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SCUFFLES TO RUFFLES

by Jennifer Sue

While the boys were slowly accepting their petticoated state, the mothers brought the fathers to Dr. Cynthia Conrad for an emergency consultation. Using powerful tranquilizers and psychotropic drugs, the men were hypnotized and brainwashed to accept the complete petticoating of their sons. Upon returning home, the father helped strip his son's room of every masculine toy, book, and poster while the mother emptied the drawers and closets of almost every bit of male clothing. All that was kept were two pair of dress pants, five dress shirts, and one pair of dress shoes that the boy needed for school. The closets and drawers were then filled with the pretty new girlish wardrobe. The father then bagged everything that had been removed and took it out with the garbage.

When the still dressed boys returned home, they were informed of the drastic changes that had been made by their father. This totally eliminated any hope of a reprieve. Meekly the boy took a bubble bath before slipping into his new pink baby doll nightie. The boys were so overwhelmed by all that had transpired that they were too numb to do anything but accept their petticoated fate.

The tea fashion show was a tremendous success. The boys were praised and complimented by everyone for their utter girlishness. The previously petticoated boys and adults were also revealed, much to the shock of those who had not previously known. It was then that the boys and their fathers fully understood that the newly petticoated boys were fated to skip merrily down the one-way petticoat pathway.

How could such things happen?

Read on!

Susan Greer, a highly qualified and skilled lawyer, was fed up with all the abuse and the callousness of her male bosses. For years she put up with their sexist bigotry and patronizing because she had committed herself to balancing her employment requirements with the needs and obligations of her small family. She simply didn't want to invest the time required to establish and maintain her own practice. Increasingly over the years, her bosses directed women seeking divorce her way because they knew she could put them at ease and relate to their needs. What this meant was that she had numerous near destitute battered wives coming to her because of her fine reputation as a more than competent divorce lawyer. Susan never turned these women away. Whenever her bosses began to grumble about Susan's many charity cases; her indisputable rebuttal was that her compassionate efforts brought societal esteem and high public recognition to the firm quickly quieted the complaints. Not being a stupid woman as her bosses thought, she was quietly building a log of each and every example of sexual harassment committed against her as well as damning evidence of the hierarchy glossing over all such complaints.

This fragile balance of work and family was shattered when Susan discovered that her often verbally abusive husband was cheating. Deciding that she had to divorce him, with icy determination she kept her knowledge of his infidelity quiet while she built ironclad cases against him as well as her employer. By accomplishing these aims she would set herself up for financial and business independence. Getting the goods on her errant husband proved easy, but constructing an ironclad case for sexual harassment took great care. Fortunately she had been keeping an undeniable paper trail of all the sexist remarks and blatant sexual overtures that were a daily part of her business life in the law firm. As the indisputable evidence of sexual harassment built, Susan realized that the main problem she faced was that she could not handle raising her son and starting her own independent law practice at the same time.

As Susan pondered her dilemma, she thought of all the women clients she had who were in similar career/family straits. If a woman with children didn't have a family to help her make it through the tough times, it was almost impossible for her to build a decent life. Then it hit her, why couldn't those women form an artificial family to help each other? The more Susan thought about the idea, the more appealing it became. As a lawyer she understood that a corporation was in effect a type of family. All that had to be done was for a group of women with similar problems and interests to form a corporation.

With this revelation came the challenge to determine what similar problems and interests the women needed to hold in common so they would mesh well enough to form a stable relationship. Susan knew that her biggest problem after the divorce would be raising her irascible nine-year-old son. She would definitely need assistance in seeing that he stayed out of trouble. This then led her to conclude that the women of the proposed corporation had to have nine year old sons so that they would share virtually identical situations and be freed from this burden at nearly the same time as the boys matured.

After surreptitiously going through the county court domestic abuse and divorce files Susan came up with a listing of over fifty struggling women with a nine-year-old son. She was quite surprised to discover so many women in similar straits. Some advantageous

compensation needed to be established so that women would be willing to join her proposed venture. Since Susan wanted help in raising her son so that she could establish her own law practice, she decided to look for women who also might be interested in starting their own businesses. She also decided that she only wanted women who had only one child. These criteria quickly narrowed her list.

After six months of discreet inquiries and discussion five women accepted Susan's invitation to join her in exploring what was needed to form a corporation. Once gathered together the six women seemed to naturally gravitate to each other. Each faced very similar circumstances. All were skilled, efficient businesswomen who held low paying positions while enduring great sexual discrimination. All had been married to a verbally abusive, redneck, alcoholic husband. All had a single child, a boy nine years old who seemed headed in the same direction as their despicable husbands. None had any family to help them. All were financially impeded. All were near the end of their ability to cope with their sons and other difficulties.

Weekly meetings were held to discuss the outlines of the proposed joint venture and the women quickly became friends. Their lives were so similar it seemed scary. Simply discussing their problems with someone who knew what they were talking about eased their crushing burden. The essence of their dilemma became quite evident as their impetuous sons quickly melded into a cohesive and quite boisterous gang.

Each of the women realized they had reached a point of stabilization in their lives beyond which they saw no hope of advancing unless they joined together. Within a month of their first meeting, following Susan's advice and techniques, each of the women began to secretly document the sexual harassment they faced. During the



next several months of weekly get together their hopeless attitudes slowly improved as they saw the potential of a joint effort. They moved from the outline of what was needed to the actual requirements of forming a corporation.

During this time they also analyzed their lives. First, none of them ever wanted another demanding man in their lives. Second, they were tired of living in rent with nothing to show for their investment. Third, working full time and trying to be a single parent just didn't work out as they were having more problems with their sons. Fourth, they each desperately needed their jobs and were being used by their employers who took advantage of their deplorable situations by requiring unpaid overtime, no raises, and unending sexual harassment. Fifth, their employers kept taking away benefits like paid health insurance and vacations.

The women asked Susan, the oldest of the group, to once more explain the technicalities of her proposal. "What we need to do is form our own corporation. I think an appropriate name for us would be MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION. If we do it right, the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION can meet all our needs. Miss Management Corporation will need to locate and buy a few adjoining multi-use properties on a busy thoroughfare in a suburban area where we can establish our businesses as divisions of Miss Management Corporation to cater to the specific needs of women. Above the businesses we'll need apartments where we can live. The corporation would pay us salaries and supply all benefits. Each division would rent their space from the corporation. Each of us would rent our apartments from the corporation. The corporation would be responsible for maintenance and upkeep of the property. As principle shareholders, we'd be the board of directors and we'd each be entitled to a share of the profits. As our businesses grow, we would hire more employees, women who need a job."

"In effect, we'd be sharing expenses, becoming our own bosses, and can pool our mothering talents," Susan explained. "Each of us could take a day of hell by taking responsibility for all the boys. This would give us five days of relative freedom. If the building complex is large enough, we could even build a private health club. Imagine a gym for the boys and a sauna and hot tub for us; maybe even an indoor swimming pool. It could be a place for the boys to be so they stay home and out of trouble."

The idea was discussed in great detail by the women and soundly approved. The six founding women of MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION were Susan Greer, 41, a lawyer; Barbara Jackson, 34, an aerobics/dance instructor; Lydia Martin, 38, a beautician; Francis Keller, 40, a CPA; Kathy Snyder, 30, an office manager; and Laura Douglas, 35, a real-estate/insurance agent.

Laura began a search for the ideal location. Fran began to set up the financial framework for the corporation. Kathy drew up a corporate chain of command. Susan drew up the papers forming MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION.

Ninety years ago Westlyn was a small town a mile outside a mid-sized city. With the advent of the automobile age, the small town was quickly gobbled up by the suburban

sprawl of the nearby city. During the cold war Main Street became part of United States highway system, part of the growing interstate highway system. In the early seventies a bypass around the city removed the heavy truck traffic that had been clogging the small town streets. Opened to the incessant local traffic, Main Street once more became a thriving business district. The block next to the traditional business district had been upscale row homes when built before the depression. After WWII three local businessmen bought up the entire block for a low price as the original homeowners grew old and all the younger people wanted to move into single-family suburban homes. These shrewd businessmen renovated most of the first floors as storefronts for small businesses with apartments above. With the advent of the enclosed shopping malls in the late sixties and early seventies, many of these small businesses failed. Many of the storefronts remained vacant but the apartments, located near the city and with nearby public transportation, thrived. Two of the businessmen sold off their portion of the buildings upon their retirement. One stubbornly held onto his buildings as an investment. As often happens with older people, he failed to maintain his properties. Upon his death, his children wanted cash, not run-down apartments and vacant storefronts. In their greed, they decided to sell off the buildings.

Only two businesses remained in the ten building complex. Cynthia Conrad, an unmarried 39-year-old doctor, operated an OB/GYN medical center. Janice High, a divorced and childless 52-year-old woman, operated an upscale fashion boutique featuring formal and special occasion apparel for Women and children. Both these successful women lived in an apartment above their business and placed bids on the properties they occupied and one next door in hopes of expanding their floor space.

After two months of intensive investigations searching for an acceptable site for their joint venture, Laura Douglas found the half block of row homes for sale. The location was perfect and it would take only moderate renovations to make the buildings suitable for their needs. On the behalf of the nascent MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION, Laura put in a lump sum bid for the entire half block of row homes.

At first the greedy children rejected the bid for being too low, but the only other bids they received were for the four properties Cynthia Conrad and Janice High wanted for themselves. After three months of anxiously seeking further bids the avaricious children decided to sell the holdings as a block. Thus MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION was on the verge of purchasing the half block.

The main stumbling block was that the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION had virtually no money. The six founders had pooled their meager resources to make the bid down payment. The balance of the purchase price was due in three months. The banks didn't want to listen to their applications for financing, in fact, they laughed.

It was at this time that Susan suggested they play their wild card. With the unshakable documentation of sexual harassment that each woman had amassed on her arrogant male chauvinist employer, Susan coldly approached each boss and informed them of their intent to publicly reveal the data and sue for sexual harassment.

The employers, at first quite indignant and furious, quickly calmed down when they saw the preponderance of evidence. Public disclosure would not only ruin their public images thus greatly hurting their business, it could very well ruin their marriages. Susan's offer of a signed contract assuring discretion and no lawsuit in exchange for a sizeable out of court lump sum payoff was eagerly accepted. Part of the agreement was for the women to stay on to finish jobs and train their replacement as well as a generous severance package. These settlements were barely completed before the May 15 settlement date. With the cash in hand, the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION successfully purchased the properties and had enough left over to make the needed renovations.

Naturally Cynthia and Janice were quite upset when their bids were rejected in favor of the one single bid for everything. They had no idea if they could even remain in the buildings they occupied. The two women were invited to attend a meeting of the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION. At first they were justifiably skeptical of the stability of the embryonic corporation. After attending several of the weekly meetings, Cynthia and Janice decided they liked the concept and asked to buy shares in Miss Management Corporation! Being shrewd, Susan refused to sell any shares, but offered to trade shares in exchange for having their businesses become divisions of Miss Management Corporation. After a few moments of thought, both agreed. Accordingly the now eight members of Miss Management Corporation began making arrangements to rename the existing businesses in keeping with the precepts of the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION. Thus the MISS UNDERSTOOD CLINIC and the MISS FIT BOUTIQUE came into existence. Cynthia and Janice requested that their employees, and any future employees of any of the divisions of Miss Management Corporation be given the opportunity to purchase shares if they were deemed acceptable to the other shareholders. The suggestion passed unanimously. The only one to take immediate advantage of the offer was Harriet Franklin, Janice's assistant manager. Harriet was 45 years old, single, quite demure, very lady-like, and shared an apartment with Janice. Almost everyone thought the two were lesbians, but they were quite discreet so nothing was said about the relationship. Once Harriet purchased shares, she began to attend the weekly meetings of Miss Management Corporation shareholders but had little to say.

The renovations needed to establish the new businesses and expand the old were begun promptly upon settlement. The heating systems in the basements were cleaned out and the walls opened to create inter-connected storerooms. Of the ten storefronts, MISS FIT BOUTIQUE had the first two on the corner of the half block complex. The third storefront became Lydia Martin's MISS CONCEPTION BEAUTY SALON, an upscale full service beauty shop. The fourth storefront became the location of MISS PLACE REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE. The fifth storefront held Susan Greer's MISS FEASANCE LAW OFFICE. Storefronts 6 and 7 held the MISS UNDERSTOOD CLINIC, Dr. Cynthia Conrad's medical center. The next storefronts, 8 and 9, became the home of the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION with Kathy Snyder as office manager and Francis Keller as CPA. The last storefront became the MISS CUE DANCE & AEROBICS STUDIO, Barbara Jackson's dance studio.

Behind the first seven buildings, the lawns and outbuildings were torn down and a large parking lot built. Behind the last three buildings a large communal building was constructed. Half of the first floor provided central utilities and loading dock for the entire complex. An elevator and underground passage to the connected basements of the ten buildings gave easy indoor access to everything. In addition, the communal building also provided the recreation area for the Miss Management Corporation shareholders and their sons. The second half of the first floor held an indoor swimming pool, hot tub, sauna, and shower room. The entire second floor was a huge open room which held a gym with various equipment, ping-pong tables, big screen TV, an entertainment center, and an arts and crafts area.

Of the twenty apartments in the complex, twelve already had tenants. Six of the eight vacant units would become the apartments for the founding shareholders of Miss Management Corporation. As soon as the school year ended the six founding members of Miss Management Corporation moved into their apartments. As the stores were completed and stocked, they would open for business. The MISS FIT BOUTIQUE and the MISS UNDERSTOOD CLINIC never fully closed. The MISS CONCEPTION BEAUTY SALON opened July 5th, the MISS PLACE REALTY & INSURANCE opened July 10th, the MISS FEASANCE LAW OFFICE opened July 15th, the offices of the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION opened on July 20th, and the MISS CUE DANCE & AEROBICS STUDIO opened on July 25th. The shell of the communal building was completed on August 5th and the parking lot paved on August 10th. The entire complex had it's grand opening on August 15th.

The renovations to the storefronts and basements as well as the construction of the parking lot and communal building gave the six boys, who by that time were almost eleven years old and had just finished the fifth grade, plenty of ways to get into mischief.

During the long formation period of the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION, the weekly meetings of the six women had been held on Sunday afternoons. The six boys were blissfully oblivious to the enmity their mother's had developed towards males. Just as the mothers found they had a lot in common, the boys discovered many mutual interests. Each lad strongly felt the recent loss of their father due to the divorce of their parents. Each of the men, once freed from the burden of their family, went wild drinking and whoring. There was little money left for child support and visitations were mostly nonexistent. Still, the boys bragged to each other about their tough and virile estranged fathers.

At the first meetings the guys contented themselves with watching ESPN. As the meetings grew longer and the days warmer, they moved outside to play baseball. Usually the brief ball games of the three member teams ended in raucous, laugh filled free for all wrestling matches. None of the guys were ever seriously injured although there were a few bloody noses and many ripped shirts and torn jeans. By August baseball faded from popularity in favor of football. Of course, as far as the mothers were concerned, the only difference between their baseball and football games was the equipment since both ended in filthy wrestling.

As could be expected the guys were always loud; having fun without shouting and yelling seemed impossible. As they grew older, obscenities and vulgarity filtered into their raucous vocabulary. When the mother's heard "F-- YOU", "S-- MY C--", and other similar bawdy explicatives the boys were brought inside and made to sit facing the walls after a sharp lecture on proper language. This only made the rambunctious lads ornery and grumpy. Often one or more of the boys ended up being spanked before the others before they finally settled down. The mothers were wise in that they made sure the spanking was not done by the boy's mother.

The meetings became a match of wills between the rowdy boys and their decorous mothers. The boys never won, but they never stopped pushing the edge. The mothers never considered leaving the boys at home or with a sitter because the behavior they exhibited when together was not really different from their normal unthinking and often rude manners. Each mother had major problems making their son toe the mark at home. It was virtually impossible for them to force their son to take a time out at home without having to spend the entire time making sure the rascally boy was obeying. Spanking at home was a virtual nightmare since the boy would then try to retaliate. Thus in their group the mothers found the strength to force the boys to yield to demands that were more strident than those they managed to institute at home.

Fortunately the boys never realized this. They were too busy trying to show off to each other. In fact, it became a sort of convoluted status symbol to be punished. Enduring a spanking without crying became a way of demonstrating their machismo.

As time went by, the guys melded into a gang. Every parent irritating thing that they discovered in their school they brought to the Sunday play sessions to share and spread. With this diffusion of troublesome knowledge, in their individual schools they became the leaders in pranks and boyish stunts. What this meant was that at home and at school, the boys became wilder and more difficult to control. While their deportment during the Sunday sessions also deteriorated, by comparison to their at home conduct they actually seemed better behaved! At the same time, the mothers developed effective group control techniques. While not the best, the most effective method for settling the boys down was to embarrass them, usually by demeaning their budding masculinity.

Once the school year ended and the six abbreviated families moved into the Miss Management Corporation complex, the already dubious conduct of the boys quickly grew out of control. Their mothers were busy overseeing the renovations and tying up the loose ends of their soon to be former jobs. This left the boys with little adult supervision and plenty of their malevolent comradery. Outside of ironclad orders not to leave the complex, the boys were free to roam the grounds at will.

The contractors quickly learned to make sure the running, laughing boys were not underfoot before tackling a difficult task. They darted through the newly opened basements and tunnels, shooting each other and many unwary workers with their water guns. As the excavation for the communal building began, the boys added the trenches and holes to their makeshift battlefield. It never bothered them that being soaked with water made dirt stick to one's body and clothes. The rough ground and construction also took quite a toll on the clothes the boys wore. Needless to say by each day's end the boys were filthy.

The halls and stairways of the apartments were trailed with dirt and debris. The apartments were tracked with mud. Each evening the weary mothers had to launder the filthy clothes and mend the rips and tears of the boys' clothes. This wasn't all the harried women had to handle. By July 1st, the contractors let the board of the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION know that the boys were endangering themselves and the workers and if they were not controlled, work would have to cease. On July 2nd the women held an emergency board meeting to discuss their young hell-raisers.

Since they had been attending the weekly meetings since joining Miss Management Corporation in April, Janice High, Cynthia Conrad, and Harriet Franklin were well aware of the problems the mothers had with the irascible boys. Janice, now the oldest member of the nine woman board, quietly listened to the desperate discussion with a faint smile upon her face while Harriet paled, bit her lip, and stared at the floor. The others noticed Harriet's somber almost depressed demeanor but they simply wrote it off to her quiet often reflective ways. When the exasperated mothers finally eliminated all their ideas, they noticed the almost sinister smile upon Janice's face.

Susan, still the leader of the group, spoke. "Janice, you look like the cat who's eaten the canary. You've been listening to our ideas all night, obviously you have an idea you feel will work."

"Yes, I do have a idea," Janice replied. "But it's a rather unusual concept and is not looked upon by present day society in a very nice manner. However, it is utterly effective in controlling errant boys. I was merely waiting to see if you would come up with a more acceptable solution before I laid out my radical response. All I ask is that you listen to what I have to say and think before responding."

"I think we can all agree to that," Susan replied. "We'll listen to anything that will work!"

"Using this concept will force the boys to behave with little supervision but will require a lot of love and praise," Janice began. "Let me begin by making several points. First, when you've been frustrated with the antics of the boys I've heard all of you frequently say how you wished you had a nice, sweet daughter instead of a rowdy son. Tonight alone I heard it said eighteen times and each of you forlornly nodded your heads in agreement each occasion."

All the mothers nodded their heads in confession and blushed for having such thoughts. A slight but quickly controlled trembling passed over Harriet.

"Keep that in mind as I continue," Janice chuckled. "Second, you've already discovered that the easiest and most effective way to curb the macho roguery of the boys is to demean their budding masculinity.

Again the others nodded their heads. Harriet began to blush.

"Third, and Cynthia can verify this," Janice continued. "The boys have not yet entered puberty. Once the boys have testosterone pumping through their bodies, the problems you face now will seem mild. They will become even more belligerent, stubborn, and obnoxious as they begin to turn into men... just like your ex-husbands!"

This caused frowns and forlorn nods amongst the group. Again Harriet suppressed a shiver.

"Fourth, once they become sexually active, look out," Janice went on. "Six teenage boys on a wild testosterone ride will play havoc with everything we're trying to establish. I'm sure you remember how obnoxious, crude, and impulsive a gang of teenage boys can be."

This time a visible shudder swept through the mothers as they thought about what the future held. They remembered only too well the antics of the guys from their high school years. Harriet quietly dabbed her eyes with a tissue.

"Before I go on," Janice asked. "I need to know whether or not you can agree with the four points that I've just made."

There was instant and unanimous assent from everyone.

"Very well," Janice went on with a satisfied smile. "Let me tell you a true story. My Aunt originally owned the boutique. I began working there in 1957 when I was fourteen. I bought it from her in 1968 when I was twenty five. As you know, the late fifties and early sixties was the era of HAPPY DAYS. Fathers and husbands were supposed to be benevolent but inept dictators while mothers and wives were supposed to be domestic homebodies who kept immaculate homes, wore dresses or skirts, raised the children, saw to the needs of the husbands, and quietly hid and overcame the ineptness of their spouse like the adults in FATHER KNOWS BEST, DONNA REED, OZZIE AND HARRIET, and LEAVE IT TO BEAVER. Back then the boutique did a thriving business on fancy dresses for Sundays and special occasions such as weddings, tea parties, and birthdays as well as the holidays."

"One of our regular customers was a widow whose husband was killed in 1950 during the Korean war. She was left with a one year old daughter and a newborn son. The only family she had was her in-laws, and in keeping with the times, they welcomed their daughter-in-law and grandchildren into their home. Naturally the grandmother agreed to take care of the children while the mother went to work. The grandfather quite naturally guided the boy into little league, camping, fishing, hunting, and all the traditional male pursuits just as he had done with his son. The grandmother doted on her granddaughter since she only ever had the one child, her now dead son. Things went well for several years."

"In 1962 during of the Cuban Missile crisis, the grandfather ranted and raved about the communists and how they had to be stopped. After all, his son had died stopping them in far-away Korea, now they were right next door! He wanted to see the US invade Cuba. Naturally, the grandson shared this hawkish view. At twelve he wanted to grow up to join the army so he could fight the commies. As you can guess, the mother and grandmother were quite appalled. After having lost a family member, they didn't want to lose another. They became committed doves. Naturally this drove a wedge between the family. The women verses the men. When Kennedy announced the accord to remove the missiles, the grandfather went ballistic. He felt the country had been sold out by a hokey Catholic democrat. During his tirade he suffered a fatal heart attack."

Things settled down a bit, but not for long. As the only male the grandson now felt himself to be the head of the family. He began to spout off anti-communist remarks and

tried to boss the females. Naturally, they would have none of this. By March of 1963, the boy was thirteen and entering puberty. The hormones made him totally obnoxious and out of control. He took delight in teasing and tormenting his older sister who was not the prettiest girl. Because of his antics in school and home he had been grounded and forbidden to go out for junior high baseball. This really set him off. The upshot was that he couldn't be trusted to remain home alone while the women went shopping. With Easter approaching, they needed new Easter dresses, so they came to the boutique. Naturally they had to bring the boy along."

"The roguish lad's name was Harry. My aunt and I could hear his protests before they even entered the shop. He was begging to be allowed to wait outside, promising that he'd be good and stay out of trouble. But his mother and grandmother would have nothing of it. His mother had him by the hand, literally dragging him into the shop."

Harriet choked and gasped. Everyone turned to look at her with concern. Meekly she held up a hand to signal she was all right before picking up her tea cup to take a small drink.

"Now a boy being dragged into the shop by his mother wasn't too unusual," Janice continued with a knowing grin. "Most school age boys hate coming into the shop because they feel it is too sissy. I'm sure you've seen your sons cringe if you ever admired a pretty little girl's party dress on a store display or if you complimented a girl wearing a sugar and spice outfit. In fact, the one place your sons have avoided in their explorations of the complex is the MISS FIT BOUTIQUE."

"To get back to the story, once inside, Harry, like most boys, cowered and tried to look inconspicuous. He went to great lengths to avoid touching the ruffles and lace. I waited on them, and while I was off checking sizes his sister noted his reticence and began to tease him. She took a fluffy dress with ruffles and flounces and held it up to him. "Gran," she said in a teasing voice. "Don't you think Harry would look cute in this dress Easter morning?""

"When the dress touched him, Harry reacted as if he'd been hit with a hornet's nest. "Get that damned thing away from me you bitch," he shouted as he violently knocked the dress from her hand. Before anyone could react, he punched his startled sister right on the nose."

"The dear girl stumbled backwards into a rack of dresses. She and the entire display ended up on the floor. Naturally everyone was appalled and everything in the store stopped to peer at the spectacle. Back then it was unheard of for a boy to hit a girl. Well, the poor girl had a bloody nose. Fortunately none of the blood damaged any of the dresses, but the damage had still been done."

"Harry was just as shocked as anyone and instantly knew he'd gone too far. All he could do was stand and stare at the havoc he'd wrought. We tended to the girl, fortunately she wasn't injured badly and the bleeding stopped quickly. When all the dresses had been checked for damage and had been restored to the rack, we turned to deal with Harry."

"It was his grandmother who spoke first. "Harry, I'm ashamed of you! How DARE you hit your sister and behave this way in public. You will apologize to everyone at once!""

"For whatever reason, Harry decided not to apologize. Instead he bit his lip and lowered his head. This only infuriated everyone. "Harry never wants to wear a suit to church," his sister snarled as she held an ice pack to her nose. "So I think it'd be the PERFECT punishment if he HAD to wear the dress I held up to him on Easter morning!"

"Harry took off like a cat that's been scalded. Fortunately his mother grabbed his arm as he bolted. His momentum swung him into one of the support columns knocking him senseless for a few moments. By then his fate was sealed. They decided that he would indeed wear the dress to church on Easter. Despite his cries and struggles, we wrestled him to the floor and stripped off every last stitch of his clothes. While he frantically tried to hide his nudity, I handed him a pair of pink lace trimmed nylon panties. To our surprise he grabbed the panties and slipped them on. It was patently obvious that all the wind had been taken out of his sails. Fifteen minutes later, with his face flushed and tears running down his cheeks, he was paraded before the other patrons wearing the fancy Easter dress with three full petticoats holding the skirt of the dress out almost straight. His abhorrent reaction to the rustling of the petticoats made everyone laugh."

"Once we settled down and were able to get a good look at him, except for his short hair he looked cute! Needless to say he was so embarrassed and humiliated that he was a very quiet and meek child who did whatever he was told to do promptly and without question. We had him try on at least a dozen dresses without the slightest bit of trouble."

"His sister was delighted with the change in his demeanor. " Mother, can't we please keep Harry in dresses? He's so much nicer this way! I bet he wouldn't be any trouble at all if we changed him into a girl. I've always wanted a little sister. I promise to help HER learn how to be a good girl!"

The mother and grandmother exchanged looks, we knew at once that they were seriously considering the girl's request. Poor Harry just stood before them like a demure young lady with his hands folded sweetly and his head bowed. "Well Harry, what do you think? Should we turn you into a girl," his mother asked."

"The unfortunate lad just shivered. " Please, don't turn me into a girl," he begged. "I promise I'll be a good boy from now on, honest!" The biggest tears I ever saw were running down his cheeks."

"The grandmother was thoughtful during this exchange. Finally she looked up. "I don't think it would be right to turn a boy into a girl. But it certainly wouldn't hurt him to spend some time dressing and behaving like a girl! Back when I was a young girl mothers used to dress their naughty sons in petticoats all the time. Petticoat discipline they called it. It certainly made even the toughest boy behave. After a few days in dresses, the boy's always behaved better. It's too bad it's not done today. I know of more than one boy who would benefit from being put into petticoats!"

My aunt smiled. "Petticoat discipline isn't something that died out years ago. Although it isn't as wide spread as it once was, I still have several customers who buy dresses for their sons. There is one widow who has twins, a boy and a girl, but she's raising the boy as a girl. If you didn't know he was a boy, you'd never guess the truth! I'd be more than delighted to help you outfit this rascally boy in a few frilly outfits. I'm sure you'll have no problems with his behavior if he spends some time as a young lady."

"I had met the twins my aunt mentioned shortly after I began to work for my aunt and I found it hard to believe that one was a boy. In fact, when I first found out one was a boy I thought it was the one that was more of a tomboy, but I was wrong. The sweet sugar and spice twin was the boy! By the time of the incident with Harry, the twins were 10 years old and the boy had been living as a girl for eight years. After that I waited on several of the other boys undergoing petticoat discipline. Every one of them turned out to be a nice, considerate man. I never knew of one boy who underwent petticoat discipline who didn't turn out fine."

"So you're suggesting that we use petticoat discipline on our sons," Susan concluded. "That certainly gives us something to think about. But what happened to Harry? Did they use the petticoat discipline on him?"

"Harriet, would you like to tell them about Harry," Janice asked with a smirk.

Harriet turned redder than an apple and dabbed her eyes with a tissue. "I hate when you do this," she vehemently complained.

"Yes, lover, I know," Janice laughed as she placed a hand upon Harriet's trembling lap. "But if I recall it was YOU who suggested that we suggest that the group use petticoat discipline on the boys! Now, tell them about Harry!"

All the ladies were a bit stunned by Janice's rather harsh treatment of Harriet and the not so subtle revelation that the two were indeed lovers. Harriet's agitation was clearly evident yet she meekly submitted to the belittlement. They wondered what kind of hold Janice had over Harriet.

"H... Harry went to church that Easter in his dress. Since no one in the family wanted to be embarrassed or really had any intention of embarrassing Harry, they got a wig for him so that he really looked like a girl. They told him that as long as he behaved like a girl, no one would know his secret. They were right; no one ever discovered the truth. Harry was subjected to petticoat discipline for months," Harriet stated softly. "Never again did he argue with his grandmother, mother, or sister. He did whatever he was told to do. Even though his buddies never discovered that he was made to dress and behave as a girl every weekend and after school, they really got on his case about being a pussy whipped sissy because he never joined them in play after that fateful day. They rode him unmercifully for always being so neatly dressed and doing all his school work."

"It was also about that time that the BEATLES hit it big, and long hair for boys suddenly became the latest craze," Harriet continued in a louder tone although her nervousness continued. "Since Harry wasn't allowed to have his hair cut after being subjected to petticoat discipline his hair soon outdid that of the fab four. One other thing his mother did to him was that she refused to buy any more boy clothes for him. She stated that since she had to spend money for his pretty dresses, there simply wasn't enough money left over to buy boy's clothes. By the time his hair reached his shoulders, all his male clothes were too small and he wore his sister's outgrown dresses or skirts all the time except for school in order to preserve his meager deteriorating male wardrobe. Even then he had to wear girl's undies, socks, shoes, and pull over blouses. It was bound to happen and by the end of the school year, his classmates discovered that he was wearing panties."

Harriet shivered and dabbed her eyes as everyone listened to her obviously heart-felt story. "The guys staked out his house and quickly discovered that he spent most of his time in dresses," Harriet whispered. "The last weeks of school were sheer hell not only for him but for the entire family as the news of Sissy Harry spread. Finally as the school year ended they put the house up for sale and moved. Harry still had no boy's clothes, so when they resettled, he did so as a girl. Not that he wanted to do it, but by then he was trapped. Everyone in the new neighborhood had seen him in dresses and assumed he was a girl. There was no way he or his family wanted to go through the hassles they had endured when his secret came out before the move. When school began, Harry and his sister were enrolled in parochial school as sisters. Sure. He begged and pleaded to be allowed to go back to being a boy but his family would hear nothing about his pleas."

The sadness, sorrow, and frustration Harry had felt were clearly evident in Harriet's voice. "After a while, he gave up trying to convince his family to allow him to go back to being a boy. As his voice began to crack, the first signs of puberty, they started giving him some of the premarin his grandmother took for her menopause. It did what was needed. Harry never entered male puberty, but he soon began to develop breasts. By the time Harry graduated from high school, there was no way he could ever go back to being a boy! He was forever stuck being a girl. The only thing he ever succeeded in doing was not to date boys. Even though he looked, behaved, and even thought like a girl, he was still a boy in his sexual orientation. They were never able to change that. Of course, though his male equipment was virtually useless and he was sterile, he was sexually attracted to girls. Unfortunately he could never reveal his feelings for fear of being ridiculed."

The ladies sat in silence totally mesmerized by the tale. That a mother could do such a thing to her son was appalling and cut into their enthusiasm for subjecting their sons to petticoat discipline. "So what happened to Harry," Susan asked. "Is he still living as a woman? Did he ever find a woman to love or did he change his mind about dating men?"

Harriet wrung her hands and looked at Janice with pleading eyes. Janice smiled, placed a comforting hand atop Harriet's entwined fingers, and leaned over and kissed the trembling woman. "Harriet needs a little time to compose herself," Janice explained. "Let me tell you a little bit about how I came to buy the boutique."

"When my aunt wanted to retire in 1968, she sold it to me for a mere pittance. I needed an assistant to help me run the store," Janice explained. "I needed someone I could depend upon to show up every day, work hard, be smart and willing to learn, and not run off to get married and raise a family. She also had to know fashions and color coordination. I wanted someone who would wear the selections we carried in the store. I wanted a girl who was sweet and pretty to serve as an example for the customers. She had to represent and exhibit the elegance of the boutique. She also had to be able to handle the mothers who brought their sons in for petticoat discipline. Now that was a hard bill to fill since I was only twenty five and could not afford to pay much. I placed ads in the paper and interviewed hundreds of women, but I found no one. I was growing ragged working my buns off running the store alone when one day the answer walked in the front door."

"Harry and his mother came in for a graduation party dress," Janice continued. "Since all his clothes came from the boutique, Harry was a regular customer and we had become quite friendly. He made such a lovely and natural girl that I simply could not tease him. In

fact, to be honest I found myself quite attracted to him. For years I'd been afraid of men and their rough and crude ways, but here was a sweet, timid young thing that in no way threatened me. I knew that Harry knew all about fashions and coordinating outfits. He would certainly never run off to marry a man and raise a family. He was unquestioningly elegant and a very proper young lady. He was intelligent, honest, and dependable. In short, he was exactly what I was looking for in an assistant."

"I asked if Harry had any plans after graduation," Janice continued. "To my delight, Harry had no plans and was actually frightened about going out into the world. He was thinking of going to college but could obviously not live in a dorm. When I asked if he'd be interested in working for me as my assistant, he was shocked, surprised that I thought enough of him to make such an offer. It didn't take much to convince him to accept my offer... did it HARRIET?" With that, Janice leaned over and once more kissed the trembling woman beside her.

The mouths of the others dropped open in shock. A pin dropping on the rug would have made more noise than they made. Harriet... quiet, demure, and obviously a well bred lady... was really a man! That meant that if Harriet and Janice were lovers... they were NOT lesbians!

Harriet leaned into Janice and began to softly cry. Janice smiled and wrapped her arms about her pretty lover. "It's all right, Harriet," she cooed. "You know it's for the best that everyone knows. I'm sure they'll be discreet and keep OUR secret." With that she glanced about the room with steely eyes.

Susan recovered first. "I must admit I'm quite surprised. We're all quite surprised. There is no way any of us would ever have suspected the truth. But then I'm a lawyer and know that what is the truth for one person may not be the truth for someone else. Harriet, you have shown us by your every day life that you ARE a woman. The fact that you were born a male has nothing to do with your gender. I think I can speak for everyone when I say that to us you are and will always be a woman and a welcome member of the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION."

The rest smiled and nodded their heads. "It makes no difference." "You certainly are NOT a man!" "Harriet, you're more woman than most genetic women!" These were just a few of the enthusiastic and supportive comments the group made once the ice was broken.

It didn't take Harriet long to open up and smile. Now that her terrible secret was out, she seemed to blossom. While she had always been a caring and compassionate lady, she had seemed a bit reclusive and most certainly shy. Now the friendly woman was released from her self-imposed prison. "Thank you for being so understanding," she smiled. "I can't tell you the weight that's been lifted off my shoulders. Now that you all know about me and petticoat discipline, we need to discuss the ramifications."

Everyone grew serious as they waited.

"At first I hated being petticoated," Harriet stated quietly. "The fear of being discovered as a boy in petticoats and thus being ridiculed as a sissy is sheer mind-boggling terror for any lad. It was only during the times I was able to successfully pass as a girl with no one the wiser that I was able to relax and really begin to explore the strange new exotic world into which I had been so brutally thrust. Back then, it was hard for me to admit that

I could enjoy being dressed in pretty ruffles and frills. I mean, I had been a typical all-American boy until that day in the boutique. I never had a sissy thought or impulse in my life! Being a sissy was the absolute worst thing that could happen to a guy back then. Of course, most boys, including your sons, probably feel that way now. But as time passed, the more I was dressed as a girl, the more I began to like it.”

“Being dressed as a girl and by necessity behaving as a girl was so different from my experiences as a boy,” Harriet went on with a faint smile upon her face. “I can see in your sons the same emotions and feelings I had before being petticoated. They feel compelled to prove their manhood because the worst thing that can happen to a guy is to have his buddies think he’s a sissy. To be honest, I tried to commit suicide when the guys discovered my secret. That’s why when we moved to our new home I made sure no one ever found out my secret by being a frilly sugar and spice girl ALL the time. Obviously, it worked, only by the time I was old enough to return to being a boy, being a girl had become too ingrained, too natural. I felt and thought like a girl, and thus was able to see how stupid normal males really can be. Once awakened to such reality, it’s impossible to return to that crude life.” Harriet paused and sheepishly grinned at the group of avid listeners who returned her smile.

“But getting back to your sons,” Harriet continued. “The reason they are so out of hand is because the compulsion to be prove their masculinity is a constantly escalating cycle. It’s a weird guy thing that I can’t really explain and can’t even comprehend anymore, but I do remember how it felt.”

“A boy feels compelled to prove he’s not a sissy,” Harriet continued. “When his time is divided between family, school friends, sports teams, and neighbors, he doesn’t have to work as hard to prove himself since he’s not around each group all the time. The effort and method he uses on one group can be the same he uses on another. Or he can use what he did with one group to brag to the others. I’m sure you’ve all sat through listening to your sons boast about their macho exploits. By setting up Miss Management Corporation, you’ve created a pressure cooker atmosphere for the boys. They MUST stay on the premises at all times. They do not have any outside activities. Virtually their entire day, every day, is spent with the other boys. This means they feel compelled to try to outdo each other, to be tougher, stronger, and more tenacious. As we have seen, their behavior becomes a vicious downward spiral where they begin to lose their humanity and delve into animalistic behavior. They become creatures of sheer emotion with little or no thought to what is right or wrong. A dare becomes an order that can not be refused. This will continue until something occurs to disrupt their devolution.”

“Such a disruption could be breaking the law and being arrested,” Harriet stated seriously. “It could be when their actions finally result in someone being seriously injured or killed. It could be when they cause a catastrophe such as a fire. Or it could be petticoat discipline.”

“Of the possible disruptions, petticoat discipline is the hardest for a boy to accept yet in the long run petticoating is the kindest,” Harriet continued. “Over the years I’ve seen quite a few boys undergo petticoat discipline. Being petticoated destroys the compulsion to constantly prove their masculinity. They gain self-confidence in their ability to express themselves and be compassionate. They learn to understand the cruelty and harshness of most

males and at the same time appreciate the concerns and feelings of a woman. They learn to appreciate the finer things in life. Not one of the boys subjected to petticoat discipline ever got into trouble with the law."

"I've seen three possible outcomes for a petticoated boy," Harriet went on. "Most of them are totally heterosexual, and many have married. They are devoted, caring husbands. Their wives have commented that they have all the positive attributes of a man with none of the negative. Many of the wives have stated they welcome their husband's opinion about fashions since they understand what it means to look nice. On the negative side, if you choose to think of it as being negative, a few have turned out to be homosexual. Personally, I haven't the slightest sexual attraction to males. Having undergone petticoat discipline to a much greater degree than most boys, I personally feel that the boys who turned out to be gay would have been homosexuals even if they hadn't been subjected to petticoating. The third possibility is that the boy may want to become a complete female and undergo a sex-change. The only one I'm aware of was the twin Janice mentioned. She's now happily married to a man who knows of her past. She is still a regular customer who brings her adopted son and daughter into the boutique. Before you ask, the boy is being raised as a girl with the full knowledge and blessing of the father... who was also one of our petticoated customers."

"If you decide to begin petticoat discipline what you need to decide is the degree of petticoating you wish to use," Harriet resumed. "The fight to force a boy into petticoats will not be long and he will quickly grow to enjoy being petticoated if he is not embarrassed or exposed to ridicule. Since the suggestion is to petticoat all the boys, they certainly will not tease or ridicule each other. In fact, I think you'll find they'll quickly become like girlfriends. I suggest complete petticoat discipline for the balance of the summer. Make them dress and behave like little sugar and spice angels. Have them play with dolls and have fancy dress tea parties. If Barbara is willing, put them in tutus and begin to teach them ballet. I feel confident that their behavior will almost immediately improve. To be completely effective it is critical that ALL the boys must be totally petticoated with NO time out for being a boy."

"By the end of the summer, you'll have to decide how to proceed," Harriet concluded. "You could stop the petticoating, but then I'm afraid they'd fall back to their old ways in short order. You could let them be boys during the school week and be girls on the weekends. This would keep them under control. You could have them dress as girls all the time except for school. This would continue to soften them. You could let them go to school as boys but make them wear girl's clothes to do so using the more unisex girl's jeans and tops. They'd wear skirts at home. This would soften them even more. Or, you could keep them in full petticoat discipline by sending them to school as girls. This would keep them totally under control."

The room buzzed with discussion about petticoating the unsuspecting boys. Not one mother questioned the concept of instituting petticoat discipline upon their boys. The idea was accepted defacto. What was discussed was the degree of petticoating. All felt reservations about the idea, but all were thrilled. The idea of having a sweet daughter, even if only for a short while, enticed them. The idea that petticoating the boys would humiliate the fathers was another plus. Finally, the discussion turned to the sexual ramifications of

petticoat discipline. Since Cynthia Conrad was a doctor, an OB/GYN to be precise, her expertise was tapped for further information.

"Petticoat discipline is a drastic measure," Cynthia stated. "I've been aware of Harriet's birth gender since I opened my practice. I've been monitoring her hormonal levels and keeping her properly feminine for ten years. The former boy twin who had a sex-change is also a patient of mine. She is utterly feminine, and enjoys a VERY active normal heterosexual relationship with her husband. Her adopted son is the same age as the boys. He was one of the unfortunate thousands of children orphaned in central Europe since the fall of the communists. They adopted him when he was eight, and put him in skirts immediately. After nearly starving and freezing to death, with little clothes, toys, or love, he didn't object too strenuously to being petticoated. It only took a small bribe to get a Rumanian official to put a feminine name and indicate the child was female on the adoption papers. Since I know the mother and father, I've already castrated the child. He'll have a complete sex-change when he's sixteen."

"As was pointed out earlier, once puberty hits, the boys will become much worse," Cynthia continued. "Even though it hasn't been mentioned, we all know the boys have obtained copies of PLAYBOY and PENTHOUSE and are already attempting to masturbate. It's a fact that constant male companionship such as the boys have now speeds up the onset of puberty. It's the macho male attitude kicking the body into puberty. At the rate the boys are going it won't be long until they go into full puberty. I can help control that. Since the boys are almost eleven and not yet into full puberty, it would make sense that immediate steps be taken to prevent testosterone from bubbling in their bodies. Once it does, the changes that will turn them from boys into men will begin. If they are allowed into full puberty, the unchecked testosterone will result in the appearance of all the secondary sexual characteristics and attitudes."

"Let me give you some hard facts. A boy who enters puberty undergoes many drastic changes which effect the body as well as their behavior. His voice starts to change, his body hair darkens and thickens, his beard comes in, and his musculature bulks up. That's not to mention a marked increase in his libido. Right now the boys can still easily assume the appearance of a girl. Once those changes begin, it will become harder and harder, eventually becoming virtually impossible for them to pass as a girl. This will make them susceptible to discovery and embarrassment while undergoing petticoat discipline."

"The only way to prevent this is to treat him with a testosterone blocking agent. There are receptors in the nervous system that monitor hormonal levels in the blood stream. As a boy reaches puberty, these receptors order the testicles to produce testosterone to begin making the boy a man. In some people, these receptors don't work properly. The results range from a small, wimpy, and probably impotent man to a burly, hairy ape-type man who is a virtual satyr. In most cases the receptors work properly and yield a typical man. What the blocking agent does is seek out the receptors and bind to them which results in a false reading of the testosterone levels. The nervous system thinks that the blood stream is flooded with testosterone and orders the testicles to shut down production until the excess levels are flushed from the body."

"A dose of the testosterone blocking agent will bind to the receptors for five to six weeks before being washed away. A booster shot once a month is needed to make the ef-

fects of the blocking agent continuous. Once treatment begins, within twenty four hours all testosterone production will be shut down. It will take three to five days for the testosterone already in his body to become diluted to the point where it is ineffective. At that point he'll find it difficult to ejaculate. In a week to ten days, all traces of testosterone will be flushed from his body. By that time he'll most likely be unable to achieve an erection. This effect will last as long as the blocking agent is effective. When the agent finally washes away, the receptors will signal the testicles to begin production of testosterone. It will flood his body, making him surly and easily angered. This will last about a week at which time he'll begin to feel his genitals stirring. It will take about a month to return to his present condition. After that, he'll follow the route of maturation that normally would have occurred. All the testosterone blocking agent does is temporarily put the entire cycle on hold. No permanent damage is done."

"Once a boy receives the shot, he will not enter male puberty, but will continue as he presently exists. I recommend giving him female hormones in addition to the blocker. I think it's a must for several reasons. First, just as boys enter puberty, so do girls. So a boy masquerading as a girl should mimic normal female development. Since a girl is beginning to develop into a woman, so should the boy. While a boy is able to pass as a girl quite well, by the time he is eleven, he should be passing as a budding pre-teenager. That means breasts and butt development. Padding can be used to give that illusion, but it is bulky, hot, and uncomfortable. In addition, it is impractical for swimming or exercising. Only natural development can give that image. Second, the boy is still a boy, even though he might appear to be a girl. His reactions, thoughts, and emotions are those of a boy. It has been proven that those things are related to the hormonal balance in the brain. Even though the boy will have no testosterone, his brain is already patterned to react based on male instincts. Only by flooding his system with female hormones can his brain patterns and instincts be altered to match those of a girl. Lastly, the boy will always feel guilty about the attention males pay to him as long as he maintains his present neutral body. Fears of homosexuality will eventually make him a nervous wreck. Eventually he'll breakdown."

"That's why he should be given a comprehensive female hormone treatment in addition to the testosterone blocker. It will change the patterning on his mind so that he'll accept male attentions as natural without being offended or frightened. It does not mean he will become sexually interested in boys, only that he understands that a boy's attention and interest is simply a part of being a girl. It will also help him relax and enjoy being a girl. He'll feel free to giggle or cry as the mood hits him without any male hang-ups. The physical changes will occur slowly just as normal puberty happens to real girls."

"The first week he'll feel out of sorts and possibly have a bad case of morning sickness. At the same time, his ability, if he has it, to achieve an erection will cease due to the combined effects of the testosterone blocker and the female hormones. By the end of the second week, he'll notice an increased sensitivity in his nipples and breasts. Since they will be undergoing petticoat discipline you can attribute that to wearing a training bra. By the third week, his nipples will become erect and even ache. The areolae will become larger. Any contact will hurt. That too can be attributed to the bra. By the fourth week, a lump and puffiness will be forming beneath the nipple and areolae. Again, the bra can be blamed."

“While all that is taking place physically, there will be mental changes happening. During the first week the nausea and discomfort of the morning sickness as his body adjusts from male to female hormones will keep him distracted and he won’t be worried about his loss of masculinity. The second week will be awkward since his brain will be stripped of normal male thought patterns as they are replaced by female patterns. The fears of loss of masculinity will be strong and his entire thought and reasoning process will be wrought with confusion. This will be the hardest week, since he’ll no longer be male, but not yet female. Your best bet to get through this time will be to keep him busy with dolls and tea parties. Don’t give him time to slip into melancholy thoughts and fears. The third week will be a transition from male to female as the female thought patterns firm and guide his thinking and reactions. He’ll be horrified by his breasts and begin to fear that they will continue to develop. Anxiety will make him a nervous wreck if you don’t keep him occupied. By the fourth week he’ll know that he’s growing breasts. Again he’ll be horrified and most likely will lash out and rebel. It will be most critical to keep him out amongst others. His need to maintain his feminine image will force him to quietly accept the changes. The reactions of others to his burgeoning femininity will reinforce his confidence in his ability to be a girl. The new feminine thought patterns will joyously accept the attentions and praise of others in his innate girliness. Reinforce this.”

“It is most important that you avoid referring to him in the masculine. Praise him for being so pretty and for behaving in a lady like manner. While his masculinity will be screaming out for freedom, at the same time he’ll be relishing his budding girliness. Make him feel like a girl at all times! By this point you’ll be ready for the booster on the testosterone blocker. I’ll examine his body, and inform him that everything is normal. The changes will be attributed to his innate girliness. After this reassurance, the continuing influence of the female hormones will help him accept the changes. At the end of the second month he should be filling out an ‘A’ cup bra. His comfort and sense of self-worth will be firmly associated with his femininity. He’ll simply stop questioning the changes and accept them, eventually enjoying them.”

The gathered mothers had a wistful expression upon their faces as they nodded their heads. Smiles crept over their faces as they visualized perky breasts sprouting precociously from the flat, boyish chests of their rowdy miscreant sons. But all still had reservations. How could they do this to their sons? They were boys, and it wasn’t really right to deny them their manhood. Yet that was what they were contemplating, to have their boys become girls.

“You explained that the effects of the testosterone blocker are temporary,” stated Susan. “Will the female hormones make any permanent changes?”

Cynthia became quite serious. “Yes, there will be permanent changes. When the testosterone blocker is used in combination with female hormones, the male genitalia will atrophy. The amount of degeneration is hard to judge. I’d say that in this case, since the boys haven’t fully entered male puberty, the effects will be quite drastic. A normal adult man undergoing a year’s treatment with testosterone blockers and female hormones can expect to permanently suffer about a twenty to twenty five percent loss in size and the ability to function.”

"What about our boys," Susan asked. "At what rate and how much permanent loss will occur?"

Cynthia looked deep into the eyes of the waiting mothers. After a few moments silence she replied. "Considering their present state of masculinity, I'd venture a guess that your son's masculinity will permanently atrophy at about twenty to twenty five percent per month after the initial month."

All the mothers were astounded. Almost as one their mouths dropped open in disbelief. Again it was Susan who recovered. "You're saying that by the end of the fifth month, our boys will be unable to ever return to being a male?"

"Yes," replied Cynthia. "That is my opinion based on previous experiences with former boys."

"I think we're getting way ahead of ourselves," Kathy, the youngest of the group, spoke up. "I thought we were thinking about how long to petticoat them, not how long it will take to turn them into girls."

"You're right," Cynthia stated. "But I've been watching you. Let's be brutally honest with ourselves. Each of you hates typical masculinity as represented by your abusive ex-husbands. Each of you lives in growing terror that your son will turn out to be just like his father. Everything the boys have done recently point in that direction. You're simply too busy making a new life for yourself and your child to put in the time needed to supervise rascally boys, even if you knew how to do it. You haven't the faintest idea how to stop them from becoming good old boys except by instituting petticoat discipline."

"Now let's continue with our honesty," Cynthia went on. "Each of you would love to have a daughter. Even though none of you want to admit it, the idea of transforming your son into a girl is quite appealing. I have no doubts that at least one of you right now is trying to come up with a way to rationalize doing so."

At that Kathy and Barbara both visibly blushed and lowered their eyes. As the others noticed the reaction to Cynthia's accusation, Cynthia settled back in her seat and smiled with smug satisfaction.

"Two of you want to turn your sons into girls," Cynthia stated the obvious. "I know from experience that once you have the boys petticoated, Barbara and Kathy will never let their sons return to being boys. There is nothing wrong with that as long as you are honest with yourself and do it with love. But this will present problems for the others. When we ease off on the strict petticoat discipline, Jesse and Simon will be left in dresses and become objects of ridicule. The only means to prevent this is to keep the other boys under fairly strict petticoat discipline. It will be all right to let them be boys for school, but they'll have to be girls the rest of the time. I really don't think any of you will object to that."

Barbara and Kathy raised their eyes and sheepishly surveyed the group. None of the others were in any way belittling their desires or even protesting Cynthia's conclusions. It was obvious that each woman concurred with Cynthia's assessment.

"I can see that no one wants to be the heavy," Harriet finally stated. "Since I'm not directly involved with any of the boys and have had first hand experience of what they will be experiencing, and since no one has voiced any objections to what Cynthia has told us,

I'll make a formal motion. I move that the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION institute the following. Jesse Jackson and Simon Snyder are to be given treatments of testosterone blocker and female hormones along with total petticoat discipline until they undergo a sex-change or reach age eighteen. I also move that total petticoat discipline including testosterone blocker treatments be instituted for Nicholas Greer, Allen Martin, Duane Keller, and Wendal Douglas. At the beginning of the school year they will begin modified petticoat discipline. This would consist of the continued treatment with testosterone blocker and full petticoat discipline except for school when they will be allowed to wear male outer clothes but female underwear. This will continue until they reach age eighteen or until they begin treatment with female hormones with the prospect of undergoing a sex-change."

No one said a word. It was clear the mothers didn't want to be the culprit in petticoating their sons. Harriet looked about the room impatiently. Finally Susan spoke. "We have a motion on the floor. Does anyone have a second?"

"I'll second the motion," Janice stated firmly.

A shudder swept through the mothers. "We have a second on the motion," Susan said in a shaky voice. "Is there any discussion or comments on the motion?"

"I'll provide the testosterone blocker, female hormones, lab work, and treatments to the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION for use on the boys at cost," Cynthia declared.

"I'll provide the clothes and accessories needed to petticoat the boys to the stockholders of the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION at cost," Janice added.

Silence reigned except for nervous shuffling and throat clearing. None of the mothers wanted to object but none could bring themselves to comment or question the motion. Finally with a sigh of inevitability, Susan spoke. "Since there are no further comments or questions, let's take a vote by show of hands. All in favor of passing the motion made by Harriet to institute petticoat discipline as moved, raise your right hand."

Harriet, Janice, and Cynthia immediately raised their hands. After about fifteen seconds Kathy slowly raised her hand. Seeing this, Barbara tentatively raised her hand.

Susan sighed as she raised her hand. "We have the five votes needed for passage, does anyone wish to add their vote before I ask for a show of hands of those opposed to the motion?"

About the room the remaining mothers exchanged looks of guilt. One by one they slowly raised their hands until the motion was unanimously approved.

"The vote is unanimous," Susan sighed with relief. "The motion is passed. Cynthia, how soon can you begin the treatments with the testosterone blocker?"

"I can begin tonight if you wish," Cynthia laughed. "But I think it'd be better to bring the boys into my office tomorrow morning so that I can give them a physical. I'll give them the appropriate injections as part of that."

"In addition to the treatments I can supply a powerful tranquilizer to keep them from fighting their initial trip into skirts," Cynthia added. "I can also supply a mild tranquilizer that they can take for a few days to keep them from going ballistic."

“Very well, now when do we begin the petticoat discipline,” Susan asked.

“I suggest we box and remove all the boy’s clothing tomorrow while they are playing,” Harriet stated. “At supper, slip the sedative into their drink. Then after we close the boutique, bring them in and we’ll lay out our plans for them and outfit them in their new wardrobe. By tomorrow night you’ll have a pretty daughter to tuck into bed.”

“Since the following morning is the 4th of July and since MISS CONCEPTION BEAUTY SALON has been completed,” Harriet added. “We give them feminine hair styles first thing in the morning. Cynthia can give each one an injection with a tranquilizer so they’ll be easy to handle. Then we take the darling girls to the community picnic and fireworks. They’ll be so terrified that someone will discover that they are really boys dressed up as girls that they’ll be absolute angels. This early public exposure and acceptance of their apparent girlishness will go a long way in crushing their objections.”

No one could object to the plan. They all knew the sooner they began the petticoat discipline, the better things would be for everyone. The only concern, and this remained unvoiced and was shared by Susan, Lydia, Francis, and Laura, was the portion of the motion that required modified petticoat discipline including treatment with testosterone blocker for their sons Nicholas, Allen, Duane, and Wendal to continue until they reach age eighteen or until they begin treatment with female hormones with the prospect of undergoing a sex-change. It made them feel as if they were committing to forcing their sons into becoming girls like the two lads already committed to the deed.

Cynthia set up a schedule for the “physical” and strongly suggested that each of the boys receive an initial treatment of female hormones along with the testosterone blocker to make the initial transition into petticoats a bit easier since it would alleviate any potential problems that might occur if the boys compared the details of their physical. The four reluctant mothers agreed.

With guilt heavy hearts, the mothers summoned the boys from their play. The guys could tell by the concerned expressions upon the faces of the mothers that something was going down that was not going to be good for them. The feeling of tension increased markedly.

Susan addressed the boys. “The main topic of our meeting tonight was how to deal with your poor behavior. It has been a bit over two weeks since we’ve all settled into our new homes. Each and every one of you has behaved like an absolute brat in that time. The contractors are threatening to stop work if we don’t keep you out of their way. We simply can not allow your actions to continue. We will be making some drastic changes around here that will be explained tomorrow night when all the details have been worked out. To rule out that your behavior problems may be caused by some sort of medical problem or allergies, Dr. Conrad will be giving each of you a physical tomorrow morning. We’ve set up a schedule. Nicholas, your time is 8:00; Jesse, your time is 8:20; Allen, your time is 8:40; Duane, your time is 9:00; Simon, your time is 9:20; and Wendal, your time is 9:40. Each of you must be thoroughly washed and wearing clean clothes. After the physical you will not be allowed to go out and play but will stay home alone until your mothers return. Tomorrow after supper, we will have another mass meeting to explain the details of the changes that will be taking place. Just remember, your behavior between now and then will effect the severity of your discipline. It will do no good to protest or to try to wheedle out of

what we've decided to do so don't even try. Now it's late so let's all go home to bed. We have a busy day before us."

The boys were quite abashed to be so harshly kicked from their insolent mountain. It was quite disturbing to have their rollicking rug pulled out from beneath them. They knew their behavior had been getting out of hand but had never suspected that their mothers might be considering some sort of drastic action. Despite Susan's admonition not to discuss the problem and proposed solution, each boy hounded his mother for some hint at what awaited them. Not one received any satisfaction. There were six very anxious lads who had trouble falling asleep that night. Early the next morning the sleepy boys were awakened by their mothers.

Susan and a very uneasy Nick arrived at the MISS UNDERSTOOD CLINIC about ten minutes of eight. They were greeted by Cynthia's head nurse, Michelle Gibson. Michelle was a pretty middle aged woman who immediately put Nick's mind at ease as she escorted he and his mother into an examination room. In moments Nick was standing before the nurse as she took measurements about his chest, waist, and hips. His height and weight were recorded upon the chart. The squeamish lad almost cried as Michelle deftly took several vials of blood to have lab work done. All the preliminary information and facts had been gathered by the time Dr. Conrad entered the room. A brief perusal of the chart and a few probes and tweaks of his young body made Nick uncomfortable. His mind really flaked out when she had him drop his drawers so she could check his still hairless childish testicles and penis. The lad was so disconcerted by her casual handling of his male pride that he didn't even object to the two shots that were injected into his quivering buttocks. Of course if he'd known those needles contained testosterone blocker and female hormones he surely wouldn't have been so acquiescent. The flustered lad was only too glad to redress and get out of the scary place. Just as they were ready to leave, Michelle returned with yet another syringe. Although he objected at first, Nick meekly allowed her to inject the contents into his arm so he could get away from the clinic. The disoriented youth vowed never to return.

Each boy in turn, accompanied by his mother, followed the same procedure. By the time they returned home, the last injection, a long lasting tranquilizer, muddled their confused, frustrated, and angry thoughts and left them quite lethargic. It took little encouragement to convince the boys to stay home and laze about watching television.

After the last lad left the clinic, Michelle turned to her boss with barely concealed glee. "I can't believe you're going to do this to all six boys," she giggled. "How on earth did you talk them into it?"

"Janice and Harriet did most of the talking," Cynthia rejoined. "I simply supplied the medical details. Michelle, I really think you should take advantage of the opportunity to buy into the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION. You'd fit right in with the rest of us."

"I don't know," Michelle replied softly as the joy seemed to flee from her face. "I really don't know if I want to invest in something like this at this time."

"I understand," Cynthia replied with a laugh as she placed a reassuring arm about her head nurse and friend. "With Gerald having problems holding on to a decent job, I know

money is tight. How about if I buy your share until you can pay me back, interest free. All I'll ask in return is that you simply vote with me. I'm confident the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION will be turning a handsome profit before too long. When the corporation begins to hire employees, Gerald can be one of them. We certainly will have no problems dealing with his "hobby".

"That's awfully kind of you," Michelle replied nervously. "But I couldn't ask you to do that for me." Michelle owed much to Cynthia already and did not want to further obligate herself or her family.

Knowing that Michelle wanted to maintain the independence of her family but was also meek and submissive, Cynthia decided to push ahead. "I'm not asking," she stated firmly. "In fact, consider it an order from your boss. You will buy into the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION and I will supply the money for you to do so. You can pay me back out of the shares earnings. I also understand and appreciate your concern about always voting your shares with mine. I will not require that, you will be free to vote your will. It's just that I'm confident that on the major issues, our opinions will be the same."

Michelle knew there was no way out. Cynthia would not be appeased until she had bought Michelle's way into the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION. Although Michelle was confident of her femininity, she still felt out of place when in a group of women. Michelle was the cross-dressed sugar and spice twin that had been discussed at yesterday's meeting, the one who had the sex-change. She had married Gerald, another victim of petticoat discipline who still enjoyed cross-dressing. Her adopted children, twelve year old Lisa and the petticoated ten year old Ashley were both sugar and spice girls, just like their "mother". "All right," she gently acquiesced. "It would be nice for Gerald to have a job where his cross-dressing wouldn't be a problem."

Cynthia contacted Susan and the other members who were delighted to sell the stock in the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION and accept Michelle into full membership of the elite organization. At Cynthia's suggestion, Michelle was asked to attend the initial petticoating of the six recalcitrant lads and to bring her sugar and spice ten and twelve year old daughters to serve as examples of what the boys will be expected to emulate. Cynthia could just imagine the shocked expressions upon the faces of the mothers when Michelle's true identity was revealed. The women would instantly know that pretty little Ashley had once been a boy. It would be quite delightful to see the reactions of the boys when they learned their fate, especially after meeting Ashley!

In the apartments the six lethargic boys each slumped in front of their television lost in the mind-numbing blur of syndicated sit-coms and cartoons as the nervous mothers had second, third, and even fourth thoughts about what they were planning to do to their unsuspecting and essentially defenseless sons. For Kathy and Barbara, their desire to be rid of the last nagging masculine reminder of their abusive and bitter marriages quickly overrode the misgivings. Until this meeting both had sadly given up their life-long dream of someday having a sweet daughter, now their dreams had been rekindled into a macho devouring inferno. For the others, the afternoon was fraught with frazzled nerves and pangs of regret for making such an unscrupulous commitment.

This was especially true for Susan. Her ethics as a lawyer, someone who had to work with the laws of the land, were quite stressed by her decision to petticoat her wayward

son. Yet, since forming the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION had been her idea, she had created the situation. While it was all too true that Nick was a handful and was already exhibiting many of the obnoxious traits of his father, it still didn't seem right that she should inflict her desires for a cuddly daughter upon him. As a lawyer, Susan hadn't been fooled by Cynthia's rhetoric about how harmless petticoating the boys would be. She knew at their age, their sexuality had not fully manifested itself and petticoating could very well warp them into completely losing their masculinity. Petticoating the boys was one thing, to subject them to the testosterone blocker was tinkering with the very essence of their sexuality, to add the female hormones was to outright expurgate their masculinity. It made her feel as if she was lowering herself to the level of the arrogant selfish males she so despised. In the end, she decided to see what would happen. In reality she knew she had no choice but to have Nick petticoated, go on the testosterone blocker, and to receive the first dose of female hormones. But after that, she was determined that changing his sex would have to be his decision.

As planned, each mother cut their day short returning to their still lackadaisical lads. When supper was served to the slowly revitalizing boys at five, a powdered tranquilizer was surreptitiously added to their milk. By six the boys were once more in a daze so although they feebly protested it was really no trouble to bring the boys into the MISS FIT BOUTIQUE.

By 6:30 everyone had arrived. The tranquilized boys were seated in a semi-circle on the floor at the rear of the shop just outside the dressing rooms. Their mothers were seated directly behind them. Cynthia, Janice and Harriet stood in front of the group. Michelle stood off to one side with her daughters Ashley and Lisa in front of her. A second woman, fidgeting with nervousness, stood by Michelle.

The boys and their mothers were drawn to the smiling, pretty girls. They were dressed in identical fancy party dresses. Both girls had lustrous golden honey blonde tresses fashioned into a perky ponytail charmingly decorated with ivory organdy bows and peach satin ribbons. The girls projected an aura of total happiness, delight and utter contentment in their apparel. It was clearly evident that being dressed so exquisitely was not uncommon nor unwelcome. They were clearly adorable sugar and spice girls.

For the mothers, the girls were prime examples of what they wished for in a daughter. For the guys, the mere presence of the prissy girls created a queasy unease that greatly troubled their drug induced tranquility. The boys knew they were there to be punished for their rowdy behavior and feared they might be expected to play house or dance or engage in some other sissy activity with the two prissy girls. Of course, if they knew the truth they might have willingly leapt at the opportunity to engage in those activities. Fortunately, they were so tranquilized none could work up the energy to do more than sneer at the lovely girls.

"Boys, you are here to be disciplined for your continued disruptive behavior," Cynthia began. "We, the shareholders of the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION after much discussion and thought have unanimously agreed upon how you are to be punished. It will do no good to appeal to your mother for an exemption from the discipline. The method of correction we will be using is an old one and time tested. It is invariably effective in curing obnoxious boys of their rude and crude behavior. Once instituted, the pro-

gram will continue until we are convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt that the inappropriate behavior that brought on this punishment is no longer a possibility. We asked Mrs. Gibson to have her daughters present here tonight to help us inaugurate your entry into the discipline. Lisa and Ashley, will you please step forward and model your darling outfits for the boys."

As the smiling girls stepped before the squirming lads, Janice began to describe their outfits. "The exquisite dresses the girls are wearing are made of ivory organdy over peach satin. A spray of satin roses and a fountain of pearls adorns the organdy bow at their slim waists. Ivory satin ribbon trims the ruffled organdy collar, sleeves, and skirt. The large organdy sash ties daintily in the back to form a darling bow. The scalloped overskirt is gathered with rosebuds to reveal a flounced pink underskirt. Beneath that is a full petticoat of ivory taffeta netting to hold the skirt out and make it sway and rustle prettily to even the tiniest motion."

While Janice spoke, Lisa and Ashley sashayed back and forth before the bewildered boys. The boys were totally enchanted by the prissy girls. The loud rustling and mesmerizing sway of the petticoats seemed to draw the boys attention like a flame draws a moth. For the boys to be this close to such feminine frills proved an irresistible attraction. They thought fondly of all the times they had chased girls about the playground at school while attempting to flip up their skirts to reveal their slips and panties. To succeed in flipping a girls' skirt and hear her scream was sheer music to any macho lad's ears. The act of flipping a girl's skirt was an established method of proving a guy's manhood. The flirtatious girls giggled as the boys tried in vain to inconspicuously peer beneath their fluffed out skirts and petticoats. The most the boys saw was the crinkled netting of the petticoats. In their drug addled state of mind the prospect of being punished seemed to simply melt away as they watched the girls and listened to Janice describe the frilly outfits.

While the ten minute mini fashion show progressed, Cynthia and Michelle stepped to the side and withdrew six prepared syringes from a leather medical bag. Tranquilized by the medication they'd consumed with supper and enthralled by the flirting girls, the boys hardly noticed as, one by one, each lad received the injection. The mothers watched as the boys were treated with a psychotropic drug that would leave them no option but to obey any forceful commands.

"Thank you girls," Harriet stated as she stepped forward.

Lisa and Ashley curtsyed prettily and stepped to the side. The boys reluctantly turned their bewitched gaze towards the new speaker.

"Well boys, it seems I'm to be the one to tell you about the grand adventure upon which you are about to embark," Harriet stated with obvious glee. "What we are about to do is not really a punishment but a correction. The problem with your behavior has one very simple cause. To be blunt, that cause is that you are boys. The correction needed is also quite simple. We are going to deny you everything that makes you a boy. The method we will use to do this is called petticoat discipline."

It was obvious the boys were totally befuddled. They had no idea what petticoat discipline was but the mere name made them quite uneasy.

"You've seen Lisa and Ashley model their pretty dresses," Harriet continued. "It was plain that you were quite interested in seeing what the girls wore underneath those pretty frocks. I'm sure that each of you has at least tried to flip up the skirt of some poor girl to reveal her delicate undies. All that sweet, rustling taffeta and lace the girls are wearing under their pretty dresses is called a petticoat. It is an extremely girlish garment and exemplifies the soft, gentle, caring, and frilly nature of girls. It is the exact opposite of what a boy would wear. It is so feminine that it is virtually impossible for the person wearing one to misbehave. What we intend to do is to put each of you into an outfit identical to the one Lisa and Ashley are wearing."

Almost as one the eyes of each of the boys grew wide with horror. Their befuddled minds tried to make sense of what they were being told. There was no way any of them would allow themselves to be put into such a sissy outfit! Their indignation at the mere idea of being petticoated was undeniably great. However the tranquilizer they consumed with supper kept them from becoming too overwrought and exploding. They frowned, shook their heads, and mumbled numerous rather raw explicatives.

"BOYS," Harriet scolded in a harsh tone of voice snapping them out of their quasi-rebelliousness. "YOU WILL DO EXACTLY AS WE SAY. IN A FEW MINUTES YOU WILL BE DRESSED IDENTICALLY TO LISA AND ASHLEY. YOU WILL COOPERATE AND STOP WHINING!"

At once the frowns disappeared replaced by contrite sheepish expressions of remorse and fear. Their heads stopped shaking and hung in shame. Their mumbling ceased. The injection Dr. Conrad had given each boy had destroyed any self-will to resist direct orders. They had



no choice but to meekly acquiesce to the firm command. This didn't mean that they instantly accepted their fate. Far from it. It was simply that the influence of the drug left them incapable of showing their disgust and loathing much less refuse to obey.

"We all understand that you will not like this," Harriet continued in a softer voice. "But you will do it. Even though at this moment you can not believe me, eventually you will come to enjoy wearing pretty dresses. Once dressed like prissy girls, you will each be taught to behave like a proper young lady. The petticoat discipline will continue uninterrupted until all six of you not only look like adorable girls but naturally behave like sweet sugar and spice princesses. The sooner you stop fighting the petticoat discipline and begin to do your best to learn how to be a darling young miss, the sooner the petticoat discipline can be ended."

The flustered boys sat in utter befuddlement. They had been rendered incapable of resisting. Their minds silently screamed their protests, but their thoughts were too nebulous to mount any insurgency.

"Before we begin, I will explain a few things to you," Harriet continued. "Let me tell you about orphans. An orphan in a poor country has no clothes, no toys, no medical care, no privacy, and only the clothes they wear. There is little food and shelter is poor and unheated. An orphan is lucky to have one blanket to sleep on the floor in a crowded, dirty room and get one measly meal a day. After living like this for a few years, an orphan will do anything to get out of such circumstances. If you were eight years old and had existed as an orphan under those circumstances, I'm sure each of you would leap at the chance to have a loving family, plenty of nice clothes, a nice cozy home, and plenty of food. One of the countries where orphans live like this is Rumania. Two years ago in Rumania an eight year old orphan was offered a chance to be adopted and come to America. There was one condition that Mrs. and Mr. Gibson insisted the orphan accept before the adoption. Ashley, please come here."

All the boys watched in surprise as prissy Ashley minced to Harriet. Their anger at the prospect of being petticoated had been pushed from their consciousness by their need to concentrate on Harriet's words.

"If you haven't guessed by now, Ashley was that fortunate orphan," Harriet smiled as she gave the girl a warm hug. "Ashley, would you like to tell the boys about the conditions under which you existed?"

"Everything that Miss Franklin has said about the conditions for orphans in Rumania is true," Ashley stated in a clear, perfect angelic voice that had no lingering accent. "If anything, her description of how my life was is too clean. It was simply horrible to live like that."

Ashley closed her eyes and paled a bit as a shudder of horror engulfed her as the terrible memories came flooding back. Her petticoat rustled sweetly, which instantly calmed her. When she reopened her eyes, she blushed sweetly.

"If any of you had been in my situation, you would have eagerly accepted the condition I was asked to accept," Ashley continued a bit defensively. "You see, back then, I was a boy."

The boys were obviously stunned by this unexpected revelation. From the time they settled into the complex they had never thought that Ashley could be anything other than the prissy girl she appeared to be. She and her older sister had often been the target of their macho teasing. A small, gnawing fear about their future under petticoat discipline began to eat at their boyish arrogance.

"The condition I had to accept was to become a girl in every way," Ashley continued. "It wasn't an easy choice because I was quite a tough boy... I had to be to survive... but I saw no other way out of my situation so I reluctantly accepted. It was difficult at first, but once I stopped fighting what was happening, I began to fall in love with my new life. Now I'm happy to be a girl and have no regrets."

The boys felt horrified that one of their own would willingly agreed to become a girl. In their hearts they felt that conditions could never be so bad as to force a REAL boy to agree to such a thing. To their way of thinking Ashley had to have been a big sissy even before agreeing to become a girl.

Michelle stepped forward to hug Ashley. "My husband and I went to Rumania with the intention of adopting a boy to transform him into a girl," she stated boldly. "Like you are about to experience, my husband underwent petticoat discipline when he was a boy. He knows what it feels like. His experiences in petticoats have left him with a need and desire to continue to dress and behave as a female. You've all seen Mr. Gibson. None of you has ever doubted that he's a normal man. So you can see that petticoat discipline can allow a male to continue to be a male."

The boys looked truly perplexed. It was true that they had all met Mr. Gibson. While he wasn't belligerently macho like their fathers had been no one ever suspected him to be a sissy who liked to wear dresses.

"Geraldine," Michelle held out her hand towards the nervous woman who stood off to the side with Lisa.

Lisa held the woman's hand in a reassuring manor and accompanied the woman forward. The boys watched in puzzlement as the pretty woman gracefully made her way to the front.

"Geraldine is my husband," Michelle stated as she took Geraldine's hand.

As one the mouth's of the boys dropped open as they looked for some sign that the woman could really be Mr. Gibson. They saw only a striking resemblance, like the woman was a sister to the man. But no trace of masculinity was present in her movements or appearance. That a man could appear to be a normal woman stunned the boys, that he would want to do so shocked them to the very center of their masculinity.

"There are two others in this room who underwent petticoat discipline about the same time as Geraldine," Janice stated as she stepped forward. "I helped put all three into petticoats and dresses."

Holding her hand out to beckon Harriet forward Janice continued. "Miss Franklin was one of them, and she has lived exclusively as a female since she was fourteen."

Harriet blushed a bit but smiled bravely and curtsyed daintily to the bewildered boys.

“Both Miss Franklin and Mr. Gibson are still males under their feminine finery,” Janice went on. “The other person is Mrs. Gibson. She has lived as a girl since she was two. She has had a sex-change operation and is now a woman in EVERY way.”

The boys were now totally dumbfounded and confused. They knew Michelle as the efficient nurse who had assisted in their physical and as the loving, doting mother of Ashley and Lisa. That she and the other two elegant ladies in addition to one of the pretty girls standing before them were males was totally beyond anything they could conceive! The four looked and behaved just as if they were real females. There wasn't anything at all to reflect their sissy status. The fact that a male could even have a sex-change operation was a horrible revelation to them. What would happen to them? Each boy worried that he might become a simpering sissy.

Janice smiled to see the fear and trepidation upon the pale faces of the immobile boys. It was time to go in for the kill. “If your petticoat discipline continues too long, you will never be able to return to being boys. Whether or not that happens means nothing to us. In fact, to be perfectly frank and honest, we'd all like nothing better than to transform each of you into girls just as has been done with Ashley. We will not reveal who, but it has already been decided that two of you WILL become sweet girls and remain in dresses for the rest of your lives. As for the others, we will let you return to being boys once you have learned to dress and behave like girls... if, by then, you want to go back to being boys. Just remember the longer it takes for you to learn to be girls, the harder it will be to return to being boys. None of you will be allowed to go back to being a boy until all six of you are dressing and behaving as girls. So it is in your own best interests to make sure that each of you does his best to learn the lessons petticoat discipline has to teach. There is no way for any of you to escape your petticoating, so be assured that we will tolerate no whining or foot dragging. Cooperation will be rewarded and resistance will be harshly punished.”

The boys sat in stunned disbelief. This was simply too horrible to contemplate. That each would be expected to learn to dress and behave as a girl was bad enough, that they would have to do it together lessened their apprehension a tiny bit, but that they had to endure being a sissy until they all learned the girlish lessons was atrocious. That two of them were destined to remain girls was absolutely appalling. The idea that some of them might not want to return to being boys was obnoxious. With every bit of his boyish arrogance each lad hoped he was not one of the two ill-fated lads destined to become a girl, yet in their heart each feared he was one of those already selected. Such a dire fate was simply too loathsome to even contemplate. With a shiver of loathsomeness, each boy did his best to shake the dreaded conception from his conscious thoughts. Yet the notion that they might be forced to become a girl... a prissy girl in petticoats... for the rest of their lives... gnawed at the very core of their boyishness... eating away at the surly previous assurance of their masculine future.

“BOYS,” Janice ordered. “Please stand up and remove ALL your clothes.”

Simultaneously each boy arose and began to remove his clothes. Tears of frustration at being unable to resist their degrading fate trickled down each cheek. Thoughts of fleeing formed and vanished, as did brief thoughts of resistance. The drugs flowing through their veins had rendered them incapable of the organized thought that would make either resis-

tance or flight possible. All they could do was silently cry like the very sissies they were being forced to become as they helplessly followed the infamous orders.

While the boys were undressing, the mothers fetched the previously prepared carts with the darling outfits. Everything had been pre-sized using the measurements taken during the earlier physical and was laid out on the carts. The women quickly returned to their sons.

In a few moments all six boys were naked. Their still hairless little boy genitals almost demurely hidden by their awkwardly clutching hands. Their eyes were downcast and their faces beet red. Their minds were a numbing swirl of confusion, fear, anger, and outright shock.

"Your petticoat discipline will begin now," Janice stated. "Lisa has graciously offered to be your mentor as you begin this momentous trip into girlhood. Ashley will be her assistant and model. Each of you will obey whatever either girl tells you to do. You will learn the lessons of girlhood from them by example as well as by instructions. Any back-talk or resistance will be promptly and harshly punished. Lisa, you may begin."

"Good evening, GIRLS," Lisa stated in a sugary voice as she stepped before the still numbed boys. "The first article of clothing a girl puts on is her panties. Ashley, please show the boys how your pretty panties fit."

The boys mouths suddenly went dry as they watched Ashley shamelessly lift her full skirt and petticoats to reveal her frilly lace trimmed pink panties. It was a sight they had often hoped to see, especially when they had mischievously flipped up some unfortunate girl's skirts. Now they were entranced by the here-to-fore forbidden sight. Each felt a powerful but unfulfilled stirring in their young loins. The reaction would have been normal... if Ashley were a real girl... but they KNEW she was a boy... just like they were... there was no way they should feel such arousal upon seeing a boy wearing panties... yet they were such pretty panties... such enticing panties... despite their desire not to become aroused, each penis stiffened beneath their fingers. It was with even greater unease and consternation that each disconcerted lad noted Ashley's crotch was undeniably flat without the slightest evidence that she had any male equipment tucked inside the soft, satiny pink fabric. All the boys could do was continue to stare at Ashley's exposed panties. Their befuddled minds were incapable of any thoughts other than Ashley's cute panty-clad bottom.

In this state of mind the boys mechanically grasped the panties their mothers placed in their hands. Instinctually they spread the cloth to further cover their exposed genitals. Since their hands still hid their semi-rigid prepubescent manhood, the soft silky fabric of the panties fell against their already highly sensitive organs causing full erections which forced their burgeoning manhood even further into the delectable folds of the frilly lace trimmed pink panties they unwittingly clutched to their groin. This rapidly increasing spiral of arousal immediately yanked their attention from Ashley's undeniably cute panty clad bottom. It was with utter horror each lad peered down at his satin shrouded sprouting boner.

One part of their disgusted mind wanted to desperately thrust the offending feminine garment away from their boyish bodies. Another deeper animalistic part of their psyche urged them to begin to fondle their swelling manhood with the satiny fabric of the en-

chanting panties. Yet a third, logical portion cautioned to do nothing but use the panties as a shield to protect the nearly shattered modesty of their manhood. Their hands trembled and twitched as first one than another part of their bewildered mind momentarily took control and tried to force his hands to obey the fragmented mental screams of desperation.

"Boys, it's time to step into your panties and slip them into place just like Ashley," Lisa ordered in a soft but quite firm urgent voice. "First hold your panties by the waist."

Forced to obey by the psychotropic drug flooding their systems, the boys all tore their eyes from the panties they held in their hands. As they did so, their gazes instantly returned to Ashley's still exposed panties. With a shiver each noted the panties they held were identical to those worn by Ashley and, they assumed, by Lisa. With palsied hands they cautiously rearranged their grip upon the damning garment until they held the sissy garment gingerly by the tips of their index finger and thumb in the position dictated. Each made sure to hold the panties so as to hide their state of arousal from view.

"The fuller side is the back to hold your cute buns," Lisa informed them. "Look at YOUR panties. You can feel they are so soft and silky. They'll feel simply yummy as they caress your flesh. We all know that you've always been curious about girl's panties. How they look, how they feel, how it feels to WEAR panties... now you're about to find out. All your questions will soon be answered. Never again will you need to wonder about how it feels to wear girl's panties. You will know because you will have worn your very OWN panties! Look at them closely... YOUR panties are simply scrumptious and are begging you to put them on!"

The poor boys were powerless to resist Lisa's cool, urgent tones. They gazed at their panties with both fear and awe. Every word she said, every idea, every thought, became their own, forever etched into their mind. What was worse they KNEW that deep in their boyish hearts every word was mortifyingly true. Six unwanted erections stuck out almost straight, bobbing wildly with the nervous tremors still sweeping through the boys' soon to be emasculated bodies.

"Now please put YOUR lovely panties on," Lisa cooed seductively. "Learn how nice YOUR panties feel next to your skin. You WILL enjoy the sensations. You will NEVER want to wear those horrid harsh ugly jockey shorts again. Take the first step into your new lives, do it with great thought and concentration for it will be the last thing you do as a boy. Once you're wearing your panties, you'll be girls!"

Each lad swallowed the bile they felt rising. None wanted to don the sissy panties. They feared the predicted loss of their boyhood. They feared they would love the feel of the panties, THEIR panties! What would they do if Lisa was right and they didn't want to return to wearing their jockey shorts? How could they go through the rest of their lives wearing panties? Putting on the panties would not only be denying their boyhood but forsaking it. Yet despite their trepidation they could not resist. With trembling hands they stepped into the soft panties. Slowly, doing all they could to prolong the inevitable, they slipped the panties up their legs. Instead of discovering a way out of their dilemma, this action only compounded the problem since at every sensuous touch, the damning silky panties sent exciting and unearthly electrifying sensations to their already befuddled minds. While they desperately wanted to hate the panties, they found themselves savoring the very unmasculine experience. Much to their chagrin they discovered they did love the

feel of their panties as they snugged them into place about their bottoms. Much to their dismay, the penis of each lad boldly tented the front of his lovely enticing panties. The sensations were so utterly delightful they almost did what none had ever succeeded in doing before. Each had spent a great deal of time masturbating, unsuccessfully trying to blow their first wad. Now they were so close it took every bit of will they could muster to STOP that momentous event. To shot their first load wearing prissy panties would forever damn their macho self image. Shivers of terror and confusion swept their bodies as they struggled to prevent such an ultimate embarrassment. Denial and lust swirled for dominance in their befuddled minds.

As the women expected, the boys were utterly bewitched. They wanted to deny and hate the yummy sensations the panties were imparting, they desperately wanted to be normal boys, not some weirdo who got turned on wearing girls panties! But much to their chagrin everything was just as Lisa had told them. They could no longer deny the truth... wearing sissy panties felt wonderful! They couldn't even say they didn't like wearing the manhood damning panties. In their boyish hearts they knew putting on the panties had been their last act as boys. They now wore panties, their very own panties, and they could not deny that they enjoyed the new delightful sensations. Their very masculinity was thus called into question. How could they be REAL boys if they liked wearing such sissy panties? To their eternal shame and damnation they could no longer consider themselves to be true boys. They had become sissies. They had relinquished their boyhood for girlhood. By default they had become pseudo-girls by donning the panties. For each boy his agony was multiplied by the fear that the others would see just how much of a sissy he had become. The teasing of their buddies would be unmerciful and they would never be able to face their pals again. Tears of hopelessness welled in their eyes.

"I can tell you simply LOVE wearing your yummy panties," Lisa giggled sweetly as she observed their aroused state. "Every TRUE girl loves wearing soft, pretty clothes. Turn around so your mothers can see how sweet you look in YOUR pretty new panties. There is no need to be ashamed or bashful, after all, we're all girls now."

Still unable to resist a direct order the humiliated boys tentatively turned about to model their tented panties for their mother. As they did so each, for the first time since the weird ordeal began, saw the others were in the same predicament of unwanted arousal. The embarrassment and fear of teasing each felt for being sissified faded as they saw that indeed they all sported boners inside the sissy girl panties. It was a shocking revelation that they were not alone in their bewildering plunge into sissyhood. Each had, in effect, suddenly become a girl just as Lisa said. With this mind numbing understanding the tumescence of each began to subside. Hesitant nervous expressions of fear and hope formed on their faces as they saw the looks approval their sissy appearance elicited from their mothers and the other women.

"Now, it wasn't so horrible to put on your panties," Lisa playfully chided the boys once they had fully subsided. "In fact, I'd say you rather enjoyed the experience. We can have a lot of fun together if you simply stop thinking that you're a boy. After all, boys don't wear girl's clothes, only girls do. So if you're wearing girl's clothes, you have to be a girl! Just pretend that the only reason you wore those horrid boy clothes was because up until now you were tomboys. Now that you're growing up it's time to shed that crude

tomboy image and discover the softness and joy of being a girl. Don't look back to what was, look ahead to what will be. Be the best girl you can!"

Again Lisa's logic seemed so right. Only girls wore girls clothes... every boy knew that. That meant that since they were wearing girls clothes, they couldn't be boys... they HAD to be girls. There was an uncomfortable unstated and unthought sense of foreboding underlying this twisted logic: the deeper they went into petticoat discipline the clearer it became that there would be no escape. They seemed to instinctually know that they would emotionally tear themselves apart and prolong their damning petticoated ordeal by thinking about how things used to be. Lisa was all too right when she told them it would be better to simply forget the past and concentrate on the here and now. Such action would save their already beleaguered tottering sanity. It would be far easier to accept their petticoated fate if they thought of themselves as tomboys being forced to become young ladies rather than boys undergoing petticoat discipline.

"Now, the next thing you put on will be your camisole," Lisa went on breaking into their reverie. "It's worn like a boy's undershirt but you'll quickly discover it's so much nicer and prettier!"

With that each discomfited lad took the dainty camisole his mother handed to him. This bit of frilly lace trimmed pink fluff perfectly matched their pretty panties. Each boy found himself shamefully trembling with excitement and more than a bit of lingering contrition as he slipped the satiny camisole over his head and tugged the delicate lace hem to just cover the waist of his panties. As with the panties, undeniably pleasant sensations surged through his body as each perplexed lad experienced wearing this delectable bit of fluff for the first time. Each wondered how the dainty lingerie, in cut and general appearance so like the underwear of a boy could feel so deliciously different.

"We're all so glad to see you're falling in love with your new undeniably delightful girlish experiences," Lisa praised the still unsure boys. "Just let go of the past and concentrate on the pleasure of here and now.

By this time the drug addled and sensually overloaded boys were so confused they gave up trying to figure out what was going on. Lisa's advice was right on the mark.

"Next are your anklets and shoes," Lisa continued. "Please sit on a chair. Your mothers will show you how to properly roll the tops of your anklets down."

The muddled boys meekly sat in the chair their mother had used during the initial portion of the session. Each lad obsequiously took the lace topped dainty peach colored nylon anklets from his mother. Carefully following their mother's instructions, they spooled each anklet into a small tube, then slipped it over their toes and rolled it over their foot and up their ankle. Once in place, they meticulously rolled the top down to reveal the lovely girlish lace top. Once the anklets were donned, each emasculated lad slipped his now dainty foot into a white patent leather Mary Jane shoe, cinching the single strap to hold it firmly in place.

"Before you stand up, put your feet out and look at them very closely," Lisa instructed. "See how pretty your feet are! How could those dainty feet EVER have played football or run around bases? It's simply ridiculous to think that such pretty, girlish feet could EVER

have done such a ridiculous tomboyish thing! But even if they had, that was in the past. Those dainty feet will never be subjected to such abuse ever again!"

A tremble of disbelief swept through each boy as he beheld his extended and slowly twisting utterly girlish feet. Again Lisa had driven right to the core of their boyish pride forcing the wilting lads to question the validity of their past their masculinity. How easy it all seemed to transform what had been all boy into dainty prissy girlishness. The rapid transformation left them doubting the reality of their previous assuredness of their masculinity.

Naturally, the mothers were thrilled to see their rough, crude sons being engulfed and overwhelmed by the insidious effects of the girl's clothes. The four who had refused to totally feminize their sons already began to question that hasty decision.

"You look lovely so far, GIRLS," Lisa praised the lads. "Now it's time for the true petticoat discipline to begin. Please stand up so you can be helped into your very first petticoat!"

Much to their chagrin each lad felt the same enthusiasm and anticipation of wearing the girlish petticoat that Lisa expressed in her voice. Nervously the blushing boys stood and faced their beaming mothers as they beheld the dainty frills, ruffles, and lace of the beguiling full ivory taffeta petticoat. They grudgingly drank in the softness and sweet rustling of the multiple layers of taffeta netting. Never before had they fully seen such an exquisitely feminine garment. They doubted that there could be a more utterly feminine garment than that which they were about to don. The insistent rustling sound seemed to call them, beckoning them inexorably into girlhood. Hypnotized by the girlishness, they meekly raised their hands to allow this penultimate girlish vestment to engulf their body and thus visually transform what little remained of their besieged boyishness into unequivocal girlishness.

In moments six blushing, nervously simpering and disheveled heads emerged from the sea of fluff. If a stranger happened to see the six at this moment, he would wonder why the obviously happy mothers had ever allowed the girls to let their hair become so disarrayed.

The contradiction of their shoulder length unkept hair to their otherwise absolute pristine girlishness was painfully obvious. Each mother picked up a hair brush and began to stroke the long locks of the soon to be former boys. In a few moments with the aid of a few barrettes and ivory satin ribbons the unruly hair of the towheaded youths had been easily transformed into acceptable girlish tresses.

"Girls, you're looking prettier by the minute," Lisa complimented the blushing six. "Now it's time to complete your very first girlish outfit. Ladies, would you please help your sweet DAUGHTER into her party dresses."

The boys reddened even more and shifted uneasily at being called GIRLS and DAUGHTER. The melodious sibilant rustling of their petticoats filled the room with the sounds of unalterable girlishness. Once more the reluctant changelings turned to their beaming mothers. By this time the happy mothers were near tears of joy as they doted upon their lovely daughters for the first time.

Soon the six faux-girls were ensconced in the exquisite dresses of ivory organdy over peach satin. A spray of satin roses and a fountain of pearls adorned the organdy bow at

their slim waists. Ivory satin ribbon trimmed the ruffled organdy collar, sleeves, and skirt. The large organdy sash was tied daintily in the back into a darling bow. The scalloped overskirt was gathered with rosebuds to reveal a flounced pink underskirt. Beneath that the full petticoat of ivory taffeta netting held the skirt out and made it sway and rustle prettily to even their tiniest motion. Before the overwhelmed lads could collect their confused thoughts, each mother stepped aside to reveal a full length mirror so her feminized son could see his own reflection.

Each uncertain boy was sensually inundated not only by the utter femininity of his dainty outfit but by the total eradication of all traces of what he had considered his inherent boyishness. Not one could see the familiar roughneck boy who had always previously peered back at him from mirrors. Instead each saw a cute girl who was a prettier, utterly feminine, sisterly version of his former boyish self. To add to their amazement and consternation, the strangeness of being petticoated wasn't anywhere near as horrid as they had feared. It was different, very different in fact, from anything they had ever experienced in the past. If they dared to admit to the truth, being petticoated was also quite undeniably pleasurable. Never before had they enjoyed wearing clothes. Up to this point in their hectic yet uncluttered lives clothes had served a strictly utilitarian role in their rough and tumble boyish incarnation. Now they suddenly discovered that clothing could feel nice, very nice. So nice that it made them want to wear it simply because it felt so good! This inescapable truth rocked them to the very core of their boyish arrogance.

Sheepishly they looked at their comrades fearing condemnation for themselves at being so easily sissified. They dreaded that the others would look like unhappy boys forced to wear frilly girl's clothes while all traces of their own boyishness had been totally submerged by the feminine fluff. Needless to say they were quite astonished to see five shy but pretty girls self-consciously looking at each other. Not one of the lads looked anything like a boy. Every trace of boyhood had been eradicated simply by donning the sissy petticoat and other feminine accouterments. This sent their minds spinning. Not only did they feel guilty for looking so girlish, they felt damned for betraying their boyhood by enjoying the new undeniably delightful sensations the girly clothes transmitted to their every sense.

The happy mothers hugged their hesitant faux-daughters. The emotions were so high that the tears burst forth from the mothers and cringing pseudo-daughters. Once the tears ended, the mothers informed the new daughters of their changed names. Nicholas was now Nicole, Jesse was now Jessica, Allen was now Alicia, Duane was now Diane, Simon was now Simone, and Wendal was now Wendy. The still bewildered boys numbly realized that being re-christened with girls' names cemented their unexpected forced entry into girlhood.

The boys were fully petticoated by 7:30 and lessons of how to modify their coarse movements and rude habits began. The boys were once more lined up before Lisa and Ashley as the proud women looked on. Lisa began to speak while Ashley modeled the behavior for the boys to mimic.

"The first thing a well behaved girl must remember is to never slouch," Lisa instructed. "A well behaved miss always stands straight and proud. Notice how Ashley is standing. Her shoulders are back, her chin is held high, and there is a pleasant smile upon her face.

If in an informal situation, a girl may relax one leg by bending it slightly at the knee, but even then she maintains her upright posture. I want each of you to pose like Ashley."

The boys awkwardly changed their posture to mimic Ashley. Their movements were a bit stiff and maladroit, but the end results were quite satisfactory. After 15 minutes of group and individual instruction, each petticoated boy was able to stand like a girl.

"Very good, girls," Lisa stated. "Now we'll move on to the next lesson. This one is easy to learn the basics but requires a lot of practice and concentration to do it properly. To curtsey properly you must smile prettily the entire time."

A collective groan came from the boys as their eyes grew wide and filled with fear. Curtseying was the most feminine of acts and they loathed to learn the deed.

"There will be none of that," Lisa scolded firmly causing the boys to bow their heads in shame and confusion. "Now watch Ashley as she demonstrates a proper curtsy. To begin, assume proper posture. Once standing up straight, reach down with both hands to delicately grasp the hem of your skirt with your fingertips. At the same time lift your left foot slightly and keep the heel off the floor as you place the tip of the toe behind the heel of your right foot. Then you dip gracefully by bending your knees while at the same time slightly lifting the hem of the skirt away from your body. Watch Ashley closely as she once more demonstrates a proper curtsey."

The boys watched as Ashley gracefully performed the feminine action with smooth, flawless precision. Their stomachs were doing flip-flops as they watched. When it came time for them to attempt the deed, it took everything the women could do to keep from laughing. Each of the boys lost his balance and stumbled as he attempted to achieve the proper foot positions. Once that problem was mastered, the dips were stilted and the smile totally lacking. Each petticoated lad was placed before a full length mirror and made to practice. Lisa and Ashley went from boy to boy correcting improper foot position, relocating the placement of hands and fingers, altering the clumsy grasping of the hems to a dainty touch, and even turning up the corners of their mouths to make them smile.

Naturally, the emotionally wrought boys grew tired and frustrated. However each and every groan, scowl, or complaint was instantly punished by a sharp word and a slap on the cheek. By the end of the lessons, all six lads had hot, bright rosy cheeks. Several times the reluctant petticoated lads were admonished that the sooner they cooperated and tried with every fiber of their being to learn their girlish lessons, the sooner the ordeal would be over. This, they were bluntly reminded, went for the entire petticoat discipline experience as well as learning how to curtsey.

During the first 45 minutes of the lessons on how to properly curtsey the sheer number of repetitions of the girlish deed finally drove home to their anguished brains that there would be no reprieve. Once each of them reached that conclusion, it took another 15 minutes before each lad was able to properly execute an acceptable curtsey. They were informed that each day they would repeat the lessons until performing a proper curtsey at every attempt became natural.

With that, each petticoated lad was turned over to his mother who went back to the cart where more feminine clothing was waiting. Clean panties, camisoles, and anklets were laid out. Also laid out was a girlish night gown and robe. With great delight the

mothers showed the contrite boys what they would be wearing to bed. The nighty was a pink satin baby doll sleep chemise trimmed with delicate heart lace and a ruffle flounce. The shimmering pink satin robe had embroidered floral lapels and a belted tie closure.

So it was that everyone left the MISS FIT BOUTIQUE a bit after 9:00. In each apartment the scenario continued. After the chagrined lad had posed for the numerous photos his mother insisted taking, he was escorted to his bedroom. There he was helped from his party dress. Following the careful instructions from his mother, he placed the dress and petticoat upon hangers which were hung on the outside of the closet doors so that once in bed the boy could still see his new pretty dress whenever he opened his eyes. Next the hair ribbons and barrettes were removed from his hair, then the shiny Mary Janes were removed and placed beneath the dress and petticoat. After that came the trip to the bathroom where the boy was made to fill the tub with hot water and pour in liberal amounts of sweet lilac scented bubblebath. While the tub filled, the lad removed his anklets, camisole, and panties. Each mother then instructed her son on how to hand wash and rinse the darling lingerie and dainty anklets in the sink before hanging them up to dry. By then the tub was filled and each irresolute youth settled into the warm foamy womb of the bath. The sweet smell, the warm, soft, slippery water, and the blanket of foam combined with the medications to lull the anguished lads into a begrudging state of bliss.

The thoughts and feelings of each boy was virtually identical. To have been subjected to petticoat discipline was undeniably humiliating. To have his boyhood suddenly torn away and to be plunged head first into utter girlishness was the worst thing that could happen to a red-blooded all-American boy. To be so subjugated without fighting was debasing and dishonorable. The tormented lad had every reason to hate being petticoated. Yet in his heart he knew that part of him had enjoyed the experience. This only exacerbated his guilt for willingly betraying his inherent boyhood. That betraying portion of his anguished mind berated his boyish arrogance. A composite of the inner arguing between the just emerging guy/girl (EGG) persona verses the stubborn loathsome obnoxious boy (SLOB) persona went like this.

"How can you LIKE wearing those sissy clothes," SLOB accused. "You're a boy, not a damn sissy!"

"I know I'm a boy," EGG replied contritely. "But be honest, the girl's clothes DO feel good."

"So what if they feel good," SLOB rejoined angrily. "Do you want to be a sissy?"

"No, I don't want to be a sissy," EGG stated. "But I don't want to be like an ostrich and bury my head in the sand."

"What does that crack mean," SLOB retorted angrily.

"What it means is honesty," Egg replied. "Honesty demands that I admit it feels good wearing girl's clothes. Even you can't deny that."

"It's not right for a boy to wear stupid girly clothes," SLOB countered since he could not in good conscious refute EGG's claim. "Unless the guy is a sissy. And I'm certainly not a sissy!"

"What's so terrible about being a sissy," EGG asked. "No one thinks anything of a tom-boy who roughhouses and plays with the guys. No one ever condemns a girl for wearing boy's clothes. The whole women's lib agenda demanded equality and equal treatment for men and women. Since women want to be able to do anything a guy can do, it's only fair that a guy be able to do anything a woman can do. That would include a guy wearing girl's clothes and learning to do things the way a girl does them!"

"You're nuts," SLOB sputtered in abject horror at the claim of equality.

"What are you going to do," EGG taunted. "Are you going to beat me up? Is the big tough boy so uncertain of his fragile masculinity that he can't risk experiencing a little bit of girlishness? Is he afraid that he really might be a sissy but is afraid to find out the truth? Well, dummy, you can't beat me up because we're the same person! You can't chase me away either. We're stuck in here right beside one another. If you want to have this come out your way, you'd better come up with some sound, logical answers and stop spouting hurt sulking slogans like BEING A SISSY!"

SLOB was so furious he couldn't even reply.

"This is exactly what I mean," EGG chided. "So just stop your fuming for a moment and listen! Everything you say and do is emotional. There is no sound, logical basis for your feelings. You simply cannot refute anything I've said because it's all true and will remain true even though you refuse to open your eyes and see the truth. Well, your ostrich stance will not change the truth! Nor will it prevent us from being petticoated again and again until we learn to face the truth. We are not being given a choice about this. You saw how they kept at us about learning how to curtsy. They will not stop until we learn to dress and act like a girl! Now do you want this to go on and on, which is what will happen if you continue trying to fight, or do you admit we can't beat this and do our best to learn what they want us to learn and get it over with? Think about it, what will the other guys say if they all have to remain under petticoat discipline because of your pig-headed attitudes?"

SLOB was angry and hurt for he could not discredit or deny any of the charges and problems. "But I can't let them do this to me," SLOB cried. "I can't let them turn me into a sissy! Hell, what if I'm one of the two they've decided to turn into girls like they did to Ashley?"

"What are you going to do to stop them," EGG reasoned. "Heck, I don't want to be a girl anymore than you do, but after tonight we both know there is not a thing that we can do to stop them from doing whatever they want to us. If they want to change us into a girl, we can't stop them. Look, it's better to be alive than to die fighting for a hopeless cause. All we can do is make the best of a bad situation."

"How can you make anything good out of being turned into a dumb girl," SLOB be-moaned.

"Think," EGG scolded. "Half the people in the world are girls. If girls are so dumb, how are they doing this to us? How do they get the better deal in the divorce? If they're dumb, we're morons! Try to be logical about this. We already know that wearing girl's clothes feels good. We know that our body will look like a pretty girl when we're dressed up. Sure, it might be embarrassing, but if we look and act like girls, who will know we

were ever a boy? None of us ever suspected Ashley was a boy. Look at Mrs. Gibson and Miss Franklin, even Mr. Gibson. Heck, no one would ever think they could possibly be anything but a real female! Since that's the case there is no need to feel embarrassed. If we don't get turned into a girl think about how we'll benefit from learning all about girls. We'll know how girls feel and think. What is the biggest complaint women have against men? It's that men don't understand a woman. But then how can anyone understand anything until they experience it for themselves? This will be our golden opportunity to learn how to make a woman feel needed and wanted. Just think of how easy it will be to get a girlfriend."

The unrelenting logic was slowly sinking SLOB. Although still not fully sexually active, he KNEW what a guy wanted in a woman... SEX! From what he'd seen and heard, it was really tough for guys to get a girl to put out, mainly because the girls claimed the guys were too uncaring and rough. If being made to learn how to be a girl enabled him to get laid regularly later in life, it would be worth the hassle and embarrassment he had to endure during this period of petticoat punishment. Even if his unwanted masquerade was discovered and he was labeled a sissy, his fortune with the girls would make that charge patently false. The brightest light was that it was true that as long as no one knew he was a boy in petticoats, there would be little cause for embarrassment.

By the time the bubble bath ended, the confused lad was ready to begrudgingly endure his fate and try to make the best of being petticoated. The carrot of hope for future luck with the girls and shortening the time he had to be petticoated would serve as his compensation. The boyish outrage and indignation subsided to a low resentful grumbling.

Emerging from the tub his mother patted his softened pink flesh dry with a fluffy pink towel. Meekly he allowed a fresh scented talc to be powder-puffed onto his youthful body. Then came slipping into the sleek, shimmering panties that lovingly hugged and caressed his buns and still immature genitals. Despite his efforts at resisting the incumbent arousal, a shiver of delight rippled through him. In moments he was wearing the cute pink satin babydoll nightie and robe. The femininity of the nightie hid the slight all too masculine tenting of his panties. After a glass of warm milk, more tranquilizers, and sleeping pills, it was off to an unsettling but sound dream/nightmare filled sleep where boys in petticoats frolicked, laughed, and played dollies.

The mothers watched their now angelic slumbering sissy son with new hopes and renewed expectations. Never had they spent a more enjoyable evening with their sons. Each wanted many more such times. The long suppressed desire for a sweet daughter to pamper and coddle burst forth into new flower. They all felt the next few weeks would be heavenly.

Kathy Snyder and Barbara Jackson had already agreed to transform their errant sons into permanent daughters. Thus the feminine fate of Simone and Jessica was already sealed. Susan Greer, Lydia Martin, Francis Keller, and Laura Douglas now had serious second thoughts about their guilt driven decision to allow the boys return to boyhood once the petticoat discipline was completed. All still felt contrite for even thinking about transforming their sons into girls, but the lingering remorse was rapidly dissipating in the face of the sheer joy the mere presence of the sweet pseudo-girls gave to their mothers.

The next morning, July 4th, the groggy, guilt-ridden boys hesitantly enjoyed being pampered by having breakfast in bed. Again the pills they took contained tranquilizers to render them docile and pliable. Then it was to the bathroom where they were taught proper feminine hygiene. All were quite unsettled yet meekly followed the instructions to sit like a proper young lady while relieving their bladder and being sure to daintily dab their private parts with tissue instead of simply shaking the excess off as had been their sloppy past boyish practice. Once the morning ablutions were completed, it was back to their bedroom to don clean panties, camisole, and anklets before once more slipping into the sibilant petticoat and pretty party dress.

Then it was time to take the boys to the MISS CONCEPTION BEAUTY SALON. As they arrived, each was led to the rear dressing room where the pretty dress and petticoat were removed and carefully hung. Each subdued lad slipped into a pink satin kimono styled robe before being led to the sinks where their mother thoroughly washed, then rinsed their hair repeatedly with a foul smelling liquid before being conditioned.

As the boys were enduring this ordeal, each recalled the inner arguments of EGG and SLOB about fighting or cooperating with their petticoat discipline. Their injured and insulted masculinity still demanded satisfaction, having decided that it would be better to die in a blaze of macho glory than submit to becoming a sissy. But their logical tranquilized perspective was firmly in control. Knowing that discretion was the better part of valor, the rage was smothered. One thing that helped was the knowledge that although two of them were destined to remain as girls, the other four still had a chance at returning to boyhood. As long as that weak light beamed from the end of the tunnel of boyish despair, they vowed to endure their petticoat discipline.

Once all six lads had their shoulder length hair washed and treated, they were lined up so Lydia could address them. It was at this point as they surveyed their effeminized mates that each was shocked to see that all the guys now sported wet golden honey blonde hair! Each felt a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach as he realized that if the other five had their bleached and dyed blonde, their hair had to have been dyed blond also! Fortunately they had little time to think about this latest distressing step in their forced conversion to girlhood.

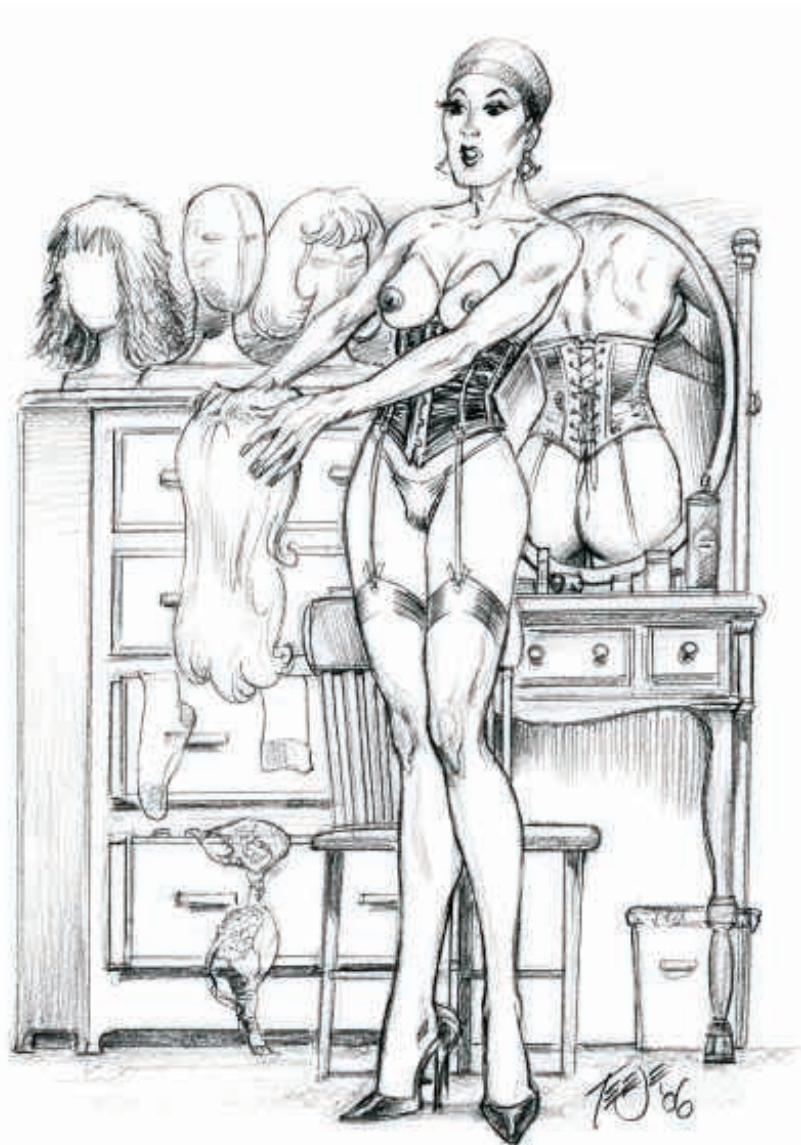
"Boys," Lydia stated. "I must say that you are quite wise since you have realized that you really have no choice but to acquiesce to your petticoat discipline. Since our so called enlightened society selfishly deems the girlish role unacceptable for males it is quite understandable that you will want no one to discover your forced ruse. Each of you shows great potential to become the perfect image of a very pretty girl! I'm not insulting you when I tell you that I don't think we'll have the slightest problem in creating a realistic, girlish appearance for each of you. Now please cooperate as we complete your transformations so that your disguise can be perfect, and thus your true gender hidden."

The boys were then turned over to the waiting Susan Greer, Barbara Jackson, Lydia Martin, Francis Keller, Kathy Snyder, Laura Douglas, Cynthia Conrad, Janice High, Harriet Franklin, Michelle Gibson, Geraldine Gibson, Lisa Gibson, and Ashley Gibson. Each befuddled lad found himself the center of a whirlwind of activity. The women jabbered incessantly about how pretty they were going to make each lad. Lydia checked each boy's hair for proper color, texture, and length while the others began manicuring toe nails.

Seated upright in the beautician's chair Lydia began to trim and style the still boyish locks as she obliterated the last outer vestige of their boyhood. After his toenails had been manicured, the attending woman moved on to his fingernails which were reshaped and polished a glossy pink. The brief "SNAP" of a piercing tool upon the lobe of his ears startled each lad as he realized he was being forever branded with femininity. In numbed silence each endured three more quick "SNAPS" following the first to give him double pierced ears. A sparkling zircon diamond stud went into one set of holes while a delicate golden hoop went into the other set. The brushing and blow-drying of his hair by his mother went almost unnoticed as he scrunched his eyes closed in fear as Lydia expertly wielded an electrolysis needle to skillfully thin his eyebrows to an acceptable state of femininity. Thankfully the boys didn't know that electrolysis was permanent because Lydia didn't worry about removing so many errant hairs that the unsuspecting lads would have a great deal of difficulty ever looking masculine again. The final deed by each mother was an application of soft pink lip gloss.

The ordeal did not end as the boys finished their unwanted transformation. Each despondent lad then had to endure having his mother clasp her hands together in unfeigned delight as she surveyed the results. "Oh my," she gushed breathlessly followed by something like, "You look simply scrumptious. You're so cute I just wish I'd have done this to you years ago!" This made each boy wilt even further into hopelessness. Still, none of the boys had seen his own reflection.

Before each lad was allowed to peer into the mirror to see his unwanted girlish image he was led from the beautician's chair and the robe was carefully removed. The sissified lad was then clothed in a new darling petticoat and party dress. The petticoats



were of a multi-layered fiery red tulle netting over a soft slippery cool nylon chemise. The fluffy petticoat held the full skirts of the party dress almost straight out! The Victorian party dress was made of crisp taffeta in a rich deep blue. It was frosted with a removable collar of delicate tucked white organdy that was edged in a ruffle of sugar-white lace. Scaloped sugar white lace circled the hem and fluttered over the short puffed white organdy sleeves. The dropped waist princess seamed bodice was gathered with a white satin sash tied into a perky bow at the small of his back. Dainty nylon anklets that same blue color as the dress were capped with a froth of white ruffled lace. Glossy red patent leather T-strap shoes adorned their pretty feet. The color scheme was a very patriotic red, white, and blue for the Fourth of July.

Once clad in the pert sugar and spice outfits they still were not allowed to see their own reflections but each was able to nervously survey their former rough and tumble comrades with great dismay and distress. Now not only did the boys once more wear prissy identical outfits but they saw that on each of them their formerly unkempt boyish shoulder length hair had been bleached a shiny golden honey blonde, trimmed, stroked, and fashioned into identical little girl coiffures. At the forehead, the locks had been brushed straight over their big poignant eyes and fluffed up a bit before the excess had been trimmed off to create soft, bouncy bangs that just whispered against their delicately thinned eyebrows. The rest of their hair had been brushed back, covering the top half of their ears but revealing their pretty earrings. Their locks had been gathered together at the back of their head to form a high bouncy ponytail. Each ponytail was held in place with a hair tie and a red, white, and blue ribbons had been intertwined to form a cute bow to cover the tie. The result was a high fountain like ponytail of cascading silken golden honey blonde, shiny hair that shimmered and rippled as it bounced sprightly to accentuate each and every scintillating movement of their now girlish heads.

The identical utter and undeniably pretty girlishness each lad saw in his five erstwhile companions made his stomach do flip-flops for each realized that if the others had been so totally transformed into such nearly identical believable prissy sugar and spice girls, they too had to have been altered into similar quintessential girlishness. This mind-boggling concept was harshly confirmed as they were lined up before full length mirrors.

The image they saw was undeniably that of a soft, totally feminine girl. Not a single trace of boyishness remained. The fussy dress was simply perfect for their girlish daintiness. The frou-frouing skirt and petticoat teasingly revealed their knees and three inches of thigh. Any inappropriate movements would easily reveal their dainty panties! The macho arrogance that had demanded fierce resistance to the petticoat discipline and had so heatedly proclaimed that their innate boyishness could never be sissified was abruptly totally devastated. Any hope of resisting the petticoat discipline evaporated as each drank in the unbelievable sight of their seemingly innate gossamer femininity. The desire to fight and resist the humiliating petticoat discipline was replaced by an almost paralyzing fear that they might not be able to return to being the robust boys they had always thought and felt themselves to be. Great trepidation filled their quivering boyish souls.

Ashley had changed into her matching outfit while the boys were confronting their sissy images and now she joined their line up. The undeniably pretty sugar and spice girls were simply adorable. Everyone was delighted to see the nearly identical seven young

princesses. Their patriotic red, white, and blue Victorian styled girlish ensemble and their identically styled golden honey blonde hair made them appear to embody every virtue the country possessed.

Lisa, dressed in a party dress more appropriate for her age, smiled warmly for she understood that she would be their teacher. "Girls," she called out firmly. "Please curtsey to your reflection, then turn and curtsey to your mother and thank her for turning you into such a sweet adorable girl."

Almost as one the seven ten year sugar and spice girls... for they no longer even remotely resembled boys, obediently complied with Lisa's instructions. As expected, Ashley began to curtsey and the others quickly mimicked her decorous actions. The mothers were simply overjoyed to watch their adorable daughters curtsey so daintily and with eyes lidded demurely softly say "Thank you, Mother, for turning me into a girl."

As with everything else, the curtsey and thank you had been calculated to destroy any lingering boyish insolence. The six former tough guys had been reduced to meek deference by the inescapable feminizing influence of the petticoats compounded by their undeniable girlishness.

"GIRLS," Lisa called out. "Please line up again. Ashley and I are going to teach you a simple dance routine. Please pay close attention to what we do so that you can mimic our movements. Aunt Geraldine, will you please operate the tape recorder to turn the music on and off?"

Geraldine quite willingly went to the tape recorder as the other adults left the room. The women quickly packed the picnic lunch they would need for the day. As they worked, Cynthia suggested "I think we should enter our petticoated lads in the LITTLE MISS FIRE-CRACKER beauty contest to be held in the park this evening. It will really drive home just how girlish they have become. They can do the dance routine Lisa is teaching them as their talent presentation. Who knows, they might even win?"

Everyone laughed at the absurdity of the boys winning a beauty contest competing against real girls but all thought the experience would significantly add to the effects of the petticoat discipline. They finally decided that if the performance of their dance routine was passable, they would enter the petticoated lads in the contest.

Meanwhile the boys nervously lined up as ordered. They were the audience and watched as Lisa and Ashley posed side by side turned at a ninety degree angle to the petticoated lads. Their knees were pressed together and bent at a forty five degree angle. Their tushes were boldly thrust out. They leaned forward with their arms locked straight and the palm of their hands placed squarely upon their knees with fingers extended. This angled their skirts up in the back to daringly reveal their panties. Their heads were turned to the audience and they smiled impishly.

The music began with a bold guitar twanging out a rock beat with a sax wailing in the background. The girls held position until a deep bass voice boomed "HELLO BABY!" With that they boldly winked and stood up straight placing the hand nearest the audience saucily upon their hip while raising the other arm up straight with the hand flopped as if waving. "YEAH... THIS IS THE BIG BOPPER SPEAKING." The girls arched their backs and dramatically placed their hands over their mouths in feigned surprise. "HA HA HA

HA... OH YOU SWEET THING!" The girls mimicked giggling as they spun in a circle causing their skirts to flare out once more revealing their petticoats and panties. Then they turned their backs to the audience and crossed their arms protectively across their chests while looking accusingly over their right shoulder at the audience. "DO I WHAT?" The girls spun in a circle with the expected results and returned to their pose only this time the looked over their left shoulder. "WILL I WHAT?" The girls spun to face the audience, placed one hand on the hip while the other was raised to wag a finger at the audience, and tilted their head to the right while smiling invitingly. "OH BABY... YOU KNOW WHAT I LIKE..." The girls did a small jump then began prancing about the stage with much hip wiggling and their high held head which caused their ponytail to bounce while giggling, making big eyes, and flirtatiously winking at the audience. "CHANTILLY LACE AND A PRETTY FACE, AND A PONYTAIL, A HANGING DOWN, A WIGGLE IN A WALK AND A GIGGLE IN A TALK, MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND! THERE AIN'T NOTHING IN THE WORLD LIKE A BIG EYED GIRL TO MAKE ME ACT SO FUNNY, MAKE ME SPEND MY MONEY, MAKE ME FEEL REAL LOOSE, LIKE A LONG NECKED GOOSE, LIKE A GIRL, OH BABY THAT'S WHAT I LIKE!" Quick flashes of their petticoats and panties were revealed at every turn as the danced about. Then they paused looking straight at the audience with both hands planted firmly upon their hips, eyebrows raised inquisitively, and heads tilted to the left. "WHAT'S THAT BABY?" The girls spun and returned to their previous pose with their head tilted to the right. "BUT..." Again they spun and returned to the pose with heads tilted left. "BUT..." Again they spun and returned to the pose with heads tilted right. "OH HONEY... I AIN'T GOT NO MONEY HONEY..." With that the girls stuck their noses in the air, turned their backs to the audience, and sexily wiggled away, returning to repeat the routine of prancing about the stage with much hip wiggling and their high held head which caused their ponytail to bounce while giggling, making big eyes, and flirtatiously winking at the audience. "CHANTILLY LACE AND A PRETTY FACE, AND A PONYTAIL, A HANGING DOWN, A WIGGLE IN A WALK AND A GIGGLE IN A TALK, MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND! THERE AIN'T NOTHING IN THE WORLD LIKE A BIG EYED GIRL TO MAKE ME ACT SO FUNNY, MAKE ME SPEND MY MONEY, MAKE ME FEEL REAL LOOSE, LIKE A LONG NECKED GOOSE, LIKE A GIRL, OH BABY THAT'S WHAT I LIKE!" The girls returned to their initial pose from the beginning of the routine for the ending.

The boys were dumbfounded and quite aroused by the enticing performance to the tune of CHANTILLY LACE by the BIG BOPPER. Their panties fit them a bit more snugly than when they first put them on.

"Alright, girls, now join Ashley," Lisa commanded as she stepped off the 'stage'.
"Copy what she does."

The arousal the boys felt suddenly vanished as they realized they were expected to learn and perform the same teasing routine! Each felt like bolting but were incapable of doing so. They knew with a great sinking feeling they had no choice but to follow the instructions. They also understood that just as they had learned how to curtsy, they would keep at this until they mastered the routine. With great fatalistic reluctance they moved to form a line by Ashley doing their best to copy her pose. Lisa corrected their posture until she was satisfied. Line by line, pose and dance step by pose and dance step, they jostled their way through the entire routine. Then they repeated it again and again and again and

again until they finally managed to do it right. Then they had to do it three more times to make sure they had the routine memorized. The weary boys were humiliated and tired from the unaccustomed movements and forced smiles. Despite this they felt a strange satisfaction and even a unique giddy happiness that they had succeeded in mastering the routine! They definitely had gained a new respect for dancers. Their crushed macho boyishness had brutally learned that dancing wasn't such a sissy activity after all.

The boys then had to perform the routine for their mothers and the other women. The applause was like music to their blushing ears as they sweetly smiled and curtsyed at the end. As expected, the delighted mothers rushed to her charming daughter and engulfed her in a warm hug. Two days before the boys would have struggled and fought being hugged. Now they basked in the warmth of the love they felt freed to express.

While the bewildered petticoated lads were being coddled by their adoring mothers, Janice and Harriet distributed a small red patent leather shoulder bag and a wide brimmed straw hat with red, white, and blue satin ribbon band to each blushing lovely lass. Copying Ashley, each girl slipped the purse strap over their shoulder while their mother carefully positioned the hat atop their pretty head. Lisa took hold of "Aunt" Geraldine's hand while the mothers of the seven pretty princesses took their daughter's hand. In a double file with Lisa and Geraldine leading, the eight couples exited the MISS CONCEPTION BEAUTY SALON into the bright noon sunlight. Smiling broadly, Harriet, Janice, and Cynthia loaded the blankets, lawn chairs, coolers, and picnic baskets into a minivan before following the picturesque parade to the park.

As the eight mother/daughter couples leisurely ambled down the sidewalks towards the town park, the six newly petticoated lads kept their eyes downcast and clung tightly to their mother's hand. Each was terrified that everybody who saw them would see through their girlish facade to recognize the boy hidden underneath.

To the distraught lads it seemed as if everyone was outside. Many people relaxed on their porches enjoying the beautiful day. Practically every back yard they passed had a grill smoking and the mouth-watering aroma of cooking food wafted everywhere. Person after person smiled and nodded at the identically clad lovely prettily outfitted girls walking hand in hand with their obviously proud mothers. Many complimented the proud mothers for their darling daughters. Even passing motorists smiled and waved.

Lisa was quick to point out to the anguished boys that no one saw through their perfect disguise. Even though the boys didn't want to believe her, as their promenade proceeded, they realized that she was indeed quite right.

This both made them feel better and at the same time added to their torment. With this knowledge they were able to relax and more or less go with the flow. As long as everybody thought they were girls, their fear of being humiliated was less. However, at the same time the fact that they appeared so utterly girlish brought their innate masculinity into question. How could they be REAL guys if they made such convincing girls? Yet the more exposure they had, the better they felt and the less they doubted their ability to pull off the forced masquerade. By the time they had walked the ten blocks to the park, the petticoated lads were almost glad they were able to successfully appear as girls. As long as everyone thought they were girls, they would not be ridiculed and belittled for being a sissy.

Upon arriving at the park the sissified boys quickly received their first taste of macho gallantry and bigotry. As they all gathered about the minivan to unload all the picnic supplies, several men and boys rushed over. The pseudo-girls blushed furiously as they meekly stepped back to let the chivalrous MALES do the heavy work of carrying all the supplies to a nice shady area near the bandstand and the later fireworks display. The boys and men freely complimented the dainty young princesses and smiled benevolently as they worked. "Step aside, cutie, that's MAN's work you're trying to do." "Pretty girls like you shouldn't have to do such heavy work." "Let me do that, you might get your pretty dress dirty." "You're too pretty to have to ever work." These and other equally chauvinistic compliments filled the air. While the men appeared to be gentlemanly the undercurrent of lust was clearly visible as they freely admired the soft defenseless femininity of the prissy girls and the women. The swaggering guys thought the blushes were merely the cute evidence of demure maidenly innocence. They hadn't the slightest suspicion it was in reality the degrading shame of petticoated lads.

With all the manly muscle it didn't take long to have the goodies in place in the shaded picnic area. The girls followed Ashley's example of graciously thanking the cavalier men and boys with murmured words of gratitude and a deep curtsy. As the swaggering males left the area, Lisa gathered the seven pretty princesses about one of the picnic tables while the women began to unpack. The pseudo-girls were mystified when they noticed Harriet walking towards the stage area instead of assisting the other women. Nearly everyone around them paused to smile and watch the sissified lads girlishly smoothed their skirts and petticoats as they daintily sat on the bench.

"All right, girls," Lisa spoke softly so her voice couldn't be heard by the other picnicker. "After lunch we'll resume your lessons into girlhood. As you just witnessed, being a soft, pretty girl does have it's advantages. Men will do all the heavy work for you. All you have to do is smile prettily and look helpless."

The boys blushed deeply and wriggled uncomfortably upon the benches. The loud rustling of voluminous petticoats filled the air. The relationship of pretty girls to men was not one the humbled lads wished to explore. In fact they already felt they'd had enough interaction to last the rest of their lives.

"Women have virtual complete control over the moral standards of the community and the proper raising of children," Lisa continued. "For the most part, your lessons into girlhood will be geared for girls who are expected to become housewives, June Cleaver clones, or a pretty adornment on some important man's arm. For the duration of your time undergoing petticoat discipline you will not be wearing anything other than a skirt or dress. As demure ingenuous girls you will be expected to be all sugar and spice. Ribbons, ruffles, and lace will be your trademark. You will learn all the traditional females tasks such as housework, laundry, dishes, and preparing meals. Your roles will be extremely sex-differentiated, just as it was when you were boys. In public a respectable female will never curse or even use racy language. You will be expected to conduct yourselves as proper ladies at all times. By the same token, you should expect to be treated as a lady by every male, just as we were by the gentlemen who helped us unload the van."

The boys sighed with defeat. How far would they be expected to go in this weird transformation? Surely they were not serious about turning them into dainty little princesses!

Yet, everything that had happened so far inexorably pointed in that very prissy direction. A great fear filled them, for they already realized the petticoats were already steadily whittling down their resistance, forcing them to become the very sugar and spice girls they had always detested and teased.

Once more the sissy boys were humiliated as their mothers pulled out bibs. "The bibs are necessary to protect your pretty dresses," Harriet stated with kindly admonition that did little to relieve their distress at being treated like a sloppy toddler. Many people passing by pointed and giggled at the sight of the bib bedecked princesses. "When you can show us that your table manners have become dainty and utterly girlish, the use of bibs will no longer be necessary. Until then, bibs will be required whenever you are well dressed. Making a mess at any time you eat will not be tolerated."

So began the lessons on proper table etiquette. Elbows off the table, napkin folded neatly upon the lap, back straight, head erect, firm but dainty grasp upon the utensils, taking small bites, chewing thoroughly before swallowing, taking small sips of the meal beverage, the use of "MAY I PLEASE HAVE..." and "THANK YOU" quickly became second nature.

As the meal finished, the concert band and several singers began performing. Patriotic tunes warbled through the air. Sousa marches and other martial tunes reverberated through the tree filled park. Several piano and violin soloists played softly as the ever increasing throng filled the park. The concerts would last through the evening meal and during that time the boys would continue their subtle lessons in girlish behavior while the throngs about them remained ignorant that the pretty girls were petticoated lads.

"We will change the way you think from stubborn male to cooperative female," Lisa began her after lunch lessons. "To help do this we will say the PLEDGE OF FEMININITY at the beginning and end of every lesson. Please listen carefully as Ashley demonstrates the proper manner in which to make this pledge."

Ashley stood and smiled sweetly as she faced her six new girlfriends. After a dainty curtsy she spoke in a clear, soprano voice. "Upon my chaste purity, I will always endeavor to live up to the obligations of girlhood. I promise to make my femininity flourish like a spring flower. It will be my mission in life to bring beauty and grace to the world around me. Being sweet, gentle, and compassionate are virtues I will cultivate. Through my courteous comportment and dainty dress I will be a credit to my feminine gender. Ruffles and lace and ribbons and bows will be my emblems. I will revel with true delight in the myriad joys of being a sugar and spice girl. Even though it is a pleasure to be such a prissy girl I do this not for my own satisfaction but for the jaded peoples around us who seldom see girls who totally accept their inherent girlish charms with gracious arms opened wide to the public. To fill my soul with the embodiment of dainty girlishness will." with gladness be

The boys all winced as they listened to the words of the PLEDGE OF FEMININITY. The pledge was the antithesis of everything boyish. The women busied themselves cleaning up the picnic but kept a watchful eye and ear turned to the children. They saw the boys cringe at the pledge and smiled.

“Now that you’ve heard the PLEDGE OF FEMININITY,” Lisa stated in a firm tone that told the boys not to react so negatively. “Please stand and repeat the oath. Follow Ashley as she does it.”

The boys reluctantly stood and followed Ashley’s lead as she demurely curtsayed. Then line by line they repeated the PLEDGE OF FEMININITY.

“That was absolutely terrible,” Lisa scolded. “Each of you must MEAN every word as you say it. After all, this is a pledge. You will be expected to live up to every word of it! Now, we will repeat the pledge until I can see and hear your sincerity. We will not take a break until you have learned how to do this properly. You may begin.”

Again they followed Ashley’s lead in stating the pledge. At first the poor boys fought back tears as they struggled to force themselves through the humiliation of repeating the damning the pledge in a sincere manner. For the first ten times through, their performance was quite dull and lifeless. Their anger and frustration dulled as they realized that just as learning to curtsy and learning the dance routine they faced countless repetitions until they had it right. The knowledge that lunch would wait until they succeeded spurred them to greater efforts. Slowly they became determined to do it right to end the ordeal. Thus they began to concentrate on the words, their meaning, their import, and the manner in which it was expected to be delivered. By the twentieth time through, they had most of the words memorized. Each time they repeated the damning promises, the girlish message the pledge imparted burned itself into their agonized minds. UPON MY CHASTE PURITY, I WILL ALWAYS ENDEAVOR TO LIVE UP TO THE OBLIGATIONS OF GIRLHOOD. This line steadily coerced the boys to commit themselves to pursuing absolute girlishness while rejecting the temptations of typical boyish excess. I PROMISE TO MAKE MY FEMININITY FLOURISH LIKE A SPRING FLOWER would act as a compelling agent to spur the lads to do their best to cultivate and enhance their slowly emerging sissy behavior until they blossomed into demure girlhood. IT WILL BE MY MISSION IN LIFE TO BRING BEAUTY AND GRACE TO THE WORLD AROUND ME. This line forged a commitment to consider the way their behavior and appearance effected others. BEING SWEET, GENTLE, AND COMPASSIONATE ARE VIRTUES I WILL CULTIVATE. These things were the exact opposite of the way the boys had behaved. As boys they had been harsh, rough, and selfish. Such attitudes and habits would have to reverse. THROUGH MY COURTEOUS COMPORIMENT AND DAINTY DRESS I WILL BE A CREDIT TO MY FEMININE GENDER. This line condemned them to dressing and behaving like a prissy girl while at the same time squashing and denying their masculinity. RUFFLES AND LACE AND RIBBONS AND BOWS WILL BE MY EMBLEMS. This promise required them to adorn themselves with the all too recognizable symbols of absolute girlishness. I WILL REVEL WITH TRUE DELIGHT IN THE MYRIAD JOYS OF BEING A SUGAR AND SPICE GIRL. This line committed the lads to not only pursue life as a dainty girl, but to strive to savor the experience. EVEN THOUGH IT IS A PLEASURE TO BE SUCH A PRISSY GIRL I DO THIS NOT FOR MY OWN SATISFACTION. This line almost twisted their panties into knots since although they did find boyishly perverse pleasure in dressing as the prissy girls they appeared to be they certainly were not doing so for their own satisfaction. BUT FOR THE JADED PEOPLES AROUND US WHO SELDOM SEE GIRLS WHO TOTALLY ACCEPT THEIR INHERENT GIRLISH CHARMS WITH GRACIOUS ARMS OPENED WIDE TO THE PUBLIC. There was no question that present day life left many people jaded and the

girls who proudly went about in public willingly flaunting their prissy status were few and far between, yet here they were, petticoated boys, appearing as contented dainty sugar and spice girls which induced smiles of hope and happiness from the jaded public. TO BE THE EMBODIMENT OF DAINY GIRLISHNESS WILL FILL MY SOUL WITH GLADNESS. This line was perhaps the most damaging since it compelled their girlish experiences to reach into the very depths of their being, to root out any lingering stubborn male arrogance and replace it with prim humility and girlish sensitivity empathy.

Everyone lost count of how many times the pledge was repeated, but the practice went on for over an hour. Finally Lisa judged them ready. One by one they presented themselves before the women, curtsied sweetly, and made the PLEDGE OF FEMININITY with seeming honesty to their delighted mothers. After all had satisfactorily completed the task, they were allowed to take a short break.

They spent much of the long afternoon learning how to walk like model on a runway; stopping, turning, and smiling sweetly while gently swishing their crinkly red petticoats. The boys wondered why on earth they'd ever need to know how to model, unless they were to be part of a fashion show for THE MISS FIT BOUTIQUE. None of them wanted to ever have to participate in a fashion show and were frustrated by the intensity of the demanding lessons. But fortunately by this time they had learned not to balk or to question orders. Interspersed with the modeling lessons were individual exhibitions of the PLEDGE OF FEMININITY while the others attentively watched because they were then called upon to accurately critique their petticoated compatriot's performance and sincerity. Twice they practiced the dance routine to CHANTILLY LACE.

All through the afternoon the loudspeakers announced the open competition for the LITTLE MISS FIRE-CRACKER beauty pageant. For the petticoated lads this provided another unsettling note of their greatly altered status. Even though they had not lived in the immediate vicinity of the park, like many others from the greater area, all six had attended the Fourth of July gala almost every year, including last year. They had snickered and laughed as they watched the prissy girls prance about the stage during the LITTLE MISS FIRE-CRACKER contest. The contest itself was a modest affair with no advance pre-registration required. All that was required of the contestants was that they live within the borough, sign up on the day of the contest, and wear a pretty party dress.

Last year the guys had taken delight in tormenting the contestants by sneaking up to the open sides of the stage up where the girls lined up awaiting their time out front in order to flip their skirts to reveal their fancy petticoats and panties. This year they certainly would not be doing that! This year they had to be careful that the many carefree boys running about the park didn't flip up their skirts! Thankfully, the only saving grace for the uneasy lads was that at least they were not entered in the shameful contest. Finally it came time for a light evening snack. Once more the boys were required to don their humiliating bibs.

After the meal, each mother attended to the appearance of her beautiful daughter. Dresses were frou-froued and settled. Sashes were retied into pert bows. Ribbons were smoothed. Hair was brushed and restyled. Glossy pink lip stick and blush was applied to each the already rosy cheeks of the pert blonde pseudo-girls. An uneasy feeling settled unto each petticoated lad as they heard the latest announcement.

“The LITTLE MISS FIRE-CRACKER contest will begin in thirty minutes. Will all the contestants please come to the back of the stage. We welcome everyone to watch the contest and help us decide who is the prettiest little fire-cracker!”

With that, Lisa gathered her seven identically clad patriotically costumed princesses together and with Harriet leading the way marched them towards the bandstand stage. With sinking hearts the boys realized that they had been entered into the dreaded competition. That was where Harriet had gone upon arriving at the park. Apparently she had registered them for the competition! Now they understood why they had spent the entire afternoon learning how to walk and pose like a model! Compounding their growing dread they also realized the dance routine they’d learned to CHANTILLY LACE would be their performance portion of the contest!

As they primly walked, everyone pointed out the demure prissy girlishness of the seven girls to their companions and smiled broadly. It seemed everybody appreciated seeing an unpretentious young miss in a pretty party dress. To see seven almost identical girls was surely a beautiful sight to behold. It also proved to be an irresistible lure to several boys about their age who tried to run up to the nervous faux-girls in an effort to flip up their skirts. Fortunately Lisa was in the rear of the group keeping a wary out just for such sneak attacks on her innocent charges and successfully warded off every attempt. The six petticoated boys wondered why Lisa scooted to one side or the other of their double file until they caught sight of the boys as they cut off their attacks. The six were near tears with shame and humiliation as they recalled how last year they had been the ones attempting to flip skirts. Silently they thanked Lisa for saving them from that hideous ordeal.

Harriet led the small group to a pretty woman holding a clip board. As the smiling woman checked off their names, six of the seven pretty princesses stood with their heads bowed in confusion and fear. Naturally at first the petticoated lads balked at ascending the steps and joining the other contestants. Lisa brooked no resistance or dallying so soon the seven identically dressed girls were displayed before the smiling gathered masses.

The petticoated boys were petrified that their masquerade would be revealed, especially when they saw several of their old chums in the audience... the same buddies they’d hung around with when they had flipped up the contestant’s skirts last year! The nervous lads did their best to behave in a shy, demure manner in order to enhance their all so girlish physical appearance. This modest deportment only embellished their apparent delicate girlishness and endeared them to the audience and judges. It was quite apparent that no one even remotely suspected that the lovely girls were really what was left of formerly rowdy boys.

Naturally they created quite a stir amongst the appreciative audience. The crowd roared and cheered the seven darling girls for their picturesque patriotic girlishness. The first round of the competition was a simple parade with pirouettes and poses before the cheering and applauding crowd. Next came the talent portion of the contest. The girls were allowed to do their performances in groups or solo. Several girls sang, a few twirled batons, more did short dance routines. But it was the seven lovely patriotic princesses flirtatiously dancing to the booming strains of the BIG BOPPER singing CHANTILLY LACE that brought the crowd to it’s feet with an almost deafening ovation. When the judges

were done evaluating the scores, the blushing petticoated lads had eliminated all of the other competition.

In the end, it was Ashley who won the contest since she was totally at ease and in love with her prissy girlish life. With her by then natural girlishness Ashley squealed with joy and cried as she accepted the crown of LITTLE MISS FIRE-CRACKER and the \$300.00 U.S. Savings Bond prize. Because they wore identical outfits and had their golden honey blonde hair in matching styles, the judges were unable to decide which of the six petticoated lads should be runner up, second runner up, and so forth. After hasty conference, it was decided that all six would split the remaining awards. The runner up had been scheduled to receive a \$200.00 U.S. Savings Bond and the second runner up a \$100.00 U.S. Savings Bond. The judges decided to give each of the six a \$50.00 U.S. Savings Bond. Seated at the very front of the stage, the winners were displayed for all the world to see. Seated on folding chairs with their petticoats spread evenly about them, the nervously smiling faux-girls had to keep their hands folded modestly upon their laps to keep their skirts down. Even so, their knees and three inches of thigh were teasingly revealed. Thus the lovely and charming Queen Ashley was surrounded by her darling six princess court as the local press snapped photographs forever immortalizing the cute septet while the crowd cheered and clapped.

Right in the very front of the stage, just a few feet from their seats, about a dozen boys gathered to stare up at the winners in hopes that an errant movement would reveal more of their frilly petticoats and perhaps even a glimpse of panty. This really unnerved the six petticoated lads who had no choice but to bravely smile to the admiring audience.

The band once more took the stage as the numbed pretty girls were led to the rear for interviews with the press. The proud mothers and the other women of the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION crowded about the seven winners as the reporters asked for the names and addresses of the seven identically dressed blushing girls. Naturally the fact that the outfits were purchased at the MISS FIT BOUTIQUE, part of the new MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION became part of the story. As the band began to play, the interview broke up. Surrounded by the mothers and other adult admirers as they walked, the six petticoated lads felt safe from the continued attempted deprivations by any waiting boy anxious to flip a skirt.

"I think we may have a small problem," Lisa softly stated once the group had returned to their picnic tables and blankets. "Once the article about the LITTLE MISS FIRE-CRACKER contest is printed in the newspaper, everyone will know that there are six ten year old GIRLS living in the Miss Management Corporation complex. What will happen when two ten year old girls and four ten year old boys show up for school in September, especially when the names of those boys are the male versions of the four missing girls?"

Silence engulfed the group. All six petticoated lads paled as they realized the import of Lisa's observation. They had known that two of their number were doomed to remain in skirts and become permanent girls like Ashley but had refused to even think about what that might mean. With typical macho obtuse rationalization, each had blithely assumed that it would never be them but two of the others who were destined to remain in skirts. Each had hoped to be one of the four allowed to resume boyhood. Thus they had also ig-

nored even thinking about the personal ramifications of being temporarily petticoated other than to feel pity and disgust for whichever two would remain skirted. All they had been thinking about was to get the ordeal of being subjected to petticoat discipline over so they could return to being boys before the start of school. They had determined to put this humiliating experience behind them, hoping to begin life in their new school as normal guys with none of their classmates wise to their ignominious petticoated ordeal. They simply could not have any one know that they had spent the summer being a simpering sissy.

But now they realized that when they entered school, everyone would quickly figure out they had been amongst the runner-ups in the LITTLE MISS FIRE-CRACKER competition! For the two lads destined to remain in skirts, it would be a badge of honor. For the four returning to boyhood, it would mean disaster. There was no way they would be able to avoid being labeled a SISSY! Tears began to trickle down their cheeks as they foresaw their humiliating hassle filled future. Now it would be the two destined to remain petticoated who would be better off.

The rest of the group understood the distress of the petticoated lads. Cynthia, Janice, and Harriet had hoped their petticoat squad would take top honors knowing the press would be swarming over the winners thus further entrapping the petticoated lads in their unwanted girlishness. The mothers, feeling enormous pangs of guilt, had no idea their cross-dressed sons stood a chance of winning the contest and thus had never even considered what the ramifications might be if they won. It had never been their intention to publicly embarrass the boys by having their petticoated experiences revealed. The worried mothers were at a loss as how to correct the situation. There simply was no way to undo the damage done by their winning the beauty contest. The profuse apologies of the mothers did little to soothe the frayed nerves of the petticoated lads.

"This doesn't have to be so terrible," Ashley giggled as she looked at the forlorn expressions of the boys. "I know from personal experience that the worst thing for a boy is for anyone to think he is a sissy. A boy in a dress is instantly relegated to irrevocable sissy status. The only way for a petticoated boy to avoid this is to put himself totally and irreversibly into his girlish role, just like I did, so no one ever suspects the truth. A petticoated boy who faces the possibility of having his time in skirts revealed really has no choice but to continue to behave like a prissy girl in order to hide his true sex and thus save face."

"You boys have been cooperating with your petticoating for that very reason," Ashley proclaimed. "Now that we've won the competition our names and photos will be spread across the papers. Also, we seven winners of the LITTLE MISS FIRE-CRACKER competition have to appear in the labor day parade and picnic. It is highly likely that when school starts in September everyone will be looking for we seven girls. When three of us girls and four new boys show up, I doubt it will take long until everyone figures out those four boys spent the summer wearing dresses. They will be forever labeled as a sissy with little hope of ever reclaiming their masculine past. As for myself and the two of you who will remain in dresses, we will not face this problem because we'll still be girls when school starts. In fact, we'll probably be popular because of our win!"

"The solution is obvious," Ashley blithely went on. "All six of you boys will simply have to become permanent girls!"

As one the boys mouths dropped open and they began to shake their heads. The adults were equally surprised at Ashley's simple logic. All but the mothers of the four petticoated sons that were supposed to go back to being boys quickly agreed that the only safe and real solution to the dilemma was to keep those four lads permanently petticoated. Despite their resolve to let their boys reemerge they quickly gave in to the multitude of convincing arguments to realize letting their sons return to a masculine life would be devastating. By the time the weary group returned to their picnic spot, the four mothers were by circumstances reluctantly forced to join their voices with the others to support making the petticoating permanent. The six lads grew even more distressed.

Susan saw that there would be nothing gained by pushing the issue at that moment. In fact, the boys might just become so angry that they would begin to fight the calming effects the petticoat discipline had so quickly instilled in the rascally gang. "I don't think we should make such a serious decision so quickly," she quietly but forcefully told everyone. "After all, just because the reporters took down all the information doesn't mean it will be printed. Even if it is published, we still have until school begins to decide what to do. For now I suggest we think and wait. If the article exposes the fact that six girls live at Miss Management Corporation, what will it mean for you when you go back to being a boy? Boys, I think you need to seriously consider what will be better for you."

Everyone saw the sagacity of her suggestions and settled down a bit. Of course, by then it had grown dark and the fireworks display was about to begin. The announcer asked everyone to rise for the national anthem. In moments the U. S. flag on the pole by the bandstand was illuminated as the blood pounding notes of the STAR SPANGLED BANNER resounded through the air. A man with a resonant bass voice began to sing the words. Just as he reached the part "... and the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air...", red rockets rose high into the sky and burst in ear throbbing explosions. The crowd cheered and went crazy as the display continued. During the next twenty minutes the crowd oohed and aahed as the fireworks ignited the sky with their fury and beauty. For the grand finale, the band jumped into the always rousing STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER as the sky filled with multi-colored flashes and booming. The music ended with the last spectacular explosion. The crowd cheered itself hoarse.

The exhilarating display pushed their dilemma from the minds of the petticoated lads. With the stupendous climatic end of the fireworks, the fatigue of their ordeal caught up with them. Slowly the group packed up their goodies. Again several gallant men and boys carried the heavy load to the minivan. Once home, none of the weary dejected boys objected to the pampering of a nice relaxing bubblebath or to donning a cute pink nylon babydoll nightie smothered with ruffles and lace.

Janice High, Harriet Franklin, Michelle Gibson, and Cynthia Conrad, the four Miss Management Corporation members who were not one of the mothers of the six petticoated boys; as well as Kathy Snyder and Barbara Jackson, the mothers who had already decided to permanently change their sons into girls; all thought the best solution to the dilemma would be to keep all the boys in petticoats. Susan Greer, Lydia Martin, Francis Keller, and Laura Douglas all had very mixed feelings about the problem. They had promised themselves that they would let their sons return to being boys. Yet the experiences of the last two days were so intense they had fallen hopelessly in love with their faux-daughters.

Each had guiltily been looking for some way to make the transformation of their son into a girl permanent without bearing the burden for the decision. The beauty contest had just provided such an opportunity. Now all they had to do was steel themselves to make the change. They already knew the feelings of the other Miss Management Corporation members, so even that supported their decision. Still, all the women feared the boys might rebel if all hope of returning to boyhood were removed.

The next morning was the opening of the MISS CONCEPTION BEAUTY SALON. For this occasion it had been decided to put the petticoated lads back into their red, white, and blue party dresses. With Geraldine in charge and Lisa assisting, Ashley and the recalcitrant petticoated lads met outside the salon. They were afraid further exposure as girls would only worsen the dilemma created by winning the LITTLE MISS FIRE-CRACKER beauty contest. Fortunately Geraldine knew the worries of the petticoated lads would fade if they were kept busy.

The seven nearly identical petticoated lads took turns manning a lemonade stand handing out free drinks or mincing up and down the sidewalk curtsying to all who passed by before handing the person an advertisement flier for the stores of Miss Management Corporation. The petticoated septet blushed sweetly and smiled demurely as virtually every one of the strangers complimented them on their dainty appearance. Many recognized them as LITTLE MISS FIRE-CRACKER and her princess court for the photo and accompanying story with names and addresses had made the front page of the morning paper. Quite a few passing motorists honked their horns and waved upon recognizing the winsome girls.

The continued exposure of the petticoated lads to the unsuspecting populace steadily erased any lingering fears that their masquerade might be discovered. As the day wore on, their confidence in their ability to quite successfully pass themselves as sugar and spice girls grew. With this lessening of fear came relaxation and the ability to begin enjoying the deliciousness of wearing such prissy clothes and simply the joy of being a pretty girl. Just after noon a photographer and reporter showed up in response to the gossip about the darling girls being used as an advertising gimmick for the opening of the Miss Management Corporation facilities. A quick tour of the establishments turned what the paper had expected to be a small human nature story about seven sweet girls into a major article about the Miss Management Corporation complex and its all female composition. By the end of the day, all six of the petticoated lads were giggling and laughing, thoroughly enjoying their new feminine role. They had completely forgotten the problem of recognition making it difficult to return to being boys.

The women of Miss Management Corporation spent many hours discussing the permanent petticoating of all six lads. Cynthia assured the concerned mothers that the insidious effects of the male hormone blocker combined with the female hormones would, if continued, rapidly erase any desire to return to boyhood. She reminded them that within a few months both treatments, if continued, would eliminate their ability to ever return to boyhood. The call for a vote on a decision about permanently petticoating the lads never arose. Instead they agreed that the petticoating and testosterone blocker and female hormone treatments would continue until the dilemma was resolved. The mothers, four rather reluctantly, also decided to allow Cynthia to increase the amount of female hor-

mones each lad received so that by the time school began each of the lads would need a training bra, just like most of the other sixth grade girls. They all knew that by continuing the dual medication treatment until school started, the feminizing effects would be too great to hide and the hapless boys would have no choice but to begin school as girls. They all also knew that by the end of the school year, the petticoated lads would be unable to ever return to being boys.

Susan Greer, Lydia Martin, Francis Keller, and Laura Douglas could not bring themselves to make the fateful decision to permanently feminize their sons. While they did admit to loving the idea, and truly wished they could decide to do go ahead with the permanent feminization of their sons, their conscience would not let them do so. The other members of Miss Management Corporation openly favored the permanent petticoating of all the boys but did not force the issue. At the same time, the fear of having the boys constantly humiliated and harassed by society for being a sissy after the inevitability of someone having figured out that they had been the lovely winners of the MISS FIRE-CRACKER contest kept these same four mothers from allowing their sons to return to being boys. It was with a lot of guilt that the contrite mothers found themselves unable to make a decision one way or the other about ending or eternalizing the petticoat discipline of their sons. However, since they had agreed to the need for their petticoated sons to continue taking the testosterone blocker and the increased dosage of female hormones, the decision would very shortly be made for them by the irreversible attrition of their innate physical masculinity and the burgeoning dominance of their soon to be budding physical femininity.

All six boys found life easier if they followed the suggestion not to think of the past or the future. What was and what will be had little to do with making it through each hectic day. Gerald was between jobs at this time and all the women of Miss Management Corporation encouraged Geraldine to begin living full time as a woman and working as governess for the petticoated lads in the Miss Management Corporation complex. During the next few weeks as the businesses of Miss Management Corporation continued to open, under the guidance of Geraldine with the willing assistance of Lisa and Ashley, the petticoated boys learned how to properly play Barbies and take care of a baby doll. They learned to select their own dresses, style their own hair, and even to do their nails and a bit of make-up. Not an opportunity was missed to force them inexorably into the life of a happy girl. This included beginning dance lessons when the last of the Miss Management Corporation stores, the MISS CUE DANCE & AEROBICS STUDIO, opened on July 25. The giggling septet, for Ashley was by then a firm part of the group, took ballet, tap and jazz dancing lessons. They were kept so busy that they had no time to think of what would happen to them with the start of the school year.

Every Sunday the happy women of Miss Management Corporation and their lovely daughters made a grand procession as they sedately made their way to church. All were clad in the loveliest of party dresses and made quite the grand spectacle. Many people, especially young teen boys and dirty old men, made an effort to get up early to see the smiling ultra feminine cadre go by their homes. In church, they always sat in the front pews. The faux-girls sat demurely amongst their gracefully spread petticoated skirts with their white gloved hands folded in maidenly supplication.

On sunny Sunday afternoons, they all gathered in the park for a formal afternoon tea. It didn't take long for other mothers, aunts, and grandmothers to inquire if it might be possible to bring their daughters, nieces, or granddaughters to the weekly social event. Naturally the women of Miss Management Corporation saw this as an opportunity not to be missed in gathering more business and converts to their point of view concerning males. The inquiring women and girls were welcomed to the teas with open arms. Each tea opened and closed with the petticoated lads leading the new girls in the PLEDGE OF FEMININITY.

By the end of July this gathering of dainty girls drew many roguish boys who attempted to flip skirts and otherwise tease the prissy girls. Those impish boys who had mothers, aunts, grandmothers, or neighbors attending the teas were quickly identified. It didn't take long until a few of these reluctant boys, attired in a suit and tie, were forced to join their mothers, sisters, aunts, cousins, grandmothers, and neighbors in attending the tea parties. This naturally led the bringing of boys who were too young or weak willed to refuse. As could be expected, any unfortunate lad who attended the formal teas was quickly ostracized and taunted by his former buddies. Lisa and Ashley as well as the six petticoated lads took special efforts to make these unfortunate and mostly unwilling boys feel a part of the group. The fact that the tea the boys were served was spiced with psychotropic drugs and tranquilizers certainly helped the boys accept their place in the formal teas.

At the end of August the conspirators of Miss Management Corporation decided to organize a club for the children, thus the MISS PLAY CLUB came into being. Daily meetings were held in the recreation area of the new building behind the Miss Management Corporation store complex. Being so close to the MISS CUE DANCE & AEROBICS STUDIO and since Lisa, Ashley, and the other six petticoated lads took dancing lessons there, it was only natural that this expanding cadre of well behaved youngsters also begin taking dance lessons.

As the summer progressed, all the physical alterations that Cynthia had predicted for the six petticoated lads came true. The insidious effects of the testosterone blocker totally shut down their masculinity. Fortunately the boys were kept so busy being sugar and spice girls they failed to notice the lack of manly arousal that had been present for the first week of their ordeal or the fact that their testicles slowly shrank back into their abdomens. The rapid shrinking of their penis, the very symbol of masculine pride, also went unnoticed since they never held it in their hands as they had in the past as they were required to sit to do all their business. Training bras had been issued to all after the first week and became a daily part of their wardrobe. Thus not one of the feminized boys noticed the small but firm breasts blossoming upon their chests forming a very pert preteen bosom. Before any of the petticoated lads realized it, it was time to begin school. It came as a shock to the six petticoated lads to realize they had become too feminine to successfully return to their former male lives without obvious ridicule and harassment for being an outright sissy. Thus, the six reluctantly had no choice but to enter school as girls. This meant they had to continue on the testosterone blocker and female hormones for the entire school year. Thus their masculinity was forever shutdown as they blossomed into inevitable girlhood.

During the first week of the new school year, the MISS PLAY CLUB set up after school and Saturday activities for the children. The mothers, aunts, and grandmothers of those few boys who were forced to attend were diplomatically apprised of the beneficial effects of petticoating boys. These surprised and at first doubtful women saw for themselves how effective the treatments were when it was discreetly revealed that the seven sweet princesses had once been boys. These mothers, aunts, and grandmothers were so delighted with the obvious results possible that they quickly asked how their male wards could be put under petticoat discipline. The PETTICOATING COMMITTEE of Miss Management Corporation, Janice High, Harriet Franklin Dr. Cynthia Conrad, and Susan Greer met with each woman during the second week of September to explain the goals of the MISS MANAGEMENT CORPORATION and just how petticoat discipline worked, including all the possible avenues petticoating could take. During the third week of September, each of the unsuspecting boys were taken to Dr. Cynthia Conrad for a 'physical' and immediately began secret treatment with testosterone blocker and female hormones. During the last week of September the male underwear of these soon to be petticoated boys were mysteriously destroyed in a laundry mishap. Naturally, their underwear was replaced by dainty girls panties and camisoles since all members of THE MISS PLAY CLUB received a significant discount at the MISS FIT BOUTIQUE. Of course, the least expensive panty and camisole... or so they were told... were the soft silken nylon panties and camisoles with delicate lace edging about all the hems. Various pastel shades of pretty panties and camisoles soon filled the underwear drawer of each mortified boy.

Naturally many fathers resented the sudden sissy twist to their son's lives. Actual resistance didn't begin until the accident in the laundry. Fortunately, at the same time all the boy's underwear was ruined, so were all the father's underwear. Needing new underwear themselves, the men all served themselves first to new masculine underwear. The sudden financial outlay was minimized by the savings of the panties and camisoles compared to normal attire. The mothers also brought the fathers to consult Dr. Conrad about the situation. Dr. Conrad informed the fathers that their son had a temporary condition that was causing him to become a sissy. She assured the concerned and upset fathers that their precious sons were being treated to eliminate this temporary condition. What she didn't tell them was that her efforts were to eliminate the TEMPORARY nature, not the condition. She also stressed that the shy boy needed the unequivocal understanding and support of both parents during this time of uncertainty. To help the macho fathers cooperate, she secretly gave the men tranquilizers to calm their anguish over their sissy son as the wives began to put secret doses of testosterone blocker in their husband's meals. These tactics quickly subdued all objections. After all, what man could protest the loss of his son's manhood when he could no longer perform sexually and faced the barbed jibes of his unsatisfied wife?

Naturally the boys bitterly complained and whined about the panties and camisoles as well as their growing sissy status, but the women were adamant in refusing to listen to the boys and demanding they wear their panties. "Underwear is underwear. After all," the boys were told. "Who will know? If you make a habit of showing of your underwear you have a much bigger problem than wearing panties and camisoles!" The reluctant boys could not argue that point and thus had no choice but to wear their demeaning panties. Much to their consternation, the boys quickly discovered that the panties felt delightful.

The soft silky nylon tenderly caressed their skin and genitals. The delicate lace around the hems tickled just enough to feel nice without being bothersome. All in all, for the first time in their lives they were aware that they were wearing underwear for the dainty panties and camisoles constantly reminded the boys of their illicit presence. The older boys found it difficult to keep their manhood under control. Naturally all the pantied boys did everything in their power to minimize the chance of being discovered in panties. Thus, even though they were each going through the same ordeal, they were too ashamed to say anything about their humiliation.

The MISS PLAY CLUB began sewing classes during the second week of September. The first two weeks were spent learning the basics about the different types of fabric and thread, as well as basic hand stitching and how to operate a sewing machine. Naturally, the boys wanted no parts of such sissy activities but again the use of tranquilizer and psychotropic drugs in their refreshments quickly eliminated any and all protests. The confused boys reluctantly took the sewing lessons right along side the girls. The very week the boys began wearing panties, the first project was presented. Each child would make a simple dress for themselves. Naturally the boys were once more aghast, but thanks to the continued use of tranquilizers and psychotropic drugs in the refreshments as well as the beginning treatments with the testosterone blocker and female hormones, their protests were quickly silenced and began cutting out the pattern pieces.

By the first week of October, the dresses were completed and it had been decided to hold a fashion/modeling show during the Sunday formal tea. Quite naturally the boys cried and carried on as they were fitted into their dresses as well as all the proper accouterments including make-up, jewelry, and hairstyles. All of the boys by then whiny protests were ignored or laughed away. By this time the boys were so far under the influence of the testosterone blocker, female hormones, tranquilizers, and the insidious effects of the psychotropic drugs that it was impossible for them to refuse. The boys were quite put out to discover that their mothers had bought cute anklets, Mary Jane shoes, and lacy slippers to match their handmade dress. "You need these things so the pretty dress you worked so hard on can be properly displayed," they were told.

During the Friday after school lesson everyone was required to try on their dress with all the appropriate accessories. So, for the first time the boys were decked from the skin out in girl's clothes. All found the lace topped anklets and light weight Mary Janes to be so much lighter and comfortable than their grubby sneakers. The lace tickled their ankles which quite unnerved many of the irresolute boys. Each lad also found himself overwhelmed by the all too pleasant sensations of the soft nylon slip as it seductively slithered over their equally slinky panties and camisoles. The lace trimmed hem also deliciously tickled and teased their thighs with the slightest movement. In spite of their desire to hate wearing a dress, none of the boys could deny the outfit felt great. Of course, just because it felt good didn't mean they liked being dressed as a girl... it just made it harder to hate. They numbly allowed their hair to be styled into a sweet girlish coiffure and to be made up and sprayed with perfume.

Fortunately by this time the testosterone blocker and female hormone combination had eliminated the ability for them to become erect so their arousal was not indicated by tented panties. The fact that all the other guys in the MISS PLAY CLUB had to do the same thing

went quite far in alleviating their fears and apprehension since misery loves company. Naturally everyone made a fuss over the girlishness of the boys. "You look much too pretty to be a boy!" "You really should have been born a girl!" "Are you sure you're not really a girl?" These were just a few of the many compliments and questions barraging the confused boys. No one laughed or teased. Everyone accepted them as if it was the most natural thing in the world for a boy to be wearing a dress. Naturally, they were constantly reminded to keep their legs together and move in a more sedate, feminine manner which they quickly did in order not to call any undo attention to their petticoated predicament. All these factors combined by the end of the day's lessons to make the petticoated lads feel almost comfortable.

When their mothers arrived to pick them up, they were so delighted with the effeminized results that the poor boys were forced to wear the dress home and for the rest of the evening. "So you can get used to how it feels so you won't be embarrassed on Sunday." At home the tranquilized and testosterone blocked fathers meekly accepted the rationale behind their son's continued descent into sissidom. They had no choice but to fully support their wives reasoning for the necessity of the lad's practice in wearing the dress. The boys again had no choice but to do as they were told.

Saturday morning the boys sulked but protested little as they were once more put into their outfit of girl's clothes. Going to the MISS PLAY CLUB was a terrible embarrassment for the young lads, but go they did. In groups of three these lads were 'cut from the heard' and spirited off by their mothers to the MISS CONCEPTION BEAUTY SALON where they were told that their hair had to be redone in an utterly girlish style for the fashion show. Included along with the hair style were a pedicure and manicure with bright pink glossy nail polish, electrolysis treatments to thin their boyish eyebrows. As if that wasn't humiliating enough, they also had their ears double pierced!

The unease and fear that gripped the souls of these boys was tremendous when they first saw the results of their make-over. Before their arrival, they had looked like a sissy boy in a girls clothes. Now they discovered they looked like girls with no sign that a boy was hidden inside the pretty dress. Tears filled the eyes of the newly petticoated boys as they beheld their sudden entrance into girlhood.

Instead of returning to the MISS PLAY CLUB, the boys were whisked next door to the MISS FIT BOUTIQUE where they were forced to try on numerous dresses, skirts, and blouses. Their quiet desperate imploring not to be further humiliated were shushed by the admonition that since they looked like real girls, they had better act like real girls so no one would suspect their charade. Much to their chagrin they left carrying numerous boxes and bags filled with ultra feminine dresses, shoes, anklets, tights, petticoats, skirts, sweaters, and blouses. Their feeble teary protests that they had no need for any girlish wardrobe much less such an extensive one was simply put off with, "Mother knows best, darling. Now be a good girl and stop crying."

Upon taking their unwanted new wardrobe home, they were returned to the MISS PLAY CLUB. The girls and women squealed with delight and heaped compliments upon the terrified boys. Slowly, the petticoated lads saw that they were not being teased or belittled but were being treated exactly like the real girls. No distinction what-so-ever was made between the real girls and the petticoated lads. This sense of anonymity and belong-

ing quickly made the boys stop fighting their forced feminization. By that evening, every petticoated boy was laughing and giggling right along with the girls.

While the boys were slowly accepting their petticoated state, the mothers brought the fathers to Dr. Cynthia Conrad for an emergency consultation. Using powerful tranquilizers and psychotropic drugs, the men were hypnotized and brainwashed to accept the complete petticoating of their sons. Upon returning home, the father helped strip his son's room of every masculine toy, book, and poster while the mother emptied the drawers and closets of almost every bit of male clothing. All that was kept were two pair of dress pants, five dress shirts, and one pair of dress shoes that the boy needed for school. The closets and drawers were then filled with the pretty new girlish wardrobe. The father then bagged everything that had been removed and took it out with the garbage.

When the still dressed boys returned home, they were informed of the drastic changes that had been made by their father. This totally eliminated any hope of a reprieve. Meekly the boy took a bubble bath before slipping into his new pink baby doll nightie. The boys were so overwhelmed by all that had transpired that they were too numb to do anything but accept their petticoated fate.

The tea fashion show was a tremendous success. The boys were praised and complimented by everyone for their utter girlishness. The previously petticoated boys and adults were also revealed, much to the shock of those who had not previously known. It was then that the boys and their fathers fully understood that the newly petticoated boys were fated to skip merrily down the one way petticoat pathway.

Quietly, but like a wild fire, news of the petticoating spread amongst the mothers, aunts, grandmothers, and neighbor women of the town via the normal town gossip chain. It quickly became known that the best source for news of the burgeoning petticoating phenomenon was in the MISS CONCEPTION BEAUTY SALON. Several frustrated mothers of particularly rascally boys took their sons to see Dr. Cynthia Conrad for a physical. Immediately afterwards the sedated boys found themselves in the MISS FIT BOUTIQUE being outfitted in their new wardrobe before heading over to join the MISS PLAY CLUB. These boys quickly settled down due to their petticoating and the drastic effects of the testosterone blocker and female hormones that were rapidly altering their bodies. The suddenly uncertain petticoated boys immediately dropped out of their former gangs and became nervous members of the MISS PLAY CLUB clique at school. Naturally their still macho buddies instantly ostracized them. With all the hassles from their former buddies, the petticoated boys were easily coaxed to accept their fate by the warm protecting embrace of the members of the MISS PLAY CLUB. Not one of the indignant macho unpetticoated boys dared to harass the combined forces of the sugar and spice MISS PLAY CLUB members.

The only problem was that unlike the six original petticoated lads, the newer petticoated boys still had to attend school as boys. They could only wear their dainty dresses at home or in the Miss Management Corporation complex. Since the boys wore dresses or skirts at all times except for school, and even then they it was clear they were effeminately dressed and their mannerisms were clearing shifting towards femininity, it really didn't take long for friends, neighbors, teachers, and classmates to discover when a boy had been subjected to petticoat discipline. Naturally the undisciplined boys teased

and tormented their former buddies. While the teachers were quick to see the beneficial effects petticoating a boy had on that individual's classroom behavior and study skills, the harassment and teasing of the sissy lads by the unaltered boys proved quite detrimental. It was only the supportive and protective efforts of the members of the MISS PLAY CLUB that prevented outright violence.

The growing number of sissy boys quickly put a strain on the local school as more time had to be spent on policing and disciplining the unpetticoated boys. Since it was a small school district, their resources were quickly stretched thin. By the end of October Susan Greer confronted the beleaguered school board with the threat of harassment lawsuits. Thus the school board was forced to openly confront the issue of petticoat discipline. Fortunately, four of the nine board members had family who were amongst the boys who had been petticoated. Instead of impulsively jumping to stop the petticoating as might be expected, the cooler minds, mainly those positively influenced by the petticoat discipline, prevailed. Hasty public meetings were held to get a sense of the community's point of view. Naturally, Miss Management Corporation galvanized its members and supporters to easily overwhelm and virtually silence those opposed to petticoat discipline. Thus when it came time for the board to establish a policy to correct the problems created by the petticoating, it was the rowdy trouble makers who were targeted, not the innocent polite, well behaved, petticoated lads.

As could be expected the new policy required that drastic action be taken against the rowdy boys who incessantly teased the sissy lads. Shortly thereafter a steady influx of disgruntled parents brought their bratty sons into the MISS UNDERSTOOD CLINIC for the 'special behavioral adjustment treatments' the school board offered as an alternative to expulsion. By December the problem had been eliminated and fully three fourths of the boys in the school were under petticoat discipline. The remaining quarter were so intimidated they dared not step out of line.

As predicted by the PETTICOAT DISCIPLINE COMMITTEE of Miss Management Corporation, the grades and test scores of the students soared. All homework was completed and there were absolutely no disciplinary problems. The school board, teachers, and parents were utterly delighted with the results and fully accepted petticoat discipline.

By the end of the school year, the school board yielded to the growing demand of many of these satisfied parents that a strict dress code be implemented for the entire school in the upcoming school year. A committee of concerned mothers, all of whom happened to be members of Miss Management Corporation, volunteered to serve on the dress code committee. On the fourth of July picnic, in place of the LITTLE MISS FIRE-CRACKER pageant, a modeling show of the new uniform was held. The former LITTLE MISS FIRE-CRACKER and her princess court had the honors of doing the modeling.

The audience cheered as each of the former boys, for all had been chemically castrated by this point, strutted about the stage. What the audience saw as they looked at each smiling girl was a demure and quite lovely pre-teen girl clad in the school's cute uniform. The snug sleeveless scoop necked hot pink velveteen jumper fit snugly about the pseudo girls' pert torso while the gently flaring pleated skirt swung saucily about her smooth thighs two inches above her knees. The soft pale pink nylon blouse had a wide Peter Pan collar of delicate lace that lay atop the shoulder straps of the jumper. The flaring two inch cuffs of



the blouse's long billowing sleeves were made of the same fragile lace. The pale pink nylon lace trimmed anklets and T-strap hot pink patent leather shoes matched the colors of the jumper and blouse. The girls' bouncy silken ponytails were secured by intertwined ribbons, one of pale pink and the other of hot pink, formed into a bow to complete the matching outfit and add to the fragile girlishness.

At first the audience was stunned when several petticoated boys then timidly walked onto the stage wearing the boy's uniform. The petticoated boys wore the same basic uniform with only slight alterations. The only thing changed was the color of the anklets and hair ribbons from pink to baby blue. Thus everyone could know who is still male. Once the shock wore off, a humongous cheer rose from the crowd. The petticoated boys relaxed and curtsayed perfectly.

But the surprises were not yet over, for the darling septet returned clad in the new cheerleader uniforms. The snug hot

pink long sleeved stretch lace blouse had a light pink satin-lined bodice that revealed yet enticingly veiled every curve. A loose fitting but alluring see-through white lace vest with a white satin belted back added to the hidden seductive mystery. Hot pink lace trimmed the swirling light pink pleated satin mini-skirt which was held out by an exquisite white Chantilly lace petticoat layered for fullness. Snug light pink satin panties were teasingly revealed beneath the hot pink lace stretch nylon tights that showed off long, shapely legs. Hot pink on light pink saddle shoes adorned the fluttering, dancing feet. Completing the provocative outfit was a frothy hot pink lace and light pink satin ribbon hairbow which secured a high, bouncy ponytail at the back of each giggling girl's perky head.

Again cheers arose from the crowd. Janice High stepped to the microphone. "Along with the proposed new uniforms and strictly enforced dress code the school board will supply each student with five of the uniforms and one of the cheerleading outfits for use in phys-ed class. To get the funds for this outlay, it will be necessary to take the money from unneeded activities such as football, basketball, soccer, baseball, and wrestling. After all," she explained with a laugh. "Since everyone will be wearing the cute uniforms, how could anyone even consider playing those uncouth rough sports?"

Again cheers filled the air. For the few boys who had thus far avoided being subjected to petticoat discipline, their fate was sealed. It was a good thing the night fell, for the darkness hid their very unmasculine tears.

Much to the surprise of the school board, only a handful of boys failed to enroll for the upcoming school year. The first day of school was quiet and orderly. There were no disciplinary incidents for the entire school year. The school's scores on standardized tests soared to unprecedented heights. No one was really surprised whenever a petticoated boy showed up for class wearing pink lace tights and pink hair ribbons for it merely indicated he'd visited Dr. Conrad to have his family jewels removed for safe keeping.