



Reluctant Press presents:

SISSYHOOD

CHERYL LYNN



A 'YOUNG ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Sissyhood

By Cheryl Lynn

Sissyhood

Philip Campbell was a very successful real-estate developer. As a result, he was seldom home. His beautiful wife, Helen, stayed home and took care of their only child, Stacy Lee. Helen was a petite woman with hazel eyes and strawberry blonde hair. She was an outgoing and friendly woman who took her responsibilities as a mother and wife very seriously. She dressed impeccably at all times and had excellent taste. Helen made sure that she was home when her son arrived from school and insured he did his homework before allowing him to go out and play. When Philip was home, she spent as much time as she could with him. Helen knew it wouldn't be long before he flew off somewhere on another project.

Philip enjoyed being with his family but his first love was his business. He often thought that if it weren't for his wife's loving embrace, he could just as easily live on the road or in his office. As far as his son went, he really didn't give him much thought. In time, when he grew up and was ready, he'd teach the boy the family business. Until then, Philip just had too many responsibilities to pay Stacy much attention.

Stacy was a good kid making good grades in school. He pulled a few practical jokes on the school social worker but he wasn't the only one. He didn't participate in sports because he took after his mother.

He was slim, below average height and build for a boy his age. He had his mother's eyes and small frame. Other than having a slight gut from eating too much junk food, he was in good shape.

He was fairly popular and enjoyed a healthy social life. The only downside in his life was his girlish name. He hated being called Stacy. In his mind, no boy should have to answer to such a name. He was called Lee by everyone, including his mother. A minor incon-

venience was his birthday. Since he was born in September, he was a year older than the other kids in his class but was smaller than most of the other boys.

They were a normal family that did normal family things whenever Philip was home. Even when he was on one the road, their lives were just like most folks. The only thing setting them apart from the average family was the fact that they were wealthy. Philip's hard work had paid off and they lived without want. You would never know it from the way they acted, though. They were simple in their lifestyle and did not flaunt their wealth. If you didn't see their house and grounds or passed an eye over the way Helen dressed, you wouldn't know that they had wealth. Everything in their lives was normal until that day when Helen was killed in an automobile accident.

After her death, Philip hired a housekeeper to take care of the house and he buried himself in his work. He spent very little time at home and when he did, he usually went to bed drunk. About six months after his wife's death, Lee finally managed to get his Dad to listen to his complaints about the housekeeper.

Apparently she liked her gin a little bit and Lee pleaded with his Dad to get rid of her. His final argument was that in another few months he'd be old enough to join the army. Philip, after taking another sip of gin and tonic, agreed and told Lee he would take care of it. Philip only vaguely remembered the conversation the next day as he packed for another extended trip but a seed was planted.

Another six months went by, the housekeeper was still there and Lee was doing whatever he wanted. His grades slipped, his clothing became more ragged and he became self-centered. Lee, like most boys, hated to shop but the only way he could get new clothing was to do it himself. His mother used to take care of all that but as the housekeeper had said "That's not my job," he was left with little choice.

Like most boys, he waited until the clothing ripped away before going out to replace them. Like his clothing, his hygiene slacked off but not so much as to make him a total outcast. With his melancholy attitude and hygiene, many of his friends stopped including him in their plans. His hair hung well below his collar and was greasy and clumped. He hadn't been to a barber in over a year. His fingernails were a bit longer than the norm which added to his disheveled appearance. He became even more withdrawn and sad as time went by which pushed the dwindling number of his friends further away. He socialized less and less, becoming a loner by the end of the year.

About a month after the first anniversary of his mother's death, Philip showed up at the house with a woman. Her name was Daphne and she was a year or two younger than Philip. She was the exact opposite of his mother. Daphne was almost as tall as his father, with black hair cut in a short bob. She had intense black eyes and a rather large, thin, nose that dominated her face. Her lips were thin red strips that gave no hint of a smile. Her overall demeanor gave the impression that she would put up with no nonsense.

Where his mother was petite, she was plump with large breasts and derriere. Daphne should be described more as big-boned rather than fat. Lee was flabbergasted when his father introduced her as his new wife.

"You've got to be kidding me! He must have been drunk off his ass when he married her," were the first thoughts to pop into Lee's head as he shook her hand. It was a very firm and strong grip for a woman.

As Daphne was getting settled into her new home, Lee had a chance to talk alone with his father. "Dad, what's going on here? You never told me that you were thinking of getting married again."

"Well son, I met her in Vegas one evening and the next morning we were married. Since I'm not home that often and I remembered you complaining about the housekeeper, well, I just thought what the hell and brought her home. I figure she can keep an eye on you and we can get rid of the housekeeper. It won't hurt you and getting a divorce is out of the question. Just bear with me on this and I'm sure everything will be fine. She can't replace your Mom but I want you to mind her and do what she says. She is my wife now and you will just have to accept that, understand?" Philip told him.

"Dad you got drunk and married her when you weren't thinking straight. No court would hold you to that kind of marriage. Look, the housekeeper isn't that bad and you don't have to stay with this woman. Come on Dad, I don't need a new mother," Lee protested.

"What's this? You don't think I love your father. You think I took advantage of him? Listen Stacy, your father's told me all about you. While I'm not too fond of boys, I agreed to marry him. I'll admit that our courtship was not that long but I do love him and I will raise you as I think best. Isn't that right, darling?" Daphne said, walking into the room.

"Of course, dear. You are my wife and it is time for Stacy to accept that. I'm sorry, son, for springing this on you without any notice. That's life, so learn to deal with it. Like I said, Daphne is my wife and you will do what she tells you. You've been running around without adult supervision for way too long. You need the stability of a caring adult who will be there for you when you need it. I am going to have to leave first thing in the morning, so if you have any more to say, say it now," his father said sternly.

"But Dad, you just got here and I haven't had a chance to..." Lee began but was cut off.

"Stacy Lee, I don't really want to hear any more of your complaints or opinions on the matter of my marriage or Daphne. I have to get back to the project in Vegas by Saturday evening. That meeting can't wait just so you can argue with me. Daphne darling, be patient with him while I am gone. I'm sure once he gets to know you he'll, well, maybe not love you, but accept you. Damn! All this talking! I need another drink. Want one, Daphne?" With that, Philip's statement ended any further conversation.

Ooo

Lee had tears in his eyes as he watched his father go off in the limo. "Come along, Stacy, there is no time like the present to set the ground rules. You've been left entirely too long on your own and you obviously need discipline," Daphne said, grabbing his hand.

"Don't call me that! My name is Lee," he protested as he was dragged back into the house. He tried to pull his hand out of her grip but it was too strong. He tried digging his feet into the concrete but that didn't work either. Daphne was much stronger than Lee.

"My dear, your name is Stacy Lee, not just Lee and I will call you anything I please. This is Rule Number One: I am in charge here, not you. You will do what I tell you or face the consequences. That is Rule Number Two. Anything that I tell you to do, you will do promptly and willingly. That is Rule Number Three. There are no other rules. Do you understand or do we have to set an example right this minute?" Daphne said while slapping the back of his head with the mention of each rule.

She didn't slap him hard but enough to make his head nod forward a bit. She still maintained a strong grip on his hand. He tried to pull away but the firm grip held him fast.

"You can't tell me what to do! You're not my mother!" he screamed as he planted his feet and tried to jerk his hand free. All that did was make him fall into her as she pulled back.

Sliding an arm around his waist, she picked him up, screaming and kicking. Daphne carried him over to a nearby couch and placed him across the arm. Bending him over, she began to spank his upturned buttocks.

Hearing the commotion, the housekeeper entered the room. She smiled broadly at Lee's predicament, walked over to Daphne and handed her the large wooden spoon she had in her hand.

"Why thank you, Henrietta, this should do nicely," Daphne said as she resumed spanking Lee. He continued screaming and kicking but soon his screams turned to whimpers and his flailing became small kicks. Her hand didn't seem to tire as she continued to rain blows down upon him. When his whimpers became full-fledged tears and he was begging her to stop, the spanking ended. She shoved him to the floor.

"That was just for starters. If you would like some more, well, that can be easily arranged, Stacy. I have a nice hairbrush up in my room. Perhaps we should continue up there?" she said, looking down at him.

"No, no more," he managed before breaking out in a fresh torrent of tears.

"Well, we shall see. Henrietta, thank you but I don't believe that I will need your spoon any longer. Let me finish up with this little sissy cry baby and I will be back shortly. Fix me some tea if you would," she stated.

Henrietta took the spoon with a huge grin on her face, "Yes Ma'am. I'm more'n happy ta help in any ways I can," she said as she left for the kitchen.

"Dat evil boy gonna pay for throwin' such a snit. Suit him right for tryin' ta git me fired," she mumbled as she set about getting the tea ready.

As the housekeeper left, Daphne reached down and grabbed Lee by his right ear lobe and hauled him to his feet. "Come along you. I think it best if you spent the rest of the day in your room thinking about minding your manners. Stop that sniveling! You're acting like a two-year old. Throwing a tantrum at your age, then crying like a little sissy brat when you don't get your way. I'm going to cure you of that!" she said.

Lee kept up as best he could but couldn't stop crying as she pinched his ear and tugged him along. "Please Daphne, you're hurting me," he managed to blubber.

"Don't you *dare* call me Daphne!" she yelled. "Shit, you're such a wimp! I knew as soon as I met you that you were nothing more than a conniving undisciplined little snitch. You sure proved that when you tried to get your father to divorce me. You didn't even wait for his explanation or get to know me before you started undermining me. Well, your devilish plans were for naught and now you will do whatever I say. You certainly don't have my respect and you will *not* call me by my first name. You're sniveling just like a toddler, so unless I tell you otherwise, you can call me Mommy. I'm not thrilled with that, heaven forbid anyone think I'm your real Mother, but that is what you will call me from now on. Understood? I asked you if you understood me."

"Yes I, I understand," he stammered.

She slapped him across the face bringing a fresh flow of tears. "What do you call me?" she demanded.

"Mo, Mommy," he said between sobs.

"Your punishment isn't over yet but I'll think of something appropriate while you stew in your room. You take one step out of this room before I tell you and I will tan your miserable hide," she said, then turned and walked out the room.

Daphne entered the kitchen just as the teapot started whistling. Henrietta was standing by the table wearing a charcoal gray maid's dress with white bib cotton apron. She was a large fat black woman with a short Afro graying at the sides.

"My my, Miss Daphne, that boy sure did need that spankin'," she said with a broad smile.

"Oh that's alright, Henrietta. Feel free to offer any advice you think fitting. I don't like children all that much and boys even less. I swear that boy has already given me a migraine. If I had known that Stacy was going to be so much trouble, I might not have married that old codger in the first place," she said as she sat at the table.

"You know that he tried to get me fired for no good reason. He's acks worse than a spoilt little sissy girl. Jest meaner, that's all. Ya put him into his place," Henrietta replied while filling the tea cup.

"Maybe you're right, Henrietta but I think you can handle a sissy girl a lot easier than a spoiled boy any day of the week. Besides, a little girl smells like sugar and spice not wet puppy dog like Stacy. He really needs to learn proper hygiene," Daphne laughingly replied.

"Yes'um ma'am, Too bad Lee ain't a little girl. He sure do stink," Henrietta said as she went over to the sink.

"You know Henrietta, I think you just gave me a great idea. I think between the two of us, we should have no problems handling a sweet-smelling sissy, don't you? I think I will do a little shopping this afternoon," Daphne said.

Ooo

Later that afternoon, Daphne and Henrietta entered Lee's room, carrying several pink shopping bags. He was sitting at his computer playing war games when they entered with big smiles on their faces. Henrietta went over to his dresser and began pulling out all his underwear and undershirts and stuffing them into a black plastic trash bag.

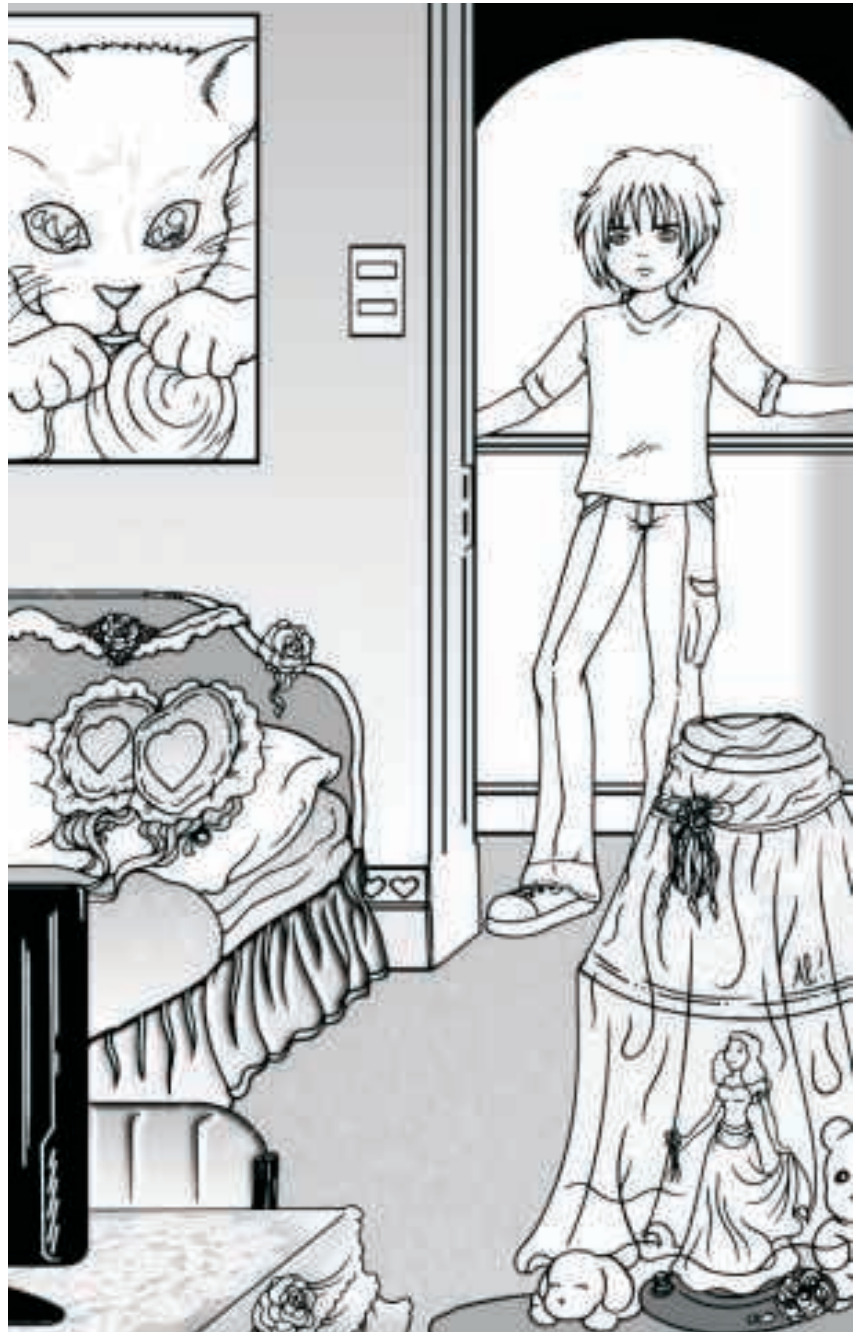
"Hey! What's going on? What are you doing taking my underwear?" he said as he stood up.

"What we are doing is replacing all your underthings with something more appropriate to the way you have been behaving. As long as you are doing nothing, dismantle that computer and move it into Henrietta's room. I'm taking your computer privileges away," Daphne stated.

"You can't do that! I do all my homework on that computer," Lee responded defensively.

"I can and I am. Besides that doesn't look like any homework I've ever seen. It looks like a violent game to me. I'll see about getting you a new one if you behave yourself. Now move that computer into Henrietta's room like I said," Daphne replied.

Reluctantly he did as he was told, occasionally glancing up to see the housekeeper emptying out his dresser drawers. By the time he was finished and made his way back to his room, the differences stood out in sharp contrast to what his room used to look like.



The desk where his computer had been now had a white lace doily sitting under a Cinderella lamp with its shade covered in a pale pink nylon scarf. On the bed, instead of his white sheets and blue cotton comforter, were pink sheets and a bright white satin pillow-y comforter. His pillows were covered in ruffled pink pillow shams. On the wall, next to his bed, was a tacked-up poster of a white fluffy big green-eyed cat batting at a pink ball of yarn.

"You've, you've got to be kidding me," he stammered.

"Not in the least, my dear. I do hope you like it. I'll be making more changes in the near future but this will have to do for now," she said.

"You, you can't do this to me! I'll call my father and he'll kick your ass right out of our house. I'm going to call him right now. You'll see what happens!" Lee screamed. His face was red with rage. He had never been this mad.

However the women were ready for his reaction. Henrietta, who was standing nearby, grabbed his arm and pulled it up in a half-nelson as she pushed him towards Daphne. Daphne stood holding a wooden hairbrush in her right hand and a smug smile on her lips. Lee was quickly bent over the bed and the brush started raining blows down on his butt. He was crying so hard that it was difficult for him to breathe as the blows rained down upon his butt and upper thighs. Daphne took her time, bringing the brush down firmly, covering every inch of his backside. Finally she let him slide to the floor.

"Let that be a lesson to you of what I am capable of if you defy me again. Now stay in your room until you are called down to dinner," she said as the two women left him in his misery.

Lee lay on his stomach crying into his new pink-covered pillow. He wanted to rub his sore and stinging behind but was afraid to touch it. He fell asleep and didn't waken until Henrietta shook his shoulder.

"Time to git up. Dinner's mostly ready but you're gettin' a bath first. I filled the tub fer ya. Miss Daphne says I needs to bathe ya. Don't give me no trouble and ya don't git your ass pounded agin', ya hear?" she told him.

He got up reluctantly and followed her into the bathroom. The air was filled with the aroma of flowers, lots and lots of flowers. The tub was brimming with multicolored bubbles.

"A bath, I haven't taken a bath since I was little. I can take a shower. Baths are for little kids and girls," he protested.

"Miss Daphne says you have to take a bath and I'm gonna give ya one. Git dem clothes off or I'll call her up here and I don think you want dat," she replied with a big grin that just dared him to protest any more.

While he was undressing, she pulled a plastic apron out of the closet, a pair of blue latex gloves and a shower cap. He tried to keep his back to her as he stepped out of his underwear but she made him turn around and face her. She had the biggest smile on her face he had ever seen.

"Now git your scrawny white ass over here ta me so's I can put this cap on your head, then this lotion. You stand still now and keep dem hands and arms out of the way," she ordered.

He felt himself go from pink to red in embarrassment as the housekeeper began applying a thick cream to his body. He was so embarrassed when she reached between his legs that he almost cried.

"You ain't got much down here, do ya? No wonder ya such a crybaby," she said as she rubbed the cream onto his pubic area.

Lee wished he could die rather than hear a servant discussing his equipment, especially in such humiliating terms. He blushed all the more. Tears began leaking down his cheeks as he stood motionless and naked before this large woman.

His body felt like it was on fire between his legs and under his arms as he was forced to stand there while Henrietta put away the cream and removed her gloves. She took her time, folding her flabby arms under her big breasts and tapping her right foot to an imaginary tune. She cocked her head slightly to the side and stared at him.

The paste on his body had thickened, became bubbly and smelled horrible. The burning sensation was getting to the point where he couldn't stand it any longer when she told him to get into the tub. Taking a natural sponge from the counter, Henrietta, kneeling beside the tub, began to thoroughly scrub Lee.

It felt like she was trying her damndest to scrub the skin off along with that horrible cream. Once she had scrubbed every nook and cranny, she had him get out of the bath and wrapped him in a large fluffy pink towel.

"Now git your ass over to the sink so's I can wash your hair," she ordered as she pulled the pink plastic shower cap off.

Using a floral scented shampoo, she washed his hair twice, then applied two rinses with conditioner. Taking a small towel, she wrapped his long hair into a turban and tucked the end of the towel underneath to hold it in place. Next she removed the bath towel and began rubbing a floral-scented lotion onto his now hairless body. Lee just stood there, too stunned to move or say a word.

"Now that's more better," she said while putting away the lotion.

She grabbed him by his earlobe and guided him back into his bedroom. She left him and went over to the dresser. Taking out something that was a bright lime green, she turned back to him.

"Put this on and don' give me no trouble. I kin handle that hairbrush better'n your new mamma," she threatened.

He took the first piece of material she handed him. It was a pair of full-cut nylon bloomer-style panties in a bright lime green with four rows of white lace ruffles across the seat. He held it in his hands, just looking at it for a moment. Lee hesitated but decided as much as he hated putting on such a feminine garment, he had no choice.

Bending slightly, he slid the near weightless garment up his smooth legs. The matching top was two layers of nylon and chiffon. It was empire cut with a bright green satin ribbon

across the bodice about two inches wide, finished in a floppy bow just below the breasts with long flowing streamers, puffy short sleeves. The outer chiffon layer was knife pleated. The lace-trimmed hem hung just below his crotch.

He wanted to protest, he wanted to rip it to shreds and throw the fragments to the floor but seeing the look on Henrietta's face caused a few tears of humiliation flow down his cheeks.

"What? I can't wear these! These clothes are for girls," he stammered, his eyes wide in disbelief.

"Your new slippers are there at the foot of ya bed," she said, pointing to a pair of bright pink bunny slippers.

"You will put dat nightie and dem slippers on just like Miss Daphne wants. I got the hairbrush right here if'n you need some encouragement," Henrietta stated.

Once he had put everything on, she handed him a thin emerald green nylon wrap with three-quarter sleeves and satin belted tie.

"Now let's get to dinner 'fore Miss Daphne gets mad. Maybe I should call you Christmas 'cause you're all green and red," she said, chuckling at his embarrassment.

He was still bright pink when he arrived in the dinning room. Daphne was there with a big smile on her face. She asked him to do a twirl so she could get a good look at him.

"Oh my, this is just too precious for words. Henrietta, get my digital video camera for me, please. I've just got to get a picture of this. He's so precious looking," she said.

"Camera? Oh no! Please don't take any pictures of me looking like this?" Lee pleaded.

"Stacy, you look lovely and I intend to capture this moment on film. Loosen that tie and pull the wrap down off your shoulders so I can get a better look. Don't scowl like that or you will feel the hairbrush again," Daphne demanded.

With the digital camera in hand, she demanded that he keep a nice smile on his face as he posed in one humiliating position after another. It took a few hard swats to his butt to get his full cooperation but comply he did. She was particularly pleased with one pose where he was bent at the waist, hands crossed over each other with fingers splayed on the opposite knee and looking back over his shoulder. She zoomed in on his face when he blew her a kiss.

"Now dear, I want you to tell me just how much you love your new nightie. I want a big smile on your face and hold out the hem with your fingertips," she ordered.

"What? I hate this thing! I want my pajamas back," Lee pouted.

Henrietta was standing beside him and her large hand landed firmly on his backside. "Do what she said, sissy. Tell her how much you love your new nightie and how happy you are dat you can now wear such pretty things," she said just loud enough for him to hear.

With his butt still tender, it only took a few seconds to do as he was told. As Henrietta moved away from him, Lee grabbed the hem of his nightie, dipped slightly and said, "I just love my new nightie, Mommy. It is the nicest thing I've ever had."

"Aren't you going to tell me just how happy you are now that I let you show your feminine side? I need to see you smile, darling," Daphne said sarcastically.

"Thank you, Mommy, for letting me show my femmie side," he managed as he couldn't remember the exact word she had used. Finished with his humiliation, she told him to take a seat next to her at the table.

"Dinner? How the hell can anyone call this dinner?" he thought as he looked down at his plate. There was about a cup of cottage cheese, two thin slivers of cantaloupe and two rice cakes on the plate. He looked up from his plate and saw that Henrietta was serving Daphne a bowl of beef stew, two fresh biscuits and a side salad.

"What's this? Don't I get any stew?" he asked.

"I have decided to put you on a diet, Stacy. Henrietta will ensure that you stick to it and I don't want to hear any complaints. Your slothful and gluttonous days are over. I intend to make you a much healthier and better person. From now on, you will bathe twice a day, you will keep both your person and clothing clean and neat, you will show the proper respect and devotion due a Mother and most importantly of all, you will obey me. I have told Henrietta that she has total control over you when I am not present and you will show her proper respect as well. Is that understood or do I need to get the hairbrush?" Daphne said, looking directly into his eyes.

There was no doubt in his mind that she was serious. With a gulp, he nodded his head in agreement. "I'll put up with this bitch until Dad gets back home, then we'll see who gets her ass busted," he thought.

"Don't just nod your head, Stacy. I want to hear you say that you understand so that there will be no future arguments," Daphne demanded.

"Yes, , I understand, but, I never eat this stuff. I don't like cottage cheese," he began.

"You will eat whatever Henrietta puts in front of you or you can go without. It doesn't make any difference to me whether you eat or not. Until you obtain the weight I believe is appropriate for your size, your servings will be controlled. If I catch you cheating on your diet, I can promise you that you will be a very sorry individual. She will pack your school lunch from now on and don't even think about cheating at school. I *will* find out and that would be very disappointing. Now you can either eat your meal or go back to your room. It doesn't matter to me either way," she told him.

Lee looked back down at his plate, visibly disgusted by its meager contents. He hadn't eaten anything since breakfast and he was hungry. He grabbed his fork and dug out a pile of cottage cheese but before he could bring it to his mouth, she interrupted him.

"Stacy, take dainty portions and chew it slowly. That way you will feel fuller and your table manners will be significantly improved," Daphne informed him.

"Like you're going to give me any fucking choice," he thought as he dumped the cheese off his fork and picked up a much smaller serving.

Dinner was a horrible experience for him. As he took only small portions, he finished way before Daphne did. So he had to sit there and watch her slowly finish her meal. His plate was so clean it looked like it had been washed. His stomach growled, still feeling empty. Two glasses of water helped make him feel a little fuller but the aroma of the stew

and biscuits did nothing to abate his hunger. Finally she finished and dismissed him to his room.

"Stacy, Henrietta will be there just as soon as she finishes cleaning up the kitchen to comb your hair and tuck you in for the night," she said.

"But it's not even eight o'clock yet," he protested.

"I'm putting you on a new schedule. No more late nights or sleeping in late for you. You will be in bed no later than nine and up by five every day. Eight hours is the amount of sleep you should be getting. Now go to your room," she stated.

"Oh man! I can't believe this shit," he mumbled as he followed her orders. He tried to stomp his feet but the bunny slippers made the defiant gesture ineffective.

Henrietta came into his room a half-hour later. He was lying on the bed, reading a sports magazine. She told him to sit in the straight-backed chair she had turned away from the computer desk. She pulled the towel he had completely forgotten about off his head and started combing his hair with a red rattail comb. Once she had all the kinks out, she went behind him and combed out a section of hair at the top of his head and began loosely braiding it. Finishing the braid, she secured it with a small rubber band and attached a pink butterfly-shaped clip to the end.

Henrietta, using the pointed end of the comb to separate a lock of hair from the side of his face, began braiding it in a tight plait. Every inch or so, she would reach into a small plastic container she had brought in with her and pull out a colored bead. As she finished the tight braid, she put a small pink plastic butterfly-shaped bead on the end and sealed the end with a dollop of glue.

She repeated the braid on the other side of his head. Lee had no idea of what she was doing. He could feel the tugging and pulling but other than that he was clueless. Finally, Henrietta stood in front of him, made a part across his forehead, combed the hair forward over his eyes and cut it just above his brows. Lee knew exactly what she did. He now had bangs and he knew that whatever else she had done to him, he would hate it.

"Put them slippers back on, missy, and come with me. I's gonna help ya get ready for bed," she said.

As he moved to comply, Lee felt the two braids at the sides of his face move and caught a glimpse of color. Looking down at his feet as he stepped into the slippers, he saw the bright pink butterfly attached to the ends of the two plaits that now hung down his face.

"Oh shit! What has she done to me now?" he thought.

In the bathroom, he was further humiliated when she told him to sit to pee and wipe afterwards so not to ruin his new panties. After washing his hands and brushing his teeth, she made him apply a floral-scented lotion to his face then wipe the excess off with a tissue. As he completed these tasks, Lee couldn't help but see the pink, white, yellow, blue, green beads and the pink butterfly attached to each thin braid at the sides of his face. As a final insult to his masculinity, she placed a pink hair net over his head.

Ooo

Henrietta was surprised to find Daphne sitting at the computer Stacy had set up in her room. "Miss Daphne, whatcha doing in here?" she asked.

"Henrietta I had Stacy put his computer in your room because you will be here all the time. I doubt very much that he would ever willingly step foot in your room. I have found the most fascinating things on his computer. Come and look. It's his email and personal accounts and they are not even password protected. While waiting for you, I did some searches and I found these sites. I bet Stacy will positively hate the things I ordered but they will go a long way in taming him. Oh, just look at this vintage clothing site. Doesn't it have the most darling outfits? I've already ordered some of this stuff but I wanted your opinion before I bought any more. While you are looking at it, I'll get the digital camera," Daphne said excitedly.

Ooo

Sunday morning, Lee's clock alarm went off at five. He would have hit the snooze button if he could have reached it. Henrietta had moved it from the night stand over to the computer table. The loud buzzing was irritating, especially at five in the morning. Lee forced himself out of bed, made his way over to the alarm and slammed his palm down hard. The buzzing stopped. He staggered back to his bed but the door to his room opened and Daphne walked in.

"Good, you're up. Put on your slippers and robe, then get into the bathroom. Fill the tub and make sure you use the bath beads and body lotion Henrietta left out for you. I'll give you forty-five minutes to finish. Do it right or I'll have Henrietta make sure you do. Is that understood?" she ordered.

Needless to say, Lee didn't use enough bath beads and only put on a minimum amount of the floral body lotion. After getting a dozen hard slaps with the hairbrush on his panty-covered butt, Henrietta took him back into the bathroom to start the process all over. She scrubbed him until his skin had a nice pink hue and smelling like a flower garden.

Back in his room, Henrietta had him take off his baby doll, fold it neatly and place it under his pillow. She went to his dresser and pulled out a pair of yellow nylon brief-style panties with a white daisy pattern and a matching camisole. White floral lace decorated the leg openings and hem of the camisole. She also handed him a pair of white nylon socks with yellow lace trim. Lee was going to protest but seeing the hairbrush sitting on the dresser kept his mouth shut.

"Put that on, then get dressed and come ta breakfast," she said as she left the room.

After putting on the offending items, he quickly pulled on a pair of blue jeans, a blue T-shirt and stepped into his trainers. Feeling like an idiot wearing feminine underwear, he went down to the dining room. There he found Daphne finishing up a plate of bacon and eggs while at his place sat a bowl of cereal and a glass of milk. Resigning himself to an-

other meager meal, he sat and ate in silence. As he ate, Daphne sipped on her coffee with a broad smile on her face.

"I hope you're happy, bitch, because when my Dad finds out what you've been doing to me, you'll be sorry," he thought.

As Daphne finished her coffee, she stood up, stared at Lee and said, "Darling, I just love what you have done with your hair. It's so colorful. I really like it, so make sure it stays just like it is for me, won't you? I have a lot more shopping to do and I am taking Henrietta with me. That means you will clean the table, do the dishes, wipe down the counter tops, mop the kitchen floor, vacuum the dining room and don't forget to clean your bathroom while we are gone. Don't look at me like that, Stacy. You will do your part for this household and I shouldn't have to tell you to do it right the first time. I wouldn't be surprised if Henrietta didn't make you clean the floors with your tongue if you don't do a good job. Be sure to wear the rubber gloves hanging under the kitchen sink. We don't want you to get chapped hands, now do we?"

Before they left, Henrietta showed him where everything was and gave him her instructions. As a final insult, she tied a white ruffled cotton apron around his waist and pulled a white cap over his hair.

"Now do a good job or you'll be really sorry when I get back," she told him.

It was well past his normal lunch time when he finished. He actually did a passable job in his assigned tasks and felt like he deserved a treat. He found some left over stew in the refrigerator and heated it up. There were no biscuits but four slices of bread would do for his lunch. He just sat the bowl down when he heard the car pull into the garage.

"Oh fuck!" he said as he scrambled to pour the stew down the disposal and stuff the bread back into the loaf. The two walked in just as he finished putting the bowl in the dishwasher.

"What are you doing?" Daphne asked as she entered the kitchen.

"Errr, nothing. I was just finishing up, that's all," he managed to stammer.

"Go help Henrietta bring in the packages from the car and take them to your room. For your sake, I hope you pass her inspection," she ordered.

He couldn't believe the number of bags and boxes he had to move to his room. When he placed the last box beside his bed, Henrietta told him to come with her while she inspected all that he had done. She was pleased for the most part but made him re-mop the bathroom and remove some streaks from the mirror. By the time he was finished, it was almost three o'clock and he was feeling dizzy.

"Please Henrietta, can I get something to eat? I'm starving," he asked.

"That's Miss Henrietta to you, sissy boy. Come on, I'll get ya sumtin'," she said.

"Miss Henrietta, please don't call me that. I'm *not* a sissy," he said as he followed her back to the kitchen.

"Whacha think you are, sissy boy? You're wearing girlie underwear and apron and you sleep in baby doll nighties. I don't know no man that wears them clothes," she replied nastily.

"But you know she makes me dress this way. I hate it and when my Dad finds out..." He had the presence of mind to shut up before he said too much.

"Your Papa ain't gonna be here for some time, sissy boy. Until then, you better do what ya told to do. I would if'n I was you," she told him.

She had him sit at the kitchen table while she dug around for something to feed him. Henrietta pulled out four rice cakes, put them on a saucer and handed them to him.

"Munch on them while I get ya some juice," she said.

She opened the refrigerator door and took out a carton of orange juice. As she was shutting the door, she noticed that her left-over stew was missing.

"Boy, you did it now. Where's my stew? You eat that stew?" she challenged him.

Lee went pale with fear. "Miss Henrietta I, I didn't eat any of your stew. I was going to but, but you came back before I could eat any. I promise. I didn't eat your stew," he blurted.

"Whatcha do with it then?" she asked.

"I poured it down the disposal. I'm sorry but I was hungry and, and I was scared. Please don't tell Mommy. She'll kill me," he begged.

"I doubt that but she gonna punish you, that's for sure. Eat ya cakes and drink the juice. That's all ya gonna get," she replied.

After he finished eating, Henrietta made him clean his dishes. Then she gave him a spray bottle of furniture polish and told him to wax the kitchen and dining room tables. He was just finishing up the dining table when Daphne came into the room.

"Henrietta told me what you did and I am very disappointed," she said.

"But, but I didn't eat anything. Please don't spank me again," he begged.

"The fact that you did not eat doesn't belie the fact that you intended to. The worst thing you did was disobey my strict orders about your diet. You could have eaten your cottage cheese and rice cakes. I'm not going to spank you for that but I will punish you in a more effective way soon. Now go help Henrietta with the laundry," she ordered him.

Henrietta had him sort the clothing by colors and fabric. While the cottons were in the wash, she had him do the delicates by hand. He blushed the whole time he stood over the sink scrubbing panties, bras, slips and blouses while wearing a pair of pink rubber gloves. With the delicates hanging from the line to dry, he neatly folded the other clothing as it came out of the dryer and placed it in a basket. The sheets and other items had to be ironed. Henrietta did most of them but made him do the towels and more sturdy items. By the time the laundry was finished, he was hot, tired and his stomach growled.

Going back to the kitchen, Daphne was sitting at the table, enjoying a cup of tea. "Stacy, grab some tea and join me," she offered.

He didn't really want a cup of hot tea and would have preferred iced but Henrietta handed him a cup and saucer. He poured the tea and went to sit beside his step-mother.

"When you finish your tea, go take a bath. I expect you to dress from now on for dinner. I have laid out your clothing on the bed. I strongly encourage you to take a proper

bath this time and get dressed without complaint, otherwise I will have Henrietta do it for you. I don't think that you would like that," she told him.

When he entered his room, his jaw dropped. Reaching up, he rubbed his eyes with the palms of his hand. He prayed that the room would change back to what it had looked like. He moaned as he realized that Daphne had kept her promise to change his room.

This room was definitely different and very girlish. The plain straight navy curtains at his windows were replaced by bright pink with shades of pastel orange fluffy satin and chiffon lace ones. The top of his dresser was covered with a bright pink lace cloth and there was a large ceramic Victorian style doll standing in the center. His alarm clock was replaced by a pink plastic kitten clock sitting on a lacy white doily. There was a bright pink CD player next to the clock with a stack of downloaded CDs. On the wall facing the foot of his bed was a framed picture of a Victorian girl, dressed in the finery of the time, holding a large bouquet of flowers. The base of his bed now sported a bright pink ruffled bed liner.

When he was able to take a breath, he almost gagged as the air was filled with a strong floral perfume. Lee scanned the room searching for the source of the smell. He noticed an oil lamp in the shape of a flower-covered vase sitting near the Cinderella doll lamp. In addition to the lamp, he noticed a silver backed hair brush and hand mirror on the other side of his former computer table.

He was even more stunned when he saw what she had laid out for him to wear to dinner. On the bed was a pair of dark blue velvet slacks with flared legs, bright white ruffled polyester puffed cap sleeved shirt, blue nylon brief-style white lace-trimmed panties with matching camisole, a pair of blue knee-high stockings and a gold chain belt.

On the floor was a pair of dark blue patent leather pointed toe shoes with a one-inch block heel. Lee didn't know how long he stood there staring first at the clothing, then the room, then back at the clothing.

"I don't hear the water running in your bath," he heard shouted out and that brought him out of his shock. He quickly turned on his heels and went to the bathroom and turned on the water.

"Damn! That bitch! She has no right doing this to me! I'm going to call Dad on his cell when I get to school tomorrow. I'll show her and that damn housekeeper. Dad won't let this go on. He'll fix them good," Lee mumbled as he got undressed.

If dinner had been a nightmare Saturday night, this one was like the fires of Hell. He not only had to pose for more pictures but was required to tell them just how much he loved his new clothing. Daphne made him describe each piece of clothing, including his undies, in detail with a happy tone of voice. Of course he didn't know the terms to use but she was more than happy to instruct him.

He had never used such words as "sweet," "darling," "precious," "dainty," "wonderful" and "delightful" to describe clothing before. It took many attempts and the encouragement of the hairbrush but he finally performed to her satisfaction.

The food was just as bad. Henrietta served him a mixed green salad with a light Italian dressing, four rice cakes and as much water as he wanted. His step-mother was served a mouth-watering Porterhouse steak with fries and a smaller version of his salad.

As he lay in bed that night trying to get to sleep, Lee felt some relief. "Tomorrow is Monday, a school day. There is no way they can keep treating me like this. Surely the school authorities will put a stop to it. Won't they? Yeah, probably send them all to jail as well. They can't do nuthin to me while I'm at school. I can tell the school social worker what they did and call my Dad on her phone. Shit! I'm going to get them into so much trouble, they won't be able to dig themselves out with a backhoe. Man, I'm glad they didn't turn the volume up on that CD. Their choice in music really sucks. I'll show them they can't fuck with me," he thought as he lay there caressing his penis through the soft material of his nightie.

While Lee was plotting in his bed, Daphne and Henrietta were busy at his computer. Amid much laughter and giggling, they spent almost two hours discovering new ways to humiliate Stacy. By the time they had finished, the credit card was well-used.

Ooo

The alarm went off promptly at five a.m. and Lee dragged himself out of the bed. Shutting off the alarm, he staggered back to the bed, intending to lie back down. His intention was disrupted when Henrietta entered the room without knocking.

"I got ya bath ready so get ya ass movin', unless you want me to give it to ya. No? Well, get a move on while I getcha school clothes out for ya," she demanded.

Not wanting to face her any longer than necessary, Lee almost ran to the bathroom. He was surprised to see the tub filled with flowery-smelling bubbles.

"Shit! They are going to make me go to school smelling like a fucking faggot," he mumbled as he slipped out of his nightie.

He wanted to protest the perfumed bath but decided that now was not the time to bring any more attention his way. Settling into the bath, he grabbed the washcloth and scented bar of soap and began scrubbing. Finished with his bath, he completed his morning toilet. Pulling on the wrap, he headed for his room. The two hair plaits swished against his face as he stomped back to his room in his bunny slippers. He cussed under his breath the entire way.

He was getting ready to say a lot of cuss words when he saw what was laid out for him to wear to school. Henrietta was standing by the chair with the silver backed hairbrush in her hand. Remembering his previous punishments, he refrained from saying anything aloud.

Instead, he picked up a pair of lavender nylon panties with floral lace around the leg openings and the matching camisole and quickly put them on. This was followed by a bright white T-shirt and a pair of khaki low-rise slacks with cuffs and a short zipper in front. The slacks felt funny and with such a short zipper he would have to unbutton and lower them to pee.

A thin brown alligator belt with small gold buckle and a pair of thin brown nylon socks came next. Square-toed loafers with tassels and a one-inch heel completed his dressing. He felt like an idiot but seeing her standing by the chair slapping the back of the brush in her

palm kept him quiet. Seeing that he was dressed, Henrietta told him to be seated so she could brush his hair.

"Great! You're going to take these silly things out of my hair now?" he asked hopefully.

"Why would I take those precious plaits out of your hair that I spent so much time fixin'? Just sit 'n' let me do my thing, then you can go git ya breakfast," she replied sternly.

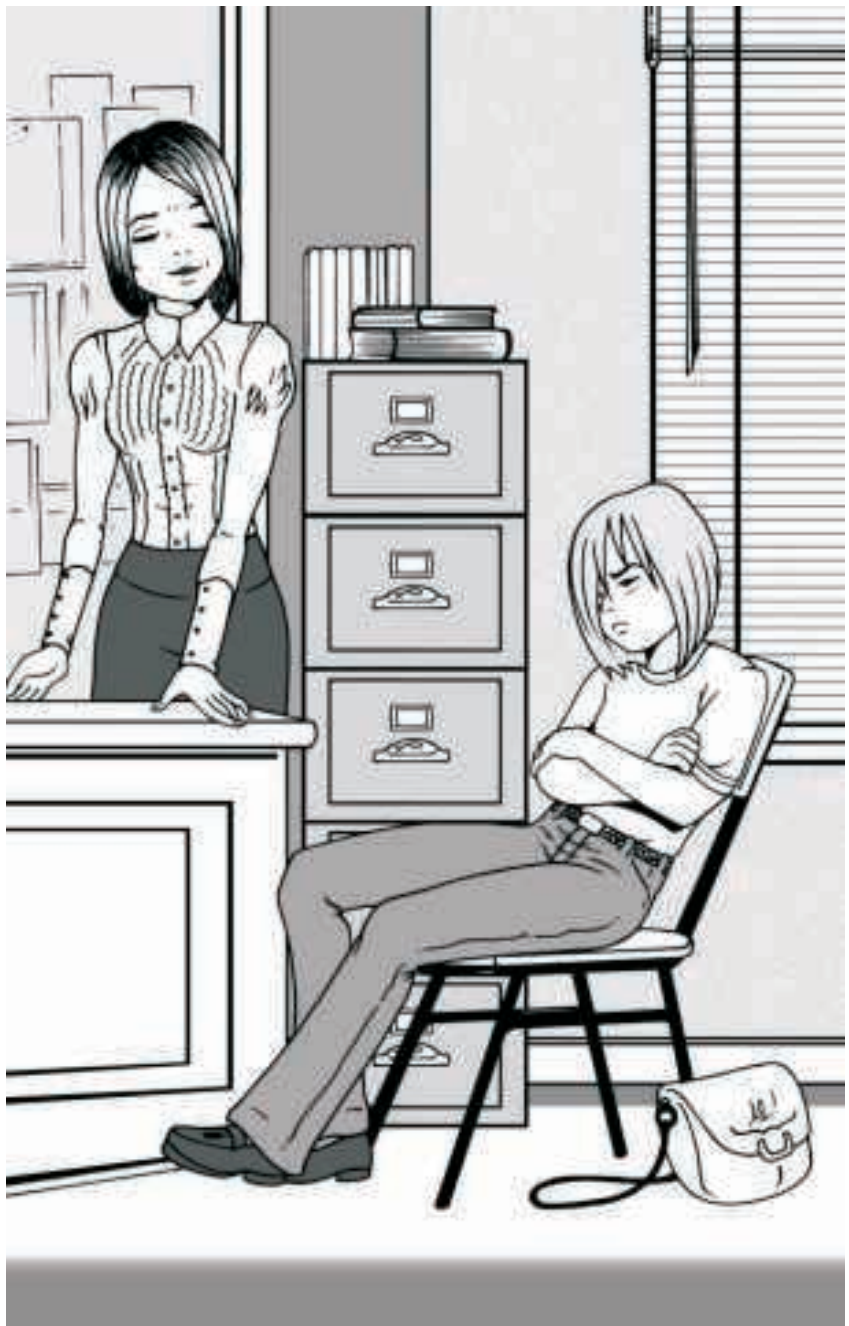
She removed the pink butterfly barrette from the back of his head and softly brushed his hair out until it shined. Instead of putting the hair on the back of his head in another French braid, she left it hanging straight with a slight tuck under. Then to his surprise, she set the style with hairspray. The scent of the spray made his stomach churn. He knew that the odor would probably follow him for the rest of the day. His gut reaction was to protest but his brain told him to wait until he could talk to the school social worker. What they were doing to him would only prove his charge of abuse.

In the dining room, Daphne had him pose for her camera and describe what he was wearing. She reminded him of how she expected him to respond. If he didn't perform correctly, he would get a good feel of the hairbrush. As she filmed him, she asked him a number of questions.

"Would you like to get back to your boy clothes?" she asked to which he responded vigorously that he wanted more in the world. Then she asked him, "Are you *sure* that you want to do this?"

"Oh yes, Mommy! I want this more than anything," he replied energetically.

"Well, if you're sure but what about your friends?" she asked.



That question confused him but he responded, "My friends will like it. I swear they will, Mommy."

"You do know that I love you and want to protect you, don't you? So I'll ask you again, are you *sure* you want this?" she prodded.

"Of course, more than anything else in the world, Mommy," he replied sincerely.

Then she asked him whether or not he thought that the clothing that he wanted to wear might be just a little much for school. His reply, right on cue, was that it would be perfect for school. With that, she stopped filming and told him to go and have his breakfast then help Henrietta with the cleanup. When he left, she quickly edited out her question asking him if he wanted to get back into his boy clothing. She then said into the camera, "Do you *really* want to dress in these girly clothes?"

When he sat at the table, Henrietta served him one poached egg, a dollop of cottage cheese and a large glass of juice.

"Please Miss Henrietta, may I have more than this? I'm starving," he asked.

"Shush sissy boy, you get what I serve. Now eat up, then come into the kitchen 'n' help me clean up," she curtly replied.

"Why do I have to eat this? Mommy just told me I could get my boy stuff back," he told her.

"She didn't tell me nuthin of the sort, sissy. Til she does, you eat what I provide," she said as she left the room.

"I'm going to take care of you both as soon as I get to school," he mumbled softly as he picked up his fork.

Ooo

Lee was planning on using a pair of scissors from his backpack to cut off the plaits before he got to school. That plan was thwarted when Daphne said she would drive him there. He was upset that she wouldn't let him change back into his regular clothing and sulked all the way to school. Once she dropped him off, he almost ran all the way to the social worker's office. He arrived at her door panting. It took him several moments to catch his breath before he could tell her why he was there. As he was recovering, she looked up from her computer screen and just stared at him.

Finally her face broke out in a big smile and she motioned for him to sit. Stacy Lee Campbell had become somewhat of a problem child. He was a constant source of trouble for her due to his malicious tricks and melancholy moods. He had been a frequent visitor to her office.

At first she blamed his troubles on the death of his mother but when she broached that subject, he firmly denied it. After viewing the video-attached email, she knew why he was such a sad boy. His actions were reactions to his withheld sissy nature.

As he sat still trying to catch his breath, she went back to her computer screen where Stacy was pleading to his step-mother to be allowed to wear feminine clothing. It sounded so convincing she had to believe it.

"There are some strange things going on in the world. I have seen quite a few but this is the most interesting strange thing to happen in some time. If coming out like this makes him a better person, then I am going to do everything in my power to see that he stays this way. I thought that repressed feelings were at the bottom of his problems and now I know I was right. I am going to have to act like I knew all along about him being girly. I can't have my position undermined or act like I don't know what I am doing," she thought.

"Stacy, I am so pleased to see that you have finally admitted to yourself what I knew all along. You have been repressing your true self. Now, let me finish before you say anything. I have waited for this day for some time. Let me assure you that I will do everything in my power to see that you are accepted by your fellow students. Now come along and we'll go to the principal's office to make the official announcement about your new status. Here take my hand. What's that smell? Is that hairspray and perfume? Oh yes, I like it, dear. It suits you," she said, leading him from the office.

Lee was dumbfounded. She didn't let him get a word in edgewise and she seemed to believe that he wanted to look this way. He had always thought that she was a nutcase and most of his fellow students were of the same mind but now he knew for sure.

As they entered the principal's office, he tried to pull his hand free but the social worker held it tightly. They stopped in front of the secretary's desk. She was a senior student and president of the gay and lesbian organization on campus. Seeing them, she broke out in a big smile.

"Oh there you are, Stacy. I'm so happy for you. It had to be hard for you to come out like this but you have our support. Ms Whitaker is expecting you. I'll tell her you are here," she said.

As they all walked toward the principal's door, he caught a glimpse of himself dressed in his baby doll nightie on her computer screen. "What the fuck?" was all Lee could think.

Ms Whitaker was in her mid-forties, with graying hair styled in a short bob, fairly stout in build. She dressed in accordance to her position which usually meant a pantsuit. She wore only a minimum amount of makeup and appeared severe. She was a strict disciplinarian and put up with no nonsense.

It was rumored around the school that she was a lesbian. The boys made sure the rumors were perpetuated. Due to this, she did not like most of the boys in her school. Stacy Lee over the past year had steadily moved up on her Least-liked Boys list. Three months earlier, someone posted on the bulletin board a fake love letter from the principal to the social worker. While she couldn't prove it, the handwriting looked a lot like Stacy's.

That morning she had received an email from Stacy's new mother. To say that she was stunned about the revelations contained in that email would be an understatement. After reviewing the attached video several times, she thought that she finally understood the real Stacy.

"Well, his condition explains a lot of things. If there was any doubt about Stacy, the video with him espousing just how much he wants to wear girly clothing can't be denied. His step-mother said in her email that once he was out in public, he might recant and say he was forced to dress that way. However, the emotion expressed on his face as he demanded to wear such clothing couldn't have been contrived. Everything I could see in that video showed nothing but a very happy sissy. I guess if he wants to be a pretty sissy, who am I to stop him? As a matter of fact, it would give me pleasure to ensure that he gets to express his femininity to the utmost," she thought.

When they entered her office, the principal greeted Ms Darla Howard, the social worker, warmly, then acknowledged Stacy while telling the secretary to leave. After they had been seated, Ms Whitaker passed a sheet of paper to Ms Howard.

After giving her time to look it over, she said, "Darla, I've rearranged Stacy's schedule to reflect what I believe to be in the best interests of the school and Stacy. I think it best if Stacy uses the bathroom connected to your office as well. If you concur, we'll make it official. As you can see, I have removed him from physical education and placed him under your council. I should think an hour of your excellent advice and counseling will help him become more at ease with himself."

She paused as Darla nodded her head, then continued, "The transgender lifestyle is difficult. It will be your responsibility to ease Stacy's fears and make him more acceptable to the student body. I have also enrolled him in our Home and Family Living and General Business courses in lieu of his Physics and Chemistry classes. I also took the liberty to assign him to the Gay and Lesbian Society for his mandatory extracurricular activity as well."

"Yes Ms Whitaker, I agree fully with your assessment. I've known for some time now that young Mr. Campbell has had deep emotional problems which led to his bad behavior this past year. Now that we understand the underlying problem, I can assure you that I will do all that is necessary to make his transition as easy as possible," Ms Howard replied enthusiastically.

During this conversation, Lee sat open-mouthed, unable to believe what was going on between these two women. "How in the world can they be saying and doing these things to me. I'm no fag and I certainly don't want to take those stupid courses. I've got to do something and fast. This is going way too far," he thought.

"Uhhh, this isn't what it looks like! My step-mother made me dress this way. I don't want my courses changed, much less be put in that fag group. You gotta listen to me! What's wrong with you people? What's going on here?" Lee finally managed to shout.

"Oh dear, it's like his step-mother warned," Ms Howard said as she began digging into her purse.

"Now Stacy, be calm and relax. We are only trying to make things a lot easier for you, dear," Ms Whitaker said.

"Here dear, take this. It will help calm you down," Ms Howard said handing him a small pill.

Lee stood up and tossed the pill back at the social worker. "I don't want to calm down! Can't you see what that bitch is trying to do to me? I'm no fag, damn it!" he shouted.

"Sit down!" roared the principal.

Lee fell back into his chair and tears began to form. "I'm, I'm not like that. Why don't you believe me?" he moaned.

"Why don't you look at this e-mail we received this morning? Then maybe you will understand why we are trying our best to help you, dear. Just so you know, we support your decision and will do everything, and I mean everything, possible to ease your transition," Ms Whitaker said as she turned the monitor towards him.

As order returned to the room and he sat mesmerized by the unfolding events on the monitor, the school nurse came rushing in. "I heard the disturbance all the way at the main door. Your secretary called me several minutes ago. I brought a tranquilizer just in case. Maybe I should inject it?" she said, glancing at the sobbing Lee.

He couldn't believe what he was seeing and hearing. They had fucked him over royally. The video certainly made it look like he wanted to be a fairy. He barely noticed the school nurse coming in or the shot she gave him. Tears were streaming down his cheeks and he was muttering softly over and over, "This can't be happening."

"Why don't you take Stacy back to your office, Darla? It looks like Stacy could use a little rest and some of your excellent counseling," Ms Whitaker said when the video in the e-mail finished playing.

After they left, she called her secretary back into her office. "Stella, you obviously heard the ruckus in here and you have seen the e-mail. What do you think? Is he being forced?" she asked.

Stella sat back and thought a moment before replying. "Ma'am, I think that he does have serious issues. I saw the video and well he looked like he was enjoying himself. I think his step-mother was right. It is extremely difficult to come out as a gay person. I assume that coming out as a sissy would be even worse. There is a certain amount of acceptance for gay and lesbians but not much for transvestites or sissies. So I assume Stacy is just having a hard time coming out in public. I think we should do everything in our power to ease his transition. You couldn't fake a tape like that."

Back in her office, Darla settled Lee on her couch and started a metronome. "Stacy, I want you to relax and listen carefully to my metronome. That's it, close your eyes and just relax. Hear only the steady tick and my voice. No one is going to bother you now. No one is going to make any judgments. Just relax and listen to the metronome and my voice," she said softly.

The tranquilizer was working and Lee felt himself drift off into a sleepy daze. He could hear the steady ticking of the metronome and Ms Howard's voice. For the first time, that day he felt comfortable.

"Now Stacy, listen carefully. You must acknowledge your sissy feelings. Relax and stop worrying about what others will think of you. We have all seen the video and know who you truly want to be. The way you demanded to be kept in your girly clothing could not be feigned. I want you to repeat what I say, word for word. As you repeat them, you

will become more and more at ease with your inner self. I love wearing girly clothing. Okay, now you say it," Darla instructed.

"I love wearing girly clothing," he mumbled.

"The touch of soft fabrics against my skin feels so natural," Darla said.

"The touch of soft fabrics against my skin feels so natural," he repeated.

"I like my feminine self," she said.

"I like my feminine self," he said.

"I feel good dressed in my girly clothing," she said softly.

"I feel good dressed in my girly clothing," he replied.

"I don't care what others think. I like myself," Darla said.

"I don't care what others think. I like myself," he responded.

"I will ignore the stares and negative comments of others," she said.

"I will ignore the stares and negative comments of others," he replied.

"Alright, now I want you to say them altogether. They will be your mantra from now on, to be repeated daily or when you feel stressed out," she ordered.

"I love wearing girly clothing. The touch of soft fabrics against my skin feels so natural. I like my feminine self. I feel good dressed in my girly clothing. I don't care what others think, I will ignore the stares and negative comments of others," he dutifully responded.

"Very good, Stacy, I'm sure you are feeling very relaxed now. Once you have accepted yourself for who you are, the more comfortable you will become. You are a sissy boy and that is your true nature. Now repeat after me, 'I'm a sissy boy.' I want you to repeat that fifty times and each time you repeat it, the more you will accept it as your true nature," she told him.

When he was finished, she told him to keep repeating his mantra until the second class bell rang. Darla had her student assistant take Stacy to his second period class. She also instructed her to stay with him just in case there was a problem.

After they left, she called the principal and told her what she had done. Ms Whitaker questioned why she had used the term 'sissy' instead of 'transvestite'. Darla assured her that the two were one and the same as far as she knew. The principal thought that there was a difference but Darla was supposed to be the expert so she told her to keep up the good work.

His second class was Home and Family Living. He didn't like it but he was the only boy in a class full of pretty girls. Stacy made it through the rest of the day. Still he wasn't comfortable and there was an irritating itch at the back of his mind telling him this just wasn't right. He made the final bell without incident.

After the bell, he was led back to Ms Howard's office where he found his step-mother waiting. "Oh Stacy, there you are. I've been having a most delightful conversation with Ms Howard, dear. She has told me so much about your day and what she is doing to help you.

Darla has so impressed me that I have asked her to keep seeing you for as long as it takes to make sure you are adjusting. Isn't that wonderful news? Well, we have taken up enough of her time for today. Come on, let's go home. I'm sure you would like an early bubble bath to help you relax," she said.

Ooo

In the car, Lee demanded to have his regular clothing back. To his own amazement, when Daphne asked him what he didn't like about his new clothes, he said that they were very comfortable.

"If they are so comfortable, darling, you are simply going to love what arrived at the house today. I can't wait for you to see what I have gotten. You'll simply adore it. Well, maybe not all of it but I'm sure you will find something comfortable to wear," she said with a smirk.

Lee didn't respond, knowing that whatever she had bought him, he would not like it. He was also concerned that the sissy clothing he was wearing felt right somehow. The softness of the camisole and panties really felt good next to his skin. "Why should that bother me?" he thought. For the rest of the trip home, he didn't say anything. He sat quietly considering why he was feeling the way he was. Daphne for her part was going over her conversation with Darla.

Darla had explained that she had hypnotized Lee in order to help him deal with the way he was dressed. She explained that her suggestions to Lee would wear off after a while but they helped him get through the day. Daphne asked if Darla could make him more comfortable in his lifestyle decisions by more intense therapy.

The response wasn't totally positive but she acknowledged that such sessions would help as long as the suggestions were repeated over a period of time. "Otherwise," she said, "in time, without further sessions and under the right circumstances, his conflicts could re-emerge."

"I think it is just wonderful that you would take such an interest in my Stacy. I'm sure that without your help he would have a terrible time adjusting to the cruel attention that one, how should I say it, one of his delicate nature would face," Daphne said.

She sat silent for a second or two, then continued, "I must say, Stacy truly loves wearing the most delicate and feminine of outfits when he is at home. He insists on it now that I have allowed him to come out of his closet. That's why I am concerned that he seems so resistant to appearing in public. Maybe he just doesn't feel pretty enough or is worried that people will make fun of a boy wearing such clothing." She paused again, giving time for Darla to digest what was being said.

"Perhaps if he thought of himself as pretty or if he really accepts being a sissy boy. You know what I mean? Perhaps if he sees himself looking more girlish, he would not be bothered by those cruel comments. Could you build his confidence up to that point? Heavens, the poor boy has sure had a rough time of it. His mother dying so suddenly like that! I am sure he misses her acceptance and caring. His father, on the other hand, is anything but a

tolerant man. I do my best but I certainly could use your help. It's not easy being step-mother to such a dear boy," she lamented to Darla.

"I will do all I possibly can to help Stacy cope with his lifestyle change. I'll do my best to insure that Stacy accepts his nature and becomes confident with it. It is a cruel world out there but I am sure, with therapy, he will learn to ignore the worst of it. Assigning him to the gay and lesbian social club will help. I'll talk to Roger. He's one of the gay boys that like his boyfriends more on the feminine side. Believe it or not, most gays do not particularly care for their partners to look or dress like the opposite sex. You have my word, Mrs. Campbell. Here is my card. Please don't hesitate to call me at any time," Darla told her.

"Call me Daphne, dear. I think of you as a friend and I could really use a friend at a time like this. I'm sure what you have done today will loosen Stacy up so he will wear something he is more comfortable in tomorrow. I'll send you another e-mail in the morning. I'm sure it will assist you in your efforts and demonstrate just how much of a sissy he really is," Daphne replied.

Ooo

Arriving at the house, Daphne had the boy sit at the kitchen table. "Stacy, I know you must be hungry. Henrietta has a snack for you. Go ahead and eat while I get your new outfit ready," she told him.

Lee was starved. The brown bag lunch he had brought to school contained a medium-sized apple, four rice cakes, and a bottle of diet supplement. At the mention of food, his stomach rumbled and anything else said was quickly forgotten. As he sat, Henrietta placed a bowl of tomato soup, two rice cakes and a large glass of water in front of him. He looked up in disgust, the desire for a much more filling meal plain to see on his face.

"Miss Henrietta, please can't I have something else? A ham sandwich, a beef patty, anything but more rice cakes and vegetables," he asked pleadingly.

"Ya know I can't do that, sissy boy. Now eat what's there or ya get nuthin'. Miss Daphne needs ya to get down to a proper weight for a sissy boy," she replied.

Finished eating, Henrietta made him put on a ruffled white cotton bib apron and clean up the dishes. After he cleaned up to her satisfaction, she followed him to his room. His room was changed again.

The walls were painted a soft pale pink with floral wallpaper trim. A new white with gold accent twin bed with a deep pink chiffon canopy filled the space where his old bed had resided. The pink ruffled bed skirting, pillow shams and comforter were there as well as a new Raggedy Ann doll. He also had a new piece of furniture. It was a vanity with pale pink satin skirting, a matching padded bench seat and lighted mirror. There were a number of empty shipping boxes sitting on the floor.

His step-mother was standing off to the side, a wide grin on her face and digital video camera in hand. "I hope you like what we did to your room while you were at school today. I think a heart felt 'thank you' is due with a nice sharp curtsey, don't you?" she said.

Embarrassed but with no choice, Lee pulled at the sides of his feminine slacks, bobbed and with the required smile said, "Thank you Mommy, and Miss Henrietta for fixing up my room so beautifully."

"Very nicely done, Stacy. Now why don't you get out of those clothes? Let Henrietta give you a nice warm bubble bath. I'm sure you will want to feel fresh and clean before you put on some of your new clothing," Daphne told him.

Reluctantly, Lee headed to the bath with Henrietta right behind him. Standing in front of the housekeeper totally naked still embarrassed him immensely. She ran her large black hand over his legs and decided he needed to shave. His leg was still smooth but she wanted to embarrass him more than he already was. Making him shave his legs and underarms just like a girl would definitely do that.

Giving him a lady's shaver and feminine shave gel, she ordered him to get with it. When he had finished with his legs and armpits, she took the razor and did his groin and backside.

Standing there, Lee couldn't believe that he wasn't putting up a real fight. He should be stomping the snot out of the housekeeper and Daphne for doing this to him. The threat of a sound spanking wasn't the cause of his fear as much as Henrietta slicing his groin to pieces with the razor.

With that task finished, she had him use the toilet while she watched then wash his hands and brush his teeth. In the bath, he thought she was trying to scrub off his skin but remained silent. He realized there was nothing he could do to stop them from doing whatever they wanted. He would bide his time and maybe sometime in the future make good his escape. Finished with the bath, he applied moisturizer and floral talc to his body.

Walking back into the bedroom, towel wrapped around him, the boy saw his step-mother and housekeeper standing there. Henrietta was holding a pretty pink nightgown in her hand. Something snapped inside him and he decided to rebel at this new indignity. "Fuck you!" he shouted. "I won't wear that stupid fucking thing. I've had it with all this girl shit." He started for the door, intending to run away, to where he didn't know. Just as he hit the doorway, Henrietta grabbed his arm.

Before he could react, Henrietta pushed him face down on the bed. The backside of the silver hairbrush rained down upon his exposed butt. He tried to get up but was firmly held in place by Daphne as she continued to blister his behind. She continued swatting him long after he had given up. When she finally put the brush aside, his posterior and upper thighs were flaming red. She gave him a few minutes to get his crying under control then said, "Now come over here and see what else I found on the internet."

For the next hour she showed him lots of vintage clothing. The wardrobe went from poodle skirts to crinolines in all the colors of the rainbow, bullet bras; old-fashioned rubberized panty girdles and corsets; dresses June Cleaver would be proud of; dazzling formal gowns in satin, chiffon and tulle; polyester slacks; Capri and stirrup pants; frilly nylon and polyester blouses, all with ruffled jabots and sleeves; full-cut panties in nylon, sheer to opaque, in an array of colors, pencil and full skirts, and shoes, mostly stiletto-heeled 3 inches or higher. Then there were accessories from purses to scarves, pillbox hats some

with veils, gloves and many more items, including jewelry. To say that Lee was overwhelmed would be an understatement.

"Now for those times when you want to show a little more leg," Daphne said as she held up several pairs of garter belts and nylon stockings, "I got these for you. Aren't they just darling? Oh, I almost forgot, I managed to find several old fashioned sanitary belts and pads that I will show you how to use later. I put those in your bathroom, dear. Now I am going to get a well-deserved drink while Henrietta helps you get dressed for dinner."

Lee offered no resistance as Henrietta handed him a pair of bright red nylon panties and matching bullet bra. The stiffly stitched cups sagged on his chest but stood out proudly when she stuffed two silicon breast forms into them. They were very realistic looking with large areoles and fat nipples in a C-cup.

A red rubberized panty girdle with four garter tabs came next and Lee found it difficult to pull up. The rubber lining kept clinging to his body. Henrietta grabbed it from behind and jerked it up tightly. She had him sit and quickly rolled a pair of tan seamed nylons up his legs and fastened the welts to the girdle's tabs.

"Here," she said handing him a tissue. "Blow that nose 'n' wipe those tears away or I'll give ya another taste of that brush."

She gathered three crinolines white, baby blue and red, together and had him step into them. After settling them around his waist, she fluffed them out. Next she slid a pair of brown leather pointed-toed pumps with a three-inch heel on his feet. The pumps fastened just above the ankle with a thin strap which had a decorative bow facing away. They felt at least one size too small and cramped his toes painfully.

As he teetered on the unfamiliar heels, Henrietta pulled a plum-colored full-skirted cotton dress over his head. It had three-quarter sleeves, ending in white turned-up cuffs and a white starched pointed collar. She buttoned it up the back and secured the hook and eye closure. The dress was a snug fit and Lee could feel the tightness of the collar pressing just under his chin. When he looked down, the sharp V of his enhanced bosom and flaring skirt filled his vision. He couldn't see his waist or shoes.

Henrietta grabbed him by the elbow and started to turn him around when his ankles gave out. She managed to steady him. She told him that he needed to put his weight on the balls of his feet and take small steps with one foot in front of the other. The housekeeper held him firmly and walked him around the room until she felt he could manage on his own.

Lee was grateful when she had him sit after first making him smooth out his skirt. He slid his hand down his backside and almost fell into the chair. His skirt flew up as the stiffly starched crinolines reacted to his sitting.

"That ain't no way for a gal to sit. I'm sure Miss Daphne will fix that soon. Now put ya hands in ya lap 'n' hold them skirts down, sissy boy," she said with a laugh.

Henrietta brushed out his hair and fixed it into a bun at the top of his head. She took a brown pillbox hat with a short veil and attached it with several bobby pins. Fluffing out the veil so that it just brushed the tops of his eyebrows, she then grabbed a tube of fire engine red lipstick and coated his lips. Taking a tissue, she told him how to blot his lips.

When he pulled the tissue away, he saw the bright red imprint of his own lips. As he started to toss it into the trash can, Henrietta told him to save it as it was going into the scrapbook he would be making. Finally, she handed him a large envelope-style brown patent leather purse, telling him to hold it snugly to his right side with his elbow.

She held onto his elbow as they headed to the dining room, constantly telling him to take small steps, heel and toe, swing the legs from the hips. As they walked, the swish and sway of his crinolines tickled his legs and made a soft crinkling sound. He was close to swooning as he walked from all the different sensations his mind was receiving from the clothing he wore. He had never felt so many different feelings at once. The tug of bra straps and garters vying with the soft slithering of nylons rubbing against nylons, the click clack of high heels hitting the floor, the pressure about his waist and groin from the girdle and the sight of his pointed bosom and full skirts were almost more than his mind could handle.

In the dining room, Henrietta left to finish preparing dinner. Daphne quickly took over and began teaching Lee how to sit, stand, walk and bend like a lady while maintaining a big smile on his face. Again she took up her digital camera and made him go through his routine, explaining what he was wearing in excruciating feminine detail. After some coaching, she had him explain why he just adored the old-fashioned look while holding out the hem of his skirt and swaying back and forth.

"Oh Mommy, I so adore this outfit! It is just delicious and comes from the time when girls were really girly. That's something I hope to be," he was forced to lisp.

A small serving of grilled fish, brown rice and tossed salad was his meal for the evening. It did nothing to sooth the gnawing hunger in his belly but he scraped the plate clean. After dinner, he had to open his purse, remove the lipstick and reapply it, using a small gold compact to guide his fingers. Then it was back to walking, sitting, stooping and standing lessons.

When he was finally allowed to go to bed, his entire body hurt, especially his feet. His bottom felt on fire from the retained heat and moisture caused by the rubberized girdle and he didn't know whether to remove the shoes or girdle first. Henrietta removed the dress and crinolines and hung them up. She left him in his hose, girdle and bra while she removed his hat and brushed out his hair.

Handing him his robe, Henrietta led him to the bath where he was able to remove the girdle with some difficulty. As he undressed, she filled the tub. For the first time, he actually enjoyed taking a bath. It soothed his sore and hurting body and the fragrant fumes eased the tension.

Finished with his bath, Lee went back to his room, wearing his robe and bunny slippers. There Henrietta handed him a bright yellow baby doll nightie in nylon and chiffon with lots of lacy details. Sitting back in the chair, she quickly rolled his hair up in small curlers, fixing them in place with pink plastic rods.

After she had rolled his hair, she dabbed the rollers with setting gel then placed a pale pink plastic cap on his head. Next she had him apply a green clay night mask and moisturize his hands and elbows. While he waited for the mask to harden, she filed and shaped his finger nails. She applied a pale pink polish to his feminized nails. Lee was drained both

emotionally and physically by the time she finished and was more than ready to get to bed.

"The sooner this day is over, the better," he thought as he pulled the sheets up.

Ooo

After his morning bath, a liberal application of floral body lotion and dusting with a scented talc, Lee smelled just like a girl. Back in his room, he was horrified again at seeing what he was expected to wear to school. His step-mother stood by the bed with an ear-to-ear grin.

"Darling, I know how much you just love the retro look. After yesterday, I'm sure the school authorities won't mind," she said as she picked up a pair of pale peach translucent full-cut nylon panties. There were two vertical strips of intricate floral lace inserts on the sides.

"You don't expect me to wear those, do you? They're positively indecent. You can, can see right through them!" he blurted.

Daphne nodded her head and Henrietta left the room. "Of course you can, my dear. You're not planning on showing your panties to anyone, are you? In their day, they were considered very sexy. If you are worried that someone will see you, I'm sure we can come up with a way to preserve your modesty," she said as the housekeeper returned. She handed Daphne a large pink box and something lacy.

"This Stacy," she said holding up the two items, "will preserve your modesty. The box contains sanitary pads and this is your sanitary belt. As you can see, it is similar to a garter belt. Instead of several garter tabs, it just has two, one in the front and one in the back. This belt is extra fancy, as you can see, and very feminine for a feminine purpose."

She paused as she handed the items to Lee, then continued, "It has floral lace details and the crotch piece is plastic lined. We girls don't wear these anymore as they are uncomfortable and old-fashioned. The pads are much larger and thicker than modern ones. The belt can pinch but it will offer you the modesty you asked for. It's amazing what you can find on the internet. I was able to get several boxes of these old-fashioned pads. Come here and let me show you how to put it on."

"There, now how does that feel? Like a pillow between your legs. I suppose that is a good description but you will get used to it. Now put on your panties. See, like I told you, your modesty is preserved. Since a girl's first period is so important in her life, I think you should put the wrapper in your scrapbook and describe how thrilled you are to have your very first period," she said sardonically.

Lee stood, blushing furiously with his legs slightly parted, the pad and belt clearly visible through the sheer panties. "You can still see everything!" he gasped.

"Then make sure to keep your knees together, silly. If you are that concerned, then put on this girdle," she replied.

He took the high-waisted, dark peach-colored rubber-lined girdle and pulled it up his legs. He blushed as he wiggled his ass to get the girdle on. The dark peach diamond satin

panel tucked his tummy in but the gusset still showed the outline of his pad. His embarrassment increased as she handed him a matching peach bullet bra and his falsies.

The bra fastened, she handed him a pale peach polyester blouse with a high ruffled collar, lacy frilled jabot, billowing sleeves with lacy ruffled cuffs. Knee-high ecru-colored nylons were put on, followed by a pair of black polyester-spandex Capri pants with bows tied at the side leg hems and fitted like a second skin. A pair of black skimmers with low heels finished his dressing.

Sitting in the chair with his knees and ankles pressed together, hands neatly folded in his lap, as demanded by Daphne, Lee was completely overwhelmed. Henrietta was removing the rollers from his hair. As she removed a roller, she sprayed the curl with hairspray and pressed it flat against his skull. When she was finished, his head was a mass of tightly pressed curls with the exception of his bangs and plaits hanging down, caressing his cheeks.

As an added insult, Henrietta applied a pale pink lipstick to his lips and black mascara to his lashes. After she misted him with a heady dose of floral perfume, his ordeal was almost over.

Before they left his room, Daphne had him stand before the full-length mirror. "Well, what do you think, Precious?" she asked with a smirk.

"I look like the biggest fairy I have ever seen. I can't go anywhere looking like this," he whispered while holding his fingertips to his lips.

If he had looked closer, he would have been mortified. The pants were so tight around his groin one could distinguish the shape of the sanitary pad. Guys probably would not notice but the girls certainly would. Not only that, the seam of the Capris bit into his backside, giving more separation and prominence to his ass.

"Of course you can, darling and you will. You don't care what people say. You like to feel pretty," she told him.

For a moment, his eyes glazed over, then he nodded slightly. "Yes mommy," he said as they left for the kitchen. There he had a small bowl of oatmeal and a glass of juice after doing his performance before Daphne's camera.

On the way out to the car, Lee was given a "Barbie Doll" book bag in pink. Hanging from a loop on the right bottom side was a small Barbie Doll dressed in a bright pink tutu. Henrietta handed him his lunch in a matching lunch pail.

He felt like an idiot as he hurried through the halls to get to the social worker's office. Lee knew that his fellow students were looking at him and saying nasty things. It didn't bother him as much as he thought it should. Yet he had a need to get to Ms Howard's office. In her office, he was surprised that she didn't chastise him for what he was wearing. Instead she praised his look and told him how she just knew he'd dress that way today. She had him lay down on the couch and started her metronome as she dimmed the lighting.

Once he was fully relaxed, she began repeating everything she told him yesterday. This time she added two new phrases for him to repeat. "I like to feel pretty and feminine," and "I'm a sissy boy and I don't care what others think."

When the bell rang, Lee felt refreshed and didn't mind going to his Home and Family Living class. When he arrived, it took a few minutes for his teacher to get the other girls to stop giggling and whispering. Their giggles didn't bother him in the least as he pulled out his sewing kit.

Being Tuesday, his last session of the day was the scheduled Gay and Lesbian Society meeting. As he entered the room, he felt uneasy and a tingling sensation at the back of his mind told him to run as fast and far as he could. Before he could act, a senior student walked up to him, took him by the elbow and led him to a desk.

"Hi there, I'm Roger and I've been looking forward to meeting you, Stacy. Ms Howard has told me a lot about you," he said, taking the desk next to Lee.

Lee felt like panicking and could feel the blood pumping at his temples. Roger must have seen his look and placed a hand on Lee's arm. "It's okay, Stacy. In here, we are all friends and we not only support but protect each other. Calm down, we are here to help you. It can be really difficult the first time. Believe me, I know. When I first came out, I was scared. Actually, I was petrified. Thanks to the school administration and this Society, everything worked out just fine. You'll see. Just trust me. I'll be your friend. I love your blouse by the way. Ahh, here comes Stella. She's the Society's President and the principal's secretary," Roger said.

Lee looked at Roger and he seemed to be a regular guy. He was about six feet tall, muscled but not the body builder type, he had his hair cut in a flat top and was neatly dressed in jeans and button down shirt. He didn't look gay but everyone in school knew that he was. Lee had even played a few practical jokes on him, like putting super glue into the keyhole of his locker.

While Lee was checking Roger out, Roger was doing the same to him. Roger's really liked what he saw. Lee was the type of guy he had always been looking for in a partner. The way Lee was dressed, the way he smelled and everything about him, turned Roger on. Roger vowed then and there that he would do everything in his power to get this ravishing creature in his bed. Initially, he wanted do it for no other reason than to get some payback. Now that he was up close and personal, he hoped that the relationship would work out.

With Lee in school, Daphne had a brief talk with Henrietta to get her side of the story straight before calling Philip. When he answered, she began explaining the odd nature of his son and what had happened over the past few days. She explained that she had caught him rummaging through her lingerie while wearing a pair of her panties. When she confronted him, he explained that his mother would let him wear her things all the time his dad wasn't home. Daphne said the housekeeper caught him wearing women's things all the time as well.

She handed the phone to Henrietta who confirmed Daphne's statements. Henrietta added that she even caught him wearing one of her uniforms once, then she handed the phone back to Daphne.

She told him since Stacy seemed so determined to wear feminine clothing she decided, for the sake of family harmony, to just let him become what he wanted most in the world

to be. She apologized if Philip disapproved but she would e-mail him everything that had happened since he left.

Philip was flabbergasted and could only sputter into the phone. What he was hearing couldn't be true but then again he was seldom home for any length of time. Maybe what she was telling him was true. He had to admit to himself that his son wasn't exactly the manly type to begin with but still, a sissy, a fag? If it was true then he was no son of his loins. After some thought, he decided that he would wait to see the e-mail before making a judgment.

"Hell," he thought, "I married that woman so she could take care of him, not complicate my life like this. Instead of getting him straight, she lets him become a total sissy. Shit! What good is she to me anyway if this can happen? Crap! This is all I need to totally fuck up my life. This work project is a royal bitch and she has to further complicate my life with this shit. Well, let me see that damn video. Hopefully it's not so bad that a swift slap up against the head won't cure that little shit."

Ooo

Daphne was waiting for Stacy when he got out of school. Once he was settled and they started for home, she asked him how his day went. "Er, it went okay," he responded.

"Stacy, I expect a better answer than that. How was your session with Ms Howard and were you treated badly today?" she asked.

"It was alright for school. I don't remember much about Ms Howard. I sorta took a nap in her office. She lets me do that and it helps to get some more rest before I go to my classes. No one bothered me either," he replied.

"I would expect more enthusiasm out of you, Stacy. High school should be a really fun time. So no one said anything about what you were wearing? Were you made to feel uncomfortable?" she prodded.

"Huh! No. No one bothered me about my clothing. They're comfortable except for this girdle. It's so tight and hot. Ms Howard said that I looked real nice but some of the girls kept pointing at my, my groin and laughing. I looked in the mirror in the restroom and you can tell I'm wearing the, the pad even with the girdle," he answered.

"Well dear, the girdle may be hot but it does give you a better look. You know, nice and smooth down in front," she said.

"Can't you please let me take it off?" he plead.

"No, you will keep it on until I say otherwise. I like the way it makes you look. It gives you a nice smooth line and your clothing fits much nicer. Besides the high waist holds your tummy in and makes you want to eat less. Remember what I said when you ate that stew without my permission," she replied.

"But, but I didn't eat any stew. You came home before I could," he pouted.

"As you know quite well, we decided you needed to lose weight. I've decided to put you on a high carbohydrate, very low protein diet. Your ideal weight should be below 110 pounds and I am determined to get you there," she told him.

"What? You want me to lose 32 pounds? I'm practically skin and bones now. I'll look like a skeleton if I lose that much. I'm hungry all the time and I never feel full," he replied, shocked.

"Most of that weight you are carrying is in your stomach. I think after a few months, 110 pounds will look very good on you and you will be a lot healthier. As far as you not feeling full, something came in the mail today that should help you there. Now that is enough complaining for today," she stated.

The rest of the ride was made in silence. Once at the house, she told him to have his afternoon snack of pea soup and rice cakes and then meet her in his room. There she helped him strip down to his girdle. She had him stand with his hands to his sides while she walked around examining his body. As she passed in front, she reached out and patted his flat groin which made his embarrassment worse.

"Oh dear, you are going to have to quit blushing so much, darling. It's just us girls here or should I say girl and sissy boy. Your skin seems softer and there is still that flap of flab overhanging your girdle but we'll have that tummy flat in no time. You'll see," she assured him.

She moved over to his bed. Taking the cover off a box, she pushed the pink tissue paper aside and removed a bustier. It was in a claret/pink raspberry satin with back lace closure. The bullet cups were claret colored, the body raspberry and the lace trim in pink. Daphne had him slide his arms through the straps and fastened the many tiny hook and eye closures. Stepping behind him, she began lacing him up. She didn't stop until he was panting for breath and his waist had shrunk another four inches. The bottom hem of the bustier just touched the top of his girdle.

"Please take it off. It hurts! I, I can't breathe," he whined.

"Nonsense, Stacy, just take smaller breaths. You need to learn to use your upper chest, not your stomach, to breathe. See how nicely it trims your waist and your posture will be much improved. Here, let me put your falsies back in and adjust those straps a bit. They seem a little too tight. There, we don't want gouge marks on your shoulders. I have several more of these for everyday wear and a special nighttime one but you can see it tonight. Now let me find you something to wear for dinner," she said.

While she went into the closet, Lee, gasping from the effort, pulled a pair of stockings up his legs. He fastened the clips hanging from his girdle to the welts. Then he reluctantly stepped into a pair of grey leather three-inch spike-heeled pumps. She selected a pink turtleneck angora cap-sleeved top, several crinolines and a grey poodle skirt for him to wear.

When he was dressed, she had him sit at his vanity and reapplied his makeup. She replaced the pink lipstick with a bright fire engine red color. She pulled out a bottle of nail polish and soon had his nails matching his lipstick. His hair was still in flat finger ringlets. She re-sprayed it and added a floppy pink chiffon bow to the top. A sprinkling of floral perfume that seemed to overpower him completed his dressing.

"There, all done, sweetheart. You not only look marvelous you smell delicious. Now I want you to do your homework. I'll have Henrietta come get you when dinner is ready," Daphne said as she left the room.

Lee sat dazed for some time on the vanity stool looking into the mirror. His bright red lips were the focus of most of his attention. With every slight movement of his head, the two plaits hanging down beside his ears moved, tickling his cheeks and neck.

"I look pretty," he thought and somehow that made him feel a little better.

The other sensations of his clothing bothered him. The constriction about his groin, waist and chest caused discomfort and the netting of his petticoats irritated his legs. The sharp pains to the head of his penis bothered him the most.

At school it was especially painful because of all the pretty girls in his new classes. However when he looked down at himself, he was pleased. The way his sweater stuck out from his chest in a crisp "V" and the very full skirt sent a shiver of enjoyment up his spine he couldn't understand.

He stood and turned away from the mirror, looked back over his shoulder and checked out his reflection. The tight flat finger curls covering his head, the lines under his sweater marking his bustier and the way the skirt made it look like he had a cute ass were reflected back.

"I like to look pretty and feminine. I feel strange about all this but I like what I see for some reason," he thought as he turned back to face the mirror.

Stepping closer, Lee carefully examined his reflected image. "Yes, I can tell that it is still me under all this makeup but I shouldn't feel so damned pleased at looking like this. Should I? I'm still a guy and guys shouldn't look like this," he thought as he brought three fingers up to touch his cheek. As he touched his cheek, his dick twitched and a sharp pain raced up his spine, snapping him out of his musings.

He had to do his performance for the camera before dinner. Lee was forced to smile brightly as he described his undergarments. "Oh yes, I just love my new undies. See how they make me all curvy and femmie. They're not really comfortable but a girl like me needs all the help she can get. I just love the way they make me look," he said. He hated what she was making him do but at the back of his mind there was a tinkling telling him that he really didn't mind looking the way he did.

Dinner was much less than he desired but he ate with relish. The cottage cheese, rice cakes and green salad did not satisfy his desire but did fill his stomach. With both a girdle and bustier crushing his abdomen, there wasn't room for much else.

By eight o'clock, he was exhausted. Daphne had him practicing his feminine mannerisms, walking, sitting and stooping until he thought his legs would fall off. Henrietta accompanied him to his room to assist him in undressing and bathing.

By now he wasn't as embarrassed by her being there and seeing him in his undies or nude. She had him remove his girdle and panties, then sit on the toilet to remove his sanitary belt and pad. The pad was wet from his perspiration; as he folded it in toilet tissue, she told him to be thankful. It could look a lot worse. Finished with his bath, Lee had to replace the sanitary belt and pad after he had liberally powdered the area with talc.

Back in his room, she handed him a fresh pair of violet nylon full-cut panties. Henrietta then pulled out of the dresser a white garment and flapped it out in front of him. Lee didn't know exactly what it was but the big grin on Henrietta's face told him he would hate it.

"Ya not gonna like this one bit, missy, but ya gonna wear it none the less. Now get ya sissy boy ass over here 'n' lemme put it on you. Don't give me no trouble or ya gonna be sorry," she ordered.

Hesitantly, he walked over to her as she held the garment up for his inspection. It had a distinct hour glass shape with wide shoulder straps. It appeared to be made of a heavy white cotton material with strong hook and eye closures spaced closely together in the front. It would cover him from upper chest to just below his crotch where a gusset hung from the front hem. It was rubber-lined with closely spaced vertical metal ribs running the length of the garment and laced up the back. The more he looked at it, the more it scared him.

"This is ya sleep corset, sissy boy. Now stand still while I put it on ya but first ya gotta put this corset cover on," she said, handing him a silky white chemise.

With the chemise covering his upper torso, Henrietta unhooked the hook and eye closures and loosened the laces. While Lee made sure the chemise was held down smoothly, she quickly refastened the closures. Going behind him, she began tightening the laces. She was a big, strong, woman but by the time the lacings were as tight as she could get them, she was huffing and puffing.

Lee could hardly breathe and the pain from his compressed ribs and abdomen made each gasp agonizing. He grunted as Henrietta pulled the gusset up tightly between his legs. Finally she tightened the shoulder straps such that his shoulders sloped downward. Just as she finished the final adjustments to the corset, Daphne walked into the room.

"Oh good, you got him in it. Stacy, it would be a lot easier if you take shallow breaths using your upper chest and diaphragm, dear," she said casually as she stepped up beside him. The pain he felt was clearly etched in his face.

"I was very fortunate to find a corsetiere that could make this fine training garment. The corsetiere told me that it is a replica of a Victorian era design designed to alter the body to best represent the feminine figure. This corset is designed to mold the shoulders into a gentle slop, keep the back straight, force the chest out, pull the pelvis in and push the derriere out. She assured me that with nightly use, in time, you will see a vast improvement in your poise and figure. I was also advised to give you some sleeping pills for the first week until your body begins to adjust. From that pained look on your face, darling, I guess she is right. Henrietta, would you please get a glass of water. I think Stacy would like some relief," Daphne said.

"Mom, Mommy, please, gasp, get me outta, gasp, this thing. It's killing me!" Lee managed to pant.

"The corsetiere said you would feel that way but I shouldn't give in if you were ever to get the figure you want, darling. Becoming beautiful can be painful. In time you will enjoy the results. Now take your pills and try to get a good night's sleep," she said as she turned on the CD player.

It took a while for the pills to kick in and during that time, Lee was in misery. His whole body hurt; breathing was difficult but not impossible. He had to relearn how to breathe. He was not used to using his diaphragm and upper chest. Prior to that night, he breathed using his stomach muscles. Once he got the hang of it, his breathing became easier. It was still painful but easier to get the necessary oxygen into his system.

Ooo

For the first time since his step-mother came into his life, Lee was actually glad to get up with the alarm. Shortly thereafter, Henrietta came in and removed the night corset. He stood there for a few minutes just gasping in air and rubbing his sides. The relief was almost palatable as he took in air, then the pain set in. From his shoulders all the way down to his crotch was agony and burning pain. Henrietta handed him a pill and glass of water. He didn't bother to ask what it was but swallowed it down. By the time he was ready to dress for school, the pain was gone.



In the bath, Henrietta had given him a relaxing shampoo and conditioning, taking the tight curls out of his hair. He sat calmly on the vanity stool as she brushed out his hair and pulled it into a high pony tail, fastening a bright pink lacy scrunchy at its base. Taking a pair of tweezers, she thinned out his brows to high feminine arches.

She applied black eye-brow pencil, black liquid eyeliner on both upper and lower lids, black mascara and a coating of pale pink lipstick to his face. A floral perfume

was dabbed on each side of his neck, between the breasts, between his legs and on his wrists.

Frosted pink nylon full-cut panties covered his sanitary belt and pad. The ever-present paneled panty girdle in a pale pink followed with a pair of white hose. A pink bullet bra, inserts, pink camisole, a white balloon-sleeved chiffon blouse with an enormous mass of deep ruffles hanging down the front, bright pink tight-fitting jeans with floral embroidery up the flared legs and back pockets and a pair of white two-inch wedge heeled sandals completed his dressing. As they were getting ready to leave the room, Henrietta handed him a large white patent leather letter purse with gold chain strap. Lee was too drained to argue.

At breakfast, he performed before the camera then sat to eat a bowl of oatmeal and drink a glass of milk. Between the corset and pill, Lee didn't have it in him to protest or complain. He just hoped that his father would come home soon and get him out of this horrible nightmare.

He hurried as best he could to Ms Howard's office, trying to avoid as many eyes as possible. Lee wanted to run but the two-inch heels made that too difficult, so he settled for a fast walking pace. His only consolation was that the large ruffled lace-trimmed jabot of his blouse helped to disguise the twin points sticking out of his chest.

As he arrived at her door, Roger was just coming out. "Oh hi, Stacy, you look stunning today," he said with a big smile while holding the door open.

"Uh, hi Roger," Stacy mumbled as he rushed past him into the office. Meeting Roger certainly hadn't been in his plans and it disturbed him. Lee was expecting ridicule not a compliment.

"Oh my, Stacy, that's a stunning outfit, Roger was just here. He is one of my favorite pupils. Please come in. Congratulations, dear, on your coming out. Your outfit is certainly going to catch a lot of attention today and I don't mean from just the boys either. There's going to be some jealous girls out there today. That blouse is simply divine and so feminine. It's too bad young girls today don't take the trouble to dress so femininely. I must say you look just smashing in that outfit. Why don't you put your book bag and purse down and lay on my couch?" she said.

The medicine he had taken not only eased the aches and pains but dulled his senses, so getting him hypnotized did not take long. The counselor started the session off with questions about how his day went yesterday. Ms Howard was interested in how he got along in his Gay and Lesbian meeting and especially what he thought of Roger. Finished her questioning, she felt Stacy was a little uncomfortable dealing with gays and lesbians.

"He just needs a little encouragement. With him just coming out, I'm sure that his reactions to the group were just a case of the jitters," she thought.

She had him repeat his mantras as he had been taught. She added two more phrases to help him adjust, "Roger is a nice boy and will protect me" and "I feel comfortable around boys and girls who are gay as they will protect me." By using "will protect me" in his repetitions, she hoped to offset Stacy's fear of being different around other students.

The school day went pretty much as it had previously except for lunch time. Lee went outside to sit at a bench. It was his way of avoiding having to deal with a lot of students in the cafeteria. He felt like everyone was staring at him and when a teacher wasn't looking, they made faces or other obscene gestures at him.

He had just opened his Barbie lunch box when Roger came over and asked to sit down. Lee hesitated for a second. He wasn't sure if he wanted a gay boy sitting with him, then something told him Roger would protect him. When Lee nodded his head yes, Roger sat down beside Lee with his brown bag and a carton of milk.

"I was hoping that you wouldn't mind me sitting here. You looked lonely," Roger said as he pulled a sandwich out of his bag.

"N, no, I don't mind," Lee responded as he opened his lunch box. Inside he found four rice cakes, one small pear and his diet supplement drink.

"You on a diet or sumptin? You look pretty thin to me already," Roger commented.

"Yeah, my step-mother wants me to lose some weight. She's pretty strict on me," he replied.

By the time the bell rang ending the lunch period, Lee was feeling quite comfortable talking to Roger. Lee wasn't bothered by all the compliments thrown his way either. He did blush slightly when Roger touched the sleeve of his blouse and told him how sexy it made him look. All in all, Lee felt happy when he left Roger for his next class. Deep down, he knew he shouldn't feel that way but he did.



At home after school, Daphne had him strip down to his girdle and white hose. She put a bright yellow with white lace highlighted strapless bustier on him and pulled the laces tight. As he was trying to catch his breath, she had him step into three nylon net petticoats. Two crinolines were white and the top one was bright yellow. A full-skirted, polished rayon halter top yellow sundress with a floral pattern was pulled down over his head and buttoned up the back. White strappy sandals with a three-inch spike heel replaced his school shoes. A pearl necklace, four rings, two large white plastic wrist bangles on the right hand, a silver charm bracelet for the left and two large white button styled clip-on earrings completed his dressing.

"When you finish your homework, I want you to start reading this book. It is a romance novel, 'Desire in the Castle'. I want you to take good notes on the main characters. I want to know how they are dressed and why the heroine is so enamored with the hero. I'll call you to dinner when it's time," she said.

After she left, Lee thumbed through the novel. "Yuck! This is such trash. Who cares what happened to a girl in Victorian England?" he mumbled as he perused the book.

After another performance before the camera and a sparse meal, Lee was sent back to his room to read his novel. Later, Henrietta came in, helped him in his bath and laced him back into the sleep corset. Daphne gave him his sleeping pills. As he was lying in bed, she read over his notes. In a fit, she tore them up and tossed them into the trash.

"Stacy, your handwriting is atrocious and your notes do not provide the detail I expected. You will start anew tomorrow. Pay attention this time and do it properly," she demanded.

Ooo

As Lee got out of bed Thursday morning, he thought he felt his ribs crunch together as a sharp pain made him moan. Just getting out of bed was a physical nightmare while wearing his sleep corset. First he had to slide his legs over the edge, force himself upright without bending at the waist, put his feet to the floor, and stand stiffly upright. He slowly made his way over to the alarm and shut it off, then did the same to the CD player. This left him breathless, in pain and exhausted. He slid his feet into the bunny slippers and waited for Henrietta or Daphne to come and release him from his corset.

After his morning pain pill and toilet, Henrietta helped him into his lingerie for the day: a navy long-line bullet bra with eight hook and eye closures, sheer white full-cut panties, matching girdle, navy-colored nylons which she had him attach to the girdle's tabs after she rolled them up his legs and a navy-colored nylon full slip with lots of floral lace trim over the cups and hem.

When he was seated at the vanity, she brushed out his hair, then braided it into a loose French braid held in place with a fluffy chiffon white bow. She didn't apply much makeup other than a light dusting of dark blue eye shadow and black liquid eyeliner. Henrietta made him put on his own mascara and light pink lipstick. She told him that he would soon be required to do his own makeup without her help. Having him stand, she sprayed him all over with a floral scented perfume, then went to the closet to get the rest of his clothing.

Lee stood meekly, reeking in the sweet smelling perfume, filling his lungs with its fragrance and staring at his reflection. "I look pretty. I, I *like* looking pretty, I think? I shouldn't like this but, but I do look pretty. Boys aren't supposed to look pretty. Are they?" he thought.

Henrietta came back and told him to raise his hands above his head while she carefully fitted a body-hugging, below-the-knee length navy sheath dress with a round white collar and three-quarter-inch sleeves with white cuffs. After buttoning the dress up the back, she placed a white pillbox hat with a frill of floral netting on his head and pinned it in place. A pair of white patent leather three-inch stiletto-heeled pumps with a very pointy toe was put on his feet. For accessories, she added large faux pearl button screw back earrings, a small lady's watch, three white plastic slip-on bracelets and two small feminine rings on each hand.

When Lee saw himself in the mirror, he was stunned. He looked like a woman dressed like this. "No girl in my school would dress like this. Maybe a teacher or librarian would dress this way but no girl my age. I do look pretty and, and I, I like looking pretty, don't I?" he thought. There wasn't much of a boy left in his reflection.

As he turned away from the mirror, a plait of hair slid across his face and the pink butterfly at its end tapped him on the chin, bringing him out of his daze. "What the hell is wrong with me? I don't want to be pretty and I don't like wearing this shit. I'm a boy and boys do not wear girls' things. What's happening to me? I have to find a way out and soon but I have to get some money first. I can't just leave. Certainly not dressed like this! I have to get my boy clothes. That's it! I'll steal some money from Daphne, throw on my jeans and T-shirt and get the fuck out of Dodge as soon as I can. I've got to do it soon though. I hurt all over and feel so weak. That damn diet has left me with no energy. I'm always listless and fatigued. What I would give for a big steak right now!" he thought as he entered the kitchen.

After he performed for Daphne and explained just how much he loved his new ensemble, he sat down to a meager breakfast. He absolutely hated being video taped and knew what she was using it for but the hairbrush crushed any refusal. His meal consisted of cottage cheese, rice cakes and a half grapefruit. Daphne helped him gather up his school bag, lunch box and handed him a white leather clutch purse to carry his makeup and wallet. Once she dropped him off at school, he hurried to Ms Howard's room.

Ms Howard would have been surprised at Lee's appearance if she hadn't seen his morning performance on her computer monitor. She had to admit to herself that his emergence from the closet was profound and complete. His total change from problem child to sissy was so sudden that she was in awe. Obviously, just as she diagnosed, his acceptance of his inner self had brought him peace.

A dress was certainly a big step for the boy but he seemed delighted to be wearing it. Of course, he looked like a boy wearing a girl's dress from the way he walked and moved. She would have to see about doing something to help him in that department.

Daphne's e-mail and subsequent telephone call requesting that she do her best in making him feel comfortable wearing dresses didn't seem necessary but she would do what she could. During their morning session, she added three more lines to his repetitions: "I

love to wear a dress as it makes me feel pretty," "Dresses give a sissy boy so many options" and "Makeup is a sissy boy's best friend."

Roger joined Lee for lunch and had nothing but compliments. After they ate, he took Lee's hand in his and held it gently. "Stacy I think, er, I really like the way you look. Do you think, er, that we could be friends?" he asked tentatively.

With the pain pill and his morning hypnosis session, Lee felt protected when he was with Roger. When Roger took his hand, Lee did not try to pull away, rather he slid even closer to his side. Sitting closer to him made Lee feel even safer although he didn't understand why. When Roger put his other arm across his shoulders, Lee leaned into his manly chest. For the first time in days, Lee felt safe and didn't protest when Roger kissed him on the cheek as the class bell sounded.

"Wha, what just happened? Did I really let a boy kiss me? How come I'm not hurling big time? Boys don't kiss other boys. It was just on the cheek, though. I've seen some pictures where men in Europe kiss each other on the cheek. So I guess its okay. Besides he's been nice and for some reason I feel safe around him," Lee thought as he went to his next class.

When he went to his extracurricular class, the Gay and Lesbian Club, Lee was happy to see Roger and snuggled close as he put his arm around Lee's waist. Lee was surprisingly relaxed sitting next to him during the final class and again did not mind a kiss to his cheek when the class ended.

They walked hand-in-hand after class to meet up with Daphne. After the introductions, Roger again kissed Lee as he turned to leave but this time it was a light one on the lips. Lee reared back, shocked this time, but Roger didn't seem to notice.

"Well well, that was a cute scene. I think you should invite what's his name, oh yes Roger, to supper this Saturday evening, darling. Now tell me about your day," Daphne commented. Lee, blushing and embarrassed, just got into the car.

Lee was surprised when Daphne drove off in the opposite direction from their house. "Mommy, where are we going?" he asked.

"I thought I would give you a nice surprise since you have been so good lately. Just wait a few minutes and we'll be there," she replied with a sly smile.

Thirty minutes later, she pulled up into the parking lot of "Sally's Beauty Parlor." It was located in an old strip mall near downtown and had a slightly seedy look. Lee was reluctant to get out of the car but Daphne demanded that he cooperate fully or he would have a long session with her hairbrush.

Inside they were greeted by a skinny elderly woman who looked to be in her late fifties or early sixties. She wore a hot pink nylon smock, black spandex Capri's and sensible rubber-soled shoes.

"Hi there, you all, you must be Mrs. Campbell. I'm Norma Jean. Welcome to my shop," she greeted.

"It's a pleasure to finally meet you, Norma Jean. I must say it was difficult to find someone with your knowledge. This is Stacy. As you can see, he is into that retro look. I want to surprise Stacy with a new do like we discussed on the telephone. Do you think

there's enough here for you to work with?" Daphne said as her hand lifted up Lee's long hair.

"Sure, honey but it will take some time. I normally close at five but you're my last customers for the day so I can devote all my time to your Stacy here. I know you want to surprise her, so I covered the mirrors at my station. Let me lock the door so we won't be disturbed, then we'll get started," she replied.

As his step-mother and Norma Jean were talking, Lee looked around at the interior of what appeared to be a Fifties beauty parlor. The linoleum floor was a checkered pattern of alternating pink and white squares. The walls were painted in a pale pink with white borders. There were three work stations with black leather salon chairs and three sets of old-fashioned standing metal hair dryers off to the side. The place reeked of ammonia, perfume and other odd smells.

Norma Jean put a large pink plastic cape on Lee and had him sit in the chair. He wanted to protest but the look in Daphne's eyes kept him quite. After a shampoo and conditioning, she began sectioning his hair. Taking a section, she placed a sheet of aluminum foil under it, painted on a thick coat of some smelly lotion and wrapped the foil around the section. She repeated the process until all his hair was covered in aluminum foil. He was led over to one of the dryers and the bonnet lowered down past his ears. The noise from the dryer prevented him from hearing anything else. Norma Jean then pulled up an chair and took up one of his hands.

While the dryer did its work, she gave him acrylic extensions, filing the nails into rounded points. She picked up a basket of nail polishes from under the chair and selected a bottle. Lee could plainly see the label which read "Fire Engine Red," and let out a soft moan of anguish. Soon his nails sparkled brightly in the rich red color.

He was taken from the dryer back to the chair. Once the foil had been removed, she reclined the chair and gave him another shampoo and conditioning. With his hair still damp, Norma Jean began trimming it. Much to his relief, the twin plaits that had bothered him for so long were cut away.

She massaged a heavy coating of pink gel into his damp hair. He could just see out of the corner of his eye that Norma Jean picked up what resembled a white shoulder pad. He felt her place it at the top of his head. Next she began brushing his hair upward but all he could feel was a tight pulling sensation. He had absolutely no idea of what she was doing. Finally she seemed to be finished and led him back to the dryer.

When his hair dried, he was led back to her station. Norma Jean took a curling iron and wound several strands of hair around it. She repeated the process several more times. During the entire process, Daphne was smiling evilly and commenting on what a good job Norma Jean was doing.

The stylist began spraying his hair with a large can of sweet-smelling lacquer. Telling him to close his eyes, she fluffed out his bangs, separating them slightly and sprayed them. When she finished, Lee watched her throw the empty can into the trash. Norma Jean walked slowly around Lee, every now and then reaching out and patting some stray hair into place. As a final touch, she picked up a stiff-looking wide navy ribbon band. She

placed it just above the bangs, tucking it securely to the sides and securing it with several bobby pins. Standing back, she admired her work with a big smile on her face.

"Honey," she said, turning to face Daphne. "You have the studs you want me to put in? Okay, while you get them out, I'll get the gun."

"Mommy, what did she mean about studs and a gun?" he asked nervously.

"Why, just another part of your surprise darling," she replied smugly.

"I'm just going to pierce your ears, sweetie. Now hold real still and this won't hurt one little bit. I promise," Norma Jean said.

Finished with the ear piercing, she had him stand up and walked him over to a full-length mirror covered in a white sheet. "Now sugar, you just stand there and let me get rid of this sheet," she told him.

Lee's jaw dropped and his eyes got as big as saucers as he viewed the image standing before him. He had to pinch his arm with his new sharpened nails before he believed what he saw. His hair had been bleached to a champagne blonde and the sweet-smelling hair was piled around his head like cotton candy. Instead of the plaits that use to hang down beside his ears, he now had tendrils of tightly curling hair. Two pearl studs sparkled in his ear lobes.

"Darling, that is called a bouffant beehive cut. Don't get much call for that style anymore but it sure was popular back in its day. It's not really high maintenance, just needs a lot of hair spray and be careful when you go to sleep. Use a neck pillow instead of a regular one and it will be easier on that style. That is unless you get it wet, then it can be a real problem. So always carry a plastic rain cap and whatever you do, don't wash it. You just come in once a week and I'll take care of it."

She paused as she patted a stray hair back to its proper place, then reminisced, "I had that very same style when I went to an Elvis concert but my hair was brunette back then. Not silver gray like it is now. When you get tired of that style, I can give you a real nice bouffant flip or any of the others from the Fifties or Sixties. I'm the only stylist around here that still can do those."

She was so busy admiring her work, she didn't see the look of horror on Lee's face. It wasn't until Daphne walked up next to him and elbowed his sore ribs that his expression changed.

"Stacy, make sure you thank Norma Jean profusely and tell her how much you love what she did or else," she whispered harshly.

It took him a few moments to understand the full meaning of her words. Forcing himself, he managed to smile brightly as Norma Jean faced him. He thanked her by going so far as to clap his hands together and do a little jump as if he was ecstatic. Daphne made standing appointments for him every Friday right after school before they left.

Back in the car, he let loose his anguish. "How could you do this to me? I can't go anywhere looking like this. After everybody finishes laughing at me, they will tear me apart."

Reaching up, he touched his head. "It feels so stiff. Like its plastic or something and the color, no boy, much less any girl I know would do this to their hair. How could you? You might as well kill me!" he exclaimed while breaking down in tears.

"Stacy, you are such a sissy boy that only you can get away with that style and look. It makes you look pretty. Don't you like looking pretty? Besides, what do you care about what other people think? I'm willing to bet you are feeling very feminine right now, aren't you?" she said.

"Huh? I, I didn't think of it that way. Does it really make me look pretty?" Lee asked, confused.

"Of course, darling, it makes you look very pretty. Now dry those eyes and let me see a big smile. It's not often that I get to reward you for being a good sissy boy," she said smugly.

"I'm so glad I had that talk with Ms Howard today. Giving me those catch phrases really worked. I've got to have another long talk with her tonight as soon as we get home. There are a few more things I think she should suggest to him in the morning. She's so blind in her own ignorance that she believes it was her discovery that he is a sissy. Now she can't wait to help bring him out of the closet," Daphne thought.

Lee was confused as they continued the ride home. "She thinks I look pretty. I *feel* pretty but why? Boys shouldn't be dressing and acting this way, should they? Ever since I met her, she has been mean to me. So why do I feel pleased with the way I look now? Girls in my school don't dress or look like I do and where did that little jump and hand clap come from? I've never done anything like that. Daphne did say I was pretty though and that only a sissy boy like me could dress this way. Am I really a sissy boy? Everyone treats me like one but I don't mind their snide remarks. Maybe I *am* a sissy boy because I don't care what they say.

"This hair is just so stiff and the smell from all that spray! Ugh. My nails *do* look pretty and they shine but why should I be okay with this? I know I shouldn't like any of this but I do. No, I don't care how I feel, I know I can't trust that bitch. Maybe Roger can protect me if she tries anything.

"I wish I could talk to Ms Howard right now. She's been such a big help. And to think I used to really hate her. The principal even likes me now. Even though she changed my schedule, she made sure nobody hassled me and she's been much friendlier. I don't know why I hated her either. I have to remember to invite Roger over for Saturday dinner. He's such a sweet boy. I don't know why I use to give him so much shit," he thought.

His thoughts were interrupted as the car pulled into the driveway. As he got out, he had to be careful not to brush his tall head of hair against the door frame. Grabbing the bag containing several large cans of hairspray and two bottles of fire engine red nail polish Norma Jean had given him, he followed Daphne into the house.

As it was already late, Daphne told Lee to put away the package and come directly back for dinner. When he came back, she had him describe his incredible new do and just how thrilled he was to get it. She had a self-satisfied smile on her face as she filmed his performance.

"Between Ms Howard's misguided assistance and those subliminal downloads I got off that sissy self-hypnosis website, the little shit will be the biggest sissy ever. I'm going to have to put the 'I Love Sex with Boys' CD on for him tonight. I can't wait to send this video to his father," she mused as she filmed.

After they ate, she sent Stacy to his room with Henrietta to assist in his nightly toilet and put him into the sleep corset. When he complained that it was two hours before his regular bed time, she explained that his figure needed help if he wanted to look good for Roger.

"If you want to be pretty for Roger, darling, you need to wear your corset longer. Now go along with Henrietta or would you like to feel the hairbrush?" she said.

Lee thought about complaining more but she was right. He did, for some reason, want to look good for Roger. If he wanted to be pretty, he would have to wear his corset and he certainly didn't want another spanking.

After his bath, Henrietta had him sit at the vanity. She had him apply his night moisturizing mask while she took out his sleep corset. After turning on the CD player, then picking out a pair of peach-colored nylon full-cut panties, she went back to the vanity.

Tightly laced into the corset, she gave him his sleeping pills. Next she covered his hair with a large white cap trimmed with lace and pink satin bows to protect his new hairdo. She placed a neck pillow under his head and pulled up the covers. As she left, Henrietta turned the volume up slightly on the CD player.

A boy band was playing on the CD. While Lee didn't like it, it was better than the stupid nursery rhyme type songs he had been listening to. As the music played, soft barely recognizable words, "I am an obedient sissy," "I am a submissive sissy" and "I love being a sissy" were constantly repeated.

Ooo

Friday morning, Lee woke up before the alarm went off.

After a brief struggle to get out of bed, he stepped into his bunny slippers. Taking up his green chiffon peignoir from the foot of the bed, he slipped it over his shoulders. Lee moved stiffly over to the full-length mirror and stared at his reflection.

"Ohhhh, this corset is going to be the death of me but it gives me a really pretty shape. I wonder if Roger will like me more once my body adjusts to it. Now why did I get a hard-on thinking of Roger? I think I had a dream about him last night too. I'm not into other guys. Am I? I'm so confused," he thought, grabbing at his groin.

His thoughts were broken as the alarm went off. He had no sooner shut it off when Daphne entered his room in her dressing gown.

"Good morning, darling, I hope you slept well. I guess you want me to get you out of that thing. You can go get your bath while I select an outfit for you to wear today. Be sure not to get your hair wet," she said.

He felt much better after his bath and luxuriated in the freedom of being out of the corset. Lee still had to take shallow breaths as his ribs hurt too much if he inhaled deeply. Back in his room, Daphne was waiting to help him dress for the day.

The undergarments she selected were a tight high-waisted black panty girdle with fancy lace inserts, matching bullet bra, black nylons and heavily lace-trimmed full slip. After he stepped into a pair of three-inch stiletto-heeled leather pumps, she had him sit at the vanity. There Daphne supervised as he removed the night mask, moisturized and applied his makeup. After patting a few stray hairs back into place, she made liberal use of the hairspray to firmly set it.

For his outerwear, she selected a cream-colored angora sweater with rounded collar embroidered with fresh water pearls and short flared sleeves. A black wool pencil skirt with rear kick slit which showed off the lacy hem of the slip came next. Accessories included a wide black patent leather belt with a large square gold buckle, large gold hoop earrings, thin gold chain with a small golden heart for his neck, black banded lady's watch for the left hand and two large black plastic bangles for the right. To keep the bangles from falling off, Lee would have to keep his wrist bent limply. As a final touch, she gave him a large silk scarf in a black and cream colored check pattern and large black patent leather letter purse.

As they went out to the car, Daphne instructed, "Stacy, put your scarf over your head to protect your do, dear. When you get back inside, you can either tie it triangularly over your shoulder or to the handle on your purse. That way you won't lose it. Oh, and don't forget to invite your boyfriend to dinner tomorrow night. Around seven should be early enough."

"Boyfriend? I don't have a boyfriend. Oh, she must mean Roger. I guess you could call him a boyfriend. He is a boy and he is my friend. He's kinda cute too. Now why did I just think that? Boys shouldn't find other boys cute, should they? I'll have to talk to Ms Howard about that," Lee thought as they arrived at the school.

Even before he exited the car, every student standing or sitting outside was watching. As he made his way into the school, their eyes followed him. The students had a hard time believing what they were seeing. The girls found it impossible to believe that anyone would wear such an old-fashioned style. The boys looked on with disgust and shame that a member of their sex would do something like that.

The dress and blouse one might be able to get away with but combined with the hair do, scarf and purse, it made the girls giggle and laugh. The boys mostly whispered amongst each other things like "Fag," "Queer," "Pervert," while some looked on with lust. Roger and his friends weren't there to witness Lee's entry.

Lee passed close by three girls standing with their boyfriends as he entered the doorway. "Like the dress, dearie," "That purse is to die for," "What big hair and that makeup!" the girls remarked as he went by.

"Shake that thing," "I know what you can do with those red lips," "Nice tits," the boys commented. The sarcasm in their voices unrecognized, Lee considered the comments compliments. Yet in the back of his mind there was a note of deep humiliation and embarrassment.

Hurrying down the hall to Ms Howard's office, the swish of nylon on nylon and the click clack of high heels hitting the floor resounded in his ears. As he neared her door, Stella rounded the corner.

"Hey Stacy! Is that really you? Oh my, that outfit! And where did you ever find someone to do your hair like that? I didn't think anyone could do that style anymore. You certainly knew how to go over-the-top when you decided to come out. You're simply going to have to tell us everything at the Society meeting this afternoon. I gotta run now. See ya," she said excitedly.

Lee didn't even have a chance to say hello, she had talked and left so fast. Stella's tone and enthusiasm brushed off on him, so with a happy smile on his face, he entered Ms Howard's office.

"Oh my, Stacy, I received your mother's e-mail but it really doesn't do you justice. I can't conceive of any time period that exemplifies the girly-girl image than the Fifties and early Sixties. I have a picture of my grandmother wearing something just like you are and with the same hair style. There are a few girls here that go for the retro look but none of them to the degree that you have. Come get on the couch. I can't wait to hear all about your clothing choices, especially where you had your hair done," Ms Howard exclaimed.

As Lee lay on the couch discussing his appearance, Ms. Howard interrupted with "Oh my!" "Where on Earth did you ever find that?" "A real bullet bra and rubberized girdle," "Norma Jean sounds like a true professional," and similar comments which embarrassed him. He didn't feel comfortable until she turned on her metronome and they began his morning mantras. This time, she added two new repetitions requested by Daphne: "It's okay to love a man" and "Sissy boys love big hair."

As Lee left her office, Ms Howard shook her head. She was uncomfortable about planting the idea into his head that he could love men but he did ask about dating Roger. Daphne had explained that all Stacy could talk about was some nice boy named Roger. She said he just couldn't bring himself to let go and tell him how much he cared, all the while crying his eyes out. His step-mother had suggested that if Ms Howard could get Stacy to relax and get over societal inhibitions about men being able to love other men, it would be so helpful.

"Oh well, what's done is done. Besides Roger is a nice boy," she thought as she turned back to her files.

As had become their custom, Roger met Lee outside for lunch. They sat with their hips touching as they ate while making small talk. Roger was very complimentary about Stacy's clothing and said his hair was just awesome.

As the bell rang for their next class, Roger kissed Lee on the lips. This time it wasn't just a light touching but a deep French kiss. Lee didn't back away an inch but flung his arms around Roger's neck and returned the kiss. Turning to go back into the school, Roger let his hand linger possessively on Lee's firm round ass.

When Lee went to his Gay and Lesbian meeting, he didn't have a chance to talk to Roger. Stella and the other girls corralled him in a corner, demanding to know everything about his appearance for most of the period. Finally, as Roger walked him to Daphne's

waiting car, Lee timidly asked him to come to dinner Saturday. With a big smile, Roger readily agreed. At the car, he kissed him lightly on the lips before leaving.

As Lee rode home, his thoughts were again confused. "Why do I feel so pleased that Roger is coming over to dinner tomorrow? Why did I get an erection when he kissed me? Oh, but that kiss was soooooo good. Guys aren't supposed to act like that. I used to be so mean to him like when I stuffed those used condoms into his locker or roughed him up in PE. So why am I being so nice to him and letting him kiss me now? I guess the better question is why is he being so nice to me? After all those horrid things me and my buds did to him, he should hate me. He acts like he really, really likes me, so I guess maybe he's forgotten or forgiven me. He couldn't keep his hands off my bottom today either. I kinda liked that too. I'm going to have to tell him just how sorry I am that I did all those awful things tomorrow. I'll make it up to him somehow."

By the time they got to the house, he was both mentally and physically exhausted. The sparse snack of carrot sticks, rice cakes and large glass of orange juice helped revitalize him.

Back in his bedroom, Daphne had him strip and take a bubble bath. After his bath, she insisted that he be put back into his sleep corset and dress for dinner. When he complained, she informed him that if he wanted to look pretty for his date, it was necessary.

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