

Schoolgirl Sissy Tales

Volume 2

Tales of males schooled to be Sissies.

By Patricia Michelle

Special Magazine Size Edition

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"The Margate Academy" Where boys may very well end up as girls.

"Home Schooled Sissy" Wife turns husband's school girl fetish into the real thing.



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The Margate Academy

Where Boys May End Up As Girls.

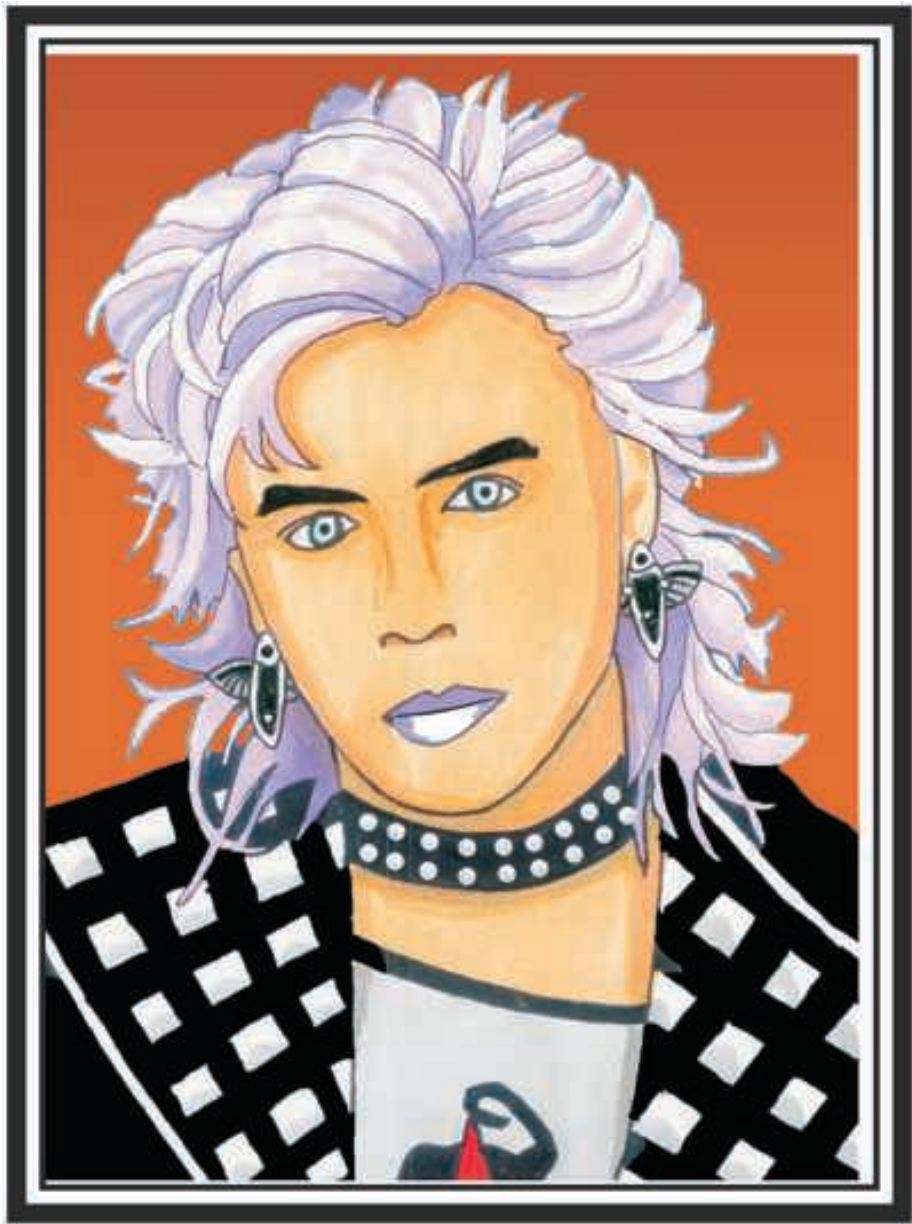
by Patricia Michelle

Chapter 1 I find a relative.

My name is Kate Barrister. With the creation of the website ancestry.com I became fascinated with our families history. Imagine my surprise to find that I had a distant relative in England. Her name is Hilary. I emailed her and she was just as delighted as I was to find she had a relative in the States.

Not only that but we were almost the same age, with a twenty year old son. While I explained that, with both parents having died in a car accident, I had become the legal guardian of a much younger nineteen year old stepbrother. Who, I confided, was impossible to deal with. Thinking himself a heavy metal rocker he dressed in Goth attire, spiked his hair and colored it purple, and had even taken to using black makeup. He'd flunked out of school, the majority of the time I had no idea what he was into or where he was. All too often getting a call from the police who'd picked him up all drugged up and I'd have to go down and bail him out with the judge warning me that one more and it was jail. I told Hilary I was at my wits end, I simply didn't know what to do with him.

In response she invited me to visit her, and to make sure I brought my troublesome stepbrother. Mysteriously she assured me she had the perfect solution with how to deal with him.



Chapter 2 Hilary and I finally meet.

I managed to get Fred on the plane only when I told him his favorite band was having a concert in London.

When we arrived I wanted him to join me on my visit to meet Hilary. To my disappointment he said he didn't want to meet some old bag relative and would run around London and go to the concert.

Hilary met me at my hotel and I could immediately see that besides being gorgeous she was obviously, by the way she was dressed and her jewels, very wealthy. Which was confirmed when she led me to a silver Bentley. Waiting for us was a tall, attractive, sturdily built girl.

My first surprise came Hilary introduced her.

"This is Colleen, and is my son, Victor's, governess," she explained. Why on earth did her twenty year old son have a governess, and one two years younger? I wondered, but didn't voice my thought.

It was a rather long drive to the northern part of England finally arriving on the coast at what looked to me like a castle although Hilary modestly referred to it as the

Barrington Manor.

When we got out it was actually a bit chilly even though it was still summer.

"You'll need a sweater I'm afraid. You can't imagine what the winters are like, absolutely brutal.

At the door we were met by two maids, who she introduced as Rebecca and Elisa. Now this is really wealth I couldn't help thinking.

Once inside I was introduced to her sixteen year old daughter, Chelsea. As beautiful as her mother.

"Has Victor been a good boy while I was away?" Hilary asked.

"Yes Ma'am, he's been a good boy for me coloring in his room as Colleen has given him permission to do," Elisa answered.

“Elisa is actually going nights to a domestics school to become a governess like Colleen. For experience she lets her supervise the boy when she is running errands and on her days off,” Hilary stated.

This, I thought, is certainly getting really odd. A twenty year old boy with a governess who is allowing a girl, who couldn't be more than seventeen supervise him when she's not around. And he was being allowed to color, like in a child's coloring book?

“As he's been a good boy, when you dress him up for dinner you may loosen his laces a bit. I'm sure he'll be excited to be introduced wearing pants,” Hilary instructed.

Frankly I was getting more and more perplexed. I had no idea what loosening his laces could possibly mean, and even stranger that he'd be excited wearing pants? Huh?

Chapter 3 My eyes deceive me.

Hilary couldn't help noticing my puzzlement. In response she took out a photo and handed it to me. “This is Victor two years ago,” she said. The boy in the photo looked much the same as my wretched stepbrother. The exception being his punk hair was pink, his eyebrows and lips were black and, like my wretched stepson he wore a disgusting dog collar..

“And you were able to, well, get him under control?” I asked, not believing it possible.

“Oh yes, you'll see,” she smiled.

It was about an hour later, as we were having drinks that we heard footsteps. Well, finally, I'm going to meet her boy, I imagined. But when I looked up I saw Colleen who had a wicked looking cane, of all things, in one hand, and I swear what I first thought was a young girl, although boyishly dressed. Looking closer I realized it was a boy rather girlish in appearance and dressed quite juvenile. Could this actually be her twenty year old son walking, or more mincing into the room.



For he was dressed in a pair of burgundy, satin shorts, not even reaching mid thigh. It was rather high waisted and showed off such a slender, almost girlish figure.

Broad shoulder straps fastened to it with shiny, black buttons, front and back. His short, white shirt, which at first I mistook for a blouse

that had a quite broad collar that was actually lace trimmed. In front was a bib, also ruffle trimmed. At the collar was what I could only describe as a big, floppy sissy bow.

His legs were childishly bare down to a pair of white, turn down anklets and on his feet childish, red, patent leather mary jane shoes.

But it was his face and hair that at first made me think I was looking at a girl. His brows were rather girlishly arched, his lips quite glossy and his lashes unusually long. While long hair is big with a lot of boys his hair was styled more girlish than anything with childish bangs, in a sort of page boy style.

“This is your Auntie Kate from America, please go over and introduce yourself,” Hilary ordered.

“Hello AAuntie Kate. My name is Master Victor and I am ever so delighted to meet you,” he said, with, I didn’t believe it, a lisp sounding a bit too girlish for a boy, and did he actually just curtsy not only before but after he spoke?

“You may go and sit in your chair, quietly, and don’t let me see you fidgeting, as you do much too often. It’s very annoying and distracting to adults, understood?” She sternly asked.

“YYes Mummy,” he replied meekly, and all the time we sat there he didn’t so much as move a muscle.

When dinner was announced I couldn’t believe my ears when I heard Colleen say to the boy, “Go and fetch your pinnie now, Master Victor.” I was sure she couldn’t possibly mean an actual pinafore!

But she had, and as the boy stood with arms out she buttoned him into a really most frilly, childish pinafore.

Seeing my expression Hilary casually remarked, “The school where he attends requires that a pinafore be worn at all meals and during their playtime so they don’t dirty or soil their clothes.” Well fine, but he was a twenty year old boy wearing what amounted to a little girl’s pinafore. Just what kind of a school was he going to?

Throughout dinner he didn't utter a word unless asked a question, he ate quite daintily yet with his plate still half full Colleen announced, "You're finished now Master Victor, put your knife and fork down and I'll take you up to your room, where you'll be allowed an hour to play before I dress you for bed."

Looking at my watch I saw it was only seven o'clock and she was putting him to bed for the night? And I'm sure I didn't hear right when I heard her say she was actually going to dress him for bed.

Chapter 4 Hilary reveals her secret.

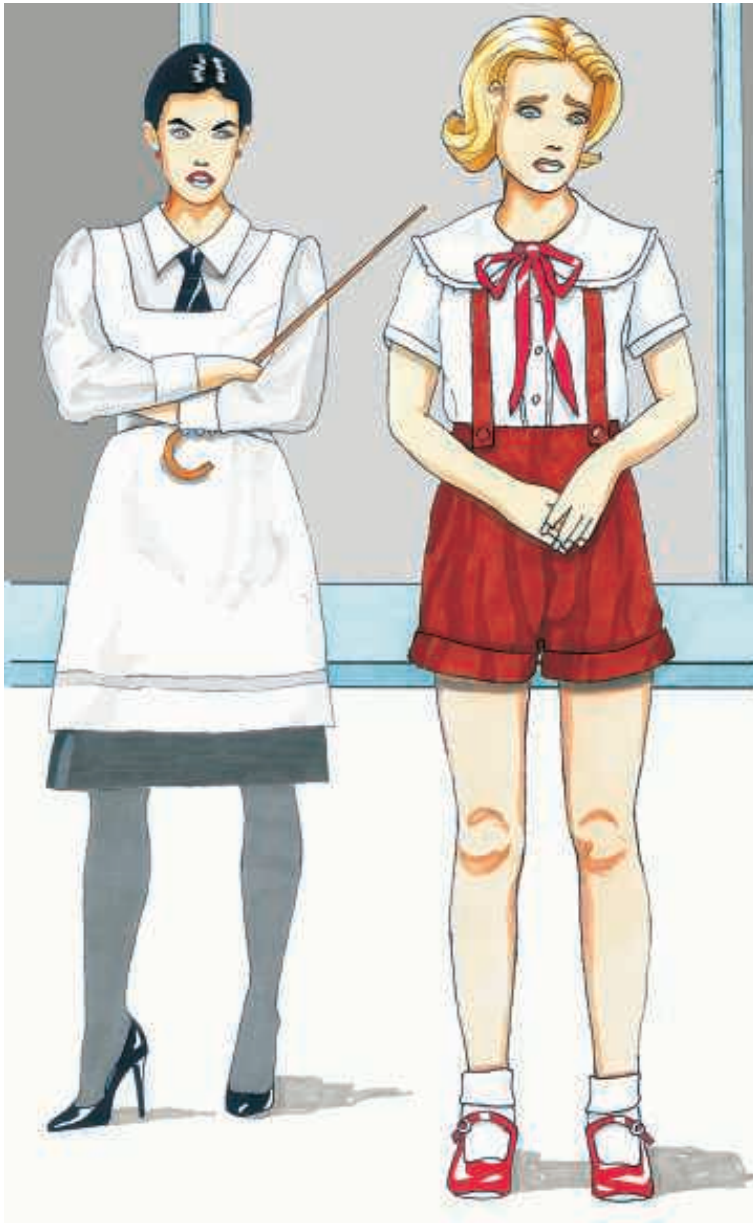
As soon as they left I turned to Hilary. "Alright spill it. How did you do it? What's a twenty year old boy doing having a governess, and one two years younger?"

God, he must hate that. And why is he dressed so juvenile? What did you mean when you told Colleen she could loosen his laces? As if he were wearing a corset? And did I hear her say she was going to dress him for bed, and is eight o'clock his normal bedtime? Most of all whatever did you mean when you said he'd be excited wearing pants, what else would he be wearing? And when you said pants I assumed you meant long pants, not the little boy pants he was wearing, and, for heavens sake, childish mary jane shoes and anklets. I am so totally confused," I admitted.

"Yes, I'm sure you are," she chuckled. "However it's really a two part answer. Now in the States boys receive certain privileges when they turn sixteen, like learning to drive, and being allowed to drink at eighteen. Then at twentyone they're considered an adult. do I have it right so far?" She asked.

"Well, yes, that pretty much sums it up," I agreed.

"But that's not the case at all here. Especially among the families who still go by the long held tradition that boys do not reach what's called, 'their majority.' And reaching one's majority has nothing to do with age. It does, however, have everything to do with how they act and conduct themselves. If they act like a responsible adult in all



manner, such as being responsible, respectful, polite, wellmannered, disciplined, have learned the value of hard work, and most importantly they're obedient then they're considered to have reached their majority as an adult. Until then they're not considered to be grown up and are still considered, and treated, in everyone's eyes, as still a child," She explained.

“So that’s why he’s dressed so juvenile?” I asked.

“Precisely When his father passed away Victor got rebellious as you saw in the photo of how he looked two years ago. Mistakenly thinking he was grown up and could act as he damn well pleased. He needed to be reminded that he was far from grown up and was still considered, in my eyes, a child. So he’s kept dressed as one as a constant reminder. And to enforce that, like all children, at least in the upper class, he has a governess. Colleen is quite efficient in reminding him, You saw, Im sure the cane she was holding. It doesn’t take very much acting up at all on his part for her to use it on his behind,” she assured me. Exactly what Fred definitely could use, I thought, a good caning.

“Yes, I could well imagine. Especially coming from a girl several years younger. That he must find especially humiliating,” I said.

“Exactly why I chose Colleen. Having to obey a girl, is one thing, much worse one that’s two years younger. It’s obvious it’s absolutely crushing to him,” She said, which I could well imagine.

“Now, as to your bewilderment when I told Colleen she could loosen his laces. He does, in fact, wear a corset. One specifically laced so tight it’s quite impossible for him to defy her or offer her the slightest resistance. At the Margate Academy a corset is mandatory for all boys,” She said, adding, “ And it’s the solution I strongly recommend for your stepbrother.”

“Well, it must be a most unusual school,” I remarked, which seemed an under statement.

Chapter 5 Shocked speechless.

“Margate is what I’d call a throw back school for rebellious boys. Their secret, well let me ask you, what’s the most horrible thing that any boy would absolutely hate? She asked.

“Besides having to wear a corset I’m at a loss,” I admitted.

“Let me show you a picture of Victor in his school uniform a year ago,” She said, handing me a photo.

When I looked at it I was shocked. It was, without a doubt, the most horrible thing that any boy would absolutely hate. For I was looking at him dressed as a little girl. In the frilliest pink dress that any eight year old would die over with a short skirt that stood almost straight out due to the layers of petticoats that showed well below the hem. On his legs were ruffled anklets and the most girlish pink shoes. His hair had a huge bow in it with pink, dangling earrings.

“Dressed as a girl he’s called ‘Miss Victoria.’ The school makes the worst boys dress and act, I might add, like girls. They hate it, as you can imagine, but they either kill themselves trying to act like girls and those that don’t get demoted into even more girlish clothes. The perfect way to reform any boy,” She declared, and right then I decided Fred would be their newest student. I couldn’t wait to see him in a little girl’s dress.

“I need to see this school and get a better understanding of how it works,” I said.

“Of course, I’ll call Lillian Masters, the headmistress and set up an appointment,” She offered, then added, “If you decide to enroll him he can stay here with us.”

“Oh really, I couldn’t impose...”

“It’s really not a problem at all. I’ll have Colleen make Elisa his governess,” she chuckled.

I had this image of seventeen year old Elisa bending him over and giving him a good, thorough and well deserved caning.

Chapter 6 The Margate Academy

Two day’s later Hilary drove me over to the school, only about ten kilometers away.

There I was ushered into the headmistresses office. Lillian Masters looked to be in her late 50's. Attractive, but had a no nonsense look about her.

After I explained the trouble I was having with my stepbrother she assured me he'd pose them little problem.

"We've had worse and managed to turn them around," She stated.

"By putting them in corsets, dressing them as girls and making them act like a girl," I said.

"Yes, precisely. Although we don't dress them as girls when they arrive. We give them a chance to knuckle under and do their best to reform and stay in pants. Each semester we only accept eight new students. When they arrive they're all dressed as you saw Victor. Still as boys but childishly so to remind them that they are far from grown up. Naturally they're outraged until they hear what will happen to half of them at the end of the first semester.

You can imagine their shock when I inform them that at the end of their first semester that half of them, the ones with the worst grades, will be dressed as girls and taught to act and conduct themselves as girls and take classes meant exclusively for girls. After the first semester, the half with the worst grades are then dressed as twelve year old girls. At the end of the second semester half are dressed as ten year old girls. And after that the worst half as eight year old girls. In each instance they must compete against each other to act as girlish as they possibly just to be promoted back to ten year olds and so on till they're finally back in short pants. Then to graduate to long pants and be considered to have reached their majority they have to go three semesters without being demoted.

Victor, for example has two more semesters then he'll graduate. It's really quite foolproof," she stated, and I couldn't disagree. Poor boys, oh no, poor Fred, or maybe he would end up as 'Miss Frederica.' That I couldn't wait to see.

Chapter 7 What makes Margate different.

“Now what you need to know is that our goals here are quite different from other schools. In a sense this is the last resort to turn around hard core problem boys that are totally out of control, like your stepbrother. Trust me, when they eventually graduate they are very much changed. We will have removed all the traditional characteristics you find in today’s male. No inflated egos, or feelings of superiority no hint of an aggressive personality. They will have become quite docile and submissive, very obedient, never daring to question anything they’re told, or told to do. In effect they make a perfect house husband for a woman fed up with today’s macho man,” she stated.

“I’m not sure I understand the last part, a perfect house husband?” I asked.

“To be honest only the wealthier families can afford Margate, so the majority of our students represent a very wealthy catch. What better match than a submissive, docile husband who wouldn’t think of competing with his wife and assuredly knows his place in the marriage. While married as an independent, dominant woman still free live her own life as she sees fit while her stay at home husband thinks of nothing more than catering to her every wish and demand.

We actually have a waiting list of women and mothers, in particular, looking to match their daughter to one of our graduates. Hilary has said she’s already had several inquiries concerning Victor as a possible match for their daughters. Although she’s favoring an old friend matching him with her twentythree, very head strong, daughter, Claire. A brilliant computer expert travelling around the world on various projects. So, he’d make the perfect stay at home match. She’s taking her daughter, next week, to meet him to assess if she’d find him suitable to her images of what she wants in a husband,” she said.

Chapter 8 Miss Geraldine.

As we were talking there was a knock on the door and when Lillian gave permission to enter in wobbled a boy in shoes with, I thought, about two inch heels and dressed in what amounted to a frilly, pink, little girls dress falling just above her knees. Her hair was girlishly styled in a flipped up page boy with a huge bow pinned to it. Behind “her” was a tall, young girl with a cane in one hand. What was really strange was a short chain connecting one shoe to the other limiting “her” step to no more than, say, five inches.

“Ah Constance, still having problems with Miss Geraldine, I assume?” Lillian asked.

“Yes Ma’am, she’s been caught several times trying to cut the laces of her corset and refuses to keep her heels on when we’re not looking. Plus she gave me a most nasty look when I kept correcting her curtsy,” she proclaimed.

“Unfortunately Miss Geraldine didn’t take us seriously when he arrived as Gerald. Charged with attempted rape and assaulting some poor girl. Thinking no girl could possibly resist him. So, Miss Geraldine, how do you like being a twelve year old girl?” She asked.

“Not very damn much,” she retorted angrily.

“Answer correctly or will we have to have a lesson with Mr. Cane?” Constance sternly asked.

Looking in fright at her menacing cane she stammered, “I’m so sorry headmistress, I absolutely adore being a ggirl.”

“Well, you have one month to show us how much you really do adore being a girl or you’ll undoubtedly be demoted, is that what you want?”

“Oh nno please...”

“Now then, as to you constantly removing your shoes when you think no one is looking, you’ve been told repeatedly not to do so, haven’t you?” Lillian asked.

“I can’t walk in these, they’re high heels for christsake and they hurt my feet,” she declared.

“But Miss Geraldine, all girls have to learn to walk in high heels. So Constance put her in shoes that lock on her feet,” she ordered. Shoes that locked? Was all I could wonder.

“Now as to you repeatedly trying to get out of your corset instead of lacing her to three inches lace her down another inch from now on and make sure you lock it on. As to the nasty look she gave you I think she could use some time in detention, after you give her mouth a good soaping. I’m thinking three hours in detention writing, ‘A good girl does not give her teachers nasty looks,’ three hundred times in the special chair we have for naughty girls,” she instructed.

“Yes Ma’am, it’s what I thought you’d decide,” Constance concurred.

When they left I couldn’t help saying, “He, I mean she, will never learn to walk in even two inch heels in just a month.”

“No, of course not. Miss Geraldine, we’ve already decided needs to be demoted to our littlest girl before he even starts to knuckle under,” she admitted.

““Now, do you have time for a tour and perhaps some lunch?” She asked, and dying of curiosity I agreed.

Chapter 9 The new students make over room.

“First we’ll visit what we call our new student make over room. And we’re in luck as our final four boys just arrived today,” She said.

When we entered I was greeted with a sight I didn’t expect, it looked like a beauty parlor. With several girls attending to four boys sitting, unprotesting in beautician’s chairs.

“The first thing we do is give them what we tell them is a shot for the flu. In reality what it does is put them out like a light for several

hours so that we don't have to deal with any resistance on their part. Now in this chair Emily is removing all his hair from the ears down, including around his private parts. There's nothing more devastating for a boy who thinks he's grown up then to suddenly be childishly baby smooth everywhere," She assured me, and I could just imagine Fred's shocked reaction when he suddenly found himself without the manly hair he was so proud of.

"Now in this chair Julia has shampooed the boy's hair and is in the process of changing him from a brunette to a blonde. Whatever the color of a boy's hair we change it to the opposite for the shock value. And since he has short hair she's about to add extensions to just below chin length. In this chair Gloria is plucking this boys far too masculine eyebrows, then she'll add longer eyelashes and permanently glue a coin under the tip of his tongue," She explained.

"Which will cause him to lisp," I said, remembering Victor's rather girlish lisp.

"Exactly. What could be worse than to wake up suddenly with a childish lisp, the perfect reminder that, despite what he thinks, he's still a child and now he's speaking like one," She stated.

The next boy wasn't in a chair but, of all things, was fastened to a lacing bar as a girl was in the process of lacing him into a long, formidable looking corset.

"Mandy will tighten his corset, to start, down three inches. Sufficient to prevent any physical resistance on his part. The least exertion will obviously cause him to quickly lose his breath. Corsets are mandatory to make them easy to manage. But there are a couple other advantage to keeping them in corsets. Obviously it immediately corrects their posture. But they also restricts how much they're able to eat which results in a gradual weight loss which becomes significant by the time they graduate. Miss Geraldine, for example, who currently weights 135 pounds will probably graduate weighing not more than say 110 pounds, or less and with little muscle tone, if any. So that his future wife, who will greatly outweigh him, when she's displeased with him will have no problem dragging him by the ear over her lap for a good spanking." Lillian said.

The fourth boy we encountered was being dressed in what she said was the standard new boy's uniform. Much like I'd seen Victor dressed. Very short pants with shoulder straps, short sleeved shirt with a broad collar edged in ruffles, floppy bow, white, turn down anklets and shiny, black childish mary janes. What was unusual was a short chain attached to both shoes with a chain between them that would obviously dramatically shorten his step to what looked like about six inches.

In way of explanation Lillian said, "We employ various training devices to bring them further under control. The short chain prevents them from trying to run away, always a problem, while conditioning a more sedate, much less masculine walk.

Chapter 10 Boys to Girls.

In the next room down the hall was yet another Make Over Room.

"We call this out Boys to Girls make over room. And here is our newest girl Miss Tammy, formerly Tom. After her petticoats have been put on her corset will be laced down four inches she's put in her first bra and panties. Don't you just adore your corset and first bra and panties, Miss Tammy?" She asked.

"YYes headmistress. I adore my first bra and panties," she sobbed, obviously dying in shame. As would any boy, but so much worse in the frilliest, ruffled bra and girlish panties I think I've ever seen.

What I found rather unusual was that dangling from her ears, of all thing, we large, tinkling bells.

"Their bell earrings act as a constant, shameful reminder that they're now a girl, not longer a boy," Lillian explained.

Chapter 11 Twelve to Ten.

Opening the next door Lillian explained, "This is where the worst half of our twelve year olds get demoted to ten year olds. Hello Darcy, and who do we have here?" She asked one of the student monitors regarding her charge sternly dressed severely to intimate the obviously scared "girl" in a black skirt, white blouse, high heeled boots and holding a menacing wooden cane.

"Why this darling creature is Miss Josephine. Doesn't she make simply the most perfect little ten year old girl?" She giggled.

And, in truth, she certainly did. If I had thought Miss Geraldine's attire excessively frilly Miss Josephines was dramatically even more so. Her skirts, which included three quite visible petticoats didn't even come to mid thigh. Her anklets were ruffled and so horribly girlish. Her hair had been added to until it came down several inches below her shoulders. And she was made up much more girlishly. Her brows were much more arched, her pink lips had been formed into pouty, cupid's lips. All told she looked almost doll like with even longer, curled lashes, brighter eyeshadow and rouged cheeks.

I assumed she was corseted even more severely as her waist was even more dainty than Miss Geraldine's. Then on her feet, poor thing, were not two inch heels, but three inch stiletto heels and like Miss Geraldine's shoes they were connected by a short chain only it was even shorter!

"Unfortunately Miss Josephine didn't try as hard as we know she could have, did you?" She asked sternly.

"NNo headmistress," She said, hanging her head.

"Well, I do hope you try as best you can if you want to be promoted back to being twelve this semester. You've seen our adorable eight year old girls, is that what you want to become?" She asked.

"Oh no headmistress, I'll try harder, really I will," she swore, and dressed and looking as she did I believed she really would.

As we left Lillian chuckled and said, “She has no hope of being promoted in a month, not in those heels. At the least she’ll spend the next couple of semesters as a ten year old before we eventually promote her.”

Chapter 12 Ten to Eight year olds.

“This is where our real problem girls will end up, demoted to the littlest, eight year olds. Ah yes, one of our problem girls, Miss Davinia, formerly her name was David, I believe. At one time he thought he was a real gang banger, didn’t you? In and out of juvenile detention centers until the judge sent you here as a last resort. I remember how you laughed when you were told that if you didn’t knuckle down and change your ways we were going to turn you into a girl. Well you didn’t knuckle down, not when we turned you into a twelve year old girl, or when your lack of effort turned you into a ten year old. So now you’re a little eight year old girl and you’ll stay an eight year old little girl until we see that you’ve finally changed your ways. Am I clear?” She asked warningly.

“Yea, right. There’s no way you’re going to turn me into an eight year old girl,” She stubbornly replied.

“Oh, you don’t understand, you’re going to turn yourself into an eight year old little girl all on your own..”

“Right, if you think I’m going to turn myself into a little girl you’re delusional,” She angrily retorted.

“See that darling little girl over there? That’s Miss Polly. She had the same attitude as you. Now she’s trying desperately to act like the perfect little girl, which she’s been for a year and a half now. So you see we could keep you as a little girl, well, just about forever,” She

smirked, then to me asked, “Doesn’t she already make just the cutest little, eight year old?”

“Oh absolutely, why I think any other eight year old girl would die of envy at how she’s dressed,” I said looking at her absurdly frilly dress so short I could actually catch glimpses of her panties. Her hair, so girlishly styled, came nearly down to her elbows and she looked even more like a doll than Miss Josephine. The only rather bizarre thing about her appearance were her, I learned, four inch heels she was noticeably wobbling in. God, I didn’t even own a pair of four inch heels. Nor could I help remarking on her figure.

“All our little girls are laced down a full five inches to give them the girlish figures they all want. How do you like your new corset Miss Davinia,” She asked.

“I can’t breath, it’s so tight,” She moaned.

“Oh I’m sure in a few months you’re get used to it, and then we can lace it even tighter,” she declared.

“Tighter? No please..”

“Well only if you don’t start applying yourself,” Lillian warned, smiling knowingly at me with a wink.

“Miss Davania, I think has finally come to realize just how serious we are,” she said, noticing, with satisfaction, the look of horror on her face.

“Has that other girl, Miss Polly actually been a little girl for a year and a half?” I asked.

“No, just two semesters, but Miss Davinia doesn’t know that,” She chuckled.

Chapter 13 Learning a proper curtsy.

In our next classroom I saw several groups of “girls” all trying to learn to curtsy. the twelve year old in two inch heels, were doing

better than the ten year olds in three inch heels. Who weren't doing well at all. then there was a group of eight year olds. They were having the greatest difficulty and I could imagine why, trying clumsily to curtsy gracefully in four inch heels.

"The first thing all our girls learn is how to execute a perfect curtsy, then they learn when it's mandatory," she explained as I watched them all trying fearfully trying as hard as they could with instructors standing behind them correcting them with their cane for the slightest fault.

"Your left heel was not exactly perpendicular to the floor Miss Annette," warned one of them with a smack to the back of the left leg.

"You didn't hold your curtsy for two seconds, Miss Gretel," another warned painfully striking her bottom.

"I'm sorry Miss Lawrence, I'll try harder," she sobbed.

And yet another was corrected when she stumbled trying to curtsy in her four inch heels.

My watching was interrupted when Lillian handed me a sheet of paper that read, "The Margate Academy Rules of Curtsy."

Oh my, I thought, as I read?

I must always curtsy before and after I speak.

I must curtsy after being told what to do.

If I am sitting and a woman enter the room I must always stand, curtsy and remain standing until given permission to sit.

I must always curtsy before I enter a room and before I leave a room, whether it is occupied or not.

If I must pass in front of a woman I must always pause and curtsy to her.



If a woman passes me I must always curtsy and hold my curtsy until I can no longer hear her.

I must always curtsy before I sit and after I am allowed to stand.

When I finished reading Lillian said, “Curtsying is such a childish and girlish gesture that any boy obviously hates doing it. However each curtsy reinforced to them who is in charge.”

“I’m pretty sure I actually saw Victor curtsy when he was introduced,” I remarked.

“No, boys in pants, long or short, are taught a bob, an abbreviated form. Their future wives will expect a submissive bob at all the same instances laid down in their curtsy rules,” she stated.

Chapter 14 Poise & Posture for Proper girls.

In our next classroom I could see some “girls” standing, others sitting very properly while a third groups was walking up and down the room. And all had books on their heads!

“Over here,” she pointed, “that group is learning how to walk. Notice how their hobble chain and the wooden block in their heels forces them into a mincing, dainty, much abbreviated step up on their toes. We strive to eliminate typical masculine traits extending to the way they walk, so what their future wife can look forward to is a husband silently tip toeing around the house without annoying her.

Next she explained what the group sitting and standing were learning. “As a future husband they’re learning to sit and stand in the presence of their wives and guests without drawing annoying attention to themselves by fidgeting. We describe fidgeting as sitting in their chair without squirming, or the least movement of their head, or the slightest movement of a finger or toe. If any is detected they’re spanked ten times each time it happens. And if they carelessly allow the books on their heads to fall they’re spanked five times for each book that ends up on the floor. The twelve

year olds learn to sit and stand without so much as twitching a muscle for thirty minutes. The ten year olds for sixty minutes and the eight year olds for ninety minutes. Basically, unless needed,

while in the presence of their wives and guests they can simply be ignored.

Chapter 15 Domestic Science

The next classroom we visited Lillian called their Domestic Science classroom. The first area we walked into was set up just like a fancy living room.

“Domestic Science is simply a fancy term for household chores. In the living room they’re learning to dust,” she said, pointing to a “girl” with a feather duster wearing a short, bib top white apron.

Pointing to different students she said, “That girl is learning how to vacuum, while that one over there is learning how to wax furniture.”

The next area was set up like a fancy bedroom. One student was making the bed, another polishing shoes, while yet another was tidying up the room.

As we walked down the hallway I noticed several “girls” actually on their hands and knees scrubbing the floor.

Entering the next area, which was set up like a laundry room Lillian said, “Those students over there are learning how to use washing machines, while those over there are learning how to iron the dreaded sixty pleated skirt. Twelve year olds are given twenty seconds per pleat or twenty minutes. Ten year olds are given fifteen seconds, and eight year old ten seconds. To graduate a student must iron three pleated skirts without missing a pleat. Now on the right those girls are learning a valuable skill that their future wives will certainly appreciate. They’re learning to hand wash all of a woman’s intimate articles such as bras, panties, slips, nylons and socks. When they finish an article they blow dry it, scent it with her favorite perfume and carefully fold it.

Each chore is timed, whether it’s dusting, vacuuming, polishing, waxing, scrubbing, making beds, polishing shoes, doing laundry or



hand washing intimates. This, so that when their future wives assigns him his daily chores she knows precisely how long they'll take."

“To get them accustomed to keeping house and tending to all their future wife’s needs they’re assigned an instructor’s apartment to clean on a daily basis,” She explained.

Chapter 16 Makeup and Hair Styling.

The next classroom we entered Lillian said was their Makeup & Hair Styling room. As I looked around I saw some of “girls” sitting at vanity tables with large mirrors. One “girl” was putting her hair in braids, another was tying bows to her pigtails, another was carefully applying makeup, while yet another was painting her nails bright pink.

“Here they learn to put their hair up in different styles. In a cute ponytail, single and double braids, loop braids, sausage curls and an ultra curly Shirley Temple look. Even when they graduate to long pants and are eventually married off their future wives may decide, depending on the occasion, what hair style he’ll wear,” She said.

“You’re kidding, they have their husband put their hair up in braids, or pigtails or a bun?” I asked.

“Many wives favor ponytails or the classic page boy look although braids are not uncommon favorites. And many wives think their hair in a bun looks very smart. If he’s upset her for some reason, especially if he embarrassed her in front of her friends or guests, she may discipline him by making him put his hair in pigtails and putting him back in shorts and mary janes and then parading him down the street as a reminded of his position in their marriage,” She added.

“They’re also learning to do makeup. How to curl their long lashes, apply lipstick and lip gloss, eyeshadow and mascara, powder their faces and rouge their cheeks to that they look like perfect little girls. Once married most wives keep them made up to a lesser extent. Like powdering their faces to smooth out their complexions, a bit of rouge to brighten their cheeks, and lip gloss to make them shine. To bring out their eyes most like them to keep their lashes curled with a bit of mascara and a darker, natural colored eyeshadow

for that big, wideeyed innocent look,” She explained. Now I understood why Victor had looked a bit, well, sissy and while I knew he was twenty at first I’d mistaken him for fourteen or fifteen at best.

Chapter 17 Cosmetology

When we entered the next room I was a bit surprised as it looked just like a beauty salon. There were a dozen or so beautician’s chairs, each occupied by either an instructor or student monitor. At each was a student learning a skill to benefit his future wife, although they didn’t know it. They simply thought it was all part of being forced to act like a girl, Lillian explained.

“Now over her these students are learning to give manicure and pedicures. In those chairs over there they’re learning how to shave legs and underarms. And at the last chairs are students learning hair care. How to shampoo, blow dry and comb their future wife’s hair. Imagine how appreciative their wives will be with a husband so skilled in caring for her nails, toes, shaves her legs and underarms and tends to her hair,” she remarked, and I almost wished I was in the market for a new husband.

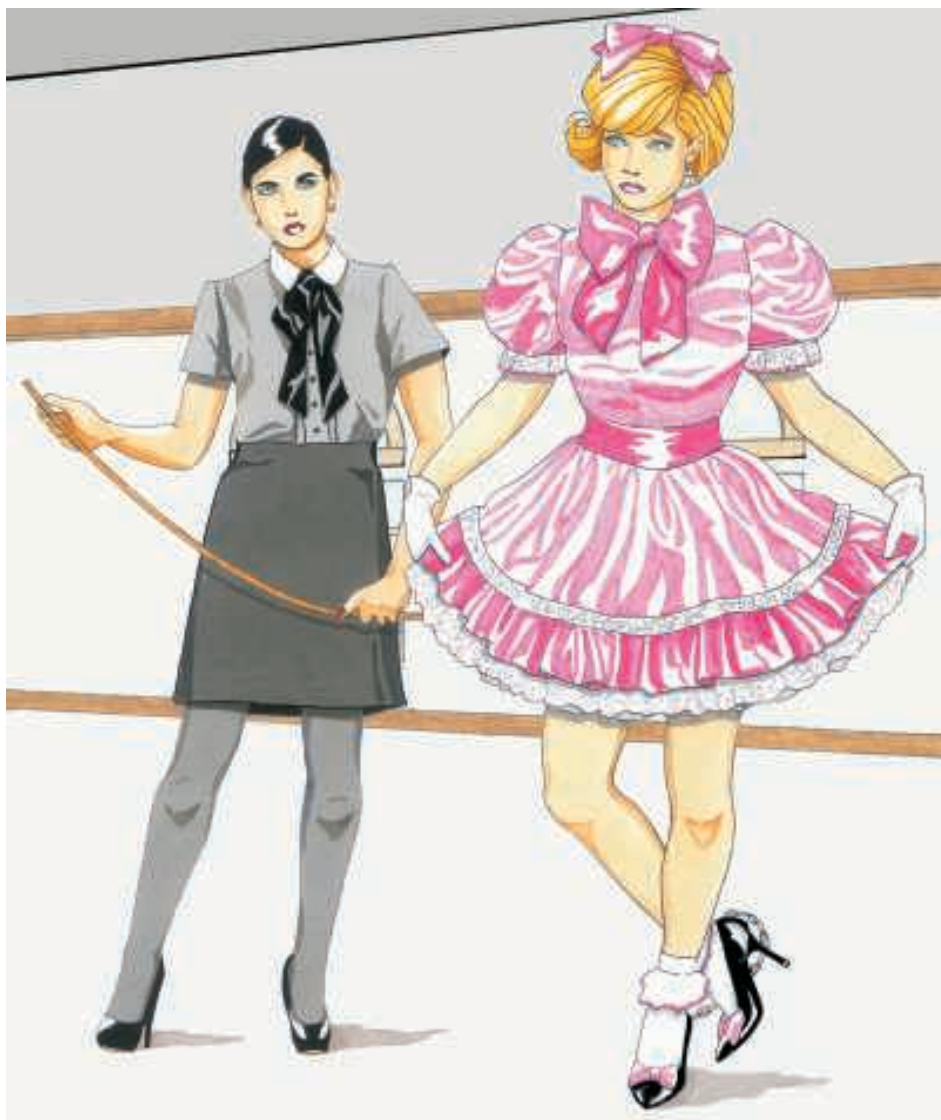
Chapter 18 The Massage Room

“Now here is our massage room. Here they learn to give their future wife’s all forms of massages. Neck and shoulder, back, legs, cheek and breast massages,” Lillian explained.

“They actually are learning to massage breast and cheeks, you mean like their, well, asses?” I asked startled.

“Oh my yes, imagine how stimulating and relaxing they can be after a hard, stressful day at the office,” She said.

“But, well, don’t they get, you know, distracted and, ah, excited?”



“What you’re asking is won’t their little dickies, as we refer to them, get excited massaging their future wife’s breasts or asses. No, in fact not at all which allows them to fully concentrate on whatever they’re massaging,” she smiled.

“I don’t understand, how is that possible?” I asked in disbelief.

“Better to show you in we call our Conditioning Room. It’s one of our most important,” She said mysteriously, then directing my attention to another area where a student was massaging an instructor’s feet, added, “Much attention is paid to their future wife’s feet. Imagine how relieving it is for a woman who’s spent all day on her feet and in heels, or has been out jogging or playing tennis to have her sore, aching, sweaty feet attended to by her husband when she gets home. first he removes her shoes, nylons or sock. Then he licks them clean, after which he baths them, dries, powders and lightly perfumes them, followed by an incredibly relaxing foot massage. Again without an silly distractions.”

Which sounded wonderful and I was frankly getting jealous of the lucky woman who ended up with such an attentive husband.

Chapter 19 In the kitchen.

Our next classroom on the tour turned out to be a fully equipped kitchen with a class of “girls” in bibbed aprons bending over stoves, kneading dough and preparing all manner of dishes.

“This obviously is our cooking and baking class. The lucky wife who gets one of our students for a husband will also get a very accomplished chef. Able to cook anything she desires. Naturally they’ll do all the cooking for her and her guest up to a party of twelve,” She explained, making me even more jealous.

Chapter 20 The Sewing room.

We next entered what Lillian said was their sewing room. Pointing to some “girls” busy at sewing machines she said, “When a student finally graduates he’ll do so as an accomplished seamstress. Imagine how convenient for a wife with a husband that can, in a few minutes, shorten or lengthen a skirt or pair of pants, or take in a blouse or jacket, sew a loose button and basically make any alterations she needs? Wherever they go he’ll always carry, in his purse, an emergency sewing kit, plus shoe polish the color of the



shoes she's wearing, her lipstick, makeup, compact, clothes brush, nail polish and hair brush and spray. Everything a husband needs to ensure that she looks perfect at all times.

As I looked around the room she said, "Over there are students learning to knit, next to them the students are learning to embroider,

to your right those girls are learning how to monogram and finally way over there the girls are learning to do needlepoint. All useful tasks their future wives can take advantage of, but they're all perfect pastimes and hobbies for their husband that many actually find enjoyable.

Chapter 21 The Dance Studio.

"And this is our dance studio," Lillian announced as we entered a large ballroom divided into three areas. As I looked around I couldn't believe what I saw, nor could I help chuckling.

"All our students, boys and girls, take tap, ballet and ballroom. They know they must try as hard or risk being demoted. To our left are our tap dancers. The boys are dressed in adorable sailor costumes, don't you think?" She grinned.

And I had to agree for they were dressed in one piece sailor's outfits with the tightest, shortest red, sequined pants with no less than six buttons fastening the sailor's flap. the top was silver with a red sequined collar, on their heads was pinned at an angle a silver sailor's hat. Silver, sequined wrist length gloves decorated with red stars were on their hands. On their feet were red tap shoes with silver, sequined anklets also with stars. And as they danced they were singing, of all things, "I'm a little teapot..." So help me it was hysterical! I couldn't imagine how they must have hated it. They'd arrived at Margate as punks, rockers, gang members, boys that thought they were god's gift to the poor girls they wouldn't take, "No" from. Now here they were clumsily trying to tap dance in the sissiest of sailor's costumes while singing, "I'm a little teapot..."

But for the other group of tap dancers it was actually so much worse. For these were "girls" dressed to look like Shirley Temple down to a wig full of curls. I couldn't help the giggle that escaped me as they tapped away while trying to sing, "On the good ship lollipop."

"I can't imagine how crushing it is to be dressed like Shirley Temple trying to sing the song she made famous," I remarked.

“Yes,, I’m sure it is. But here’s what’s truly amusing. Some wives actually have them perform for her guests in their sailor or Shirley Temple costumes with the half believable story that they attended an all boy’s school, which is sort of true, and some had to dance the girl’s part in various shows. They think it’s great entertainment, totally disregarding their husband’s feelings,” She said.

“Now in the center we have our ballerinas. The boys are dressed identically to the girls except in baby blue leotard with sequin trim while the girls wear pink. They both wear the same toe shoe’s in blue or pink and, of course, the boys don’t wear the adorable little tutus. to you right is a class in ballroom dancing which both boys and girls truly hate. Imagine a boy forced to dance with a girl they know is really a boy, and vice versa. What they dread is when a dance comes to an end they must both compliment each other on their dancing and then they have to do a kissie right on the mouth,” She smiled, then added, “What’s important is when they are eventually married their wife will, naturally take the lead and they’ve been trained to follow.”

Chapter 22 In Detention.

Entering the next classroom Lillian said, “This is our Detention Room. However there are a variety of discipline methods we employ that don’t actually involve being sent to detention. For minor infractions they could be sent to bed early, say at five o’clock. Which means they miss supper. Another method we utilize is a good mouth soaping or they could be denied what we call their “playtime” privileges for a day, or several days. Instead they spend it in detention.

When I asked what she meant by, “playtime” she said, “Oh our next classroom will explain that. Now if they are sent to detention there are a variety of methods available to correct their behavior. One of them is sitting in a special chair writing endless punishment lines. Ah, here we have Miss Vivian.”

What I saw was a “girl” sitting obviously painfully, from her expression at a desk. What was unusual was that her ankles were



strapped to the chair as was her waist making it impossible to fidget in the least.

Before I could ask why she had such a pained expression she showed me one of the chairs and I could see why it was so special. for on the seat was a wooden matt covered with sharp, rounded spikes, each about an inch high.

“She’ll sit there until she writes all her lines which could take several hours,” She explained. Picking up the poor “girl’s” notebook she read, “I must always put one foot daintily in front of the other as I walk, 300 times.”

I also saw a student standing on a chair in the corner with hands behind their heads with four or five books on their heads and their skirts pinned up.

“We call this our, ‘Time Out’ corner, where they’re sent to reflect on whatever misdeed that caused them to be sent here. Usually for no less than two hours. However for each time a book falls their time is extended by fifteen minutes,” She said.

Chapter 23 Play time.

As we walked along she said, “Our goal, as I’ve stated, is to turn around rebellious, out of control boys by turning them into girls until they’re eventually promoted back to boys and graduate very much changed. By doing so we strive to eliminate all the typical, traditional male characteristics that today’s women deplore. When they graduate they’ll make some lucky woman the perfect husband. Naturally, at first, they hate everything we make them do, but over the weeks and months what they hate they eventually learn to accept. However we do want to find them, let’s say, hobbies and activities that they find they enjoy and even look forward to. We allow them a one hour indoor and outdoor playtime. Some students enjoy playing a musical instrument, cooking, playing with a camera or become budding artists. Some actually enjoy knitting and needlepoint. While others could enjoy such crafts as basket weaving or jewelry making.

Well, it sounded reasonable to me. “What about TV, radio or reading?” I asked.

“Oh yes, we allow them a few hours of TV time per week, but only of approved shows such as The Brady Bunch, Father Knows Best, Little House On The Prairie or the Disney Channel,” She said.



“No sports?” I asked.

“Oh goodness no. Being competitive is a trait we strive to eliminate. They also don’t watch, or read anything that’s in the news. Their world should always revolve around their wives,” She said, then added, “Now let’s go outside and I’ll show you some outdoor activities we’ve found that many of them enjoy.”

We ended up in a sort of playground area where, I could see, students involved in different activities.

Pointing to a good sized pool she said, “Almost all our students enjoy swimming. And you’re in luck there’s a group of ten year olds all dressed for their pool time. Don’t they look so cute?”

And I had to agree. All the “girls” were dressed in the most childish, one piece swimsuits with ruffled tops and little skirted bottoms. Pink, rubber fringed bathing caps with chin straps were on their heads with pink, platform flip flops on their feet. I couldn’t help giggling at the sight of boys dressed in such outlandish, little girl outfits.

As we walked we encountered “girls” roller skating. Although not wearing actual roller skates, instead they had old fashioned skates from the 40’s or 50’s clipped and buckled to their shoes that had steel wheels.

A little further we saw girls bicycling, not going very fast at all. They were girls bikes of course.

“Roller skating and bike riding are also outdoor activities popular with the students although we ensure they don’t try going aggressively too fast. They can’t skate very fast in old fashioned skates with steel wheels, or on bikes with the tension adjusted so that hard as they try they simply can’t pedal as fast as they’d like,” She stated, then added, “In the winter there’s ice skating that many enjoy. And they look so darling in their all too short skating outfits.”

“I can understand what your goals here are, and I completely concur. But what I can’t help wondering about is, well, sex. I mean when they get married,” I said.

“Ah, then that will be our next stop,” She proclaimed.

Chapter 24 Sex Education

Going back inside she opened the door to another room. “Now here is our sex education room where I’m sure we’ll find Miss Geraldine,” She said.

The room looked like a sort of doctor’s examination room. Miss Geraldine was lying on a padded table with “her” feet in stirrups high over “her” head leaving her privates completely accessible. Above him was a girl in a nurse’s uniform.

“Hello Gloria, I wonder if you can hand me Miss Geraldine’s conditioner before you install it?” Lillian asked.

What she held up was a shiny, chrome cylinder about an inch long.

“What Gloria is about to do is install what we call a conditioner on Miss Geraldine’s little, “flower” as we make those turned into girls call it. You’ll notice it’s quite flaccid and in it’s smallest state. Once she snaps it on it’s removable is quite impossible,” She stated.

“I see, but once it’s on “her”, ah, flower it won’t be able to get the least bit excited. Isn’t that going to hurt?” I asked.

“Unfortunately I’m afraid it does, as is it’s purpose. However in an amazingly short time it will stop even trying. Once conditioned her flower, or little dickie as it’s reffered to when a boy, will remain unexcited despite any visual stimulation. His future wife will then feel free to go about as naked as she pleases knowing that her husband won’t get in the least distracted,” She said.

“but, I’m confused, what about sex then? Once married don’t they have it?” I couldn’t help asking.

“Our goal, in this area, is for our graduating students to disassociate pleasing their future wife, which obviously will be his primary function, with sexual release and excitement on his part. Now that Miss Geraldine’s conditioner is on notice that Gloria

is now applying a cream that will make his pom poms super sensitive to the touch. Gloria, will you hand me Miss Ceraldine's special panty before you put it on?" She asked.

As she held it up to me it looked like a normal flesh colored, high rise panty.

"Yes, well looks are a bit deceiving. First off it's rubber and before she puts it on she'll position her pom poms and little dickie, or flower, back between her legs. Once on there's a tiny zipper in the back. Once zipped she'll remove the tab making it's removal impossible Now notice that an area in back has been cut out to allow for normal function," She pointed out.

"So, the only way to urinate is by sitting," I remarked.

"Yes, precisely. Standing up and holding his little dickie to pee is simply another typical male function that we remove. Students are expressly forbidden to ever touch, or even look at their dickies or pom poms," She explained.

"I guess I'm still confused, I mean about sex," I admitted.

Chapter 25 The Pleasure Room.

"Let's go into the next room and I'm sure it will become clearer. It's what we call our pleasure room. Only students who have worked their way back into short pants receive a more intimate training," She said and I swear I couldn't have been more surprised at what I saw. For there was one of the instructors sitting with a boy kneeling between her legs obviously pleasuring her. What was unusual was that he was wearing a mask.

"The mask is to help him concentrate. Notice that the girl, Dayna, is wearing heels with sharply pointed toes and heels. She's training him using what's called the "Heel and Toe" method. When he's not immediately responsive she corrects him with a few sharp jabs with her toes, and if he appears to be running out of steam she

uses her heels to spur him on. Who is it you're instructing Dayna?" She asked.

"this is Bobbie. Toady he's learning to increase his stamina to at least an hour, with just another ten minutes to go. Now Bobbie let's not slow down," she said, jabbing him forcefully with her heels.

"Bobbie is doing what we refer to as, 'Lickies.' Each studnet is trained to do lickies for a minimum of at least an hour before they can graduate, although some boys actually end up exceeding that. They're taught to understand how important pleasuring his future wife will be. He'll be trained to do lickies in several different positions and in a variety of instances. Such as an early morning lickie as she's applying her makeup and brushing her hair, a welcome home lickie, of course, and an under the table lickie as she's having her lunch or dinner. Past wive's have said it's like they've died and gone to heaven," She remarked, and now I really was thinking about getting married again, wondering if bobbie had already been spoken for. Well, you can dream.

Chapter 26 The Reward Room.

"Now despite their bragging very few of our students have actually had sex, meaning intercourse. Which if fortunate as they really have no concept of actual, traditional sex. So, once they have worked themselves back into short pants we institute a weekly reward incentive. Which is conducted at the same time and day every week. Over ther is Lisa with a boy named Dannie receiving, I believe, his eighth weekly reward. Just watch and listen," She advised.

"Now Dannie I understand that, for the most part, you were a good boy this week and so you've earned a reward," She said.

"Oh, I have? Thank you so much Miss Lisa," he said, obviously relieved, and without being told put his hands behind his head and after she'd lowered his shorts and panties he automaticalyy spread his legs as far as he could.



After rolling a pink rubber on him, careful not to actually touch it she proceeded to lightly fondle and squeeze his pom poms which caused his little dickie to instantly become stiffly erect.

To start twenty minutes before they're given their reward a viagra is crushed up in their meal. Once they're conditioned to respond in

this manner Viagra is no longer needed, as is Dannie's case now," Lillian whispered.

Lisa continued lightly fondling and squeezing for about ten minutes when the boy urgently said, "Please Miss Lisa my little dickie is about to do squirties."

"Now, now Dannie, not quite yet. You need to learn self control," She winked at us before starting again. This occurred several more times before she finally said, "Your little dickie can do squirties now."

At that command she rather forcefully began squeezing his pom poms causing him to instantly start spurting into the rubber. she continued until he'd finally stopped spurting.

"Did you enjoy your reward, Dannie?" She asked.

"Oh yes Miss Lisa, thank you so much for my reward," he gasped.

"Notice that not once did she ever actually touch his dickie. Which most women find distasteful. His future wife will be tutored on how to give him his weekly reward. However just to keep him on his toes he'll not always be given a reward, instead he'll be put over her lap for a good spanking and sent to the corner if she decides he hasn't been as good as he could have been. Naturally they're devastated and serves as an incentive to try even harder to please her the following week," she said.

"Still I come back to my initial question. So, once married there's no intercourse?" I asked.

"We strongly advise against it. It only complicates matters. The majority of marriages are ones of convenience, more of a business transaction. However there's another group of women who treat their husbands more like a child they've always wanted but are simply too busy to want to get pregnant and spend years bringing him, or her, up," She stated.

Which really threw me for a loop. "What, how on earth do they get away with that?" I asked.

"It's just about time for lunch, then I'll explain," was all she would say.

Chapter 27 Trained to serve.

Once seated outside on the veranda she asked if we could be served by a student named Robin. Who turned out to be an adorable boy in very tight, very short pink satin pants that showed off his quite attractive but girlish figure. On his legs were white, ruffled knee socks with pink bows and on his feet four inch high stiletto heels. Around his waist was a white, lace edged tea length apron with a stand up serving cap pinned on top of his head.

After executing a perfect curtsy in short pants he charmingly said, "My name is Robin and I'll be waiting on you today. May I fix you a drink?"

"Does he know how to make a Cosmopolitan?" I asked.

"My guest will have a Cosmopolitan and I'll have a Martini," She said, and when he left added, "All our boys who have worked their way back into pants are taught not only how to serve but to mix literally any drink you may order. Obviously you can imagine how beneficial his future wife will find it with a husband trained to serve her guests."

"Yes, I imagine she would, but wouldn't he find it, well, embarrassing if not humiliating to be consigned to serving his wife's guests especially dressed frankly more like a sissy," I remarked.

"On my no. The majority of women in the upper crust of society know all about a husband who's graduated from Margate. They're actually quite a status symbol," She said.

Chapter 28 Miss Nicolette

As we were having lunch Lillian startled me when she asked, “Do you ever think about having a child?”

“Well, yes, what woman doesn’t. It’s just that I’m consumed running a corporation and really have no time to get pregnant let alone dealing with a baby,” I admitted.

“If you did want a child would you want a boy or a girl?” She asked.

“Oh definitely a girl. I can see here how a lot of boys can end up,” I said.

In response Lillian mysteriously said, “Oh, how perfect.”

Summoning one of the instructors she asked, “Donna could you fetch Miss Nicolette and bring her her to us?”

When she returned she was leading possibly the most adorable, little eight year old “girl” in the entire school over to us. She was dressed in the most frilly, lavish dress, darling shoes and gloves and had the most gorgeous long hair.

As she curtsied and, in a charming, little girl’s lisp introduced herself Lillian whispered, “Just play along.”

“This is your Aunty Kate Nicolette. She’s come to see how your doing here at Margate. Can you say, ‘hello?’” she said.

What! Her Aunt?

“Hello Aunty Kate, I’m so terribly pleased to meet you,” She said, as confused as I was.

“Miss Micolette is one of our most darlingest, little girls. Everyone simply adores her. Her ballet is the most gracefull, and she loves playing the piano, don’t you Nicolette?” She asked.

“Oh yeth, Hethmistress. I thruly, ever so muth adore playing the piano,” She lisped excitedly.

“Her piano teacher has said that, for her age, she is very talented. Now Donna what did you have planned for our little girl this afternoon?” Lillian asked.

In response the girl, talking to her as if she really was a little, eight year old girl said, “Can you tell your Aunty Kate what your most favorite thing to do is?”

“Oh, mth mostest, favoristest thinth to do ith to ride Swtheet Pea, my ponthy,” She lisped excitedly.

“Well then, since you’ve been such a good, little girl all morning then that’s what you can do,” Donna declared.

“Oh, thanth you, thanth you, Mith Donna,” She said, actually hugging her.

When they left Lillian coyly asked, “Well, what do you think of our Miss Nicolette?”

“It’s nearly impossible to believe she’s really a boy. The other boys just look girly, but she not only actually looks like an eight year old she completely acts like one,” I commented.

“Yes, she does, doesn’t she? She has presented us with quite a dilemna. Her parents died when she was sixteen. She then became the ward of an aunt who hated boys and he, hating his aunt just as much, rebelled to the point that the aunt sent him here. That was a little over two years ago. Then last year the aunt died. With no other living relatives in her will, the aunt stated that if she passed away guardianship was to be passed, of all people, to us,” She explained.

“So the school is actually her legal guardian, how unusual,” I said.

“Yes, and we’re unsure of what to do with her. As you’ve, I’m sure, noticed she’s barely five feet, two inches, and even as a boy she didn’t look her age. We couldn’t imagine the bullying she’d receive if we ever turned her into a boy again. And being so short we’ve received no interest in her as someone’s future husband. Like all

boys demoted to an eight year old girl she was, at first, rebellious. But we've kept her that age for so long that she's actually adjusted to being an eight year old girl. And unlike how we treat our other eight year olds we've tried to do what we can to make her at least contented until we can deal with a solution for her. We've also done our best, for her own good, to help her forget she was once a boy. So, we've kept her flowered. Meaning there's no disturbing evidence to remind her she was once a boy.

So here's my offer, you always wanted a little girl so we'd be so relieved if you adopted her," She said, and I have to tell you, it was the very last thing I thought she'd ever say.

"The other advantage, since what you want is a little girl, is that you could keep her that age for quite some time before allowing her to grow up a little at a time. However if you do decided to adopt her I strongly suggest employing Donna as her Nanny. They've become quite attached to each other. Just think about it," She asked.

Chapter 29 One year later.

After I'd taken the tour of The Margate Academy I was convinced it was precisely what my wretched stepbrother needed. I couldn't think of anything that would turn him around more than the humiliation of being dressed as a girl and forced to act like one in order to become a boy again, albiet a much changed one.

I got him to the Academy and into the clutches of Lillian and her staff by telling him there was a band of girls I was sure he'd like to hear. Well, that did it. I can't tell you how relieved I was to be free of him.

A year later Hilary suggested I fly over for a visit.

"I'm sure you'd like to see the progress Miss Frederica is making at the Academy," She chuckled, and to be honest I was curious. Although I didn't fly over by myself.

Hilary picked us up at the train station.

“Oh my, and just who is this darling little girl?” She asked, keeping a straight face.

“This is my ward Miss Nicolette and her Nanny Donna,” I winked at her.

“I’m so pleased to finally meet you sweetie. Your Auntie Kate has told me so much about you. And my goodness aren’t you so adorably dressed. I just love your gorgeous hair, your darling bonnet and your botties are simply divine,” Hilary gushed.

“Thank you Ma’am, Auntie Kate picked this out just for our trip,” she curtsied. Whispering to me Hilary said, “Kate, she’s absolutely gorgeous! It’s hard to believe she thinks she’s eight.”

“That’s something, I mean her age, that I try not to mention. The last time I did she got quite confused,” I said.

“So there are times that she still remembers she’s not actually a girl?” she asked.

“I don’t think she actually remembers she’s really a twenty year old boy, but there are times that some of her past boyishness comes out. Which her nanny is careful to watch for and gently put a damper on. But I really think it’s for the best. Being made a ward of the Academy the headmistress simply didn’t know what to do with him, and I’ve always wanted a daughter, and so far it’s worked out wonderfully,” I explained.

“I take it that’s why her nanny has her in a harness, and she doesn’t resent it?” She commented

Addressing Nicolette I asked, “Can you tell why your nanny finds it necessary to put your harness on whenever you go out,?”

“Because when we were at Disney World I wandered away and got lost,” she said.

To Hilary I added, “It’s also why she keeps her in higher heels than a girl her age would wear and tightly laced booties and a half size smaller gloves. When she sees something she has a tendency to

forget herself and break into a boyish run. And when she gets too excited her nany tightens her corset to calm her down.”

“Well she certainly has a figure any girl would die for,” she remarked.

“Yes, a delightful nineteen inches. I’m thinking just another inch and I might enter her in some of those little girl pageants. Her ballet and tap dancing are nearly as good as those I’ve seen in the pageants. Who knows, she may enjoy it and I think it would be fun,” I said.

“Well, as you say as long as she’s happy it’s the best solution, and she really is the most adorable doll,” She remarked.

“I could well understand Hilary’s comment for she did look more like an extravagant doll, an antique doll. For a couple weeks ago I saw an antique Victorian doll I fell in love with that I bought for her. I was so enchanted with it that I had a seamstress make an exact duplicate for Nicolette to wear.”

It was off pink in color, with the skirt festooned with ruffles, bows and lace all around it. Billowing out from the layers of petticoats that so nicely showed off her girlishly bare legs. As accessories she wore hugely ruffle trimmed gloves, the most darling pink booties fastened with no less than four bows. But it was her gorgeous, blonde hair and face that truly did give her that dolllike look. Permanently pink cupid’s lips, pale blue eyeshadow, the longest fluttering, curled eyelashes and her slightly pink rouged cheeks, all enhanced by her beautiful bonnet.

As we motored back to her place I asked how Victor was doing.

“Victor finally graduated to long pants, which he’s thrilled about. And he’s now engaged to a girl, Elizabeth, that he’s always had a crush on even though she’s a couple years older. So I’m sure it’ll be a perfect marriage. The wedding’s in three months and I do hope you can come,” she pleaded.

Dying of curiosity I finally had to ask, “So tell me how’s my wretched step son Fred doing at Margate?”

“Oh he positively hates it, as expected, but what boy wouldn’t? I’m not sure if he hates the school or his governess more. He’s, well she’s, absolutely scared to death of her,” she chuckled.

“Governess? You hired a governess for him?” I asked.

“Well, no but do you remember saying that Elisa, one of my maids that was studying to be a governess? I thought making her Fred’s governess would give her a lot of experience and confidence. Especially under Colleen’s tutelage. She carries a cane with her whenever she’s with her and freely uses it if she doesn’t do precisely what she tells her to do, or acts up even the slightest. Miss Frederica’s now twenty and Elisa is just seventeen, so you can imagine just how crushed his ego is being forced to obey a girl three years younger than him. but, you’ll see,” she grinned.

Chapter 30 Victor and his Fiancee

After we arrived and had settled comfortably in the living room Victor and his fiancée, Elizabeth, joined us. I could see right away what Hilary meant when she’d said she thought they’d make a perfect marriage. That Victor would make the perfect husband for a dynamic, successful, take charge woman. Elizabeth, in a very smartly fashionable outfit and in designer heels appeared to tower over her husband to be.

And while it was true Victor was now in long pants they weren’t pants I was sure any other young man would be caught dead in. For while the cream colored pants fit tightly over his cheeks they were much fuller than normal pants, and while most men’s pants were hemmed to the tops of their shoes his were hemmed an inch or so above his ankles. Not only that but, unlike normal men’s pants his were quite highwaisted showing off a decidedly all too slender figure. The short sleeved shirt, looking more like a blouse, and a peter pan collar with a much too floppy bowtie. Nor would any young man his age be caught dead wearing cream colored, patent leather shoes with a flat bow on each toe and heels just a little too high.

Admittedly he did look slightly less sissy with his pageboy hair, but the pixie cut he now sported wasn't much better.

It was obvious who would really wear the pants, as the saying goes, in this marriage.

"You may say 'hello' to mommie's guest sweetie," she ordered.

"Hello Ms. Barrister, I'm even so pleased to see you again," he said, and then actually curtsied.

"Please put your apron on and then you can make us all drinks and serve them. You may also make a small drink for yourself," she instructed.

"I can dearest, thank you," he said excitedly.

After he'd served us our drinks Elizabeth said, "You can take your drink and sit by the window. And please sit quietly and try not to distract us." Obviously he'd been well trained not to do anything with his future wife's express permission.

Chapter 31 Miss Frederica

After pleasantly conversing for a while Hilary called for Elisa to fetch Miss Frederica.

"It will be just a bit Colleen is watching her practice her ballet and I'll need to change her. I'm afraid she's not really trying her hardest and she's last in her class," She said.

It took about 40 minutes before she brought him, or I should say her, into the room. And I swear I had to do try really hard to stifle my laughter and amusement. For Miss Frederica had obviously not been applying herself at the Academy. For she was dressed in the frilliest, little, eight year old's pink party dress. And she looked even more juvenile, if possible, with her hair in pigtails fastened with pink bows.

As soon as he/she saw me he tried running over to me. However in high heels with heel and toe taps on them and hobbled by the all too short gait trainer chain attached to them she managed to stumble and trip her way over to me.

"Please take me out of here! Look what they've done to me. I look like a damn little girl. Please, I'll be good, I promise.." was all she got out before her governess grabbed her by one ear and painfully twisting it started yanking her out of the room.

"I'm so sorry Ms. Barrister. I just don't know what's gotten into her. I'll be back with her shortly," Elisa promised.

Despite having closed the door the whack of her cane could clearly be heard which seemed never to stop.

Finally led back into the room she daintily minced over to me still sobbing curtsied and said, "I'm ever so sorry for my bad behavior."

"Tell Ms. Barrister your name and how old you are," Elisa ordered.

"My name is little Miss Frederica and I'm eight years old," she sobbed out.

"What bad behavior are you sorry for? Tell her," Elisa demanded.

"I'm sorry for speaking without permission..."

"What do good little girls do when they wish to speak?" she made her say.

"A good, little girl always raises her hand and asks permission to speak," she choked out.

"And? Go on," she ordered.

"I'm sorry for raising my voice..."

"How are good little girls expected to speak, Miss Frederica?" she asked her.

"In the most darlingest, sweetest little voice," she cried.

“For your horribly bad behavior you will sit at the table, but no dinner for you. Then in your room you will write 200 times, ‘I’ve been a bad, little girl and I deserved to be punished,’” Elisa dictated.

“Well I must say you do have her adorably dressed. I think pink is definitely her color,” I added, not content to let her off at all easy.

“What do you think Victor?” Hilary asked.

“Oh I agree, pink is definitely her color. Perfect for such a little girl like you, isn’t it? he asked, getting his revenge.

“YYes Sir,” she could barely get out, yet Victor wasn’t finished with her.

“You agree what, little girl?” he demanded to know.

“I agree pink is is definitely my color,” She knew better than to sat anything else.

“Before we adjourn for dinner I’d like a word with Miss Frederica,” I asked.

When we were alone I sternly said, “Apparently you haven’t benn taking your schooling very seriously. So to remedy that when I return in three months for Victor’s wedding you will be dressed as a ten year old and you will be first in your ballet class or I will inform the headmistress that since you show no progress to simply keep you as a little girl permanently. Just like Miss Nicolette.”

“She’s aaa..” She said, quite shocked.

“She was like you. Never tried very hard, always fighting the teachers, so rebellious, so now she’s the sweetest, most darling little girl, in all ways, and I mean in all ways,” I lied.

“InIn all ways?” he gasped.

“Yes, precisely,” Although the truth was I glued her organs back between her legs for a couple of months purposely keeping her from in any way getting excited. When it reached the point where I thought she’d forgotten about what she had between her legs I

unglued them. Then I surgically glued a fake little girl's pussy over them. Now, when she's been a really good, little girl I pet her "flower" as I call it and she gets the most thrilling reward.

Chapter 32 The Wedding

When I returned for Victor and Elizabeth's wedding I wasn't at all surprised to find Miss Frederica now dressed as a ten year old. I'm sure she was proud of her accomplishment. But frankly I didn't see very much difference between being dressed as an eight year old and ten year old. Although I didn't have the heart to tell her. She was of course dressed in pink, as she had admitted to Victor that it was her favorite color. Her skirts were a few inches longer. There were one or two less petticoats. Her heels a little higher. Her hair now in long braids instead of pigtails. And she now sported little button earrings.

Naturally I congratulated her with Elisa adding, "And I know you'll be so proud of her as just last week she was voted best ballerina in her class." Which made me chuckle, to myself of course. Unfortunately after I had praised her for her accomplishment Elisa enthusiastically added, "Victor was so complimentary that he insisted that Miss Frederica act as their flower girl!"

This was obviously news to her as she looked quite devastated at this bit of news. It seems Victor was till getting his revenge I laughed to myself.

In the majority of societies the picture of this wedding party would appear rather strange indeed. for there stood Elizabeth in a black,, formal tuxedo. Standing next to her Victor was dressed all in white, as would a virgin, and according to Hilary would remain one.

He wore white, satin, flaring long pants, sort of, as they were hemmed a couple inches above his ankles. Which perfectly displayed his sheer, white, seamed, kneehigh nylons and darling white, satin shoes with ankle straps, pert bows on each toe and low, sculptured heels. The wide cumerbund showed off his very, slender figure. The sleeves of the short, bolero styled jacket well

well short of his wrists so that his white, satin gloves fastened with bows couldn't be missed. The broad collar of his "shirt" sported a hardly manly, ridiculously short tie.. All together he projected the image of a perfect sissy husband to be.

Then up the aisle came Miss Frederica, their flower girl. And as befitting a little, flower girl she wore the most precious, white, satin dress. The skirt, heavily petticoated, fell just above mid thigh. The short, very puffed, sleeves were decorated with darling bows.. A wide cream colored sash, tied in a huge bow in back. Tiny cream colored bows decorated her lace ruffled anklets. Her dainty, white, satin shoes had little girl heels and floppy bows with a large pearls in the center on each toes

I was delighted at just how miserable she looked.

The ceremony concluded with Victor promising, "To love, honor and obey" his bride to be.

Miserable as Miss Frederica was Victor apparently wasn't finished getting his revenge. Suggesting to her governess that he was sure little Miss Frederica would be happiest joining all the other little girls there. So Elisa led her over to a table of other little girls, most of them five or six years olds with Elisa sternly warning her, "to play nice or else."

Chapter 33 The Honeymoon

Victor danced cheek to cheek a few times with Elizabeth then a real hunk cut in. They danced with her hands firmly on his ass and vice versa. It was more like a grind yet it didn't seem to bother anyone.

"That's Conrad, Elizabeth's Ladie's Man. Victor naively believes he's some sort of servant. Elizabeth told him that as her Ladie's Man he would, of course, be accompanying them on their honeymoon.

When I couldn't help asking what their honeymoon might be like Hilary chuckling said, "Well, Victor's little dickie has been kept in

it's modesty sheath for several weeks. So, if it's like other honeymoon nights I've heard of once she removes it as they start hugging and kissing Elizabeth's will gradually move her hands down and eventually will cup and squeeze his pom poms a few times which is all it will take for his excited dickie to explade. Never having been so much as kissed or petted so intimately he would be quite near fainting. Then once asleep she's spend most of the night in Conrad's room consumating her marriage. I think she'll be most fulfilled as I heard he has a massive ten incher."

Chapter 34 A Yearanda Half Later.

After Nicolette and I left to go back to the states I frankly gave little further thought of Miss Frederica. All my attention was devoted to Nicolette and making her happy. So it was quite a mystery when I received a letter from England from a Constance Middleton. And was even more fascinated reading it.

"Dear Ms. Barrister," it read, "My name is Constance Middleton. The headmistress of the Margate Academy suggested I write to you as she mentioned you were some relation to a little boy named Freddie Carter. While visiting the academy several months ago I became enchanted with an adorable little boy there, Freddie. I inquired about his situation with the headmistress informing me that he appeared a long way from graduating, if ever."

"So I took the steps to become his legal guardian. I'm a widow with a grown daughter, but I always wished I'd had a little boy. Admittedly, at first, little Freddie was quite a protesting handful. So I employed a nononsense nanny for him that the headmistress highly recommended. And with amazing swiftness she had him quickly under control and well supervised throughout the day to ensure he acts as a proper little boy his age at all times."

"I enclose a photo of Little Freddie on his daily afternoon walk in the garden with his nanny."

Sincerely,
Constance Middleton.”

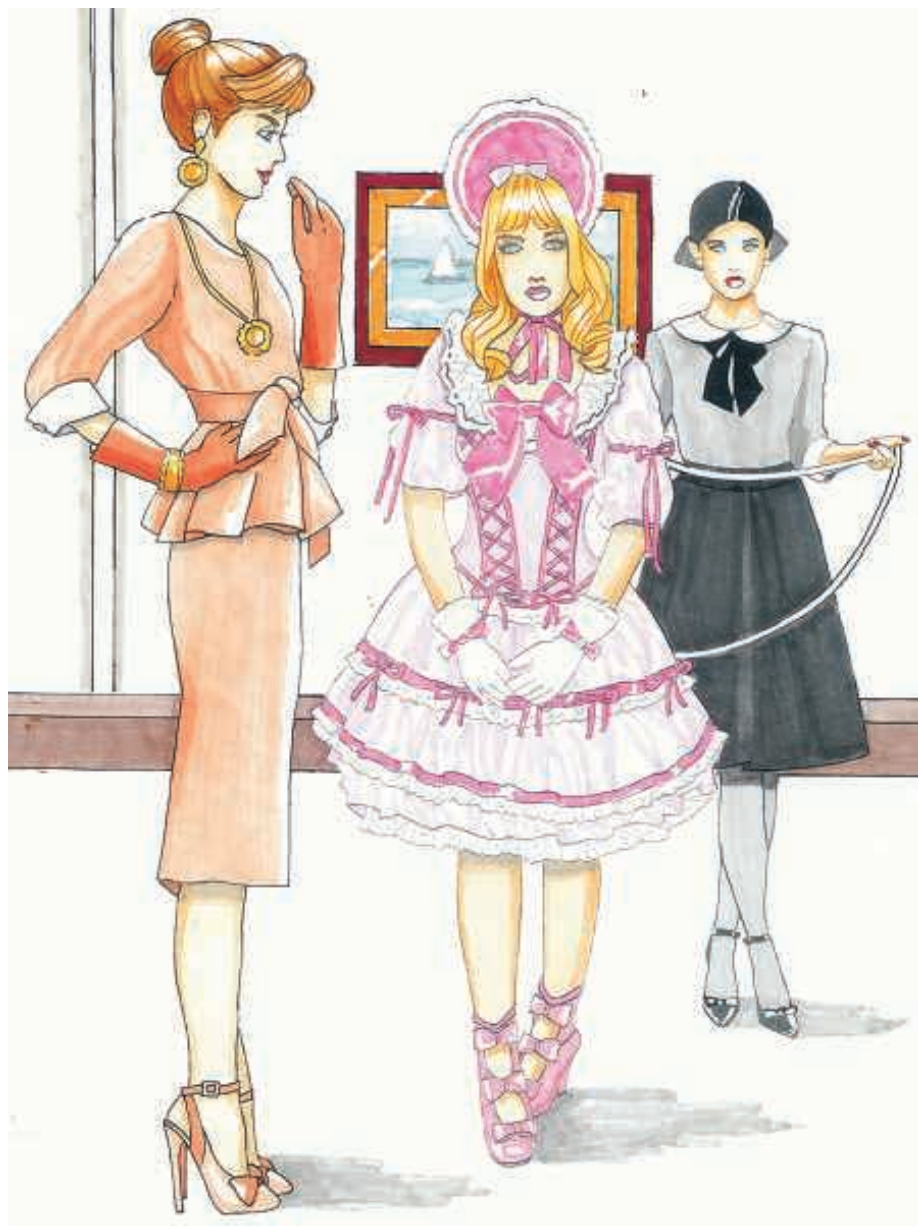
Oh my, I chuckled to myself, as I picked up the photo. For there was little Freddie dressed in the sissiest attire I believe I’ve ever seen. The old fashioned, bloomer styled pants fell well short of his knees. They ended in white ruffles and were fastened by satin bows with long, fluttering streamers. The high waist with a wide sash showed off an obviously very tightly laced corset. There was no front flap. The sleeves were all too puffed and like the pants festooned with bows and ruffles. The blouse, for what else could it be, had rows of lace ruffles down the front with a very stiff looking, broad, bishop styled collar, also ruffle trimmed with the sissiest bow with streamers nearly to his waist. White, nearly elbow length gloves were obviously tightly buttoned to his arms. On his legs were white tights and on his feet midcalf, pointed toed boots with satin laces tied in big bows with heels that had to be three inches high. Poor little Freddie, I thought unsympathetically.

I did have to, half heartedly, feel sorry for him as his cupid lips were quite pinkish as were his cheeks and I swear I detected a brushing of pale blue eyeshadow above his long, curled eye lashes. On his head was a schoolgirls hat with a wide band with long streamers well down his back.

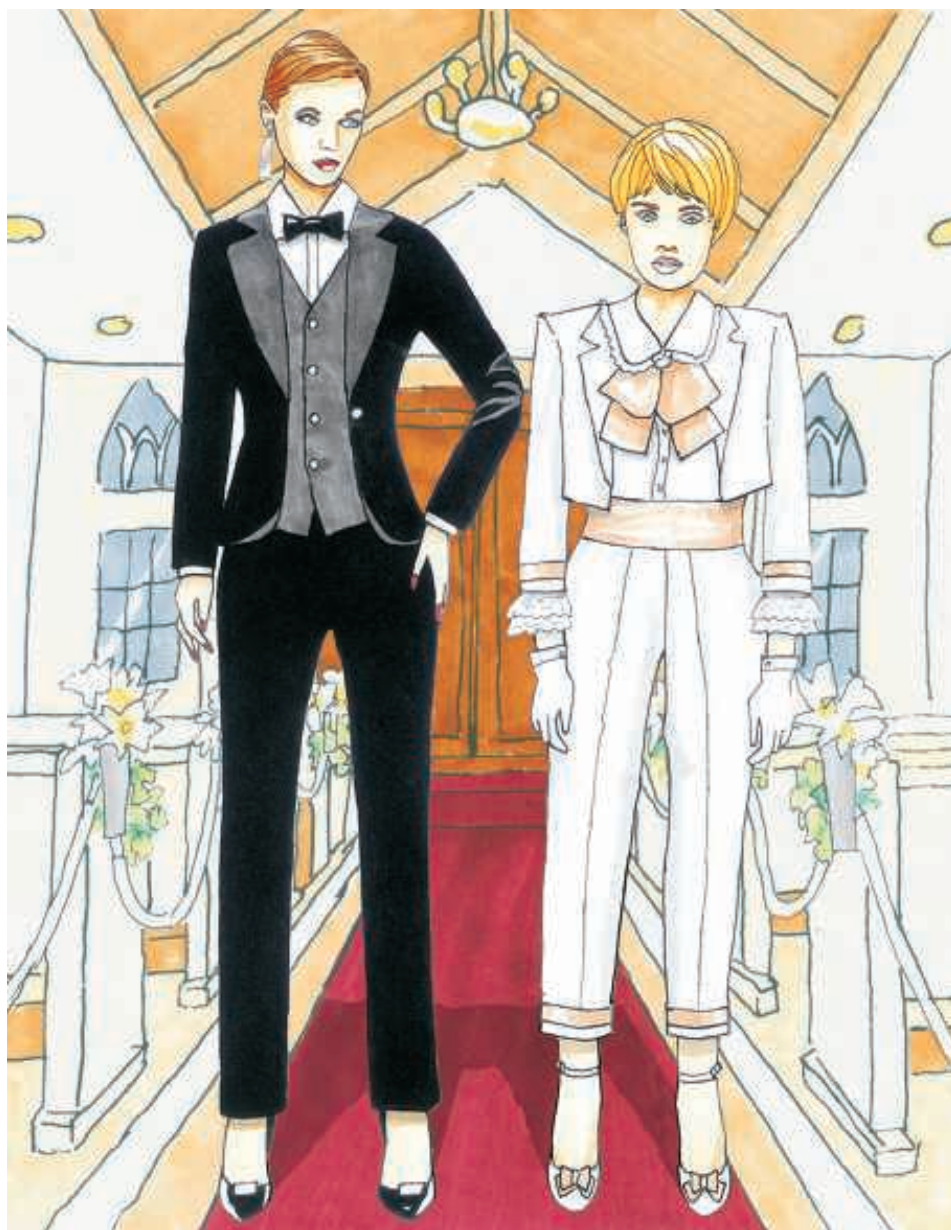
Fascinated as I was by his oldfashioned, ultra sissy attire what amused me the most, and was undoubtedly humiliating, for he didn’t look at all happy, was that he was buckled into a toddler’s harness and holding it’s leash was his nanny. A very stern looking young woman, who couldn’t have been much older than his actual age, held his leash in one hand and a cane in the other.

Putting the photo down all I could think was that it was all to the best. Heaven only knows how he would have turned out if he was ever put back in long pants.

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Home schooled Sissy

by Patricia Michelle

After a couple of years being married Mark and I agreed things were getting stale in the bedroom. It was actually me that suggested role playing. I'd always had a fantasy about dressing as a slutty hooker, ala Julia Roberts, being picked up in a bar and having a guy pay to have sex with me.

So we did it and it was great! He treated me just like a cheap slut. Then we played nurse/patient, switching roles and that was a lot of fun as well.

Exhausted I said, "Okay, your turn."

"How about teacher-student?" He suggested.

"Oh great, I'll dress up like a catholic schoolgirl and you can lecture me and even spank me for talking in class or not keeping my legs together," I said excitedly, although I could have sworn he had a momentarily disappointed look.

I really got off dressing as a schoolgirl in a plaid jumper, saddle shoes and a ponytail. He did spank me when I was naughty, on purpose, but not real hard and I swear, with each spank my panties got wetter and wetter. When he accidentally spanked me a little harder I literally soaked them.

It was when we were browsing the shops one day that we passed a uniform shop that he stopped and pointed to one of the uniforms saying he thought I'd look really sexy in it. I thought so too and the next thing I knew I had a complete St. Catherine's Girl's Junior Academy uniform.

Going into a restaurant he convinced me to go to the ladies room and change into it. Wow, out in public as a little schoolgirl, what fun! Minutes later I came out dressed in the cutest sailor's uniform that made me look even younger. Complete with pleated skirts, white anklets and shiny, patent leather, black mary janes. I even put my hair into pigtails with ribbons.

Mags, Inc

Throughout lunch he treated me just like a little schoolgirl, correcting my posture and insisting I call him, “Mr. London, Sir.” He even held my hand as we walked out.

It was a couple weeks later that I started getting a little concerned. We had gone antique hunting and in a shop was an old fashioned school desk which he thought would be perfect. So we started having class time with me sitting primly at my desk. Of course, bad girl that I was, I had apologize by getting another spanking, although it was much harder. Then I had to suck his dick, which I really did-n’t like. I did it, but it wasn’t one of my favorite things.

It was when he bought yet another schoolgirl’s uniform off the internet that I thought he was really going overboard. It was from the Blue Bird Elementary School and I didn’t mind putting it on, but I tried putting my foot down when he wanted me to go out in it. After much pleading I agreed feeling like an idiot. Especially when he wanted me to curtsy whenever I wanted to say anything.

I was starting not to like the direction this was all going. I didn’t like being made to stand in the corner for 30 minutes because I forgot to curtsy when answering a question. He started correcting the way I sat and stood, even how I walked. From god knows where he found a black board and made me write 50 times, “I must learn to be a good girl” with my panties down for christ sake!

I was ready to stop all this role playing when I found out why he was fixated on this schoolgirl thing. And I was shocked! I came back a day early from a business trip. Thinking to surprise him I tiptoed in. Good thing I did because there he was dressed in one of the schoolgirl uniforms furiously jerking off in my schoolgirl panties. I yanked out my iPhone and videoed him.

So, all along it was him who wanted to be the schoolgirl. I was disgusted. My image of him as a man and husband evaporated. The question was what was I going to do? I goggled, “schoolgirl fetish” and in an hour it all became clear. Well, if he was the one who really wanted to be a schoolgirl, so be it. I videoed him twice more before confronting him.

Then I went back to reading the articles and descriptions of men with schoolgirl fetishes, and made up a list of things I thought would make his perverted fantasies all too real. A wicked looking wooden cane that I really couldn’t wait to use on him. Instead of your typical black, schoolgirl mary janes I bought a pair of staggering five inch high, stiletto heels with sharply pointed toes for a bit of self inflicted torture for his feet. I couldn’t wait to see him staggering around trying to walk in them. Then one thing I had noticed as I taped him was that he was a bit too big around the waist to close the zipper in back. I recalled that many of the articles stated that men with schoolgirl fantasies felt an overwhelming desire to be submissive and that nothing would enforce this more than a tightly laced corset.

“It should be as severe as possible so the wearer feels completely dominated. An old fashioned hour glass corset with absolute rigid, steel stays that forces the wearer to maintain an erect posture at all times, and makes it impossible to bend in it is strongly recommended, You’ll find them quite resistive to being forced to wear a tightly laced corset so we highly recommended corset that locks in back to prevent any possibility of ti’s removal,” one article stated. Oh my, I thought, how perfect, just another article of torture for my little pervert.

“So, all along it was you that wanted to be the schoolgirl,” I stated.

“N-No, I-I just wanted to see what it was like. It was only this once, honest,” he lied. “Well, if you want to see what it’s like to be a schoolgirl I can go along with that,” I said, trying my hardest not to show be contempt.

“Y-You can, really?” He said, trying hard not to sound excited.

He must have thought he was in heaven when I put a bra on him and added jiggling inserts, then made his face up for him, adding pink lipstick and huge lashes, put his longish hair in pigtails with ribbon attached half inch oval nails and painted them a matching pink.

“Now then Amanda Sue, oh yes, that’s your pretend schoolgirl name from now on, I noticed that you were a little too big to close the zipper of the uniform you were wearing, weren’t you?” I asked innocently, naively he admitted that he couldn’t.

“Well, I have just the solution for that. Reach up and grab hold of the top of the bedpost, please,” I said as nice as I could.

When he did I wasted no time in wrapping his first instrument of torture around him.

“Oh, it’s a corset,” he exclaimed, trying to hide his excitement. Obviously another part of his fantasy.

“Yes, I’m sure it’s what all schoolgirls dream about. Now keep your arms up while I tighten it a bit, “ I ordered, chuckling to myself. God, I was going to enjoy this.

“There, now how does that feel?” I asked.

“It feels snug, a little tight, ah, s-sorta nice,” He admitted.

“Oh my, just a little? I’m sure I can fix that,” I assured him and putting my foot on his back proceeded to yank on the laces as hard as I could.

“Oh, p-please (gasp, gasp) ti, ti’s much too tight, it’s hard (gasp, gasp) to breath, honest,” he pleaded.

“Just for fun, let’s make it a little more tighter, and see if you can still breath,” I said sadistically, and using all my strength brutally tightening it as much as I could.

“P-Please loosen it, honest, ti’s really too (gasp, gasp) too tight,” he pleaded.

“You’re still breathing so it can’t be all that tight,” I gloated seeing the panicked look on his face.

“Now let’s get you the rest of your uniform,” I said. Dressing him in the ridiculous elementary schoolgirl uniform he’d made to wear. The only difference is that instead of the flat heeled mary janes I forced his feet into the next instruments of torture, the pair of five inch heels I’d bought just for him to add to the misery I planned to inflict.

I told him to sit at his desk until I came back. When I did his mouth fell open as I was severely dressed in old fashioned teachers attire, my hair in a bun, wearing a pair of my tallest black boots and in one hand holding a wicked looking wooden cane that his eyes fixed nervously on.

Sternly I said, “Now then Amanda Sue you will address me as, ‘Ms. London, Ma’am.’ You’ll sit there primly with hands folded on your desk, knees together, ankles crossed. You will not interrupt, question or argue with your teacher. Nor will you speak unless asked a question. When you are you will stand, curtsy and give me your answer. For every incorrect answer you’ll be spanked and stood in the corner. And I believe we’ll start out the first of your daily classes with a paddling for lying to me.”

“Lying, I haven’t lied,” he retorted.

Turning on my iPhone I said, “You said you only dressed up once. Watch.”

God, did his face turn pale when he saw himself jerking off, not once but three times.

“Bend over the chair, lift your skirt and pull down your panties,” I demanded.

Ashamed at being caught he meekly did as I ordered, undoubtedly thinking I was going to give him a few love taps.

He gasped and screamed bloody murder at the first smack, hitting my miserable excuse for a husband as hard as I could. He pleaded with me to stop, but I ignored him and he was soon crying and bawling his eyes out.

“Go ahead and cry, it won’t ruin your makeup,” I said, gleefully.

“W-What d-do you (sob, sob) mean?” He shuttered.

“That wasn’t ordinary makeup, I used dyes. Maybe in six months it might start wearing off. And remember how squishy and wet you said your titties felt when I put them in your bra? That was due to the glue on them. You can’t remove them, or your dolly eyelashes, your pink lips or your pink nails. You wanted to be a little, sissy schoolgirl. Well, you fucking pervert, you got your wish,” I said vehemently, then ordered “her” to stand and lift her skirts up.

She yelped as I applied freezing ice to her dick that he so loved playing with.

“No more jerking off for you, it’s sooo unladylike,” I giggled, slipping his favorite toy into a chrome chastity sheath and applying the lock.

Then it was time for his third instrument of torture. One article I’d read was a description of the various, quite sadistic, methods employed on girls at the turn of the century to make “proper ladies” of them. Severely laced corsets and unbearably high heeled button boots that they were made to sleep in were two. But the method employed to teach girls to primly sit quietly and not fidget caught my eye. Perfect for Amanda Sue I chuckled. so I went to a hardware store and found a wooden matt that had one inch high spikes on it. No idea what it was used for, but regardless I bought it and when I got home I cut it to fit the seat of her chair.

Putting it down on the seat I ordered her sit.

“Oh, ouch,ouch, what’s that,” she cried.

“Just something to make you sit still, while I go over the rules that every schoolgirl must abide by, Every time I see you squirming or fidgeting you get with the cane, I warned him.”

You’ll sit there perfectly erect, ankles crossed and sit perfectly still and what write I say, then repeat it back to me,”

I’d found a list of schoolgirl fantasy rules on one of the websites and thought them perfect. I couldn’t help smirking as I said, “If she wished to speak she had to hold up her hand to ask permission. She had to curtsy before and after she spoke and before and after she left a room. She had to ask my permission before she could do anything, even to asking for permission to go to the bathroom to do tinkles as I made her refer to them as. She would sit, stand and walk like a proper little schoolgirl at all times, or else, and on and on. I so enjoyed seeing there ever so primly in her towering high heels writing every new rule I dictated she would adhere to. What made it difficult to sit as I’d ordered



her to was what I'd put on her seat. I guess I was still in a revengeful mood, too bad for her.

With each rule she let out a little gasp and sob, but to my disgust, repeated back each one, and wrote it down.

“For every rule you break you’ll be punished, do you understand?” I asked as harshly as I could.

“Y-Yes Ms. London, Ma’am,” his scared voice answered.

“Now, are you ready for your first lesson?” I asked.

“Yes M-Ms. London, Ma’am,” she said fearfully, her eyes glued to the cane.

“Get up and kneel in front of me,” I ordered, as I unbuttoned my skirt leaving her face inches from my naked pussy.

“Your first class is titled, ‘Doing Lickies.’ You remember how much as I pleaded with you to go down on me and lick my pussy and you scornfully said licking pussy wasn’t what real men do? Well, you’re about to learn,” I said, wrapping my legs tightly around her head.

Twenty minutes later I pushed him back and picking up a cane said, “That’s pathetic. It’s obvious you’re not even trying. What you need is an incentive.”

All it took were a dozen spanks to her bottom with the cane, as hard as I could make them, and she was licking as if her life depended on it.

“Did that hurt?” I asked.

“Oh god, yes,” she sobbed.

“Too bad. You’ll have a Lickies lesson every day and from now on if you fail to give me an orgasm you’ll spend an hour sucking on this,” I said, holding up a huge cock I’d attached to a harness I’d put on, adding, “And if you don’t do a good job sucking on this I’ve have you suck on a real one.”

It’s been six months now and after a few hours sucking on an my enormous dick you can’t believe the orgasms she was giving me.

Still I can’t help feeling how I was cheated out of a real man when I married him. So I’m always looking for new ways to humiliate her. She positively cringes whenever I take her out in public. And there was the party I told her we were going to, although she didn’t know it was a party my neighbor, Juliann and I arranged just for him at her house. just for her.

She begged and pleaded not to make her go, but the threat of one of my bare bottom spankings convinced her otherwise.

Juliann was in hysterics when I told her about Amanda Sue, and if she’d like to get a little revenge? You see when Amanda Sue was Mark he had a real thing for

her, even to trying to kiss her. which really pissed her off. She couldn't believe her best friend's husband trying to cheat on her.

I dressed her in the elementary schoolgirl uniform that she'd never worn. Although first I made some alterations that I'd hope would be fittingly humiliating. It was a blue jumper with wide shoulder straps and a box, pleated skirt that came a few inches below mid-thigh. I shortened it to many inches above mid-thigh. Making it look ridiculously short showing off his long girlish legs.

The sailor's blouse was white satin with a red, sailor's tie. On her legs I put the frilliest anklets decorate with red bows. She couldn't wear her high heels, of course, so I got her a pair of shiny, black little girl's t-straps with red bows. Naturally I couldn't leave it at that. I wanted her mincing in daintily just the way I forced her to walk. What I remembered from reading the article on how they forced girls, at the turn of the century, to become prim, well-mannered young ladies is when they weren't forced to wear tight, towering high heeled boots they put tack in the heels of their shoes. forcing them into the same mincing walk. So that's what I did.

Then what also caught my eye was how they dealt with how they cured a girl who talked back or talked when proper young ladies weren't supposed to. They stuck a paper clip on their tongues with a caution that if forced the wearer to lisp. Oh god, how perfect! A lisping, little schoolgirl sissy!

To make her look even more hopelessly juvenile I put her hair into braids with big, red bows fastening them.

But then I had my own way of making it even more devastatingly humiliating. She looked obviously puzzled when I removed her pussy sissifier then replaced her panties with a much tighter one. Then just before we left I crushed up a viagra pill into a glass of wine I innocently said would calm her nerves.

Then off to Juliann's for his sissy, schoolgirl coming out party. On the walk over, as she minced on just her toes, I said, "I'm not heartless. I won't tell them who you really are..."

"Oh, frank yoth Ms. London," She lisped stupidly grateful.

"I'll introduce you as my niece who's come to visit and I will be your Aunt Hilary. while there you'll refer to me as 'Aunty Hillary.'" I said, laughing to myself.

Juliann and I couldn't wait to see Amanda Sue's reaction when I brought her into the room. And it was priceless and everything we had hoped for. I swear

she nearly fainted and terrified tried to run out the door, but I strong armed her in.

To face not only his best friends but his golfing buddies and many of our neighbors. We both wanted nothing more than to have someone discover who she really was. but to our disappointment that didn't happen. but there was still plenty of humiliation to heap on her.

Which started with Juliann giving her a too long, french kiss that caused the viagra to kick in.

I took my time introducing her to all her best friends and golfing buddies one at a time. Imagine the utter humiliation of having to curtsy to each one, introduce herself, state with a girlsih lisp that she was eleven years old and all the time her pussy had a raging hardon. We thought that was the funniest thing.

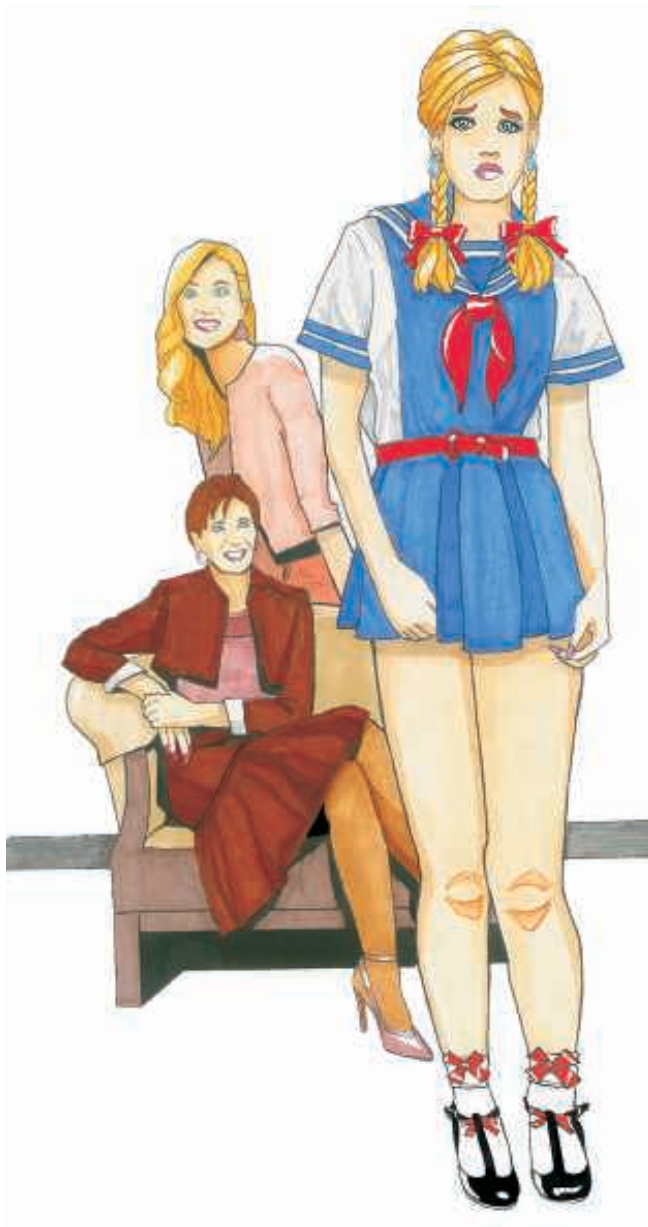
But, on my, there was worse to come as the evening ended. Juliann gleefully took charge of her while I openly flirted and necked with Doug, my handsome, athletic tennis instructor, making sure Amanda Sue had a clear view. As everyone was leaving I went over to Juliann and said, "I'm leaving with Doug, do you think you can take my little niece home and put her to bed?"

"Of course, lucky you, I hear Doug is hung like a horse and stays hard forever. Oh dear, "I'll explain what 'being hung like a horse' to you when you grow up." She said to the thoroughly crushed Amanda Sue.

But the revenge I enjoy most is when she dresses me for a date and later I go into great detail about how I was royally fucked and the size of my stud's cock. Her humiliated sobs are music to my ears.

However the ultimate humiliation I've devised is to dress her up in her most juvenile uniform and present her to my dates. Last week my revenge was nearly complete, who knows, when I cheer-fully said, "You're just at an age when you should start learning about sex and Conrad has graciously agreed to help educate you. He has what's called a cock and when we get back he'll not only show it to you he's going to let you touch it. Isn't that exciting?"

##



The Barbie Doll Transformation Institute

By Patricia Michelle

“Get out of my clothes! You look like a goddamn freak!” I screamed at my husband when I came home unexpectedly and found him swishing around in one of my best outfits and ridiculously made-up. “You’re not a man, at least not the one I married. And you’re certainly not a woman. You’re a fucking travesty, a madeup mockery of one. Nothing but a damn sissy.”

“I’m not a sissy. A lot of men just like to dressup as women. They’re called crossdressers,” he replied.

“That’s just another word for sissy. Say it!” I demanded.

“I won’t. I’m a cross dresser,” he said adamantly.

Well, he wasn’t a man, not in my mind. And what I wanted was a real man. Not the disgusting pervert I was looking at. But, what to do with him? I spent a week researching “sissies”, and “men as sissies” on the internet and one site stood out. The Barbie Doll Sissy Academy. After several phone calls I said to Hank, one night, “I’m sorry I got so upset. Let’s spend the weekend up in Reno where I’ll have a surprise for you that I know you’re really going to love.”

Pathetically he was relieved, and despite his questions, I kept his surprise to myself.

When we got there all I told him was that there was a place I wanted to visit, which was where his surprise was. The cab took us



to a secluded neighborhood and through the gates of a high wall trimmed with spikes and up to a rather forbidding looking Victorian house. As we got out we saw the most precious looking little girls in pigtails, the sissiest party dresses and darling mary janes mincing around the grounds. We were greeted, at the door, by an imposing, stern looking woman. Once seated in her office she asked, “Does he know why he’s here?”

“It’s like I mentioned on the phone, he keeps insisting he a cross dresser and not a sissy,” I said, totally shocking him.

“Ah yes, obviously he’s in denial. We get that sad, lame declaration from many of our new students,” she sighed.

“Lorin, what the hell is going on? How could you tell her?” He asked, utterly humiliated, as two strong armed girls entered and before he could react had him strapped to the chair he was sitting in.

“Why this is your big surprise! Ms. Hodges owns, and is the headmistress, of the Limp Wrist Sissy Academy. Since you’re obviously in denial concerning what you really are, I’ve enrolled you here. Ms. Hodges assures me they have a 100% conversion rate turning men who can’t accept their real, sissy gender. Perhaps you can explain.”

“Of course. Basically sweetie we take men in denial, like yourself, and convert them into what we call, ‘Barbie Sissies.’ You’ll be totally feminized and sissified until you more resemble a Barbie Doll. Then if your wife wants you back she’ll come and get you when you graduate. Which one will this one be, Gretchen?” She asked.

“There have been so many we’re having to start all over. This one will be ‘Barbie Ann number two.’”

“Now if your exwife, oh yes, you’ve been divorced for a week now. Obviously a real woman needs a real man, not a sissy. Well, if she doesn’t want you back we’ll simply keep you here until you’re eventually sold at one of our monthly sissy auctions. You won’t believe the market there is for a welltrained, conditioned sissy. Some owners treat them just like dolls and love displaying them to their friends. Others enter them in sissy contests as an interesting hobby, or buy one to keep their man satisfied if she travels a lot. Then there’s actually a lot of women who purchase a sissy as a kind of house pet, if their lease won’t allow a real one,” she explained as the girls, each with shears scissored his clothes off, got a sissy bra and dainty shoes on him and tightly cinched a training leash around what they called his, “sissy pom poms.”

“The girls will attend to the basics, which will take several hours. In the meantime lets have lunch,” she offered.

Despite my best efforts not to, just as we were finishing lunch what minced in, crying pathetically, made me break out into giggles. For my former husband, now “Barbie Ann” was dressed in the frilliest, sissiest, pink, pinafore dress dripping with pink ribbons and bows and petticoats. Her now blonde hair was in little girl pigtails, tied with ribbons into huge bows. Her makeup so over done she truly did look like a Barbie Doll. Huge unnaturally curled, heavily massacred eyelashes, black eyeliner, blue eyeshadow, and big, pouty, pink cupid’s lips. All of which the headmistress explained was quite permanent. The anklets, so appropriate for a girl of maybe six, were heavily ruffled with pink bows decorating them. On her feet, across the insteps and ankles, the headmistress explained, were her pink “training shoes.” The wide, stiff, pink collar around her neck was attached to a leash held by the meanest looking woman, who Barbie Ann was obviously scared to death of, who the headmistress explained was Sissy Barbie Ann’s personal trainer.

“Oh pplease Lorin, don’t let them do this to me,” she pleaded. “How sad, she’s still in denial,” I observed. “Yes, I’m afraid she’ll be in denial for months. Let’s take our orientation tour, I think you and Barbie Ann will find it instructive,” she said.

Which we did as we went from one classroom to another Barbie Sue’s expression grew more and more horrified, as I became all the more fascinated. The last classroom brought on the most horrified look on her face. “This is our advanced obedience class. The four sissies, you see, are near graduation, but must pass this advanced class first. We guarantee that any Barbie Sissy they purchase be so thoroughly conditioned that they won’t pause for an instant to do anything they’re told to. Let’s listen.”

“Barbie Jane aren’t Barbie Kimberley’s pink mary janes so divine? Wouldn’t you love to get down and give them ‘kissies’ all over?” The instructor asked.

“Oh yes, Barbie Jane would love to give Barbie Kimberley’s divine mary janes kissies all over. Oh pplease may I?” She begged.

“But of course. big, loud, slurpie, wet kisses. Now, don’t stop until I tell you,” she ordered the simpering sissy, then turned to two other sissies. “Barbie Polly please lift up your skirts and hold them

there. Now, Barbie Muffin lower her panties for her. Yes, that's it, now carefully unlace her pussy corset."

Which the sissy did without the slightest hesitation, although a brief look of dismay crossed her face. As soon as the corset was off Barbie Polly's "pussy" sprang to it's full, quivering, three inch length.

"Now Barbie Muffin, poor Barbie Polly's sissy pussy hasn't done a squirtie all week, wouldn't you just love to do 'suckies' for Barbie Polly?" She asked. "Oh can I? I would simply die if I couldn't do sissy suckies for Barbie Polly," she lisped as excitedly as she could. "Now remember, long, slow suckies. Barbie Polly will tell you when her pussy is about to do squirties, then what do you do?" "Barbie Muffin stops immediately, slowly count to thirty and then starts again," she replied.

"And Barbie Polly, you won't do squirties until I give you permission, will you? You do know I'll have you bend over and let Barbie Kimberley do her squirites you know where?" She warned, causing the sissy to shudder in obvious dread.

"Aren't they so exquisitely trained. A lot of owners have sissy parties just to watch them do suckies and squirites," the highly amused woman said.

"It's really hard to believe they were once actually men," I observed.

"Please dear, you have to remember, like your Barbie Ann they never really were men, simply just sissies in denial."

Yes, I thought, I'd have to agree. As I kissed my exhusband on the fore head I said, "Now don't you worry Barbie Ann, I'm sure by the time you graduate you'll no longer be in denial."

Sissie's New Teacher

By Patricia Michelle

Two months ago my two maids, Margaret and Melissa, came in laughing their heads off.

“You have to see this,” Margaret giggled, putting a video in the player.

What I saw was a real shocker. There was my young husband up in the attic dressed in one of my old school girl uniforms that he'd obviously found in a trunk. Just as obvious he had no idea every room in the house had a security camera hidden in it.

“Watch, you won't believe this,” Melissa said.

I watched as he raised his skirt and started masturbating in my panties that he was wearing. “Oh my god, that's disgusting,” was all I could get out. But it explained precisely why he was just a dud in bed, and just a disappointment as a husband.

I grew even more disgusted when told that he'd been doing it for weeks.

“Well girls, what do you think we should with Paul?” I asked. When they told me what they thought I should do I completely agreed with them. If he wanted to be a school girl so be it.

It took a couple of weeks but one morning when he woke up he did so screaming his head off. When I came into the room, trailed by a stern, forbidding looking woman he hollered, “What the fuck have you done to me?” I suppose if I were him I'd be shocked too at the

huge tits he now sported and the realistic pussy between his legs. From the ears down every hair on his body had been removed. His longish, blonde hair was done p in a little girl's style complete with ribbons on each side. His ears were pierced and earrings dangled from them. His make up with huge eyelashes, eyeliner, eyeshadow and pink cupid's lips made him look like the perfect sissy school girl.

"You see what I have to put up with?" I said to the woman. "She has no manners or discipline at all. She walks and talks why almost like a boy. I hope there's something you can do with Prudence."

"WWhat the hell are you talking about, And who is she?" He bellowed.

"You've been such an unruly child that I've decided to home school you. This is Mistress Vivienne, your new teacher." I said with a straight face.

"Now I know you're out of your mind," he stated belligerently.

"You can leave her with me. I'm sure in no time at all we'll come to an understanding," she assured me.

For the next hour all we heard, regardless of where we were, were the loud, sharp cracks of a paddle and his screams.

I didn't see "Prudence" for three days. Then at dinner time Margaret, giggling, announced that Mistress Vivienne would be bringing Prudence down and presenting her to me.

I suppose I shouldn't have been shocked, knowing what my instructions had been, but frankly I was. In minced my husband although not even his mother would have recognized him. "She" was dressed in one of my school girl uniforms from junior high, when I was twelve or thirteen. A grey, bib jumper with the shortest, pleated skirt not even coming to midthigh. A white satin blouse with short, puffy sleeves, plaid cuffs and red bows tying them was under the jumper along with a matching plaid tie. She looked petrified wearing red, platform shoes with seven inch heels with the frilliest, ruffled anklets tied with red bows. Her hair was done in the sissiest, little girl pigtails with huge, red bows fastening them.

Her teacher followed close behind wielding a crop in one hand.

Hanging her head she minced over to me and, I almost laughed out loud as she performed a curtsy, raising her skirts until I could see her panties.

Using my maiden name, which had to be utterly humiliating, she lisped, "I'm so sorry I've been such a bad little school girl Ms. Givens. I promise to try my hardest to be the most well mannered, sweetest, most obedient little girl I can possibly be."

Ignoring her I asked her teacher, "I see some progress, but I'd like your evaluation."

"She's obviously a slow learner, perhaps a bit retarded," she commented. I could see a sudden angry look on her face, which I could well understand as he held a Masters in European history. And he was being called, "slow, even retarded."

"Unfortunately the only thing she seems to understand is a severe paddling or a half dozen, or so, swats with the crop. She's behind in all her classes. Poise and Posture, notice how clumsily she walks. Manners & Gestures. Proper Grammar and Learned Responses. Her ballet and tap dancing is atrocious. In math she can't even multiply 125 x 278 in her head. However her attitude and obedience has shown a slight, but only a slight improvement."

"I've assigned Melissa as her governess who will take over her tutoring when I'm absent. Margaret will be her nanny. She'll see to putting her to bed and supervising her play time and toilet privileges. I've specifically instructed them that she's to be watched at all times and they've promised not to be the least bit lenient in apply either the paddle or crop to her," she stated.

From then on I seldom saw her as I was either away on business or off getting royally fucked by some stud. Finally her teacher said she felt she'd progressed to a point where she would be presentable to my guests. Which drew a dismayed, stunned gasp from Prudence.

It was a couple days later that her teacher brought her in and said, "For some time now Prudence has been begging me to let her talk to you in private. Do you have any time?"

“I can spare her a couple of minutes,” I replied.

When the door shut she started right in. “PPlease dear, please put a stop to this. I don’t know why you’re doing this” she cried.

“But Prudence isn’t this what you wanted? All dressed up like a schoolgirl jerking off in your panties?” I asked disgustedly.

“This? NNo of course not. WWhat do you mean..” was all he could say as his expression turned deathly pale, realizing that I was all too aware of what he’d been up to.

I put the video we’d originally watched, along with several other “dress up, jerk off” scenes we’d added in the player.

“Sit down, there’s something you need to watch,” I said, hitting “play”.

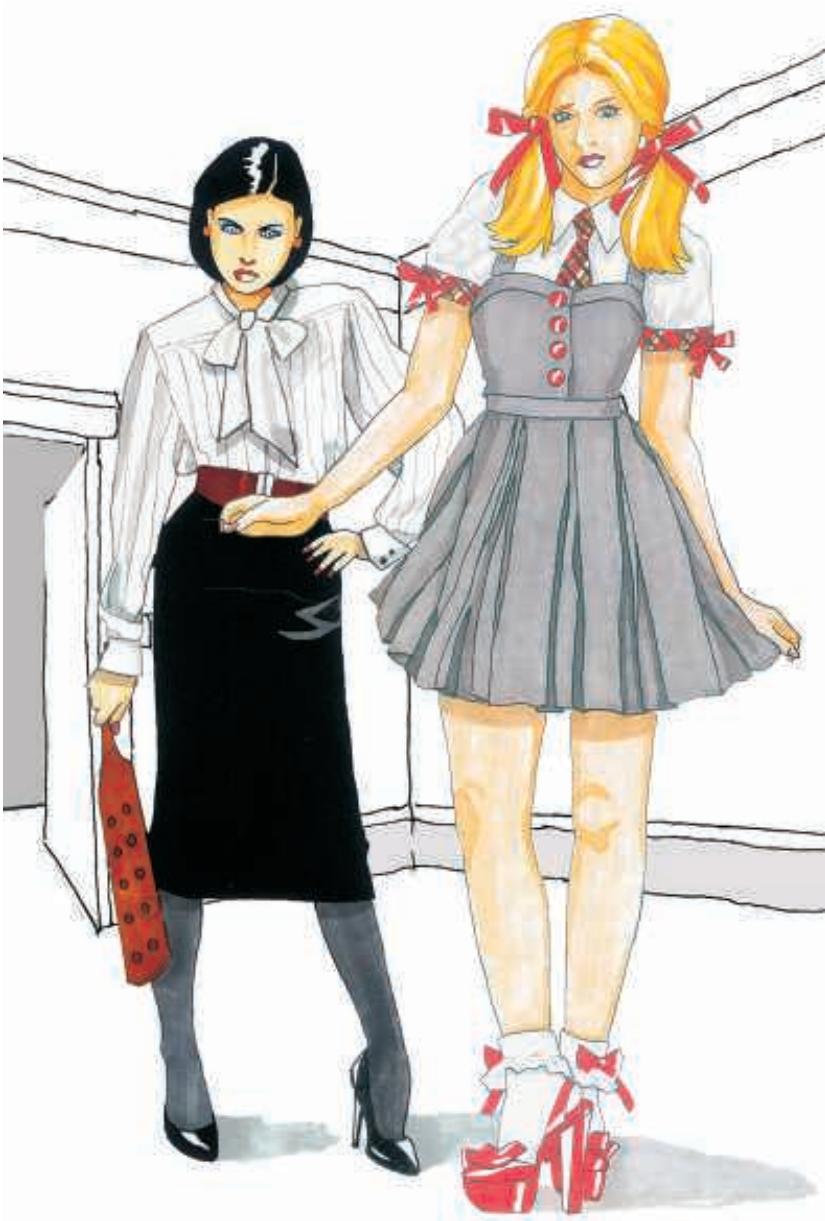
When it finished “she” knew precisely why she’d been turned into a sissy, school girl

and turned over to her sadistic teacher and the two maids, now her governess and nanny. “It was only a harmless fantasy I just wanted to see how I looked like in one of your old uniforms,” he lamely tried to convince me. Which I was having none of. “Maybe I’d believe you if it just been once, but it wasn’t was it. Well now your disgusting fantasy is about to become all too real for you,” I assured her. Calling her teacher back in I said, “I’m afraid I caught Prudence telling me a lie. She

also failed to curtsy to me twice before and after she spoke. Please attend to it.”

Minutes later all I could hear was the crack of the riding crop over and over.

The next day I presented her to company I had over for dinner. I hoped she’d be crushed and hopelessly humiliated, and how couldn’t she be with his three best friends and their wives in attendance, and none of them came close to recognizing her.



At eight o'clock I told her nanny Margaret that she could put the girl to bed now.

Her next appearance was brought on by her teacher. There was only one guest that she'd invited. A muscular black guy who towered over the fearful sissy.

“We’ve advanced to a point where I feel we can start her in a new class on Monday, Sex Education. For that reason I’ve invited Frank to act as her tutor. A position I’ve employed him for before. I’m sure with daily, one hour lessons he’ll have the girl well broken in. He’ll start with simple touching exercises. Fondling and licking his very substantial prick. Then actual sucking, followed by beginner gulp and swallow. Can you say ‘prick’ Prudence?” She asked innocently. Prudence couldn’t reply as upon hearing her new class she’d start the following day she was so horrified she fainted.

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