

Please Don't Turn
Me Into a Girl!

Missy Sue

An illustration of a young girl with short brown hair, wearing a blue, long-sleeved, high-collared dress with a matching belt. She has a sad or pleading expression. A large, brown, hand-like shape is pointing its index finger directly at her. The background is a simple room with a window and some purple and blue shapes that could be other people or furniture. The text 'Please Don't Turn Me Into a Girl!' is at the top, and 'Missy Sue' is at the bottom.



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PLEASE DON'T TURN ME INTO A GIRL!

by Missy Sue

Mrs. Karen Carson felt overwhelmed ever since her husband had died 8 months ago. Being a single mother was extremely difficult even if you had all the advantages that financial security could provide. Raising her 10-year-old twins, Keith and Kimberly was getting to be a strain, almost more than she could bear. All she really wanted from life was to be a happy mother with a well-behaved, considerate, and dutiful son and a sugar and spice daughter.

Keith was an extremely active boy whose impulsive behavior was constantly either getting him hurt or in trouble at school. He was one of those 'small for his age' boys who was always trying to over compensate for his diminutive appearance by acting tougher than his buddies when in reality he was

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weaker. In addition, his Mr. Macho attitude was clearly inherited from his late father.

Kimberly was a petite, angelic looking little girl with long, dark wavy hair and big brown eyes. Unfortunately, her manners did not go along with her sweet appearance. She was a tomboy through and through. She was certainly a better-behaved child than her brother, a better student, and not at all belligerent. However, she was just as active, and she resented all attempts made by her mother to tame her into a 'little lady'. She wanted to play the rough and tumble competitive sports right along side her brother.

Keith, with his budding male chauvinism, loved to tease Kimberly. He was especially annoying when she was made to act in a traditionally feminine manner. Of course, he knew all the right buttons to push. When she was forced to get all dolled up, he just smirked at her and told her how dainty she looked. When he wanted to be particularly devilish, he would give her skirts a toss, exposing her delicate petticoats and panties underneath. He was always rewarded with an ear-piercing scream.

For Kimberly, having to dress and behave as the prissy girl her mother so desired was a major pain. Add to that frustration Keith's teasing antics and Kimberly was ready to do almost anything to get revenge. Kimberly vowed to get even with her bothersome brother if the opportunity ever showed itself.

At breakfast one fine Saturday morning in the beginning of May, Mrs. Carson announced to Kimberly that she would be attending a series of classes put on by her club, The Pindale Ladies Society. The name given the series was a somewhat pretentious ACQUIRING PROPER MANNERS AND FEMININE DEPARTMENT. The final class would actually be a mother-daughter tea where all the girls could demonstrate their newly learned feminine skills.

Kimberly certainly did not relish this opportunity to improve upon her femininity. "Aw mom, that's so dumb," she complained. "I don't want to end up being a prissy little sissy like either Jennifer Cavanaugh or Marcie Milton. That girly-girl junk is for the birds."

"I'm afraid you could use a little more training in what you call girly girl ways," Mrs. Carson answered curtly in the tone of

voice her children recognized as brooking no further arguments. "Someday you'll thank me for this."

"It sounds just perfect for her," chimed in Keith with a hint of laughter in his voice. "She needs a lot more practice to become a little lady. She can't be a tomboy forever," he added cruelly twisting the knife of prissy girlhood his mother had thrust into Kimberly's gut.

"You shut up," Kimberly hissed at her all too helpful brother.

"I'm just trying to be helpful," Keith claimed with mock sincerity and innocence.

Kimberly just glared at her brother for several moments as she contemplated a blistering revenge. "Maybe pushing a stick through the spokes of his bicycle as he sped down the sidewalk... no... then she'd really be placed on the SUGAR & SPICE RAILROAD," she thought darkly. "If only Keith could experience what it's like to be forced to be so prissy," she dejectedly thought.

That last thought gave her an inspiration. "Mom, why doesn't Keith have to go to the classes too," Kimberly asked. "He needs to learn manners more than I do," she added smugly.

"You have a point," Mrs. Carson conceded knowing that her errant son could definitely use a course in manners and deportment. "Except these manners classes are for girls only. But that in no way means I'm letting you off the hook, young lady. You'll learn a lot from a feminine perspective."

"Too bad YOU'RE not the girl in the family," Kimberly sneered at her smirking brother.

"One retard per family is enough," Keith snapped back.

"Okay, young man," his mother stated angrily. "Just for that unkind comment you will accompany Kimberly and I on our shopping trip this morning instead of playing with your friends as you had planned."

Kimberly sat back smiling ruefully as proceeded Keith throw a fit, but she knew that he wouldn't get his way. He had overstepped that invisible boundary of acceptability. At least if she had to go through with these classes and get all dressed up, Keith would have to tag along for the shopping trip. She was

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fully aware of how much he hated shopping for girlish things. So in this, she had a modicum of revenge.

As soon as Kimberly finished her bubble bath, Keith was made to take a thorough bath and dress in his best suit, the one he usually wore to church on Sunday mornings. Naturally this put him in a foul mood. He detested having to get all dressed up, especially on a Saturday morning when he had made plans to play baseball with the guys. "What a rotten deal," he thought bitterly. "And it's all Kimberly's fault!"

Keith took out his frustrations on poor Kimberly who wasn't at all pleased about going shopping for a few more new party dresses. As they prepared to enter the car he spitefully flipped her skirts up. During the trip he made faces at her, pinched her, and made rude comments about girls. Kimberly's yelps, squeals, and protests were like music to the irascible lad's ears. Kimberly began to rue her initial glee in having him accompany them on the trip since his teasing only made her apprehension and frustration worse. His mother was beginning to regret having brought him along, but she knew she had to keep a tight rein on him or he would grow even worse.

They found a parking spot in front of the PICTURE PERFECT PARTY DRESS BOUTIQUE, an upscale shop for well-dressed little misses. Keith had been in the shop a few times. On those occasions he had always acted so put upon, as if his male dignity was being grossly insulted.

As Mrs. Carson ushered the twins through the front entrance she gave Keith a poke and told him to straighten up. He scowled as he looked around the sissy environment. There were numerous colorful displays of accessories and racks of frilly dresses in a wide range of sizes. They made a vivid rainbow of delicate pastel colors. Assortments of girlish undies and petticoats were also in abundance. It was a dainty girl's paradise... and a macho boy's nightmare.

Keith did his best 'I'm so bored!' routine as his mother and Kimberly set about the business of selecting the new party dresses she would wear to her classes. With a look of scorn upon his face he slumped against one of the roof support columns. Whenever anyone glanced in his direction, he'd glare at them as if he were contemplating the most horrid creature in

existence. The stubborn lad was fully prepared to endure his stay being the burdened brother.

Then a very curious thing happened. A very determined mother came into the boutique with two children in tow. They were obviously twins and they looked to be about 7 years old. Like Keith and Kimberly, one was a boy and one was a girl. Keith heard their mother address them by the names Steve and Susan. Steve looked extremely upset, even on the verge of tears. He obviously hated being a girls' clothing store even more than Keith did.

This alone peeked Keith's curiosity, especially since misery really loves company. From his vantage point Keith kept a close eye on the distraught little Steve as a saleslady approached his mother. What happened was inconceivable! Keith almost didn't believe what he overheard.

"May I be of assistance," the saleslady inquired.

"Yes, indeed," Steve's mom began in a firm tone of voice. "My little Susan and Steven are twins. Even though they are obviously not identical twins, I have decided to dress them as such. Susan is a little angel while Steven is the exact opposite. A certain naughty brother has much to learn from his sweet sister! Perhaps if I dress them alike, I'll see an improvement in his behavior."

"I'll be good, I promise," Steve whined petulantly. "Please don't make me wear dresses and be Susie's twin sister."

"It's too late for that," his mother retorted firmly. "You've been given many warnings. I've begged and pleaded with you to change your naughty behavior. I'm through talking and hoping that YOU'D correct your behavior, now I'M going to change you."

Poor Steve bravely blinked back tears as his lips trembled with fear. Keith felt his stomach flipping at the mere idea that a mother would force her son to dress as a girl!

"We do occasionally get mothers in here who are putting their sons through petticoat punishment," the saleslady said without the slightest hint of being upset or outraged. "I'm told it really works."

"I certainly hope so," the mother said in exasperation. "Steve will remain my little Stephanie until it does work!"

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Keith was horrified by what was happening yet totally fascinated. In true boyish loyalty he felt sorry for the boy because he knew how he'd feel if he suddenly had to become Kimberly's twin sister. But at the same time, he could hardly wait to see what the kid looked like in a dress. He couldn't imagine any greater humiliation for a boy.

Luckily for Keith's curiosity, Kimberly and his mother were being real poky selecting her new wardrobe. Normally, Keith would have been acting up if they had spent this much time in the store. His mother was delighted to see her son quietly standing by the column whenever she glanced in his direction. She assumed he was cowed by her forcefulness in making him accompany them. But the real reason he was as good as gold today was because he was waiting for the hapless Steve to be transformed into his sister's identical twin! For the first time in his life, Keith actually hoped his mother and sister would take their time in making their selections.

It took some time and patience, but finally Keith got a good look at the unfortunate Stephanie as he and sister Susan emerged from a dressing room in matching lavender dresses of shiny taffeta. The petticoated lad had tears trickling down his forlorn face. He was looking down in bewilderment at the dainty dress that encased him. He was clearly not a happy camper.

Initially, Keith was appalled by the apparent ease of the transformation of an unwilling boy into a pretty little girl. But the disgust he felt quickly dissipated only to be replaced by mirth at the sight of a boy in a dress. It was about the funniest thing Keith had ever seen. He couldn't contain himself and began to snicker out loud.

Other girls and mothers in the store who were also aware of what was transpiring looked the sissified boy over. None of them thought the prettily dressed lad was particularly funny.

Between guffaws, Keith heard one girl say to her friend, "It's probably a big improvement for him. He'll probably like it."

Snorting derisively, Keith knew better. "No boy I've ever known would ever like getting changed into a girl, especially



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his own sister's twin. But then what else could one expect a dumb girl to say," he thought ruefully!

Keith was still marveling at the sight of the miserable little changeling when his sister and mother came up behind him.

"Keith... KEITH," his mother called until she gained his attention.

Keith was startled and spun about to face his mother and sister. A momentary wave of guilt and fear swept over him as he hoped they hadn't seen what he was so intently observing and get any crazy ideas about doing something ridiculous to him! But the sight of his sister quickly erased any such concerns. Instantly Keith knew she hated how she was dressed. As an opportunity to torment her, it was just too great a temptation to let it pass.

Kimberly was done up in a red satin party dress with generous amounts of white lace trim around the short puffy sleeves and the rounded collar. Needless to say, in true tomboy form she didn't look particularly pleased about being turned out in such childish feminine attire. It made her look about 5 years old. The look on her face gave plain evidence of how disgusted Kimberly was to be so dressed. But she knew better than to do more than a token protest or risk having her time in such demeaning outfits extended.

"Doesn't your sister look absolutely darling," Mrs. Carson asked Keith as she gave him a nudge.

With typical masculine obtuseness Keith just couldn't take a hint. It never even occurred to him to give his sister a compliment. "Yeah, she looks like a darling sissy dweeb, just like that kid over there," he arrogantly sneered as he pointed out the mortified Stephanie.

Both were angered by the obvious demeaning intent of his reply but still Kimberly and Mrs. Carson looked over at the darling twins in their lavender finery. Why the twin with the longer hair seemed happy while the twin with the shorter hair was the exact opposite was not clear. The expressions upon the faces of his mother and sister revealed their puzzlement since they had not seen the twins until that moment.

“He’s been a bad boy,” Keith said snootily. “So they made HIM into a good little girl. He has to be his twin’s SISTER!” Then he laughed heartily until tears filled his eyes.

While Keith was consumed by the hilarity of Steve’s dilemma, his mother and Kimberly realized the sad twin was a petticoated lad! Keith’s derogatory remark about “a darling sissy dweeb” was meant to hurt both Kimberly and poor Steve. The contemptuous laughter only rubbed salt into the wounds.

Immediately Kimberly’s anger and frustration coupled with her earlier request to have Keith accompany her to the manners classes as she was struck by a wonderful idea. “Let’s make KEITH dress up like me and be MY twin sister so SHE can take the manners and deportment classes with me,” she said eagerly with undeniable yearning.

Keith reacted like a person touching a live electrical wire. “When pigs fly, dog breath,” he hissed, giving his seemingly delicate sister a hard shove as the earlier fear that he might be subjected to petticoating reared its ugly snarling head.

Totally unprepared for such a response, Kimberly lost her balance and fell backwards, squealing with fear.

Mrs. Carson instinctively caught the squealing girl before she fell. Then after she helped her regain her balance she kissed the shaken girl tenderly upon her forehead, smiled sweetly, and said, “Why Kimberly, that’s a splendid idea!”

Menacingly she then turned to Keith and spoke through tightly drawn lips. “You’ve embarrassed me and harassed your sister for the very last time. I’ve had it with your macho nonsense. Turning you into a little girl and sending you with Kimberly to those classes on manners and feminine deportment will be the best thing that ever happened to you!”

The women and children in the store had stopped what they were doing and turned to look at Keith when he had laughed so haughtily. With rapt attention they watched the brief vitriolic verbal interchange between the brother and sister, the angry shove that almost toppled Kimberly, and the angry mother pronounce sentence on her errant son. They continued to watch as Mrs. Carson grabbed Keith’s wrist in an iron grip and forcefully tugged the astonished lad to the rear of the store where she plopped down upon a chair. Right then and there, in front of ev-

everyone in the store, she took him across her knee and soundly applied her hand to his squirming backside until he was sobbing like a baby. Several mothers actually cheered.

Keith was totally unprepared for the swift and vicious reaction of his mother. His mind was so aghast and awestruck with the horrid idea of being dressed like a sissy and attending the dumb classes with his sister that he couldn't resist. From his position across her lap he could see that everyone in the store was watching his subjugation and humiliation. Again, before he could attempt to resist, to show his boyish spirit, the mind-numbing blows began to rain down upon his buttocks. The pain and humiliation coupled to break his spirit. All he wanted was for the ordeal to end as quickly as possible.

"I... I'll (sob) be good; I'll be good! (sob) I won't tease Kimberly any more. (sob) I'm sorry. (sob) I'm really sorry! (sob) Please, PLEASE, don't make me wear a dress! (sob)" Keith blubbered fearfully while trembling at the prospect of being petticoated.

Still firmly holding her wayward son upon her lap Mrs. Carson turned to the amused saleslady who had been helping her with Kimberly's selections to calmly ask, "Do you happen to have another dress exactly like my daughter's in his size?"

"I'm sure we do, ma'am," was her amused reply as the on-lookers giggled.

And unfortunately for Keith, she was absolutely correct. His mother stood him back on his feet so they could accompany the saleslady to the rack where Kimberly's dress had hung. With tape measure in hand the saleslady discovered that he was actually a size smaller than Kimberly but the red satin dress they found for him was exactly like his sister's down to the last detail.

"Oh," he gasped in horror upon seeing the dainty dress as the saleslady pulled it from the rack. "Please, PLEASE, don't make me wear a dress," Keith sobbed piteously again as he was marched off to the dressing room while his grinning sister carried the dreaded party dress.

Keith positively hated wearing a suit, but for the first time in his life he sure didn't want to surrender it; especially when his mom told him to disrobe. The dress hung from a hook on the

wall, seeming to grow larger and ever more menacing with every second he stared with dreaded horror at his fate. However his resistance was quite brief since he didn't dare stall because his mother reminded him in no uncertain terms that another spanking could be easily applied to his backside. In short order, he found himself standing naked as Kimberly carried his boy clothes from the small room to the waiting saleslady. Tears ran down his red cheeks as he waited with his mother while the dress hanging before him like the blade atop a guillotine.

Their replacements soon arrived in Kimberly's arms. She made sure that his new undies, panties, and vest were of shimmering white satin, made all the more feminine by lots of ruffled lace trim and tiny red satin bows. Even though he was horrified by the sissy garments, the sniffling lad willingly slipped into the dainty lingerie in order to shield his nakedness. Getting him into his extremely bouffant taffeta and stiff netting petticoats took another threat of a spanking. The girlish garment truly mortified him as it was drawn down upon his body with a loud whisper of rustling material. It caused him to shudder involuntarily and almost wet his new panties.

Keith almost burst into tears as the dress that would make him Kimberly's identical twin was lowered down around him. His arms were guided through the short puffy sleeves. The zipper was done up in the back, and the sash was tied in back by his mother into a big decorative bow. Two smaller bows adorned the front of the shirred bodice.

Keith looked down in shame at his full but short skirts. The four tiers of ruffles were puffed out by the petticoats beneath them. His mother busily fussed with the skirts so that they stood out almost like a ballerina's tutu. He was totally encased in satin and lace. Even though he knew it had happened, he still found it unbelievable what fate had done to him.

White lace anklets also adorned with little red bows were drawn upon his feet. In turn, these were covered by shiny black patent leather party girl shoes that had a dainty single cross strap.

Even though Keith had a fairly short boyish haircut, a large red satin bow, just like Kimberly's, was attached to the top of his head. He had become her twin down to the last detail, but he

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was still recognizable as a boy twin trying to emulate her femininity.

Keith certainly didn't want to face the world in his little girl's attire, but he wasn't given a choice. Just like poor little Steve before him, he was marched out of the privacy of the dressing room. Little Stephanie and Susan had apparently departed, so Keith got to be the center of attention. The spotlighted lad was escorted from the dressing room to stand in front of a full length mirror. His skirts bobbed up and down caressing his upper thighs as he walked. His petticoats rustled noisily, and his pretty shoes made a clicky-clack sound on the hard tile floor. His arms rested awkwardly on the smooth shimmering satin skirts that enveloped him. The bewildered boy's senses were literally deluged with the myriad sounds and sensations of femininity.

He was an immediate hit with Kimberly as well as the other gleeful girls and their mothers. "Oh my, just look at you," Kimberly said trying to suppress a giggle. "You look so sweet for a change. I think a dress really improves your appearance."

"Make her stop teasing me," Keith snapped in frustration.

"She wasn't teasing; she was giving you a real compliment," his mother tersely replied. "Now thank her," she added sternly knowing full well that doing so would multiply his humiliation.

Briefly he thought of telling his mother and sister what he truly felt. That, he knew, would result in another spanking; and since now clad in the dress, his skirts and petticoats would necessarily be flipped up to expose his satin encased bottom to a bevy of eager feminine onlookers. Then he would still be made to thank his sister and most likely have to apologize to boot. With a very pained expression, the hopeless Keith softly stammered "Th... thank you."

"You know, mommy, it's not so bad being all dolled up in this babyish dress as long as I have someone to share the experience with," Kimberly stated brightly. Then, adding salt to the grievous wound, she mischievously added, "I'm glad Keith is the one sharing who is sharing the experience with me. I'll bet he won't tease me about being a sissy anymore since he has to be one too."

“Yes, I agree. This is simply perfect for him,” Mrs. Carson said with a satisfied smile.

Keith could not reply without getting into trouble. The forlorn boy hung his head in shame; keeping his eyes on the floor to avoid seeing the derisive pleased looks of those who were witnessing his loathsome ordeal. He was made to follow closely behind as the saleslady, his mother, and Kimberly searched for several more dresses that would match the ones that had already been picked out for Kimberly. During the grueling tribulation, poor Keith was acutely aware of the stares of the other girls in the store. What really hurt were those who entered the boutique after his initial humiliation and thus had no knowledge that he had been FORCED to wear the dress. They might assume he was WILLINGLY dressed this way! He fervently wished he could will himself to be invisible. He particularly hated the fact that the majority of the girls his own age were wearing jeans or other kinds of pants. It was mainly the littlest girls who wore pretty dresses such as adorned he and Kimberly. Occasionally he could hear a giggling or whispered comments:

“Just look at that boy in the fancy party dress. Isn’t he silly looking?”

“What a big sissy he must be.”

“I wish I could do that to my brother.”

“Oh look mommy, there’s a big boy pretending to be a little girl.”

“I wonder why his mommy turned him into a girl?”

“Will he have to wear dresses for ever?”

Keith wished he could die as tears continued to slowly trickle from his red eyes.

Once the other dresses and suitable undies were all picked out, Keith breathed a sigh of relief. He was ready to go back into the dressing room and shed his girlish finery.

“Where do you think you’re going, young lady,” his mother asked loudly even though she was fully aware of his expectations.

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“I... I was going to the dressing room to change into my suit,” he stammered as a very real fear began to build in his rapidly beating heart.

“Why on earth should you change? You and Kimberly look so precious I insist you wear your new outfits home,” Mrs. Carson explained.

Hearing that he was to remain in his red satin party dress brought renewed tears to and sobbing pleas from the stunned boy.

“I can’t go home like this,” he whined. “Someone might see me! If the guys find out I wear girls’ clothes, I’ll be ruined. They won’t let me play with them anymore.”

“You can play with your sister and her friends,” Mrs Carson replied without an ounce of pity as she headed for the check out. “I’m sure they won’t mind having one more girl around to play with.”

Keith stood alone for a brief moment hoping his mother would relent. But as the curious onlooking girls began to gather about him for a closer look at the big sissy boy, he scurried for the protection and security of his mother in a flurry of loudly rustling petticoats.

With their arms full of packages, the Carson twins left the PICTURE PERFECT PARTY DRESS BOUTIQUE wearing their new red satin and white lace dresses. Keith’s heart was beating rapidly with anxiety as his patent leather party shoes took their first steps on the sidewalk. He just couldn’t believe that he was actually in the middle of town dressed up like a frilly little girl. The girlish clickety-clack sound of his pretty party shoes on the sidewalk joined that of his sister. The rustling swish of their bouffant petticoats echoed in his ringing ears. How had he fallen to this depth?

Fortunately the car was real close by so only a few people saw him. Out of the corner of his eye he could see the amused and curious looks on the faces of several teenage girls who passed by. What must they be thinking of him? As quickly as he could he ducked into the safety of the car’s back seat. He had more than a little trouble arranging his puffy skirts, and he reluctantly accepted Kimberly’s coaching so he could sit while maintaining some degree of modesty.

“You just can’t sit any old way or you’ll be showing off your panties,” she gaily admonished. “You certainly don’t want some boys looking up your skirts at your pretty lacy panties do you?”

He blushed in spite of himself at that dreaded idea. He didn’t reply though. It was just too horrible to contemplate that he, who had made such a serious game out of looking up girls’ dresses, should suddenly find himself WEARING the pretty panties instead of peeking at them. He shuddered as this bizarre twist of fate played out in his befuddled mind.

As they headed for home, Keith looked over at his sister sitting beside him with her own dainty skirts spread out all around her. He could look down and see his own skirts puffed out in a similar fashion. She looked so babyish and frilly. It was horrible for him to know that he looked just as babyish and frilly. If things would have been normal he would have been teasing her unmercifully. Kimberly was certainly right, he ruefully thought, putting him in his own dress had cured him of his teasing. All he wanted was to get home and hide from the world.

As the car pulled into the driveway, Keith knew he was in big trouble. It looked like almost all the kids in the neighborhood, girls and boys, were playing on their front sidewalk! He was about to be exposed to all of them wearing sissy girls’ clothes. Giant size butterflies began to flap around in his stomach as the car came to a stop at the curb instead of in the driveway. Instead of being able to scurry into the house suffering only a brief exposure, he’d now have run a gauntlet through his peers.

The car had barely stopped before Kimberly was out in a flurry of rustling petticoats. “Hey you guys,” she excitedly called to her friends. “Come and see my new twin SISTER. SHE’s just adorable!”

Now there would be no escape. Briefly he debated whether to stay in the car or exit, but staying would only prolong his humiliating exposure. The mortified Keith reluctantly crawled from the back seat. He tried his best to keep his frilly undies and petticoats from being exposed, but his short, full skirts made it an exercise in futility. Finally outside, he hurriedly fumbled to rearrange his skirts in order to restore what modesty was possi-

ble with such a babyish dress. When he looked up, a semi-circle of Kimberly's friends had gathered around him. He immediately noticed that he and Kimberly were the only ones wearing dresses. Somehow that made things even worse.

The girls all stared at him in wonder; some had their mouths hanging wide open. For a moment, no one said a word. Then Jennifer Cavanaugh said in a very diplomatic voice, "You both look very pretty in your new dresses. Did you get them at the PICTURE PERFECT PARTY DRESS BOUTIQUE?"

"Where else," Kimberly replied with a smile as she nodded her head.

"How come Keith has to wear a dress," Sarah Fulton asked with a broad grin to see one of her worst antagonists so sissified. She was another tomboy, belittled by the boys, who despised getting all dolled up about as much as Kimberly did.

"He's going to learn how to be mannerly and feminine like me," Kimberly said smugly with a dainty curtsy.

"Oh good," Sarah stated happily. "Now I can take his place on the boys' baseball team. I'm sure they won't let anyone play who is wearing such a pretty dress."

Keith looked down at his puffy party dress not daring to say a word. His boyish bravado had completely vanished. In his nervousness, his fingers toyed with the ruffled lace hem of his dress.

"I wish my mom would make my brother become my sister," Janet Martino stated wistfully as she glanced at her brother Tony over with the rowdy boys.

"Are you going to be a girl from now on, Keith," Marcie Milton asked innocently.

Keith shed a single tear. He didn't know what to say. There was no way he wanted to stay dressed as a girl, but every time he opened his big mouth his shameful situation seemed to degenerate. Wisely, he kept silent. Much to his surprise, the girls weren't teasing him with their questions and comments. They were genuinely concerned and curious. But then things suddenly grew worse as he saw his buddies coming over to see what all the fuss was about.

Keith always had to try harder than his buddies to be one of the guys. His smaller physical size often made it difficult for

him to keep up with boys his own age, but he had always stubbornly done just that. He knew that being seen all dressed up like a little girl would do nothing to help his place in the gang.

Now the guys knew that Keith had been made to accompany his sister on a shopping trip for party dresses. When the Carson car first pulled up to the curb the gang just thought the girls were raving about some dumb girl things and so ignored them. But as the giggling girls continued to chatter and Keith did not emerge, the guys became curious. Finally they decided to investigate. At first they wondered where Keith was, not really paying any attention to the twin girls in their party dresses until they noticed the short hair on one. It took a few moments before they realized that the short haired girl in the fancy party dress was really their buddy Keith!

Craig Matson, the unofficial leader of the boys' gang, was the first to recover from his surprise. "Well, well, what do we have here," he asked sarcastically. "It looks like there's a new girl in the neighborhood."

"This wasn't my idea," Keith said in a whisper of desperation.

"Of course not," tough Tony Martino, who was just as small as Keith, laughed. "Kimberly beat you up and made you do it."

"Now you're her sister," Nick Nunnley laughed. "You two can play look alike from now on."

Craig, having pushed his way through the surrounding girls, gave Keith's puffy skirts and petticoats a playful toss, putting his frilly panties on display. Keith was stunned to be on the receiving end of this girlish torment as everyone laughed. Stepping away from his tormentor Keith indignantly worked quickly to regain what was left of his modesty. Very self-consciously, he rearranged his feminine finery, feeling very foolish and extremely girlish as he did so. After this, he feared, it would be quite difficult if not impossible for him to regain his place with the guys.

As Mrs. Carson joined the group things settled down. The guys hastily departed to play ball. Sarah swaggered off with them to take Keith's place. Naturally, they were loudly discussing Keith's new sissy status. The demeaning comments were clearly meant to be audible to their erstwhile buddy:

“I always knew he wasn’t tough enough to be one of us,” Craig boasted.

“Yeah, all that bluster was just a front to hide the sissy inside,” Sarah chimed in.

“Maybe he really is a girl,” Nick suggested. “He certainly looks right in a dress!”

“If he isn’t a sissy girl, he soon will be,” Sarah predicted with a laugh.

It really cut deeply into his self-worth to hear their contemptuous banter. His self-deprecating thoughts ran wild: “Maybe they’re right... just look how easily I’ve been cowed and sissified. Will I become a girl, as Sarah suggested?”

The guys continued to discuss Keith even after the forlorn lad could no longer hear their cruel comments.

“I always knew Keith was a big sissy,” Craig sneered.

“I guess it comes from having a sister,” Nick replied.

“I have a sister and I’m not a sissy,” Tony replied defensively.

“Never said you were,” Nick rejoined not wanting to offend the little spitfire. “I think it has to do with having a TWIN sister.”

“That makes sense,” Craig replied. “You know, twins happen when a baby splits in two, so Keith has to have some girl in him. Just look how much of a tomboy Kimberly can be. She has to have the rest of Keith’s boy in her! That’s probably why he’s become a sissy.”

“I never thought of Keith as a sissy,” Tony resolutely stated shaking his head. Like Keith, Tony always had to struggle to keep up with the bigger guys and so felt a closer kinship to the boy.

“Well I’m a tomboy and I don’t have a twin,” Sarah added.

“Bug off, Sarah,” Craig replied. “We don’t want a tomboy hanging with us any more than we want a sissy!”

After that, the conversation turned to the age old problem of why boys are superior to girls. Even though out-numbered, Sarah held her own.

Meanwhile, back at the Carson car, Jennifer suggested the remaining girls all play dolls together at her house. Keith was

invited too. Apparently his dress was his ticket to the feminine fun. Of course, the delighted Mrs. Carson allowed her 'new daughter' to accompany the other girls. She was surprised when he went along without a fuss. Clearly, he was much more manageable and compliant while wearing a dress. She had hit upon the perfect child rearing technique to tame rowdy boys!

At the Cavanaugh home it was explained to Jennifer's mother that Keith had undergone a transformation for the better. "He wants to learn how to act like one of the girls," Jennifer innocently told her mother. "And we're going to show him how."

"My mom thought it would be fun to let him become my identical twin," Kimberly commented. "She knew it would improve his behavior."

"You can see how much it's changed him already," 9 year old Janet Martino added brightly. "I wonder if it'd work on Tony?"

"We're going to show him how to play Barbies," Marcie added excitedly.

Keith just stood there tongue tied by his embarrassment. Blushing beet red, he looked down at the billowing satin skirts that imprisoned him. It was very difficult for him to believe that this had happened to him, that his buddies had abandoned him like mice fleeing from a sinking ship while the girls he'd always taken delight in teasing seemed to think it was all quite normal and accepted his apparent girlishness at face value. Maybe if Tony was made to wear dresses too it wouldn't be so bad. After all, misery loves company!

"Well you look very pretty in your little party dress," Mrs. Cavanaugh complimented him. "I hope you enjoy being a girl. I'm sure it will improve your behavior immensely."

With that introduction completed, the 'girls' went to Jennifer's room where Keith was given his first exposure into the joys of being 'into Barbies'. But the first order of business was a name change for the befuddled Keith. The girls felt he couldn't be truly one of them if he did not have a girl's name.

"You just can't be all decked out in a red satin party dress and still go by the name of Keith," Marcie stated matter of

factly as if it were an everyday occurrence for a boy to suddenly be transformed into a girl.

After a short debate in which Keith was not allowed to take part, he officially became Krissy. Now he had a girl's name to go along with his girls' clothes.

Keith was used to playing with his little army guys. With relish he used them to act out scenes of death and destruction. Playing Barbies was something altogether different. He found himself in Jennifer's bedroom seated on a pink shag carpeted floor in a small circle with the other girls. A dozen or so dolls, most of Barbie or some of her friends, were in the middle of the circle along with a pile of outfits and accessories.

The goal here wasn't to wipe out the enemy forces, instead you had to help Barbie get dressed in the perfect outfit for her dream date with Ken. You could brush and style her hair. You could even decorate it with little bows and barrettes. You couldn't settle on the very first dress you put Barbie in either; you had to dress and undress her in a number of different outfits before you settled on the right one.

There was also a Barbie bride doll and two children dolls. At first the boy doll was dressed as a ring bearer and the girl doll was attired as a flower girl. Then Kimberly got the bright idea that the boy doll should get to be the flower girl for a change. In their scheme, he had to beg the girl doll to allow him the privilege of wearing her dress and carrying her bouquet. Naturally the new Krissy was prompted into pleading the boy doll's case.

Unenthusiastically he repeated the lines he was given by his coaches: "You always get to be the flower girl. It's not fair that you always get to be the frilly, pretty one, please let me wear your dress."

"But I am a real girl," Jennifer's voice spoke for the girl doll.

"Barbie said she's going to turn me into a girl too, so I should get some practice wearing girls' clothes," the boy doll replied through Keith.

"Oh, goody, then you can be my sister," the girl doll responded.

"It will be so much fun being sisters," Keith replied weakly.

"Ok, sis, let's trade clothes," the girl doll replied. "You can wear my dress."

A great ceremony was made of the boy entering girlhood. He was put into his sister's dainty clothes. Unlike Keith, he was very grateful to be a member of the opposite sex in doll land. Being able to walk down the aisle as Bride Barbie's flower girl was a dream come true.

The excruciating afternoon of girlish play finally ended and all the girls returned to their homes. Just before supper, an elated Keith was allowed to change back into his regular boys' clothes. His mother noticed how, virtually instantaneously, his personality completely reverted to its macho ways once the taming influence of his dress and petticoats was removed. At the supper table he even called Kimberly a naughty swear word when she told their mother how the girls had rechristened him as Krissy.

That evening at the Martino home Tony's life began to slip away from the straight and narrow path of sacrosanct boyhood. Although not as drastic as Keith's sharp detour, it still was an irreversible first step. Tony, Janet, and their mother were seated at the supper table. Naturally, bubbly Janet began to recount her afternoon of playing Barbies with Tony's buddy Keith Carson.

At first, Mrs. Martino was shocked to learn that Keith had been out in public dressed as a girl. After all, Keith was just like her son, an All-American rascally boy. A very embarrassed Tony had to confirm the sissy status of his friend. The more Janet lauded Keith's girlishness, the angrier Tony became.

Finally he glared across the table at his sister. "All right, already, can't you blabber about something else? So Keith had to dress up and act like a girl because he teased his sister. Give the guy a break!"

Janet quickly quieted for she was quite accustomed to her big brother's dominance. Morosely she hung her head and toyed with her food.

"Tony, there is no need to be so rude," Mrs. Martino scolded. "If Janet wants to talk about Keith, she can. It's clear you don't want to hear about it because you're afraid the same thing could happen to you!"

"ME??? No way," Tony exclaimed with obvious fear. While the idea had not occurred to him, now that it had been

brought to his attention he realized his mother had hit the nail squarely on the head. "I'd never let you dress me up like a dumb girl!"

Mrs. Martino grew angry. "Girls are no dumber than boys. I don't know how many times I've told you to stop putting girls down. Perhaps Mrs. Carson has hit on the right idea. Maybe having a nasty boy spend some time as a girl will teach him to respect females!"

The implications of her words was not lost on the startled boy. Now it was Tony who hung his head while his sister smirked. Tony shivered with terror as he realized he'd walked out on thin ice. He'd have to be very careful and behave for the next few days.

"Are you going to make Tony wear dresses and play with dolls," Janet asked with excitement. "I'll help him! I can teach him how to play with dolls like we did with Keith!"

Tony raised his head and his eyes grew wide with anger as he wanted to kill his sister, but the look his mother was giving him made him bite his lip. Wisely, he sadly lowered his head and kept quiet.

"I hope that wouldn't be necessary," Mrs. Martino stated firmly. "I think Tony KNOWS when it's time to start behaving."

The implication was quite plain to Tony.

"Oh," whined Janet. "I was just getting my hopes up for a sister. It'd be great having someone to play with and to help with the chores. I get tired of doing the dishes and cleaning every day while Tony just has to cut the grass once a week."

Tony stiffened and flushed as he tried to control his anger. It was only the knowledge that he could suffer the same humiliation Keith suffered that kept him from exploding.

"You do have a point, Kimberly," Mrs. Martino stated glaring at Tony. She could plainly see he was close to exploding. It really broke her heart to see her son so out of control. She was well aware that he had been getting wilder and certainly less respectful lately. Once he hit puberty, she knew, things could only get worse. How she could get her son back under control had been weighing heavily upon her mind. Keith's petticoating seemed to be just the tool she needed since Tony was obvious

quite afraid of suffering the same fate. That made up her mind to use the tool that had been handed to her. "In fact, starting tonight, Tony, clearing the table, washing and drying the dishes, and putting everything away is YOUR job."

"But Mom," Tony's head popped up again, but this time the anger and frustration was directed at his mother as he began to complain. "That's GIRL's work!"

The kitchen fell silent as Mrs. Martino glared at her audacious son. Janet kept silent, hoping she'd be given help with the dishes and cleaning.

As his mother's face grew red Tony knew he'd put his foot in his mouth. Once more his head dropped. "All right, all right, I'll do the stupid dishes," he replied glumly while surrendering to the inevitable hoping to avoid any further consequences.

"Great," Janet exclaimed. "Thanks mommy!"

"You're lucky, young man," his mother tersely replied as she glared at him. "You just came within an inch of wearing a dress!"

Both Janet and Tony knew to keep quiet when their mother was in that type of mood. Tony paled as he thought just how close he'd come to joining Keith. A shiver swept his hunched frame. Doing the dishes was a lot better than wearing a stupid dress and playing with dumb dolls!

A wild sense of satisfaction about successfully cowing her son filled Mrs. Martino. She knew, however, that she had to push him a bit more to reinforce the message. "Just to make sure you're aware of how close you've come," she stated with great authority. "AND to punish you for calling it GIRL'S WORK, you WILL wear Janet's pinafore apron while you do the dishes!"

Tony's head jerked up, his eyes grew wide, and his face turned red with anger. He opened his mouth to protest but caught himself and quickly shut it. He knew his mother was just waiting for an excuse to put him in dresses. Yet, he couldn't wear the frilly pinafore. Why the thing was like the one Alice-in-Wonderland wore! "I'm sorry, mom, really I am," Tony stated softly with great contrition. "I just didn't think. Please, give me another chance. I'll do the dishes and stuff, but please don't make me wear the apron."

Mrs. Martino knew she had Tony right where she wanted him. “It’s too late to apologize. You will wear the pinafore for two weeks. IF you’ve shown me and your sister that you can behave and show respect to us, I’ll reconsider. Janet, tonight you’ll supervise Tony to make sure he does things properly. Tony, you will listen to your sister.”

“Yes, mommy,” Tony responded softly with almost unbearable frustration. “Just tell Janet to keep quiet about this, PLEASE?” He knew better than to push for more than that concession. In fact, he was quite aware that he would be lucky to get it at all.

Minutes later, after receiving the reassurance that Janet would keep quiet about his wearing the pinafore, Tony stood before the sink washing the dishes. The dainty white pinafore covered his jeans and Bart Simpson t-shirt. The ruffled sleeves tickled his neck whenever he turned his head. Janet sat at the kitchen table making sure everything was done to perfection. Tony felt humiliated. He could hardly imagine how Keith had to feel!

Fortunately, Keith was able to live down the teasing he received from the gang at school on Monday morning. After he explained what had transpired to put him into petticoats they felt glad it hadn’t been them! They really shivered when he confided his mother’s threat to make him dress as a sissy girl again to attend the dumb manners and deportment classes with Kimberly.

Kimberly confirmed the tale of how Keith had been forced to become Krissy and let the guys know that Keith WOULD be joining her for the deportment classes.

Of course, Craig, who was an only child, boasted: “I’d never allow myself to be dressed like a dumb girl under any circumstances. Besides,” he laughed. “I’d make an ugly girl, not a beauty like Keith.”

Naturally Tony sided with Keith. “Mothers do some pretty weird things when they think their darling little daughter is being picked on too much.”

This caused Nick to comment: “Tony, it sounds like you’re speaking from experience. Has your Mom ever had ever put you into dresses?”

Nick was too close to the truth for Tony to let the slur slide. Yet he knew if he reacted it'd be like admitting he had been forced into a dress. Then they'd start hounding him too. "No, I've never worn a dress," he laughed in order to throw them off the track. "But like Craig said, none of us would want to wear a dress, including Keith! You all know how stubborn our moms get, if they want us to do something bad enough, we have to do it. Keith can't help his mom's making him do this. Keith's been our buddy for years. As long as he's a guy with us, let's give him the benefit of the doubt."

In typical boyish fashion they didn't stop teasing Keith although like Tony suggested, they didn't hold wearing a dress against him for long. Their initial nasty cruelty became a joke as they seemed to accept his excursion into girlhood as one of those bizarre things parents do to their children when really ticked off.

Just as things were settling back to normal, the next Saturday rolled around, and with it came the first class in ACQUIRING PROPER MANNERS AND FEMININE DEPARTMENT. Keith had been half hoping his mother would let him off the hook as far as attending the class, but he had no such luck. His loud and vehement protests at the breakfast table when his mother announced her intentions to have him attend the classes with Kimberly resulted in his being given a refresher course in SPANKING 101 when it came time to bathe and dress.

He was made to take a steamy fragrant bubble bath just like Kimberly. The only good thing about it was that it soothed his reddened bottom. Both of them were rendered as sweet as summer flowers. The matching dresses of the day were pink taffeta confections with Alice-in-Wonderland style pinafores. Bouffant petticoats and lace trimmed bloomer style panties gave the dresses an even more infantile appearance. Lace trimmed anklets, and shiny black patent leather shoes rounded out their cute little costumes.

Then Keith had a new surprise. To his horror his head was crowned with a wig that matched his sister's dark wavy hair. It was securely in place before a pink taffeta head bow, just like the one that adorned Kimberly, was secured in place. Then he and Kimberly were marched in front of a mirror. He was as-

tounded to see that, although just a shade smaller in stature, he had become her identical twin. Their faces were impossible to tell apart. They certainly looked like identical twin sisters.

“Oh mommy,” Kimberly gushed with true excitement. “Look at us! We’re just the same. Keith looks just like me. He looks like a real girl.”

Keith just hung his pretty head without making a comment. All the fears and humiliation he’d suffered the past Saturday during his initial stint in a dress came back with full force. All fight to resist his sissification melted.

Mrs. Carson noted that his more subdued, mannerly self had returned almost the instant he had been put back into a dress. Ideas to possibly explore the full impact petticoating might have upon a rowdy boy swam in her head.

When it was time to go, Keith was given a black patent leather purse to carry. A white cashmere sweater with little pearl buttons and daintily embroidered flowers was draped over his shoulders. He and Kimberly were given a final opportunity to inspect themselves in the big hallway mirror. He simply gaped at the image of the total little girlish femininity that looked back at him so forlornly from the mirror. He wondered how that pretty sissy girl could possibly be him?

With a flourish of rustling petticoats the identical twin girls were off to their rendezvous with improved femininity. Keith was in shock as they drove up to the public library. The class was to be held in one of the meeting rooms. Mrs. Carson let her two children off in front of the library, promising to return in an hour and a half.

As could be expected there were a few other boys and girls going into the library. The twin’s dainty attire drew stares from the people around them. Keith was almost in a state of panic. There he was stranded in the middle of town wearing the most babyish girl’s clothes imaginable. It was somehow worse than being naked. He felt so vulnerable and helpless. At first, Keith was just uncertain that everyone could see through his little masquerade, but nobody let on in any way that he, like Kimberly, was anything but a sweet little girl. With that realization he gradually relaxed just a bit. Being taken as a girl

dressed in the prissy outfit was far preferable to being recognized as a sissy boy!

Kimberly spied a small group of girls who were obviously also going to take part in the class. Most of them attended the same school. Their frilly party dresses gave them away. Jennifer was there in a white organza over pink satin confection. Marcie was also in attendance all decked out like a little bride in white taffeta and lace. Janet was there in a green taffeta little princess dress. Kimberly grasped Keith's hand and pulled her reluctant brother over to the little gathering of sugar and spice. Seeing that he was an exact replica of Kimberly, they dainty girls eyed him curiously.

"See, I told you Keith was going to be coming to the classes in a dress," Jennifer announced in a smug 'I told you so' voice.

"That's not really Keith, she's obviously a real girl," Courtney Lovett challenged. "She has to be a cousin or something."

"It is so Keith," Kimberly retorted. "Tell them who you are," she added, giving the humiliated Keith a nudge.

"It... it... it's me," he stammered with great reluctance. "My mom's making me come. It wasn't my idea."

"It was too," Kimberly teased. "When you saw the pretty dresses mom was buying for me, you begged her to get some just like them for you."

Keith just stammered in frustration. He couldn't make any words come out to combat his complete embarrassment. Knowing Keith as they did, all were quite sure that this was in no way his idea, but his inability to contradict the idea and his utter humiliation made them feel a sense of vindication for the abuse they had suffered at his hands in the past. The girls giggled at his obvious discomfort.

"Last week we showed him how to play Barbies," Marcie stated proudly. "I think he really started to like them better than boring old boy junk."

"And we decided to rename him Krissy because he sure doesn't look like a Keith anymore," Kimberly added gaily. "So be sure to call him by his new girl's name."

The girls would have continued to gently embarrass poor Keith over his gender reassignment, except their fun was inter-

rupted by the arrival of the class instructor. Miss Wentworth was a tall, big boned woman of 43 who wore a 'no nonsense' look on her rather plain face. Her brown hair was tucked into a bun at the back of her head. She was dressed in a grey business suit that didn't seem to fit too well with the topic of femininity. She wore a forced, almost painful smile on her lips that did not look at all genuine.

"I assume you girls are her to take part in my class ACQUIRING PROPER MANNERS AND FEMININE DEPARTMENT," she stated. When she saw the timid nods the smile became genuine, but one that sent shivers down the girls' spines. "Please follow me to our classroom," she added as she entered the building trailed by the rustling sound of the petticoats that was like music to her ears.

Miss Wentworth had the 16 girls who were enrolled in the class sit in chairs arranged in a semi-circle. Keith's unladylike posture immediately drew her attention. Like a ravenous bear seeking honey she zeroed in on him.

"You there, young lady," she said pointing at the petrified boy. "Stand up and tell us your name."

With great hesitation he arose out of his seat. He looked down at his party dress, but so great was his fear that he dared not say a word.

"I'm waiting," Miss Wentworth announced with a show of impatience that revealed a far worse fate awaited if he continued to remain silent.

"My... my... my name is Keith Carson," he stammered.

The suppressed giggles of his new classmates were quickly stifled by Miss Wentworth's penetrating gaze.

"Ah, so you're the boy they told me about who would like to learn how to be more mannerly and feminine," she stated with great animation as well as a predatory gleam in her eyes.

Keith kept looking down at his satin party dress.

"I expect an answer, young lady," she insisted. "And I call you a young lady because that's what you will become by the end of this class... even if you were not born a girl! Now I'm waiting for your answer."

"Yes ma'am," he replied softly.



“Yes ma’am what,” she asked sharply.

“Yes ma’am, I would like to learn how to have better manners and act more feminine,” Keith replied in total defeat. So great was his fear that his bladder threatened to burst.

“You almost have it, child,” Miss Wentworth said with obvious delight over so thoroughly cowing the boy. “Now, as you answer me, I want you to give me a pretty curtsy. You do know how to curtsy?”

Keith’s face registered true perplexity. Miss Wentworth was undeterred. She started with his feeble but best attempt and within 10 minutes of unrelenting tutelage he could render a perfectly sweet girlish curtsy with the best of them. He particularly hated the part where he had to pick up the hem of his dress because he was showing off his dainty undies underneath.

With the preliminaries finally out of the way, roll was called. Keith became Krissy on the official roster. He didn’t really object. After all, if he had to wear girls’ clothes and act like a girl, what difference did it make if he had to answer to a girl’s name? Besides, it eased his guilt a tiny bit.

Kimberly got a real kick out of watching her pest brother being put through his feminine paces. It served him right for thinking boys were so much better than girls. He was finally getting a well deserved attitude adjustment. He was learning firsthand about the years of frustration she felt of being all dolled up in frilly clothing.

After learning to sit, stand, walk, and talk like a little lady, Keith was really looking forward to the end of class. He had enough feminine training for one day. Before dismissal Keith had to join all the girls as they had to hold hands and repeat the PLEDGE OF FEMININITY as Miss Wentworth recited it.

“Upon my honor, I will always strive to live up to the obligations of girlhood. I promise to make my femininity grow like a spring flower. I will bring beauty and grace to the world around me. Being sweet, gentle, and submissive are traits I will develop. Through my courteous behavior and dainty dress I will be a credit to my feminine gender. I will take true delight in the many joys of being a little girl.”

Keith repeated the treasonous words along with the rest of the girls. He really had little choice in the matter, even though

he wasn't experiencing any of the joys of his new gender. He just wanted to get through the humiliating ordeal as painlessly as possible.

As they left the conference room, a new horror awaited Keith. There was a troop of Cub Scouts awaiting their turn to use the room. Again most of the boys and girls knew each other from school. The girls had to walk through a gauntlet of blue uniformed boys haphazardly lined on either wall. Miss Wentworth, seeing an opportunity for her girls to practice their new skills, made them stop and give a pretty curtsy to the scouts. Not willing to stand out, Keith gave a dainty curtsy too, knowing full well he was exposing his frilly undies to the boys.

One of the rude lads even had the audacity to whistle. It was certainly most unsettling for Keith having to perform in a girlish manner in front of boys his own age, many of whom he had played with during recess this past week. But being indistinguishable by pretending to be one of the girls was clearly better than the alternative. He could only imagine the comments had the scouts guessed that one of the sweet little girls before them was really a boy like them, especially a boy they knew, masquerading in girl's clothes.

Mrs. Carson noticed that Keith's behavior was positively influenced by his first lesson in feminine manners. The first 24 hours of being allowed back into pants, he was quiet and obedient. But by Monday evening, once he made a rendezvous with his buddies, he went right back to his old tricks.

Tony resigned himself to wearing the pinafore for two weeks and doing the dishes. The guys knew he'd been forced to the girl job, but they were not aware of the apron. Only a few more days and he'd be free, Tony kept telling himself each time he tied the apron sash into a bow. And it had to be a proper bow. Janet made sure of that! Tony vowed to get even with his sister if it was the last thing he ever did.

Both boys were slowly being changed by their feminine wear. Not that they were becoming sissies. Quite to the contrary, for when they were with the guys they were even more macho than before in an effort to bolster their own shattering masculine confidence and to keep the esteem of the group. But around their mothers they walked carefully. They became

sneaky and furtive in that before teasing their sisters, they made sure mom was not around to catch them.

Naturally both Kimberly and Janet bitterly complained to their mothers since both brothers were nastier than ever in order to get back at their sisters. Keith was able to keep his nose relatively clean, but Tony failed.

It happened during the Saturday night supper in the Martino home after the second ACQUIRING PROPER MANNERS AND FEMININE DEPARTMENT class. Janet was going on and on about how she loved the class and all she was learning. Tony felt like throwing up, but knew he had better sit quietly. When Janet launched into how sweet and docile Keith was as Krissy, Tony grew tense but kept his peace.

“Mother, I really think Tony would be much nicer if he were to join the class too,” she summarized. “Just look how much better he’s been since wearing my pinafore. Imagine how nice he’d be if you made him wear a party dress like Keith!”

Tony was shivering with barely controlled rage. If he stayed in the room with Janet and her incessant babbling about Keith he’d simply have to bop her one. “Mother, I’m not really hungry. May I please be excused until you’re finished eating. I’ll do the dishes then.”

Mrs. Martino knew that the problem was Janet’s topic of discussion. “No, you may not be excused,” she stated. “Janet is right in her opinions. You, on the other hand, have become a devious little sneak! I know you’ve been teasing Janet whenever I’m not around. The pinafore has served to make you behave while you wear it, but if I’m not around, you’re worse than before when you’re not wearing it! I’ve decided that you will continue wearing the pinafore until I feel assured that you have learned how to respect females. I’m quite tempted to put you into dresses as well, but we’ll see how things go.”

Tony was crushed by the extension of wearing the pinafore. Yet his masculine outrage needed an outlet. The entire problem was because of girls, especially his sister. His sister again... the little priss! He’d fix her, he’d fix her good! The little Miss Goody Two Shoes would be the one to learn a lesson. No one messed around with Tony Martino and lived! But to his continued frustration, a safe opportunity never presented itself.

As the Saturday sessions went by Mrs. Carson was pleased to note that the period of acceptable behavior, at least in their home, increased up to several days following the enforced feminine training. Yet Keith always reverted back to his nasty macho ways before the next class. Mrs. Carson sincerely hoped there would be some permanent carry over once the training stopped. But since Keith drifted back to his boisterous ways after each class, she wasn't altogether optimistic. What made it even more frustrating was that by Friday, he was even more opinionated about masculine supremacy and feminine subservience. Each time he fell back to his crude old habits, the thought of somehow keeping him petticoated became more attractive.

Despite unmercifully teasing Keith about his every Saturday excursion in petticoats, his buddies allowed him to remain part of the gang. He boldly claimed that once the classes were completed, they would never see him in skirts again! The guys told him that if they ever did catch him in skirts after then, he'd better move out of town. At the same time, an overly insolent Tony, reacting to his nightly pinafore time, was outdoing even Craig in macho arrogance.

Things came to a head during the last week of school. Monday at lunch Tony was once more boasting about how tough he was. Craig was growing angry since the little pipsqueak seemed to be trying to take over the gang. The two began to argue.

"So you think you're tough, huh," Craig asked bitterly.

"I'm a lot tougher than you," Tony boasted.

"If you're so tough, prove it," Craig challenged. "Spend the last recess in the girls lavatory!"

He had backed himself into a corner. There was no way to avoid taking the challenge without ruining his reputation. "No problem," Tony replied with confidence he didn't feel or mean.

Just before the last recess, Tony raised his hand and told the teacher he couldn't wait the few minutes before recess. Knowing that Tony had never done this before, the teacher assumed he was being honest and allowed him to go. Instead of going to the boys room, he headed into the girls! Nervously he opened the door after making sure the halls were clear. Bending down,

he saw no feet under the stalls. With his heart beating almost through his chest, he slipped inside and made his way to the last stall. He latched the door and sat upon the seat just as the bell rang.

The guys searched all over for Tony but couldn't find him. Naturally they were excited since his absence meant he was in the girls room. Then their teacher and the principal joined them.

"I noticed Tony hasn't joined you," the principal stated. "I checked the boys room and he's not there. I have a feeling you boys know where he's at."

The guilty looks upon their faces confirmed the adults' suspicions. By the same expressions, however, they knew no one would rat on their buddy.

"Did he go leave the school grounds without permission," he asked.

Several heads shook NO.

"That means he's in the building. I think we'd better go to the office," the principal instructed as he ushered the gang inside.

Shortly the rest of the teachers in the building were conducting a search. Tony realized that they were looking for him when one of the lady teachers popped inside the girls room to ask the girls inside if they'd seen Tony. When recess ended, the boys were still in the office and a teacher covered every hall. Tony was trapped.

Realizing there was no way out, Tony decided to brazen it out. Ten minutes after recess ended, standing straight, he walked from the girls lavatory as if it was something he did every day. Moments later Tony joined his buddies in the office while the teachers returned to their classes. Realizing there was no way out of this mess for any of them, Tony bravely proclaimed that he'd won the dare and proved how tough he was.

After a severe scolding and being required to write a thousand word essay on proper behavior towards girls, the boys were allowed back in their class knowing that a phone call was going out to each of their homes to explain the prank and the punishment.

It was a very meek Tony who arrived home after school. The euphoria of the guys slapping him on the back and giving him the high five had evaporated leaving only fear. One look at his mother told him he was in very deep shit. The apprehension of being put into a dress was very real.

"I don't even want to know why," Mrs. Martino hissed as he stood before her. "I'm VERY tempted to put you in a dress, but that would be defeating the purpose of petticoat punishment. I don't want to have you do like Keith must and act like a good girl, I want you to act like a good boy! Unfortunately your antics are more and more convincing me you can't be a good boy. If I reach that conclusion, I'll have no choice but to make you become a good girl. But that's not what I truly want, you are my son and that's what I want you to be."

Tony relaxed a bit but knew he was far from finished with his ordeal. Wisely he said nothing, waiting for her to pronounce his punishment.

"When you wear the pinafore, your behavior is good," Mrs. Martino stated. It's girlishness serves as a constant reminder to be good. I've decided you need something to do that ALL the time. It's impractical and would be very embarrassing to have you wear the pinafore all the time, so I've decided to use something else. Let's go up to your bedroom."

Tony felt butterflies in his stomach as he and Janet followed their mother. Tony could tell by the wicked smirk upon his mother's face that he would not like what was coming. He just hoped it wasn't something that would humiliate him before the guys.

Once in his room he was ordered to remove his jeans. Janet stood in the door and eagerly watched as Tony meekly dropped his pants and stepped out of them.

"Now your underwear," she stated impatiently.

Tony looked to his sister, then back to his mother.

"This is not the time to worry about your modesty," his mother snapped. "Janet will be helping me to make sure you are cooperating so she needs to know what your punishment is, so just ignore her."

Even though he wanted to refuse, he knew such defiance would only result in worse punishment. To maintain a bit of his

modesty Tony turned his back to his sister before slowly removing his jockey shorts and placing them in his mother's outstretched hand.

"Now get a clean pair of underwear from your drawer," she ordered with a weird smile upon her face.

Doing his best to maintain his modesty, Tony opened the drawer to his dresser to get a clean pair of underpants. He had absolutely no idea what was going on. Why, he wondered, was his mother so adamant about having him change underwear in the middle of the day while his sister watched?

All too quickly he learned. In the drawer was not his usual jockey shorts, instead there was an assortment of sleek lace trimmed nylon girls panties, three pair each in bright pink, yellow, peach, and lavender. The bottom fell out of Tony's stomach as the fear that he was expected to WEAR the panties hit home. Desperately hoping this might be some horrible joke he whipped his head to stare at his mother in disbelief.

Janet could not see what was in the drawer but she knew from Tony's reaction it had to be good. She wet her lips in anticipation.

"Put on a pair of YOUR panties, Tony," she curtly ordered with a big grin. "I'm sure you'll grow to LOVE wearing pretty panties! I have no doubts they will certainly serve as a constant reminder to be good!"

Janet broke into giggles. Even though she could not see the panties, if she knew her mother, they would be very feminine. The stunned expression on Tony's face only confirmed her suspicion.

"Mom... you can't be serious," Tony moaned.

"Would like some pretty dresses to go with your new panties," she asked sweetly.

"NO... no thank you..." Tony blurted out realizing she was telling him what the next step would be if he tried to buck her authority. Tears began to run from the corners of his eyes as he hung his head in hopelessness and shame. There was no choice for him but to take this step towards girlishness. Looking at the panties, he wished he could die rather than humiliate himself in this manner, especially in front of his sister.

"You have exactly thirty seconds to put on a pair of panties," his mother stated coolly.

After five weeks he had gotten used to wearing the pinafore, he wondered how long it'd take until he felt comfortable wearing panties. "I... I'll wear the panties..." he murmured faint-heartedly understanding that the consequences of refusal or even delay in donning the panties would mean having to wear many more feminine garments than just wearing panties.

"The pink ones are nice, darling," she softly told him.

Sniffing, Tony gingerly reached into the drawer and with two fingers warily plucked out a pair of dainty pink nylon lace trimmed panties. Holding them out before him as if they might suddenly bite, he looked at the utter girlishness while tears continued to flow down his flushed cheeks.

"Oh mommy," Janet gushed. "They're beautiful! I wish all of my panties were that nice!"

Tony knew his sister wasn't teasing. That only made the prospect of wearing the sissy panties that much worse. But he had no time to worry. His thirty seconds were just about up.

"You may have them once Tony outgrows them, Janet," Mrs. Martino replied sweetly.

"I never thought I'd be looking forward to wearing my brother's hand-me-downs," Janet giggled.

"If he soon doesn't get dressed," Mrs. Martino warned as she looked at her watch. "You'll be getting more than outgrown panties!"

The hint was not lost on Tony. Taking a deep breath he quickly stepped into the panties and pulled them into place about his hips. They felt awkward but sort of nice as the sheer fabric touched his flesh. The only problems were that they were tight across his butt and way too loose across the front.

"Silly," Janet laughed. "You put them on backwards."

Anger flared in his insulted and humiliated boyish heart. How was he to know what was the front and what was the back of panties? The fly on boys' underwear made it easy to tell which was which. It took every ounce of his strength to once more control the anger. Hastily Tony slid the panties off.

“Hold them up by the waist band at the hips,” his mother instructed as she waited for him to comply. “Now stretch a bit until the waist is taut. The fuller side is the back.”

Tony quickly stepped into the panties once more. Now they fit nicely, too nicely, and felt all too good! Tears continued to stream down his face as he slipped back into his jeans. While hidden from view, the sleek panties still made themselves quite obvious, at least to him.

“Wearing panties all the time should serve to remind you to be good,” Mrs. Martino told him. “But just as a bit of further insurance to make sure you behave, I’ve replaced your pajamas with cute babydoll nighties. You’ll wear them every night. To make sure you are wearing your panties, Janet or I will make random checks. Janet will check your panties at school at each recess. I will not tolerate any protests or resistance. Is that perfectly clear?”

Needless to say, Tony was the best behaved ten year old boy in town the rest of the week. The guys at school noticed how quiet he was and how he avoided getting involved with them. Most thought his mother had punished him harshly for his escapade in the girls lav. Although they wondered why Janet cornered him every recess, they quietly left him alone.

On the afternoon of the mother-daughter tea, Mrs. Carson outfitted her ‘twin girls’ in utter daintiness. Their dresses were made of delicate white organza in a traditional little girl style. Through the sheer fabric could be seen hints of their elaborately frilled, bouffant satin petticoats. A wide white satin sash was made to tie up in a big bow behind each ‘girl’. Mrs. Carson was absolutely thrilled at their angelic appearance.

The other mothers were generous with their praise over the appearance of the darling twins. All had learned of Keith’s punishment and a few of them even mentioned they had noticed a big improvement in Keith’s behavior since the inception of his petticoat discipline. Of course, they only saw Keith when he was wearing a dress.

Mrs. Martino, attending with her pretty daughter Janet, quietly confessed to Mrs. Carson that she was using a similar strategy to force a behavior change for her son, Tony, who had also been getting seriously out of hand lately.

Mrs. Carson had heard all about the stunt in the girls lav via Keith's indirect involvement as one of gang. She had also heard all about how quiet and forlorn Tony seemed since that day. Even Kimberly had no idea why Tony suddenly dropped out of the gang. Now she knew, wearing pretty girls panties all the time would have the effect on an errant boy. Something to serve as a constant reminder was what she needed for Keith.

Everyone thought the Tea was a smashing success. As the girls recited the by now familiar PLEDGE OF FEMININITY, Keith was eagerly anticipating the end of his enforced femininity. He had no intention of bringing grace and beauty to the world around him once he escaped his hated sissy dresses. He merely mouthed the words along with his dainty little comrades in skirts. His ordeal was almost over.

Keith didn't notice when Miss Wentworth handed his mother a special booklet as they left the tea. Had he seen the contents of the booklet, he would have been quite concerned. He also would have remained on his best behavior.

The beginning of summer vacation and the end of Miss Wentworth's manners classes coincided. Freed from the required Saturdays in dresses, Keith's spirits were on the rise. His behavior was also on the decline. Within a week he seemed to have forgotten everything he had learned. His macho cockiness was back in full force. Once more he was running wild with his buddies.

Being a diehard tomboy, Kimberly had disliked the classes in manners and feminine deportment almost as much as Keith. It was only the pleasure she derived from seeing her brother subjugated and crushed that made her look forward to attending. Like Keith, she had hoped that the end of the classes and the arrival of summer vacation would see her back into jeans in addition to joining Sarah Fulton on tomboy adventures. Unfortunately, that was not what her mother intended.

For Mrs. Carson, one rough and tumble child was too much. Two was unthinkable. Since she had paid for two tuitions to attend the classes on manners and feminine deportment, she expected a return on the investment. Kimberly was a girl and would HAVE to be the well behaved, dutiful daughter she

wanted. This is not to say she was happy with Keith's sudden switch back to being Mr. Macho.

Mrs. Carson's insistence that Kimberly give up her tomboy past and live the life of a prissy girl was much to Keith's delight. Thus Kimberly was once again being teased and degraded for her forced femininity. Since tomboy activities were forbidden, she had to play with Jennifer, Marcie, and Janet. Barbies became her life.

Over at the Martino home, things were rapidly going downhill for Tony. Ever since being forced to wear panties, he'd refused to have anything to do with his former buddies. Thankfully they left him alone. The last week of school he'd avoided them completely. This was not only out of fear of having them discover he now wore dainty panties, but also because he realized that when with them, he could get carried away by another dare and wind up in more trouble, which meant being put into dresses.

His mother was right, he mused dejectedly. The panties certainly did not let him forget he was wearing girly undies. Every time he moved even the tiniest amount, the gentle friction made him tingle with pleasure. There was no way he could forget he wore girls' underthings! In addition, being forced to wear a soft, sleek, lace trimmed pink nylon babydoll nightie to bed every night was really messing up his mind. It really unnerved him because it simply felt so good he found himself looking forward to bed time so he could slip into a nightie!

Of course, being a red blooded All-American boy he wanted to hate wearing the silken lingerie, but it just felt too good! This caused him to begin questioning his manhood, his way of life, his very outlook and hopes for the future.

After school let out, Tony still refused to hang around with his buddies. Past memories of suddenly having his jeans pulled down while they messed around were only too clear in his mind. Heck, he'd even joined in the sport of depantsing, like the other guys, he thought it was fun to embarrass each other in this manner. But now things had changed drastically. There was absolutely no way would he risk having his panties exposed. What this did was to force him to stay home. The only left the house was to take out the garbage or to go someplace

with his mother and sister. Boredom quickly set in because his ever present mother made sure he behaved. Since he refused to go back to his buddies, his only option was to begin to play with his sister. Janet, a real sugar and spice girl, only played house with her baby dolls or Barbies. Thus, by the end of the first week, Tony reluctantly found himself playing Barbies.

At first, he had quietly refused to play with Janet when Jennifer, Marcie, and Kimberly came over to play Barbies. Naturally Janet confidentially told her girlfriends that Tony had begun to play Barbies when they were alone. Kimberly, feeling oppressed by Keith's macho resurgence, decided to seek revenge against boys in general by telling Tony that he either join them in playing Barbies or she'd tell the gang that he wasn't hanging with them anymore because he was staying home to play with dollies every day. By Tuesday of the second week after school let out, Tony was very reluctantly quietly playing Barbies with the girls.

The very next day, as he stretched to put Barbie into the elevator of the Barbie Townhouse, his shirt pulled from his pants. The girls squealed with delight to see the dainty lace waistband of his yellow panties. Poor Tony had lost so much of his boyish arrogance that he could only turn beet red and cry. Janet confessed that the changes in Tony since the incident in the girls' lav was due to his being put into panties and nighties. The girls, as girls are natured, quickly comforted the terrified boy. After assuring him his secret was safe, they all went to his room where they raved about his pretty undies and nighties.

Naturally the girls wanted to know if he wore dresses too, but Tony adamantly told them NO and absolutely refused their requests that he do so. Of course, the girls didn't push the matter. They were sure they could talk him into dressing up completely as a girl before too long. As for Tony, he could not help but wonder how it would feel to wear a dress. The seeds were planted and sprouting. He feared it was just a matter of time before he was dressed as a girl, but what remained of his boyishness refused to admit to the truth that he was already a confirmed sissy.

During this time the guys in the gang debated about going to Tony's home to find out what was going on. But they were still having to much fun enjoying their freedom from school to take

the time to check out the Martino home. In this way, Tony was saved from exposure, at least till the gang became bored.

Two weeks after school ended, back at the Carson home, after one particular incident where Keith had removed the heads of all her Barbies and hidden them, a very frustrated Kimberly tearfully complained to her mother. "I liked Keith better when he was Krissy. He's such a pain. Why can't he be nicer like Tony. Maybe if you made him wear panties all the time and made him sleep in a nightie, he'd stop being so nasty. It sure worked on Tony! I almost wish Keith and I could trade places or something so I could show him how to treat a sister. He'll sure never learn on his own!"

Mrs. Carson, who knew all about Tony thanks to Kimberly, looked at her daughter thoughtfully for a moment. Similar thoughts had been swirling in her mind. But she didn't want to go half-way, like was being done to Tony. No, she wanted more! "Do you really mean that you would trade places with him? I mean, would you want to BE Keith for a while," she cautiously asked.

Hope sprang into Kimberly's soul. "Sure, it would be fun to get to be a boy," she answered enthusiastically. "I could be on a Little League team and he could be the one in the stands watching me."

The conspiring pair talked it over for a while longer. When Mrs. Carson was certain of her daughter's resolve, she started to put her plan in motion. The first step was a call to Miss Wentworth in regard to the booklet. Early the next morning while Keith was out running with the gang, Kimberly was taken to a beauty shop where she was given a haircut that made her look like Keith's identical boy twin. Needless to say she was quite delighted with her boyish appearance. When they arrived home she was encouraged to raid Keith's closet and select any outfit she wanted. Of course, she chose one of his most favorites which included a pair of jeans and a Notre Dame football jersey. As an after thought she also put on a pair of his Nikes. His clothes were only a little snug on her. Checking in the mirror she saw 'Keith' looking back at her. For the frustrated mother and daughter it was just as remarkable as when Keith had become Kimberly's girl twin.

At lunch time, when Keith came in from playing with his buddies, he was stunned to see 'himself' sitting on the floor of his room building a pirate fort out of Legos. It took him a few moments to recover from his surprise. Then he put two and two together. At least he thought he did.

"Oh, I get it," he said giving Kimberly a careful inspection. "Now it's your turn to be my identical twin,"

"Not exactly," she replied.

"Not exactly? ... Then what the heck are you doing wearing my clothes, sitting in my room, and playing with my toys," he bellowed.

"I'm going to be you. What else?" Kimberly replied calmly with a devilish smile upon her boyish face.

Just then Mrs. Carson appeared at the door of her son's room.

Immediately Keith started in on her. "Just look at Kimberly, mom," he said, pointing an accusing finger at her. "She's finally gone crazy with this tomboy nonsense. She cut off all her hair so she could look like me. She even put on my clothes, and she thinks that gives her the right to play with my stuff... Make her dress up in one of her sissy party dresses! Now it's her turn to get yelled at for a change!"

"Why would I yell at her for doing what I told her to do," Mrs. Carson questioned back in her calmest tone of voice.

"You told her she could pretend to be me," the puzzled Keith asked. "Well if she's going to be me, who the heck am I g...?" Keith choked to a sudden stop as a terrible premonition began to form in his head. "Oh no... Oh no you don't," he howled suddenly. "I'm not going to trade places with her. I'm not going to let you turn me into my own twin sister!"

"I'm afraid you don't have any say in the matter," Mrs. Carson said very sternly. "You didn't learn from your first experiences in dresses. Perhaps this will be a lesson you won't forget."

"Please don't turn me into a girl! I don't want to be Kimberly! Please don't make me be her," he begged with wide eyed fear. "The guys will never let me back in the gang if they catch me in dresses again!"

“How can they catch Keith in dresses when he’ll be playing with them every day? No, my sweet little daughter, for at least the rest of the summer, and even beyond that if necessary, until you completely learn your lesson, you will be Kimberly, my darling little girl. Of course that means that Kimberly will get a chance to be you,” she retorted in a no nonsense voice.

Keith looked in stunned disbelief at his mother. She was serious! From his past experiences he had no doubts that she could easily force him to do exactly as she demanded, especially since Kimberly was so willing to take his place. He wrathfully at Kimberly, who gave him a triumphant smirk. How could such a nightmare be happening to him? He was going to be forced live the entire summer vacation as a girl. And to make it worse, the girl he was to become was his own bratty sister!

His mother’s voice broke into his anguished reverie. “And now, young lady, let’s get you out of those tomboy clothes and into something more suited to be a sweet little girl.”

The memory of his recent spankings caused him to quickly abandon any thoughts of rebellion. As his world crashed about him he meekly followed his mother into the bathroom and forlornly stripped off his boy’s clothes as she drew a delicately scented bubble bath for him. In 15 minutes he was squeaky clean and as fragrant as a bridal bouquet.

The next stop was Kimberly’s room, which he learned was now his room. Despite Kimberly’s tomboyish tendencies, thanks to their mother’s unrelenting desire to have a sweet daughter, her room was quite feminine with a ruffled canopy bed as a centerpiece. Dolls were prominently on display as well as a couple of posters of soft kittens and baby bunnies.

When the closet door was opened, Keith was surprised to see that the only things hanging inside were the four dresses he had worn as Krissy. There were no pants or jeans or shorts, things that Kimberly typically wore.

“You’re going to be a very frilly and dainty version of Kimberly,” his mother said. “No pants for you. Dresses only. As soon as you’re dressed you can practice being a dainty girl so that tomorrow when we go down to the PICTURE PERFECT PARTY DRESS BOUTIQUE and add to your

wardrobe, no one will be able to detect that you're really a boy."

"But all girls wear pants at least once in a while," he objected in a squeaky voice that belied his fears.

"As I said before, Kimberly, we're going to finally break you of your tomboy ways," Mrs. Carson said smilingly. "You're going to be my adorable and feminine little angel... for the entire summer!"

Mrs. Carson then began to dress her son up in the red satin party dress that had been his original introduction to feminine finery. In no time at all he was looking like a shimmering puffy valentine edged in delicate lace. The wig that completed his transformation was placed on his head and a red satin bow was attached in it's long, bouncy curls. A look in the full length mirror on the back of the door confirmed what he already knew: he was a dead ringer for his sister, a frilly girl from head to toe.

Grudgingly he allowed his mother to guide him down the stairs and into the living room where the real Kimberly was anxiously waiting. Her face broke into a wide grin when she saw her sissified brother.

"My, how pretty you look in your satin party dress, Kimberly," she said in a tone of true delight.

"Shut up," he snapped. "Quit teasing me!" He knew full well he was now on the receiving end of the kind of treatment he had always dished out to her... and it really hurt.

"Now, now, Kimberly," his mother said to him. "A pretty girl must be able to recognize a compliment. Your sister, I mean your brother, was just telling you how sweet and feminine you look. Now thank HIM and give him a pretty curtsy to show you mean it."

The 'party shoe' was on the other foot and Keith didn't like it one single bit. But what could he do? He was trapped in girlhood and the only way out was to act like a sissy girl for the summer, otherwise the enforced swap would continue into the school year. Of that he had no doubts. He had to convince his mother and sister that he had learned his lesson at all cost! It was so humiliating, but he did as he was told. He took the hem of his skirts in his fingertips and gave a graceful dip while saying his thank you. He knew Kimberly would see a glimpse of

his petticoats and the lace ruffles on the edge of his panties. This made him all the more miserable.

Keith could see in his sister's grinning face that she was indeed enjoying this moment of ultimate retribution. He was paying a heavy price for his macho arrogance. He stood there before her as the girl of the family. She had stolen his place as the boy. The unthinkable had happened, and he was nearly overcome with shame.

The next morning found Keith sitting in the family room all dolled up in his pink taffeta Alice-in-Wonderland style dress. Kimberly had just brought him a fancy baby doll and a black patent leather purse that matched his shoes. She was wearing a pair of his jeans and a t-shirt and certainly looked like the boy of the family with her short hair cut.

"Here are some things you can carry with you on your shopping trip with mommy," she said happily.

He glared at her. "I won't carry those," he said with as much determination as he could muster.

"Well I'm just trying to be helpful," she sighed. "Remember, if you don't want people to know you are really a boy, you have to look like a girl as much as possible, and you have to act like one too."

He grudgingly took the doll and purse from her and put them in his full skirted lap. He really resented the fact that he was now the child in the family who wore dresses. He had to play the part well in which he had been cast. Begrudgingly he had to admit that Kimberly was right, he certainly didn't want anyone to know that his mother had made a girl out of him!

When the doorbell rang, Keith's first inclination was to run and hide. "Sit still," Kimberly ordered him.

Surprisingly he did as he was told since he was thoroughly cowed. Needless to say he was mortified a minute later when his little gang of buddies came trooping into the room behind Kimberly.

"Wait in here guys with Kimberly while I check with mom," she said, playing the part perfectly.

For a few moments the guys just stood and stared at him. A wave of panic swept over him as he wondered if they might be seeing through his masquerade.

Then he heard Craig whisper to Nick, "Look, you can see up her skirt." There was a burst of laughter during which a red-faced Keith tried his best to rearrange his bouffant skirts. The only effects of his efforts were a flurry of loud rustling from his petticoats and another round of laughter from his amused friends.

Keith was getting a big dose of his own medicine. He felt so girlish and helpless sitting there in front of the boys in his fancy dress. In a flash Kimberly was back. She flashed him a big smirk as she headed out the door with the guys.

"Enjoy your little shopping trip," she called over her shoulder. "I hope you get lots of pretty new dresses."

Poor Keith was beside himself with anger and frustration, not only with his treacherous sister but also with his buddies. Kimberly had nailed him but good, but what was even worse was that he had unwittingly set himself up for the taunting. During the week since his supposed escape from petticoats, Keith had laughed and joked with the guys at Kimberly's expense by pointing out at every opportunity how girlish she had to be now that their mother had decreed her tomboy days to be forever over. The teasing laughter of Keith and his buddies was still directed at Kimberly, only now HE was Kimberly and she was Keith!

Their laughter burned hurtfully deep into his boyish soul even after he was alone. He looked down in total futility at the doll and purse that sat in his puffy skirted lap. It was so unbelievable, his sister had taken over his life as a boy, and he was forced into her world, a world of dolls and dresses.

About half an hour later Keith walked out the front door with his mother. In his right arm he cradled the baby doll while clutching his purse in his right hand. His left hand was firmly held by his mother as they walked down the front sidewalk. Parked at the curb was the Cavanaugh's Buick Park Avenue. Mrs. Cavanaugh was at the wheel and Jennifer waved excitedly from the back seat. She held up her baby doll to show Keith. Knowing he had to keep up the charade or face even worse humiliation he smiled weakly.

Just as Keith and his mother were getting into the car, Kimberly rode up on Keith's bike. All the guys were with her.

He should have been the one in jeans, riding bikes with the guys, instead of going on a shopping trip for new party dresses.

“Have fun with your friends, Keith,” Mrs. Carson called brightly to her disguised daughter.

“I hope you and Kimberly find lots of new pretty dresses,” she called back with just a hint of sarcasm.

As Keith got into the back seat he bit his tongue knowing he had to grin and bear the insults like a polite little lady. He found it quite awkward to handle his voluminous skirts while holding his doll and purse. He knew full well that his former gang was feasting their laughing eyes on the pink satin and white lace ruffles of his sissy panties. He could plainly hear chuckles of delight at his exposure.

Kimberly’s voice piped up, “Aren’t you guys glad you’re not a girl who has to wear junk like that.”

Keith heartily agreed, but unfortunately, he was now a girl.

During the ordeal in the PICTURE PERFECT PARTY DRESS BOUTIQUE Keith had to be reminded to show appropriate girlish enthusiasm for the new additions to his wardrobe. His mother advised him to mimic Jennifer’s unbridled exuberance for the dainty clothing. It went against every fiber of his boyish being, but soon he was squealing with delight as he tried on each new dress. For his efforts, he was rewarded with eight new dresses and all the necessary accessories.

“Don’t you just adore shopping,” Jennifer asked as they were leaving with the purchases. It was quite clear the prissy girl was delighted to help her cross-street neighbor and classmate finally emerge from her tomboy stage. Jennifer was aware that Kimberly’s recent girlishness was being forced on her, but felt in her heart that once Kimberly gave up her tomboy dreams, they’d develop a long and close friendship once she saw the light. Because of this, Jennifer, as well as Marcie and Janet, overlooked Kimberly’s often less than enthusiastic comments and reactions to her girlishness. Now that very thing served to keep Jennifer hammering at way at the even more reluctant replacement Kimberly to embrace girlhood to the fullest.

“Oh yes, I just love getting a new dress,” Keith responded in a flat tone. He was just glad that Jennifer was unaware that he

had traded places with Kimberly. Knowing Jennifer, if she thought Kimberly's heart was not truly into her sugar and spice existence, she would make every effort to convince her to do so. It was bad enough having to be around Jennifer, but to have her preaching femininity would be unbearable. He'd just have to put up enough of a show to keep her convinced since he was hoping with all his might that he might be allowed to wear pants again some day.

As the car pulled away from the curb, Mrs. Carson turned around in the front seat and announced that she had another surprise for the girls. "Since you two little dolls have gotten new dresses, it's only fair that we stop by SWANSON'S TOY STORE and get some new dresses for your dollies. Won't that be fun?"

Jennifer bounced up and down in excitement. Keith felt like throwing up, but instead he smiled weakly and murmured a half-hearted, "Oh goody!"

Walking into Swanson's as a girl brought none of the excitement to Keith that it usually did. He glanced wistfully at the Lego sets, the action figures, and the sports equipment. There were a couple of boys his age whom he recognized who were carefully examining some remote control cars. Oh how he envied them as he was whisked on by toward the doll department. But he was wearing the uniform of a little doll enthusiast.

Jennifer could barely contain herself. She eagerly inspected the dolls and their little costumes. She practically dragged Keith around from one display to the next. At one point he looked up to see his mother watching him, a look of amusement on her face.

"Having fun, sweetheart," she asked.

Keith had no answer. He dragged his eyes downward to see the swirl of pink and white satin that surrounded him. It was totally humiliating to be so backed into a girlish activity like buying a dolly dress.

Suddenly an ecstatic Jennifer was yanking on his arm and pointing at a doll costume. "Oh look, Kimberly. Look at that little dress. It's just exactly like the one you have on! You could buy it for your dolly and then you'd be twins. Wouldn't that be fun?"

“Oh yes, it does sound like fun,” he grudgingly said.

“Kimberly, ask the nice saleslady to let you try the dolly dress on your dolly,” his mother told him.

Keith certainly didn't want to do that, but he realized he had to if he was to continue in his unwanted masquerade as his sister undetected.

“Please, ma'am,” he said meekly getting the saleslady's attention.

“Why yes, honey, how can I help you,” she asked sweetly.

“I would like to see that doll dress right there,” Keith said pointing to the little display case.

“Do you mean the pink and white one that's just like the pretty dress you're wearing,” she asked.

He nodded, “Yes ma'am, that's the one.”

“What a dainty little girl you are,” she stated, giving him an admiring glance. “I wish I had a little dear like you at home, but all I have are three boys,” she sighed.

If only she knew, Keith thought dejectedly.

Every one watched as Keith clumsily undressed his sister's doll. He was extremely nervous, and he felt completely foolish performing this girlish task. He managed to get the dolly in the new pink dress that matched his own. Jennifer smiled with admiration.

“You're so lucky,” she commented with sincerity and envy.

“You and your baby doll look so pretty,” the saleslady added.

Keith felt neither pretty nor lucky. His world had been stood on end. He just couldn't believe that he was facing an entire summer in skirts. At that point, he didn't know of the other 'little surprise' his mother had in store for him.

As he exited the car carrying all the new purchases, he was forced to act happy when Jennifer announced she'd be over at 9:00 the next morning so they could walk together to Janet Martino's house to play dolls. All he was sure of was that his life would be hellish for at least the next two months.

As soon as everything was put away, Keith had to help his mother fix supper. Kimberly came bounding into the kitchen just as he finished setting the table. Keith looked glumly at her

once more thinking about how she cheated him by trading places. She should have been the one setting the table when he came bounding in the door at the last minute. The problem was made worse when he had to show Kimberly his new dolly while wearing his matching outfit.

Wearing a cute pink sundress and white sandals, Keith felt quite nervous walking down the familiar streets the next morning carrying his new dolly as he and Jennifer headed to Janet's home. On the way, they picked up Marcie, who raved about his new dolly. When the threesome arrived at Janet's house to play Barbies, Keith almost blew his masquerade when he discovered Tony eagerly waiting to join them.

Fortunately he realized that Kimberly was quite aware of Tony's degeneration into a sissy, and somehow, dredging up his past forced experiences at playing Barbie, he managed to conceal his astonishment and play sweetly. Tony had become an absolute sissy!

That evening Kimberly filled Keith in on all that had been happening in the Martino home. Keith felt almost as sorry for poor Tony as he did himself. At least no one knew he was really a boy! Tony was so far gone that he wondered how long it would be before he was wearing dresses.

A week later Miss Carla Wentworth was going through the files of the summer students at DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY with her executive assistant Miss Judy Keller. She was quite pleased that the enrollment had tripled to a total of 33 since the school's reorganization in 1992. Things were definitely looking up.

The DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY had been founded in the early 1930's by Miss Wentworth's grandmother. The original mission of the school was to provide a proper education to the pre-teen daughters of the social elite, a prelude to a proper girls' finishing school. A DAISY BLOSSOM graduate could be counted upon to be a credit to her gender. Proper manners and lady-like behavior became second nature to all the little girls who passed through the halls of the academy.

With the advent of the women's movement, there had been a waning interest in training young girls to be sweet and docile creatures whose sole purpose in life was to be pretty and pleas-

ant. Just when Miss Wentworth was at the height of her despair, and it seemed just a matter of time before the doors of the DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY would close for good, a new phenomenon made a fortuitous appearance on the American scene. There was a growing concern over stemming the tide of male violence in society, especially violence directed toward females.

Miss Wentworth applied her knowledge of training children to this thorny social concern. Her whole premise was that a young boy who was displaying violent or bothersome tendencies at an early age should be totally immersed in a program of feminine training and petticoat discipline. It was her opinion that the lad's masculine identity should be completely erased and a new girlish identity forced upon him. From an insolent bully he would be made into an obedient and submissive sissy.

The majority of the 33 students for this summer term had spent time at DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY in the past. Of the six new students, only one, Keith Carson, had experienced any petticoat punishment. Miss Wentworth noted from Keith's file that her task would be to change him into his twin sister over the summer term. This would be a worthy challenge.

One of the more enjoyable aspects of her work was when Miss Wentworth had the opportunity of informing the new students of the scope of their new training. By design, each new boy showed up at DAISY BLOSSOM expecting something entirely different from what he was going to receive. Some had expectations of a sports camp. Others had dreams of an outdoor experience that included camping, hiking, and canoeing. None of them had visions of being put into dresses and being made to act like a prim and proper girl. It was always a terrible shock for the poor dears.

Miss Wentworth always scheduled a two hour information and orientation meeting with each new boy and his family. So far, all but three of her students had come from single parent homes run by wealthy mothers in the throes of desperation.

Promptly at 8:00 Miss Wentworth's secretary, Lydia, announced the arrival of the day's first appointment. A few seconds later she was escorting 9 year old Brad Crimmins through the office door. He was accompanied by his mother and 7 year

old sister, Tonya. He was a small but wiry boy with a handsome face. The lad wore a soccer T-shirt that said "Winning is a kick," shorts, and athletic shoes. He looked around the room nervously, a puzzled look beginning to form on his face.

"Good Morning," Miss Wentworth said brightly. "Welcome to DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY. Please be seated."

"That's a real weird name for a soccer school," Brad said impulsively with obvious disgust as he plopped down in the nearest chair. How could he brag to his buddies that he had spent the summer as the best soccer player at DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY?

"Mind your manners, Brad," Mrs. Crimmins scolded.

"There is no need to be concerned, Mrs. Crimmins," Miss Wentworth commented in the same bright tone of voice. "When Brad leaves here, he'll have beautiful manners. It will be very hard to recognize that he's the same child."

"Oh, I just can't wait," Mrs. Crimmins replied.

Brad scowled at her. "What do manners have to do with soccer," he asked in a tone of annoyance.

"Absolutely nothing," Miss Wentworth stated as she took the lead in the conversation. "Your mother had to use a little deception to get you to my school in order for you to receive a different kind of training. And it does appear that you could profit from our very special training much more than some soccer camp."

"What? What are you talking about," Brad asked with concern and growing unease. "What kind of training do you do here?"

"Why we train naughty little boys like you to be sweet little ladies with dainty manners," Miss Wentworth replied almost matter of factly.

"Is this some kind of weird joke," Brad demanded angrily as he looked back and forth between his mother and Miss Wentworth.

"It's no joke," Mrs. Crimmins replied icily. "It's called Petticoat discipline and it will be just about perfect for you."

“Will Brad have to wear dresses too,” Tonya asked, suddenly excited at the prospect of seeing her naughty brother wear girls’ clothes.

“Of course he will,” Mrs. Crimmins answered. “In fact, that’s all he’ll be wearing. I’ve gone out and bought him a whole wardrobe of frilly party dresses and dainty undies. I removed his old clothes from his trunks and his new clothes are all packed inside just waiting for him to try them on.”

“Oh, goody, goody,” Tonya exclaimed. “I can hardly wait to see him wearing one of his dresses.”

By then Brad had recovered from the shock of the crazy revelation that he would be trained to be a sweet little lady. “You’ll never see me in a dress,” Brad vowed with every ounce of bravado he could muster. With that he rose from his seat to clench his fists, ready to fight off any attempt to carry out their bizarre ideas.

“They all say that,” Miss Wentworth assured Mrs. Crimmins completely ignoring the belligerent boy’s stance. “And like all the rest, he’ll be put into a dress as well.” The words were stated coolly, calmly, bespeaking of a self-assuredness that had never failed.

When nothing to fight materialized, like most boisterous boys his age Brad was flustered. They all assumed every conflict or disagreement could be settled by violence, after all, the strong ruled! The inaction began to eat away his resolve and real fears that perhaps they **COULD** get him into dresses grew. These worries forced him to try a different approach with his mother. Relaxing his belligerent stance into one of meekness using a much more mild tone of voice he asked, “Why are you doing this to me?”

“In a word, disrespect,” Mrs. Crimmins responded. “All you have shown to me, your sister, and your teachers, is disrespect. You think females are inferior beings. Now, you’ll become one and learn first hand that isn’t true... This will be the perfect lesson for you.”

The response sounded very much like a sentence to the electric chair. Fear gripped his heart that his mother and this stern, forbidding woman he now faced truly meant to carry out their

stated desires. "You mean I'm going to be a girl forever," Brad whined in despair.

"That will depend on you, dear," Mrs. Crimmins stated very seriously. "Perhaps if you show me that you've learned your lesson, there might be a pair of pants in your future. We'll just have to wait and see."

"Brad is definitely not a suitable name for an obedient little girl," Miss Wentworth stated bluntly. "You'll need to pick out a suitable girl's name for yourself."

Brad was once more roused to the verge of rebellion when he was told that he would have to go by a girl's name during his stay at DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY. Demonstrating the stubborn male arrogance that led him to be here in the first place, he foolishly refused to pick his own feminine name when he was given the opportunity to do so.

"Very well," Miss Wentworth stated with a sigh after his refusal. The honor will then fall to Tonya."

Tonya was quite delighted to be given this power over her belligerent big brother. Finally she saw a way to not only end the years of teasing abuse, but to punish him as well. After a few moments of deep deliberation, she decided that her big brother should become Miss Sissy Ann Crimmins.

Miss Wentworth chuckled and clapped her hands. "That's a marvelous name! I can most assuredly promise, Mrs. Crimmins and Tonya, that the new Miss Sissy Anne will indeed live up to his new name.

Brad was just beside himself in helpless frustration. He hoped he would soon awaken from this terrible nightmare. He wondered how he could fight these diabolical ladies if they never did more than talk?

"Can we see Sissy Anne in one of his new dresses," Tonya asked excitedly.

"I thought you'd never ask," Miss Wentworth said with a wink.

"Mom, this joke has gone far enough," Brad stated in a failed effort to bolster his rapidly flagging resolve to maintain his masculinity.

While Brad was pleading his 'anti-dress' case, Miss Wentworth had his personal 'child care' worker come into the room for an introduction. "Most of our new students require a great deal of one-to-one assistance until they get used to their new gender and living arrangements," Miss Wentworth explained. "Discipline around DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY is swift and firm. Obedience is expected to be prompt and complete. Miss Sissy Anne Crimmins, I'd like you meet your personal child care worker, Mrs. O'Toole."

Mrs. O'Toole, a large middle aged woman, had been assigned to Brad. It became immediately apparent to everyone that she could easily handle any disagreements Brad might care to initiate. Her no-nonsense manner was firm but not unkind.

"Mrs. O'Toole, this is your new charge, Miss Sissy Anne Crimmins. I'm

placing him in your complete charge.

"I'm sure Miss Sissy Anne and I will have NO problems," the smiling woman stated as she quickly reached out to firmly grab a hand-full of his thick hair.

Brad was awed by the power and confidence this woman exuded the moment he saw her. After a brief yelp when she grabbed his hair, the pain was relieved by standing on his toes. Soundlessly he was marched off, walking off balance upon his toes, to meet his feminine fate. A sorrowful look filled his face.

While Brad was being re-outfitted in his first party dress, his mother and sister were discussing his future with Miss Wentworth. Tonya, who had been an all too frequent victim of his harassment, was making a strong case for keeping him in skirts forever. She had always wanted a sister. After careful evaluation that considered his poor academic record, his small stature, his strong tendency toward macho behavior, as well as a desire for a harmonious home life, it was decided that Brad's training should be aimed at making him Sissy Anne for good. Besides, a gender change, it was unanimously decided that he would also receive an age change that would shave a few years off his life. He was destined to be Tonya's little six year old sister. His academic career would start all over again in the first grade.

It was nearly a half hour after he'd been so ignominiously led away that Brad made his debut as a girl in front of his

mother and sister. He had been transformed into the epitome of girlishness, all done up in pink taffeta and white lace. In addition to his dainty dress, he wore a wig of long blond curls. He no longer resembled a boy in any way. His eyes were red indicating that he had recently been in tears.

Forlornly following the instructions he'd received, Brad stopped in front of his sister and mother and gave an awkward curtsey. Totally humbled, he knew that they would get a glimpse of his fancy full petticoat and maybe even his frilly panties, but he had not been given a choice by Mrs. O'Toole.

Tonya squealed with delight. "Just look what they've done to him! He looks like a real girl! Oh mommy, this is the best thing that could have happened to him!"

"You do look very pretty, Sissy Anne," his mother complimented him.

"Thank you, Mother," he sullenly replied with a curtsey following a nudge from Mrs. O'Toole.

"That dress is just adorable," Tonya added. "I know I had one almost exactly like it when I was four."

Brad's face flushed with shame. He looked down at the fancy pink skirts that surrounded him. He couldn't bear to look at his sister's taunting smile. His head was still spinning from the rapid change he'd experienced.

Not that it had been easy. By the time Mrs. O'Toole released him in his upstairs room, Brad was frightfully angry. The moment she released his hair, he balled his fists and swung. Long experience had readied her for such action. With one powerful hand she had grasped the swinging fist in an iron grip and stopped it cold. Steadily, while a wicked smile filled her face, she squeezed.

Brad's eyes grew wide as his efforts to free his hand proved futile. The pain increased along with the pressure until she'd tearfully driven him to his knees. Virtually all hope of resistance collapsed.

"Well, Sissy Anne, will you do as you're told," she asked menacingly. "Or must I get rough?" The rest was easy for the experienced woman.

Thus Brad, now Sissy Anne, obediently listened to a brief overview of the expectations the staff of DAISY BLOSSOM

ACADEMY would have of him. With a final curtsey, Brad was dismissed into the care of Mrs. O'Toole who promptly took his entire family on a guided tour of the pretty little campus, stopping to explain the long, proud history of the institution. She made it clear that Brad was indeed privileged to be joining the elite of girlhood.

Meanwhile, Miss Wentworth was reviewing the file of her next appointment. His was truly a most unusual case. Ryan McClish was the 16 year old son of a young, wealthy widow. Despite all his advantages and the love shown to him by his mother, he had turned out badly like many spoiled boys. He was prone to wild and reckless behavior. Because of her money and influence, Mrs. McClish had been able to shield Ryan from the juvenile justice system. If it had not been for her, he surely would have spent time in a juvenile detention center.

Unfortunately, it was bound to happen, Ryan went too far. He had taken pretty 15 year old Sarah Churchill to his junior prom. Afterwards he brazenly expected her to put out. When she refused, it became a case of date rape, which was not a wise move since Sarah's father was a local judge and a paragon of the community. Judge Churchill was determined that Ryan would suffer the consequences of his crime. A long stretch of incarceration had been on Ryan's horizon until Mrs. McClish, again using her money, had worked out a most unusual plea bargain.

The result was that instead of serving 10 years behind bars, Ryan had been sent to a special hospital to have 10 years shaved off of his life. Through special surgeries on his bones and muscles, as well as hormone therapy, Ryan had been reduced in size to that of a typical 6 year old. Instead of a cocky young man had been diminished to a little boy. Needless to say he had been a very surprised little boy when he had awakened from his many surgeries to discover that he had been regressed back into a little child. Unfortunately for Ryan, he had not learned his lesson. He had simply gone from an unruly teenager to a world-wise naughty little boy.

When finally presented to Judge Churchill and Sarah so that they could witness the totality of his punishment, the brazen boy had defiantly stuck his tongue out and given them a lewd single digit salute. Even after Sarah Churchill had then been al-

lowed to spank him for that act, while tearful, he did not display the appropriate remorse for his past nor present actions. More drastic strategies were obviously needed... DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY!

Soon after Ryan and Mrs. McClish had been shown into her office, Miss Wentworth had a very clear picture of what she would be up against with him. His little body was packed to the brim with a teenage boy's macho arrogance intensified by the desire to FIX his oppressors.

"So what's the deal," Ryan drawled in a cocky voice as he sprawled in the chair with one tiny leg slung over an armrest. "This joint sure doesn't look like a boy's camp that specializes in camping and hiking."

"How observant," Miss Wentworth replied icily. "Actually, this is DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY, a private girl's school, and we specialize in turning out proper, well mannered young ladies... even when they started out as ill-mannered boys like you."

For a few stunned seconds, Ryan said nothing. A look of surprise and alarm formed on his face. This was the last thing he had expected to hear. Instantly he sat upright. He knew only too well that with his reduced size it would be impossible to physically prevent them from doing what they wished to him. "You can't do this. You can't turn me into a girl," he stated with as much bravado as he could muster as he vowed not to go easily.

"I turned you into a little boy again when you didn't want to," his mother retorted. "But that doesn't appear to have helped you adopt a new attitude. Perhaps it will be easier for you to become pleasant and polite if you go from being a little boy to being my little girl."

"No way will I let you change me into a stupid girl," he hissed. Deep inside his panic was growing. He harbored no doubts that his mother could indeed turn him into a little girl if she so desired.

"Oh, you'll be a girl before I'm done with you," his mother assured him. "If you fight being a six year old girl, I'll take you back to the hospital and have them make a three year old out of

you. If you're a little toddler in diapers you won't be able to make trouble for anybody anymore."

The threat of a further reduction in size and diapers destroyed his resistance. He would not physically fight, but he could still argue! "Oh please," he started to sob. "Please don't do this awful thing to me! I'll be good! I won't cause anymore problems."

"He's absolutely right," Miss Wentworth acknowledged with a laugh. "When Ryan leaves here, he'll be a sweet and docile little lady."

"As a graduation present my little angel will get his very own vagina from the hospital," Mrs. McClish added in a merry tone of voice. "Then he won't have to go forcing innocent girls to let him touch theirs. He'll have one right between his own little legs. Of course that will mean HE has become a SHE!"

The once proud adolescent boy began to cry in earnest. His little body shook with his sobs. Not only would he have to grow up all over again, but he would have to grow up as a girl.

There was one additional surprise that Miss Wentworth was saving. "Ryan, you are indeed a lucky little girl. You are being assigned to one of our first 'student' personal care workers. I'm told you already know her. I believe you and Sarah Churchill were once classmates in high school. She has enthusiastically agreed to be your mentor as you make the transition from boy to girl."

With that introduction Sarah entered the room, a big smile on her young face. Ryan nearly fainted when he saw her. He just couldn't believe how the tables had been turned on him. Once more she was going to play a major role in his downfall.

"Oh I'm so happy to be here, Miss Wentworth and Mrs. McClish," Sarah exclaimed. "And I promise to do my part to the best of my ability so Ryan turns out to be a little sweetie."

"Get her out of here," Ryan begged. "Please! I'll let you turn me into a girl, I won't fight at all! I promise! Only please, PLEASE, don't let her be the one to do it!"

"Well Sarah," Miss Wentworth stated turning to the teenage girl. "You've heard the child's plea, what do you have to say?"

“The very same thing HE told me when he raped me,” Sarah replied with a diabolical gleam in her eyes. “Keep your mouth shut and enjoy it, BITCH!”

Ryan closed his eyes and fought back the tears as he heard his cold words ruthlessly flung back into his face. He understood his fate was sealed.

“I wouldn’t miss this for the world,” Sarah giggled to see her revenge destroy his arrogance. “At last they’ve found the perfect punishment for you. Your days as a trouble maker are about to quickly come to an abrupt end.”

“I’ve even had his birth certificate changed to reflect his new age and sex,” Mrs. McClish announced. “From this day forward, Ryan Michael McClish is officially gone and Mary Ann McClish has taken his place permanently. Ryan has become my daughter.”

Miss Wentworth had an older, more experienced child care worker assist Sarah when it was time for Ryan to get acquainted with his new wardrobe. They each took a trembling hand and led the quietly sobbing boy off to meet his destiny. In the mean time Mrs. McClish discussed with his new headmistress the changes she hoped to see in her ex-son. She was assured that he would turn out to be a very dainty little lady.

And that’s exactly what he appeared to be when he was escorted back into his mother’s presence. Mrs. McClish was indeed surprised when she saw how utterly feminine he had been rendered. Ryan was decked out in a satin dress of mint green. It was exquisitely girlish with short, puffy sleeves, delicate lace trim, and short, full skirts over very bouffant petticoats. A sash had been tied up behind him in a pretty bow. His clunky basketball shoes and sweat socks had been replaced by black patent leather single strap shoes and lacy white anklets.

Ryan’s boyish appearance had been erased all the way by a wig that matched his own brown hair. It was styled into braided pigtails, each one finished off by a little bow that perfectly matched his dress. He was carrying a fancy doll that was attired exactly as he was down to the last detail. His wet red eyes were downcast in humiliation as he entered the room.

Sarah announced, “Mrs. McClish, meet your new daughter, Mary Ann.” She lifted Ryan’s chin and nodded at him.

“Hello Mommy,” he said softly as he gave an awkward curtsey. “Th... thank you for allowing me to become a girl. I’ll truly do my best to make you proud that I’m your daughter.” With these last words he burst into a flood of tears.

Mrs. McClish held out her arms to him and said, “Come to Mommy.”

She was a little surprised and greatly pleased when he complied so willingly, crawling up into her lap in a flurry of rustling petticoats.

Happily she straightened out his puffy skirts and comforted him with a hug. “There, there, little one, you’re mommy’s little doll baby now. Forget all about those bad boy days. You’ll come to adore being a sweet little girl, you’ll see!”

He only sobbed in reply and looked dejectedly at the green satin dress that held him prisoner.

After lunch, Miss Wentworth was back in her office looking over the file of another student. Eleven year old Billy Wilson had all the makings of an obnoxious male chauvinist jock. He had rallied the guys in his Little League baseball team against ten year old Tracie Travis when she had been picked to become the newest member of the Cubs. The petty harassment finally went too far. One day on the way home from practice Billy and two other boys knocked Tracie off her bicycle and stole her pants. Laughing they raced back to the ballfield and climbed atop the backstop to audaciously hang the pants for all to see.

The humiliated girl wanted to quit the team, but it was with the unanimous opinion of the coach and parents of their teammates that Billy and his two pals got the boot. In no way did he consider his actions to be wrong as he refused to shoulder any blame for what happened. In fact his surly reaction shoved all the blame for the debacle onto Tracie. Seeing that more severe punishment was needed, Mrs. Wilson had asked Tracie to come up with an idea that would help her teach her wayward son a greater respect for girls.

It didn’t take the little girl long to hit upon a plan that would provide her with revenge, as well as teach Billy a new appreciation of femininity. Since she was taking part in an activity that had been traditionally reserved for boys, it was only fitting and fair that he should take part in an activity normally reserved for

little girls. He would become a participant in “Little Miss” beauty and talent pageants.

When Mrs. Wilson had heard her idea, she endorsed it with complete enthusiasm. Thus Billy would be attending the summer session at DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY to develop the feminine skills of a little beauty pageant contestant.

At 1:00, Miss Wentworth’s secretary escorted Mrs. Wilson and Billy as well as Tracie and her mother into the office. As might be expected, Billy looked more than a bit apprehensive. He was dressed very casually in jeans and a Cleveland Indians T-shirt. His appearance contrasted very sharply with Tracie’s. She wore a dainty pink chiffon party dress, almost babyish in it’s design. Underneath a hint of elaborate white satin petticoats was visible. They made a very feminine rustling sound with every movement she made. Her feet were encased in little white lacy anklets and black patent leather dress up shoes. She looked like anything but a Little League baseball player.

After the appropriate introductions and small talk, Miss Wentworth got down to business. Looking squarely into his eyes, she asked, " Billy, do you have any idea why you are here this afternoon?"

He squirmed uncomfortably as he answered in a shaky voice. “I guess this is part of my punishment. Is this like a jail for kids or something?”

“Oh my, no,” Miss Wentworth replied with a hint of amusement.

Billy relaxed a little and smiled weakly. But his face was etched with alarm after her next comment...

“DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY is a renowned girls’ finishing school. We have a long, proud tradition of training children to become dainty and proper little misses.”

“B... but why am I here,” he asked uneasily.

“Why to become a dainty and proper little miss, of course,” Miss Wentworth replied matter of factly.

Billy turned to his mother, his eyes filled with dread. “Oh please, no,” he sobbed. “Anything but that! I don’t want to be a girl!”

"But Tracie wants you to be a little girl and participate in "Little Miss" beauty pageants while she is busy with her baseball," Mrs. Wilson replied in a calm tone of voice. "We ALL think it is a wonderful idea and a very appropriate way to teach you to respect girls. You'll learn so much about what it means to be a girl and it will all start here at DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY!"

Billy knew he was trapped as he flashed Tracie a nasty look. He wished he could get his hands on her. He'd teach her a lesson or two!

But Tracie wasn't at all intimidated. She gave him a broad, sassy smile. "Do you like my pretty dress," she purred. But before he could come up with a nasty retort she continued. "Actually, I have a confession to make. This isn't my dress. I'm only borrowing it... from YOU!" Pleased by the horrified shocked expression that filled his face she continued. "That's right, it's YOUR dress, not mine!"

"And I believe it is about time that he gets to wear his new dress," Miss Wentworth stated sweetly. "How would you like to switch clothes with him, Tracie?"

"I'll just love it," the delighted girl exclaimed.

"I'm not going to trade clothes with her," Billy screeched as he rose from his chair to stand defiantly. "No way am I going to wear a stupid dress while she gets to wear my jeans and favorite shirt!"

"You're days of giving ultimatums are over," his mother said as sternly as she could.

"That's absolutely right," Miss Wentworth agreed. "A proper young lady does as she is told. Her mother's word is the law. It's about time YOU learned that lesson... along with many others!"

Miss Robinson, who was to take charge of Billy, entered the room at that moment in response to a secret signal from Miss Wentworth. Billy was everything but mannerly toward the tall attractive young woman but she didn't seem to mind as she took his hand in an iron grip and forced him to accompany her. His last ditch pleas were totally ignored. As planned, Tracie followed behind them, grinning from ear to ear.

Once out of the room, knowing it was useless, Billy stopped struggling. They ascended a wide staircase and walked down a hallway. The walls had pictures of women in old fashioned costumes and girls in pretty dresses gathering flowers or walking hand in hand. Billy had a definite feeling that he did not belong in this place. The feeling only grew stronger when he was escorted into a room, which, to his utter horror he was told was his room. It was decorated in an overpowering feminine style. Pink satin and white lace ruffles and bows were everywhere from the canopy bed to the fancy dressing table. Dolls and a few stuffed animals were neatly arranged around the room. A woman in a maid's uniform was arranging a closet that was just brimming full of fancy party dresses and dainty petticoats. She smiled sweetly as they entered.

Miss Robinson addressed the woman. "Oh Margaret, would you mind staying to help me. Billy and Tracie are to exchange clothes. I fear our young student will put up a fuss when it comes time to don his new pretties."

"I've taken the liberty of bringing a paddle should the need arise," the maid stated with a menacing glare at the recalcitrant boy. "I'll be most happy to assist you."

Billy didn't say anything. He just gaped about the room in stunned disbelief. Finally, he managed a question. "Are all these dresses meant for me?"

"None other," Miss Robinson replied cheerily.

Tracie tried to stifle a giggle. "While I'm out playing ball with your FORMER teammates, it will do my heart good to think of you here in your dainty little room, playing with your little dolls, and wearing one of your many dainty little dresses."

"Don't forget he'll be practicing the proper manners of a dainty little girl," Miss Robinson added with a big smile.

Beaming with delight, Tracie went into the adjoining bathroom and shed the girlish garments she wore. Despite knowing resistance would be futile, Billy required a bit of encouragement from the paddle before he could be persuaded to part with his clothing. It took the threat of an additional paddling to make him cooperate when he discovered that he even had to give up his underwear. The maid transferred the clothing between rooms while Billy tried desperately to preserve his modesty.

He stared as the delicate dress and accessories were laid out on the bed. He just couldn't believe that the dainty array of pink chiffon, white satin, and lace was meant for him. Girls' clothes! And what made it that much worse was the fact that these girls' clothes had just been worn by his nemesis Tracie!

Miss Robinson had just finished getting the reluctant boy into his white satin and lace panty and vest set when the door to the bathroom opened. Into the room strutted Tracie. From head to toe she was the picture of a tomboy. Billy's clothes were a perfect fit. Her face beamed a victorious smile.

"Don't let her seem like this," he whined.

"Oh don't be silly," Tracie countered. "I was wearing those same undies just a few minutes ago. You don't have to worry about another girl seeing your pretty panties. You'll have to worry about the boys trying to get a peek at them.

To his utter horror, Billy realized that she was right. He would be the one who had to worry about a boy looking up his dress. How unfair it seemed now that the shoe was on the other foot. Then he had to endure Tracie's smirking face as Miss Robinson continued dressing him up like a little girl. The rustling petticoat brought a tear to his eye as the billowing skirts were fluffed out and around him. The frilly pink dress was just as bad. He stared down at the puffy pink skirts that seemed to engulf him. He just couldn't believe that he was wearing a dress. Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined such a terrible fate. After tying the pink satin sash into a pretty bow, Miss Robinson got Billy into some anklets and black patent leather, single strap shoes. She placed a wig of long blond curls on his head, and suddenly he no longer looked like a boy in a dress. A big pink satin bow was arranged in his new curly locks. He had become a picture of frilly girlishness.

"Aren't you a little doll," Miss Robinson exclaimed.

"He really looks like a girl," Tracie said in wonder.

Billy was guided in front of a full length mirror so he could get a good look at himself. The completeness of the transformation that had been worked on him left him stunned. Reluctantly he had to admit that he appeared all girl from the top of his hair bow to the tips of his shiny party shoes.

Tracie came and stood beside him looking so smug and self-satisfied wearing his boyish clothes.

The contrast in their appearances was very unsettling. Suddenly Billy felt as if Tracie had robbed him of his masculinity and forced him into a feminine life that should have been hers.

Tracie watched with fascination as the formerly arrogant but now thoroughly demoralized Billy was put through a crash course in feminine deportment. It was so amusing to see him practice a curtsy and to sit so that his skirts would protect his modesty. It was a far cry from Little League baseball practice! Tracie was satisfied that she had found the perfect punishment for the former shortstop.

When they returned to the office, Mrs. Wilson was all smiles as she watched her now dainty son give her a demure curtsy. Miss Robinson gave him a little nudge and he reluctantly spoke his rehearsed greeting. "Hello mommy. Thank you for buying me all those pretty dresses. I'm sure I'll love wearing them. And thank you for giving me the chance to learn how to be a proper little lady." It had taken every bit of will power the crushed boy possessed to keep from bringing up his lunch.

The delighted mother hugged her new dainty daughter. "It's so hard to believe what a perfect doll you've had become," she assured him.

"Some mothers are so pleased with the changes," Miss Wentworth stated purposely planting a seed. "They never want to have their sons to go back being boys."

Of course, this scared the heck out of the dazed Billy, who suddenly had to face the prospect that he might never be allowed back in pants. His final surprise for the day was a name change. While in dresses he would be expected to answer to the name of Jennifer Sue. Who ever heard of a Billy that wore dresses?

Just before 3:00 Miss Wentworth was reviewing the case file of her next unfortunate trainee. She was being paid an extraordinary sum to lend her expertise to the gender transformation of Kyle Forest. Poor Kyle had just lost his very wealthy father in a boating accident. Since his real mother had died in child birth, that meant he was now in the care of his



step-mother. After all a 10 year old could not be expected to take care of himself no matter how vast his financial resources.

While Mrs. Forest honestly cared for the boy and his welfare, she was concerned for her own security and that of her children from her first marriage. Marissa was 8 years old and James was 10 like Kyle. They had both been adopted by Mr. Forest before his death, and they were clearly provided for in the will. But one provision bothered Mrs. Forest. It stated that the oldest son would become manager of the family assets upon reaching his twenty first birthday. Kyle was the oldest by 2 1/2 months. He and his step-mother were usually on pretty good terms; yet on occasion he liked to remind her that he and his father had been together long before she came on the scene.

Mrs. Forest was concerned that the day would come when she and her own “natural” children would find themselves sent packing with only a small stipend. Such an eventuality could never happen if the oldest son was changed into the youngest daughter.

Unfortunately Kyle Forest was small boned, and his features tended to be delicate. Despite his smaller stature, he was all boy and easily out-performed his step-brother on the athletic field, in the classroom, and even with friends. He was often referred to as an All-American boy. But if Mrs. Forest had her way, he would not remain a boy much longer.

The worries about the future had been weighing heavily upon her when the plan had taken root in Mrs' Forest's mind. While going through her dead husband's personal possessions, she came across an old photo of the first Mrs. Forest. Initially, she was taken by the great beauty of her predecessor. Gradually the new Mrs. Forest recognized that the young son the first Mrs. Forest had left behind was an almost spitting image of her. Mrs. Forest discovered other photo albums, and in one of them was a picture of Kyle's mother when she was about his age of 10.

A thought had crossed her mind at that time. If you took away the long blond curls and the fancy dress, you would have a look alike of Kyle. Then another idea had occurred to her. If you added long blond curls and a fancy dress to Kyle, you would have a very pretty little girl who looked exactly like her

mother. That's what Mrs. Forest had decided to do with him. Suddenly her worries would be over.

Miss Wentworth glanced over the four pieces of paper in front of her. They were copies of documents that would ensure that Kyle would have a very feminine future. The first one was a copy of a letter that Kyle had supposedly written to his step-mother. Mrs. Forest had even consulted an expert in the handwriting field to make sure the writing was an exact copy of Kyle's.

Dearest Mommy;

I have to write to you about some special feelings cause I'm scared and embarrassed to talk to you about them face to face. I could never have admitted this when Daddy was alive, but now I feel free to do so. You see, I don't want to be a boy anymore. I wish you could help change me into a girl, like Marissa. I've never liked being a boy. In fact, I hate it. I've really always wanted to be a little girl with all my heart.

I wish I could wear pretty dresses like Marissa. I wish it so much, I often sneak into her closet and play dress-up in her clothes. They fit me just right. I'm sorry I have done this, but it makes me very happy when I'm in girls' clothes. It's the only time I'm really happy, so please don't scold me.

If you let me turn into a girl, I promise I'll be a good daughter. I'll also be a good sister to Marissa and James. Pretty please, help me to be happy.

Your daughter (I hope!)

Katie (Kyle)

Miss Wentworth smiled as she went on to the next paper which was a letter from a psychologist. It summarized some evaluation results.

Dear Mrs. Forest;

The results of my work with your step-son, Kyle, indicate that he is a 10 year old boy with above average intellectual resources. His common sense reasoning and reality testing are more than adequate for a child his age. Despite these assets, he

has not been able to make a satisfactory emotional adjustment to his life. His inner fantasies and his pattern of interests would be considered appropriate for a 7 year old girl. He is very open about his intense desire to dress as a little girl and engage in stereotypical activities of little girls, i.e. playing with Barbies and playing house. His favorite reading material, THE BABYSITTER'S CLUB series, is for girls. His desires for the future include being a cheerleader, ballerina, and fashion model.

In summary, I would conclude that Kyle suffers from a Gender Identity Disorder of a rather extreme nature. It seems doubtful that he will ever be able to make a satisfactory adjustment to being a male. I would recommend that you allow him to switch sexes so that he might lead a happier and more conflict free life. Putting him into an ultra feminine existence would be the best thing for him at this time, so that he can learn all the subtle nuances of his adopted gender before he is faced with puberty.

I have seen similar cases where this situation was allowed to go untreated into the onset of puberty. The raging male hormones and their unyielding demands literally shredded the fragile mental balance that such boys, by the complexity of their Gender Identity Disorder, maintain. In two cases, the unfortunate boys committed suicide. A third is now residing in an asylum.

Please, do not wait. Treatment is needed as soon as possible.

I will be glad to assist in anyway possible.

Sincerely;

Maria Lathen, PhD.

Miss Wentworth wondered how Mrs. Forest had been able to get such a recommendation from a noted licensed professional. She was clearly a woman of means. She reviewed the next paper with interest. It was a legal order from a probate judge.

To whom it may concern;

In the matter of Kyle Forest, a minor, male child, the appropriate parental and psychological reports have been reviewed. In light of the information contained there-in, it is the decision of this court that a change in status in regard to legal gender and age shall be granted. Kyle Robert Forest, a ten year old male child, shall now be Kathryn Ann Forest, an eight year old female child. All legal documents pertaining to Miss Kathryn Ann Forest will be amended accordingly.

Judge Anthony Porter

The 4th document really sealed Kyle's fate; it was a copy of his new birth certificate. It was certainly legal proof that his sex and age had been altered. There would be no turning back for him now.

A few minutes past 3:00, Mrs. Forest was shown into the office with three children trailing behind her. The first was Marissa, all done up in a red satin dress and white pinafore of an Alice-in-Wonderland style. Behind her came a rather solid looking boy with black hair and blue eyes. His handsome face was looking around the room in an anxious fashion. It had to be James because the next boy was much smaller with delicate features. The description fit the hapless Kyle perfectly. From the moment she set eyes on him, Miss Wentworth could tell he would indeed make a very pretty girl.

It quickly became apparent that all three children were under the impression that they had come to enroll Marissa in a poise and charm school program. She seemed to be quite disappointed when it was revealed that there was a different purpose to their visit.

Mrs. Forest began to explain. "It is true, children, that DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY is a renowned girls' finishing school that turns out proper little ladies. But I'm afraid it won't be Marissa who will be attending this summer."

Looks of sheer panic crossed both boys' faces as the import of what she was saying sank into their minds. Marissa's registered sincere disappointment.

"Instead of Marissa, I have enrolled Kyle," Mrs. Forest continued. "The training he will receive will prepare him for the

new life I have planned for him. From now on Kyle will be a girl living a girl's life."

James looked relieved. Marissa looked bewildered. Kyle looked totally stunned.

"Y... y... you can't do that to me," Kyle stammered. "I'm a boy."

"Not anymore, sweetheart," she replied. "Legally you are just as much a girl as Marissa."

"But... but how can that be possible," he inquired urgently as panic began to engulf him. The news was so shocking and unexpected it left him unable to do more than question and protest.

"Oh, it's a rather complicated legal process, and you needn't worry your pretty little head about it," Mrs. Forest answered in a patronizing manner.

"I don't believe you," Kyle stated forcefully building up a head of steam.

Keeping her composure, his step-mother pulled an official looking envelope from her purse. Withdrawing the notarized paper inside, she read the part from the court order that stated Kyle had been turned into an 8 year old girl named Kathryn Ann Forest. She then showed him his amended birth certificate as proof of her statement.

"But I don't want to be girl. I don't want to have a girl's name and be 8 years old again," he pleaded helpless as he floundered for something to rest his feet upon so he could really fight back. Frantically he looked about the room for aid. Miss Wentworth would obviously be no help since she was supposed to train him to be a girl. Marissa was too much of a prissy girl to understand why he was so upset. James was his only hope. But one look at his step brother told him that James would not help out of fear a similar fate might befall him. Kyle was all alone.

"Mommy knows what's best for her little daughter," Mrs. Forest stated firmly. "From this moment forward you are a sweet little girl, and we'll call you Katie."

"Oh goody, I have a sister my very own age," Marissa said in enthusiastic tones.

James just smiled wanly at his step-brother's weird fate. If he did as his mother wanted... he would be the one and only man of the house. Suddenly he had a very funny thought. "Will Kyle have to wear girls' clothes like Marissa," he asked.

"Of course Katie will wear pretty dresses like any other little girl her age," Mrs. Forest answered.

"There is a whole new wardrobe just waiting for him... I mean HER, upstairs," Miss Wentworth stated.

"Oh no! Please no," Kyle begged. "Don't make me wear a dress!"

At that point his child care worker, Mrs. Faye, was summoned. She led the forsaken lad off like a lamb to slaughter. A very numbed Kyle gave his step-mother a long, pleading glance as he disappeared up the stairs.

Just over half an hour later Kyle reappeared dressed up for his new role in life as a little girl named Katie. His coming out dress was identical to the red satin Alice-in-Wonderland style confection which Marissa wore. He walked with eyes down-cast at the voluminous skirts which bobbed up and down around him. He didn't want to face his step-brother or step-sister in his new sissified condition.

"He's so pretty," Marissa exclaimed excitedly. "And he's wearing a pretty dress just like me." She ran over and held Kyle's hand.

James could barely control his disgust. "What a sissy," he mumbled.

"That will be enough of that kind of talk," his mother said sternly. "You had better treat your new little sister with respect."

James felt his earlier fears rear up. Now he knew for sure that his fate depended upon keeping his mother happy. "I'm sorry, I'll treat her like the precious girl she is," he stated clearly meaning exactly what he said.

Satisfied that she now also had her son under her thumb she turned to Kyle. "How do you like your new party dress," she asked.

"It's very pretty, Mommy," he morosely responded without enthusiasm. Mrs. Faye gave a throat clearing prompt, and he added a stiff little curtsy to his reply.

"I'm so glad you like it," Mrs. Forest said. "Because you are going to be wearing pretty dresses like this one from now on."

A tear trickled down his cheek, but he forced a timid smile and a "Thank you, Mommy." Mrs. Faye nodded at him approvingly.

Marissa was so happy about having a little sister, she could barely contain her joy. In the end it was finally decided that she would be allowed to attend DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY so she could encourage her former step-brother during his transformation into a little girl. The two sisters would be roommates. Marissa gave Kyle a sisterly hug amid a flurry of rustling petticoats.

James looked on in amusement at his former rival. The All-American boy would no longer cause him any concern in his new role.

The next morning, Miss Wentworth was again at her desk preparing for the enrollment of her final two brand new students. Knocking on the door, Lydia was smiling as she brought another envelope to her boss.

"This is a late enrollment," she explained. "But we do have room for one more and I think this one deserves to be admitted. I've taken the liberty to arrange for a suitable child care worker and for them to be here after lunch for enrollment."

"Very well," Miss Wentworth stated with a grin as she placed the envelope beneath the others. "I trust your judgement in such matters and do so enjoy helping boys to learn to be sweet."

The first appointment arrived just after 8:00, Jeff Mullins was a rather tragic case. Up until 3 1/2 months ago he had been a normal 12 year old boy anticipating his last year in Little League where he was an ace pitcher and a power hitter.

An accident had changed all that. He had been riding his bicycle with friends, showing off for each other as boys are wont to do, when he had carelessly ridden into the path of an oncoming car. His injuries had been rather severe, and they had taken a rather peculiar toll on him. Today he was going to discover

just how different his life was going to be. Jeff was coming to DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY expecting a regimen of rehabilitation far different from what he was going to receive.

Miss Wentworth's secretary, Lydia, showed Jeff and Mrs. Mullins into her office. He was much smaller than Miss Wentworth had anticipated. His big brown eyes looked scared as they anxiously darted about the room. There were no visible effects from his accidents, but Miss Wentworth knew they were there.

"Are you my new doctor," Jeff blurted out. "Can you help me get my old life back," he added urgently.

Miss Wentworth smiled at him. "Why no dear, I'm not your new doctor, and I can't get your old life back for you, but I'm going to help you build a brand new life."

He frowned. "I'd just as soon have my old life back," he stated with obvious disappointment.

"Now Jeff," Mrs. Mullins began. "You know very well that you can NEVER be just like you were because of your injuries. Miss Wentworth and I have worked out a new life for you that is more realistic. We're going to explain the changes you're going to be making here."

"Can you help me get back the height and weight I lost," he asked impulsively.

"Just hold on a minute," his mother said sternly. "Give us a chance to explain." She gave Miss Wentworth an exasperated look before she continued. "It's time you learned the full impact of what your showing off caused. First of all, the 8 inches in height and 40 pounds in weight are not coming back... EVER!"

Jeff's face registered alarm. He started to speak, but his mother motioned for him to remain silent.

"When you struck your head against the pavement it caused some major brain damage," Mrs. Mullins continued. "But not the kind of damage that interferes with walking, talking, remembering, or things like that. The damage you sustained effected the part of your brain that influences growth. After the accident it began to work in reverse, very rapidly, and that is what has made you go back to the size you were when you were about 8."

Miss Wentworth could tell from looking at his face that Jeff was understanding but not wanting to believe his mother's explanation.

"Here's the tough part," Mrs. Mullins said half kindly. "What the doctors had to do to keep you from getting even smaller will make it impossible for you to grow anymore. Since they couldn't reverse the damage, your growth center has been deactivated so to speak, so you'll be little the rest of your life."

Jeff's face was etched in stunned disbelief. "You mean I won't grow up like the other guys? I won't get big muscles, or shave, or get hair under my arms... NEVER?"

His mother shook her head sadly. "There's still a bit more that I need to explain to you so you can understand why you will be staying here at DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY for awhile... As you know, the doctors are going to be rebuilding your genitals in the fall after you've recovered some more. And I'm sure you're expecting that they can replace your the penis and testicles that were severed from your body. They aren't able to do that though. The best they can do is to give you a vagina like a normal little girl has... and by giving you a vagina they are in reality making you into a little girl."

Jeff was in shock. At first he didn't utter a sound. Then a whining sound broke his silence. "NOOOooo!"

"I'm afraid the answer is yes," Mrs. Mullins said sympathetically. "There's nothing you can do to change it. You're going to be a little girl, my little girl. Your Little League days are gone, and all the wishing in the world won't bring them back. You have to give up the notion that you can ever be a boy again. Miss Wentworth and her staff will help you learn how to be a girl."

"I don't want to be a girl," he retorted angrily.

"I know you don't want to be a girl; I know you want to be out playing ball with your buddies. But as I said, those days are in the past," his mother's tone was soothing. "Your life as a girl begins today. Here at DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY you will learn to act and dress like a little girl your age."

"Dress as a girl," Jeff asked in alarm. "You can't expect me to wear girls' clothes. I won't wear a dress! Not ever!"

“One of the first lessons all our girls learn here at DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY is that they obey all adult requests without question or comment,” Miss Wentworth said sternly. “And furthermore, since you are now a young lady, you will be dressed as one. You will wear pretty dresses like any other little girl your age.”

“Not dresses,” Jeff moaned knowing that he was trapped.

“There are no tomboys at DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY,” Miss Wentworth stated with emphasis as she sent for Mrs. Allerton.

The plump child care worker led the bewildered lad off to be put into something more appropriate in keeping with his new station in life. Miss Wentworth and Mrs. Mullins chatted about the joys of raising a daughter while Jeff was receiving his first lesson on being a daughter.

Jeff and Mrs. Allerton appeared nearly 45 minutes later. His mother’s mouth dropped open in surprise when she got her first look at her transformed son. He was sugar and spice from head to toe. Mrs. Allerton had decked him out in dainty white taffeta with lots of pink lace trim and little bows of pink satin. His dress was high waisted in almost toddler fashion. The short full skirts were puffed out by bouffant petticoats. His head was wigged. Long brown curls fell to his shoulders. His eyes were downcast, giving him a demure appearance.

When Mrs. Allerton cleared her throat, Jeff gave a little start, and then he curtsied sweetly to both his mother and Miss Wentworth. Mrs. Allerton bent down and whispered in his ear which caused him to blush.

Jeff turned squarely to his mother and said; “Oh thank you, Mommy, for my pretty new dress. I just love wearing it. And thank you for turning me into a pretty little girl. I promise I’ll be a good daughter.”

Mrs. Mullins swept him into her arms in a swirl of rustling petticoats. “You look so adorable,” she gushed. “You’ll just love being a girl and wearing pretty clothes... And to help you get used to your new sex, I’ve decided to change your name. From now on you’ll be Jessica instead of Jeff. Isn’t Jessica a sweet name?”

“Yes Mommy,” he replied very softly. But a tear that streaked down his cheek gave away his true emotions.

“In a few weeks your Jessica will be delighted with her new life and wardrobe,” Miss Wentworth predicted. “She won’t even remember being a boy or wearing those yucky boys’ clothes!”

Deep in his heart, Jeff felt otherwise, but to judge from his first experience under their control, he feared she might be right.

The next appointment for Miss Wentworth was the Carson family. Lydia escorted Mrs. Carson and her twins into the office. Miss Wentworth was surprised to learn that Kimberly was the one with the short hair and wearing jeans and a polo shirt, while Keith had already been made into the girl of the family. His wig of bouncy curls and his black velvet party dress with pink satin sash made him the spitting image of his sister.

“So Krissy has been staying with you instead of Keith,” she said with an amused smile.

“Not exactly,” Mrs. Carson answered. “You see Keith has become Kimberly, and Kimberly has become Keith. Instead of twin girls, I still have one boy and one girl, only they have switched identities. I’m bringing Keith to you in order to make him an even more feminine version of his sister.”

“I see,” Miss Wentworth replied with a nod of her head. “It’s not every brother who gets the pleasure of being turned into his very own sister. Keith you’re a lucky boy, or should I say, Kimberly, you’re a lucky girl.”

“I’m not a lucky boy,” Keith objected. “And it’s no pleasure for a boy to get turned into his sister!”

“Watch your tone, young lady,” his mother warned.

“But Mom, it’s not fair,” he continued in a more subdued tone of voice. “She was born to be the girl in this family, and I was meant to be the boy. I just can’t wait till we can go back to the way things are supposed to be.”

“Well we just might not be going back to the good old days,” the real Kimberly interjected. “I think things are the way they are supposed to be right now with you in a pretty party dress and me in pants. Of the two of us, I think you make a much better dainty little girl!”

“Mom, make her stop teasing me,” Keith whined in a rather girlish way.

“She’s not teasing you,” Mrs. Carson replied to her sissified son. “She’s telling you the truth. It will be up to her to decide at the end of the summer whether she wants to continue living as a boy. If she does, she will take over your identity and become Keith on a permanent basis. Of course that will mean that you will be my little girl, and take over Kimberly’s identity permanently.

“Permanently,” Keith wailed. “I don’t want to be a girl for the rest of my life!” The tears were flowing in earnest. “Please don’t do this terrible thing to me! Don’t keep me in dresses!”

“But dresses are what all proper little girls wear,” Miss Wentworth said as she joined the conversation. “And it will be my job to see to it that you come to appreciate and even love your pretty clothes and your new gender.”

Keith just stood and stared in silent horror as the new reality of his life came into focus in his mind. He was quite aware of the calming effect of wearing dresses. Watching Tony for the last week had shown him how wearing girls’ clothes can destroy a boy. Why in just the week he’d experienced since the forced swap he could feel the changes beginning deep inside, no matter how much he tried to fight or deny them. He would end up being the sister he always despised. He would end up being the girl of the family!

His short reverie was interrupted by Kimberly’s impatient voice. “Oh Mom, could we hurry up a bit or I’ll be late to baseball practice. I told the guys I’d meet them at the field at noon.”

Keith began to sob in frustration. His sister had completely taken over his life, leaving him trapped in femininity. She was wearing his clothes on her way to play his favorite sport with his best buddies, while he was stuck in girlhood. He felt so helpless; all he could do was cry.

After lunch, Miss Wentworth opened the envelope of the new potential student. A broad predatory smile filled her face. Yes, this one will do rather nicely she thought as Lydia escorted Mrs. Martino and her two children into the office.

One look at Tony told her the boy was already totally emasculated. The timid movements, the deference to his mother and

little sister, everything about him announced that he was a first class sissy. "Good morning, Mrs. Martino," Miss Wentworth greeted. "It's so nice to see you again, Janet. I trust your comportment has been exemplary since my classes."

"Oh yes, Miss Wentworth," Janet bubbled. "I try to be as well behaved and polite at all times."

"That's wonderful, it's always refreshing to know my students are making a good impression," Miss Wentworth replied. Then she turned her attention to Tony. "Tony, you will be my newest student."

Tony shivered. He recalled how Janet had been changed by the Saturday classes under Miss Wentworth's tutelage. He also recalled how Keith had complained that her methods were so thorough and strict that he had no choice but to learn and demonstrate what she taught. There was no faking her out.

"I understand you only recently heard about DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY so let me explain about our mission," Miss Wentworth stated. "A DAISY BLOSSOM graduate can be counted upon to be a credit to her gender. Proper manners and lady-like behavior became second nature to all the little girls who pass through the halls of the academy... even when they were boys when they arrived!"

Tony's eyes grew wide with fear. His mouth opened and closed several times, but nothing came out. A few tears began to trickle down his cheeks.

"Yes, that's what I was led to understand," Mrs. Martino answered. "I believe you enrolled Kimberly Carson this morning. Kimberly has been a playmate with my children for years. When Mrs. Carson decided to enroll Kimberly, she thought I might also be interested in enrolling Tony. After all, they do have a lot in common."

"Yes, Kimberly was the last student I enrolled this morning," Miss Wentworth replied. "I'm sure she and Tony will become even closer girlfriends."

Tony began to whimper piteously as he thought about the last weeks playing dolls with Kimberly and the other prissy girls. What would happen to him here?

“Tony, you will stop that blubbing at once,” Miss Wentworth scolded. “You have a lot more in common with darling little Kimberly than you suppose.”

“Indeed,” replied Mrs. Martino. “You see, Tony, the sweet little Kimberly you played Barbies with all week is not the same sweet Kimberly with whom you played Barbies the week before.”

Tony was doing his best to keep from balling as he listened, but none of this was making much sense. All he kept thinking about was how low he’d fallen ever since Keith wound being made to dress like a twin sister to Kimberly. That made a brief light flare in his mind. But before he could figure it out, his mother went on.

“You recall how Keith took the ACQUIRING PROPER MANNERS AND FEMININE DEPARTMENT class with Kimberly and Janet,” she explained. “You know how that started you down the road that has brought you here. It seems Keith didn’t learn his lesson too well after all because as soon as he was out of his petticoats, he reverted back to being an obnoxious boy. Last week he pulled one stunt too many against Kimberly. At Kimberly’s suggestion and with their mother’s full cooperation, she and Keith switched places. Since last Friday night a week ago, Keith has been Kimberly, and Kimberly has been Keith!”

“So that’s why Kimberly behaved so differently all week,” Janet exclaimed. “She was really quiet and seemed so preoccupied, her mind really wasn’t on playing with dolls. No wonder she was watching Tony like a hawk! I bet it really came as a surprise when Keith discovered how much of a sissy Tony has become!”

Tony hung his head in shame. It had been bad enough knowing he had become a sissy, but at least the guys hadn’t known. But now knowing that Keith had seen him as the sissy he had become made his humiliation even worse. Of course, Keith was a sissy too, only since he dressed and behaved like a girl, everyone thought he was a girl. In Tony’s unbalanced mind, Keith’s sissy status really wasn’t nearly as bad as his own since he still looked like a boy.

“According to Mrs. Carson, it certainly was,” Mrs. Martino replied with a laugh. Then she turned serious. “Before this whole thing began I thought one darling girl in the family was enough. I was fully prepared to raise a son, but I didn’t want a nasty, bratty son. Unfortunately, that’s exactly what Tony had become, and in fact was growing worse every day. That’s why, when I heard about how petticoating Keith had tamed him, I decided to use a variation of petticoating to force Tony to behave like a nice young man. What I hadn’t planned was to turn Tony into such a sissy. Just as Tony didn’t want anyone to know he was wearing girls’ undies, I realized I didn’t want to be embarrassed by a sissy son. Since, as Keith’s case proved, it’s impossible to release a boy from petticoating without him becoming an even more obnoxious boy. That is unless his spirit has been totally crushed in which case he’s been reduced to a sissy. Since Tony has become a sissy, it will be impossible for him to become an acceptable boy. I spent all week watching Kimberly quite closely. I began to think about how nice it might be to have two sweet daughters. The only recourse I have is to have NO son and two daughters.”

Tony’s eyes grew wide with fear. “Mommy... please... I don’t want to be a girl... like Keith... I can be a good boy... really I can! please mommy, please... don’t turn me into a girl,” the teary-eyed boy begged.

Just then Mrs. Weingold entered the room in response to a silent summons. “This is Mrs. Weingold,” Miss Wentworth began. “She’ll be Tony’s child care worker.”

Mrs. Weingold was a small woman in her late fifties, very much the image of a gentle, loving, nurturing grandmother. “Come along, Tony,” she stated as she placed a gentle hand upon his shuddering shoulder. “I’ll show you to your room and help you change. I just know you’ll love your new outfit! Now come along child.”

Tony looked up at the smiling face. This woman was to be his guide on the journey from boy to prim and proper girl! From deep inside a spark of boyish indignation tried to flare, to fight what he knew was about to happen. Yet, her face was so kind, so loving, how could he fight her? As tears trickled down his cheeks, they seemed to drop onto that feeble spark of resistance and extinguish it before it could roar into full flame. With head

lowered, Tony arose from his seat and placed his hand submissively into Mrs. Weingold's hand. The two left the room.

"Is Tony really going to become a girl like Keith," she asked incredulously.

"Yes, he will," Miss Wentworth stated. "In fact, Tony will be a darling sister for you." Then she turned to Mrs. Martino. "Now, since Tony is a late enrollment we haven't had time to work out all the details. First, We need a girl's name. Second, we need to establish an age. Once we establish these, I can arrange to have his records altered, including the birth certificate."

"Oh my," Mrs. Martino stated. "I hadn't thought of those things. Of course you're right, we couldn't very well continue to call a sweet girl Tony. Now he's Anthony Richard... so how does Tonia Renee sound?"

"Tonia Renee," Janet squealed. "Oh mom, that's simply perfect! How about if we make Tonia my twin sister, you know, like Kimberly and Krissy!"

"Twin daughters," Mrs. Martino mused with a smile upon her face. "That sounds rather pleasant. Tony's grades this year certainly could stand improvement. Yes, I think that's a marvelous suggestion. Tonia Renee Martino, a nice, sweet twin sister for Janet Lynne Martino. Yes, that's simply perfect!"

"I thoroughly agree," Miss Wentworth answered. "I should have all the paperwork ready within two weeks for your signatures. Then Tonia's status will be officially changed!"

The discussion continued until a smiling Mrs. Weingold returned with her darling charge. All eyes were focused upon the timid girl as she daintily presented herself for inspection. Miss Wentworth smiled broadly with pride for the efficiency of her staff. Mrs. Martino and Janet both stared with awe at Tony's seemingly absolute transformation.

Tony himself was stunned when he first saw the results. At that moment he knew in his heart that his fate as a girl would be sealed. Now he meekly stood before his mother and sister wearing a pure cotton pink flowered dress with ruffles and eyelet trim from each shoulder down the princess seamed front to the gathered waist. The false button front was accented by simulated pearl buttons with gold tone rims. The sash was tied into

a pert bow in middle of his back. The skirt, fluffed out by a full tulle petticoat, was edged in eyelet lace. Dainty pink anklets trimmed with an organza ruffle emerged from the white patent leather Mary Jane single strap shoes which covered his small feet. His bewigged head was crowned by a pink organza bow.

“Oh Tonia,” Janet finally exclaimed with delight. “You look so cute! I just know I’m going to love my new twin sister!”

Tony’s eyes grew wide. Had Janet called him Tonia? What was this twin sister business?

“Tonia Renee, you are simply too beautiful for words,” Mrs. Martino proclaimed.

“Your name is being changed from Tony Richard to Tonia Renee,” Miss Wentworth explained to the surprised petticoated lad. “In addition, since you did so poorly this year in school, it’s been decided you should repeat the grade. To accomplish this we’re reducing your age by one year which will make you Janet’s twin sister. Both these changes will be legally made and a new birth certificate issued to show that you are a sweet girl.”

Tony couldn’t believe what was happening. While he wanted to shout out denial, he knew from seeing himself in the mirror that he certainly looked the part. Suddenly he was his prissy sister’s twin sister!

“Tonia Renee, thank your mother for all she’s doing for you,” Mrs. Weingold beamed proudly.

Tony blushed deeply and grasped the lace trimmed hem of his skirts and performed a slow, almost flawless curtsy as he had practiced before the mirror. The layers of the petticoat rustled with girlish sweetness and tickled his dainty bare thighs. Tony felt so fragile and helpless. Deep inside what remained of his much beleaguered boyish arrogance collapsed. Without a doubt he knew that he had no choice but to become Tonia Renee, Janet’s twin sister. His biggest fear was how he could ever face the gang once he returned home. This brought forth tears.

The next morning the child care workers went to work on their new charges. They had them bathed, perfumed, and gowned by 7:30. The “new girls” were assembled in Miss Wentworth’s office for a few additional words of welcome before their official training commenced.

In their pretty, pastel colored party dresses, the boys resembled a giant bouquet of summer flowers. And with the sweet fragrance of their perfume, that's exactly how they smelled. The lads were all deeply embarrassed by their enforced femininity. They kept their eyes focused on the floor in front of them. It was almost as if they were paralysed by the shame of being attired as little girls.

They all looked up when Miss Wentworth came breezing into the office. "Good morning girls," she stated in a quite formal tone of voice.

The child care workers immediately gave their charges a little prompt, which immediately resulted in a subdued chorus of "Good morning Miss Wentworth," and an awkward flurry of curtsies, punctuated by the rustling of crisp petticoats.

Miss Wentworth gave them a tolerant smile. "Well ladies we have our work cut out for us," she began. "And I call you ladies because that is exactly what you are... little ladies. Yesterday you came here thinking of yourselves as boys. Just look around. See what a big difference a day can make. Most of you said that you would never be caught dead wearing a dress, but here you all are looking positively adorable in your dainty party dresses. Our mission is to continue with your transformations. We shall give you the manners, attitudes, and behaviors that are consistent with your new girls' clothes. In short, we shall make little ladies out of each one of you."

With that said, she motioned to the child care workers who saw to it that each one of the feminine boys got a card with the PLEDGE OF FEMININITY printed on it. She then had them read it slowly together. She noticed that Brad Crimmins (Sissy Ann Crimmins) and Billy Wilson (Jennifer Sue Wilson) had big tears running down their cheeks as they recited the words that pledged them to a girlish existence.

Miss Wentworth singled out Brad. "You there... Sissy Ann I believe is your new name. Why are you crying?"

He gave her a mournful look and gestured down at his billowing pink taffeta skirts. "Just look at me," he sobbed. "I'm stuck in this dress and you're making me say how much I want to be pretty and dainty. It's summer vacation and I have to spend it living as a girl!"

Miss Wentworth gave him a stern look. "I'll warn you, Sissy Ann and the rest of you girls, if you fail to smile and not appreciate the wonderful opportunity you've been given, you'll end up being punished. The usual punishment is to become a baby, and if you think wearing party dresses feel strange, just wait till you're put into a baby dress and diapers. Just wait till your classmates take turns changing your diapers in Homemaking class... I hope you all make the right choice and don't try to test me on this point."

The sad faces immediately vanished amid a flood of insincere smiles. They suddenly appeared to become a group of very happy little girls.

The small group of newcomers was led to the spacious dining hall where they joined the larger group for breakfast. Each table had what looked like five or six frilly little girls seated with one of the child care workers. Keith Carson wondered if it was really possible that all the daintily dressed children were really boys. He didn't see anyone who even slightly resembled a boy except one chubby kid in a frilly yellow chiffon dress.

Tony kept glancing at Keith to see if he recognized his former buddy, but it was clear that Keith was too wrapped up in his own personal hell to even consider the possibility that his sissy friend could be going through a similar transformation. The brash boyishness that Tony had for so long exuded was now so crushed by everything that was happening, he didn't even try to rebel. Instead, he meekly acquiesced to every demand and requirement.

During breakfast the first lesson in table manners was given. Keith resented the constant prompts from the child care worker. Even his sister Kimberly didn't act in such a sissified way, and she was a real girl, or at least she had been up until he had been forced to take her place yesterday. Suddenly the idea of having to become Kimberly on a permanent basis took hold in his mind. The indignity of having to surrender his boyhood to her brought unwanted tears to his eyes. The image of her romping around with his identity increased his misery until big tears began to flow.

His unhappiness was immediately noticed by the worker in charge who reminded him that he was to be a happy little girl.

Faking girlish enthusiasm was simply beyond him and he completely broke down and wept uncontrollably. For his outburst of emotion the worker informed him that he would be immediately sent to the punishment nursery.

Keith begged for another chance. "Please, Ma'am," he pleaded. "I'm a happy little girl, I really am! I love being a girl. I just adore my new dress... I'll be good. I swear I will!"

"Of course you love being a pretty little girl," the worker replied. "And who wouldn't adore wearing such a lovely dress? But you've been very naughty, crying like a little baby. So you will become a baby for two days. Then you will see just how lucky you really are!"

Keith, who was feeling anything but lucky, was marched off to the nursery, where another demotion awaited him. He was placed in the hands of two child care workers who immediately began the transformation process of rendering him a baby girl.

He was stripped of his frillies and then made to lie down upon a very large changing table. It was the ultimate in humiliation when they began powdering him as though he was a real infant. An extremely thick, bulky white diaper was slid under him. He was made to spread his legs so that the diaper could be drawn up into place and pinned securely. A pair of pink plastic panties were pulled over the bundle, and over these went another pair of pink panties, only these were made of shimmering satin and trimmed lavishly in delicate white lace. His mid-section resembled a plump frilly pillow.

Keith's babyish transformation continued when a dainty vest that matched his panties was put in place. Next came a rustling petticoat that was even fuller than the one he had just been wearing. It was a mass of ruffles; multi-layers of stiff white taffeta and crisp netting started at the high waist line. But despite it's extreme fullness, Keith's petticoat was very, very short. It was made to come down only to the tops of his thighs so that his daintily diapered bottom would be on display. The bodice and hemline of the petticoat were decorated with lace, ribbons, and bows.

Keith was made to raise his arms so that his pink satin baby dress could be drawn down over his bouffant petticoats. The rustling of delicate materials filled his ears as his arms were

guided into the short puffy sleeves. After he was zipped into the frilly confection, a sash was tied up behind him into a big bow. Keith looked down at the very short skirt of his new dress. It was made of cascading layers of pink satin ruffles that began just under his arm pits and ended at the top of his thighs. The skirts were extremely full by themselves, but with the added puffiness of the petticoats they stood out like a small circus tent.

On his feet went little white anklets trimmed with lace and tiny pink bows. His shoes were white Mary Janes with a prominent white patent leather bow on each vamp. Keith was quite dismayed when a lace trimmed baby bonnet that perfectly matched his dress was put on his head and secured in place by a pert bow tied under his chin. And finally, a pacifier attached to a long loop of pink ribbon completed his new outfit.

Keith was instructed to climb into an extra large play pen that was surrounded on two sides by big mirrors. He would be able to observe his newly appointed status as he sat among the dolls and other baby toys. The image that he saw reflected in those mirrors disturbed him greatly. He began to ball his eyes out.

“Now look what you’ve done to me,” he blubbered between his tears. “You’ve turned me into a big baby... a girl baby... I’m a 10 year old boy... I don’t belong in a play pen wearing a frilly pink baby dress and diapers!”

“And you’ll remain in baby clothes until you’ve come to accept being a little girl,” one of the workers chided him. “It’s your choice, either you’ll be a happy, enthusiastic little girl or a cranky and complaining baby.”

Right away he replied, but it wasn’t extremely convincing. “Oh I really want to be a little girl, but it will take me a little time to get used to the idea. Please give me a chance!”

“We’ll see,” the worker replied with a smile seeing that his boyish spirit had been broken.

Keith spent the morning in the play pen. He even played a little bit with his dolls out of sheer boredom. He figured that he better get used to dolls since it looked like they were going to be a part of his life for awhile. For lunch all he got was a bottle of formula which he eagerly drank because of his hunger.

Just after lunch he experienced the indignity of wetting his diapers. He desperately wanted to be changed but he did not want anyone to know what he had done. When the door to the nursery opened his wet diaper dilemma turned into a brand new horror. Standing there with his child care worker were his mother and his sister.

"They turned Keith into a baby girl," Kimberly exclaimed in true amazement and amusement. "My big tough brother is sitting in a play pen playing dollies! And just look at his dainty little dress."

Immediately Keith burst into tears of humiliation. "Oh mother, please help me," he sobbed. "Just look what they've done to me! They've turned me into a baby girl!"

"And it's no wonder, the way you're acting," Mrs. Carson replied to her distraught son. "You better shape up or you'll be coming home at the end of the summer in baby dresses!"

His worker matter of factly stuck her finger under a leg opening of his panties and discovered he was wet. "I'm afraid baby has wet herself," the lady said in a sad tone of voice. "Now we'll have to change her."

"Oh, let me," the now boyish Kimberly offered.

"How sweet," Mrs. Carson said with a smile. "Of course you may change your little sister."

In spite of himself, Keith began to sob even harder, but he went along with the program like a docile little lamb. He was helped onto the changing table where Kimberly went to work on him. She pulled his skirts and petticoats out of the way and then she lowered both sets of panties. As she unpinned his soggy diapers she smiled down sweetly on her once macho brother who was now wallowing in utter shame.

"What a naughty little girl you've been," she scolded. "You just might never grow up," she added.

Kimberly took some baby wipes and cleaned her brother up so he was fresh as a daisy. Then she began to powder him with sweet smelling baby powder. Taking his little penis between her thumb and forefinger she commented. "It's just too bad there's not some way we can remove this nasty thing so you'll be totally girlish like you should be."

This made Keith bawl even louder. The idea of losing his male member caused him to shudder. He still had strong hopes that he might be returned to boyhood and his rightful place in the family circle.

After Kimberly finished changing him, Keith was returned to his play pen. His child care worker and Kimberly gave him pointers on how to play with his dollies. He just sat dejectedly with his skirts puffed out around him as he followed their instructions. Before long the visit was over, and he was left alone with Kimberly's parting comment.

"I just can't believe how perfect this is for you, dresses, diapers, and doll babies."

After a few days living the life of a female infant, Keith was promoted to the status of a little girl. He worked hard on his lessons, fearing a possible demotion. He and his comrades in skirts were put through their feminine paces. They were constantly immersed in girlish activities, so at the end of 8 weeks they were all dainty and demure in a traditionally feminine manner.

It was only after Keith returned to the group that Tony identified himself to his former good buddy. At first Keith was mortified to be seen by one of his former buddies. But that quickly gave way to relief since Tony was undergoing the same treatment. In fact, he was strangely pleased to see that Tony was already so immersed in girlishness that there was little trace of his former rough and tumble buddy. Tony, he knew, was destined to stay a girl as Janet's twin sister. He could understand how a boy without hope of ever returning to being a boy could simply give up and yield to the girlishness that was being forced upon them. Sadly he realized that the same would eventually happen to him if he were forced to remain disguised as Kimberly. Even so, how could he ever successfully return to being a boy after undergoing this perverse training.

As sort of a final exam, DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY held a formal dress ball for its "girls". Miss Wentworth had a connection with the commandant of CEDAR RIDGE MILITARY SCHOOL. Colonel Betty Higgins had established CEDAR RIDGE as a military prep school for young girls who were barred from enrolling in boys' schools. Her cadets were

definitely the tomboy type who relished the spartan drill and discipline of a military education. Colonel Higgins' girls developed many boyish traits. Most of them were a little leery of attending a fancy dance with a bunch of boys.

At an assembly she had announced the upcoming ball to her cadets. They were allowed to ask questions.

"Ma'am, will we be able to wear our dress uniforms," one cadet inquired in a worried voice.

"Of course," Colonel Higgins replied. "That would be the most appropriate uniform to wear on such an occasion."

"Ma'am, won't the boys at the school we'll be visiting expect us to be wearing fancy dresses," another cadet asked.

Colonel Higgins responded again. "The name of the school we will be visiting is DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY. Perhaps you can tell from the feminine

name that it is a finishing school for young ladies. However, the young ladies that DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY turns out started out as unruly boys who needed the taming influence of femininity. So to answer your question, they will not be expecting you to be wearing fancy dresses because THEY will be wearing them instead."

There was a lot of murmuring as the surprised cadets tried to make sense of this departure from the norm.

"And I'm certain that I can count on each one of you to treat them as they dainty young ladies they have become," Colonel Higgins concluded.

"You can count on us, Ma'am," a cadet responded with a little laugh.

On the afternoon of the big dance, DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY was bustling with activity. The great hall was being decorated to resemble the grounds of an antebellum mansion fit for Miss Scarlet O'Hara herself. The once naughty boys were being put through their beauty rituals so they would be transformed into lovely little ladies. Each one was to be outfitted in a fancy ball gown and hopped crinoline so he could become the replica of a pretty southern belle.

Keith had a date with a gorgeous cream colored satin gown that positively shimmered. His hoop skirt billowed out around

him and rustled loudly whenever he moved a muscle. Under it he wore frilly pantalettes all done up with ruffles, lace, and bows. His feet were encased in matching white slipper satin shoes, and his arms were covered by lacy elbow length gloves. On his head he wore a wig of long bouncy curls decorated with flowers and ribbons. Keith had become a picture perfect little lady.

All the “little ladies” felt apprehensive as the time of their guests’ arrival drew near. Miss Wentworth called them together in an upstairs salon for some last minute instructions.

“Now girls,” she began. “You must all remember that you represent DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY. Your behavior must be utterly feminine and lady-like at all times. It is your duty to see to it that our guests from CEDAR RIDGE feel welcome. Even though they are real girls, their training has helped them develop many boyish traits. You can rest assured they will treat you with gentlemanly respect. If you fail to live up to DAISY BLOSSOM standards your punishment will be most severe. I hope I make myself crystal clear.”

After the cadets’ arrival it was planned that each of the DAISY BLOSSOM girls would make “her” entrance down a long staircase, and following an introduction, “she” would be paired with an escort from CEDAR RIDGE. Keith was one of the first “girls” to make his debut in a ball gown.

As Keith stood at the top of the staircase resplendent in his shimmering satin dress, he noticed that his legs felt wobbly and his heart was pounding in his chest. He nervously surveyed the room below. There was a sea of smart grey uniforms, and the wearers of those uniforms were all looking up at him. He quickly noted that the cadets of CEDAR RIDGE all looked like boys with their attire and relatively short hair cuts.

Keith heard his name announced: “Miss Kimberly Carson.”

Miss Wentworth gave him a nudge, and he started down the stairs. One hand was on the ornate wood railing, and with the other hand he managed his voluminous skirts. His senses were all on hyper alert, and they all registered the utter femininity of his condition. With his eyes he could see the dainty dress that billowed around him; his ears picked up the rustling sounds of

rich fabrics, his nose caught the delicate flowery scent of his sweet perfume.

At the foot of the staircase a cadet stepped forward, gave a stiff bow, and offered Keith his arm. "Cadet Ashley Fellers, at your service, Miss," she stated in a very formal tone of voice.

Keith responded with a deep curtsey as he had been taught. "Miss Kimberly Carson, and I'm pleased to make your acquaintance," he replied softly.

Keith looked into Ashley's eyes with deep embarrassment. He was sure he could see a trace of a smirk on her lips. The complete role reversal was so completely unsettling. Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined that he would end up in a fancy ball gown being the date of a military school cadet... but here he was!

Ashley guided him over to a chair in one corner of the room. Once they were alone she began to ask him some questions. "Is it really true that all of you girls here at DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY are really boys?"

Keith looked down at his voluminous satin skirts and gave a little nod of his head.

"Unbelievable," Ashley said with a shake of her head. "If you are really a boy, what's your boy name?"

"Keith," he replied softly. "I'm really Keith Carson, not Kimberly."

"How on earth did you end up at a girls' school," Ashley asked in true wonder.

"I guess my mom thought I was too rowdy," he began. "So she made me switch identities with my twin sister who is the real Kimberly. She gets to be me, and I have to be her."

"Wow," Ashley said. "When do you get to switch back?"

A little tear streaked down Keith's cheek. "That's the problem, I don't know. Maybe never. My mom left it all up to my sister. If she wants to stay a boy, I'm stuck being a girl. I might not ever get out of sissy dresses... What do you think, Ashley? I mean, you're a girl. What would you do if you were in my sister's place?"

Ashley gave a little chuckle. "if I were in your sister's place, I'll tell you to get use to wearing dresses and answering to the name Kimberly."

A couple more tears made their way down Keith's cheek.

"But maybe your sister will get tired of being a boy, you can never tell," she added trying to boost his morale.

"Oh I hope so," Keith brightened up a little. "I just can't spend the rest of my life like this!"

The remainder of the evening went smoothly enough. Keith danced with Ashley and a few of her comrades. they all treated him very politely. He got real tired of being called Miss Kimberly and treated like a dainty doll, but after all that was what he was. Near the end of the dance he begged Ashley to change clothes with him so he would have some boyish attire. Then he would be able to make an escape from DAISY BLOSSOM.

She got an amused look on her face, leaned over, and kissed his cheek and said; " You know, I've been watching you the whole evening and I think you make a perfect girl. You really belong in a dress. Good night, Kimberly." With that said, she turned and walked away.

Two days before the summer session at DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY was scheduled to end, Keith got a letter in the mail from his sister. Immediately he began to wonder if it held the key to his fate. With trembling hands he ripped open the envelope. As he removed the letter, a few pictures fell out into his skirted lap.

He picked them up and examined them. At first glance he thought they were old pictures of him with some of his buddies. On closer inspection he quickly discovered they were pictures of his sister who had taken over his life. One of the pictures was of his Little League team, and there was Kimberly in the front row with a wide grin on her face. Another picture showed the "fake" Keith enjoying a camping trip with all his old friends. The next picture was of Kimberly getting a medal for winning a running race at the Cub Scout Summer Games. Evidently she had made the most of her summer as a boy, while he had been stuck learning to be a little lady. He put the pictures aside and began to read.

Dear Kimberly;

As you can see from the pictures, I've had a great summer. I never realized just how great being a boy could be. Boys get to do so many more exciting things than girls. They get a lot more freedom too.

I guess you could say I've really enjoyed being you and taking over your life. I've also enjoyed knowing that you've had to take over my life. Once in a while when I'm doing something with the guys I stop and think of you. I imagine you in one of your dainty dresses learning to act like a sweet young lady. I'm the one who gets to play baseball and you're the one who is stuck with dolls.

I thought you might like to know that Mrs. Martino sold her home and moved out of town. She told mom this was so that when Tonia arrived home from DAISY BLOSSOM ACADEMY she could have her twin girls settle down where no one knew that Tonia had ever been Janet's big brother. Everyone in the new town will only know the adorable twin sisters. Don't let Tonia know, this is supposed to be a surprise for her.

I guess I should tell you what you've been waiting so anxiously to hear during your stay at DAISY BLOSSOM. Remember when we were little. You always used to tease me about having to be a sissy girl. You used to flip up my dresses and point to my pretty panties. Now you're the one who is in dresses, petticoats, and pretty panties. I've made up my mind that is how you will stay from now on. You're the girl twin and I'm the boy.

Mom has decided that we should move too. I'm not too happy about moving and giving up the old gang, but I know I can make new buddies while you can settle down as my prissy sister without needing to worry about the guys somehow discovering our switch. Our house has been sold and we bought one right next door to the Martino's. This way you can play Barbies with Janet and Tonia. In fact, we'll be moving the day you graduate from DAISY BLOSSOM. We'll pick you up on our way to our new home.

Mom is so excited about having her frilly little girl come home. You should see what she has planned for your new room. She has made it into a sissy paradise, and it's just waiting for you. She even put in twin beds so that you can have one of your prissy girlfriends stay overnight! Your new life will be all sugar and spice. How perfect for you!

Your loving brother;
Keith

Keith threw the letter down. His worst nightmare was about to come true. He was going to be turned into his sister for good. There would be no escape from his petticoat prison.

Slowly he got up from the bed, and smoothed out his billowing skirts. It had become second nature to do so. He walked over in front of the mirror and studied his reflection. He was decked out in pink and white satin. His dress was of an Alice-in-Wonderland style, totally girlish. From the bow on top of his head to the tips of his black patent leather party shoes, he radiated little girl femininity. He had become the sissy of the family.

Thinking about his future as a girl caused him to break out into sobs. But what else would you expect from a dainty little lady?

The day of graduation arrived. Keith was decked out like all the other girls. Each wore a pure white dress exquisitely detailed with rows of dainty tucks. Venise lace flowers graced the collar, and the white satin ribbon sash was decorated with satin rosebuds and Venise lace. The cute dress was fully lined with an attached tulle petticoat to make the skirt swirl and rustle daintily with ever move, no matter how minute.

Keith was nervous since this was the first time he was appearing as a girl without his wig. During the summer, his boyish hair had been allowed to grow. This morning it had been conditioned and trimmed into a cute and very girlish pixie style. It was another massive step towards total girlishness to

realize that he could now easily pass as a girl without resorting to a wig.

The graduation it's self was conducted as part of a formal garden tea party. The students were all presented, one at a time, as they entered the garden beneath an arbor of pink roses. Each girl sweetly performed a perfect curtsy before joining their mothers. Tonia was delighted to see that Janet was wearing an identical dress. The sisters hugged joyously while Mrs. Martino beamed. It was clear that their life would be quite happy.

Keith was welcomed by his mother with a warm hug and kiss. Looking about, he saw no sign of Kimberly. When he asked where she was, his mother told him she had to use the rest rooms but would be joining them shortly. Keith decided to make the most of her absence. "Mom, isn't there some way that Kimberly and I can switch back," he begged as she escorted the dainty faux girl to their small table. "I promise to be a good boy, honest! Please, mom, please?"

Mrs. Carson smiled sweetly. "I guess I should let you know that I've decided Kimberly should return to being Kimberly. After all, she is a real girl and in a few months at most puberty would make it impossible for her to continue to masquerade as a boy. That was one of the factors in deciding to move. I felt it necessary to make a clean break with the past."

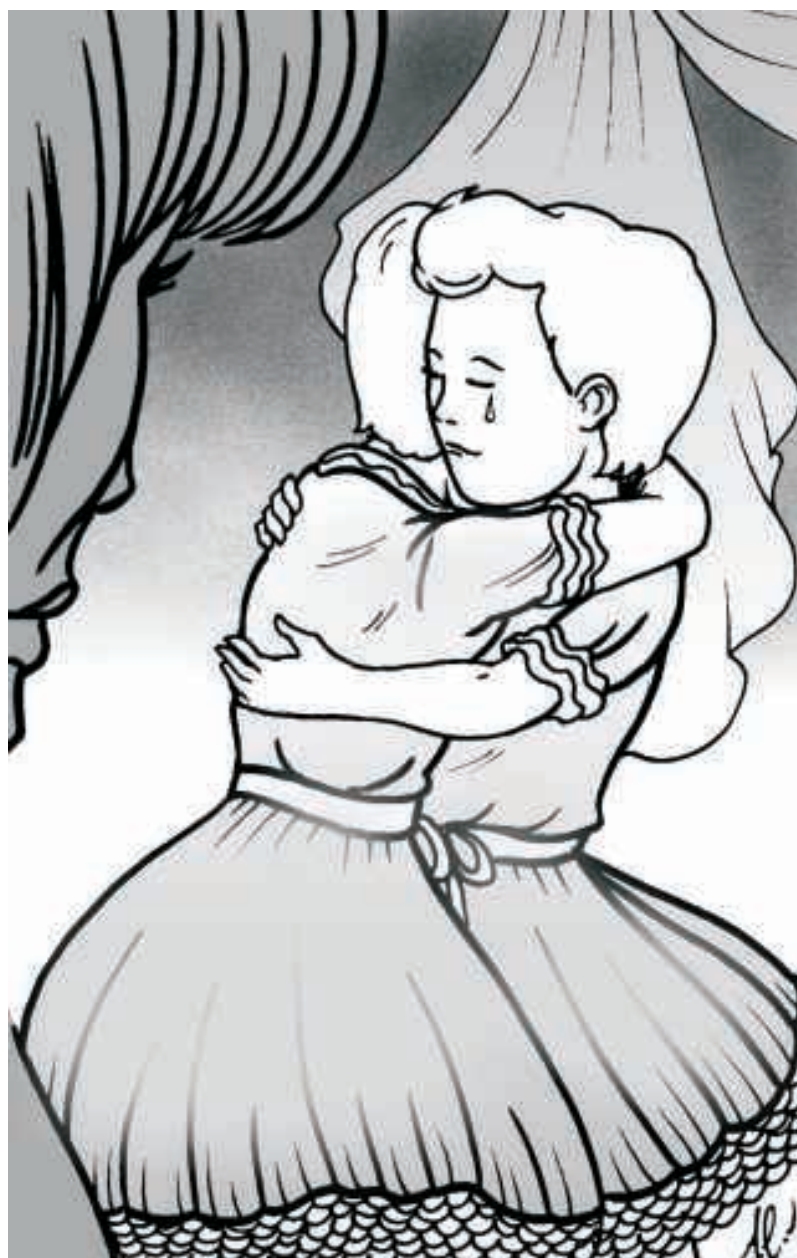
"So Kimberly is going to go back to being a dainty girl," Keith exclaimed. "That's great mom. I guess she's not to happy about it... or doesn't she know yet," he asked fearfully.

"She knows," replied Mrs. Carson with a smile. "I told her when we arrived for the tea party, and no, she certainly was not happy."

"Does this mean that she and I can switch clothes after the tea party so I can arrive at our new home as Keith," he asked hopefully.

"Oh dear, I'm afraid you've misunderstood what I mean, darling," Mrs. Carson said with a mischievous smile.

Keith looked perplexed for a moment. Then to add to his confusion he saw his mirror image approaching their table. Only then did he begin to fear what the truth might be. For it could only be Kimberly, her hair trimmed to match his and



wearing an identical dress. With a pleading, questioning look he turned to his mother.

“I see you’ve figured it out, Krissy darling,” Mrs. Carson laughed. “I’ve decided that I want twin daughters. Now give your twin a hug.”

Kimberly stopped before Keith as he shakily rose to his feet. A single tear trickled down the right cheek of the twins as they hugged. Keith finally understood he would never go back to being a boy.

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