your sweet time sissy. Sit down and I'll give you your breakfast," she briskly stated.

"Plea...please Miss. Norman, don't keep calling me that," he replied blushing.

"Don't call you what sissy?" she responded.

"That," he answered blushing harder.

"You'll have to be more specific sissy," she snapped.

"Sissy, plea...please stop calling me a..a sissy," he said barely above a whisper.

"That's what you admitted you were last night isn't it? You're wearing panties and pretty camisole under your uniform, aren't you? Do you know any young man who does that?" she questioned bringing him his breakfast.

All Perry could do was stare down at his plate. He blushed even brighter as she spoke. "I'm not a sissy," he said barely above a whisper.

"Did you just say you weren't a sissy? Well, perhaps if I sent your parents those pictures, what do you think they will call you?" she snapped loudly.

Hearing that, Perry's eyes got as big as saucers, the blush turning ashen white. His whole body shaking as he imagined how his parents would react. For several moments he couldn't even speak.

"No, no you can...can't do...do that. Please, I...I'm sorry. I'll do whatever you want...I...I promise. Jus...just don't do that," he managed in a panic.

"Then tell me that you are a sissy and love wearing feminine lingerie. You had better sound sincere otherwise I'll have to send those pictures to get your parent's opinion," she stated with a broad smile.

"I'm a sissy and can't thank you enough for letting me wear pretty panties and camisoles. I...I just love how they...they make me feel Miss. Norman," he spat out quickly.

"I can't believe I just said that but I had too. I don't even want to think how my folks would react seeing those," he thought.

"Very well sissy, eat your breakfast; then, we'll go pick out some pretty lingerie for you," she replied sitting at her place and beginning to eat.

##

Perry's blush was back in full force as he stood beside the stacks of panties and camisoles he had unpacked yesterday. Miss. Norman told him he wore a size 6 panty and medium camisole and to select a dozen matching sets.

"The one thing common among women is that they always make sure that their lingerie matches. Now that I have measured you, you know what sizes and how many you need to find. I know you will take your time to select only the most feminine and lace frilled ones you can. All sissies just love to fondle fine lingerie just make sure you don't pick out more than two sets in white. Sissies just love all the different pretty colors. You still have to do the pre-opening cleaning so don't take too long. While you're doing that, I'll find you some dainty nighties and pretty bras. After you put all your lingerie in your room, I'll show you how to remove the panty/camisole sets from the packets and properly hang them for display," she instructed.

"Nighties? Bras? Did I hear her right? I don't want to wear a nightie much less a bra," he thought looking up in surprise.

"That's right sissy. I did say you needed some appropriate sleepwear and the bras because you defied me this morning. Besides, all sissies would just love to have a pair of girls all their own. Now, get busy," she stated glaring at him. Daring Perry to argue with her.

Bitting his tongue to keep from saying what he wanted, replied, "Yes. Miss. Norman."

After selecting his panties and camisoles, most in bright primary colors and glistening pastels, Miss. Norman approached him carrying a number of items in her arms. She deposited the pile on a counter top and examined his selections nodding in approval.

"Very pretty lingerie just perfect for a sissy. Now, stand up straight and let me see how this nightie looks," she said smiling and picking up a periwinkle pink double layered baby doll. It had puff chiffon sleeves with eyelet lace hemming, slightly rounded neckline and billowing skirts just reaching below his groin. The top layer was in a crème chiffon, the underskirt a shimmering periwinkle pink nylon. The matching panties were full cut with white ruffled lace hemming the leg openings.

Putting down the nightie picked up a scarlet satin bullet bra. The band had a floral lace overlay and the cone shaped cups glistened in the light. There was a small scarlet satin ribbon fastened between the

cups.

"Alright sissy, time to put on your very first bra. Now strip to the waist so I can see if this is the right fit," she demanded.

Shanking, wishing that the ground would open up and swallow him, Perry lowered the top of his overalls and removed the blouse. He felt a chill run up his spine as Miss. Norman slid the thin satin straps up his arms. As she fastened it behind him, felt his masculinity fade away.

"I can't believe this. I'm a man but all I'm wearing now is women's clothing. Why is she doing this to me? I'm not a sissy no matter what she says," his mind screamed.

With the bra fastened, she checked the fit running a finger under the band; then, adjusted the slides on the shoulder straps. Stepping back, she was all smiles.

"Stay right where you are. I need to get something," she said leaving him standing there blushing furiously.

When she came back, stuffed two pink satin covered foam pads into the bra cups. "There that will do for the time being. Sissy, I don't want to see you hunched over any more. It's back straight or I'll find something to keep it that way. As a sissy you should be proud to show off your girls. Now put your lingerie into some bags and we'll go to your room and put them away," she said with a giggle.

In his room she removed all his boy underwear, showed him how to neatly fold his delicates and put them into the empty drawers. Putting his old underwear into the empty bags, left the room while he finished putting things into the drawers.

"I'll just toss this into the garbage bin. You won't be needing them anymore sissy," she said.

By the time the store opened, Perry was still wearing a scarlet satin bullet bra under his blouse. That was humiliating but having her put pink satin pads into the cups was mortifying. Now his chest stuck out crisply and no way to hide the hideous mounds. Miss. Norman had to threaten Perry to get him outside to clean the windows. The only thing he was remotely pleased about was that the rubber apron hid to some degree his chest.

After another meager lunch was happy to be in the storage room hanging lingerie on their hangers. The last place he wanted to be now was in the shopping area. Thankfully there was enough clothing to hang to keep him there until closing time. Still he had to face sweeping up and rearranging the clothing on the racks before he could escape to the seclusion of the house.

Back in the bathroom Perry was taking another lavender scented bubble bath. This time she had him add a cap full of lavender oil that would help keep his skin soft. In his room was dismayed to see a set of periwinkle pink full cut panties, a matching bullet bra and camisole on his bed. It was obvious that she intended for him to always be in lingerie. Perry had trouble fastening the four hook and eye closure on the bra strap. He just couldn't get his hands in position to do so. With no choice had to ask Miss. Norman for help. At the last moment he realized he was only wearing the semi-sheer panties. Stepping one leg into his jeans, she walked in without knocking.

"No need for putting on pants sissy. You have nothing to hide from me. Even that silly bump in your panties. It's not that big anyway but big enough to tell me you just love wearing panties. So, why did you call for me?" she said with a haughty look that intimidated him.

"I...I'm having trouble putting this thing on," he replied holding up the bra.

"That is not a thing sissy! Call it by its proper name and who it belongs to," she snapped harshly.

"It...it's a bra...my...my bra," he stammered blushing fiercely. "This is so embarrassing having to call it my bra. Why is she being so mean to me?" he thought.

"Very good. You're learning sissy. Pull it back up your arms and I'll position your hands so you can hook your bra properly," she almost sneered.

By the time he got it hooked Perry though his arms would fall off. He let out a sigh of relief when he got it hooked. His relief was short lived as she had him undo it; then, re-hook it. Miss. Norman made him practice until she was satisfied that he wouldn't need any help in the future.

"Don't forget the pads sissy," she said. "Suppers ready, hurry up," she added stepping out of the room.

It didn't take him long to finish dressing but put on a long-sleeved flannel shirt instead of the tee he had planned on wearing. Even with the shirt untucked, he thought the bulges on his chest too prominent.

"I've got to talk her into stopping this before it goes any further. I'm not a sissy like she claims. It's essential that I get her to delete those damning pictures too," he thought heading to the kitchen.

Sitting on his dinner plate was a large square of white stuff and salad. The salad covered most of his plate. It was a mixture of dried diced apricots, slivered carrots, alfalfa sprouts and kale with sesame seeds sprinkled on. The dressing was a mixture of sesame seed oil and wine

vinegar. Later he found out that white stuff was tofu. Unknown to him, they all had high levels of natural estrogen.

He looked from the food to Miss. Norman, a question on his lips when she said, "This is what I normally eat at least four times a week. It is very healthy and keeps my weight down since I seem to overdo eating regular meals. After we finish eating, we'll talk some more. Sit up straight and no slouching."

Sitting up straight bothered him, doing so brought those hideous mounds clearly within his view. "How do women put up with these things? When I look down, I can barely see my toes when I'm standing. Now they're right in front of me and getting in the way," he thought grimacing.

Perry was about half-way through his supper when Miss. Norman hit his hand with her spoon. "Back straight sissy!" she barked.

"Yes Miss. Norman. Sorry Miss. Norman," he replied sitting up. "That hurt," he thought.

The meal finished, Perry was once again at the sink rinsing the dishes when Miss. Norman placed an arm around his waist. The other arm under his left, cupping the bra cup. He felt her breasts pressing into his back and her hips against his bottom. In moments he felt her hand begin messaging his penis. The feeling coming from his panties had kept it in a semi-hard state of arousal. Now it was quickly becoming very erect. He knew what was coming and dreaded it.

"Tell me what you're wearing sissy boy and how much you just love them," she whispered into his ear. Her hot breath and smell of her perfume only making his penis harder.

"Oh, no, not again," he thought trying to wiggle away with no success.

"Please stop Miss. Norman, please, I can't do this," he begged tears beginning to brim.

"Just tell me the truth and I'll stop if you really want me to. Tell me that you are a sissy and how much you love your pretty lingerie," she whispered.

"I'm a sissy an...and I love my lingerie," he blurted in an attempt to stop her.

"Oh, that's not good enough my little sissy. Tell me what you're wearing under those ugly boy's clothes. Do it enthusiastically so I know you really love what I have given you," she whispered squeezing his testicles making him winch.

"I...I'm wear...wearing panties with lace inserts at the hips, a camisole an...and a...bra," he reluctantly mumbled.

"Sissy you have so much to learn. Now whose are those and describe them better," this time hissing while squeezing a bit harder.

"They're mine. I...I'm wearing pink...," he began when she whispered, "Periwinkle pink sissy."

"Yes, I'm wearing...wearing my periwinkle pink panties with white lace inserts at the hips, m...my matching bullet bra an...camisole with white lace on the top and bottom," he managed as she renewed massaging his erection through his jeans.

"The top is called a bodice sissy and the bottom a hem," she instructed. Now, tell me again what you are wearing, do it happily, and admit what you are," she demanded.

"Oh, not again, this is so demeaning and humiliating," he thought but replied, "I'm wearing my periwinkle pink panties with white lace inserts at the hips, my lovely matching satin bullet bra and my pretty camisole with white lace on the bodice and hem. I love the feelings I get wearing such pretty lingerie. I can't help it, I'm a big sissy."

"That was much better sissy. I can tell you really do love them and your little tinkle is as hard as a rock. I think you deserve a reward for being so honest about how you feel wearing pretty lingerie and admitting you're a sissy," she purred as she brought him to another orgasm.

Perry's orgasm was just as euphoric as last nights but didn't stain his jeans as much. Still there was a very noticeable wet stain on the crotch. When he recovered tears of shame were running down his cheeks.

"Tears of happiness I'm sure sissy. All sissies love to cum in their pretty panties. Dry those tears and let me help you get ready for bed," she said taking him by the arm.

"What's the matter with me? I shouldn't have cum like that. I should be with some pretty girl like Sally giving me a hand job. Not some old lady while dressed in lingerie. Could I really be a sissy?" he thought sniffing.

Back in his room, he stood still sniffing as Miss. Norman unbuttoned his shirt then his jeans. When his jeans slipped to his knees tried to back up but stopped as she grabbed his hand.

"Stand still while I help you undress sissy," she snapped making him freeze.

She moved in closer to him staring with cold eyes deeply into his. He felt her finger nail running up his wet panties, tracing his semi-hard penis. "My, my it is so obvious you love your panties. You really are

a great big sissy if your tinkle is this hard after just messing your panties," she commented, lifted her wet finger up to his lips.

Perry tried to rear his head back uttering, "Pleeeaassssee no."

"Go on sissy. I know you want too. All sissies love the taste of cum. Now, before I decide to upload some pictures and comments on your laptop. Suck it clean like the good sissy you're becoming," she snarled forcing her finger into his mouth.

He was on the verge of vomiting when the finger popped out of his mouth. Seeing the look on his face, whispered into his ear, "Don't your dare get sick on me sissy. If you do, I'll be very upset with you."

Perry gulped loudly, forcing the bile back down his throat. She proceeded to remove his wet panties and placed them on the bed. "Your first time tasting cum sissy?" she asked giving him that cold stare.

"Ye...yes," he softly admitted.

"I have a way that should help you become a better sissy and learn to like all the other sissies do. Go clean yourself up, put your camisole in the hamper then get back here so I can get you dressed for bed," she stated with a sly smile.

Wearing only the bra Perry reentered his bedroom fearing what she had planned next. He was hoping she would have him remove the horrid bra and give him the baby doll to wear. She did give him the nightie and matching panties but made him leave the bra on.

"Sissies love their bras and only take them off when they bathe. Get under the covers and I'll tuck you in," she said.

It was only nine o'clock and Perry wasn't about to complain. The quicker he got into bed the quicker this disastrous day would be over. He watched as she picked up his soiled panties and folded them so the wet part was visible.

"This will help you learn to just love the taste of sperm," she said pinching his nose and shoving the panties into his mouth.

She quickly placed a hand over his mouth. "Now sissy don't you dare spit your pretty panties out. I'm going to sit here and read from my favorite romance novel. You will keep those panties in your mouth until I'm satisfied they are squeaky clean. If not, you know the consequences," she stated sitting down with book in hand.

Almost an hour later, she stood putting the book down. "Open up sissy. Let me see what a good job you did cleaning your pretty panties," she said smiling broadly.

They were soaked with his saliva as she held them up. "Very good sissy. I'll just put these in the bathroom so you can properly clean them in the morning. Pleasant dreams sissy," she said leaving the room and turning out the light.

The taste of worn and cum stained panties wasn't that bad, what made it totally disgusting was knowing what was on them. He was just thankful most of his earlier discharge saturated his jeans. Sleep was very fretful that night.

##

When the alarm went off the next morning, Perry slowly opened his eyes. The first thing he noticed was a tightness around his chest. With that awareness, his eyes flew open and he sat up as he remembered.

"It wasn't a bad nightmare. I'm really wearing a bra and nightgown," he thought bringing his hands to cover his face. "How did I let things go this far? I should have walked out of here as soon as she gave me that stupid uniform. Now I'm stuck or Miss. Norman will let my parents and all my friends know of my shame."

As bubble bath began filling the tub, Perry examined his naked body in the full-length mirror. There was no mistaking the red indentations on his chest for anything but a bra's outline. Adding to his shame was the total lack of body hair. Shaking his head and not wanting to face this new day, he stepped into the heavily scented lavender bath.

When he walked into his room Miss. Norman was waiting. "Sissy, pull that towel up around your chest. Sissies always keep their chests covered. It's only proper. I laid out your sunflower yellow lingerie for today and a clean uniform. Hurry up and get dressed," she said moving to the side folding her arms under her ample bosom.

Perry quickly slid the full cut yellow panties up his legs and settled them just below his navel. Dropping the towel, reluctantly picked up the matching bra. Sliding it up his slender arms the easy part. Hooking the four clasps was a bit difficult but he managed without too much effort. Using his thumbs and two fingers grasped the ends of the band, pulled them out slightly and starting with the bottom hook and eye worked his way up. As he did that Miss. Norman smiled broadly.

"Sissy you're a natural at that. In no time at all you won't even have to think about it. I'll get breakfast while you finish up," she said and walked out the room.

The white shell blouse had yellow eyelet lace adorning the collar and semi-sheer. He picked it up and put it on with a sigh. While the bib overalls would hide the front, the bra band and straps were visible at the Y-back. Stepping into his sneakers, went to the kitchen.

"I only agreed to take this job for the summer. I've got a good two months plus left. I can't wait for school to start and get away from Miss. Norman," he thought sitting at the table.

Next to his plate of cottage cheese and half peach was a saucer with a large purple and small pink pill. When he looked questionably at Miss. Norman, she told him that they were vitamin supplements. Now that they were on her four-day vegan diet, they were needed. There was no since arguing, so he popped them into his mouth.

Lunch was totally unsatisfying for Perry, tofu lentil soup with four saltine crackers. After he returned from putting the dirty dishes into the washer, Miss. Norman called him over to the shoe section.

"Sissy I'm tired of seeing you in those horrible sneakers. Come over here and I will find you something more suitable," she said handing him a pair of white nylon knee highs. With the socks on, she measured his foot and brought over a shoe box. Inside was a pair of pink (periwinkle pink) patent leather Mary Jane's with a bow on the round toe and three-inch block heel. Just below the ankle there was a narrow leather strap fastening into a small gold buckle. That little buckle gave him fits. That little tine kept moving out of the way when he tried to shove it into the small hole. Miss. Norman giggled and told him he would get better with time. When he stood, felt like he was going to do a face plant but quickly adjusted his center of gravity. After walking for a while, felt more comfortable but hated this addition to his growing sissy wardrobe. He spent the rest of the day in the store room reading 1950's fashion magazines. As he read took notes as Miss. Norman said she would test him after supper.

When he was taking his afternoon bubble bath, Perry was anxious. He knew what was coming and dreaded it but had no way to stop it. He thought about claiming to be sick and just go to bed but that was too lame. She'd never go for it. Reluctantly, he got out of the tub and remembered at the last minute to wrap the towel around his chest. He put his lingerie on, a flannel shirt and his last pair of clean pants. Stepping into the last pair of shoes he had, black loafers headed to the kitchen. Miss. Norman had tossed his beloved sneakers into the trash.

The meal sitting at his place was the same except the salad had crushed peanuts. Beside the plate was another saucer with the pills on it. After supper, Perry answered most of her questions correctly then sent to take care of the dishes. The moment he had been dreading arrived as Miss. Norman clasped him around the waist.

"Nooooo, please, not tonight," he begged.

As her hand touched his crotch, it twitched noticeably. "I think my little sissy protests too much. Your little tinkle is telling me a different story," she whispered into his ear making him do a little hop.

Her hot breath into his ear and nip on the lobe sent tingles running up and down his spine. He let out a moan as her nails ran up the length of his semi-hard penis. It didn't take him long to reach full erection.

"I see my little sissy is all excited down there. Tell me what you're wearing under those ugly clothes and what you are. Remember to describe your pretty lingerie in detail," she whispered stopping her hand leaving it cupping his crotch.

"I still can't believe I'm excited by what she is doing. I hate it. It should be wilted like old lettuce from my embarrassment. Better just do what she wants and get this over with," he thought.

"I'm wearing sunflower yellow nylon panties with white lace trimming the waist band and leg openings. A matching satin bullet bra and camisole with a floral embroidered bodice and two-inches of lace at the hem. I just love them and they feel so good next to my body. I can't help that I'm a big sissy," he blurted.

"Very good sissy. It's always good for you to admit what you are. I'm still not convinced that you are sincere in your admission. Now repeat that you 'love being a sissy' until I tell you to stop," she whispered.

Perry let out a groan but began saying over and over, "I love being a sissy."

As he was saying that she continued to rub his erection but this time she unzipped his fly. She was now messaging his swollen gland with two fingers up and down the panty covered shaft. Miss. Norman was also pinching his nipple through the slinky nylon camisole. Her actions were having the desired results and he soon erupted. His juices flowing easily thru the thin fabric and into her palm.

"Turn around sissy. It's time for your reward. Don't hesitate sissy. All sissies love the taste of cum. If you hesitate or don't look very happy getting your reward, I will have to go on the internet," she said in her other hand was her cell phone.

Turning around saw the pool of liquid in her palm and wanted to vomit. Closing his eyes bent his head forward, sticking out his tongue. "This is worse than last night but I have to do like she says or else," he thought.

"Eyes wide open and a big smile sissy," she commanded.

As soon as his tongue hit the warm gooey mess the cell phone flashed not once but several times. More pictures to add to his wall of shame. Once her palm was clean, she looked at him harshly.

"Don't you think you should thank me very nicely for giving you your reward?" she angrily said.

"I'm sorry Miss. Norton. I can...can't thank you enough for giving me such a...a wonderful reward," he answered blushing brightly.

"Better but you can do better next time without me having to ask. Also, I think you should tell me what your reward is next time. You know, your sissy cream," she bluntly replied.

Perry was greatly relieved when she told him to go put on his nightie and get some sleep. He still had to wear his bra and camisole under the nylon and chiffon of the nightie. He was completely exhausted and sleep came swiftly.

##

Going back into his room after doing his morning obligations, saw that Miss. Norman had laid out his lingerie and a clean uniform. Like yesterday the blouse was sheer but in a rich purple chiffon and a fluffy lace jabot tie. His lingerie matched the blouse. There was also a clean pair of white nylon knee highs. Dressed he stepped into those horrible Mary Janes and went into the kitchen for breakfast. The same boring breakfast he had eaten over the past several days and on a saucer the two pills.

"Good morning sissy. Hurry up and eat as we have a lot to do today. After lunch I want you to begin learning all you possible can about the 1950's woman. You're working in a woman's vintage clothing store and must know what we are selling. It's also important to know something about the mind set of our customers. So, here, take your laptop. I've added a number of web sites for you to study. Later I will be testing you," she informed him.

Perry was more than happy to get his laptop back. She had taken it that evening when she discovered it was still turned on. From that Miss. Norman had enough personal information to literally destroy him. That information had made him do whatever she demanded. He was looking forward to see if he could do any damage control that afternoon.

When he finally got into the storeroom with his laptop, Perry was thinking that maybe if he deleted all contacts, she couldn't blackmail him anymore. When he opened it, was surprised to see that his screensaver had been photoshopped. It had been a picture of his parents waving good bye to him. Now it was still their picture but instead of a hand wave, they wagged their fingers at him. Underneath, flashing in pink letters were the words, "Sissy, Sissy."

He immediately went to his settings planning on deleting it but was blocked. He tried to do the same with his contacts list and again failed. Giving up decided to see what other damage she had done. He opened his pictures file. There was only a half dozen. All of them of him and all taken within the week by Miss. Norman. He glanced at the

first one which was of him on his first day in the shop. Under it was typed, "This uniform is just so cute." Perry didn't bother to look at the others and closed the folder.

Looking at his screen noticed a number of folders. Each one was tagged "1950's" along with "fashion," "makeup," "hairstyles," "housewives," and "women." Tears of frustration flowed down his cheeks as he opened the "fashion" folder.

"I'm so totally screwed," he thought as he began looking at its contents.

Later as he was rinsing the supper dishes, Miss. Norman brought him to a climax like last night. Only this time she coaxed him into saying, "Thank you Miss. Norman for letting me drink my sissy cream, I do love it so."

This routine continued for two weeks. With each passing day, Perry began to believe that he must be a sissy. He was an eighteen-year old country bumkin unlearned in the ways of the world, his mind manipulated by a willful dominating woman of the world. He was helpless.

##

At the beginning of the third week Perry's life took a more humiliating turn. Mrs. Norman entered the bathroom while he was taking a bath and went to the linen closet. She removed the box of tampons and left without saying a word. Perry didn't think much about it as she had entered unannounced on numerous occasions. It wasn't until she returned with that ear to ear grin he hated. It was the same grin she had when performing his nightly humiliations.

"So my little sissy, you've been into my tampons," she said holding up the pink tube and wrapper from the box. "Well, I've decided since you're so curious to further educate you on proper sissy behavior. Get out of the bath and dry off."

"What's she going to do now? I forgot all about that," he thought getting out of the tub.

As he was drying off, Miss. Norman went back to the linen closet and removed a pink bulb feminine syringe. Bending over the tub, put the syringe under the receding bath water and squeezed. Removing it and standing up gave the filled syringe to a confused Perry.

With the towel fastened around his chest asked, "Wha...what's this..this for?"

"Why sissy, it's your douche kit. All sissies want to be as clean on the inside as the outside. When you finish your bath every morning and evening, you will use your douche kit to clean your insides. I

shouldn't have to tell you what will happen if you don't. Now, sit on the toilet, insert the white nozzle into your boy pussy and slowly squeeze the pink bag. While you do that make sure you push the nozzle all the way in and slowly pull it back but not all the way out. You do that until all the water is out; then, leave the nozzle all the way in until you count to sixty. While you count, rotate the syringe in a circular motion; then, remove it. Go ahead, get started," she instructed.

"She wants me to give myself an enema twice a day? Why? Doesn't matter. I know what she will do if I don't," he thought with a grimace as he inserted the hard-plastic nozzle.

Blushing after finishing that odorous task, she handed him the pink plastic tube. For reasons he couldn't explain had an erection. Not a full blown hard on but an erection nevertheless.

"It's obvious sissy you really enjoyed that but all sissies just love having something filling their boy pussies. Here, you want to make sure you stay clean so you will use this," she said handing him the tampon.

From watching commercials Perry knew what it was and used for. "Miss. Norman, I...I'm a guy and...", he began but stopped.

"Let's get this straight once and for all. You are a sissy! Sissies just love having to pretend to have a period. They just love having something stuck up their boy pussies. Now, get on with it," she shouted.

Perry left the bathroom more humiliated than ever. The white silken thread dangling out of his bottom. A hand full of tampons in his hand. He would have to change out his tampon every four hours.

As he went to do the dishes that evening, Miss. Norman surprised him once again. He watched her peel a plantain which is much harder than a banana and usually eaten after cooking. She walked behind him and placed it on the counter top along with a condom. Reaching around his waist and under his shoulder began rubbing. Once he was hard as a rock and recited his sissy mantra, covered his penis with the condom. She quickly brought him to a climax and carefully removed the condom. He watched horrified as she slid it up the plantain and snipped off the tip.

"Alright sissy, time for your reward. Open up. While you suck your sissy cream, move it back and forth slowly into your mouth. Try to get it as far in as you can. Eventually you'll be able to take most of it in. Just pretend it's a real man's cock. All sissies love to suck a real man's cock," she instructed.

"Wha...What? I'm not that way," he said startled.

"You just admitted again that you are a big sissy. Big sissies love sucking cock. Now do it!" she snapped.

When he finished twenty agonizing minutes later, he wasn't blushing. His face was ashen. Having then to thank Miss. Norman for allowing him to suck a cock mortifying. Worse was the thought that he would be doing this every night until he could get all of it into his mouth. When he went to bed that night, hoped that there was nothing else she could do to destroy his life.

To be Continued

Periwinkle Pink Part 3

Perry finished the very humbling and humiliating task of performing a douche and inserted a tampon. Still blushing went back to his room to get ready for another shameful day. From his bureau removed a pair of purple full cut semi-sheer nylon panties with a small floral print, a purple satin bullet bra and a matching lace frilled camisole. A purple sheer cap sleeved chiffon blouse and his periwinkle pink overall uniform completed his outerwear. Putting on the sheer white nylon knee highs and donning the pink Mary Janes, he went to breakfast.

Perry hadn't a haircut in months and now it hung to his shoulders. It kept getting into eyes and wanted to get it cut. When he mentioned it to Miss. Norman, she agreed he was indeed needing one.

"Sissy, I'll make arrangements for this afternoon after we close shop. I've added another file in your laptop last night. After you finish your morning chores, study it. I'll test you later," she said giving him that broad grin he hated.

"I think I just screwed myself. Whenever she gets that grin on her face it always gets me humiliated at some point," he thought.

As he was putting the dishes into the washer, felt nauseous. "I feel like puking again. Seems like every morning lately I either wake up like that or just after I've eaten. I hope I'm not coming down with something," he thought.

After being outside washing the storefront windows for over a month, it didn't bother him so much. Even customers walking into the shop rarely glanced at him as he cleaned. When he finished, went into the store room and opened his laptop. Sure enough, there was a new folder titled, "1950's Women's Lingerie."

"So far I've learned a lot about fashions and what society required of women in relation to men and other women but now this. Like I already know more about lingerie than I want to," he thought opening the folder.

As he began reading learned that Christian Dior was responsible for the fashion trend of the 1950's and early sixties. It was Dior who set the standard creating the "hour glass" figure. A standard most normal women couldn't meet. It required women to have rounded hips, prominent breasts and ultra-cinched waists to be acceptable to society. With the innovation of circular stitching the bullet bra was born to give women those prominent breasts. Corsets, high waisted long-line girdles, panty girdles and waist cinchers created the other figure enhancements and required support garments of the era. The article he was reading had many pictures of the various styles of all these support items. There were even a few depicting feminine hygiene elastic belts. Those belts ranged from plain white elastic bands with hooks to elaborate embroidered or lace frilled V-front plastic backed ones. Perry had no idea of what those particular items could be used for.

That evening with the shop closed, Miss. Norman told Perry to take a quick bath and meet her in the kitchen. "Sissy, take a quick bath, douche and meet me in the kitchen. I managed to get you an appointment to get that haircut you asked for in forty-five minutes," she said as they entered the house.

When he came into the kitchen with time to spare, she gave him a hard stare and sent him back to his room. "Sissy, get back to your room and put on your bra and make damn sure the pads are in. You should know better by now or must I send off some emails?" she demanded clearly irritated.

"She's taking me outside and it's bad enough to be wearing panties and camisole. Now if I don't wear my bra with the pads, she's threatening me again. This is going to be humiliating but at least no one knows me around here," he thought.

Coming back blushing and head down there was no mistaking the crisp pointed chest with his shirttails untucked. Tucked they were even more noticeable. "Sissies love wearing their bras all the time. You should know that by now. With that long hair and sapphire blue eyes, people just might think you're a tomboy girl. Let's go or we'll be late," she said tucking his shirt emphasizing his chest all the more.

It wasn't long before they pulled into Betty's Cut and Curl Salon. "This is the beauty parlor I refer many of my customers too. They still do retro hairstyles and quite good at it. If you have to talk, remember to use that softer higher tone I'm teaching you. Behave, keep smiling and let them do their job without any complaint and I won't tell them you're a sissy," she stated as they got out of the car.

"I hate where this is probably going but she's right. I don't want

anyone knowing I'm a guy wearing a bra and these pink shoes," he thought reluctantly following her into the salon.

As Miss. Norman paid the bill, saw the look on the receptionist face. Glancing at Perry saw a few tears flowing down his cheeks. "Oh, those of tears of pure joy dear. She absolutely loves what Miss. Betty has done," she said handing over her credit card.

Miss. Betty had left his bangs long, only trimming off the split ends. Then put them in rollers and setting gel to create a horizontal hotdog bun like bangs. The rest of his hair had been back combed and teased into a big bouffant flipped up pageboy style. His mousey hair had also been dyed raven black. While Miss. Betty worked another woman gave him a manicure and pedicure. His finger nails had half inch acrylic extensions and lacquered a bright scarlet red. She had also painted his toe nails to match. In a small bag clinched in his hand was a bottle of that polish, several hairnets and a can of stiff-hold hairspray.

"Why did you have her do this to me? I can't let anybody see me like this," he wailed as they got into the car.

"That look is perfect for a great big sissy like you. Besides, you're working in my vintage boutique and will fit in better," she answered.

That evening after she made him go through his sissy mantra and messaged his sensitive areas, Perry managed to get over half of the condom covered plantain down his throat. Later, Miss. Norman gave him some bristle rollers and showed him how to put his hair up for the night. A pink hairnet holding everything in place went to bed.

##

The next morning when he came out of the bathroom was surprised to see a periwinkle pink rayon below the knee A-line dress with short puffed sleeves. It had a short "V" neckline with white lapel collar and white above the elbow cuffs. A white plastic name tag was pinned over the left breast. It read, "Cherry." There were also four white net starched petticoats with nylon yokes on the bed.

There were also additional pieces of lingerie besides his sheer pink nylon panties, satin bullet bra and camisole. A pink satin boned waist cincher with six garters ending in pink satin bows on the metal tabs and pair of suntan sheer nylons with back seam. Miss. Norman was standing off to the side with that evil grin.

"Wha...what? I'm not wearing a dress? Whe...where is my uniform?" was all he could manage to say. His mind reeling at the prospect.

"You raised such a fuss yesterday about not wanting to be seen, I decided to help you out. Most sissies like to play dress up and you told me again last night you were a 'great big' sissy. I'm just helping

you to be the best sissy you can be. Now get dressed and no more arguments. I think you would be passable with just a bit of makeup too," she stated.

"She's taking this way further than I ever thought. Now she wants me to wear dresses. I should stand up to her right now and get out of here. If I do; then, she'll send all those photos and recordings she made of me saying how much I love being a sissy to my folks and friends. I could never face them if she does that. I only have to put up with this until school starts and don't have a choice right now," he thought picking up the panties.

Once he was dressed, she had him sit at the vanity and showed him how to fix his hair. As the heavy scent of hairspray floated away, gave him a tube of scarlet lipstick.

"Sissy, put this on. It will help make you look like a girl. I'm not going to force you. A lot of sissies' love wearing makeup but the choice is yours," she said.

"Lipstick? Only girls wear this. Guess she has a point though. If I do it maybe people will think I'm an ugly girl wearing these clothes," he thought pressing the lipstick to his lower lip.

Later as he was going outside to wash the store front window, Miss. Norman stopped him, holding a large square of bright pink satin. He watched as she folded it into a triangle and placed it over his head.

Tying it off in a bow under his chin said, "Sissy, this scarf will protect your pretty hair from the wind. Whenever you go outside, you need to wear a scarf."

Perry felt like a total fool standing outside washing the windows. Dressed as he was and wearing a scarf, brought back the embarrassment he felt that very first time. Only this time, as the breeze whipped at his skirt and petticoats chipped away the remaining bit of male ego he had.

Back in the store, she exchanged his Mary Jane block heels for pink patent leather open toed pumps. Instead of a block heel, these had three-inch spike heels. For the next hour before the store opened, Miss. Norman had him walking heel and toe. She also taught him some basic skirt management moves like how to stoop and controlling his petticoats when he sat.

Instead of spending time in the store room, she kept him busy restocking or rearranging items in the store. When there were no customers, continued with his mannerism's lessons, like how to hold his arms and hands. As he was working at the jewelry counter, Miss. Norman walked up.

"I can't believe I forgot to give you some accessories sissy. All

sissies just love wearing jewelry," she said removing a pair of three inch by half inch-wide red plastic screw on earrings.

When customers came in Perry was introduced as "This is my new employee, Cherry." He wasn't sure how much he liked the name change. He was happy that she didn't call him sissy in front of the customers though.

Later that night as Miss. Norman was putting Perry through his nightly sissy mantra, she noticed it took much longer to get him to climax. She also noted with pleasure that his discharge wasn't nearly as much and clearer in color.

##

Over the course of July, it wasn't just Perry's mind that was changing. Thanks to the heavy doses of female hormones, testosterone blockers and diet, his body was slowly adapting. At first it had been some morning nausea, that was at least mostly gone. What was bothering him now was his crazy mood swings. One moment he was his normal self and the next crying over nothing. At times he would have a temper tantrum which only brought on more tears. By the end of July, he had bumps under his swollen nipples and they itched. Not knowing any better, figured that had to be due to wearing a bra with those pads all the time.

Worse though was his overall body. He had always been on the slender side but now down to one hundred and five pounds. His waist twenty-four inches shrunken from thirty-inches. Perry was also developing a bubble butt and didn't need to shave his face. He hadn't much hair there to begin with when he arrived at Miss. Norman's. His chest, if he could have measured it across the nipples, an inch larger.

Miss. Norman's mind games were having their effect as well. Towards the end of July, Perry finally admitted to himself that he must be a sissy. "After all what man would get off being fondled thru lingerie or suck his cum out of a condom wrapped plantain. I even like the feel of the soft fabrics on my skin. I even know more about women's clothing than I do about men. I'm not a man anymore, I'm a big sissy just like she says," he thought as he began to cry.

Another change he really wasn't aware of was his mannerisms. He easily managed in three-inch or higher heels. He held his elbows close to his sides, wrists limp. He took short heel and toe steps while swaying his hips sensually. Whenever he sat his knees were pressed closely together. Standing, his back straight, chest out and head up. Talking softly and in a higher pitch came as natural as breathing now. He automatically checked any mirror to see if his scarlet lipstick needed repair.

With the beginning of August Miss. Norman decided to step up Perry's transformation. Other than going to see Miss. Betty at the Cut and Curl Salon, he hadn't been out of the house. She decided it was time to take

Perry out more often to very public places. She also changed the décor of his room by putting posters of mostly naked muscle men on the walls. Playgirl® and gay orientated magazines were added to his reading assignments. The plantain would be changed for a very realistic dildo. He would have to dry suck it as his discharge was mere dribbles if at all now. Perry was coming along better and faster than she had hoped. Miss. Norman figured that by late August, Perry would be hers in both body and soul.

Meanwhile, Perry's parents hadn't been idle. When he didn't call them after he first arrived, began to worry. When they still had no word by the end of June, contacted the police department and college where he was supposed to be. They didn't get the answers they wanted. The police said they would issue a Missing Person's Report and check the John Does in the morgue. They also said that as he was eighteen and objected, there was nothing they could do. Later the police called and said they found his car abandoned in the Greyhound bus station parking lot. By the end of July, they decided to hire a Private Detective hoping he would find their baby. Later he contacted them saying he found the motel where he stayed but absolutely no trace once he left the college registration office. His parents were devastated. Their only hope was that he would eventually contact them. They didn't want to think of the possibility of his demise.

##

Now that Miss. Norman had Perry wearing dresses and lipstick, it was time for him to use full makeup. "It's a week now that you've worn dresses and lipstick. No one has guessed you're a big sissy, yet. You should be very pleased with yourself. Sissy, you have reached the point where the majority of sissies never get. You can pass as a woman in the light of day but up really close people can see you are a sissy. What you need is to apply full makeup and no one would guess. After you complete your morning chores, I want you in the stock room learning how to apply full 1950's styles of makeup. I downloaded vintagemakeup.com to your laptop plus put out the required makeup for you. Now turn around and let me lace up your waist cinch," she stated.

Entering the storeroom after lunch, Perry let out a soft moan seeing makeup piled up on the desk. There was also a lighted magnifying mirror and box of tissues there as well. He didn't want to wear any makeup much less learn how to put it on. He didn't stop to debate the issue but sat down and opened his laptop. By now Miss. Norman's blackmailing hooks were deeply embedded into his mind. She had lots of photos of him in various stages of dress plus recordings of him proclaiming he was a sissy.

Despite the fact that his body no longer reacted in an erotic manner to the lingerie he wore, Perry believed he was a sissy. There was no other way to explain how his body had reacted. He was bothered that he no longer had those explosive climaxes but Miss. Norman said it was

expected.

"Sissy you should be proud that you have reached this point where your body doesn't react like that. Your body has just adjusted to the sensual feel of lingerie. It's a very common side effect of getting to wear lingerie all the time," she informed him.

Opening the downloaded file began reading. "1950's Makeup: What you will need," caught his attention.

- * Foundation & Powder: One shade darker than skin tone with slightly pink tint.
- * Rouge: Light pink cream rouge
- * Eyebrow Pencil: Natural or one shade darker
- * Eyeliner: Brown or black for daytime wear. Black for nighttime.
- * Eye Shadow: Shades that coordinate with eye color. Brighter shades to match your dress or accessories.
- * Mascara: Cake mascara is the best. Brush mascara for added thickness is second best.
- * Lipstick: Red, pink, coral and orange in a matte finish

For authenticity, Besame is the only cosmetic company recommended and the only place to find cake mascara. The "1955 Exotic Pink" and "1959 Red Hot" lipsticks are the perfect fit for that 1950's look.

Glancing over the cosmetics scattered on the table, he noted they were all from Besame except for a large jar of cold cream and some baby oil. Sighing, went back to his studies trying to put off what he had to do next.

By the end of the work day, Perry was wearing full makeup with the 1955 Exotic Pink lipstick. His makeup wasn't very good, applied too heavily and his bushy eyebrows stood out. It had taken him many tries before he had gotten to this point. Miss. Norman seemed pleased when she came in to get him to do his evening closing chores.

"My, my, sissy I must admit for a first time you did surprisingly well. Though, I will admit I'm not really surprised. You're such a big sissy after all. It's a talent common in all real sissies. Although you must neaten up those eyebrows. I'll help you do that after supper. Come on,

I need you out front now to sweep the floor and rearrange the racks," she said.

"Please, let me take off this makeup first. It makes my face feel funny. Like I'm wearing a mask," he replied.

"Absolutely not! You will be in full makeup from the time you wake up until you go to bed. Most women can get by with some lip gloss and powder but you are a big sissy. A sissy, I must say, that other sissies dream about being. Yes, it's a mask. A mask you use to pass on casual inspection. Enough chatter, you have work to do, so get to it," she stated turning on her heels and leaving.

After his evening bath Perry was surprised to see Miss. Norman standing near his bed. A bed covered in women's vintage clothing, some of which he had only seen on the internet. He immediately felt his face flush in embarrassment knowing what she expected him to wear.

"I'm not in the mood to do any cooking tonight, so we're going out. Don't bother looking for any of your old clothing. I tossed it all out while you were taking your bath. From now on you will dress as the big sissy you are pretending to be a real woman. Like all sissies, I know you enjoy pretending to have a constant period so I found these for you," she said holding out an elaborate sanitary belt.

The white, pink eyelet lace frilled elastic belt was two inches wide and had a small pink satin bow in the center. The V-center was layers of overlapping white floral lace and pink plastic backed. Attached to the chromed tabs was a thick pad. Seeing it, Perry took a step back shaking his head forgetting what she said about going out.

"Stop that sissy! I know you need this added protection. I'm sure as soon as you feel it caressing your little tinkle, you'll drip some sissy cream. This nice thick pad will soak it all up so you don't stain your pretty sissy panties. Now put it on!" she demanded.

Perry's hand was shaking as he took it from Miss. Norman. "I can't believe I'm going to wear this...this thing. Bad enough I have to douche and use a tampon and now this. I'm a sissy from the way my penis reacts but am I really this big of one. I don't really like anything she's making me do but she has those pictures," his mind wailed as he stepped into the belt.

A shiver went up his spine as the thick pad snuggled firmly against his tucked penis. It wasn't by no means a shiver of pleasure, rather, one of betrayal of his remaining manhood. The lavender high waisted long leg girdle only made that pad dig more firmly into his groin. Perry grunted as he felt his testicles retreat back up inside his body. The girdle reached from mid-thigh up to just below the breasts, had bright violet satin diamond shaped panels in both the front and back. The gathered rear dug deep into his ass crack and uplifted the cheeks.

Strong shaping bands gave his torso that much desired hour glass figure. Once it was zipped and hooked, there was no ignoring its constant presents. It was the most uncomfortable thing he had ever worn.

The girdle also pushed up the flesh on his chest into noticeable full A-cups. With the addition of the pink foam pads in the matching bra, Perry was a C-cup. Instead of his knee highs was given a pair of sheer seamed black nylons. Miss. Norman showed him how to roll them into donuts and knead them slowly up his legs. Doing it in a girdle made it difficult and having to keep the seams straight painful.

Once he stepped into the four-inch stiletto heeled black patent leather pointed toed pumps, given a glistening lavender nylon full slip to put on. The bodice was heavily embroidered in a floral design and the hem had three-inches of floral lace. The sensuous feel of the fabric unnoticed over the heavy satin layers underneath.

Dressed in his lingerie, Miss. Norman had him sit at the vanity where she helped him put on his face and fix his hair. A purple billowing long-sleeved satin blouse with a large lacy ascot tie and black wool blend below the knee straight skirt completed his outer wear.

Perry had a hard time believing what he saw reflected back at him from the full-length mirror. It looked like he was seeing one of those women pictured in his magazines. He had to stare at his face to see any resemblance to his former self. Between the clothing, makeup, hairstyle and hour glass figure, Perry was that 1950's woman.

"I really look like those women I've seen in those old magazines. I...I shouldn't look like this but I do. Miss. Norman is right, I have to be one of the biggest sissies in the world," his mind screamed and any remaining male ego flushed down the drain.

"Alright sissy, stop admiring yourself. We still need to get you ready to go out," Miss. Norman said breaking him from his thoughts.

"Go out? I can't go anywhere looking like this!" he replied shocked at the very idea.

"Why of course you can sissy. You've almost reached sissyness nirvana. Appearing to be a real woman. There are a lot of rough spots but if you're careful, no one would think you're otherwise. Remember what I've been teaching you, speak in a soft voice and have a big smile plastered on your face. Once you put on your accessories, we'll be going," she stated with that grin he hated.

A white box beaded plastic necklace and the matching wrist bracelet with square white plastic earrings for jewelry. A purple satin with short veil box hat pinned into his hair, a white patent leather clutch purse and white cotton gloves completed his accessories.

"Now for the perfect sissy, the defining perfume. It's been popular since the early 1930's and designed for romantic wear and called Tabu by Dana. Lift up your skirt and slip sissy so I can give you that loving feeling," she said with a giggle.

"Perfume? That's all I need," he thought sarcastically.

"Doesn't that smell just divine sissy? It's a delightful mix of jasmine, narcissus, rose, ylang-ylang and amber. From experience I can tell you it worked like a charm for those intimate interludes," Miss. Norman said as she sprayed more on his outer clothing.

"Please Miss. Norman stop with the perfume. I don't want any romantic experience dressed and looking like this; especially with any man," he gasped knowing no woman would want to date him.

"Looking like I do the only people I'll attract are guys and I most certainly aint into other guys. I'm a sissy but I like girls," he thought shivering at the thought of another guy wanting him.

"Very well, if you insist but I have a feeling you'll need a stick to beat off all your admirers. Get your purse, put your makeup in and let's go. I'm starving," she said putting down the bottle.

Miss. Norman took them to an Indian restaurant that specialized in vegetarian dishes. It was fairly crowded and after a short wait, seated. As they waited, Perry could see that they weren't the center of attention he feared. Other than the salon, he hadn't been out in public and very anxious. He particularly didn't like the way a few men were staring at them. Perry was happy that most of the patrons ignored them or gave them fleeting glances.

"What was it that dad said, 'Take away the flacks and all you had were fruits and nuts.' Guess I fit into the fruit category," he mused as they went to their table.

Thanks in part to his restrictive foundations and apprehension, ate very little. All he wanted to do was go back to the house and get out his clothing. Several times he held his breath as a man passed their table, paused and sniffed the air.

"Keep going, keep going," Perry's mind kept repeating until the man continued on.

Back in his room a greatly relieved Perry stripped out of his clothing. Holding up the girdle noted the inner soft lining was soaked with his sweat. "This has to be the most sinister garment ever made. It not only crushes my body leaving behind all these red indentations but hot as hell too," he thought tossing it into the hamper.

His sleep was fitful and nightmare filled. Miss. Norman insisted that

he wear his sanitary belt and pad all the time. With what felt like a pillow stuck between his legs and his penis tucked back wasn't the least bit comfortable. What he remembered of a nightmare featured that new addition. In his dream imagined removing the pad and finding a vagina.

##

Over the month of August, Miss. Norman stepped up his feminine mannerisms and behavior lessons. He was now spending all his time after completing his morning chores, on the sales floor. She also took him out more. He was relieved that she always referred to him as Cherry when they were in public. Mostly they went to the grocery and dry cleaners but occasionally to the mall. Those mall visits were mainly to the food court where they had salads and diet drinks. While they dined, Miss. Norman would pick out some young man.

"Cherry, look at that handsome young man over there. Tell me what you think is cute about him? Is it his smile, maybe the color of his eyes, that cute butt or that nice bulge in his pants?" she would ask.

"Miss. Norman that's just gross. I'm not into other guys like you're suggesting," he regularly replied whenever she asked him that.

"Well you are a sissy, so I guess that's reasonable. Most sissies are only attracted to other girly boys or men," she would answer back.

A few days later after she first asked him what he liked about a handsome man, new pictures were hung in his room. They were all pictures of well hung she-males with breasts. His magazines were switched from gay orientated to transgender ones.

The first week of August Perry worked the sales floor and he was very nervous. By the second week, much calmer. The customers never seemed to question that he was a retro-1950's woman. Between the hormones and constantly wearing high waist long-leg girdles, he certainly had the figure for it. Wearing all the clothing including the thick pad between his legs, had no sensual effects nor did he pay them much attention. Of course, he made sure everything was coordinated and that his hair and makeup were properly done. He checked his hair and makeup whenever he passed a mirror. Perry also made sure the seams on his nylons were always straight and hadn't developed runs.

Another more distressing fact hit him when he took his bubble bath in early August. There were two significant girlish breasts sticking out of his chest. Significant enough that he could no longer dismiss them as being caused by wearing a bra. They had been bothering Perry for some time and blamed the tenderness and sensitivity on the pads stuffed into his bras. When Miss. Norman measured them when he expressed his concerns, was pleased to see solid B-cups with eraser nipples.

"I'm not surprised that you have breasts sissy. It sometimes happens

with big sissies like you. When men grow their own breasts, it's called gynecomastia. You can look it up later if you want. Basically, your body is positively reacting to your sissy desires. All sissies would love to have their very own boobies to play with. So, you should consider yourself fortunate. Just look on the bright side, you no longer need to use padding and get pretty new bras," she said with a gleam in her eyes.

"I don't want breasts! I'm doomed now. How can I go back to being me if I have breasts? I'll always have to wear a bra no matter how I dress. I can see me walking down the street wearing a tee shirt and jeans like I use too. Yeah, I wouldn't last ten seconds back home. Guess I'm stuck now. There is no question that I'm a big sissy," he thought as tears began to form.

During his nightly sissy mantra recitations, his penis no longer reacted but Miss. Norman's manipulations of his nipples drove him crazy. They had become overly sensitive filling his mind with pleasure. When he could no longer produce much if any sissy cream, Miss. Norman introduced him to a realistic dildo. By the end of August could get most of its length down his throat. By then it didn't bother him so much. It was just another thing he had to do but had a major impact on his psyche.

##

With the approach of September, Perry thought he could finally leave as school would soon start. He could move into a dorm as the partial scholarship included room and board. All he had to do was get his boy clothing back and his car. He still had to transfer his money from home to a local bank so he could pay the reduced tuition and fees. He would also have to figure out a way to hide his breasts and get a haircut.

"Miss. Norman school starts in two weeks and I need to go register and get a dorm room. I need my boy clothing and car before I can do that," he said over breakfast.

"Why on earth would you need to do that sissy? You can register just as you are. Besides, you know I tossed all your silly boy stuff in the garbage ages ago. I need to apologize for your car though. I didn't want it taking up space in my limited parking area and put it down the street. I thought it would be safe there but when I last checked discovered it was gone. I guess probably stolen and I'm sorry about that. You can borrow my car if you want to go register and don't bother getting into a dorm. You can still work part time and stay here," she replied.

"No, I can't do that! My parents would find out for sure! My car, my clothing gone! I don't want to stay here! She's not going to help me either. What am I going to do?" his mind screamed as tears filled his eyes.

"It's not the end of the world sissy. Dry those tears and let's get the shop ready to open," she said braking him from his thoughts.

During his morning chores, Perry kept thinking about how he could get out from under Miss. Norman's claws. Now that he didn't have men's clothing or a car, decided the first thing he needed to do was transfer his money to a local bank. Something he derided himself over for not doing as soon as he got into town. Once he had some money could buy new clothes, get a buzz cut and a cheap used car. During his break, opened his laptop and brought up his online banking site. To his astonishment discovered both accounts closed with zero balances.

"This has got to be some mistake. Where the hell is my money?" he shouted.

Hearing his shout, Miss. Newman entered the store room. "What's all the shouting about sissy?"

"My money...it's gone!" he exclaimed breaking out in tears.

"What money sissy?" she asked.

"My...my savings and college funds. They're not showing in my bank accounts an...and they're closed out," he wailed as tears began streaking his makeup.

"There's still some left sissy. You shouldn't have been so careless with your passwords. I found them in your cell phone's wallet app. I transferred your money into my bank and only took out what was due me," she responded with a glint in her eyes.

"What do you mean, you took money out of my account?" he gasped.

"Just the costs of your clothing, makeup and uniforms sissy. I have a complete inventory of what you received and related costs. That's all," she stated.

"You had no right to do that!" he spat irately.

"You accepted what I gave you sissy! Our agreement was to provide you with just room and board. I did not agree to give you clothing or uniforms much less your hygiene needs and makeup! I can back up every purchase with receipts. Get over it sissy! Go to the First National site here in the city. Your user name and password will give you your account information," she snapped back.

Sniffing back his tears Perry opened that site, eyes going wide as he saw the figure. "There's only a little over ten thousand there when there should be at least twenty plus. By the time I buy new clothing and get a cheap car there won't be much left. How am I going to pay for school? I'm so screwed," he thought as tears began to flow again.

"Don't know why you're so upset sissy. You have a very fashionable wardrobe, nice shoes and all your necessities. If you want, can still work for me as we agreed. Since I'm not technically paying you, if you stay will have to take on all the household chores. That way you can keep up your wardrobe and sissy life style. So, what are you going to do sissy?" Miss. Norman asked more calmly.

Periwinkle Pink Part 4

"Ten thousand, one hundred forty-two dollars and thirty-eight cents. That's all I have left of my money. School will cost me three thousand for the semester and no telling how much for books and supplies. Having to dress and look the way I do, there's no way I can stay in a dorm. I'll have no choice but to stay here but if careful, should get through two semesters. Hopefully by then I'll find a way out, get a paying job and away from Miss. Norman," Perry thought as he stared at his laptop display.

Blotting away the tears noticed he had to fix his ruined makeup. Picking up his eyelash brush dipped it into the black cake mascara. A little foundation and dusting of powder and he was ready to go back out into the sales floor. Standing, checked to see if he had any runs in his nylons and seams straight, fluffed out his skirt and petticoats.

"I hate this but I'm a big sissy," he thought leaving the stock room.

Later over supper Perry decided to ask Miss. Norman if he could use her car in the morning. "Miss. Norman, I've decided to register tomorrow morning and would like to use your car. I don't want to stay in a dorm looking like this though. So, I'll take on the household chores as you suggested but don't know very much about keeping house."

"Fine, but I'll take you there as I don't think you would want to be pulled over by the cops. By the way, what are you planning on taking?" she replied.

"Accounting or finance. Not sure just yet but my dad said those were good degrees," he answered.

"Accounting? Finance? Those courses are much too difficult for a big sissy like you. No, sissies are more suited for fashion and design than those boring subjects. Better yet, have you given any consideration of going to beauty school instead? A lot of sissies find immense satisfaction in that field of endeavor. It would be cheaper than that college and you could graduate in a year or two. I'm sure Miss. Betty could use a retro-fifties girl like you and could recommend a good school. I'll take you to see Ms. Betty after we close shop today and get you started," she stated smiling broadly.

"Beauty school! I don't want that! Like everything else that's happened over the summer, do I really have a choice?" his mind screamed.

Before he knew what was happening Perry was sitting in the registrar's office of the Monroe School of Beauty. Miss. Betty highly recommended it as they still, upon request, taught from the 1950's lesson plan. Looking at the three courses he could chose from. The cosmetology course taught hair cutting, color, texture services, nail care and makeup application. The other two didn't interest him in the least, esthiology and message therapy. He wasn't interested in cosmetology either but Miss. Norman highly suggested it as waxing was not that common back then.

"Guess I'm going to learn to be a beautician instead of what I wanted. No way I can back out now; especially with her sitting next to me. Miss. Betty offered me a job when I finish here plus agreed to furnish me with whatever supplies I would need. Since I'm not running away from here, guess I am just a big sissy. What real man would allow himself to become a beautician?" he thought.

"Now that your classes are set, we'll have to make some changes to your hours in the shop. You'll continue to work on Saturday but the rest of your free time will be spent taking care of the house. I'll provided suitable uniforms for that as well sissy," Miss. Norman said as they left the school.

"New uniform? Why would I need that?" he responded.

"Because you'll be my maid then and should look the part. Besides, wearing a maid's uniform will help you have the right mindset for a 1950's woman," she answered.

##

Perry wasn't at all pleased with the uniform Miss. Norman gave him the next day. It was a black A-line with short sleeves and buttoned down the front with white buttons. The sleeves were trimmed in white cuffs and the short V-neck had a white gull wing collar. Two pockets hemmed in white were at each hip. The bib apron was semi-sheer with a scalloped square neckline and hem. Opaque black hosiery with back seam and black matte three-inch block heeled shoes completed the uniform. He already had the necessary petticoats to fill out the skirt.

Having to wear the uniform wasn't the only changes. He had to learn how to curtsy. Not a formal curtsy but a bobbing one. Performing one every time she entered or left was very humbling. Being treated like a servant destroying any assertiveness he had left. She also thought it better if he called her Ma'am when he performed his household chores. Having to wear pink rubber gloves while doing most of his chores did nothing to aid his ego either.

Perry was more than happy to go to classes that next week. He could get out of wearing that humiliating uniform and cleaning the house. Miss. Norman had proved to be a stickler for cleanliness. The first few weeks were in classroom activities learning the basics of cosmetology. Selecting the 1950's lesson plan there was only one other student in some of his classes. His name was Eddy Swartz and from his manner, Perry guessed he was probably gay. A lot of class time was spent leaning the biology of skin, hair and bone structure. These classes were larger and other than Eddy, Perry was the only other male.

During lunch that first day several girls joined him. They were all curious about why he dressed so retro. That day Perry was wearing a periwinkle pink chiffon blouse with balloon sleeves with lace cuffs and lace cravat tie. A gray wool poodle skirt with an embroidered pink poodle above the left hem. Flaring the skirt out were three pink net petticoats. On his feet a pair of white nylon pink ruffled socks and pink and white saddle shoes. His face in full makeup and his bangs separated by a pink plastic hairband. His pink patent leather purse had a pink satin scarf tied around the pearl handle.

There was a picture of a 1955 high school girl wearing that same outfit in one of his magazines. All the other girls were wearing skinny jeans and tee shirts or plain blouse. Very few even had on makeup so Perry stood out like a peacock among chickens. While the girls were curious, they didn't tease. They all thought he was a weird but real girl. The only explanation he could come up with was that he loved the fashions of that time period. They of course wanted to know more and he had to tell them about all the clothing he was wearing. Telling them about his foundations brought a blush to his cheeks while the girls just stared at him in disbelief. They all thought Cherry probably had a screw or two loose. They might wear something like that for a Halloween party but every day no way. After lunch Perry was pleased no one guessed he was a sissy but sad that he probably wouldn't make many friends.

His learning didn't stop there. As soon as he arrived back at the house, did his homework. Finished that, donned his uniform and went into the kitchen. There Ma'am taught him how to prepare the meals. Perry discovered he didn't mind learning how to cook now that they were eating regular meals instead of vegan. By the end of the month was proud of his mac and cheese made from scratch. His housekeeping skills were becoming much easier as well.

After supper with the dishes put into the washer and counters cleaned, Miss. Norman continued with his sissy mantra. Now she was only stimulating his breasts as he could no longer get an erection. What little sissy cream squirted easily absorbed by the thick pad. It was humiliating when she brought him to climax in the past but now it seemed worse to him. Being excited by having his nipples and breasts teased was worse as it drove home how much of a sissy he was.

Her manipulations of his breasts usually brought him to the edge of cumming but only to the edge. That left him frustrated and when she finished, broke out in tears. When she asked what was the matter he usually didn't answer. This night it was different, his frustration too great.

"I can't cum. Yo...you get me alm...almost there but I can't," he wailed.

"That's understandable sissy. You're such a big sissy now you're almost a woman. Do you know how a woman gets sexually satisfied sissy?" she replied with a sinister grin that he didn't see.

Perry had a vague idea but that was it. He was a virgin after all and inexperienced with women. "Huh?" he uttered.

"They get sexually excited and satisfied by having a nice big penis in their pussy's," she said.

"Bu...but I...I don't hav...have one of tho...those," he stuttered.

"Silly sissy. All sissies have one and they call it a boy pussy. You know the opening you have between those pretty round feminine cheeks of yours. Do you really want to cum? If so, I can make it happen. Now tell me you want to cum and I'll make it happen," she replied whispering into his ear.

Her hot breath sent a shiver up his spine and blurted, "Yes, please, I want to cum so badly."

"Okay, let's go to your room and while you get into one of your pretty baby doll nighties, I'll get what I need," she said backing away.

Perry picked out his dark chocolate nylon with crème chiffon over skirt baby doll with the matching rumba panties with white lace frills on the back. As he was stepping into his mules with two-inch heels, she came back. She had a smile going from ear to ear as she held up an object.

"This is an Eden anal pleaser beaded vibrating plug. It has escalating, pulsing and vibration settings and made of silicone. I have it set of escalating mode that I know you will enjoy. I've already put a pretty sissy pink lubed condom on it. Now all you have to do is put it into your boy pussy and go to bed. I guarantee that you will cum tonight if you do this," she said with a broad smile.

Perry stared at the implement. It was obviously beaded but not that big and had a flanged base. He didn't want to touch it much less use it but he was desperate. Taking it from her with shaking hands, just stood there.

"This is so embarrassing but I need to cum so bad. Do I really want to

do something like this? I am a sissy though and Miss. Norman said this is what sissies do to get relief. No, I can't do it not while she's still here," he thought blushing.

Seeing his hesitation, Miss. Norman decided to take action. "Here! Give me that and bend over!" she yelled losing patients.

Perry was too submissive now to object and bent over. He felt her push his panties to the side and pressure on his anus. He let out a groan as it slid all the way into his backside. He felt each bead as it moved up and touched his prostate. Perry hopped as she turned it on and the tip moved against his gland and gasped. His penis twitched but didn't erect. It was a very strange sensation but after a couple of seconds enjoyable. Sliding under the sheets, Miss. Norman turned out the lights.

"You leave that in until morning sissy. Just make sure you change that soggy pad out in the morning," she said on leaving.

He could only moan as the intensity of the vibrations increased and thought he felt some sissy cream leak out. By morning the vibrations had stopped but he could feel it firmly in place. His pad was wet though not saturated. His need to cum no longer present was replaced by humiliation at what he had done. With the device cleaned he put it away in the drawer of his night stand. He swore to himself that he would never use it again. That resolve lasted two weeks. Perry told himself he wouldn't use it again and that lasted just a week.

"I'm such a sissy and I really need this," he thought after the third time.

##

With the start of the second six weeks of classes, Perry and Eddy were the only two students in their classroom. Now they would begin the practical hands on studies of 1950's cosmetology methods. It was during this time that Perry learned more about his partner Eddy. Eddy was twenty-one, an only child of his divorced mother who owned a beauty parlor. He had been practically raised in her salon and smothered under all that femininity. Having to work in the salon after school and being withdrawn by nature had few friends outside of the parlor.

When asked where he went to have his hair done, Perry relied, "Betty's Cut n Curl."

"I thought so. That's my mom's place. I already have my barber's license but taking this course so I can fill in when necessary at the shop," Eddy replied with a big smile.

"So am I," Perry responded surprised.

"Oh, I know you!" Eddy exclaimed. "You're that sissy mom is always talking about, aren't you?"

"Yo...you know?" Perry asked blushing beet red. "I always believed Miss. Betty thought I was a real girl," he thought.

"Oh, I embarrassed you. I'm sorry. Don't worry, I'll keep your secret if you'll be my friend," Eddy quickly responded taking hold of Perry's hand and giving it a tender squeeze.

"He'll keep my secret if I'll be his friend? Is he going to blackmail me too? I don't want everyone here knowing I'm just a sissy," he thought.

"Yeah, sure," Perry said having no real choice.

"Crap! He's still holding my hand. Is he coming on to me?" he thought pulling his hand away.

"My mom says you're living with Miss. Norman and working in her shop too. If I were a sissy like you, I think I'd be in heaven with all those delicious clothes to choose from. May be now that we're friends, I will drop by and you can show me around. I've heard so much about her shop but never been there," Eddy said excitedly.

Fortunately, before he could respond, their teacher called the class to order. "Like I ever want that to happen," Perry thought opening his text.

Saturday afternoon shortly after lunch, Eddy walked into Lulu's Vintage Clothing. Miss. Norman saw him and greeted him warmly. "Eddy it's so good to see you again. Have you finally decided to step over into some of my vintage fashions?"

"Oh no, Miss. Norman. I may be a bit of a swish but I prefer my male clothing. I'm here to see my dear friend Cherry. We're taking the same course at the beauty school you know. Is he here?" he replied giving her an air kiss while glancing around the shop.

"No, I didn't but you're more than welcome to stop by anytime. Sissy, I mean Cherry, is in the storeroom at the moment. You seem to like my boarder?" she responded.

"Oh yes, I find him very captivating. Normally I'm into more hunkier guys but there's just something about Cherry. I guess he brings out my macho side and he seems so delicate. I'm hoping he'll go out with me. That's why I'm really here. I want to ask him out on a date this evening. Do you think he will go out with me?" Eddy hopefully asked.

"Let me give you some advice Eddy. First of all, don't ask. Just tell him what time you will pick him up. Let your macho side, as you called

it come out and be firm with him. Don't forget that he is a big sissy and must be told what to do. You do that and I'm sure he'll be more than happy to go out with you. Remember, be decisive and don't ask, you tell. The storeroom is right over there," she instructed and pointed in that direction.

"I'll remember Miss. Newman and thanks, thanks a lot," he replied.

Fifteen minutes later Eddy came out with an ear to ear smile. "Thanks Miss. Newman, it worked. I liked the feeling of telling someone what to do for a change," he said giving her the thumbs up sign.

"So, my sissy has a boyfriend and didn't tell me about it," she mumbled walking to the storeroom.

Perry was at the desk, hands covering his face in front of his lap top when she entered. He looked up hearing her with tears in his eyes. He was obviously distraught about something. Miss. Norman decided to play dumb.

"Why are you crying sissy?" she asked.

"Eddy...he...said...said he was taking me...me out. Out on a date!" he stammered grabbing a tissue.

"Then those are tears of joy sissy? He seems to be a nice young man and perfect for a big sissy like you. All sissies want to have a man to call their own, so I'm happy for you. After we close, I'll help you get ready for your date," she said with that smile he hated to see.

"Nooo," he wailed. "I don't want to go out with him. He's a guy!"

"I agree with that. He's definitely more of a man than you ever were sissy. When he asked you out, did you refuse?" she asked.

"No...not exactly. He...he didn't giv...give me a chance," Perry replied through his tears.

"He was in here for some time and you mean to tell me that you didn't say no? Hell's bells, you're more of a sissy than I thought. So, what time is he picking you up?" she loudly said.

"Sev...seven thirty but I can't go out wit...with him," Perry answered sniffing now.

"Of course, you will sissy! Since you didn't refuse, you will go out on a date with him. I insist. Not only that, you will do whatever he wants without question. It's how a 1950's girl behaves when with a man and you should know that from your studies. You know what will happen if you don't," she stated and left the room.

Once again Miss. Norman selected his clothing for his upcoming date. The lingerie was in a sparkling white satin, brief cut panties, waist chinch, bullet bra, panty girdle and four white net petticoats. For outer wear a white cashmere, V-necked capped sleeved buttoned sweater and gray poodle skirt with a pink embroidered poodle. A pair of white bobby socks and white and gray saddle shoes completed his dressing. His accessories were also from that era. Gray plastic button clip-on earrings, silver charm bracelet and a pink silk short scarf tied around the neck. Fully dressed and full makeup Perry looked just like a 1950's high school girl, prominent breasts, slim waisted with round hips.

Perry could feel the tightness pulling at his groin and waist, the bra band and thin satin straps pulling at his shoulders but mentally didn't notice. He had been wearing such items so long, it felt natural. What he was mentally taking notice of was just how convincing he did look.

"I would like to date a girl that looked like this but that's me! And I'm dressed like this to attract another guy! I'm a sissy but I don't want to do this. I like girls," he thought.

##

When Eddy came to pick up Perry, he was wearing skinny jeans and a pink polo shirt. As he waited for his date, Miss. Norman had a talk with him.

"Eddy remember Cherry is an old-fashioned girl. He is absolutely infatuated with the 1950's and like a girl back then, prefers a dominant man. A man who can give her direction and keep her from having to make serious decisions. Do you think you can be that man Eddy?"

"I can do that Miss. Norman. Like our conversation this afternoon, your advice is always welcome. Besides it felt really good just telling Cherry we had a date. It's sometimes very difficult asking someone for a date out of the fear of rejection," he replied.

"Now listen up. This is very important as Cherry follows that era's moral code. No kissing on the lips until your third date, no attempt to play with her breasts until the fifth date. If you decide to go steady; then, and only then can you become more intimate. I expect you to adhere to that so-called code. Cherry is still getting used to being a full time sissy. I don't want her rushed. Am I understood?" she stated seriously.

"Weird, but sure, I can do that. Besides I like him a lot even though he looks like a girl. Knowing what Cherry has between her legs really turns me on," he answered.

"If you're expecting to find a ram rod between Cherry's legs, forget it Eddy. He's been on strong female hormones for some time now. I seriously doubt that it is fully functional now. I'm telling you this

in confidence, so don't say anything about it to anyone much less Cherry. Understood?" Miss. Norman stated.

"Oh, no matter. I've enjoyed the times I was the top. I won't say anything, I promise," Eddy replied sounding slightly disappointed.

"Good, let me go and get him. I'm sure he's ready now," she said standing.

Perry's date proved to be uneventful and he was anxious about going out with another guy. They went to a pizza place and to a movie. He actually really enjoyed having pizza for the first time in what seemed like years. With the exception of Eddy holding his hand and giving him a kiss on the cheek, not much different than when they talked in class.

"I can't believe I just went out on a date with another guy and didn't puke my guts out. He even kissed me but that didn't bother me all that much. Thankfully it wasn't on the lips. Don't know if I could have handled that. It felt good getting out of this house for a while too and eating pizza, my favorite. He said he's taking me out next Saturday. I probably should have said no but it was kinda fun going out and getting away from Miss. Norman," he thought going to his room.

Perry was putting on his aqua nylon and chiffon ruffled baby doll when Miss. Norman entered his room. She was pleased to see the bulge in his panties from the thick sanitary pad and wearing his bullet bra.

"Sissy, tell me about your date and don't skip on the details," she said.

"It was okay. We had pizza and went to a movie," he responded pulling the top of his baby doll down over his head.

"Sissy! You have to do better than that. Did he hold your hand and if he did, how did it feel? Did he kiss you and how did that make you feel? Those kinds of details I want to hear about," she demanded.

"Yes, we held hands and he kissed me on the cheek when he brought me here. It all felt strange since I'm a guy and all but..." he replied before being interrupted.

"When are you going to get it through that thick skull of yours that you are not a guy much less a man! You are a Sissy! Not just any sissy but a Big Sissy! Guess I'm going to have to prove it to you once and for all," she stated angrily.

Before he could react, Miss. Norman spun him around and pushed him onto the bed face down. Perry felt his legs kicked apart and Miss. Norman standing between them. He tried to rise but her hand pinned him down. His granny panties pulled to the side and his tampon extracted. Then a burning pain as he felt something large pressing into his anus and

entering him. He screamed as tears flooded down his cheeks. The shock was too much and he fainted. When his eyes flitted open, could still feel some pain but there was also some pleasure. He could feel Miss. Norman's hips pressed tightly against his round ass and something warm in his bowls. Perry felt his own body respond in a weird way. Something like when he used to ejaculate but different, not as explosive or mind shattering. He just laid there, eyes closed and mortified as he felt Miss. Norman stepping back.

"Now you've experienced what every big sissy craves. Getting a big dick shoved up his boy pussy. The proof will be in your pad when you check it. If it's still dry; then, you just may be a sissy. If it's wet; then, you are the big sissy I know you are. Go clean yourself up. You know just like a girl. Then check and there will be no doubt in your mind as to what you are. Some day you will look back and thank your lucky stars you met me," she said leaving the room.

Perry just laid there biting his lower lip for some time before he managed to get up. As he stood on wobbly legs could feel something dripping down his inner thighs. Stepping into his slippers began to go to the bathroom but froze.

"Miss. Norman is a guy!" his mind screamed.

Perry didn't get much sleep that night. After cleaning up discovered that his sanitary pad was indeed soaked. "Just like Miss. Norman says, I'm a big sissy. She must know because she's one herself. Why else would I have done that? I didn't even try to fight or stop her. It hurt a lot but still, I filled that pad. I have breasts and going to beauty school. What else could I be but the biggest sissy in the world?" kept repeating in his mind as he tossed and turned.

Sunday morning Perry dressed in his maid's uniform before going to make breakfast. Sundays were the times when he caught up on all the household chores that he hadn't gotten to during the week. After what happened last night, he felt more subservient and ashamed. He couldn't bring himself to look into Miss. Norman's eyes the entire day and limited his comments to, "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am." If he had looked up, would have seen that smile he hated plastered on her face.

That evening after he had prepared and served supper, Miss. Norman didn't bother to play with his breasts as he repeated his mantra. Instead, after he finished handed him the lifelike dildo.

"Take this to your room. You'll find some lube in the linen closet. It's time to replace your anal pleaser. This will loosen your pussy and make it easier for the next time. From now on sissy you have a pussy not an ass hole, understand," she said.

"Yes ma'am," he softly replied. "I don't want to do that but she's insinuating it will happen again. I am a big sissy and I don't want it

to hurt so much, so I don't have a choice," he thought blushing.

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It was two weeks before Perry could bring himself to ask Miss. Norman a nagging question. "Miss. Norman you're a big sissy too? How? Why?"

"I've been expecting that. Took you long enough. Yes, I'm a sissy that's why I spotted you right off the first time we met. I wasn't always like this just like you but I learned, oh yes, I learned. It started when I was a kid, much younger than you. I was pretending to be an astronaut and used a pair of my mother's panties as a space suit over my shorts. Don't to this day know why I did that. Anyway, Mother caught me and for punishment began dressing me in girl's clothing. At first, she only did it when I did something bad. As time went on began doing it for no reason. Every day after school I would wind up wearing nothing but girl's clothing and as I got older putting on makeup. When I was dressed, she would call me her darling sissy and treated like a girl. My Mother was brought up in the fifties and sixties and most of what I wore were hers. Grandma Silvia had saved a lot of her stuff from back then. Guess that's how I got hooked on that fashion style. Back then society wasn't accepting of people like us. I got beat up a lot and didn't have any friends. To get by, I did my best to appear to be a real woman. It worked and eventually found an understanding man. He passed a few years back that's when I decided to open my shop. You're very fortunate to be growing up in this tolerant and accepting age. You have even found an understanding young man already. I'm not going to make you date him but such men are very hard to find. Believe me I know from experience. That's enough about me. There's a shipment that needs to be unpacked. Get to it," she said.

The End