

Schoolgirl Sissy Tales

Volume 1

Tales of males schooled to be Sissies.

Patricia Michelle

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Patricia Michelle



by Patricia Michelle

Prologue

Lexus Taylor didn't take crap from anyone. Especially her husband of two years, Brandon. Marrying him had been a simple power move on her part. At thirty-one she knew her days as a high paid, runway model were just about over.

Besides modeling she had a great fashion sense and as a past time designed outfits that were widely praised and quickly scooped up. When several people in the industry encouraged her to start her own line of clothing she knew that was her future.

High paid as she was she was dismayed at what just the startup costs were going to be. What she needed, she mused, was a rich, sugar daddy. And she found one.

Lexus was constantly invited to all manner of high class events. It was at a dinner party that she met Brandon Connors. Filthy rich, although not of his doing, inherited. It was plain to her that he was totally infatuated with her from

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the moment they met. She soon had him wrapped around her finger and married in three months.

He was a nice enough guy. Sort of a milk toast compared to her high energy,, dominating, self assured presence. She didn't love him, of course. But she was nice to him, even in bed, which was a supreme disappointment, although she never let on.

Her plan worked perfectly, and soon she had all the money she needed, and more, for her new endeavor.

The marriage went as she'd planned, at least for a while. But then Brandon, getting all full of himself, started acting as if he was actually the head of the house. Trying to give her orders. In public showing her off as if she was his trophy wife. Ordering her around and correcting her in front of her friends. Then taking to calling her his, "wifey."

It infuriated her and finally she'd had enough. Right in the middle of a dinner party she was giving for potential customers and friends he tried correcting her, saying, "Now, now honey bun, that's really all wrong."

Coldly and calmly Lexus said, "Will you excuse my husband and I for a few minutes?"

"What is it you want, we have.." he started to say in a huff when they got to their bedroom.

"So, you think you're the big man of the house, the one who wears the pants?" She asked.

"Well, I am your husband," he replied belligerently.

"Here's what I think of you as the man of the house," she stormed, and kicked him as hard she could with her sharply pointed toe right in the balls.

As he doubled over in pain she grabbed him by the ear, picked up a steel hairbrush, dragged him over her knees and blistered his ass until he was crying, kicking his feet and begging her to stop.

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“From now on I wear the pants in this marriage, not you,” she thundered, yanking off his pants and briefs. Then strong armed him the nearest corner ordering him to put his hands on his head. As he did she used one of scarves to tightly bind his ankles together

“You’ll stand in the corner until my guest leave. I think I just proved you’re not the man you think you are, and I’m going to make sure you never forget it,” she swore.

Chapter 1 “Please I don’t want to go to camp!”

Two years later Buffie, as she’d scornfully renamed him, stood begging in front of her. In his cute, pink, skin tight sailor shorts that showed off his unbearably tightly corseted sissy waist. The nearly sheer, sleeveless top with a huge bow that perfectly showed off his shameful bra. Three inch, high heeled mary janes and ruffled ankle socks perfectly displayed his hairless legs. His hair was in a cute, ponytail with a pink bow in it. And with his make up there was no mistaking him for other than the sissy she’d turned him into. Pink lipstick, long eyelashes, pink eyeshadow, rouged cheeks and dangling from his ears the largest, pink, earrings.

“PPlease Mth Taylor, pleth don’t senth me toth summher camp,” he lisped s pleadingly.

“It can’t be helped. I’ll be gone the whole summer. Business trips and then Tom and I are going to cruise the Greek islands. And Martha, who keeps you well supervised, I’ve given the summer off to go back to Mexico to visit her family. And The Sissy Day Care Center doesn’t board sissies. Besides, at summer camp, you won’t be a sissy you’ll be a Pansy, Pansy Buffie. You remember all the wonderful activities they had for all the Pansies. I’m sure you had a wonderful time,” She gloated.

“II didth, I hated it,” he protested, stamping his dainty feet.

“Oh, I’m sure you didn’t really hate it. You just needed a little time to adjust to their, well, unique environment. Now that you know what to expect I just know you’ll have an even great time,” She giggled.

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“Now, one more protest and you won’t be able to sit down during the long drive, that’s a promise,” she warned Sissy buffi, who had a defeated look on his face as he trudged unwillingly to the car.

Chapter 2 The Sissy Day Care Center

My name is Rita Morgan. My two best friends, Anita Brodley and Gillian Browner, and I had one thing in common. We’d all had marriages with physically abusive husbands. Over drinks our main topic was what do we do with them?

Divorce yes, of course. Take them for everything they had, which we got. But, we all agreed that was hardly enough. We wanted not only our revenge, but to humiliate them as much as we’d been.

Men who abused women, we agreed, weren’t real men at all, and we were just the ones to teach them that.

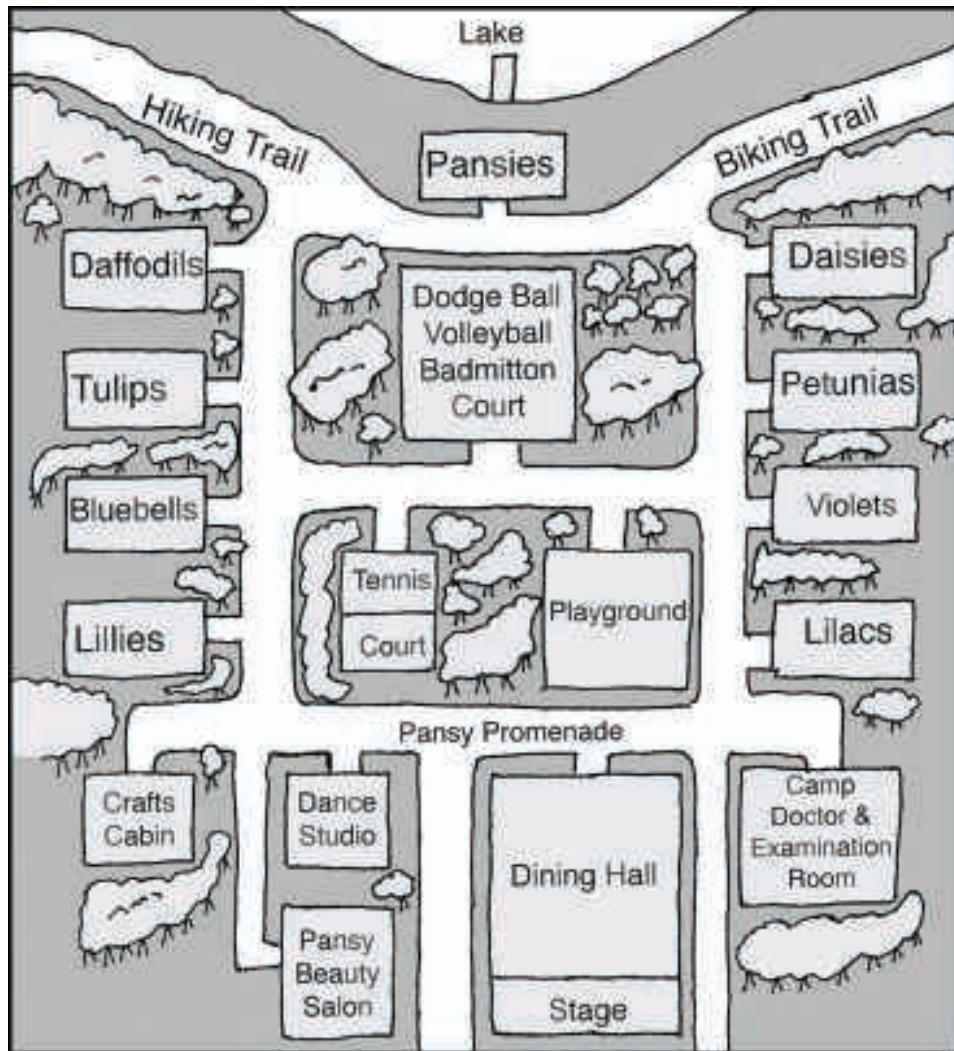
So, what we did was forcibly turn them into sissies. Feminized just enough so that everyone looking at them would laugh, point and giggle and humiliate them over and over.

The problem was what to do with them during the day. Which is when we came up with the “3Bs Sissy Day Care Center”. Setting up a website advertising our Day Care we were frankly stunned at the number of inquiries. In the first month alone we took in a dozen sissies from women who wanted a place “to park” their sissy during the day. Being assured that they would be treated appropriately as the sissies they were. We assured them that our primary philosophy was never to allow them to do anything that would remind them that they once thought they were actually a real man.

We treated all the sissies as immature, juvenile little children, which we considered their level of maturity. They hated it, naturally, which we felt was good for them and kept them in a proper state of mind, or else.

The women loved it when they came to pick up their sissies and they were sobbing with a very sore bottom.

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Chapter 3 Camp Pansy

The idea for a summer camp for sissies arose from a couple of women. One asking if there was some way we could keep her sissy for a couple weeks while she went on vacation with her latest stud. For the same reason another woman asked if we could keep her sissy, "For like a month, maybe even two, just to get him out of my hair for the summer."

This is how it came to fruition. Anita has a twelve year old niece she'd picked up at the end of summer from a girl's camp called, "Camp Flowers For Girls." She said the girl loved it but it was too bad it was being put up for sale.

The next day the three of us went to take a look. Immediately we saw it's potential. It had nine cabins with names of flowers like Daffodil, Iris, Daisy Marigold and so on. All painted and decorated the color of the flower.

Within two week we were the new owners. The word "Pansy" caught our fancy, so we renamed it "Camp Pansy." An environment where sissies became Pansies with one goal To treat them as the Pansies we intended to make them.

Each cabin held eight Pansies. so we had space for 64 Pansies, with the Pansy cabin reserved for our naughtiest Pansies.

I have to tell you we had the most hysterical time coming up with the most humiliating uniforms for our Pansies. Not to be outdone we spent days on a curriculum and activities perfect for Pansies. Then is was on to a day by day schedule and then an hour by hour daily schedule.

I would play the part of the camp's Headmistress. Anita would be in overall charge of the Pansies on a daily basis, and Gillian, who was a registered nurse at one time, would be our camp Doctor. We decided that each cabin would have a head Pansy Counselor, a Pansy Counselor, and two assistant cabin counselors.

When we thought we were ready we couldn't believe the response we received. within a couple of weeks we'd signed up eighteen of our day care sissies. And within a month we not only had a full compliment of 64 pansies, but more than a dozen on a waiting list. All despite the outrageous fees we charged.

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When it was Camp Flowers they charged \$850 for the three month summer. We charged \$6,000, plus \$2,000 for their uniforms. Not one woman blinked. They were all rich, and as one woman laughingly remarked, “Who cares what it costs, I have all his money which is paying for it.”

What was most amusing is that we’d contacted a local junior college and convinced them to give our cabin counselors credit for their summer work.

Chapter 4 Check-in time

Anita, Gillian and I enjoyed greeting our Pansies in person. We loved the forlorn, defeated look on the ones returning for their second summer like Lexus Taylor’s Sissy Buffie. He reluctantly stumbled out of the car as she yanked on his leash.

“Hi Lewes, so you’re off to the Greek Islands with some new stud I understand,” I said.

“Oh God, yes. I can’t wait to drop Buffie off. I’m going in Tom’s private jet and as soon as we take off across the Atlantic he’ll be ripping my clothes off. We’ll undoubtedly fuck all the way across. Christ, he has to be hung like a moose,” she exclaimed, paying no attention to Buffie pathetic sobs.

“So, how has Buffie been since last summer? Any problem areas we’ll need to deal with?” I asked.

“No real complaints, Martha keeps him busy with his chores, sissy activities and basically out of my hair. The only thing is, well, his lockies are getting a little same old, same old. And you really need to work on his Ballet. He’s still so clumsy and can’t seem to stay on his toes for any length of time, especially when he tries to twirl. He usually ends up on the floor. It’s really embarrassing when it’s in front of my guest,” she proclaimed.

“As to the first, as he’s now classed as an intermediate Pansy his pleasers will be upgraded from two to four,” I stated, pleased with the pansies dismayed gasp.

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“I’m sure you’ll find him much more stimulating with four. As to the problems he’s having staying on his toes we have a special pair of training shoes that, I’m sure, will solve the matter, anything else we should know about,” I asked.

“Well there’s just one other thing, a bit of jealousy on my part, but those of us with sissies held our monthly, “show off your sissy” meeting the other week. One of the women, Arlene Simons, brought her sissy, Milk toast and I was so jealous, especially of it’s figure. Buffie is the same five foot,, five inches, yet compared to Milk toast he looks positively chubby. Isn’t there something you can do,” she asked.

“Well, let’s see, before you converted him into a sissy he measured 323033. After his first summer, with his booster shots, he measured 33A2835 and corseted four inches brought his waist down to twenty-four inches. Since then you’ve taken another inch off his waist. So, his current waist, with corset, is now twenty-three inches. If so he’s definitely on the chubby side,” I remarked.

“Is there anything you can do, compared to other sissies his figure is deplorable and so embarrassing,” she lamented.

“As a second year pansy naturally he’ll now be corseted five inches at all times, and six inches when we have him dressed up,” I stated, which, as expected, drew a mortified gasp from him, which I ignored.

“Then too I’m sure by summer’s end we’ll have his waist down to twenty-seven which, in his corset, will give him a more acceptable twenty-two inch waist. And as he’ll be getting his booster shots shortly his figure, at the minimum will be a delightful 33B2237 pansy figure,” I declared.

“Oh, oh no, pplease...” he moaned pleadingly, and while we both grinned at his reaction we simply paid no attention to him.

“Now, have you kept his little thimble in the special holder we sent you?” I asked.

“Absolutely, his tiny, little thing has been locked away for the past month. Not one stiffie or creamie,” she declared.

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“Perfect,” I said, just as two very attractive, athletic girls came up. Both dressed as Cabin Counselors. I was pleased to see the suddenly frightened, intimidated look on Pansy Buffie face.

“This is Lorin, senior cabin counselor. While just twenty-three this is her third summer at Camp Pansy. And this is cabin counselor Abby at twenty-two this is her second year,” I explained to Lewes, but the real reason I mentioned their age was for the Pansie’s benefit. Can you imagine anything more humiliating or degrading than to know that for the entire summer two much younger girls would be totally in charge of him. How immensely crushing to their pathetic egos, what was left of it.

What made them so intimidating was that at five foot, ten inches Lorin already towered over the Pansy. Then you add the four inch heels she was wearing and he barely came up to her breasts. And Abby was only an inch shorter.

The frightened look on his face was obviously due to the mean looking riding crops each held.

“Curtsy, say ‘Hello’ and kiss their feet,” I sharply ordered.

Both Lewes and I couldn’t help grinning as he did so in front of his wife who had a look of utter disdain on her face.

But, poor Pansy it just got worse as two even younger girls joined us.

“Is this one of our Pansies?” The first girl excitedly asked.

“Yes, this is one of yours. It’s name is Pansy Buffie. This is it’s owner, Lewes Taylor,” I said, then to Lewes added, “This is Stacy, just twenty, and Penny, just nineteen. This is their first summer as cabin assistants. Curtsy, say ‘Hello’ and kiss their feet.”

It was even more satisfying watching him kiss the feet of a twenty and nineteen girl.

“Would you girls take him on his leash and lead him over to Doctor Browner’s clinic for his physical?” I asked.

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“Oh yes, what fun. It he leash trained?” Stacy asked.

“I’m sure he is. He’s to walk in front of you keeping his leash taunt at all times. If it slackens even a little use your crop twice on the backs of his legs, and say, ‘Bad Pansy, Bad Pansy.’ Jerk once to get him to walk, two to get him to stop. Tug left or right. Tug down and he’ll knell, tug again and he’ll get on all fours,” I instructed.

Chapter 5 Pansy Buffie physical

Taking the leash Stacy yanked on it and laughingly hollered, “Giddyup Pansy.” Entering my, “Doctor’s Office” Dina my “Nurse” quickly had him stripped down to just his chrome inhibitor and strapped down to an exam table.

“Oh plthease doth’t,” he begged, wideeyed as I approached with a needle.

“Now, now these shots won’t hurt at all, they’re just booster shots for you bottom,” I smiled.

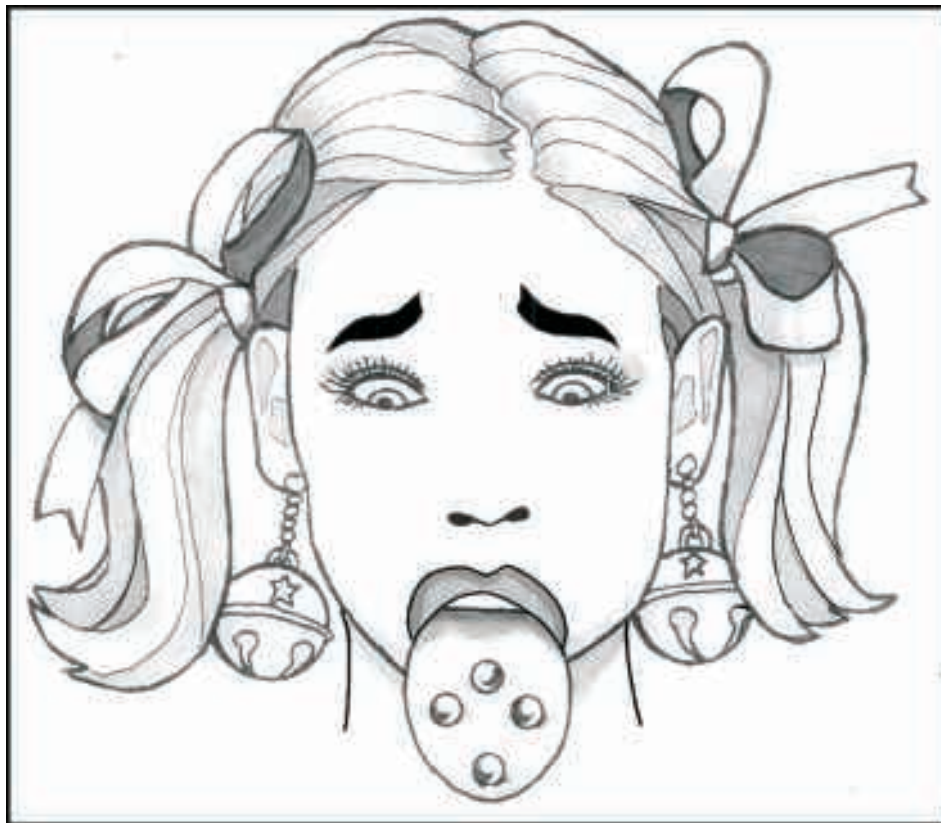
With the shots given to each cheeks Dina turned him over and applied a dental tool forcing his mouth wide open. After deadening his tongue I inserted two additional, “pleasers” forming a diamond shape on the tip of his tongue. They were heavy, trainer ball studs each weighing a quarter pound to strengthen and increase stamina.

Poor Pansy, his physical wasn’t getting much easier. Not when Dina bent him over the exam table, spread his legs and strapped him down.

“OOth, noth, noth,” he pleaded as the felt her lubing his bottom and saw me filling the two quart enema bag and holding the nozzle for Dina to grease up.

“Now just calm down, you won’t feel a thing, at least not as it goes in,” I said as I slid it in. Pansy Buffie wasn’t even aware that it was in, at least not until Dina started blowing it up, and up. Nothing happened for a while as the first quart flowed in, but he struggled ineffectually as the second really filled him up. The cramps that followed couldn’t be helped, but twenty minutes later he

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violently emptied everything into the potty Dina had put him on. He nearly, but not quite, fainted.

“There all over until Wednesday,” I said.

“What happens on Wednesday?” Penny asked.

“It’s standard that all Pansies get a nice, cleaning out enema every fourth day. That way we don’t have to concern ourselves with their poopies,” I explained.

After having Dina remove the inhibitor she applied an ice pack to his thimble and pom poms until they were both completely shriveled. Taking up what we called our “stiffleg ring,” a very stiff rubber ring. She slid it down do the base of his thimble gluing it in place.

Chapter 6 Mr. Wiggle

“Now it’s time for Mr. Wiggle. Last summer we started you with our Mr. Wiggle trainer, one-and-a-half by just six inches. By now I’m sure you’re used to it so, nurse, fetch me the intermediate one,” I asked.

“This one measures two-and-a-half by seven inches,” I said. Hearing this Pansy Buffie desperately tried everything to frantically close his cheeks, but Dina held them firmly wide open.

Mr. Wiggle was actually my idea which Rita and Anita loved. Basically a semi-hard rubber plug, just flexible enough to bend in every direction. But the stainless, steel tip was hollow and had three steel balls in it. The outside of the tip featured dozens of hard rubber nubs. So that as the Pansy walked, bent or moved in any way the tip brushed back and forth across his prostate while the steel balls banged against each other. Nor could they escape Mr. Wiggle’s torment when they sat for I’d ingenuously fixed a two inch hard rubber ball to the end. Making it virtually impossible to sit still.

The last thing I had Dina do while his mouth was still held open was to force him to swallow, not one, but two Cialis. Good for at least five to six days.

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Chapter 7 Dressing Pansy like the Pansy he was.

Once in the fitting room they quickly had Pansy Buffie strung up to a lacing bar, the tips of his toes barely touching. The poor Pansy moaned in agonizing despair as we laced the stiff, steel boned, hour glass corset on him, a full five inches.



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Noticing his already quivering stiff thimble Penny remarked to the Evelyn Cotter, the wardrobe woman, “We’d better get his creamie panties and pad on him before he does a creamie all over the floor.”

The creamie panties were rubber and fit ungodly tight. In front were ten, easy snap buttons. The creamie pad attached to the flap on the inside was also rubber lined inside and out. The wardrobe woman quickly inserted his stiff-leg into the pad and buttoned up the panty.

Next came his Pansy blouse with a wide, double tiered stiff collar. The short, puffy sleeves were fastened with wide bands. What Evelyn loved, she told the girls, was fitting his Pansy pants on him. It had a very tight, high waist to show off his Pansy figure, then bloomer style short,shorts with white lace bands.

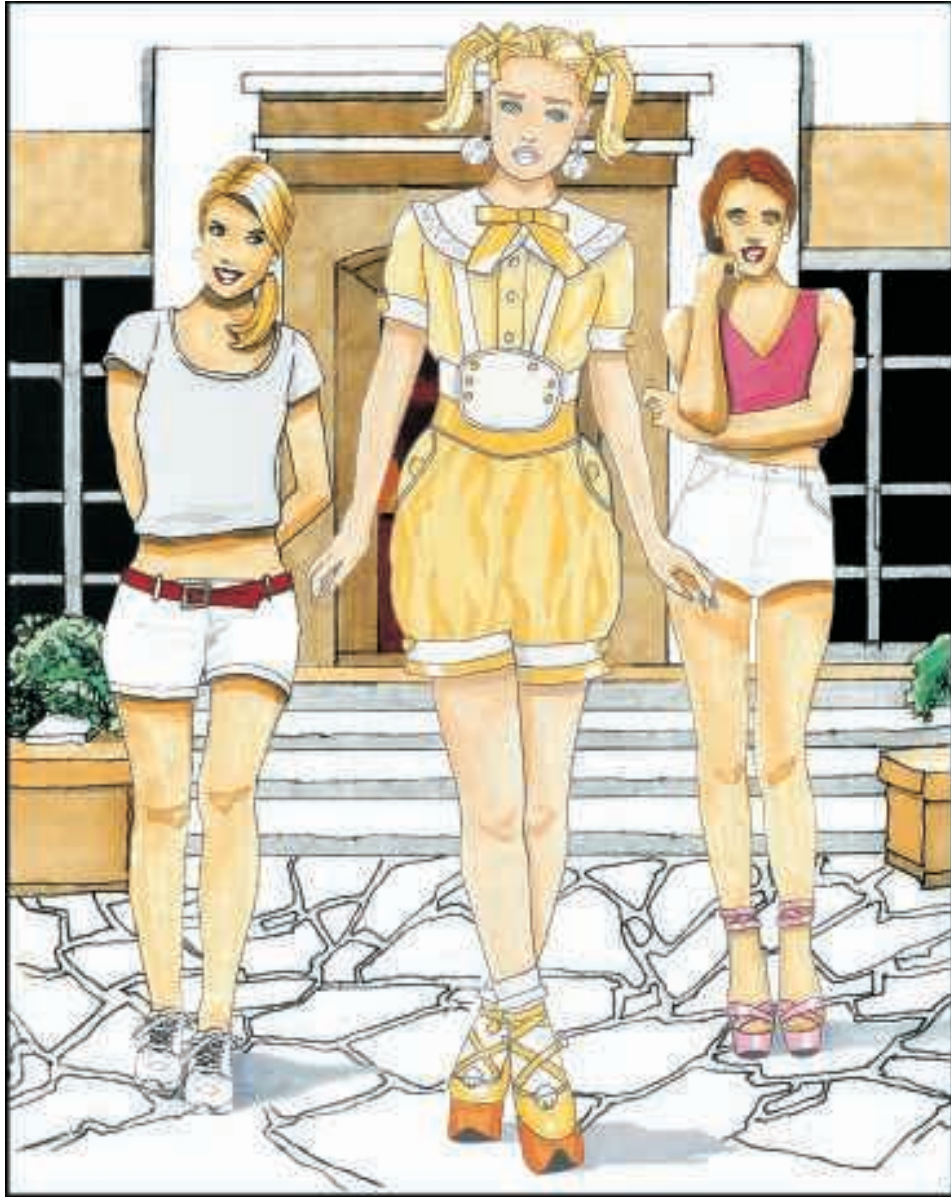
Then there were the white, laced edged little girl anklets that so showed off his bare legs. And then came Anita’s inspiration, his Pansy shoes. She’d seen these ridiculous shoes that pretend Lolitas wore called Rocking Horse shoes.

“My god, tell me if these aren’t the perfect Pansy shoes,” she’d grinned and both Rita and Gillian laughingly agreed.

So for the entire summer the Pansies wore the Lolita, Rocking Horse shoes. Anita had a variety of them for different occasions and uniforms, but the basic shoe had impossibly high, four inch wooden soles with the flat toes angled sharply back and the heels cutout making it impossible to put any weight on them. the shoes themselves weighed three, full pounds, but Anita had added a steel plate that brought the weight of each shoe to four pounds. There were crisscrossing straps across the insteps and an ankle strap which had an insert for a padlock.

All day in the shoes was purposefully designed to exhaust our Pansies, severely reduce their stamina by the end of the day and eliminated any muscle tone they might still have. It was impossible to walk normally in them. They couldn’t put any weight on the heels and any weight on the toes would cause the Pansy to pitch forward most often causing them to tip over. What they were trained to is what they laughingly called the “Pansy Slide.” Each foot had to be placed precisely in front of the other and with their center of gravity now in the middle of their feet the only way they could walk was in a mincing slide making

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it almost impossible to put one foot more than a couple inches in front of the other. It was truly hilarious simply watching them trying to walk.

Chapter 8 Pansies in harness.

Having girls younger than the Pansies in charge of them, forced to obey whatever a nineteen or twenty year old girl ordered them to do was, as you can imagine, the height of humiliation. Purposely designed to crush their pathetic egos. Just how helplessly in control of them was made quite plain when they were put in their harnesses. There were different harnesses depending on how they were dressed or the activity, but all were toddler or baby harnesses with broad shoulder straps bucking and locking in back. Totally unnecessary, but the load click as the padlocks were fastened was simply another reminder of thoroughly the girls dominated them.

Chapter 9 Pansy Buffie gets prettied up.

The Camp Pansy Beauty Salon was operated by Marilyn, the head beautician and her two assistants, Tina and Gloria. Marilyn hated men having suffered through two cheating husbands so she loved, “pansifying” any male who sat strapped in her chair.

“And just who is this awfully cute Pansy?” She asked, as the girls led him in.

“This is Pansy Buffie. He’s here to be made up to be an even cuter Pansy,” Stacy giggled.

“Oh, I’m sure you can’t wait can you, Pansy Buffie?” She asked.

“NNo Ma’am, I can’t wait,” he replied, knowing there was only one acceptable answer, even though you could see the dread of what was to come on his face.

“Well then, up in the chair so the girls can strap you down,” she ordered, and shortly his arms, legs, waist and neck held the nicely scared Pansy immobile in the chair.

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“Let’s see, Tina you dye his hair Pansy Yellow. Tina you give him the cutest, poutiest, pink Pansy lips. I think much longer Pansy eyelashes and bright pink eyeshadow. A new set of Pansy nails, these are much too short. The three-quarter inch set, square tipped with Pansy pink nail polish to match his lips. Doesn’t that sound so exciting?” She asked, chuckling.

“Yeth Ma’am,” he replied miserably.

It was fully three hours later before they were almost done.

“Bells next girls, and don’t forget the clip=ons for his shoes,” she instructed.

Grinning Marilyn turned the pansy to the mirror and so enjoyed Pansy Buffie wretched sob when he saw himself. His hair, now dyed Pansy yellow, was done up in matching pigtails with matching yellow bows and streamers.

We all had agreed pigtails was the perfect style for our Pansies. Ridiculously long, curled eyelashes, his Pansy pink lips formed in a perfect cupid’s bow. From his ears dangled the largest, three inch, silver jingle bells that matched the bells clipped to the toes of his shoes.

“We always want to know where our Pansies are, so with they’re jingling bells everyone can hear where they are. Imagine how humiliating it is for them. Even the slightest movement sets them to jingling crazily,” Marilyn laughingly explained to the girls.

Before they left Marilyn handed him his Pansy purse. It was a daffodil colored, straw purse with a wooden handle and tinkling bells, of course. Inside she put a compact with a mirror that had powder, a powder puff, a tube of Pansy pink lipstick, lip gloss, pink, cheek rouge and eyeshadow, Pansy pink nail polish, a hair brush, a small shoe kit with daffodil yellow shoe polish, a dust rag and his Pansy bib.

To his wrist she locked a pink, heart shaped wristwatch.

“It’s not really a watch that tells time, Pansies don’t need to know what time it is. It’s actually set on a two hour cycle. Every two hours little bells go off, and regardless of what they’re doing all Pansies must stop, powder their faces, rouge their cheeks, apply fresh eyeshadow, lipstick and lip gloss. Then they dust

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their shoes and polish even the tiniest scuff mark and check all their bows so that they always look what we call, “Pansy Perfect,” she chuckled.

Chapter 10 Meet and Greet

As the girls led Pansy Buffie to his cabin his body suddenly started quivering and his hips shook. “Ooh, Ooh, ahhhh,” he gasped.



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“Oh my god, did you just do a creamie, before we even got to your cabin?” Penny laughed.

“Yeth Mith Penny,” he lisped, trying to catch his breath.

“Can you believe it, we’ll have to ask Lorin or Abby what to do,” Stacy giggled.

As they entered the daffodil painted, gingerbread decorated cabin that looked more like a Victorian doll house the other cabin pansies were all standing docilely in front of their beds. We found the perfect beds for our Pansies. What we found were oversized cribs called youth beds that had high side bars that slid up and locked. To the right of each bed was a wardrobe and in front a specially designed Pansy chair.

When the girls arrived with Pansy Buffie both were laughing hysterically.

“You can’t believe what happened as we were walking Pansy Buffie here, he suddenly stopped and did a creamie right in the middle of camp,” Penny said.

“That’s really quite common, they simply can’t help themselves. Raise your hand everyone if you’ve already done a creamie,” she ordered and three Pansies shamefully raised theirs.

“What should we do?” Stacy asked.

“For now, nothing. Their creamie pads are designed to soak up at least two full loads of creamies,” Lorin advised.

“Two? You mean in a day?” Penny asked in disbelief.

“Actually we try for an average of four creamies a day. However it’s not that uncommon for a Pansy to do five in a day. Now let’s all give Pansy Buffie a big round of applause for his creamie. Then Penny, you can pin Pansy Buffie first creamie star on his creamie flap,” she suggested.

“Now attention Pansies, let’s introduce yourselves to your fellow cabin Pansies. Step forward, curtsy, introduce yourself, curtsy and step back in line,” Abby ordered.

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Besides Pansy Buffie, there were Pansies Muffin, Patti, Nellie, Kimmie, Paulie, Chrissie and Fluffie.

After they'd introduced themselves Lorin and Abby couldn't help grinning as Lorin said, "It's time for kissies now. You remember how to do kissies, don't you?"

"Yeth Mithress Lorin," they miserably replied.

"Excellent, now form two lines, Pansy Nellie you will start us off, kissies for Pansy Buffie, please," She ordered.

As Stacy and Penny watched, wideeyed, they both leaned forward as Pansy Nellie kissed Pansy Buffie on each cheek, then kissed him right on the lips for a full three seconds. Then Pansy Buffie kissed Pansy Nellie back.

"Each morning, after they're dressed, they do their, "Good morning" kissies, and then at night their, "Beddiebye" kissies," Lorin chuckled.

"God, they must absolutely hate it. Imagine a man kissing another man, yuck," Penny remarked.

"What you have to remember is that these aren't real men, at least not anymore, they're just simpering Pansies, aren't you," Abby asked..

"Yeth Mithress Abby," they all replied, hanging their heads.

Chapter 11 Pansy rules

"Now each of us will supervise two Pansies, rotating weekly so you get a chance to supervise all of them. Daily Bad Pansy Demerits are given out in various categories. For example hesitating even a fraction of a second earns them ten demerits. Let me demonstrate. Pansy Kimmie kiss Pansy Patti's feet," she suddenly ordered.

Which he did, however there was just the slightest hesitation. "Did you see the slight hesitation. Give yourself ten demerits," she instructed.

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“That’s his Pansy Praise & Demerit book that they must carry at all times in their Pansy Purses. He’s drawing a black demerit circle and writing, “disobedience ”on today’s page.

“Is that a crayon he’s using, and you can barely read what he’s printing,” Stacy remarked.

“We feel crayons are more suitable for Pansies than is printing. As to being nearly illegible it’s because he’s using his left, Pansy hand. If a Pansy is right-handed they must do everything with their left hand and vice versa. Any Pansy you see using the wrong hand make him hold his hand out as you give him six hard smacks with your crop,” she said, and went on to detail all the other areas Pansies could get a demerit in.

“Just before supper the Pansy with the most Bad Pansy demerits is strapped to the cabin’s punishment chair. Pansy Paulie assume the position on the chair. Pansy Kimmie strap Pansy Paulie to the chair, then pull his panties down,” she ordered.

Fearfully Pansy Paulie bent over the wooden chair grasping the front legs as far down as he could leaving his toes barely touching the floor. Pansy Kimmie then strapped him arms and ankles to the chair and pulled his panties down.

“That’s where we’ll leave him while the rest of us go to dinner and return only after the evenings entertainment, which is usually several hours. When we get back the other Pansies will use this to spank him 35 times,” she said, holding up a long, wooden paddle.

“Of course to be fair each day we reward the Best Pansy of the Day with a tiara and they’re dressed all in pink, which they know is a great honor,” she chuckled, then whispered, “Not really.”

“We also give an award for the First Creamie of the Day and the first Pansy to have four creamies in a day. And any Pansy in camp who has five creamies in a day is not only dressed all in pink but is awarded a big, gold star with the number “5” on it and is allowed a small cake with five candles on it,” she added.

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Chapter 12 Pansies Daily Schedule

“Now here’s their daily schedule, but I’ll go over it in case you have any questions,” Lorin said.

“We get our Pansies up bright and early at six o’clock. First they have a perfumed bubble bath, and be sure to add plenty of our Darling Pansy perfume. We do like to have our Pansies smell like, well, Pansies. Then after you have them partially dressed and tightly corseted you put them on their potties to do tinkles,” she instructed.

“You’re kidding, you actually have them sit on a potty to do tinkles?” Penny laughed.

“Only real men use toilets, and you’re no longer a man, are you Pansy Kimmie?” She asked.

“NNo Mithress Lorin,” he replied, miserably.

“We have a quite specific potting ritual for them to adhere to, which I’ll go over later. Now after you have them dressed and in harness you lead them to the dining hall for breakfast. After that they have Crafts For Pansies followed by either ballet or tap dance on alternate days,” She continued.

“I can’t imagine a bunch of guys, I mean Pansies, trying to dance like ballerinas, in tutus I hope. It must be hysterical,” Stacy laughed.

“Oh my yes, they look so adorable in their specially designed tutus. Each cabin learns a ballet and tap dance routine. Then on Sunday, visitor’s day, they perform for our guests who act as judges, it’s really quite comical and our guests simply die laughing,” she chuckled.

“After their dance class they go on to their morning Lickie’s Class. All our Pansies so look forward to learning to pleasure their mistresses or owners, don’t you Pansies?” She asked them.

“Yeth Mithress Lorin,” they all dejectedly answered.

Patricia Michelle

“Can you tell Stacy and Penny why learning to do lockies is so important, Pansy Buffie?” She asked.

“Because my thimble is too tiny to function like a real man who has a real cococ...” he choked out not able to bring himself to finish.

“Is what you mean to say is that real men have huge dicks and cocks that your Mistress so enjoys while the only thing your thimble is good for is doing tinkles and creamies,” she cruelly asked.

“Yet Mistress Lorin, that’s what I meant,” he sobbed, so nicely crushed, just as Lorin wanted him to feel.

“Now after their Lockies Class they have an hour of supervised playtime. On one day we take them to our specially designed Pansy Playground where we might put them on the swings, in one of our Pansy bouncers or teeter-totters. Another day we set aside for jumping rope and hopscotch,” she explained.

“They have to jump rope and play hopscotch in their corsets and shoes? That has to be totally exhausting,” Penny commented.

“Yes, well it is quite fatiguing, but with Pansies we’re not trying to build muscles, heaven forbid, but to eliminate them,” She said heartlessly.

“On other days they could be playing tennis, volleyball, badminton or dodge ball. All of which are quite amusing to watch. We also reserve a day for swimming which they do look forward to.

After playtime there’s lunch, then you’ll potty them again before dressing them for either a one mile nature hike or a two mile bike ride. Both of which usually take around three hours.”

“Three hours to walk a mile or bike two miles. I can do either in minutes,” Stacy remarked.

“Of course of can. But in their corsets and four pound shoes the poor thing have absolutely no stamina or endurance. They become so exhausted we have to let them rest nearly every 100 yards. On the other hand we do try to make

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their nature hikes as interesting as we can. They might study trees, plants, butterflies or birds,” she explained.

Continuing she added, “When we return they take a 45 minute nap, then it’s time to get them dressed up for dinner. After which we usually have some form of entertainment such as a puppet show, a Shirley Temple movie or reruns of The Brady Bunch.

Once they’re back in their cabins they have an hour of indoor playtime such as jig saw puzzles, a game of Old Maid or Go Fish, or a Nancy Drew novel we let them read. After playtime you’ll spend an hour, or actually as long as you like, having them practice their lockies. We replace their weighted trainer pleasers with large, lighter weight ones, and you’ll no doubt feel the difference,” she chuckled.

One night I’d have them concentrate on stamina, another on technique or doing what call a ‘quickie.” We train them using the heel & toe method to ensure instant response for which you’ll wear special training shoes, which they really dread putting on you, but their excellent training devices,” she chuckled.

Chapter 13 All dressed up for Din Din

One of the first things Lorin and Abby taught them was how to dress their Pansies for Din Din.



Patricia Michelle

“Pansies always dress up for Din Dins. They so love showing off, don’t you Pansies?” Abby asked.

“Yeth Mithress Abby,” they all had to answer miserably.

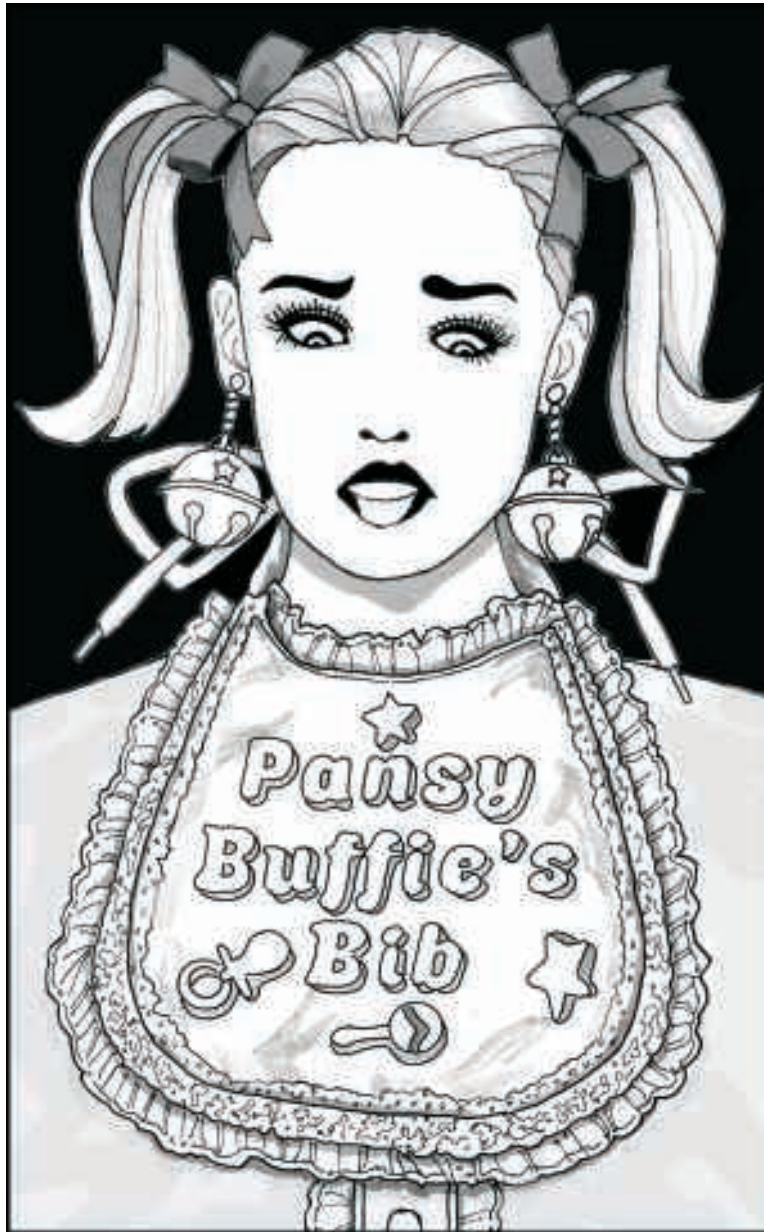
“The first thing you do once you get them down to their corsets is attach this leather strap to the front, then pass it through their legs, yank as hard as you can and fasten it to the back. It’s called a, ‘cheek spreader.’ Note how each cheek is now much more prominently on display. Pansies absolutely love showing off their sexy cheeks don’t you?” She demanded to know.

“Yeth Mithress Abby,” they all answered utterly shamed.

How prominently on display Pansy Buffie cheeks were, after they put his frilly, pale yellow blouse on, was evident by the struggle it took both girls to get to get his bright, daffodil,



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Patricia Michelle

yellow, satin shorts on him. Fitting like they were painted on both cheeks were clearly defined and looked absurdly girlish.

After they had him dressed she had the girls use baby oil to make his legs shine and glisten. Then extra lip gloss and even brighter pink eyeshadow followed. Finally after they had him harnessed he was handed his yellow, straw Pansy purse with bells to carry. Once they got their Pansies to the table reserved for the Daffodil Pansies the girls were so amused by the special Pansy chairs they put them in. The chairs were purposefully just high enough so that their feet didn't touch the floor. Once seated their ankles were fastened and locked into wooden rungs. Another modification was that their chairs were on wheels.

"Once seated and fastened to their chairs you release the brakes, push them up to the table and reset the brakes. When din din is over you simply wheel them up front and reset the brakes so they can watch tonight's Shirley Temple movie. Which gives us all about two hours to ourselves. Most of us end up in the camp counselor's bar for drinks," she explained.

"Now before their meals you take their bibs out of their purses and put them on for them. Pansy Buffie is so proud of the bib he decorated last summer. He won the competition for Best Pansy Bib decorating competition. He spent literally hours sewing on the ruffles, so neatly embroidered his name and all the embellishments," Lorin chuckled.

"My God, they wear baby bibs?" Stacy asked in disbelief.

"Oh no, these are Pansy bibs. They really are necessary since they eat with a tiny spoon and so clumsily with only their Pansy hand," Abby giggled.

Chapter 14 Lockies Class

As expected it was the class Stacy and Penny enjoyed most of all. Especially when Lorin explained what the class entailed.

"Each day the Pansies have a different Lockies Class. In one class, for example, they're taught the various lockies positions. For which we have specially designed pleasure chairs with the front cutout where you position their heads. The most utilized is with you seated and the Pansy kneeling

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between your legs. In the all fours position they can pleasure you as you relax in a chaise lounge, which also has cutouts. In either position you tighten the opening until the head is held immovable with head up,” she explained.

Speaking loud enough to ensure that the Pansies could hear she said, “As second year Pansies they’ll learn a new position called the, ‘Squat and Smother.’ With the Pansy lying prone on a blanket or table you simply squat down on his face. Occasionally you have to remember to lift up slightly to give them an



Patricia Michelle

opportunity to catch their breath. Now on other days they practice stamina. Last year they learned to do lockies for up to about 30 minutes. In their stamina class each week we'll add five minutes until at the end of summer they'll be conditioned to do lockies for no less than one-and-a-half hours," she declared, satisfied with the looks of disbelief on all their faces.

"You mean they do lockies for one-and-a-half hours without stopping, really, that doesn't sound possible," Stacy couldn't help saying.

"Oh my yes, you'll see that, with the training shoes you'll use, just about anything is possible," she declared.

"Now the most enjoyable and stimulating squat and smother position is with the Pansy kneeling with his back to the front of your chair, you then lean him back until his head is flat on the seat with his face straight up. then you just squat and sit on his face. It's very relaxing, at least for you," she chuckled.

"What you'll use to train them is a special pair of Pansy training shoes which they'll fearfully, and with good reason, put on your feet. As you see, with the extreme high heels, obviously not meant for walking, sharply pointed steel toes and heels and spurs they are amazingly responsive. The technique you'll use is called the, 'heel and toe' method. Using your heels firmly indicates how deep and at what speed you want their tongues to go. The way you move your toes tells them what motion you want their tongue to go. A mask is employed to help their concentration. Whether you use your heels or toes you're to expect an instant response. The slightest hesitation and you jab them immediately with your toes or heels. When neither appears to have the right effect, or they are obviously lagging you give them a good spurring. The spurs are rubber tipped so they don't hurt, at least not too bad," She advised.

"Now, other days they'll practice what we call Quickies. Last summer they were trained to give Quickie orgasms inside four minutes. This summer you'll train them to do it in three minutes or less. Then too they'll be taking a new class for their Mistresses or owners pleasure. One day a week they'll concentrate on ass licking and kissing. Doesn't that sound so exciting Pansies?" She asked.

"Yeth Mithress Lorin," they responded with as much enthusiasm as they could muster.

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Both Lorin and Abby were quite pleased with how Stacy and Penny quickly got the hang of it. Not for a moment hesitating to use their sharp toes or heels if they didn't respond instantly. Or to using their spurs when the unfortunate Pansy wrongly believed he didn't have another lick in him.

Chapter 15 Pansies sur point

The following morning they found ballet class for their Pansies so amusing they just sat there and laughed themselves silly as the instructor and her young assistant liberally applied their canes to convince them they could dance, "like graceful swans" if they tried harder.

"Oh my God, this is hysterical," Stacy laughingly exclaimed as six of the Pansies were desperately trying to dance in unison. Dressed ridiculously in tutus so short their giggly, bouncing, leotard clad behinds were constantly on display. And they wore ribboned, satin toe shoes with bells, of course.

"They're learning a ten minute routine to perform at Saturday's dance competition between all the cabins. The winners have the honor of performing for our Sunday guest visitors," Lorin giggled, all too aware of what a dubious honor it was.

When their attention turned to the other side of the room they couldn't help gasping at the bizarre sight that Pansy Buffie and Kimmie presented. They were dressed the same as the other Pansies with two exceptions. On their feet were shoes with such extreme heels that they forced their feet to point straight down so that they could only walk on the very tips of their toes. Each wrist was held in a sturdy, leather cuff that was attached to cables descending from an overhead track.

"Pansy Buffie and Kimmie both are having such problems 'sur point,' that is walking on their toes as all graceful ballerinas can do, nor can they do even two pirouettes without falling. Obviously their training shoes force them to stay on their toes. The cables have just enough slack to keep them from falling," she explained to the girls.

"Good grief they look impossible to even stand in, yet alone walk. They have to be absolutely torturous to wear," Stacy commented.

Patricia Michelle

“Yes, well, ballerinas can seemingly dance all day on their toes, we see no reason our Pansies can’t be trained to as well. They’ll join the other Pansies when they can walk the length of the room two times and do six pirouettes without falling,” Lorin commented dispassionately.

Chapter 16 Pansies on a hike

The next day was hiking day for all the Pansies.

“Today on your hike we’ll be studying all the different species of birds that you’ll see, doesn’t that sound really so exciting?” Abby asked.



“Oh yeth Mirthress Abby, it, it sounds so exciting,” they replied, struggling to sound excited, but obviously failing. As none of them looked forward to their weekly one mile hike, that after being tightly laced in their corsets and wearing their Pansy hiking boots, took them hours to complete. Even though their light weight, satin, high waisted, skin tight pants with a six button creamie flap which the girls could unbutton to replace their soaked creamie pads and short sleeved pull over tops were perfect hiking attire, at least for Pansies. To protect their delicate complexions they wore a wide brimmed, daffodil yellow, straw bonnets with streamers tightly fastened into bows under their chins.

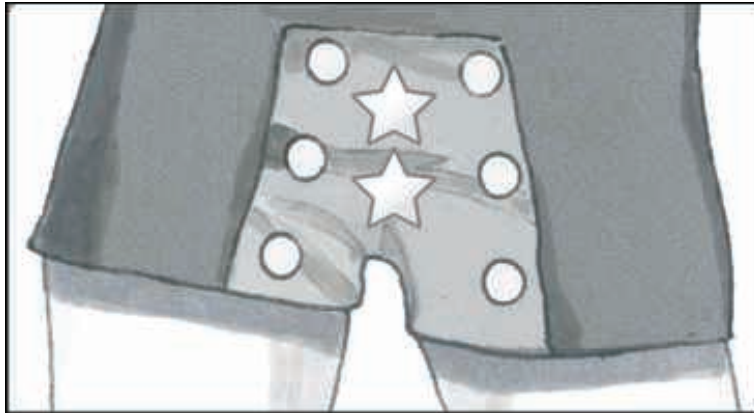
As the girls were fastening them into their light weight, canvas harnesses Lorin said, “It’s not unheard of to award a Pansy two creamie stars sometimes even three while they’re on their hike, so you’ll have to make sure they bring along extra creamie pads. The trail is quite rough and riddled with rocks that cause their thimbles to stay so excited they simply can’t stop themselves from suddenly doing a creamie in their pants,” Lorin smiled.

However, besides their corsets, it was their hiking boots that we knew caused them the most trouble on their hike.

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Patricia Michelle



“They’re actually going to hike in them?” Penny asked in disbelief, dressed as one would for a hike in a cropped top, shorts and sneakers. For they were ankle high, lace-up boots with a locking strap, four inch high heels resting on a four inch rocking horse wooden soles. Each, of course, weighing four pounds.

“Actually their hiking boots are quite sturdy, perfect for keeping their ankles from twisting and the added height affords them a better view of where they’re going,” she explained, which had nothing to do with the real reason. They, along with being so tightly corseted, was meant to physically drain and exhaust them. They could barely go more than 100 yards before we had to let the poor things rest for a few minutes to catch their breaths.

Penny couldn’t stop laughing that even before they got to the half mile turn around Pansy Buffie to everyone’s forced applause already had two creamie stars pinned to his flap and had to change his soaked creamie pad at the next stop.

Chapter 17 The dreaded bike ride

Exhausting a their weekly hike was and how humiliating it was for those Pansies who couldn’t stop themselves from involuntarily doing creamies on their hike they, at least, found it somewhat enjoyable learning about birds, plants and trees.

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It was, however, their next outdoor excursion that they truly didn't look forward to, their weekly bike ride. Dressed for their ride, first in corsets laced breathlessly tight. Then after pale yellow skintight, satin pullover tops was gotten on them, the girls had to wrestle and yank until they had each Pansy in their daffodil yellow shorts, so minuscule that they left much of their bottoms exposed. Their four pound, high heeled, rocking horse shoes were then strapped and locked on their feet.

There was just one modification we'd made that really made them cringe. there was a circular opening in back, and before taking them to their Pansy bikes they were bent over and their Mr. Wiggles popped out. then taken to their bright yellow, old fashioned girl's bikes they couldn't stop their miserable groans as their Mr. Wiggles were fastened to the seats of their bikes.

Naturally the Pansies did everything they could not to sit. But there's only so long you can pedal in shoes that weighed four pounds pedaling in exhausting corsets before, one after the other, they were forced to sit. The girls found it so amusing watching them struggle so not to sit.

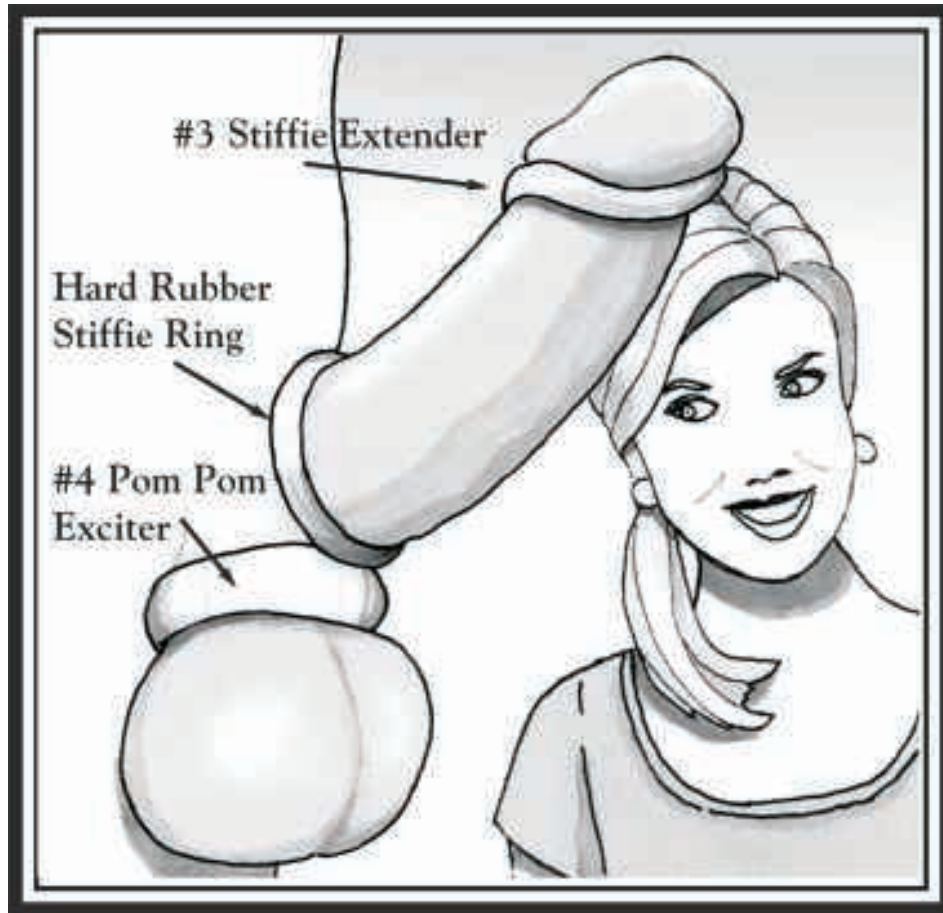
The bike path was not a smooth one causing the Pansies to bounce up and down on their seats. Eventually, of course, by the end of the ride there wasn't a dry creamie panty among them. Thoroughly soaked by at least two and many having creamed their panties three times the group was repeatedly having to stop so fresh creamie pads could be inserted.

Chapter 18 Pansy creamie inspection

Occasionally we visited all the Pansy cabins to see how they were doing. However the one visit we always looked forward to always occurred at the end of the first month. We called it our Creamie Inspection visit.

Visiting the Daffodil Pansies Lorin and Abby had them standing nervously in a line as we entered.

Pointing to the chart on the wall titled, 'Daffodil Pansy Weekly Creamie Chart' I said, "Each month we review each cabin's Weekly Creamie results. After reviewing the first month's results we are to inform you that this cabin



has absolutely the worst creamie record in the entire camp," I thundered. which wasn't actually true as we gave the same speech in all the cabins.

"This cabin is averaging a pathetic, piddling 3.5 creamies per day. The camp average is 3.9 creamies per day, while the Tulip Pansies are recording an admirable 4.4 creamies per day, with three of them having already had five creamie days. You should be ashamed of yourselves. Well, are you?" I demanded to know in my pretend angriest voice.

Patricia Michelle

“Yeth Mithress Morgan,” they were forced to say, whether they wanted to or not. And, of course, they didn’t. I suppose they remembered that once they thought of themselves as macho, alpha males. Now they were Pansies who went about all day, barely able to concentrate, with their thimbles almost constantly stiffly excited, and at the most unexpected times throughout the day doing a creamie that they had absolutely no control over.

“Pansy Buffie, step forward,” I suddenly ordered.

“Pansy Buffie has the worst creamie average of all the Daffodil Pansies. He’s averaging a measly, unacceptable 3.3 creamies per day. Shame on you. Let’s all give Pansy Buffie a big round of “boos,” I demanded, which they did further shaming and humiliating the wretched Pansy.

Addressing Lorin, Abby and the two girls I said, “Take each Pansy, one at a time, to the doctor’s. I’ve instructed Doctor Gillian to do whatever needs to be done to bring the daily creamie average of this cabin up to camp standards.”

Chapter 19 Creamie adjustments for Pansy Buffie

Eventually it was Pansy Buffie turn. Once in the exam room his short pants and creamie panties were removed. with his feet in stirrups positioned above his head Gillian said, “Don’t worry sweetie, I’m sure we can make a substantial increase in your daily creamies.” Undoubtedly the last thing the hapless Pansy wanted to hear.

Addressing the girls with a straight face she asked, “Would you say that his thimble throughout the day is occasionally stiff, somewhat stiff, mostly stiff or constantly stiff?”

Trying their hardest not to giggle they pretended to confer with Penny finally saying, “We’d say somewhere between somewhat stiff and mostly stiff.”

“Aha, so that’s the first problem we’ll need to address. Nurse Dana please apply an ice pack to Pansy Buffie thimble and pom poms,” She ordered.

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When both had been shriveled to their smallest size Doctor Gillian said, “Now please install a number three stiff-leg extender and a number four pom pom exciter.”

What she first glued on was a pink, expandable, rubber ring that fit perfectly in the groove behind the nob.

“Once he gets a stiff-leg the stiff-leg extender is designed to prolong it by a substantial amount. At least to a mostly stiff and hopefully a constantly stiff state,” She proclaimed, eliciting, as expected, an anguished response, which, of course, they all ignored.

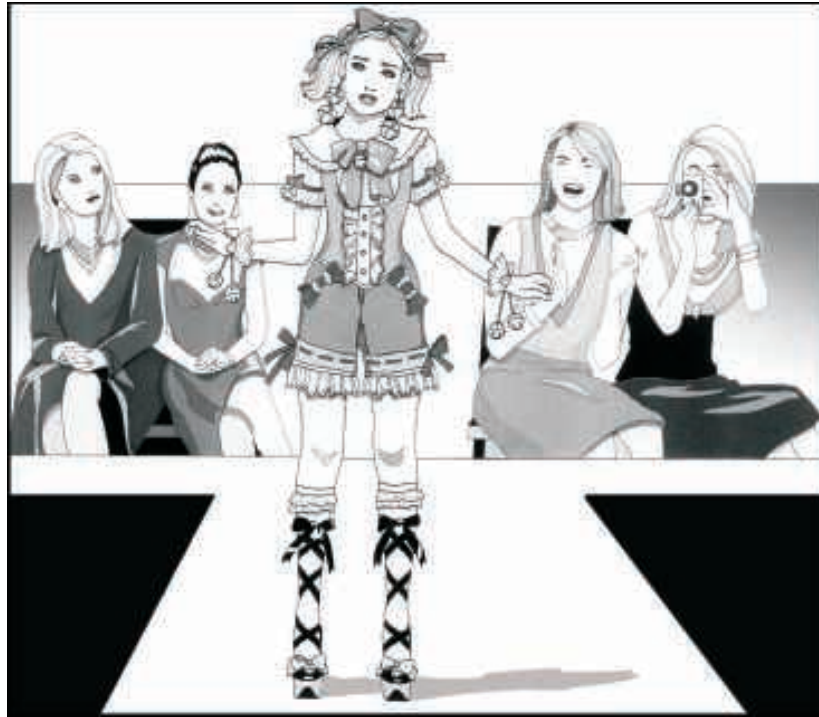
The pom pom exciter was a quite wide, stainless steel ring that Nurse Dana placed around his pom poms and then tightened till they heard a click.

“Notice how his pom poms now appear much more prominent, stretched very taunt and jut out much more in front. As he walks, sits or actually any movement he makes at all his pom poms will brush constantly against his creamie panties which undoubtedly will excite his thimble even more than normal and as Nurse Dana rubs what we refer to as our pom pom sensitizer cream they become incredibly sensitive,” She lectured.

“Lastly please remove Mr. Wiggle and replace it with our advanced nub head version. Not to worry, sweetie, you’re not due for the next size up for another month,” She calmed the scared Pansy, patting him on the head.

Holding the new one up she said, “It’s the same length as his current one with the exception that the nubs on the head are twice as long and stiff and are specifically designed to promote increased creamies throughout the day.”





Not to Lorin or Abby's surprise the following day Pansy Buffie received a round of applause for being the first Daffodil to do four creamies.

Chapter 20 Sunday Visitor's Day

Despite all the humiliations the Pansies are purposefully subjected to during the week it's Sunday Visitor's Day that they truly dread. It's one thing to suffer the shame and humiliation during the week. At least the only ones to witness it is the other Pansies, counselors and the staff.

But to be laughed at, made fun of and suffer the jeers, sneers, gloating and scorn they endure every Sunday at the hands of a room full of women, many total strangers, is as you can imagine unbearably humiliating.

Patricia Michelle

It could be a sporting event like the Annual Pansy Tennis Tournament which the women find hysterical.

Or our summer Pansy Olympics. There's the 40 yard Pansy Dash. The 50 yard high hurdles and even though the hurdles are only eighteen inches high only a couple usually ever make it over all twenty. Not wearing six inch high heeled track shoes. Then there's the Pansy Relay and the four pound ball toss. The winner last year won with a distance of just over four feet.

An especially humiliating even all the Pansies truly hate is the Pansy Beauty Pageant. Dressed in the sissiest of one piece bathing suits with thong bottoms so they can show off their wobbling, bouncing Pansy bottoms. To show off their figures their corsets are tightened not one, but two tortuous extra inches with stiffly wired half cups that exaggerate their Pansy boobies.

Then imagine having to walk down a long runway lined with perhaps 50 or 60 women on either side pointing and laughing at them, forced to endure their cruel, jeering comments and cat call.

We created other events for our guest's amusement and to act as judges. There was the ballet and tap dance competitions which the women fell out of their chairs watching. But it was the event planned for the second Sunday of the second month that they really cringed over when informed that the coming Sunday's theme was to be Pansies in Bells.

Prior to that Sunday in their Crafts class they were all given a large box filled with all manner of bells in them. Their goal was to decorate themselves with as many bells as they could. Then that Sunday, wearing their sissiest, Sunday Best Pansy outfits, which in themselves, was humiliating enough but Anita had designed special shoes to go along with their Sunday Best outfits. Just imagine a seven inch high heel, perched on a four inch rocking horse sole, which left barely three inches to walk on, with crisscrossing ribbons, tied in huge bows just below their ruffled knee high socks. Of all the Pansies in the camp only a couple ever actually made it down the runway and back without tripping and falling in front of all the women. If that didn't set off peals of laughter that the sight and sound of their tinkling and jingling bells certainly did.

The highly amused women would then award trophies to The Most Glamorous Sunday Best Pansy Outfit. The Most Creative use of Bells by a

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Pansy. The Most Delightfully Sounding Pansy and the biggest trophy going to the Camp Pansy Decorated with the most bells.

Poor Pansy Buffie the coming Sunday would be quite hard on him after he'd received this letter from Lewes.

Dear Sissy, oops, I mean Pansy Buffie,?I'm so sorry I'm going to miss this Sunday's Pansy in Bells?

competition. But Tom and I are still cruising the Greek Island in hi yacht. but, I know you'll be so excited to hear that my sisterGloria will there instead and she' invited several of her friends who are dying to see what real Pansies look like, and I've asked her to take lots of photos of you all decorated in your SundayBest outfit all decorated with bells.

Thank you for your last letter. I'm so glad you're really enjoying this summer at Camp Pansy that I've already signed you up for next summer.

I'm also glad that you really adore Penny, your young counselor and that, for the most part, she informs me you're being avery good Pansy to quite easy supervise. She says your pussy licking technique is getting much better, that you were the first in your cabin to give a Quickie in under four minutes and that your ass licking and tonguing shows a lot of improvement.

I'm so relieved that Doctor Gillian was able to make some adjustments so that you're nearly up to four creamies a day. You must be so thrilled. Congratulations!

Must go we're at a topless beach and Tom is getting well, you probably don't remember, but how real men get when they see a pair of naked breasts.

Please keep sending pictures, I thought you looked so precious in your ballet tutu.

Well, you be a good Pansy and do whatever Penny tells you to.Must go.

Poor Pansy Buffie he tried so hard to smile, as he'd been ordered to, as he tinkled, jingled and minced his way down the runway that Sunday. There was

Patricia Michelle

Gloria taking picture after picture of him, and all her friends laughing uproariously at their first sight of an actual Pansy.

And with little wonder for from each ear dangled two of the largest jiggle bells, another on his collar, one on each ruffled sleeve, and two each dangling from his short, ruffled gloves. But what won him the trophy for Most Creative Use of Bells were those on his high heeled Pansy shoes. Not only bells on each toe, but the backs of each heel and an actual cowbell attached to the bottom of his soles that made such a loud clanking sound that it had all the women falling off their seats pointing and laughing so hard most were in tears.

In all Pansy Buffie was decorated with no less than seventeen bells!

Even more entertaining was that half way down the runway he obviously did a creamie in front of them all.

Epilogue

To Pansy Buffie great relief summer finally ended and he was so looking forward to his Lewes coming to fetch him. But to his great dismay it was her sister, Gloria, who showed up.

“I know you’re disappointed that Lewes isn’t here to pick you up, but she and Tom are off to Paris for a couple extra weeks. Obviously you can’t stay with me, one look at you by Brad and he’d have you sucking his dick day and night. Which I’m sure you’d prefer not to do, or would you,” she asked.

‘Oh GGod, nno Miss Gloria,” he said, nearly passing out from the thought.

“Well fortunately the Sissy Day Care Center you attend has renovated a wing to satisfy the women who need a place to board their sissies for a day or a week. So you’ll be staying there until Lewes returns. Isn’t that exciting, you’ll be with all your sissy friends until she returns whenever she eventually does. She and Tom are thinking about going to London after Paris,” she smirked as Pansy Buffie miserably sobbed.

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Poodle Skirt High

By Patricia Michelle

Chapter 1 The Peach Tree School for Young Ladies

The Peach Tree School for Young Ladies was first established in the 1930s. it's philosophy, traditions, values, curriculum and goals were decidedly southern in outlook. Most, in these modern times, would look down their noses at a school who's single goal was to graduate the most refined, graceful young ladies who's only thought was to make a future husband a proper southern wife. Who understood her role was to be the perfect, stay at home wife.

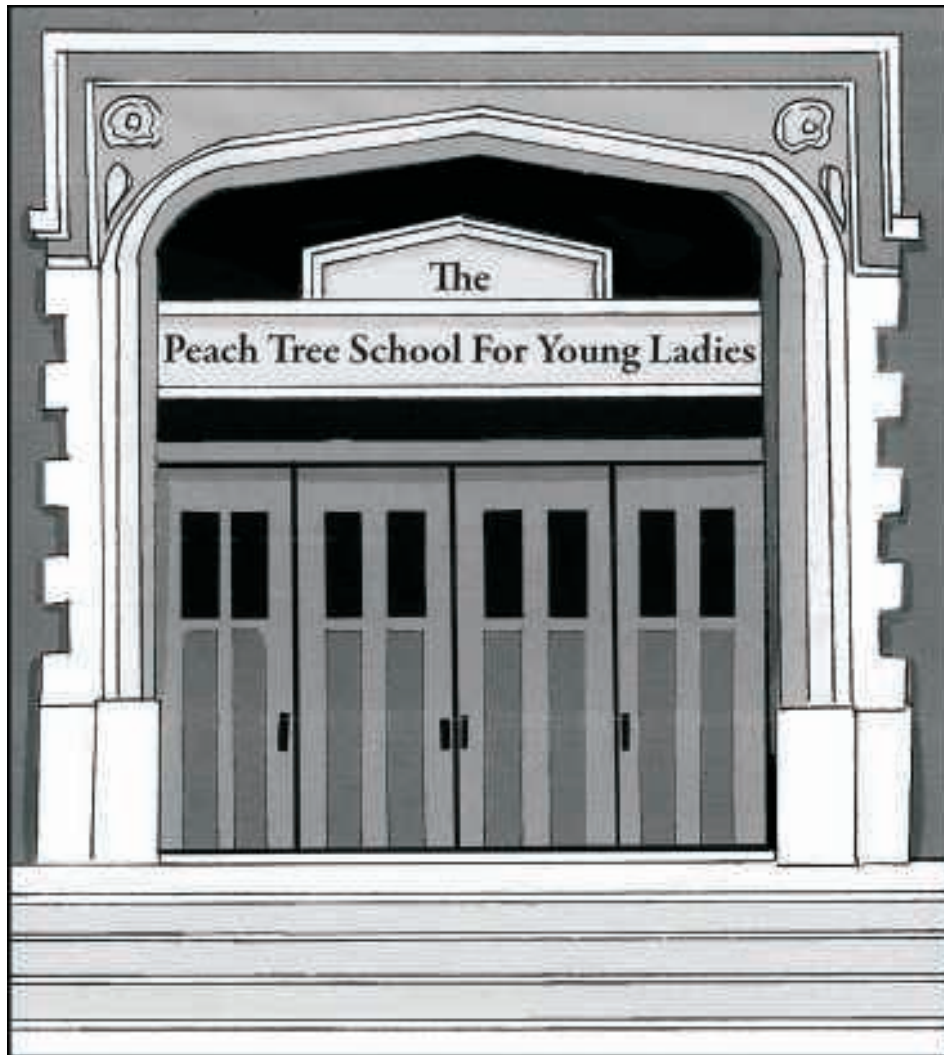
The curriculum, by today's standards, was decades out of date. Yet there was actually a waiting list of like-minded southern women who wanted nothing more than to send their daughters to the same school they'd graduated from.

Therefore their classes consisted of such subjects as; Poise & Posture for Young Ladies, in which they were taught how to walk, sit, pose, gesture and even to curtsy in the most graceful, utterly feminine manner.

In Perfect Manners & Etiquette they were taught how to conduct themselves in the most ladylike, submissive and demure manner at all times.

Home Economics consisted of cooking, baking, sewing, needlepoint, embroidery and flower arranging.

Patricia Michelle



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In Domestic Sciences they learned everything a southern wife needed to know to keep a perfect, spotless house. Dusting, vacuuming, polishing, ironing and scrubbing.

The class in Perfect Beauty taught them that as future Southern Belles they were expected to look absolutely perfect at all times. Not a hair of their school mandated page boys could ever be out of place. Makeup must be perfectly applied. Their regulation half inch nails couldn't have the slightest chip and must sparkle at all times. Nor could there ever be so much as a single wrinkle, stain or mark on any of their clothes. No shoes or gloves could have the slightest mark on them. No sock could even be seen to slouch or be uneven. All bows must be perfectly , evenly and tightly tied.

The class in Diction, Phrases & Conversation taught our future Southern Belles to speak in a more bimbo-like tone of voice to ensure that they didn't appear, at most, only modestly intelligent so as not to intimidate interested males. Their vocabulary of words such as, "adorable, precious, divine, darling, enchanted, golly and heavenly." And were expected to use at least three in every sentence. In any case they were taught dozens of phrases that would cover most responses. Phrases such as:

"Why I do declare that is something I simply don't know."

"It's so heavenly and precious I swear I'm about to swoon."

"Oh my, isn't that ever so divinely enchanting I'm simply dying of envy!"

As a perfectly educated Southern Belle in conversation they were not expected to comment on, offer their opinion or profess to have any knowledge of such heady subjects as current or world events, politics or any subject remotely considered important. To ensure this they watched or listened to no news shows, nor were newspapers permitted on school grounds. Outside of the school they had absolutely no inkling of anything at all occurring in the outside world.

Dance Class was considered a critical part of their education with instruction in ballet, tap and ballroom (conducted with boys from a nearby prep school, once a week).

Patricia Michelle

In Physical Education they participated in activities deemed suitable for Southern Belles such as Lawn Croquet, Badminton, Tennis and Field Hockey. Although there were strict rules that expressly forbid any running or jumping. Heaven forbid if they were actually to allow themselves to perspire let alone sweat. Every fifteen minutes of any sport it was stopped so they could fan themselves, powder their faces and dab their underarms.

There were, however, two areas the girls really didn't care for. They were forced to endure vigorous figure training as well as learning to mince ever so daintily in the highest heels. In their unrelenting figure training they all wore stiff, underwired, bullet bras to present their breasts to admiring suitors. And to graduate with perfect figures the daintiest, pinched waist look was advocated through the use of tightly laced hour glass corsets that they were never out of, even to bed. The school mandated that the perfect pinched waist look could only be achieved with a waist precisely eight inches smaller than their chests. So, if a girl's chest measured twenty-nine inches her corsets were progressively reduced until she achieved the desired twenty-one inch waist.

Learning to walk confidently in high heels new girls started with low, three inch heels which were raised until they could walk taking the daintiest steps in five inch heels. With the school explaining that the higher the heels the sexier they would look to men. What we decided was to start our new students off in four inch heels.

Chapter 2 The Lawsuit

And so ignoring the current, enlightened state of liberated women the school blissfully continued turning out their dated version of what was considered the perfect Southern Belle, the very cream of southern high society.

That is until they received notice of a lawsuit filed by the ERA (Equal Right For All), a militant, feminist organization demanding that the school be integrated by admitting boys.

For several years the school fought off the lawsuit which was finally decided in favor of the ERA forcing the school to admit boys.

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Unfortunately, and unknown to the, Judge Miranda Weathers who had two daughter who had graduated from the school and married rich and were at the top of southern society.

Discussing it privately with the headmistress of the school, Julia Carter, she said that as much as she abhorred the idea of admitting boys her hands were tied. However, if they put their head together she could place such stringent conditions on integrating the school that it was possible that they'd drop the lawsuit.

Chapter 3 The Conditions

In her ruling favoring the ERA sternly addressing the plaintiffs she said, "To ensure that this is not a frivolous lawsuit, or simply a test case, the school will admit boy students under these conditions and terms.

The six boys noted in the lawsuit to gain admission to the school must remain until they graduate. Any boy who purposefully tries to flunk out will be sent to a juvenile detention center where they will finish their education. In addition the ERA will be fined one million dollars for each boy who fails to graduate.

All boys who are admitted will be subject to the same conditions that all students are required to attain to graduate.

All boys will be subject to the same rules, regulations and traditions of the school.

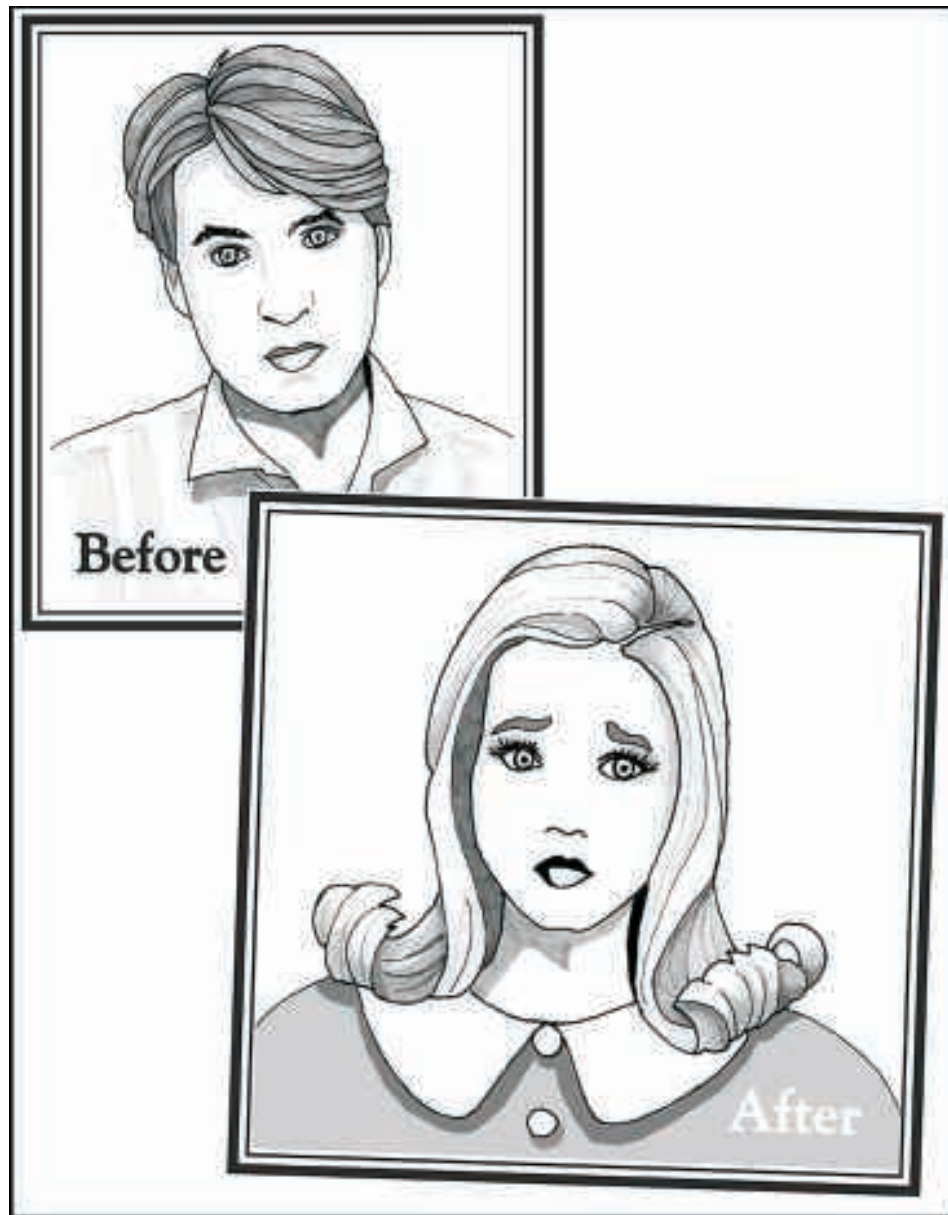
While attending school all boys will, as required, board at the school throughout the year.

"Well, that should be the end of that," Judge Weathers whispered to Julia. But to their surprise and astonishment without hesitation, the women of the ERA basking in their victory naively agreed to the terms.

Chapter 4 Reality comes crashing in

When the six boys arrived Julia could see that they thought they'd died and gone to heaven. Here were six boys, aged sixteen to eighteen surrounded by 100 gorgeous girls.

Patricia Michelle



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The first thing they were subject to, they were informed, was a school physical that was required of all students. Which wasn't the case at all, but they didn't know that.

Told to disrobe they first received several shots, which they were told were for such things as the flu, and so on. However one of the shots put them out like a light for several hours.

During which time the school nurse, and several of the staff, upset at the idea of being forced to admit boys, energetically went to work. which started with removing all their offensive hair from their noses to their toes.

Then, with their organs tightly positioned back between their legs a special panty, purchased at Frederick's of Hollywood, was tugged in place. The store had referred to them as, "Cheek Enhancers." Which was stiffly stayed to separate their cheeks while pushing them up and out. The package ensured that the wearer would gain no less than four inches in their bottoms, "while causing the wearer bottom to seductively wiggle as you walk." The garment also had an opening in the back so it wasn't necessary to remove it when visiting the toilet. Using a special hygienic, surgical agent they ensured that removal was quite impossible.

What came next we considered our piece de resistance. The most realistic set of falsies we could find which, giggling, we glued onto each boy. We'd thought about giving them really enormous Dcup tits but finally chose a pair of pert, standup Ccups which we were satisfied would really stick out once stuffed into the stiffly stayed, bullet bras we'd also found at Fredericks of Hollywood.

We followed their bras with the steel boned, hour glass corsets all the girl more, although the ones they put on the boys they gleefully laced extra tight and with the addition of a locking strap in back made it's removal also impossible to remove, at least by them.

Then using a special solution we gave them a baby smooth, peaches and cream complexion. Using a dye their lips wer formed into pouty, glossy, pink cupid's lips. Their eyebrows plucked, huge, curled eyelashes glued on, permanent eyeliner and mascara added, then bright blue eyeshadow dyed in as was pink rouged cheeks. We pierced their ears and fixed long, dangling, teardrop earring to them Next on our list

Patricia Michelle

were long, three quarter inch, oval tipped nails to each finger and painted them bright pink.

What followed was a bouffant, page boy wig which we fixed permanently to their heads until their real hair grew out. When we finished we all stood back admiring and chuckling. for they now looked precisely like all the other girls in the school.

Working quickly before they woke up we got them dressed in the standard, high school girl's uniform. Starting with a white, satin, short bloomers trimmed in ruffles with a big, peach bow in back, right in the middle. We added a wide, lace edged, stiff petticoat over which came a peach, satin poodle skirt. Then a tight, also peach satin top with a wide collar that perfectly showed off their bullet bra breasts that we really got a laugh over. A wide, patent leather belt was cinched tightly to show off their newly acquired girlish waists.

Knee socks and pink and white saddle shoes, purposefully a half size too small were tied on their feet, and finally they were heavily sprayed with the same perfume all the girls wore Sinfully Adorable.

We all did our part turning our six new students into perfect, look alike Peach Tree girls. Fortunately none of the six were athletic, and there were several girls much taller than the tallest boy/girl at five foot, seven.

Chapter 5 Oh, but you're mistaken, there are no boys in this school

As expected when they finally came around and stood gasping in their corsets in front of a mirror there was a horrendous uproar.

"What the fuck have you done, I'm no girl!" One of them bellowed in outrage.

"Oh, but you're mistaken Priscilla Jane, there are no boys at the Peach Tree School for Young Ladies," I smiled.

"What, this is a bad joke right? And who the hell is Priscilla Jane?" He demanded to know.



Patricia Michelle

“Why you are Priscilla Jane, of course. All our girls have such delightfully feminine names as befitting all Southern girls,” I stated.

“My name is Peter, not Priscilla Jane, damn it,” he angrily retorted.

“Oh goodness no, until you graduate as a properly educated Young Lady and Southern Belle when asked your name you will curtsy and say, “My name is Peaches Priscilla Jane. Now tell everyone your name,” I demanded.

“Never, you’re out of your fucking mind, lady,” he screamed back.

“Irene, if you will please,” I asked to our gym teacher, who easily yanked “her” across her knee, raised her skirts, pulled her bloomers down and began spanking her as hard as she could with the fearsome, wooden, school paddle.

“Now, tell us your name,” she demanded after a dozen swats.

“Never,” she said, gritting her teeth.

“Oh please stop,” she begged after a dozen more.

Finally after yet another dozen to the back of her legs she sobbed out, “My name is Peaches Priscilla Jane.”

“Oh my, why she even cries like a girl,” one of the teachers remarked.

It took only another boy was spanked that the rest clumsily curtsied and gave their names.

So, now we had six “special girls” named Priscilla Jane, Nicole Marie, Jennifer Louise, Ashley Anne, Daisy Mae, and Amanda Lynn.

Chapter 6 The new girls dormitory

“It’s time to show you to your rooms girls,” I announced.

“I’m not a fucking girl, my name is Jack,” the boy muttered a bit too loud.

“Oh, but you’re quite mistaken, now tell everyone your name,” I ordered, slapping his face several times before he cried out, “Oh please, my name is Peaches Jennifer Louise.”

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“Well, Peaches Jennifer Louise, aren’t you so excited and eager to see your new room?” I asked, raising my hand to threaten another slap.

“Yes, Yes I’m so excited and eager to see my new room,” she quickly said.

Arriving at the first room I announced, “See, this is your new room and your roommate will be Peaches Ashley Anne. Isn’t it just so adorable, tell us all how much you love and adore it,” I demanded.

At first neither girl couldn’t say anything, they just gaped in disbelief and horror at the incredibly frilly, ultra lavish feminine room that featured a canopy bed dripping in lace and ruffles. As did the whole room. All the furniture was so dainty they’d have to be extra careful sitting down not to break anything.

“Please note, the door only opens from the outside, the windows don’t open and there’s a camera in every room for us to ensure that you act as perfect young ladies at all time,” I warned.

Chapter 7 Their “Big Sisters”

As Priscilla Jane and Nicole Marie were being shown their room two girls came in.

“Priscilla Jane please say, ‘Peaches Priscilla Jane is so devinely enchanted to make your acquaintance Miss Walker,’ and remember to curtsy,” I instructed.

“I’m not saying that to any girl,” he huffed, but nervously as Brooke Walker was quite an intimidating sight. If it wasn’t the way was dressed in a sharp, black jumper, tie and four inch high heels it could have been that at six feet, four inches in heels she literally towered over her. More likely it was the mean looking, wooden cane she carried.

Without a moments pause Brooke grabbed her ear, twisting it painfully, bent her over a chair, raised her skirts and gave her three with the cane.

“Now say it, or would you like three more?” She asked sternly.

“Peaches Priscilla Jane is so devinely enchanted to make your acquaintance Miss Walker,” she got out with her bottom in obvious pain.

Patricia Michelle

“Even though Miss Walker is a year younger than you she’s very mature for her age and quite head strong, as you just found out,” I said, making sure he understood that a girl a year younger than him had just spanked him.

“As your Big Sister Miss Walker will mentor you in becoming a perfect young lady. She will supervise you and monitor your progress. You will do everything she tells you to do, or, I guarantee you, she’ll make you, as you just found out. Do you understand?” I demanded to know.

“YYes Headmistress,” She stammered, between sobs.

To give you some background Brooke, and the other Big Sisters we assigned to supervise our special girls I have to admit that not all girls sent to the school by their mothers wanted to be turned into empty headed, bimbo, Southern Belles. Some, like Brooke, were simply too head strong and frankly too intelligent. She wanted to be her own woman. So, unknown to her mother, all her class work she does on line taking advanced college courses.

Hating the outrageously frilly, feminine attire all the other girls wore we dressed them in very nice jumpers, ties, stockings and high heels. The idea of making each a Big Sister to our boy/girls, we felt, would help bring out their natural assertive personalities and heighten their selfconfidence.

Chapter 8 Introductory class for new the “girls”

Once all the new girls were acquainted with their rooms we had their Big Sisters take them to the classroom we had set up for them.

“Take my hand Priscilla Jane and I’ll conduct you to your classroom,” Brooke ordered.

“TTake your hhand?” She said in disbelief.

“Take my hand, or would you like to be made to?” She asked threateningly.

Imagine how galling and humiliating she obviously felt being led by the hand by a girl a year younger than her.

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Taken to an old fashioned classroom it was Irene who conducted what we called the Welcome to the Peach Tree School for Young Ladies Introduction.

“Please stand in a line in front of me girls, we have a lot to cover. First, although you will be receiving a more thorough class in Poise & Posture I need to cover how young ladies stand, sit and curtsy,” She said, which, she could see, struck horror in their eyes. Image what had to be racing through their minds at the thought of being introduced, dressed and madeup as they were to 100 girls.

“First you have to be taught how Young Ladies stand. Feet together, heels touching with toes turned out. Now shoulders back so everyone can admire your ample breasts, that I’m sure will make all the other girls will just die of jealousy,” She just couldn’t help adding.

Now hands behind you with fingers laced together. When you’re being talked to your heads will be bowed, eyes fixed on the tips of your toes. You only ever, briefly, look up when given permission to speak. When standing you are not to fidget which is not only distracting, but draws undue attention to you. If you understand please reply by saying, ‘Yes, teacher, I understand.’ Big Sisters will you stand behind the girls and correct them whenever they’re doing anything incorrectly,” She asked.

“Next we will tackle how Young Ladies sit. Pivot gracefully on your left toe to stand in front of the chair you’ll find behind you. Very good. Now when I say, ‘Please be seated girls’ you will again pivot on your left toe, and carefully sit on just the lip of your chair. Once seated carefully arrange your skirts evenly on both sides, cross your ankles and slid them under your seat. Now shoulders back, breast forward, hands folded in your lap, head bowed and no fidgeting. Very well, Be seated girls,” she ordered, then made them stand and sit over and over until she was marginally satisfied.

Chapter 9 Learning a proper curtsy

“Now then, one of the most important gestures a proper young lady must learn is how to curtsy, and just importantly when she’s expected to curtsy. You will now stand,” She ordered.

Patricia Michelle

“A properly executed curtsy must be ever go graceful and dainty. There are five steps to a proper curtsy.

Step One - With only your thumbs and forefingers daintily hold your skirts at the very edges. As you do extend your skirts out to their fullest.

Step Two - Place your right foot precisely behind your left heel with the right toe touching the left heel.

Step Three - As you begin your curtsy you will, at the same time, raise your skirts until they are halfway between the hems of your skirts and your waist. As you begin your curtsy and raise your skirts at the same time you will raise your right foot until only the very tip of your toe is touching the floor.

Step Four - As you curtsy your head will be bowed with your eyes fixed on the tip of your left toe.

Step Five - A proper curtsy takes precisely four seconds. One second down, two seconds hold curtsy, one second up. Will now practice,” She declared, making them curtsy over and over until their legs were ready to give out.

“Those were some of the worst curtsies I think I’ve ever seen. But don’t be discouraged, every morning your practice your curtsies 100 times,” she informed them.

“In your desks you’ll find a notebook and pencil. I’ll now go over your Curtsy rules which you’ll write down and memorize...

"As a proper Young Lady I must always curtsy before and after I speak.

"I must always curtsy when told to do anything.

"I must always curtsy before and after I enter r leave any room, even if it isn’t occupied.

"If sitting I must always stand and curtsy to any staff member when they pass by me, or I must pass by them.

"I must always curtsy when introduced.

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"When I am in a room and any student or staff member enters I must immediately stand, curtsy and wait for that person to give me permission to sit again."

Several of their curtsy rules we put in just for our boy/girls. In effect it forced them to curtsy to every girl in the school regardless of their age. We had to chuckle at the idea of them made to curtsy to even an eight or nine year old.

Chapter 10 The Golden rules

"Now there are several what we refer to as Golden rules that all Southern Young Ladies strictly adhere to," Irene said, although again there were several we inserted just for our new girls.

"Turn the page and title it, 'My Golden Rules,'" She instructed.

"Golden Rule number one is, 'Young Ladies are seen and not hear.' what that mean is that you are not to speak unless asked to, or responding to a question, or are given permission to speak.

Golden Rule number two is, 'If you wish to speak you must first ask permission to speak by raising your hand,'" She stated.

"She's got to be kidding. I'm supposed to raise my hand like a little kid just to ask permission to speak. She's got to be kidding," Amanda Lynn blurted out.

"Julia as her Big Sister please slap Amanda Lynn's face and tonight give her mouth a good soaping," She ordered.

When she had, not once but several times she asked, "Now then Peaches Amanda Lynn do you understand this Golden rule?"

"Yes teacher, I understand it, I mean the Golden rule," She sobbingly replied.

"Very well, Golden Rule number three is, 'As a properly educated Young Lady I must never question, contradict or argue about anything I am told, or told to do. I will always agree with anything that I'm told. You are not expected to have an opinion so don't ever let us hear you give one. this rule is very important so that you never embarrass yourselves by saying something inappropriate,'" She explained.

Patricia Michelle

Golden Rule number four is, 'A properly educated Young Lady always does what she is told, and immediately obeys what she is told to do.'

This was one of the rules we thought of just for our new students.

Chapter 11 Good Lady, Naughty Lady

"Naturally we expect some reluctance and resistance to being educated as proper Young Ladies. Which we intend to deal with in this manner. In your desks you'll find a small book titled, 'My Good Lady, Naughty Lady Demerit and Praise,' book which you'll carry with you at all times. When you do something unlady like you will give yourself a Naughty Lady demerit and write down what you did wrong or failed to do. At the end of the day the two with the most Naughty Lady demerits will be paddled that number of times by all the other students while they, not you, have dinner," I declared, satisfied to see the shocked expression on all their face at the humiliating thought of being spanked by the girls in school.

"However to be fair you can also receive Good Lady marks which enable you to deduct five Naughty Lady marks, I added.

"That's what will occur every evening at dinner, now at the end of the week the girl with the most demerits at the end of the week will not participate in all the fun events on Saturday. Instead she will stand all morning and afternoon, just inside the school's entrance on what we refer to as the Naughty Lady pedestal. She'll stand with her hands on her head with her skirts pinned up and her bloomers removed, and you'll stand in shoes that have been nailed to the pedestal so you can't off it. From her bottom will hand a sign that will read, 'I've been a Naughty Young Lady. Please paddle me.' As the girls enter or leave they are permitted to paddle you up to three times, and when they are done paddling you you'll say, 'Thank you for paddling me, I've been a Naughty Young Lady,' the girls with the second most demerits will spend just the morning being paddled," I added.

"That is what will happen every week," She warned.

"Now this is what will happen at the end of the month if your grades fall below a 'B' average. Those of you who end the month with a 'C' average, or worse, you will shamefully be demoted to wearing the uniform of our junior high girls and you'll be seated with them. And the only way you can regain your senior high

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uniforms is to buckle down and come up with a 'B' average. If you still average a 'C' or worse you'll be dressed as our elementary schoolgirls are," She said, noting that this all seemed to go over their head as they had yet to see the junior or elementary uniforms.

Chapter 12 Requirements to graduate

"Very well, now to graduate you must have an 'A' average in all your classes. (Which was a new requirement we put in just for our new girls. The other girls only required a 'b' average to graduate). That's the first requirement. the second is you must meet the standards of image all Young Ladies must attain to graduate as fullfledged Southern Belles," she said, thinking of the changes we'd chuckled over.

The requirements for the other girls to graduate is that, as I previously mentioned, they must have a waist eight inches smaller than their chests, their hair must be eight inches below their shoulders, and that they must walk gracefully in no less than five inch heels.

However for the new girls to graduate they had to have a waist ten inches smaller than their chests, their hair had to be twelve inches below their shoulders, and they must walk gracefully in six inch stilettos. They'd graduate as the most feminine, frilly and over the top Southern Belles anyone ever saw.

Again none of these last requirements appeared to alarm the, although they really should have.

Chapter 13 The Curriculum

What finally got their attention was when Irene went over the classes they were to take, and must get an 'A' in to graduate.

"Over the years the school has arrived at a curriculum that ensures that you'll graduate as the perfect image of a Southern Belle. They'll include; Poise, Postures & Gestures, Grammar, Learned Responses & conversation, Ballet, Tap Dance and Ballroom, Sewing, Needlepoint and Embroidery, Flower Arranging, Domestic Science, Makeup and Hair Styling, Beautician Skills, Basket Weaving and Cursive Handwriting," she rattled off.

Patricia Michelle

“Oh my God, ballet?” Nicole Marie moaned.

“Did you say something Peaches Daisy Mae?” She asked.

“NNo teacher, I just had to cough,” she fearfully swore.

Chapter 14 Introducing the “New Girls”

When all 100 girls arrived for dinner, and were seated, up on the stage stood the six new students.

“Young Ladies we have six new students to introduce to you,” I said, then to the new students added, “One at a time step forward, curtsy and introduce yourselves.”

First up was Priscilla Jane who clumsily curtsied and repeated what he’d been told to say.

“HHello, my name is Peaches Priscilla Jane and I’m ever so wonderfully excited to be a student at The Peach Tree School for Young Ladies.”

“She sounds so odd, don’t you think?” I heard one of the girls remark.

“And just look at her curtsy, it’s atrocious,” another added.

“Just horrible, hardly graceful or dainty, and don’t they all look so, well golly, pudgy,” a third stated, then suddenly exclaimed, “Oh my god, those aren’t girls, they’re the boys the school was forced to admit!”

And with that the whole student body laughed, pointed, giggled and smirked for a good three minutes while the new girls stood hanging their head, undoubtedly wishing the ground would swallow them up.

When they finally calmed down a bit I said, “I’d like you all to welcome them and to take the responsibility of helping our new girls fit in and adjust to their new environment so that they eventually become proper Young Ladies just like you’re becoming. Please don’t hesitate to correct them when they do something wrong or are forgetful. When they do please give them a reminder demerit to help them remember.”

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“I can’t wait to see the new girls adjusting,” one girl laughed. which started them all laughing uproariously again.

Chapter 15 Dealing with problem areas

As we expected the new girls were far from willing participants in being turned into proper Young Ladies. They hardly applied themselves in any of their classes that first week. They sullenly half did as they were taught, or told to do. All except Peaches Daisy Mae. It seems that we had at least one new student who wasn’t as resentful of being put in a bra and panties, or petticoats and skirts.

Some of the problems we were able to quickly deal with. Several of them, for example, we caught trying to cut the laces on their corsets. which we solved by finding a very flexible, steel cable that we substituted for the laces. Then will they, more or less, looked like girls the minute they uttered a word you just knew they weren’t girls. Ann, our school nurse, solved that by giving each Big Sister a spray. After their bubble baths each morning they sprayed their throats with it, which tightened their vocal cords and raised their voices by several octaves till, whether they wanted to or not, they started sounding just like the other girls. We also replaced their half inch nail with longer threequarter inch ones which made doing absolutely everything quite difficult unless they weren’t extra careful and, of course, dainty.

Another thing that immediately gave them away was their walk. They walked like, well, boys, and we couldn’t have that. Their stride was too long, they walked much too fast and they couldn’t or wouldn’t mince ever so daintily on their toes.

Which we solved by putting sharp tacks in the heels of all their shoes. Forcing them to mince daintily on their toes, slowed them down and shortened each step to a more ladylike few inches. They hated it, naturally, put what could they do?

It quickly became apparent that Peaches Priscilla Jane was the obvious trouble maker between the new girls. He made absolutely no effort to learn anything, and one of the girls even reported overhearing him planning to escape, “this fucking hellhole” and trying to enlist the other boy/girls in his plans.

Patricia Michelle

Being paddled by the girls at dinner he naturally found humiliating, but he just gritted his teeth and monitoring his room Brooke heard him angrily remark, “Those bitches can spank me all they want, until I get out of here.”

So we put our troublemaker into his own room and Brooke closely monitored him keeping him from talking to the other boy/girls.

Chapter 16 Priscilla Jane's first Saturday paddling

We really thought his first Saturday being paddled morning and afternoon would cause her to see the light. Anyone else it surely would, we thought. So she spent all day Saturday immovably fixed to the stool just inside the entrance. After stepping into the shoes which were nailed to the stool. Then after her bloomers were removed and her skirts pinned up above her waist showing up her naked behind for all to see and laugh over and use as target practice, her hands were laced on top of her head and with a ribbon



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her two middle fingers were tied together. In effect leaving her unable, in any way, to stop the paddling the girls gleefully gave her, morning and afternoon. Some of the girls purposefully came in and out several times just so they could give her extra smacks.

That seemed to do the trick, until several days later Brooke caught her half way across the lawn trying to run away. However tightly laced in her corset, which she couldn't get out of, it was easy for Brooke to catch her. Which earned her another Saturday paddling by all the girls.

Chapter 17 Priscilla Jane's first ballroom class

Brooke reported that she finally appeared to give up and lose her rebelliousness and defiance. She started actually trying in her classes. Everything was fine until the second Friday's ballroom dance class. We'd kept the new girls from attending that first week to get them somewhat used to their four inch heels. Even then they more wobbled in them than walked.

When she started dressing her and grinning asked him, "Now Priscilla Jane aren't you so excited to have your first ballroom lesson and dance with all the boys from Woodland Prep Academy?"

"What? If you think I'm going to dance with any boy you're crazy!" She screamed.

"I'll tell you what, you're going to dance with as many boys as I tell you do. And if you don't try as hard as you can to be the most charming, flirting Young Lady there I'm going to tell the big tackle that plays football for them that you're dying to suck his cock. And from then on you'll be known by all the boys as the school cock sucker," she threatened.

"Oh God, please don't do that, I'm begging you," She pleaded, totally repulsed and horrified at the thought.

"Then you just stand there while I get you dressed, and if you give me any trouble I swear you'll be sucking more than one cock today," She promised her. So Priscilla Jane just stood there as Brooke dressed her. Delighting in describing what she was being dressed in and why.

Patricia Michelle

First though she took up the laces of her corset and started tightening it.

“Oh please Miss Walker not any tighter,” She begged.

“All Southern Belles pride themselves on having the tiniest, daintiest what’s called a, ‘pinched waist figure.’ And your I’m afraid to say, compared to the other girls, I’d hardly even call slim. I’m only going to lace you down another inch, so hopefully none of the boys will remark, ‘who’s the chubby girl?’ You don’t want them calling you ‘Miss Chubby’ do you?” She asked, laughing to herself.

“No, I wouldn’t want that,” she admitted, gasping as Brooke continued tightening her corset.

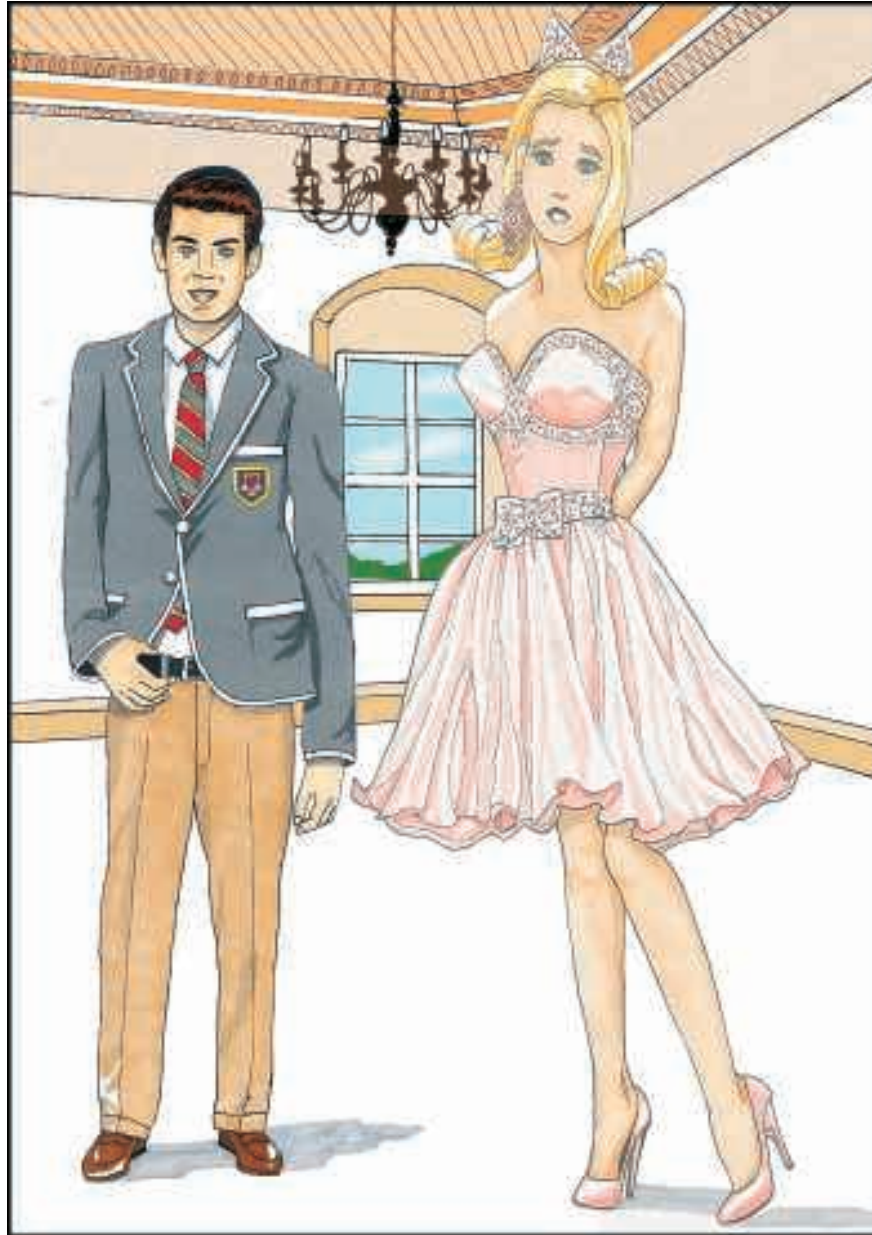
With our other girls we started their figure training lacing their corsets down a modest three inches. However we started our six new girls lacing their corsets down a more severe four inches, so that when Brooke finally finished she’d laced her down a full five inches. Her waist, when she’d first arrived had measured twentyeight inches. More or less normal on a boy five foot, four inches. Now it measured twentythree inches. Which, of course, was just a start. We all rather cruelly wondered what it would measure when she graduated. So far the girl with the tiniest waist to graduate did so with just a nineteen inch waist. We all thought that Priscilla Jane could be the new record breaker. Irene had rather sadistically said that we should make it our goal to have the new girls all graduate with no more than twenty inch waist.

Turning her to the mirror Brooke, and using a tape measure, said, “You see, a little tighter lacing has worked wonders. Pushing out your bottom by another delightful inch and see how it makes your breast appear even bigger?”

Naturally it was the last thing Priscilla Jane wanted to hear.

When Brooke had her in her strapless dress she couldn’t help describing it in the worst terms, at least to Priscilla Jane, what she was wearing. “As you see your skirt comes well above your knees to show off your legs to the boys, which actually are quite shapely and attractive. I see just a few unsightly muscles, although you shouldn’t worry, I’m sure they’ll all disappear in just a few months,” She couldn’t help adding to her misery.

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“Now the skirt is chiffon. Very light and nearly see through so that the boy’s may actually catch glimpses of your panties. A sight, I’m sure, they’ll try hard to get a peek of,” She giggled behind the mortified girl’s back. But she just had to make it worse.

“Plus being so sheer and light as you walk the skirt will accent your wiggling, bouncing bottom as you walk. Now the top is strapless to show off your ample breasts and cleavage to all the boys. the only thing you’ll have to be careful of is don’t make any sudden movements that might cause them to pop out. The sequined top is purposefully designed accent and draw attention to your breasts and cause them to appear to twinkle,” She chuckled, as by now, she had poor Priscilla Jane nearly sobbing at how she was going to be displayed to a group of God knows how many boys.

Her four inch high heels came next, then she added a sequined bow to her hair, and huge, dangling, five inch long chandelier earrings. Next she tackled her makeup exchanging her pink lipstick for a much sexier, seductive deep red, added much heavier mascara to her lashes and more dramatic eyeshadow.

“This is rather crudely referred to, by all girls, as their Southern Belle slut look. A Southern Belle always looks as feminine and demure as she can, but when she’s trying to attract a potential suitor she changes her makeup for a more sexy look,” She explained, trying as hard as she could not to break out laughing.

“Now listen to me Priscilla Jane, you are going to be the most charming, feminine Young Lady to every boy you dance with. You’ll rain compliments on them, tease and flirt...”

“What tease and flirt with them? That I’m not going to do,” she adamantly proclaimed.

“All Young Ladies simply love teasing and flirting with boys...”

“Well, I’m not,” She hotly stated.

“Very well, halfway through the dance I’m going to drag you by the ear into the nearest room and lock you in it. Then I’m going to whisper in the biggest boy’s ears that one of our Young Ladies is just panting to suck his cock and I’ll give them, one

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at a time, the key to the room. by the time they leave God only knows how many cocks you'll have sucked," She threatened.

"I'll tease and flirt," she replied, totally defeated and she could see in Brooke's eyes that she absolutely meant it.

So Brooke taught her how to bat her eyelashes, push her breasts into her partners chest as they danced, "innocently" rub up against him, pucker her lips seductively and talk in the the sexiest, most breathless voice she could.

Her first partner was Clyde Watmier, their tackle, who stood a good six foot, four inches and probably outweighed Priscilla Jane by a good 150 pounds.

I had to chuckle overhearing him say, "You are probably the worst dancer I've danced with, but you have a great set of tits."

Blushing beet red, and humiliated beyond belief, in her best Southern Belle, airhead voice stammered out, "Oh lordy, Master Clyde, I'm just so frustered remarking at my, ah, bosom that I simply don't know what to say."

We could see the relief written on all the new girl's face when the boys finally left. "Poor boys, I mean girls," one of the teachers giggled.

Chapter 18 The Sunday Promenade

The next new experience for our new girls that occurred on Sunday, wasn't quite as dramatic, but did provide us all with a lot of laughs. for Sunday was Southern Belle Promenade day.

When Priscilla Jane tentatively raised her hand and was given permission to speak she recited the phrase she'd been taught to ask permission to speak.

"May Peaches Priscilla Jane pretty please ask what Southern Belle Promenade is, Miss Walker?" She asked, remembering to curtsy before and after she spoke.

"Sunday is a special day that all the girls so look forward to because they get to spend all day dressed up just like the real Southern Belles they're dying to become. After we have you all dressed up we take you down to the city park where there's a lake and a gazebo. Then, single file, you'll all promenade around the lake, which

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usually takes about an hour. It's quite a spectacle and people come from all over to watch. The promenade finishes at the gazebo where you'll sign traditional southern songs like, 'Dixie' and 'Camptown Races.'

"Oh please I can't be seen in public like this," she moaned.

"Don't worry your pretty little head. By the time I'm finished dressing you, why you'll look just like all the other girls," Brooke promised, hiding her giggle.

"Then you'll return here to greet all the visitors, Sunday being visitor's day," she explained.

"Visitors? My stepmother isn't coming is she? I don't know what she'd think with me looking like I do now," she asked, cringing at the thought.

"Oh no, new girls aren't allowed visitor until they've adjusted and have at least some education behind them," she said. Which wasn't at all true, at least for the other girls. This was just a restriction we'd put in to ensure that when the mothers of our new girls finally saw them they'd be well on their way to being totally feminized, in all respects, then it would be much too late.

"Now, once all the visitor have been greeted you'll have tea with several ladies from the Society of Southern Belles, Georgia Chapter. It's their duty to evaluate you and comment on your best assets and what areas you still need to improve on. They'll observe your walk, how you sit, your curtsy, make polite conversation and, of course, your appearance. After which you can relax and play lawn croquet in the afternoon. I know you'll find it ever so exciting, don't you?" Brooke wanted to know.

"Oh yes, Miss Walker, I'm sure Peaches Priscilla Jane will find it ever so thrillingly exciting," she repeated one her learned response, trying unsuccessfully to actually sound excited.

Chapter 19 Priscilla Jane, Southern Belle

To her dismay Brooke started dressing her by tightening her corset, and in keeping with her unrelenting figure training lace it down five and a quarter inches. Then came long, sparkling white, multitiered pantaloons nearly down to her ankles.

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White, midcalf lace up boots with pointed toes and not four inch, but fourandaquater inch heels.

The peach dress had a huge hoop skirt and long, shoulder length, satin gloves that when on were so tight Priscilla Jane could barely bend her arms, wrist or even her fingers.

On her head she tied an enormous frilly bonnet trimmed in ruffles, lace and was tied un the chin. After which she was handed an even frillier parasol, a sachet purse on strings and a fan with the following instructions.

“You will always hold your parasol at a precise fortyfive degree angle. Your purse will delicately dangle from your left wrist and should not be seen to sway even in the slightest. Your right arm you will keep straight out at all times and never seen to bend. You’ll hold your fan open in your right hand angled upwards. At all times a Southern Belle is to smile and look so charmingly excited.”

Chapter 20 The new girls suffer through Sunday

Once at the lake, where a huge crowd waited I gave them their instructions. “In a single file you’ll gracefully promenade around the lake. When I blow my whistle you will stop, curtsy right then left, twirl once to the right, once to the left, curtsy right and left and commence your promenade. When I blow the whistle twice you may fan yourselves as you walk until I again blow the whistle for you to stop.”

It was a hot summer day, yet even in dressed that weighed up to 30 pounds the girls were used to it and seemed oblivious to the heat. Oblivious too to being trained and conditioned to act more like puppets and lookalike mannequins, responding instantly whenever I blew my whistle. They all thought it was just part of becoming a real Southern Belle.

The new girls were comical to watch as they stumbled this way and that whenever I blew the whistle. Awkwardly trying to manage their huge skirts as they walked with more than one tripping over their skirts. And mincing so daintily in their, to them, towering high heeled boots.

When they got the gazebo the new girls were ready to collapse. We put them in the back and just hum rather than sing.

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Once back they stood in line with the rest of the girls greeting the visitors. Then it was on to tea with the stodgy, wealthy ladies of the Society of Southern Belles. The girls delighted in showing off, but for the six new girls it was far from delightful. Made to walk back and forth for them, show them how daintily they could sit and curtsy and converse in a charming, excitable manner to all the inane questions posed to them.

At the end of the day all the girls thought it a, “simply wonderful day” and didn’t want to undress. The new girls were a different matter. They straggled back to their rooms, suffering, as we wanted them to, in dressed that, by then, undoubtedly felt like they weighed 100 pounds, crushed all day in their corsets with their feet tortured in their high heeled boots.

“Now are you sure you don’t to stay dressed up like the rest of the girls?” Brooke amusedly asked Priscilla Jane, who looked ready to collapse.

“Oh no Miss Walker, please would you undress me now and could I be permitted to go to bed early?” She pleaded.

Chapter 21 Seeing the light

I have to give the new girls credit as by the end of the first month they finally, as they say, “seen the light.”

We were pleased to see what we speculated would happen came to pass. Obviously they found it humiliating to have their name called out as the student who’d received the most Naughty Lady demerits during the day. shameful enough if you were a real girl to be made to go up on the stage, be bent over a chair, have your skirts pulled over your head and your bloomers pulled down exposing their naked bottom to the rest of the school. But you can imagine how much more humiliating it would be if you were actually a boy dressed as a girl to be showing off their behinds to 100 girls.

And then to be paddled by the girls, painful enough but to be paddled by a thirteen or even ten year old girl was doubly humiliating.

So, as we speculated, they were forced throughout each day to compete against each other in all their classes, whether they wanted to or not, to avoid being the one

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called up to the stage. Or much worse to be named the one with the most weekly demerits and spend all day Saturday standing inside the entrance with a sign hanging from their bottoms that read, "I've been a Naughty Lady, Please Paddle me."

In each class we saw them actually trying harder, even though they obviously hated it. Which was fine with us, as long as each day they gradually became more and more like the Young Ladies they were destined to become.

Chapter 22 Demoted

Unfortunately while they finally started applying themselves and really trying their hardest in each class at the end of the first month two ended up with "C" averages while three had "D" averages, including Priscilla Jane. So all but Peaches Daisy Mae were demoted.

Taken to the uniform supply room by their Big Sisters they were dressed down to their corsets and bras and redressed in the uniforms worn by our eleven to thirteen year old junior high girls.

Once dressed and turned to a mirror so they could see themselves none could stop the shameful sobs.

Gone were their over the knee poodle skirts replaced with skirts that barely came to midhigh. And while they'd worn petticoats under their longer skirts they now wore the frilliest of petticoats that showed a good three inches below their skirts. Gone too were their knee socks replaced with juvenile, tum down anklets. Their more grown up saddle shoes were replaced by the shiny, black, patent leather mary janes that all the junior high girls wore.

However shameful it was to see themselves dressed like eleven and thirteen girls it actually got worse. for the required hairstyle for junior high girls were tight braids fastened at the tips with bows. so they had wigs with braids permanently fixed to them.

Once dressed Brooke led the thoroughly crushed Priscilla Jane to the office of Coretta Hill, our junior high principal.

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“This is your new student Ma’am, Peaches Priscilla Jane. Unfortunately she failed to keep her grades up, receiving a ‘D’ average. Her only ‘C’ was in flower arranging. To be fair her teachers noticed her really trying so our conclusion is that she’s simply a slow learner, has limited capacity to retain what she’s being taught, and lacks a natural gracefulness that most girls her age have. Acting, if you imagine, more like a tomboy,” Brooke stated.

“So, not the brightest of girls, it seems,” Coretta remarked. “No Ma’am, I’m afraid not,” Brooke replied, see the angry look on Priscilla Jane’s face and knowing the cause, as in the school she’d attended she’d had a straight “A” average.

“What areas is she deficient in?” Coretta asked.

“Well, she’s quite clumsy and awkward in all her dance classes, in her Poise, Posture and Gestures she simply doesn’t exhibit even a hint of gracefulness. And it’s no better in her Walk and Curtsy class especially when she tried to do either in heels,” Brooke stated, which must have galled Priscilla Jane for, of course, she was hardly graceful, after all she had once been a boy.

“I’m sure we can address her lack of gracefulness almost immediately,” she stated, calling in her assistant, Nancy.

When she came in Coretta said, “Please remove the girl’s shoes and make the adjustment to them that we’ve used in the past,” She asked.

While she was gone Coretta said, “Let me take a closer look at her. Well, on the plus side in her short junior high skirt she has quite shapely legs, which will become even more so when we rid her of a few remaining, unsightly muscles. Then too I noticed what tiny feet she has even for a junior high girl. Also on the plus side are her breasts, quite well developed for her age,” she remarked, obviously already thinking of her as a junior high girl.

“On the negative side her figure is deplorable, which, unfrequently the girls are apt to tease her about, She said, which was when her assistant returned.

Placing the mary janes back on her feet Coretta instructed her to walk back and forth across the room.

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As she did a loud tapping could immediately be heard and after just a few steps Priscilla Jane slipped, nearly falling.

“Nancy put the largest stell taps we have on her toes and heels, which will force her to walk as daintily as she can with the shortest mincing step which I’m sure will help her gracefulness and walk. Nancy, please put taps on all her shoes, including her high heels and see that she gets extra practice walking and curtsyng in them,” she ordered.

So now not only did all the new girls have tacks in their heels they had loud, deafening taps to deal with, poor boys.

Turning to her she sternly said, “You will study harder than all the other Young Girls, you’ll have extra homework and I’ll inform all your teachers as well as the girls to not hesitate to give you a demerit for the most minor of faults.”

“Did you say Young Girls?” Brooke asked.

“Only senior girls have earned the title of Young Lady. Juniors are addressed as Young Girl. Therefore when anyone asks your name you will say, ‘My name is Young Girl Peaches Priscilla Jane,’ Is that understood she demanded to know.

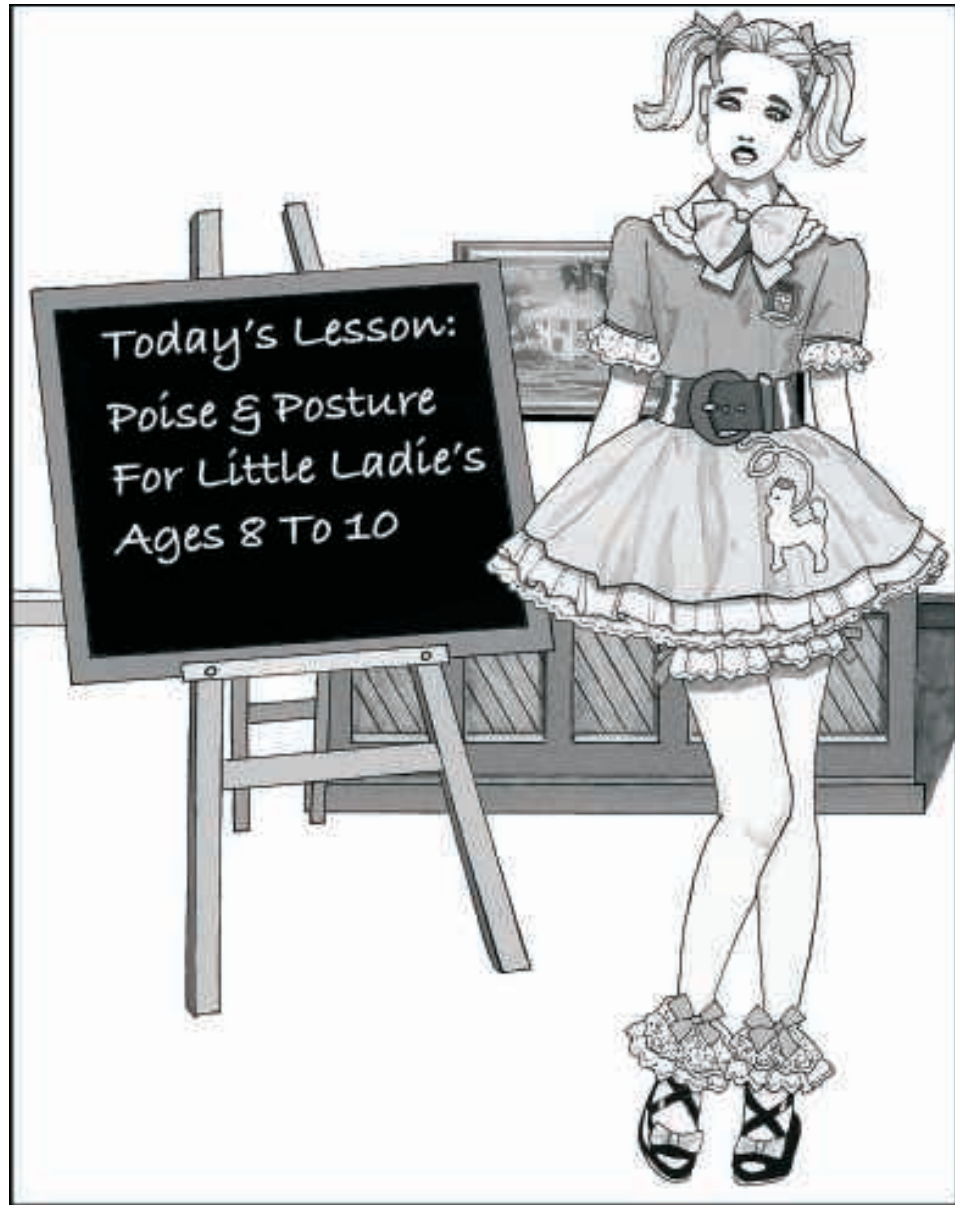
“YYes Principal,” Priscilla Jane miserably replied, thus ensuring, to her continued shame, that everyone would think she was actually was an eleven, twelve or thirteen years old.

Brought into her first class all the girls erupted in laughter at the sight of one of the new girls, who they all knew were really boys. Almost immediately Priscilla Jane was forced to endure their cruel teasing, jeers and laughter which we did nothing to stop. Feeling that being horribly teased would provide enough incentive for her, and the other new girls, dressed as junior high girls to try even harder to raise their grades to get promoted back to the seniors.

Chapter 23 Demoted, again

Humiliating as it was to be a former eighteen year old boy like Priscilla Jane to be dressed like a junior high girl it was the daily, merciless teasing, taunting and

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laughter they were subjected to gleefully by the real girls that forced them to really try their hardest in every class.

Unfortunately at the end of their first month dressed as junior high girls four of them failed to average a “B” and were demoted to the status of elementary school girls. Only Peaches Ashley Anne, who’s grades averaged a “C+” was allowed to remain a junior high girl.

When Priscilla Jane saw herself dressed in the standard elementary school girl’s uniform, worn by girls eight to ten, it was so much worse that she just in sobs.

For if she thought her short junior high skirt had been shamefully short, her elementary school girl skirts were so short they actually showed off her bloomers.

Instead of one petticoat she now wore two that fell a good five inches below her poodle skirt showing off girlishly long bare legs down to the most awful anklets with huge double tiers of lace ruffles and decorated with peach bows in front. Her single strap mary janes were replaced with even more little girl, double crisscrossing strapped shoes with peach bows on each toe.

At her collar was the biggest peach, satin bow, but perhaps even worse than her uniform was her hairstyle, childish pigtails. With her longish hair now grown out it was just enough to no longer require a wig.

Before taking her to her first class the principal informed her that, as she was now dressed as an elementary school girl she was to be addressed, not as a Young Girl, but as Little Girl Peaches Priscilla Jane.

What I found interesting was that she was tall for an elementary school girl, but not ridiculously so. There were actually a couple of ten year olds as tall and even one an inch taller. So that when introduced, such as on visitor’s day, she was crushed to realize that she was simply accepted as a tall ten year old girl.

Chapter 24 Six months later

It took all of six months as elementary school girls to bring their grades up enough to be promoted back to junior high status. By then they had been so feminized it was time to let their mothers see them for the first time. As expected

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they were outraged and promised a lawsuit. Although interestingly, not all were so outraged.

Priscilla Jane's stepmother who'd never liked him for the trouble making, rebellious boy he'd been just chuckled when Priscilla Jane begged her to take her out of school.

"What so you can return to your drug taking, car stealing gang? I think not. It's obvious, however humiliated and ashamed you are, the school has had a positive effect on you. And, best of all, you're out of my hair. So, you'll simply stay until you graduate. I think you'll make a gorgeous Southern Belle," she giggled.

Then there was Daisy Mae's aunt who remarked that she thought he made a better girl than a boy.

"I have the feeling you're not as offended as the others are being dressed as a girl, are you Daisy Mae?" She asked kindly.

"NNo Aunty," she said truthfully.

Well, a lawsuit was filed, but unfortunately it came to Judge Weather's court. Who reminded them of the restrictions placed on them, so they went away defeated.

Chapter 25 Graduation

It took all of a year and a half for the six new girls to mince on stage and accept their diplomas as full fledged Southern Belles. By then all had been completely feminized and each was frankly gorgeous. But it was Peaches Priscilla Jane who really stood out. First you noticed her stunning, pinched waist figure, with her waist measuring a school record, petite eighteen and a half inches. Which caused her breasts to appear simply huge in her graduation gown. Her long shapely leg showed not a hint of muscle. Then there were her heels. We'd mandated that while all the other girls were required to graduate in five inch heels we decided that the new girls would graduate in six inch heels. But, Priscilla Jane had such shapely feet we took bets on whether she could graduate in seven inch heels. Brooke won the bet, but only because she forced poor Priscilla Jane to spend hours each day in them.

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As a crowning touch there was her hair. Which was elaborately fashioned in true Southern Belle style in long, sausage curls with, of all things, a fake, beauty pageant tiara pinned on top.

Her stepmother couldn't help the smug look of satisfaction evident on her face as Priscilla Jane was presented to her.

"Why don't you make just the most gorgeous Southern Belle. I think just as soon as I get you home I'll have to start looking for potential suitors for you," she chuckled.

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