

# Tales Of Humiliated Sissies

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**The Sissy Pageant  
Maid Permanent  
Sissy In Denial  
Maid To Heel**





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# **The Sissy Pageant**

**By Patricia Michelle**

## **Chapter –1 The ultimate revenge**

I was really looking forward to this years Sissy Pageant as we're celebrating our fifth anniversary of the Pageant, and I'm proud to say I'm it's founding member.

So what's a Sissy Pageant? It all started when I caught my husband cheating on me for the third time. I'd heard of women getting their revenge on cheating or abusive husbands by feminizing them. I talked to some of them who admitted they relished the humiliation it caused them. But they were eventually disappointed when they could pass so completely that the thrill of humiliating greatly diminished.

It was when I read an article titled, "Don't feminize them, sissify them, the ultimate revenge." It was written by a Lilith Manchester who was the head of I.S.O.S., which stood for the International Society of Sissy Owners. The more I read the article and thought about it the more I realized the effects of sissfying him would be a never ending source of revenge. The never ending humiliation of being not a man or a woman but an in-between sissy.

## 2 Humiliated Sissies



After talking to several women with cheating or abusive husbands we formed our own version which we called the American Society of Sissy Owners, or A.S.O.S.

The first thing we did was create a website, [www.asos.com](http://www.asos.com). On it we officially registered ownership of our sissies. Their new name, mine was Paul, although his new name is Sissy Priss.

What I found hysterical were some of the names our members came up with for their sissies. There was Sissy Flossy, Candy, Tinkerbelle, Fanny and Muffin. Some women named them after flowers like Sissy Tulip. Others after colors like Sissy Peaches and Pinkie while many gave them even more derogatory names like Sissy Little Dick, Tiny Bitts, Buttsie and, my favorite, Snowballs. No sissy could have a girlish or woman's name.

Front, back and head shots were downloaded, weight, height, size of his dickette including a close-up with a stiffie were all added.

To remind Priss of what he once thought he was I keep a Before & After photo dangling above his bed where it's impossible to avoid seeing them. When he thought he was a man his crowning glory was his long, shoulder length hair. So I had it cut in the perfect sissy hair style, a pixie! And then had him made up in the most sissiest of make-up. You should have seen the devastated look on his face when we turned him to a mirror. Trust me it was priceless.

## **Chapter -2 The most humiliating criteria we could think up.**

We set up all kinds of the most demeaning, humiliating rules, criteria and categories. There would be Novice, Intermediate and Advanced Sissy categories. The most important rule was that the male could not pass as a woman. There could be no permanent physical alterations, like tits, fake or real, larger than a sissy A-cup, no physically enlarging their asses, no piercings except for the ears. And, naturally, no skirts. Their figures could only be augmented by dieting or a rigorous regime of corseting.

One particularly degrading rule that we made mandatory is that all sissies had to be kept on a leash at all times.

## **4 Humiliated Sissies**

Novice Sissies would have to meet this criteria. Waists must be ten inches less than hips, heels no less than four inches. Hair and make-up must be totally sissy and could not be mistaken for a woman's style or make-up.

Intermediate Sissie's waists had to be eleven inches less than their hips, with heels no less than six inches.

Advanced Sissies waists had to measure a minimum of twelve inches less than their hips, with heels at least eight inches or higher.

The most fun we had was coming up with the humiliating categories to judge them in. We finally settled on these.

Most Sissified Hair & Make-up

Best Sissy Figure

Best Sissy legs

Best Sissy Strut

Best Sissy Ass

The Most Decorated Sissy Bells

Most Glamorous Sissy

The month prior to the pageant all sissie's dickettes not only were not allowed to do sissy spurts with their dickettes remaining in the tiniest, completely flaccid state not permitted to make so much as a twitch. To ensure this Sissy Priss' Sissifier was set at "0." (I'll detail what a Sissifier is in more detail later.) Poor Priss, he knew the reason, having attended the previous four pageants and I thoroughly enjoyed the dismayed expression on his face.

## **Chapter -3 A purposefully humiliating weigh in.**

The Pageant has evolved into an extended four day weekend, naturally in San Francisco where even a sissy being walked down the street on a leash is barely given a second glance. Friday, upon arrival sissies are checked in to be registered, weighed and measured. And in the most humiliating manner we could conceive. First they were weighed, then their figures and asses were measured. Most degrading was making them open their mouths to exam their teeth. Then biceps and legs were pinched and prodded for the least sign of muscle tone. Then their dickettes were mechanically excited until it was judged they had reached the fullest stiffie



## 6 Humiliated Sissies

they could achieve and with calipers they were carefully measured. The final indignity was to measure and weigh their sissy pom poms to determine if they were carrying a “full load.” One rule we set up was that no sissy could do what we called sissy spurts one month prior to the pageant. To ensure this their Sissifier’s were set so that there wasn’t even a hint of an arousal.

After getting our rooms we dressed for the first event which was a Meet & Greet Cocktail party with special attention to dressing out sissies in the most flamboyant party attire to show off.

Then before he was dressed his trainer bent him over and inserted his Swishifier plug up his behind. The Swishifier wasn’t meant as a punishment, it was meant to train his bottom to swish, twitch and jiggle outrageously as he walked. It wasn’t all that big, but the end was weighed a full five pounds. In competitions it had to be removed. But you just imagine how his ass gyrated like two wobbly pistons as he walked and he was powerless to prevent it.

This pageant was an important one, as I said, as we were celebrating our fifth anniversary. Women with their sissies came from all over the United States and Canada. It was amazing, in just five years we had over a hundred women with their sissies registered.

Every year the pageant features a theme. Last year’s was, “Bows & Bottoms,” this year the theme is, “Bells & Bras.”

I was also admittedly nervous. In his fifth year of competing I’d finally decided to enter him in the Advanced Sissy category. I didn’t know how he’d do as I knew there’d be a lot of competition. But I felt sure he was ready, although, of course, I’m sure, and hoped, it would a traumatic experience as an Advanced Sissy was considered ultimate in sissification.

When I’d originally decided that turning my husband into a sissy I employed a young girl named Megan as his trainer. She was a college student that I gave room and board to in exchange for turning him into the perfect sissy. Megan was a six foot-one inch volleyball player and in her heels virtually towered over him. I couldn’t imagine how wonderfully crushing it was for Priss to be trained by a college girl. I love the scared, cringing expression on his face whenever she enters his sissy room. Megan works him every day, morning to dusk, turning him into the ultimate sissy. And since money was no object as I now had all of his, which was consider-



able, I also hired a sissy groomer and a stylist, who specialized in creating the most outrageous sissy outfits for this pageant.

Priss was slightly above average, at five foot, seven inches, for a sissy. But he had great legs which Megan made sure were completely devoid of the slightest muscle tone. Leaving them most shapely, I was even a bit jealous of them. Although with no muscle tone at all he got easily exhausted, poor thing. I had his groomer cut his hair, as I mentioned, into what I thought was the perfect sissy style, a pixie. Looking at him I was quite satisfied that he'd never be mistaken for a girl. All sissies had to learn to do their own sissy make-up which Megan made sure his make-up was as sissy as possible.

## Chapter – 4 All sissied up.

As we got dressed in fancy cocktail dresses Megan and Adrian, the groomer, were dressing Priss. In co-ordination with Carolyn of Glamorous Sissy we'd put together an entirely new wardrobe for him, fifteen outfits in all, each designed to be as humiliating and demeaning as possible to be seen in.

The one he'd wear to the Meet & Greet was a pink satin, one piece that buttoned up the back and fit skin tight to show off his sissy figure and ass.

But first came his corset. Five years ago his waist had been thirty-four inches. Now it was down to twenty-eight inches. The minimum an Advanced Sissy could have was twelve inches less than his hips. In Prissie's case that would mean a stunning twenty-three inch waist.

Then to accent his sissy behind they put a cheek enhancing girdle on him that had inflexible plastic inserts that raised and spread his cheeks.

When his new outfit was on the top featured three tiers of ruffles over his sissy titties. The bottoms were so tight it clearly defined each cheek. In front was a short, two button sailor's flap with lace trim. As the theme this year was, "Bells & Bras" we fixed bells to the buttons. The hem was trimmed with two tiers of ruffles to match his anklets. Then on each wrist was a pink bracelet with a bell attached to each. On his feet, of course, were eight inch pink heels.

The pink collar was trimmed top and bottom with lace with a bell dangling in front. On top of his head they pinned an outrageously sissy bow.

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Clipping on his leash Megan ordered him to, “Heel” which was the command to walk. One of the things we all taught our sissies to do was to respond to the same commands as dogs did. Could anything be more purposefully degrading. Among the other commands he had to instantly respond to were, “Sit, Stay, Down, Beg” and, of course my favorite, “Fetch.”

The other nearly as degrading idea we came up with was to train them to curtsy. Priss was to curtsy to everyone in a room he entered and before he left. He had to curtsy before and after he spoke, And when introduced to other sissies. Which we couldn't help making even more degrading by insisting the when sissies met they not only had to curtsy to each other but to bend over and kiss each other on the lips for no less than two seconds. Obviously they hated it, two one time men, now sissies forced to French kiss each other. I never tired of seeing them kissing another sissy that used to be man.

A bit to our surprise a cottage industry had grown as the idea caught on. You could go online and see Julie's Hats for Sissies. Sissy Jewelry by Monica. Girdles, cheek enhancers and corsets by Sissy Foundation Wear, Ultimate Dainties that featured the latest in bras and panties and several designers specializing in the latest in sissy fashions. My favorite was Glamorous Sissy by Carolyn. Then there's Torment's Delights which features training, discipline and obedience implements which Kelly takes full advantage of and SD Electronics, that stands for Shocking Discipline, featuring various state-of-the-art devices for controlling sissie's dickettes and related implements. And finally my website featuring Outrageous Shoes by Veronica. I loved designing the most sissified, torturous shoes I could think up, and then forcing them to learn to walk in them especially my sissy. You can't imagine the amusement it gave me to see him terrified, staggering and mincing about in one of my latest designs.

At the spacious ballroom they all had booths set up to show off their latest sissy creations. With several booths set up by hair and make-up stylists promoting their latest sissy cuts and make-up.

## **Chapter -5 Old friends, new friends and Kissies.**

As I'd planned I met up with the other two founding women of A.S.O.S. at the Meet and Greet with their sissies. We always looked forward, with amusement, at

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least for us, when sissies met each other. They had a precise ritual they had to endure as we'd made it as purposefully humiliating and degrading as we could.

We first met Angela Carter and her sissy Bittsie. First each sissy had to curtsy to each other. Then they had to gushingly compliment each other.

"Oh my Bittsie you look ever so much adorable in your mostest wonderfulest, yummy pink satin sissy romper! I totally adore pink. And your feet look so darling in your pink high heels with the most enchanting bells on your toes. I'm simply dying of envy," Priss lisped as excitingly as he could fearful of the punishment Kelly would deal out if she found his compliment less than satisfactory.

I feel I have to explain that each sissy is taught a sissy vocabulary that we went into hysterics creating. When meeting another sissy they had to use the sissiest words and sound as excited and gushing as they count. Of course they hated their sissy vocabulary, but that's precisely why we created it.

But what came next was so much worse. Imagine two sissies, formally thinking they were macho, stud men, leaning forward and kissing each other on the lips. Not just kissing but French kissing each other for no less than five seconds. Angela and I couldn't help grinning to each other as they French kissed each other.

Then we all met up with our other founding member, Gloria Simpson, and her sissy Titsie.

Poor titsie, he had to French kiss two sissies!

## Chapter -6 Sissy shopping.

With our sissies on their leashes we visited the various booths displaying all manner of products, fashions and services for our, unfortunate, sissies.

We stopped first at Sissy Jewelry by Monica.

"I have your special earrings you designed for sissy Priss," Monica said, when we came up to her booth.

Taking them out of a gold box and holding them up for Priss to see I said, "Aren't these fabulous, fourteen karat gold and very expensive, but, of course, nothings too good for my sissy. Don't you just love them?" I asked innocently, thoroughly enjoying the crestfallen expression on his face.

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“Oh Yeth Mithress, Thissy Priss absolutely is in loth with them,” He was forced to say, trying, unsuccessfully, to sound excited, as he knew he’d better sound.

“I know you’re just dying to see how they look on you, Kelly why don’t you put them on for Priss?” I suggested.

Megan couldn’t help grinning as she put them on him and Monica held up a mirror for him to see.

Poor sissy, he couldn’t help cringing at the seven inch long, dangling earrings with one have “SISSY” engraved on it and the other with “PRISS.” And in keeping with this years, “Bells & Bras” theme a large jiggling bell dangled from the bottom of each.

“Well, aren’t you totally in love with them?” I demanded to know

“Oh yeth Mithress, they are the most darlingest, wonderfulest earrings to die for. F-Frank you ever so much,” He just managed to get out.

“Oh, I’m so glad you love them as you’ll be wearing them from now on,” I declared.

If that wasn’t devastating enough Monica held up a pair of earring that drew a horrified look from Priss as Monica said, “Wouldn’t these be perfect for Sissy Priss to wear in the Most Bells Competition?”

“Oh god, they’re perfect, I must have them, but only if you don’t sell a pair to another sissy,” I declared of the dangling earrings with four increasinly large bells.

“Priss is sure to win Ma’am. Imagine that’s eight bells that would already be dangling just from his ears alone,” Kelly piped in greatly amused.

## **Chapter -7 A new corset for Priss.**

We next visited Perfect Sissy Figures. I hoped Gwen, the owner, had the corset I’d ordered ready to pick up.

“Oh yes, it’s all ready. Nobody will ever know he’s wearing it,” She assured me.

You see I’d sent her a close-up of Priss’ skin. Making sure in Photoshop that it perfectly matched his skin color. So that when he was weating it only the closest inspection would reveal he was actually wearing a corset.

Holding it against him it was indeed a perfect match. And just as importantly she’d padded the outside so that none of the stell stays were visible.

## Chapter -8 Punishing our sissies.

Next to Gwen was a booth I never missed. Diane Manchester owned Torment's Delight that featured the latest in training, obedience and punishment devices to employ on our sissies.

Here I have to explain that we seldom employ corporal punishment such as paddles, whips or canes to train or punish our sissies. Employing such punishments, we found, had a diminishing effect on them over time. They tended to get accustomed to it. Plus, we don't want to physically damages them. So I'm always looking for some new method or device to terrorize Priss with. Call it an amusing hobby.

"So Diane, have anything new to remind Priss of his place?" I asked.

"Oh my yes. I think you'll be interested in this new gem that I've come up with. If you don't like your sissie's tone of voice or it isn't properly humble and submissive, or actually for any reason you could employ this on him. I call it a Suckometer," She said, holding up what looked like an average sized penis gag but with a large babie's dummy guard at one end with a nob sticking out of the center.

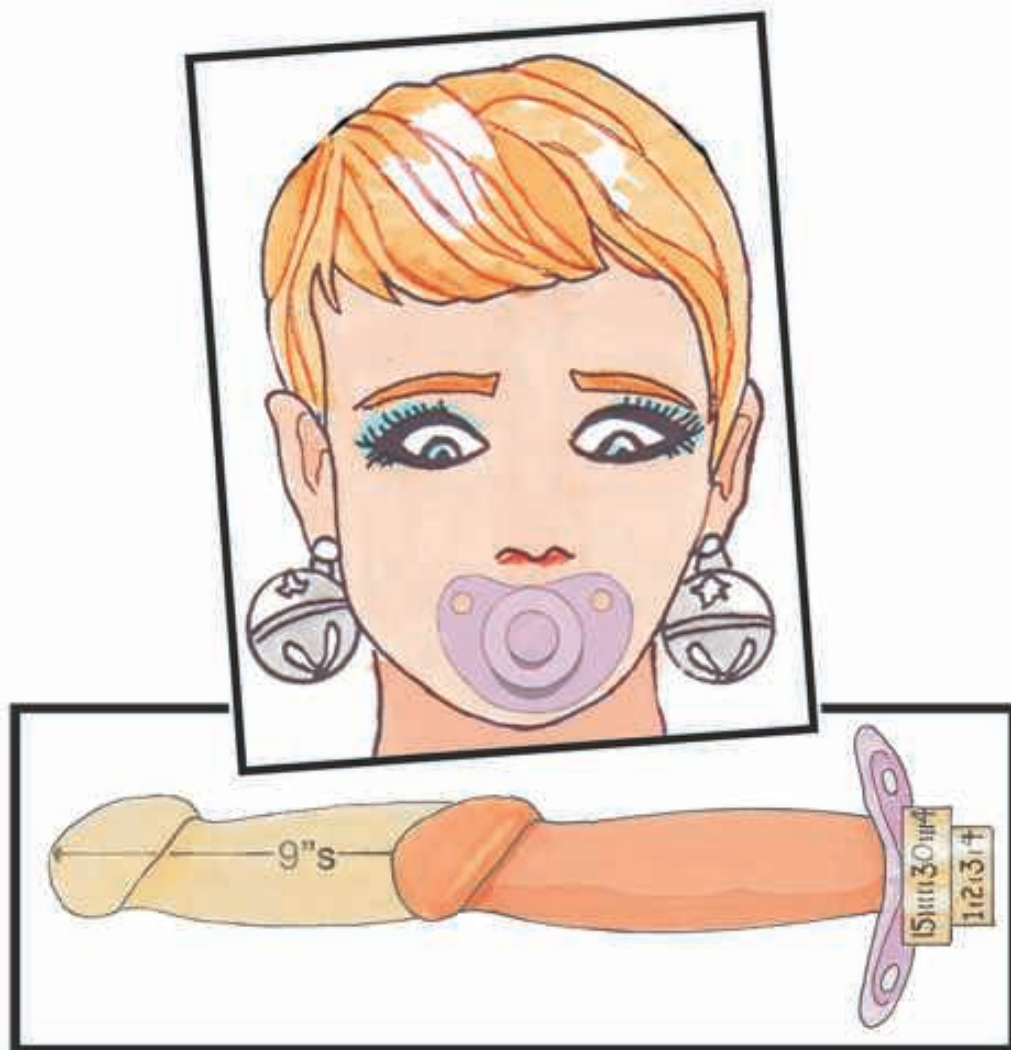
"What's so different about this one, it looks pretty ordinary?" I asked.

"Well once you insert it you turn the dial on this nob, which is calibrated in minutes starting at fifteen and going up to an hour. Then there's this second dial which you can set from one to four. For slow, continuous sucking you set it on one. For moderate sucking set it on two. For maximum sucking set it on three, and for extreme sucking set it on four. As soon as you set the number of minutes and the sucking action the guard adheres itself to his mouth and is impossible to pull off. The sissy then starts sucking on it. If he lets up for even a fraction of a second the penis expands by an inch. And it can grow up to nine inches. Gagging and retching usually starts at around six inches so the sissy has to learn to breath thru his nose and try not to panic. I'll just set it at fifteen minutes and at moderate sucking while I show you a few other new things you might be interested in," she said, dispassionately, as she turned both dials.

Ignoring him she held up a collar. "If you want to see what the sissy is seeing just put one of these collars on him. There's a small, state-of-the-art camera centered in the middle," She explained.

"That's fascinating, I'll take this pink one. Kelly could you put it on Priss?" I directed.





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As she did neither of us missed the panicked look and gagging sounds starting to emanate from him.

“Pay no attention to him. He’s only got, let’s see, another seven minutes before it shuts off,” Diane said, totally unmindful of the panicked expression on his face.

When it finally shut off she said, “Oh my seven inches, you’ll really have to suck much harder if your owner decides to turn it up to twenty or thirty minutes and sets the sucking even higher,” She warned, adding, “Of course it’s also excellent training for the last evenings entertainment.”

Oh yes indeed, I thought.

### Chapter -9 A new bonnet for sissy.

A few booths away we stopped at Bonnets & Bows. The owner was Heather Gordon. When she asked what I might be interested in I said, “Let’s see, the sissy hasn’t had a new bonnet in a while. Wouldn’t you like a new bonnet to show off, Priss?” I asked, knowing how much he hated his bonnets.

“Oh Yeth Mithress, Sissy Priss w-would simply a-adore a new bonnet,” He replied, looking so disheartened. As well he should.

“We have this one, which I’m sure he’ll fall in love with,” Heather said, holding up the most horribly frilly baby’s bonnet in pink, of course. It was loaded with ruffles, lace and best of all two dangling bells.

“It’s perfect,” I declared, “I’m sure you’ll get dozens of gushing compliments.”

Which was exactly what he was afraid of.

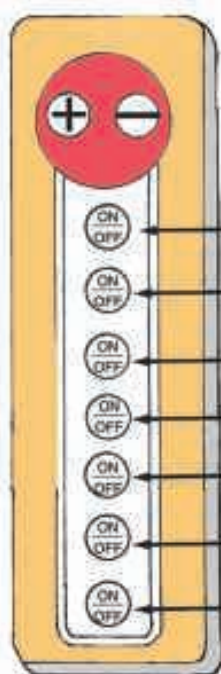
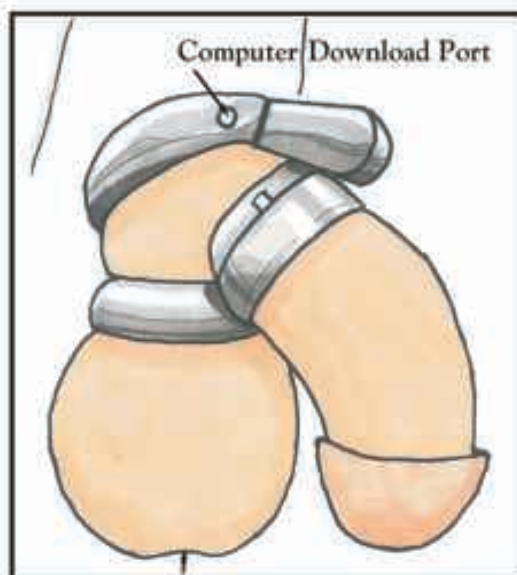
“And now, let me see, can you show us the frilliest hat you have for Priss to walk down the runway in the Most Glamorous Sissy competition,” I asked.

“Since pink is obviously his most favorite color how about this Southern Belle hat? He’ll look so glamorous in it, don’t you think?” she asked.

“Oh goodness, it’s to die for, isn’t it Priss?” I asked, thoroughly enjoying his dismayed, slumping shoulders as Heather held up the most outrageously frilly Southern Belle hat I think I’d ever seen. Any woman would kill to wear it, that is if she lived in the 1850’s! And in keeping with this year’s theme the brim was decorated with bells all around it.



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**Model 3C  
Ultimate Sissifier  
Remote Control**

- ON/OFF → GPS Tracker
- ON/OFF → Tightening Element
- ON/OFF → Shocking Element
- ON/OFF → Anti-Sitting Element
- ON/OFF → Feet Limiter  
0°s to 6°s
- ON/OFF → Vibrating Control
- ON/OFF → Distance Limiter

## Chapter -10 A new Sissifier for Priss.

My most anticipated stop was to the S&P electronics booth owned by two sisters, Lilly and Deborah Grathum. Just about every sissy wore one of their Sissifiers.

Imagine two relatively large, chrome rings. One fitting tightly behind his pom poms. Attached to it a second ring fit snugly at the base of his dickette. Once fitted it was linked by a port cable to their computer. Where it took it about fifteen minutes transferring the software to his sissifier. Once transferred it was activated and tested.

In their initial Model 1A it consisted of three elements. The shocking element consisted of three levers and with the App on my phone I could shock either his dickette or his pom poms or both simultaneously. The second element was the Tightener. I could adjust it from snug or to a "0" setting called, "total denial." Set on this it shocked even the slightest hint of arousal.

As per the requirements of the pageant Priss' sissifier had set at "0" for the past month.

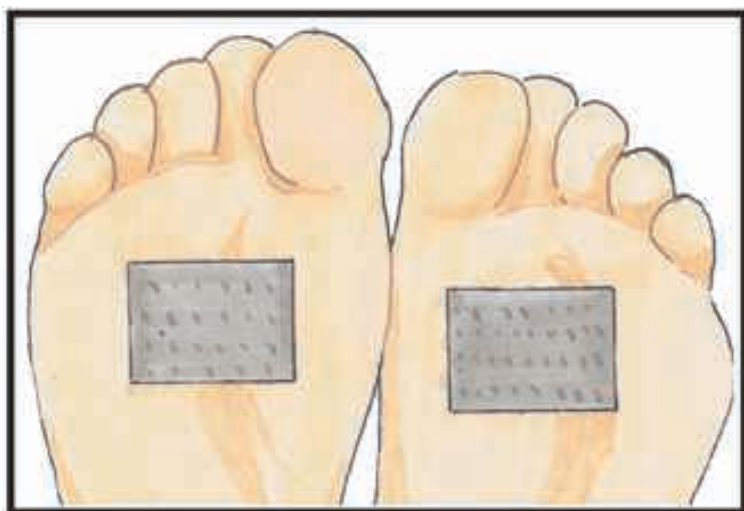
The third element allowed me to vibrate either or both which caused an involuntary erection and at the highest setting would force Priss to do a Sissy Spurt whether he wanted to or not. Obviously this was his reward setting.

However the Model 3A that he currently wore was much more advanced. For one it had a GPS tracking device. To set it up they downloaded the software to my iPhone. I then walked around the house and into every room, hallway and even the closets. Taken outside I walked the entire backyard. What the software projected was a schematic of the entire house and backyard. When I clicked on the App I could see, in real time, exactly where Priss was at all times. It also allowed me to activate a distance limiter by room, by house or outside. If, for example, I set it to one room if he approached within three feet of the door or windows he got the highest shocking setting. Once, in say, the laundry where he did his ironing when he heard a beep he knew not to attempt to leave that room. Another beep freed him to leave the room.

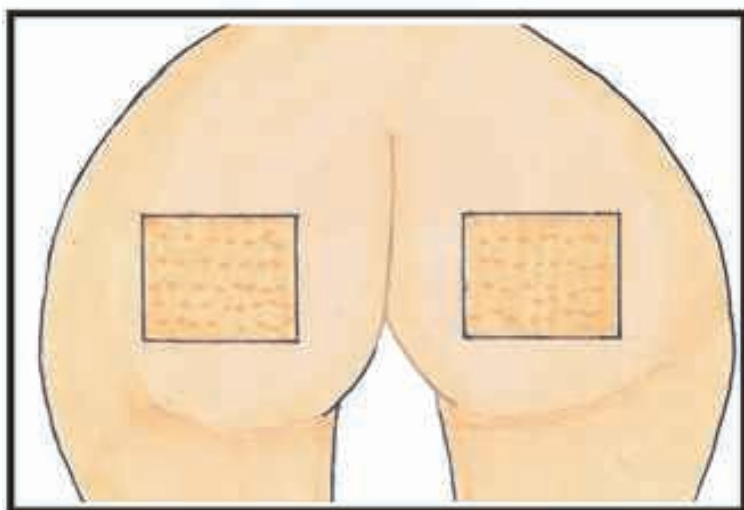
Naturally all sissies hated and feared their sissifiers as it totally controlled and punished them, but, of course, there was nothing they could do about it.

"Does Priss' sissifier need a software update?" I asked them.

"Of course we could hook him up to the computer but we're recommending installing our newest Sissifier. We call it the Model 3C Ultimate Sissifier," Lily said,



**STEP LIMITOR**  
Range Setting -0"S TO 6"S



**Anti Sitting Sensor Pads**

holding up one that looked the same as the one he was wearing. But she also had in her hand what looked like two tiny, flexible pads I'd say two inches in diameter.

"These we'd adhere permanently to the balls of his feet. They interact with the upgraded GPS unit in our newest model. The GPS in his current sissifier only tells you what room or area he's in. Once we install the pads and his new sissifier you'll be able to see precisely where he is and if he takes even one short step," She explained.

"My god, that's ingenious. So if he walks anywhere I'll see exactly where he's walking?"

"Absolutely, but there's also these two pads. What we'll do is spread his cheeks and adhere them to the insides of both. They're flesh colored so virtually undetectable. If Priss sits the pressure on the pads will cause a red dot to appear on your screen telling you that he's sitting. If you haven't given him permission to sit the pads will deliver a rather severe shock which, trust me, will have him immediately standing," She said.

"So, if he's doing his ironing knowing when doing so he's not permitted to sit until he's finished he gets shocked if he does?" I asked, knowing how long his ironing took so I always suspected he often sat to relieve his feet from standing in eight inch heels. Now I'd know. I so enjoyed the defeated, unbelieving look on his face knowing he could no longer cheat and that the tiniest movement he made I could see in real time.

## **Chapter -11 Outrageous new footwear for sissies.**

The girls were eager to get to my booth as I'd told them that I had several new outrageous

new styles to torment and humiliate our sissies so we made it our last stop.

I was quite pleased to see a crowd not only viewing our display but having their sissies fitted with my latest designs.

The booth was manned by Mistress Whip, although her real name was Sandy Atkins. She owned a B&D boutique called Kinky's.

Above the display of shoes and boots was an elevated runway about ten feet in length. On it was Sandy's sissy wimp who she used as a model. Attached to his

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collar was a cable with the other end connected to a motorized track hangin from the ceiling. It walked him up and down the runway at a reasonable walk.

“What in God’s name are the shoes on his feet? How on eath can he walk on them?” Angela asked, astonished.

“They’re called Lolita Rocking Horse shoes. They’re all the rage in Japan for some reason. And you’re right they’re almost impossible to walk in, which is why, of course, they make the perfect sissy shoes. The ones he’s wearing have a six inch high, flat, wooden sole. With the toe angled back it’s impossible to use his toes, and with the heel cut away he can’t use them either. So it’s so entertaining watching them trying to walk in them. It’s more a desperate, sliding motion. But Wimpy absolutely adores his Lolita shoes and every day begs his Mistress to let him wear them, don’t you Wimpy?” I asked.

“Yeth Ma’am, I-I most positiavely adore my L-Lolita shoes,” He replied miserably.

Just then there was a commotion at the end of the booth where a sissy was pleading with his Mistress not to make him wear the shoes Sandy’s young assistant, Gretchen, was forcing on his feet. Curious we walked over.

His Mistresses name was Natalie Spenser and his sissie’s name was Petunia.

“I don’t believe it, are those heels she’s putting on him actually made of steel?” Gloria asked.

“Oh yes, I ran across them on the internet. They’re made by a company in Germany. I contacted them and they sent me a dozen pair on consignment. If they become big sellers I’ll order more,” I said.

Addressing us Natalie said, “These really are perfect. I’ve recently graduated Petunia from four inch heels to six inches. Like most sissies he hates wearing high heels which is the purpose for making them wear them, isn’t it?” She grinned.

“The problem is, or was, everytime I left for any amount of time he’d cut the straps to get out of them. So these being made of steel are perfect,” she added.

“Oh pleath Mithress don’t make me wear them. I’ll be a good sissy, I’ll wear my new heels,” He pleaded.

“Too late, can I do the honors?” She asked, taking the four locks from Gretchen and locking his feet into the steel heels.

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When Gretchen handed her the keys poor Petunia was shocked when she said, "You keep them, better still just throw them away. These are his new shoes, permanently."

Secretly Gretchen handed her a second set of keys.

Before we left I asked Sandy if she had Priss' new tap shoes.

"N-New, oooh," Priss moaned in distress.

"Now, now Priss you keep complaining how much your feet hurt wearing your tap shoes, so your new ones have a high heel, isn't that nice of me?" I asked.

"Oh yeth, frank you so mcuh Mithress," he foolishly breathed a sigh of relieve.

The cause of his distress is that he's worn towering high heels so long the tendons in his calves, ankels and feet have readjusted so that when I put him in flat heeled shoes, like tap shoes, it's worse than wearing his hated heels. The only way he can walk is on his very tippy toes.

## Chapter -12 Beddy bye time.

"After they get Priss' new sissifier installed and programmed you can take him up to the room and put him to bed, it's way past his bedtime," I instructed, even though it was just a little past eight o'clock, his bedtime.

"Oh yes Ma'am, why its way past Priss' bedtime, isn't it?" Megan mocked.

As I mentioned we purposely didn't allow our sissies anything even remotely manly, or, just as importantly, adult. Since, by their actions, they failed to acts like a responsible grown up man we didn't treat them as adults but as immature, irresponsible child. Not being allowed to do or act in any way as an adult was just as humilitaing and degrading as being turned into a sissy.

Once Megan got him up to our room she made him stand on a small stool so she could undress him. Sissies were not allowed to dress or undress themselves. So you can imagine the shame and humiliation he suffered being dressed and undressed by a twenty year old college girl.

Dressing Priss started with the thickest diapers and covered by stiff, crinkly, plastic panties. This so that there was no need for him to get up in the middle of the night. Holding out his hands she put them in stiff mittens, then his beddy bye

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babie's bonnet, followed by a short, honey coated penis pacifier that our sissies actually came to be soothed by.

Sissies didn't sleep in the same beds as adults did, but in a crib and for travel we had a folding crib. Once opened she put him down and fastened his sissy sleeping mask on him. Finally she laced mid-calf ballet boots on his feet which severely arched his feet. Kelly was training him, as I'd instructed, to start learning to first stand and then walk just on his very toes as the boots demanded. Next year besides astonishing everyone with a sissy with an unheard of twenty inch figure I'd also decided to truly shock them with a sissy walking naturally on just his toes, at least in competition. Priss whimpered every time Megan would announce, "Tippy toe time, Priss." He was now capable of walking, just barely across the room and most of the way back.

### Chapter-13 Sissy nipple training.

Like the other members I so loved the idea of giving Priss plump, bouncy A-cup titties. However I never thought of how wonderfully degrading and emasculating it could be to train his nipples to the unmistakable size of women's nipples, or as near as possible. Nipples big enough so they couldn't be hidden. That is until I read an article by one of our member in England.

"It's very simple and inexpensive and only involves five steps. You simply go to the plumbing section of your local hardware store. Look for a brass, connecting fixture that's convex with a short cylinder and nob like screws on either side. Start with the shortest cylinder then follow these steps.

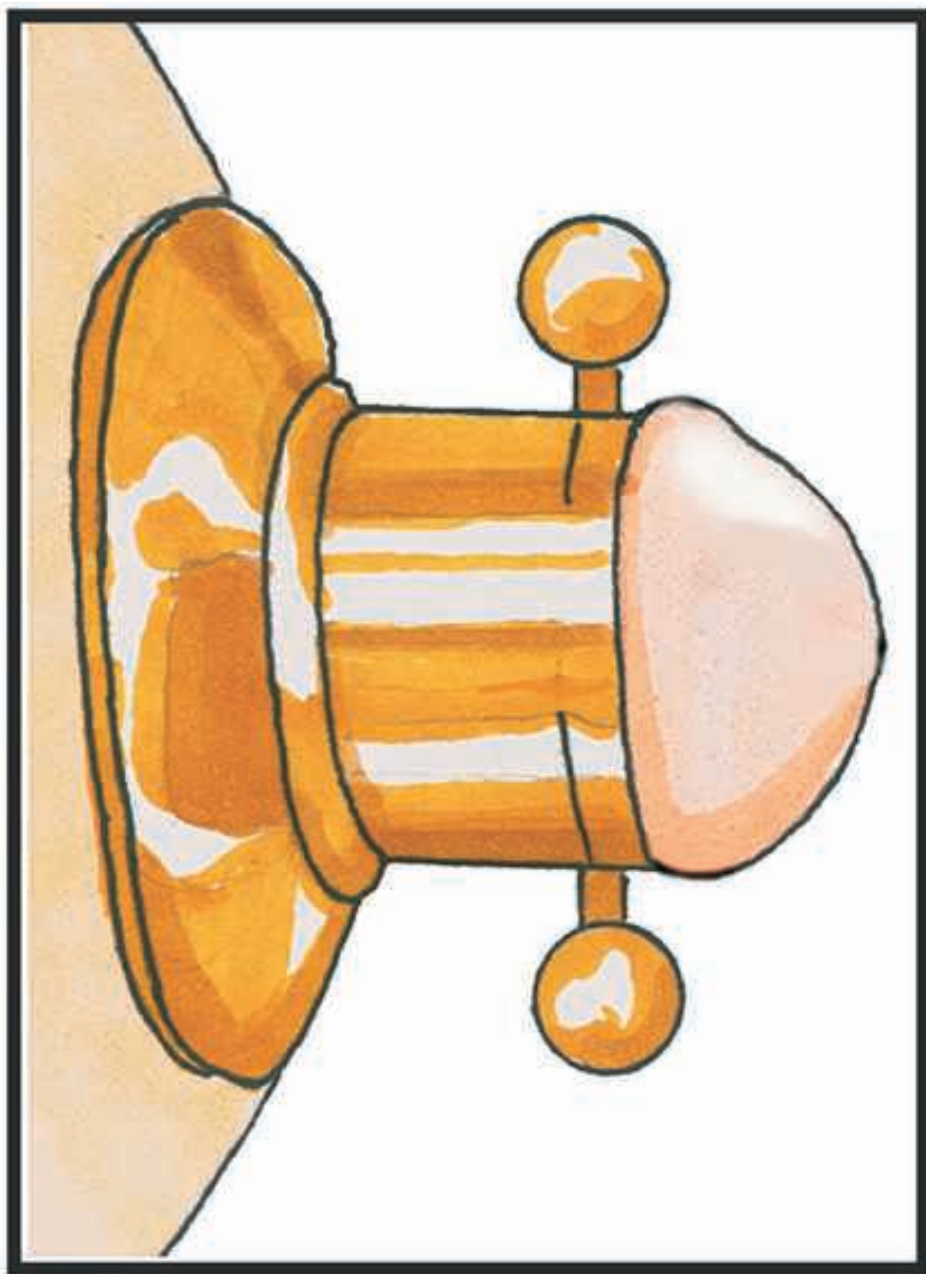
Step-1 Rub a highly sensitive cream into your sissie's nipples to get them as erect as they'll go.

Step-2 Using a small thread form a noose, place it around the nipple, draw it tight then guide it through the cylinder as far as you can.

Step-3 Tighten the nob like screws to ensure the nipples can't slide out.

Step-4 Get an inexpensive vibrator with electrodes and attach them to the cylinder to encourage blood flow.

There's no pain involved to your sissy. He'll only feel tightness and maximum pressure on his nipples. Of course he'll be mortified knowing what you're doing, but, of course, there's nothing he can do to prevent it.



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Continue with the smallest cylinder for about two weeks then move up to the next longest cylinder and so on. Be patient, however after several months you can achieve your expected results. To date I've increased the size of my sissie's nipples to a most womanly seven-eighths inches. I don't know if it's duable but my goal is my sissy sporting nipples a full inch in length.

Step-5 Get, say, a dozen fishing weights and a band-aid that you cut into a small, circular shape just large enough to cover the tip of his nipples. Then start by attaching two weights to the band-aid and simply let them dangle for a couple of hours each day. After a couple weeks add and third and then a forth and so on as they act to lengthen his nipples.

So the last thing Megan did was apply the nipple training extenders which she did every time she put him in his sissy crib.

Priss' nipples are now nearly three-quarters in length and regardless of what bra or outfit I put in him the nipples are prominently on display.

What he begs pitifully not to have Megan put on him is an open nipple bra knowing the crushing, derisive comments he'll receive especially if I take him out in public. I suppose its cruel but I keep a before photo of his chest and an after photo displaying his plump sissy titties and nipples on the wall in his room.

### Chapter -14 "Potty time, Priss."

In the morning when Kelly got him up the first thing she did was put him in a perfumed, bubble bath. Of course, since he wasn't an adult, he couldn't be trusted to actually wash himself, Megan did that. At one point getting him on his hands and knees, soaping up a small wash cloth and inserting it into his bottom and wiggling it around to ensure that he was clean everywhere. Priss hated this, as any real man would, having his behind cleaned out by a college girl Even so he didn't dare move a muscle as he knew Kelly would instantly give him a "reminder" shock. Then to make is as humiliating as possible he had to thank her, saying, "Frank you Mithress Megan ever so much for cleaning Sissy Priss' bottom."

After dusting him with baby powder she laced him in his corset, put him in his sissy bra, socks and shoes and announced, "Potty time, Priss."

Obviously treated as a child we didn't consider our sissies grown up enough to stand and do their tinkles or sit on an adult's toilet to do their poppies. So Priss sat

on a white, porcelain potty about six inches high. Sissies could do nothing without permission so when Kelly placed his potty with “Sissy Priss’ Potty” emblazoned in pink on it he had to ask, “Prease Mithress Kelly can Sissy Priss most pretty please sit on his potty so he can do hi tinkles and poppies?”

Once given permission he placed his feet behind wooden pegs spreading his knees out widely. Then placed his hands on the short, handle behind him so Kelly could strap them to it.

Often Megan would simply leave him strapped to his potty while she went off and got dressed or had her breakfast.

After he did his tinkles and poopies Megan completed his humiliation by wiping his dickette and then his bottom.

Of course it was doubly humiliating to do his tinkles and poppies in front of several strange women that I’d invited to watch and laugh over from time to time.

## Chapter –15 Yummy time.

When it came to feeding our sissies we purposefully made it just as unbearably humiliating. Treated as an immature child naturally Priss didn’t sit at a table, with the adults, for his meals. He sat in a specially designed sissy high chair, and when travelling we had a fold up version. Once unfolded Priss had to say, “Prease Mithress Megan can sissy Priss sit in his sissy chair to hab his breakfast?”

The chair was custom made just for Priss. The seat was just barely wide enough for

him to sit in. Once seated Kelly closed and locked the wooden rings around his ankles once she’d spread his legs. Then with the wooden table lowered and locked with his arms uselessly at his sides she tied his sissy bib on him.

Priss’ breakfast consided of a bowl of pablem, a scrambled egg and milk in a sippy cup, of course.

Freeing one hand she said, “Mistress Megan has to get ready to take you to your first competition. Do you think I can feed yourself while I’m gone?”

“Yeth Mihress Megan,” He replied as Megan gave him the tiniest plastic spoon, laughing o herself mknowing probably half his cereal would end up on his bib.

## Chapter –16 The Best Sissy Ass Competition.

As she thought half his breakfast ended up on his bib and table. Cleaning him up she got him ready for the first real event, The Best Sissy Ass Competition.

Once she had him dressed she lightly scrubbed his ass with a brillo pad to enhance his sensitivity which he'd be graded on. Then after rubbing both cheeks with baby oil to make them shine she carefully rouged each cheek.

All sissies wore the same attire, a one piece, pink, tightly fitting sleeveless shortall with a cut out to ambly display and highlight his cheeks.

Putting him on his leash she led him down to where the Advanced Sissies that he'd be competing against awaited their turn.

The ritual and grading we, of course, made as degrading as possible.

When it was his turn the announcer said, "Welcome contestant number two, Advanced Sissy Priss owned by Mistress Myra Talbot."

Priss then had to go to each of the ten tables, each with eight women, smile, curtsy and, as excitedly as he could say, "My name is Sissy Priss. I am mostest, absolutley thrilled for you to examine and grade my sissy ass."

He then had to go to each woman and stand completely still as each woman examined his ass. Points were deducted if he moved so much as a foot or hand, however slight, or appeared to tense up.

First his ass was graded for overall pleasing appearance. Then for plumpness and the slightest hint of any muscle tone. A perfect sissie's ass should have the consistency of jello. His ass was then lifted and let to fall to measure the amount of wobble. As a further test his cheeks were forced wide apart, held and then released. The texture of each cheek was graded for smoothness. Then the final indignity. He had to hold completely still as each woman ran her nails up and down his cheeks testing for sensitivity. If they caused his dicketeer to twitch and the bell to ring, he was graded on how many times it rang.

I wasn't too disappointed that Priss' ass came in second. After all it was his first pageant as an Advanced Sissy. I was quite pleased that his wobble won a special judges award.





## Chapter -17 A walk to the Sissy Park.

After the Best Sissy Ass Competition I suggested to Megan that she take Priss to the park just a couple blocks away while I did some further shopping. In particular I wanted to visit harnesses by a company called Total Sissy Control. What I was looking for was some kind of harness that didn't obscure Priss' sissy tits but could still be attached to a leash.

"Why don't you dress Priss in that adorable outfit with the pink capris, the tittie bra with the clip on bells, matching collar, dangling crotch bells, earrings and two strap mary janes," I suggested.

"Oh pleth Mithress, n-not the mary janes," He pleaded, with good reason. With his feet having adjusted to impossibly high heels to be forced to wear his mary janes with flat heels quickly became a rather painful walking experience.

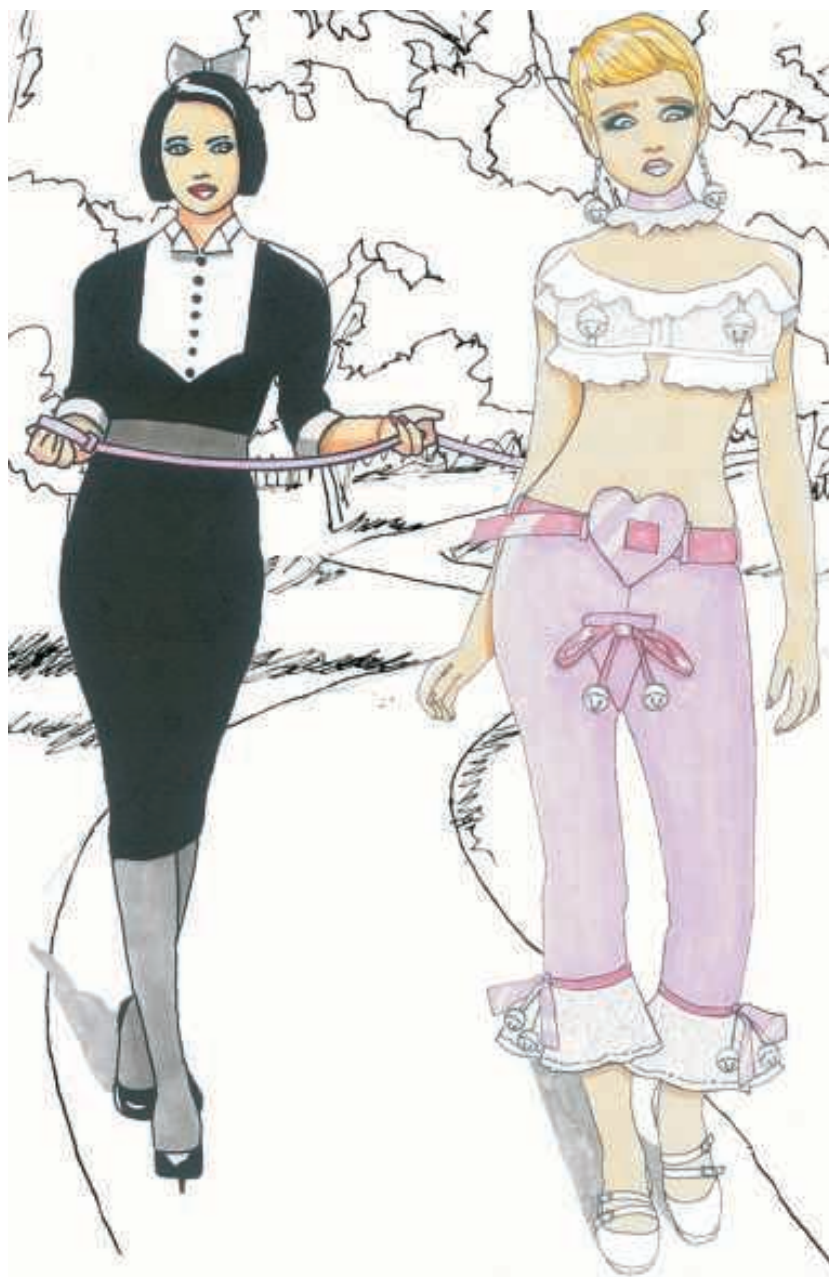
"But Priss they look so darling on you and the park's only a few blocks away I'm sure once you get there Megan will let you sit for a while, won't you?" I asked her.

With a grin she said, "Of course I will. I'll put him on the swings or the teeter tawter he can share with another sissy."

I couldn't help enjoying the defeated, miserable look on his face when Megan had him dressed. For it was the ultimate sissy outfit designed to be thoroughly humiliating. The absolutely skinn tight, spandex, hip hugging capris came only to mid-calf where they flared out into the widest lace ruffles fastened with not only pink bows but two dangling bells on each hem.

He was as tightly corsetted as Megan could get his flesh colored corset to add to his misery, A triangular flap highlighted his sissy crotch that was fastened with a big bow with streamers that ended in dangling bells. The one thing missing was his Sissifier, although he well knew why.

With begging eyes to me, which I ignored, Megan walked him out of the hotel and down the three blocks to the park. You can imagine the humiliation he suffered being walked on the end of a leash along city blocks to the park dressed as he was. But this was San Francisco and not many people gave him more than an amused glance. Although Megan later laughingly reported that on a couple of occasions they were stopped. The worst was by two women with one asking, "What is it supposed to be?"



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“Oh, it’s a sissy. It’s owner has it entered in this year’s Sissy Pageant at the hotel. It’s open to the public, I’m sure you’d find it most amusing, especially the nightly entertainment, wouldn’t they sissy?” She asked.

“Oh yeth, i-I’m surth they’d find ith most amushing,” Priss responded with dread in his voice.

When they got to the park there was one section set aside as a doggie park. And next to it was The Sissy Park. You see we rented this portion of the park as a playground to take our sissies to.

With Priss mincing painfully, tippy toed on his mary janes Megan took sympathy on him and set him on a normal looking swing, except, that is, for the six inch wooden dildo attached to the seat. After swinging as high as he could for twenty minutes she took him off it leading him over to a teeter tawter.

On one end a grimacing sissy was already strapped to his seat. Asking it’s owner if Sissy Priss could join her sissy the woman said, “Why of course, we’ve just been waiting for another sissy to show up.” Priss missed the conversation completely as his alarmed eyes were transfixed by the seven inch dildo fixed to the empty seat.

Once impaled on him Megan warned, “No stopping, I want to see you both bouncing up and down as high as you can go. Any slowing down and your dickette will get a nice, healthy shock.”

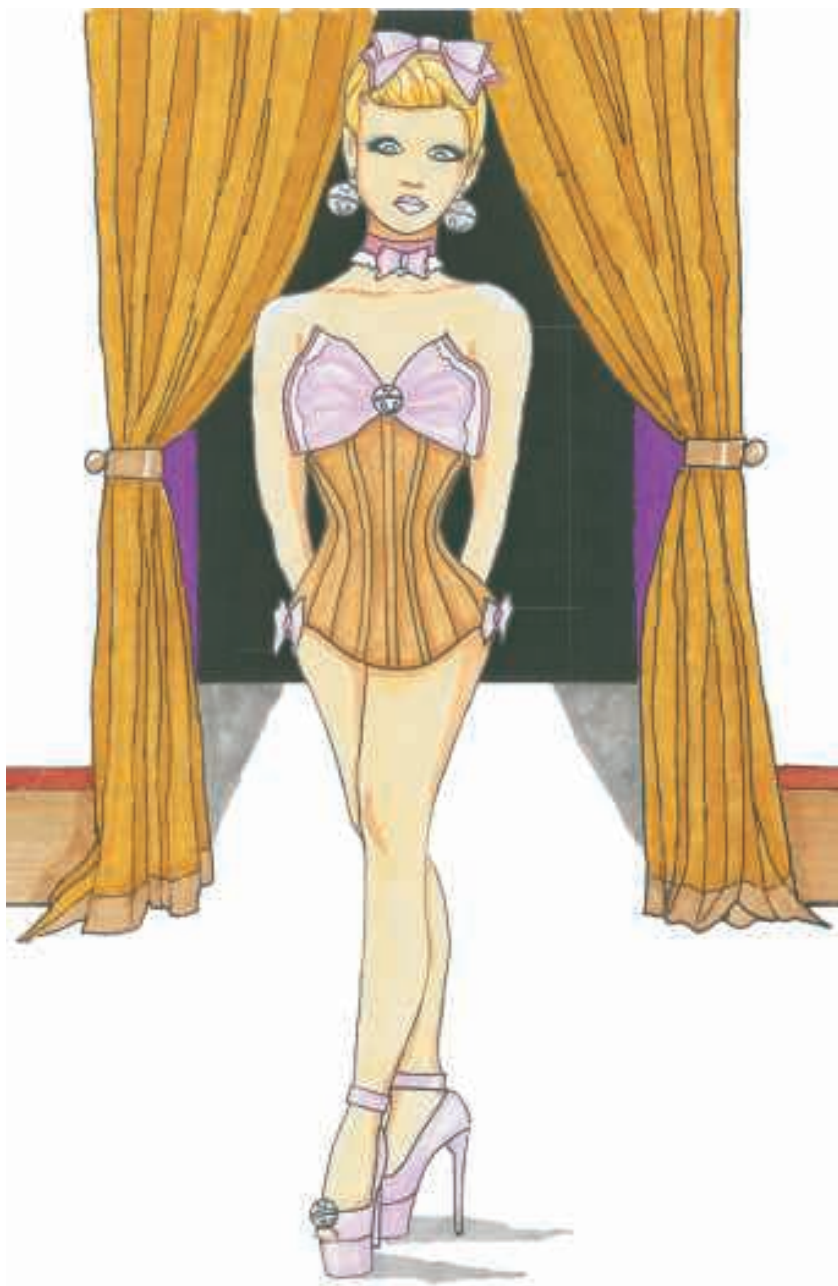
So, as the woman and Megan sat there leisurely enjoying their conversation they couldn’t help giggling each time one of them yelped as he did the ground.

## Chapter –18 The Best Figure Competition

Megan put Priss down in his mobile crib for a short nap, although first letting him soak his poor, huring feet first.

When she got him up it was near lunch time which he definitely didn’t look forward to. For while we had a leisurely lunch it was time for the Best Figure Competition.

As I mentioned Advanced Sissie’s figures had to be a minimum of twelve inches less than their hips. Through constant massage and manipulation Priss’ hips had swelled from thirty-two to thirty five inches. Which meant to qualify for the Best Figure Competition his waist could be no more than a most girlish twenty-three



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inches. Which could be achieved through corsetting. To get him down to a twenty-three inch waist Megan mercilessly laced him down a full six inches.

Imagine a once man with a figure any woman would die for. How wonderfully crushing.

However since the last Sissy Pageant I had her progressively tighten his corsets even further. Until, for a short time up to four hours she'd gotten his corset laced not six inches but eight inches giving him an imposible to believe twenty-one inch waist. No sissy to date had ever come close to that and so I was confident in his chances to win.

When it came my turn to introduce my sissy I stepped up to the microphone.

"Hi everyone, my name is Myra Talbot and I'm the proud owner of an Advanced Sissy called Sissy Priss," I said, then clicked on the projector to show them a full size beofre photo of him.

"This is a photo of Sissy Priss when he mistakenly thought he was a man. Note his horrendous figure with such an unsissy like thirty-four inch waist. It now measures a more acceptable twenty-nine inches before his corsets. So now I give you Sissy Priss." I announced with a flourish as he minced out onto the runway.

There were audible gasps of disbelief as he showed off his incredible sissy figure.

"As you've probably guessed Priss isn't corsetted the minimum allowed six inches but a full eight inch reduction creating the most stunning, sissyish twenty-one inch figure. Although admittedly the sissy only finds it bearable, just now, for about four hours before the poor thing faints away. However his trainer assures me that by next year's pageant he'll be normaly corsetted eight inches, and when achieved she'll begin tightening it, for increasing periods to nine inches that would give him, I'm sure, a world sissy record of twenty inches," I proclaimed.

As expected he not only won the Best Sissy Figure competition but I received a special judges award for my efforts. Which I shared with Megan, giving her a \$2,000 bonus, and the promise of a \$3,000 bonus if he could be presented next year with a twenty inch figure.

Naturally this new wasn't accepted very well by a thoroughly mortified Priss.

However I was in such a good mood that, to Megan, I said, "Why don't you take Priss to our room, put him in his high chair and feed him. But as mix I some chicken bits with his pabulum then let him play with his new sissy game book."

## Chapter -19 Sissy playtime.

After Megan had him securely fastened into his sissy highchair he looked on dismayed as she fit his hands into stiff, slippery kid gloves a full size too small. Which insured he'd have difficulty grabbing anything with them. As a consequence half his food ended up on his bib or the tray. Finished eating all he could she placed on the tray the latest Sissy Game Book that all the members took great delgith contributing pages to.

Typical of the game books for toddlers some pages had connect the dots pages. The first one he had to complete, after he'd connected all the dots, was a huge cock, which he then had to color in. Other pages consisted of fill in the blanks pages such as:

My name is S \_\_\_\_\_.

My owner is Mistress \_\_\_\_\_.

My Sissy Trainer's name is \_\_\_\_\_

My favorite sissy food is \_\_\_\_\_

As so on.

All had to be filled out with a pencil so fat he had trouble even holding it.

Then there were coloring pages with crayons just as fat.

One page to color was the outline of a Swishifier.

And one of the most purposefully degrading pages was the sissy crossword puzzle.

Wheeling him over to the window overlooking the pool she said, "Look down at the pool and you'll see your Mistress and her latest hunk. Notice how manly he is and how big his muscles are. Oh look she's taking off her top and he massaging oil into her breasts, how erotique don't you think? And she says his cock is a full eight inches and stays hard for the longest time.

Doesn't that make you happy that she finally has a real man instead of a pathetic sissy?"

"Yeth Mith Megan," He miserably replied.

"When I return I expect you to have pages eleven through twenty-two all filled out. For any page that isn't, or isn't filled out correctly, you get five minutes with the Suck a Cockometer set at the maximum," She warned smiling to herself as





she left the room wondering how many times he'd look down at what a few years ago was his wife.

## **Chapter-20 The afternoon fashion show.**

The afternoon was devoted to a fashion showing of designers latest creations for sissies. I couldn't wait for my turn as I was showing off my latest sissy shoe design. Priss, of course, dreaded being forced to wear it, which naturally was the goal.

Poor Priss cringed every time Megan meerily said, "Tippy toe time Priss."

That's what I'd named them, Sissy Tippy Toe Heels. They were no higher than the eight inch heel height required of all the Advanced sissies. Severe as the arches were I actually made them even more severe to the point where the soles, what there was of them, almost touched the heels. And the bottoms of the heels were even tinier than the already miniscule stilleto heels measuring just one-eighth of an inch.

But the reason I'd so named them was because with such an extreme arch only his big toes touched the floor. That's all he had to balance on, his big toe and a nearly pointed heel. For the first couple of weeks he had the greatest trouble just standing in them before Megan forced him to begin taking just a few steps. Obviously they terrified Priss which was precisely why I'd designed them. There's nothing more satisfying or amusing then terrorizing a sissy all us owners agreed.

There were gasps and "ooohs" and "aaahs" as Priss fearfully minced down he runway barely able to put one foot in fron of the other.

Naturally there were a lot of questions, which I answered.

"Megan, his trainer, has been training him for just two months. They're nearly impossible to walk in so she only adds an additional minute each day. To date she can keep him on his toes, pardon the pun, for two hours and thirty-one minutes before allowing him to sit. He's on his toes at least twice a day."

"Yes, naturally they're quite expensive as each pair has to be custom made to your sissie's feet," I explained.

I was thrilled when I got orders for six pairs.

## Chaper -21 The Sissy Strut Competition

I was so pleased that I told Megan she could take him up to the room and let Priss watch Sesame Street until it was time for one of my favorite contests. The Sissy Strut Competition that took place during the cocktail hour.

As much as we all enjoyed the event all the sissies dreaded it, especially the Advanced Sissies.

All the sissies we dressed the same in tight fitting, sleeveless, one piece outfits. The only variance was their shoes. Novice Sissie's shoes had a three inch wide platform soles that narrowed down to a two-and-a-half inch width. Junior Sissie's platforms narrowed to just a two inch width with Advanced sissies platforms narrowed to just two inch width to walk on.

To get Priss ready Megan attached sensors to each finger, then clipped tight bracelets, also with sensors to each wrist and just above the elbows angling the arms at precisely thirty degrees. The bottoms of his shoes also had sensors glued to them. On the bow on top of his head in the middle a sensor was clipped to it. Finally she glued sensors onto each ass cheek.

Each sissy had a twenty foot strip to walk down and back which had sensors on each side the entire length. Two at a time they competed against each other with the winner advancing to the next round. The strips varied with the Novice Sissies having to walk down a strip measuring three-and-a-half inches wide. The Junior Sissies had to walk a three inch wide strip, with the Advanced Sissies having to walk a strip that measured just one-and-three quarters wide.

So why did the sissies dread the Sissy Strut Contest? Well if their fingers, or wrists or arms varied as much as an eighth inch they receive a number two shock. As they did if their head rose or fell even slightly. The sensors on their ankles measured the length of each step. Novice Sissies step could be no more than three inches. Junior Sissies step no more than two-and-half inches, while Advanced Sissies each step could be no longer than a dainty, mincing two inches. If they took a step any long they received a shock. And if even the tiniest sole stepped off the sensor strip they got a shock. The too any hesitation the ass sensors detected and they were shocked.

To make it even more demanding and frightening if a sissy exceeded five faults the shock level automatically jumped to the next highest setting.

So you can understand the dread Priss assuredly felt as he started down the strip. Each time he was shocked a buzzer rang and it registered on a display so all could see who was winning. Everyone, except the sissies of course, enjoyed the competition immensely and there was heavy betting taking place around the room.

It was amusing to watch the sissies trying their hardest as none of them wanted to be consigned to the loser's bracket as the shock settings were even higher.

Priss ended up coming in second with a score of thirteen shocks, losing by just one. But I was satisfied, after all it was his first Advanced Sissy competition.

## Chapter-22 The "Lickies" Competition.

Once the Sissy Strut competition was finished and dinner was served it was time for the all important "Lickies" contest. It started with the Novice Sissies. Each was made to kneel with his arms behind him with his hands strapped to his ankles. After which a blindfold was put on him. Three eager volunteers were assigned to each sissy. At the sound of a buzzer the sissies frantically started licking the first woman who sat down. After he licked her to an orgasm she graded him on technique and speed. The same occurred with the second and third woman.

After the Novice Sissies came the Junior and then the Advanced Sissies. The sissy with the highest cumulative score was declared the winner and received a gold medal to everyone's applause. I knew Priss really didn't like the "Lickies" competition as, when he thought of himself as a man, he thought licking pussy was for wimps and sissies. Well that's what he was now! Regardless Priss licked for all he was worth knowing what the losers could expect.

Three women volunteers were just as eager to administer the punishment to the losers.

Those three women for lunch had consumed large quantities of beans and prunes and did their best to control not farting. The losing sissy's heads were wedged tightly between the first woman's cheeks so he couldn't avoid what was to come. In all too short a time for the hapless sissy she let go an enormous, lengthy, gassy fart. Then the second and third woman let loose their horrendous farts.

As usual heavy betting was placed on which sissy would be the first, or last, to pass out.

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Priss, to my surprise, came in second. So only one woman let loose on him. Not one but a series of farts which drew great applause. Poor Priss, just when we thought she was done she let loose an even louder and longer fart. I almost felt sorry for him when he couldn't help fainting.

When Megan revived him I gave him a big hug and told him how proud of him I was.

"Nobody could have resisted that number of farts. It must be a record," I said as the Mistress of Ceremonies placed a silver medallion on him.

## Chapter -23 The Sissiest Bra Contest.

As we were having breakfast Saturday morning our sissies were wearing the sissiest, most demeaning bras their owners could come with. In the past most of the designs featured ultra frilly bras bedecked with ruffles, lace and even sequins.

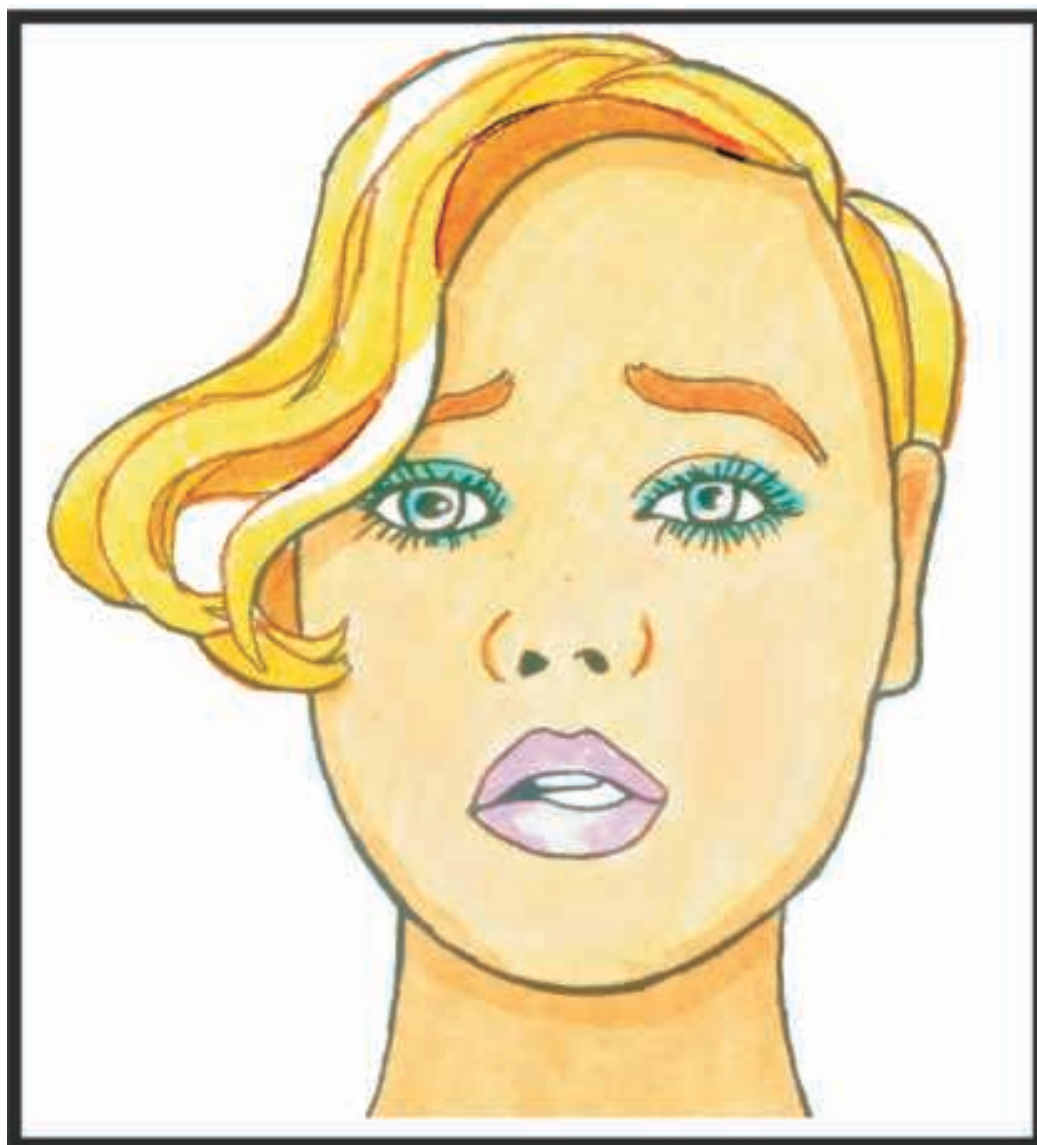
The past couple of years my creations featured much the same but the closest I'd ever come to winning was a third place last year.

This year I was determined to win and show everyone up. I realized that to do so it had to be a truly unique creation that nobody had ever seen before. I spent months drawing up one design after the other until I finally created one so unique they'd all gasp when they saw it on Priss.

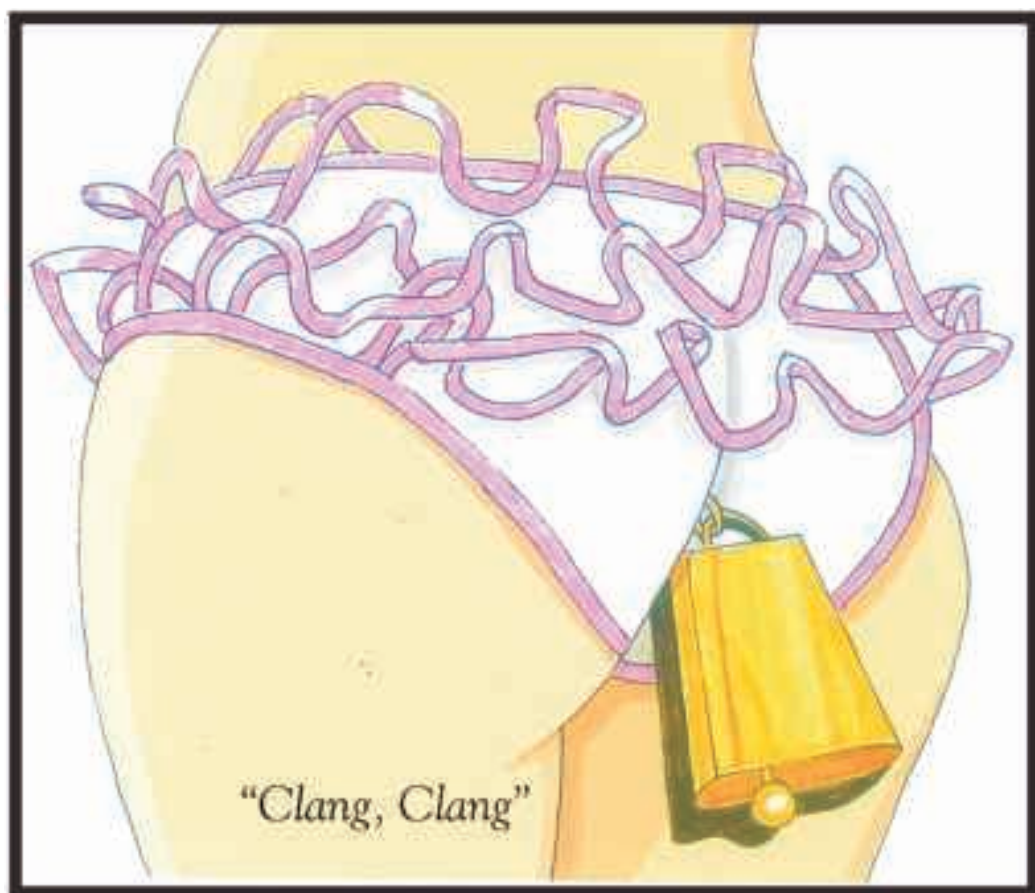
Imagine two convex, chromed, steel circles eight inches in diameter with space for plumped up sissy B-cup titties. In the exact center of each was a tight circular opening for Priss' nipples to be pulled thru. Each circle weighed three pounds.

So you're wondering how on earth they could stay on with no supporting straps. Which is the genius behind it, if I may say so. After Megan, using a pair of rubber tipped tweezers pulled his nipples out as far as they would go she tied pink ribbons around them so they couldn't retract. Then while she held what I'm calling my, "Self Supporting, Open Nipple Sissy Bra" I inserted a slender tube with a pump ball at the other end into a tiny receptacle. But instead of pumping air in I suctioned all the air out of the open space until Priss' titties gradually adhered firmly on all sides. I then removed the tube and inserted a stoppper so no air could escape.

As Priss walked or made the slightest motion his three pound titties bounced and giggled without once becoming dislodged. To test this I had him wear them successfully for almost a full day without either falling off.







To my delight, and naturally to Priss' hopeless humiliation, there were the expected gasps of disbelief and then admiring applause all around the room, and I finally not only won first place by a mile but took no less than a dozen orders!

## Chapter -24 The Most Decorated Sissy Bells Competition.

Before the next contest I kept thinking that Priss needed a new, more glamorous hairdo. I was simply getting bored with his pixie cut. So I had Megan take him to my personal beautician for a new style. When she brought him back I thought he looked darling. Sweeping waves falling across his forehead and one ear. A perfect sissy hairdo!

For lunch there was a new contest we were all excited about. Decorating our sissies with bells. Bells were the hottest new "in" jewelry for sissies. You can imagine how humiliating and degrading it was for a sissy to be "belled" as we delighted in calling it.

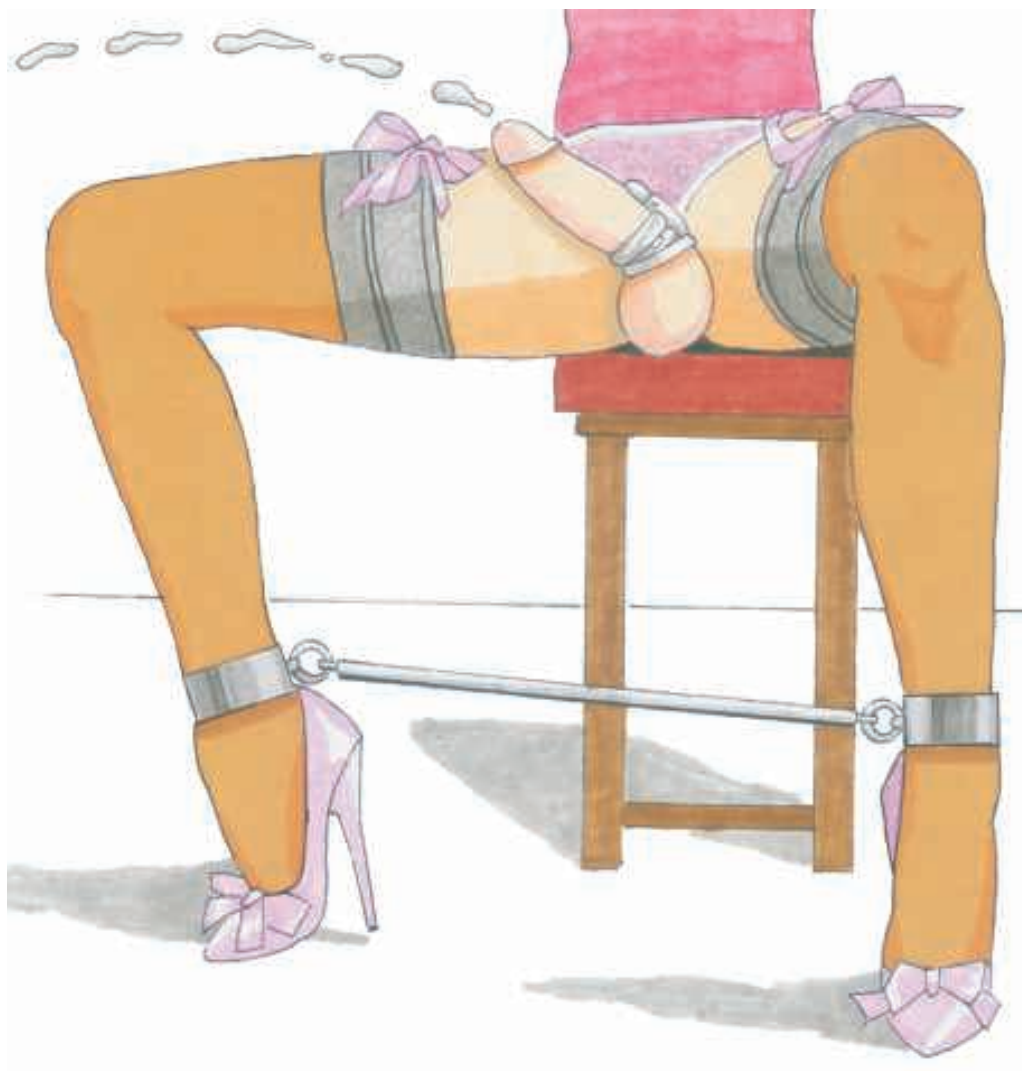
I was sure the majority of the women would decorate their sissies with as many bells, undoubtedly dozens, as they could fasten to them. But I decided to go in the opposite direction. Instead of twenty or thirty, or more bells Priss was only going to be wearing a total of nine bells. But bells that I was almost sure none of the other sissy owners would have thought of.

I had Megan take him up to our room and put a blindfold on him. Then she'd dress him after which I personally took great pleasure in attaching his bells. Then we'd remove his blindfold so he could see himself and his bells. I couldn't wait to see his shocked, hopefully devastated expression when he saw how we'd decorated him. His attire consisted of an open nipple bra, the frilliest, ruffled panties with a small opening in front, thru which Megan pulled his Sissifier, and another small slit in back to expose his Swishifier.

Priss knew, and naturally dreaded, the bells he knew he was going to be humiliated wearing. So I'm sure he expected to hear their tinkling, but undoubtedly was perplexed when the only occasional sounds he heard was clanging sounds.

Before removing his blindfold Megan stood him in front of a full length mirror and we all stood back watching as she removed it. And were rewarded by the horrified look on his face as he saw two cowbells, yes cowbells, dangling from each ear.





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And even larger ones dangling from his nipples. However the piece de resistance was the one glued to the tip of his Sissifier.

Turned around by Megan there it was, a cowbells attached to his Swishifier that clanged so delightfully as she kept turning him around. With the other cowbells on his ears, nipples and Sissifier all clanging in.

“Wait, we almost forgot these,” Megan giggled merrily as she clipped a bracelet to each with a cowbell attached.

When it was time for Priss to make his entrance there was stunned silence at first. Then exclamations of, “Oh God, why didn’t I think of that?” And, “She did with nine cowbells what I couldn’t do with thirty of my sissy.”

Naturally I not only won but the judges awarded me a special award for the most ingenious use of cowbells!

## Chapter -25 The Sissy Spurt Contest

As we all sat down to dinner on Saturday night we were eagerly looking forward to being entertained by our sissies while we had dinner. What would entertain us was The Sissy Spurt Contest. Starting with the Novice Sissies, then the Juniors and culminating with the Advanced Sissies. It had become an annual pageant event for the last three years when we saw just how humiliating and degrading it was for sissies to participate in. Of course, like all the other events and contests, that was it’s purpose.

Priss knew what was coming as he was strapped to a hard, armless, wooden chair. His arms were fastened behind the chair making it impossible for him to move even the slightest. His legs were spread as far apart as they could be gotten and fixed there with the aid of a spreader bar. His Sissifier, which was adjustable was angled up at a precise thirty degree angle. Then releasing the tight grip it had on his sissy dickette I turned the remote to the lowest vibrating setting.

The result was he got instantly, quiveringly as stiff as it could become. Remember sissie’s dickettes were required to remain totally limp unable to become even the slightest erect. So it was no wonder that his dickette became instantly rock hard and could do nothing about it.

When all the Advanced Sissie’s dickettes were as erect as they could possibly get the betting started. You could bet on the sissy who spurted the longest distance.





Or you could bet on long long a sissy would spurt. You could also bet on how short a time it would take for a particular sissy to spurt a second time.

With all bets placed the Mistress of Ceremonies rang a bell and we all turned the vibrating setting up to maximum. Instantly all the sissies started doing sissy spurts in great gobs. I was so proud of Priss. At five feet, ten inches he spurted the longest distance of all the Advanced Sissies, which lasted nearly twenty seconds, and four inches longer than last year.

I was also proud that, unlike several other sissies, he didn't faint.

We left the sissies strapped to their chairs as we turned to our meals and table conversation, completely ignoring them. As dessert was being served we all turned their vibrators to maximum again to see who was the first to start spurting again, Priss came in second, but it was so close that I couldn't fault him.

## **Chapter -26 The Most Glamorous Sissy Contest.**

After dinner we all took our after dinner drinks out on the veranda to watch the sunset as the trainers took their sissies to prepare them for the highlight of the evening, the Most Glamorous Sissy Contest.

Which we all collaborated in. The contest would feature the sissies attired in the most outrageous costumes their owners could come up with. And we made sure Priss' would be, hopefully, the most outrageous of them all.

How to describe his costume? Well, starting at the top of his head Megan had pinned a huge, pink sissy bow..

Then there was his bra. Megan actually designed it and it was truly the most outlandishly, frilly sissy bra you'll ever see. Pink, of course, and trimmed in huge, if you can believe, white, lace four inch ruffles with a white, floppy bow in the center and the longest streamers.

The matching, pink panties had not four, or five, but six inch wide ruffles dripping down with the ruffle trimmed legs matching them in width. Ultra tight bloomers ended in six inch long, ruffles. Can you imagine any man caught dead wearing such an ensemble like my former husband for instance? But what was true genius was the sheath his dickette was inserted into. Once in we turned up the vibrating part of his Sissifier so that its quivering, rock hard state was all too visible.

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And on his feet, poor Priss, three inch high rocker soled shoes with eleven inch heels that left him only two tiny points to balance and walk on, nearly as impossible to walk on as his tippy toe heels.

To finish off his ridiculously sissy costume were short, white, wrist length gloves with, you guessed it, six inch ruffles banded in pink with the biggest, floppy pink bows and the equally long three foot streamers with bells attached blowing in the breeze.

Yes, there was laughter when he first appears, but when the music started, his signal to commence his sissy strut down the runway the whole room really erupted in hysterical laughter. For attached to the back of his heels were two dangling cow-bells!

### Chapter -27 The Grand Finale.

The Suck & Gulp contest was without doubt the final nail in the coffin to convince Priss he was no longer any resemblance of the man he once pretended to be. Not when he was reduced to being an accomplished cock sucking sissy, sucking and gulping down an eight inch cock.

After the contest Megan took him to the room and dressed him in a costume specifically designed to show off all his assets to the judges. A body hugging, one piece, shiny, pink satin strapless affair that highlighted his sissy titties, his long shapely legs and his sissy ass by covering barely half of it. To exaggerate Priss bouncy, sissy swish Megan inserted his special display Swissifier. No longer than his normal one but an inch wider. The only difference, to impress the judges, was I had Megan put his nine inch high tippy toe heels on him.

We all dressed up for the final event that took place in the main ballroom that had been transformed into an arena with bleacher sitting set up.

The seven judges sat in front, grading the sissies as they were paraded around by their trainers. In the exact same manner that prized dogs were paraded around on leash at the Westminster Dog Show.

The judges scored each sissy from one to ten in various categories that included how graceful and stylish the sissy was, his demeanor and how docile he acted, his overall appearance, how fluid his sissy strut and prance were, how graceful his

curtsy was and the most important category how obedient to his trainer's commands was he. A tenth of a point was deducted for the slightest hesitation.

When it came Priss' turn the Mistress of Ceremonies announced, "Ladies, now presenting for your entertainment the Advanced Sissy Priss owned by Mistress Myra Talbot. Presenting Sissy Priss is it's trainer Ms. Megan McCarthy. Today Sissy Priss will be performing corseted to twenty-two inches and wearing Mistress Talbot's uniquely designed tippy toe nine inch heels. Three points will be added to it's final score for the degree of difficulty."

There were audible gasps and as I expected comments like, "No way. It won't even make it half way through" and "I can't imagine it will ever make it up the steps let alone down them."

Grinning to myself I took everyone's bets.

When the curtains parted there stood Priss in all his sissy glory. But it was Megan who caught my attention looking so elegant dressed in a classic riding habit. Wearing tight fitting tan pants, a high collared white blouse, and a figure hugging red jacket. On her head was a black satin top hat with a half veil, black, leather gloves on her hands, and highly polished knee length riding boots with four inch heels.

In one hand she held Priss' leash, and in the other a clicker.

## Chapter -28 The Sissy Obedience course.

One rule was that the sissy must keep his leash taut at all times. Any slack deducted a tenth of a point. Yet another rule was that with each new click command the sissy had to curtsy signifying that he understood. In all he would end up curtsying twenty times for the judges who graded each curtsy over the course of the exhausting eight minute obedience routine. It was purposefully made long to see if the sissy, even though exhausted, could maintain the same level of obedience.

I had mentioned that the room had been reconfigured to an arena similar to the Westminster Dog show. Which was only half correct. Added to it we'd borrowed many of the obstacles to deal with from a typical equestrian event, and added some designed to really test the sissies.

Megan trained Priss several times a week to deal with the different sissy struts and obstacles so he knew what was coming he just didn't know the sequence.

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Priss had to concentrate and tune out everything but Megan's clicks. Different clicks meant different commands and a full point was deducted for any missed command.

Megan clicked once and Priss immediately began sissy strutting into the arena. After about ten feet she clicked twice and he instantly started what we called the Sissy Crossover Strut, although it was actually strutting double time with one difference. Instead of placing one foot in front of the other it required him to place each step across the other. There were several sissy strut variations that each sissy had to learn, the Crossover was one of them. And, of course, the degree of difficulty was magnified.

She kept him strutting the Sissy Crossover for about twenty exhausting feet. After which she sounded a different click and Priss immediately changed his strutting to what was called the High Step Sissy Strut to get over the first obstacles he'd be confronted with. Fifteen gates, each three inches high which he had to step over without touching or knocking any of them down.

The women in the audience couldn't believe he actually made it over all fifteen successfully.

Once over them Megan had him resume a normal sissy strut for a few feet and then he was confronted with the next obstacle. Six steps he had to go up without the slightest hesitation, cursty, and then go down the six steps. It had taken Megan weeks before he could navigate them in nine inch heels, but he did, astounding everyone.

Megan brought him back to the standard sissy strut to catch his breath then brought him to the next obstacle. You won't believe it, I don't know who came up with adding water hazards of all things. Five water hazards, just like they have at equestrian events. Only these water hazards were only six inches wide, but spaced three inches apart. With a click Priss instantly began what we called the Sissy Long Step Strut. To successfully get over all five water hazards Priss had to extend his gate to exactly nine inches. An obvious challenge after being trained and conditioned to each step being no longer than a mincing two inches. But again to everyone's amazement Priss made it over all of them.

The next obstacle presented the most difficulty and one that terrified the sissies and Priss was no exception. We called it Walking The Plank. First Priss had to walk up a five foot incline up to a level five foot long plank only a foot off the floor, and



then down a similar five foot decline. It doesn't, at first, sound very dangerous until you learn that for Advanced Sissies the planks are just two inches wide. Once they made it to the top, and a lot didn't, they had to pivot on just two inches and curtsy to all four sides of the arena. Difficult enough but with each curtsy the sissy had to hold it, without moving a muscle for five seconds. Which doesn't sound all that difficult until you try to accomplish it on a two inch wide board.

I couldn't help smirking to myself when Priss managed to Walk The Plank with only two-tenths of a deduction for not holding a curtsy long enough.

The next challenge for Priss to confront was a six foot long board lying flat on the floor, again only two inches wide. At a click from Megan Priss turned and proceeded to mince backwards on the board. A tenth of a point was deducted if any part of his shoess touched the floor. Like a well trained sissy Priss didn't hesitate but he did receive a tenth of a point deduction when one heel slightly missed the board.

The final obstacle in his eight minute routine was another set of gates, ten in all. Except, unlike the first set of gates that were three inches high, these were six inches high. Priss high stepped over all but one hitting but thankfully not knocking it down.

Megan quick stepped him over to the judges where he curtsied in turn to each of them to a solid round of applause when it was announced that he'd completed his obedience routine in just seven minutes and fifty-one seconds. Earning an additional two tenths to his final score.

Which came minutes later with a score of nine point five out of a possible perfect score of ten. It put him in first place but there were several more sissies to come. In the end Priss came in third, missing second place by just a tenth of a point. Still I thought it quite a major accomplishment, which I owed entirely to Megan's demanding training and conditioning of Priss.

## **Chapter -29 And the winner is...**

With the Most Obedient Sissy competition at an end we all went back to our rooms while they reconfigured the arena back to a ballroom. It wasn't ready until lunch.

When we arrived a stage had been set up. After everyone was settled the Mistress of Ceremonies commenced announcing the winners. First came the awarding

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of the Best Novice Sissy starting with second place, then the runner up, and with great flair she announced the award for the Best Novice Sissy of the year. Which was followed by the Junior Sissy winners and then, what I was anxiously awaiting, the Advanced Sissy award winners. Again Priss came in third, not too distant from the second place winner. Actually I was surprised that he'd even made the podium so I was pleasantly pleased.

Then, like had occurred with the Novice and Junior Sissy awards the names of the three that had come in last were announced. Sobbing and futilely resisting their owners, thoroughly pissed, they yanked them by their ears up onto the stage and made them kneel in front of the three winners. Whose dickettes were positioned in a straight ahead position, aimed right at the unfortunate, wailing sissies, mere inches from their faces.

At a signal their Sissifiers were set to vibrating at the maximum setting. The results, in just seconds, was that their dickettes spurted copious gobs all over the faces of the losers. In shame they were told their cum dripping faces wouldn't be removed or washed off for the next twenty-four hours.

Finally the Best Sissy of the Year was announced and to everyone's surprise it turned out to be the Novice Sissy Winner. I could see why, he was absolutely adorable.

## Chapter -30 Epilogue

Bitsy and Titsy also garnered several awards which pleased both Angela and Gloria.

To celebrate we decided to go to our favorite outdoor café, Le Bizarre. They catered to sissies and even had a special sissy menu and each table had rings on all four sides to leash our sissies to. I again told Priss how pleased I was with him and as a reward I was going to send him to Camp Pansy. A special summer camp for sissies. He was actually excited, thanking me profusely, as he'd been there the previous and had really enjoyed it. It was a much more relaxing environment. Free of Megan's relentless training. His days would be consumed with games and crafts for sissies, singalongs and outdoor sports like sissy volleyball and badminton, hiking and bicycle riding.

Angela and Gloria thought it such a great idea they decided to send Bitsy and Titsy along.

When lunch arrived before the sissies were given their lunch the waitress tied sissy bibs around each. Ignoring them we discussed next year's pageant and what we could do to improve our sissies performance. With a year behind him as an Advanced Sissy I told Megan that our goal for next year's pageant should be nothing less than First Place for Priss. I'm afraid Priss lost much of his appetite hearing me say, "Oh absolutely I want to present Priss in ballet heels and boots so get him started as soon as he gets back from Camp Sissy."

"Oh, that will really impress the judges and won't all the owners be so jealous," Megan said enthusiastically, totally unmindful of the severe training he'd be enduring.

"I also think, given a year's time, you should work on getting Priss' figure, at least for a couple of hours, down to a mere twenty inches," I added.

"Finish your lunch Priss, honestly I don't know what's gotten into you," I chuckled to myself.

##

## Maid Permanent

### Chapter -1 Typical Story

It's a typical story, one so many women have feeling trapped in a dead end office job with no way out. Well, that wasn't going to be me. So I married Bill, my boss, I wasn't in love with him simply put I was desperate. Stuck as a secretary, going nowhere, in an office where I was constantly hit on I grew to dread each day I went to work. I developed a true hate of men and their constant groping and he wasn't any better than the rest of them.

So we married, but I had a plan. One day I told him I had a confession. Part of the reason I married him was that he reminded me of my first love, Brandy.

"Does that mean I married a lesbian?" He asked, naturally shocked.



“Oh no, but Brandy was special, a special memory. You have the same build, the same hair, you’re loving and pamper me to death,” I admitted. Which was true, which I took full advantage, mainly as I was gorgeous and he couldn’t believe his luck.

“I know how outlandish this sounds, but I’d really love you more if you looked a bit more like her,” I said.

“You know I’d do anything for you. I don’t mind looking more like her, but how would I do that?” He asked, falling into my carefully laid plans.

## **Chapter -2 I have a few clothes of hers.**

“Well, I have a few of her clothes she left behind. Maybe you could wear a few, with the same build I think they’d probably fit you. What do you say, after all they’re just clothes,” I said.

A bit reluctantly he agreed.

“Oh that’s so super!” I gushed, dragging him into the bedroom as a reward.

The following day I “found” some of her outfits that, supposedly, she’d left behind. A pair of pink, stretch capris that fit skin tight, a ruffled blouse and a pair of pink, wedge heels. To his relief the capris were too tight at the waist to zip up.

“I think I know how to fix that, but we’re going to have to do something about filling out that blouse. Up top Brandy was a very big girl,” I stated.

The solution, of course, was a “fun” corset that I’d worn a month ago at a costume party just to set this up. I didn’t lace it all that tight, at least to start. But what he pleaded with me over was the white lace bra I produced.

“Do I really have to wear that?” He protested.

“Your blouse won’t fit right without it and these,” I said, firmly, as I inserted a pair of B-cup falsies into it. Of course now everything fit perfectly, as I knew it would.

## **Chapter -3 Disaster strikes.**

It was three weeks later, that once I got him used to wearing some of Brandie’s old things, that disaster struck, with the help of my best friends. He was dutifully

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washing the dishes in his capris, bulging blouse, heels,, apron and pink, rubber gloves when suddenly the front door opened and in barged three of my best friends. There was nowhere he could hide, which I'm sure he wanted to do, as the kitchen was open to the living room. So he was in plain view.

"My goodness Laura, you didn't tell us you had a maid," Diane exclaimed.

"Ah, er, yes, I just acquired her a couple weeks ago, her name is Brandy," I said, giving him a sympathetic look and whispered, "I'm sorry, I didn't know what else to say. Just pretend to be a maid, okay? Oh yes, when I introduce my friends it's proper for a maid to curtsy," I said.

So "Brandy" spent the afternoon pretending to be my maid, terrified that one of them would suddenly want to know what was a man doing pretending to be a maid.

Naturally, as we'd discussed, each of them had their part to play.

"She must be new at this. That certainly is no way for a proper maid to curtsy. Come here girl and I'll show you how to curtsy," Claire ordered, adding, "You should have her practice her curtsy at least fifty times a day until she knows how to do it properly."

A while later Iris commented, "Obviously you haven't had time to get her properly uniformed. What she's wearing is totally inappropriate. Send her over to my house tomorrow. I'm sure there's several uniforms my maid has that will fit her."

Fifteen minutes later Jane remarked, "She's obviously from the country, just look at how she walks, almost like a guy, in heels. And those heels, they're much too low, how high are hey anyway?"

"I think they're about three inches," I stated.

"Well, she does have decent legs so I'd say her heels should be no less than six inches and I'd get her in a tight hobble skirt to train her how to walk in them and with a book on her head like models practice with."

When they left naturally he pleaded with me not to make him go. "I'm afraid that's not an option. It would raise too many questions. However we can spend the rest of the day making you feel more at ease while you, ah, masquerade as a maid. We'll start with a hundred curtsies, and as you practice I'll explain when you're expected to, and give you some other tips. Like maids don't speak unless they're spoken to, and remembering to bow your head whenever some does speak to you," I offered.

## Chapter –4 Maid over.

Poor thing he was terrified when I dropped him off at Iris' house and they didn't return "her" until late in the afternoon.

I, of course, knew what they'd planned. First they put "her" in a much more restrictive hour glass corset to improve what Iris stated was her deplorable figure, then they laced it as breathlessly tight as they could, ignoring her pleading complaints that it was too tight, with Iris stating that she'd never get into her new uniforms without a corset. Of which she ended up with four including an indecent French Maid's uniform and a hobble skirt uniform.

Then they'd, "discover" how under endowed she was and Claire was most sympathetic. "I could tell they weren't real across the room. The problem is they're too loose," She declared, and Brandy, caught in their web, couldn't utter a word of protest as they glued them on.

Jane couldn't help gloating and winking at the others as she closed the back zipper of the hobble skirt, which left her barely able to put one foot in front of the other.

And she was powerless to utter a word of protest when they declared they were going to do me a favor and take her to their Grace's House of Beauty to "smarten" her up. Grace, of course, was part of the plan. First she plucked her eyebrows into un-mistakenly feminine arches declaring with a straight face, "Why they're so bushy they look like men's eyebrows." Then over her futile protests they pierced her ears and after inserting the heaviest dangling earrings they could find permanently glued them on. The nail technician glued on the longest, steel nails to each finger, permanently of course.

After which Grace and the women decided to give her make-up what they called,

"make-up more suited to your position." First came dramatic blue eye shadow, then huge fake eyelashes followed by dyed in eyeliner, and finally painted her lips fire engine red and permanently sealed with lip gloss.

"You're going to love your new make-up girl," Grace giggled, "It's called 'Permanently Lush.' Our customers love it and it stays on a good four or five months and like the name it's quite permanent, nothing will remove it until it gradually wears off."

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Later when they brought her back she was, as expected, in shock crying her eyes out.

“”I apologize for my friends, but they just thought they were being helpful,” I said, pretending to be sympathetic.

“B-But what am I going to do,” She sobbed.

“Well, until your make-up wears off and your eyebrows grow back there’s nothing you can do except to continue pretending to be my maid. Although you’ll have to be a lot more convincing acting like one,” I declared.

“Act like a maid for four or five months, no I won’t do that,” She swore.

“Oh yes you will. If you think you’re going to sit around for four or five months doing nothing but feeling sorry for yourself you’re in for a reality check. My friends will expect a real maid when they come to visit and you’re going to be a real maid. I won’t have you embarrassing me,” I flatly stated.

“Not on your life, I’m not going to be anybody’s maid,” She yelled.

### Chapter –5 A reality check.

“You don’t have any alternative, and I know just what will help convince you,” I said, and picking a yard stick I dragged her over a chair and really let her have it as hard as I could.

“I hope this is bringing you to your senses. From now on you’re Brandy, my maid. You’re going to learn to act, look and think like a servant, understood? (crack, crack crack)

Y-Yes Laura, oh p-please stop,” she pleaded.

“From now on you’ll address me properly as, ‘Mistress.’ And to drive home your new status in this house you no longer have a dick, you have a pussy, which is going to get locked up until you start acting like you’re expected to,” I demanded, and unzipping her hobble skirt high enough so I could get to her pussy I quickly had it locked in a chrome, chastity sheath.

“There now, tell me do you have a dick or a pussy?” I asked, pushing her over the chair and bringing down the yard stick several more times until she admitted that she had a pussy.

“P-Please Mistress don’t spank me anymore, I-I’m sorry.” She bawled.



Well, that's a good sign. She's sorry and she doesn't even know what she's sorry for.

"Tomorrow you'll remind me to take you back to Grace's to have your hair done properly. On of the girls asked me if you were wearing a wig, and we can't have that,"

I declared.

## **Chapter -6 Brandy knuckles under.**

Now that she was trapped as Brandy the maid I decided was no time to let up on her. In fact just the opposite.

"From now on you're on a diet," I said, yanking on the laces of her corset, making them as tight as I could. Naturally I ignored her pleas that it was way too tight. "You weigh much too much for a maid and your figure needs a lot of improvement, it's downright chubby."

"As to your uniform with the hobble skirt you'll wear it all day as you do your chores until I see you walking naturally in your new heels," I proclaimed, although before zipping it closed I had one more addition. Lifting her skirt I iced down her dick until I could get it into a stainless, steel chastity tube and fastened it with a lock.

"This will remind you that for the next four months, or longer, who knows, you're a maid. Maids have pussies and now that's what you have, understood?" I asked, sternly.

"I don't have a pussy damn it!" She angrily stated.

"Every time I ask if you have a pussy and you say that you don't I ram this up you for a week," I calmly said, holding up an enormous butt plug.

"Now tell me what you have," I demanded to know.

Looking terrified at the evil looking plug in my hand in a sobbing voice she blurted out, "I-I have a pussy."

After that I crammed her feet in six inch high stiletto heels and locked them on her.



“You’re not going to like getting used to these and Jane warned me that as soon as I turn my back you’re going to them off. These little locks will make sure you can’t do that,” I declared.

“Please I’ll never be able to walk in these heels,” She pleaded.

“You were told that maids don’t speak until they’re spoken to, and you failed to address me properly. Open your mouth!” I screamed at her and frightened out of her wits she did as I ordered. At which time I crammed a huge ball gag in her and locked the straps behind her head.

“That will stay on the rest of the day. If you speak when you’re not spoken to, or fail to address me correctly it stays on for a week, do we understand each other?” I asked.

In disbelief at what I’d crammed in her mouth all she could do with a terrified expression was to nod.

## **Chapter -7 Chores done perfectly, or else.**

“From now on your chores, and doing any damn thing I tell you to do, come first. You’ll receive a list of chores each day. When I come home they’d all better be done, and done perfectly, or you won’t be spanked, you’ll get this,” I informed her, holding up a wicked looking, wooden cane. “Five times for every chore not done absolutely perfectly, and ten times for any chore not completed or even started. Next Saturday I’m have the girls back as a thank you for their admittedly misguided efforts to sharpen you up. Be that as it may when they arrive you will profusely thank them. You have one week to learn how to conduct yourself as a proper maid. If I hear one negative remark you’ll get this fifteen times for each remark. Nod if you understand,” I demanded.

Properly scared out of her mind, eyes fixed on the cane in my hand, she vigorously nodded.

“I’m gong to work now. Here’s your list of chores, they better be done by the time I get back,” I threatened, leaving her hobbled, terrified in six inch heels, corseted and gagged.

“The first thing you’ll do when I get home is to curtsy, kiss my feet to acknowledge who’s in charge, and you’ll get between my legs and lick my pussy. I’ll al-

ways want a healthy orgasm when I get home,” I declared, knowing it was the one thing he felt was beneath him.

## Chapter -8 Breaking in a new maid.

It takes hardly any time at all to break in a new maid I found when they’re scared to death of you. Which is how I planned to keep her until I could see she finally understood that for the next five months, at least, she was going to be a maid for real. After all what choice did she have?

When I came home she curtsied, but then hesitated much too long to kiss my feet after I unlocked her gag.

“That will be five, now get between my legs and do what you thought was beneath you when you were a man, but you’re not a man anymore, you’re my maid. And my maid licks my pussy and where and any time I want her to,” I stated.

As I figured her efforts were pitiful. “Jesus Christ, you call that licking pussy, that’s pathetic. I expect my maid to lick pussy like it’s the only thing in life she looks forward to. Obviously you need a lot of practice. After you’re finished serving my meal get under the table while I eat,” I ordered.

As she served my dinner I asked her, “Did you enjoy being gagged all day girl?”

“Oh no, Mistress, it was horrible.” She replied.

“Face up!” I screamed at her and slapped it several times, and not lightly.

“When I ask you a question you will either answer, ‘Yes Mistress,’ ‘No Mistress,’

‘Thank you Mistress,’ or ‘The maid has no excuse Mistress.’ If you have to reply that you have no excuse you’ll get ten with the cane, is that clear?” I barked.

“Y-Yes M-Mistress,” She whimpered.

It was truly amazing the progress Brandy made in just a week. Even the girls all remarked on her improved behavior. Why I only had to give her five for tripping in her heels when serving drinks. Which, I suppose, was rather unfair, after all who can learn to walk in six inch heels in just a week?

### **Epilogue.**

As the five month of her transformation into my maid approached I'm sure she was looking forward to her make-up finally beginning to wear off. Well I know it was a totally unfair thing to do, but on the pretext of getting her hair done I took her to Grace's. Handed a doctored cup of coffee she was soon fast asleep. When she woke up and asked Grace how her hair came out Grace, innocently said, "Oh I think it looks absolutely perfect, and while you didn't ask I completely refreshed your make-up at no charge."

"W-What, b-but, oh God, you mean another five months before it starts wearing off," she exclaimed in dismay.

"Well at least that, although I think your lips may last six and if you're lucky seven months as I used a new, longer lasting lipstick. Honestly I haven't the faintest idea why you should be so upset," She said, putting her hand over her mouth to hide her laugh.

It's now been ten months and I found that having a maid absolutely indispensable.

And all my friends, especially those haughty, stuck up women with maids of their own are simply dripping with jealousy. Looking at Brandy in her alluring French Maid's uniform I could understand why. With her corset now laced to a stunning twenty-one inches and finally managing to walk without tripping in her seven inch heels I couldn't have been more pleased.

As a reward I found, online, what's called an "Instant Pussy." The reviews were most impressive, mostly from female impersonators. Many stating that they wear theirs day and night, which decided me. I really couldn't understand the girl, after all what girl doesn't want a pussy? I did let her play with it and Brandy had her first orgasm.

##

## A Sissy In Denial.

### Chapter -1 I'm not a sissy, honest.

"Pleath Aunthy Jane," I'm not a sissy honest," Nicholette lisped.

"Of course you are Nicholette, you're simply in denial. After all I did come home unexpectedly to catch you mincing around in one of my dresses and high heels. Why you were even wearing one of my bras and panties. Your make-up was even quite good. And from that big tent in your panties you were obviously enjoying yourself, weren't you?" I asked patiently.

"Yeth Aunthy Jane," She replied shamefully.

"And when I asked to explain yourself you said that when you were growing up your little sister, two years younger than you, made you dress up in her old clothes, old little girl clothes she hadn't worn in years, even though you said you didn't want to," I said.

"S-She wath bigger and stronger than me. And if I didn't do as sath she said she'd spank me, a-and ith really hurt," she said lamely.

"Now that's when I caught you in a lie. Obviously memories of you dressed as a little girl were fond ones. Which you were trying to relive by dressing in my old clothes. And you admitted you had lied, didn't you?" I asked sternly.

"Yeth Aunthy Jane, I-I lied..."

"Who lied?" I asked.

N-Nicholette lied Aunthy Jane. Buth honest I'm not a sissy. I don't like dressing like thisth," She protested weakly.

"Of course you di, as I said, you're just in denial. Any man who secretly dresses in his wife's clothes isn't really a man, is he?" I asked.

"N-No Aunthy Jane," She admitted.

"He's not a woman is he? Dressing behind my back was an immature, childish thing to do, wasn't it?" I wanted her to admit.

"No Aunthy Jane," She admitted with slumping shoulders.

"So the only thing he can be is a sissy, am I right?" I asked.

“Yeth aunthy Jane,” She replied reluctantly. We’d had this conversation before which, until now, had resulted in a lengthy, bare bottom spanking with my old sorority paddle. So he knew there was only one acceptable answer.

## **Chapter -2 I did give you a chance to earn your pants back.**

“I’m simply helping you relive those years when your sister made you dress up in her old clothes. However I did offer you a chance to regain your pants a couple weeks ago, didn’t I? I invited several of my friends, who didn’t know you to meet you. I dressed you up in one of my old schoolgirl uniforms and presented you to them as a niece who had come to stay a while with me. I promised you if even one of them asked what was a man doing dressed as a schoolgirl that I’d give you back your pants. And what happened?” I asked.

“T-They all thought I was really a schoolgirl,” she cringed.

“And you were too much of a cowardly sissy to correct them, when you could have, couldn’t you?” I said.

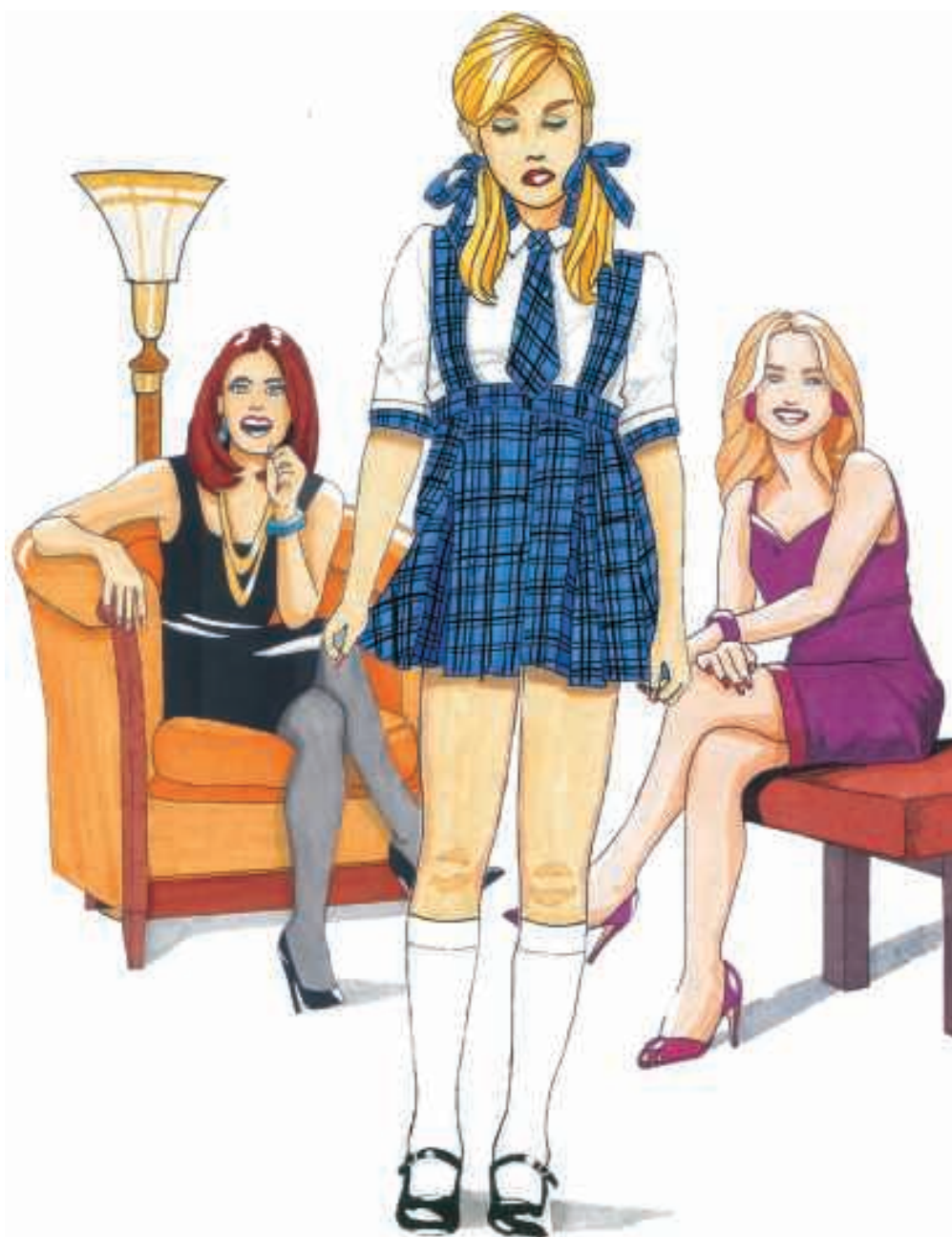
“Yeth Aunthy Jane.”

“Then it got worse, didn’t it?” I stated, “One of the women recognized your uniform as the same one her daughter wore when she was in the fifth grade, so they all decided you must be eleven years old. And still you didn’t correct them. And they all thought you were such a polite little girl curtsying whenever you answered a question. And they all loved your childish lisp and how daintily and gracefully you walked, didn’t they?”

“Y-Yeth Aunthy Jane,” She admitted, not daring to protest that her lisp was the result of the nickel I’d glued under the tip of her tongue. Or that the tacks I’d put in the bottoms of her heels was the reason she minced so daintily on her toes.

“Then they so admired what a truly envious figure you had for a girl your age. One of them said her daughter would be the envy of all her friends if she had a figure like yours, didn’t she?” I asked.

“Yeth Aunthy Jane,” she replied a bit testily. And with good reason I suppose. For to give her such an envious figure I’d laced her into a corset as tight as I could lace it.







### Chapter -3 One last chance.

“Well, that would have decided it but I gave you one more chance, just last week, to prove you weren’t a little girl and a sissy, didn’t I? I presented you to Bruce my date for the night dressed in such a ridiculously frilly little girl attire that there was no way he couldn’t laugh and ask what the devil was a man dressed so outlandishly pretending to be a little girl. But what happened?” I demanded to know.

“H-He thought I was really a little girl,” She couldn’t help the sob that escaped her.

“Now let’s see, I believe he said he had a ten year old niece who loved dressing up so that she looked just like one of dolls. And that you looked just like one of her dolls. So he thought you must be the same age as his niece, all of ten years old, maybe, he thought, possibly even just nine as his niece looked a bit older. You could, at any time, have corrected him and regained your pants, couldn’t you?” I asked in disgust.

“Yeth Aunthy Jane,” She admitted, hanging her head.

Of course there was a reason she looked like a ten year old dressed up to look like a doll. Because she did, I saw to it. On line I found the most outrageously, frilly, little girls dressed or a beauty pageant for little girls age eight to ten. It was pink satin with a huge, ridiculously short skirt with a bow at the waist showing off her stiff petticoats that made it stand nearly straight out. The short, puffy sleeves were trimmed in ruffles and bows. Short white, ruffled gloves were on her hands. On her legs were matching, ruffled anklets and on her feet the most darling, pink, patent leather, little girl’s beauty pageant shoes with crisscrossing instep straps and yet a third ankle strap with each toe decorated by tow floppy pink bows.

### Chapter –4 A sissy makeover.

But it was her hair and makeup that I paid extra attention to. Naturally Nicholette weakly protested but a sound spanking cured her of that when I took her to my beauty salon and turned her over to Betty, my beautician. I told her in advance just who the little girl I was bringing in actually was. She was as disgusted as I actually was and promised to treat her as the little girl she was dressed as.

I sat across from her chair as I wouldn't miss it for anything.

"Oh my aren't you the most precious little girl," She gushed.

"Can you tell me how old you are sweetie? She asked, in the manner of how one talks to little girls.

"Tell her your name and how old you are and don't forget to curtsy," I said warningly.

So with a curtsy, hanging her head shamefully she said, "My name ith Mith Nicholette a-and I'm ten yearths old."

"Well you just get up in my chair and lets see how much more absolutely adorable I can make you," She directed.

"Wath are you going to do, Mith?" She asked nervously.

"Never you mind what she's going to do. If you want to earn your pants back just sit there and remain silent," I instructed.

Pretending not to understand Betty said, "Why on earth would just a precious little girl want to wear pants. Why I never."

"I'm afraid she's a bit of a tom girl, but I'm determined to put an end to that. But it's really up to Nicholette, isn't it?" I asked.

"Yeth Aunthy Jane," She replied glumly.

Betty first tackled her hair which was a bit longish. Declaring her hair was much too short she weaved in below the shoulders extensions.

"Now for a special hairdo for the perfect little girl I'll dye it the same color and put it all in curlers before perming it," She announced.

Eventually with her hair in a mass of curlers she tackled her makeup.

Adding hugely curled eyelashes, dramatic bright blue eye shadow, and reshaping her lips into pouty, glossy pink, little girl's cupid lips. Finally she used a pale foundation to give her face a more porcelain, doll like quality.

When she turned her to a mirror she let out a gasp of disbelief. Her hair was now a mass of the most girlish ringlets and she truly did look just like a doll.

She grew even more horrified when Betty sweetly added, "I know that little girls your age don't know how to apply their own makeup. But not to worry, I used what's called Permanently Perfect. It's guaranteed to stay exactly as it is for at least four months, sometimes longer. And I gave her hair an extra tight perm so your hair

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will stay and look exactly as it does now for, oh, at least a month before I'll need to touch it up."

However Nicholette's nightmare wasn't quite over. Holding her hand I walked, she minced, several blocks down the street and into a hat shop.

To the sales girl, out of range of Nicholette's hearing, I said, "I'm entering her in one of those beauty pageants for girls her age and what I feel will really set her off is absolutely the frilliest bonnet you have."

"Oh I think I have just the bonnet," She declared.

And she was right. The biggest, pink bonnet edged in rows of tiny, white ruffles with pinks bow decorating it.

"Oh my, don't you look so adorable. I'm sure my date tonight, Randy, will adore you," I gushed.

"Oh pleath Aunty Jane, pleath n-not like this," She pleaded desperately.

### Chapter -5 Into the closet.

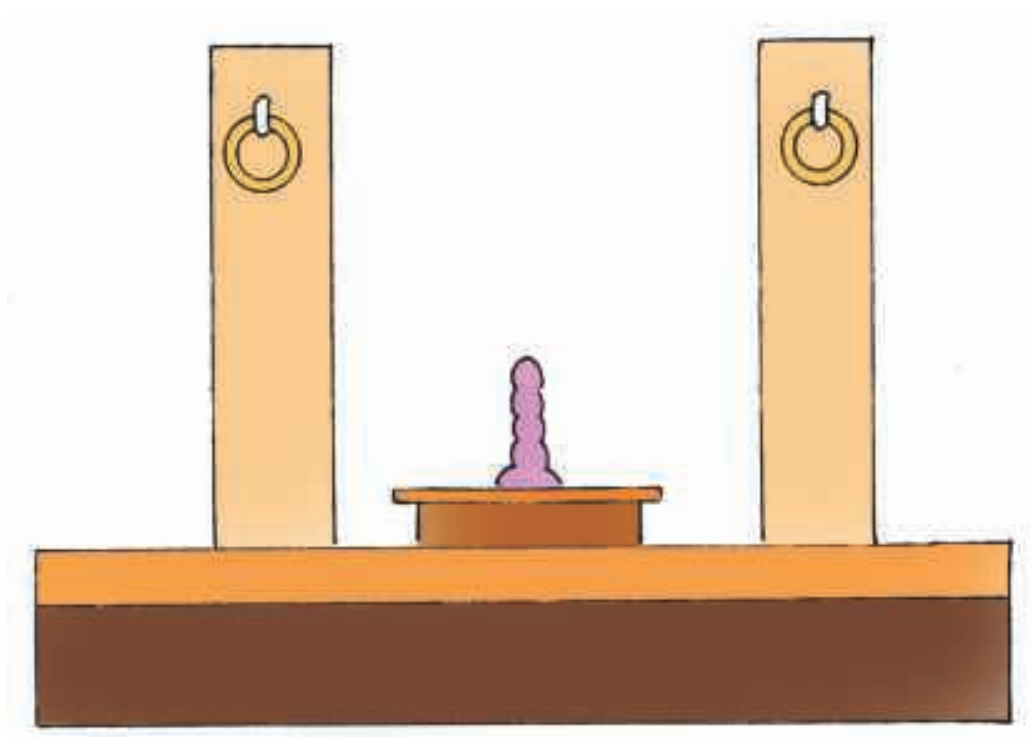
"Now I said 'would' didn't I? No, I won't show you off to him tonight. I have the most wonderful, big surprise for you. Just to show you, as a sissy, what you've been missing," I said, purposely not explaining any further even when she nervously asked what the big surprise was.

An hour before my date was to arrive I started getting her ready. Ordering to hold her skirts up above her waist I'm sure she was surprised when I took off her ruffled panties. Even more shocked when I unfastened the bow on her little pussy that kept her modest.

I then pulled a different panty up her explaining, with a grin, "These are special 'don't leak' rubber lined panties to protect your petticoats."

When she asked why they needed protection all I said, with a smirk, was, "Well that's going to be the big surprise, sweetie."

I'm sure she couldn't believe what I put on her next. A white, leather toddler's harness. One set of strap went under her arms and had an oval shaped panel with "Sissy" stitched on it. Another set of vertical straps went to a waist strap and over her shoulders tightly buckling in back.



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Leading her to my bedroom I open the large closet door that faced the bed. What she saw shocked her as I expected it would. For on the back bench was a seat and on the seat was a rippled, pink six inch butt plug.

“Now let’s get you on your sear. Lift your skirts up so I can open the little slit in the back so I can get you properly seated,” I instructed. Naturally she struggled mightily, resisting horrified. But so tightly laced she could offer little resistance as I slowly but forcefully got her seated.

“I know it feels a little strange at first although you don’t believe me now but you’ll soon come to love it. Now hold still while I attach your reins to the wall so you don’t fall off your seat,” I aid, although there was no chance of that happening.

When the doorbell rang I said, “Oh that will be Randy. Now I’ll just shut the door. When I do you’ll see a one way mirror you can see through so you’ll be able to see what you’ve been missing. I suggest you don’t utter a sound or I’ll have to show him who’s hiding in the closet.”

“Oh yes, Nicholette, if you think you can shut your eyes and not watch you’re quite mistaken. After he’s done fucking my brains out. Oh silly me, you really aren’t old enough to understand that word, are you? It means when he sticks his penis in me and I start screaming in pleasure it means I’m getting royally fucked. Well, after he finishes me off I’m going to ask you a series of questions. For each one you can’t answer you go back into the closet the next time I have a date. The questions are;

1. What color are the briefs he’s wearing?
2. How long is his dick, I mean penis? I’ll pretend to be amazed at the size and playfully use a ruler to measure it. So you’d better watch carefully.
3. What time exactly did he start fucking me? I put a clock facing you so you’ll be able to see it.
4. What position was I in when he was fucking me?
5. What did I do with my legs when he was fucking me?
6. What was the precise time when his dick shot it’s load? I’ll let you know by screaming, ‘Yes, yes give it to me!’
7. How long in minutes did he fuck me?
8. What time did you receive your wonderful surprise? I know you’re going to love it,” I chuckled.



With that I shut the door.

## **Chapter -6 Nicholette's big surprise.**

It was perhaps 30 minutes later after we tore each others clothes off and started going at it that I suddenly screamed, "Yes, yes give it to me!"

As I did I pressed a button on a small remote I'd been holding. It was the start of Nicholette's big surprise as her new "friend" started vibrating. When I turned up the intensity I also pressed the second button. And her "friend" started growing until it stopped at a full eight inches. A couple minutes later I pushed the third button and it started to wiggle madly.

Not too much later I thought I heard a scream, or was it a loud moan or maybe it was a series of gasps. I couldn't help chuckling wondering if Nicholette had enjoyed her big surprise.

Ten minutes after Randy, an appropriate name, I opened the closet door to see Nicholette still gasping out of breath.

I let her calm down and then quizzed her. She gave all the right answers except for the last one.

"I'll forgive you for that one," I proclaimed, "You were undoubtedly too busy experiencing your wonderful surprise, weren't you?"

"Yeth Aunthy Jane," She admitted shamefully between gasps.

## **Chapter -7 A serious conversation.**

The following morning at breakfast I said, "We need to have a serious talk Nicholette. Through a mistake by Betty who thought she was doing you a real favor applying makeup that will last at least five months, if not longer, there's really nothing you can do but remain my little niece until it eventually wears off, is there?"

"N-No Aunthy Jane," She replied miserably.

"I'm heartened that you understand. Now tell me did you enjoy your time in the closet?" I asked.

"Oooo no, Aunthy Jane," She shuttered.



“Well I expect you to act like the proper little girl everyone thinks you are for the next five months. If you give me even the slightest problem you’ll be back in the closet. This is no idle threat. Do you understand me,” I demanded to know sternly.

“Yeth Aunthy Jane Nicholette understaths,” She answered, knowing I was dead serious.

## **Chapter -8 You have to be more convincing.**

“The problem you’re going to have for at least the next five months, or more, is to try harder to convince everyone you meet that you’re really a ten year old little girl in the fifth grade. You only met my friends and one of my dates for a few minutes. Yet even in those few minutes you made several rather glaring mistakes. You used grown up words that a ten year wouldn’t know. Several times you spoke in a deep voice more like a boy and much too loud. You didn’t do things all well mannered, properly brought up little girls do. You stood like a boy with your legs apart. You drew unwanted attention to yourself fidgeting while seated. You sat on your skirts, forgot to carefully arrange them and worse didn’t keep your knew together immodestly showing off your panties. And what will you say when you’re asked what your favorite things to do are, or your favorite games and tv shows,” I asked.

So you’re going to have to become much more convincing unless you want someone suddenly pointing and laughing wondering what’s a man doing dressed as a little girl. Is that what you want?” I asked.

“Oh no, Aunthy Jane, b-but couldn’t I just stay inside?” She pleaded.

“For the next five months? Absolutely not. Who’s going to watch you all day long? Not me,” I declared.

“But whath can I do?” She asked, as I expected her to.

“Well, it just so happens that there’s a school that I can enroll you in during the day, a sort of charm school. You can go and they’ll teach you how to act like a proper little girl, or I can employ a full time nanny to watch over you all day. It’s your choice,” I said.

“I-I think I’d better go to this school if it’ll make me more convincing. I don’t want to stay in all day for the next five months,” She said, making sure it was her decision. I couldn’t help giving myself a pat on the back the way I’d left it up to her.

## Chapter -9 A wise choice.

“I think you’ve made a very wise choice Nicholette. So this Monday you’ll start attending Ms. Grendel’s Charm and Dance Academy.

“Dance, you don’t mean like ballet?” She asked, sounding mortified.

“Yes ballet. All little girls take ballet, but you’ll also be taking tap dancing. Both will improve your gracefulness and correct your awkwardness which one of the ladies noted and it was she who suggested Ms. Grendel’s school,” I lied.

“Buth wonth I look too tall?” I-I mean stick out?” She wondered.

“Actually I visited this school and observed a ballet class. You’re a bit tall, but you won’t be the tallest,” I assured her, giggling to myself. If she only knew. You see it was a quite unusual school. A school for sissies that I’d found online. And in talking with the headmistress she assured me, with a laugh, that Nicholette would fit right in.

“The sissies are just far enough along that they’ll have no idea their fellow students aren’t real little girls,” She chuckled, then added, “Oh yes, when the school bus comes to pick her up make sure she’s dressed in something frilly so she doesn’t stick out. When she arrives we’ll get her dressed in the school uniform.”

## Chapter -10 Nicholette’s first day in sissy school.

The following morning I dressed her in a suitably frilly party dress. She was obviously nervous when the pink school bus showed up. She got even more nervous when I sternly warned, “When you’re in school you will try your hardest in everything they ask you to do. I will get a daily report on your behavior, attitude and how well you’re applying yourself. On bad report and it’s back to the closet. Am I clear Nicholette?”

“Oh yeth Aunthy Jane,” She replied in a suitably frightened voice.

I truly wished I could be there but I wouldn’t miss anything as it was being streamed to my ipad.

When I turned it on there was Nicholette with three new sissies all line up. Moments later Porshe Grindal walked in presenting a most imposing sight dress severely in black and in her heels she stood well over six feet tall. With her were two

younger girls dressed in similar fashion. I learned that the other three sissies names were Tabatha, Priscilla and Daphne.

Cheerfully she said, "I'd like to welcome you to my charm and dance academy. I'm sure you'll find your days here very fulfilling and enjoyable. Now we refer to new students as our angels. When you successfully become a full fledged Angel you'll go to your next level of your education and become a Grindel Darling. So I will ask you each in turn to step forward and announce your name, age and what grade your in. I know you'll all been taught to curtsy after you speak but here you'll curtsy before and after you speak."

I could tell how much Nicholette hated having to curtsy and say, "My name ith Angel Nicholette, I'm ten years old and in the fifth grade."

When they'd all stepped forward and announced themselves Porshe said, "Very good Angels. Now these are my two assistants, Rachel and Gretchen, but you will simply address them as 'Miss.' Now let me review the report I have on each of you starting with Angel Nicholette. Tsk, tsk I see you have a figure problem. Even with your corset your waist is a very unladylike twenty-four inches. Rachel please note that before she becomes a Darling you will have her waist reduced to a more svelte twenty-one inches. Note also her chubbiness. It says she weighs 127 which is totally unacceptable.

For her height and frame what should it be Gretchel?"

Keeping a straight face and consulting a chart she said, "No more than 112 for an Angel, 108 when she becomes a Darling."

Nicholette was obviously in shock. She had to reduce her waist to an utterly girl-ish twenty-one inches and lose fifteen pounds before she could graduate.

Then Porshe added, "One more thing Rachel. It seems like many little girls that she's quite awkward and, at time, actually walks similar to a boy. Well that will have to stop, please insert the little walking aids we often have to use."

Nicholette was already having trouble walking on her toes on flat heels, albeit with little tack to help her. She was going to have much trouble walking on one-and-a-half inch heels. The walking aids were slightly larger tacks. She'd be walking on her tippy toes from now on whether she wanted to or not. Poor Nicholette, I mused.

## Chapter -11 A Uniform to die for, if you're a sissy.

"Now one at a time we'll take you to the fitting room so you can be properly uniformed. Rachel you take Angel Nicholette first and see that her corset is changed for our figure training corset, just one inch less to start," She instructed.

"Take my hand, one rule is you must always be led by the hand unless permitted otherwise," the girl said, for now, kindly. I chuckled seeing Nicholette hated the thought of being constantly led around by the hand like one does a little child. But, of course that's what she was now so she couldn't expected any less I grinned to myself.

"She'll be out in about half an hour," Porshe advised me, looking up at the camera.

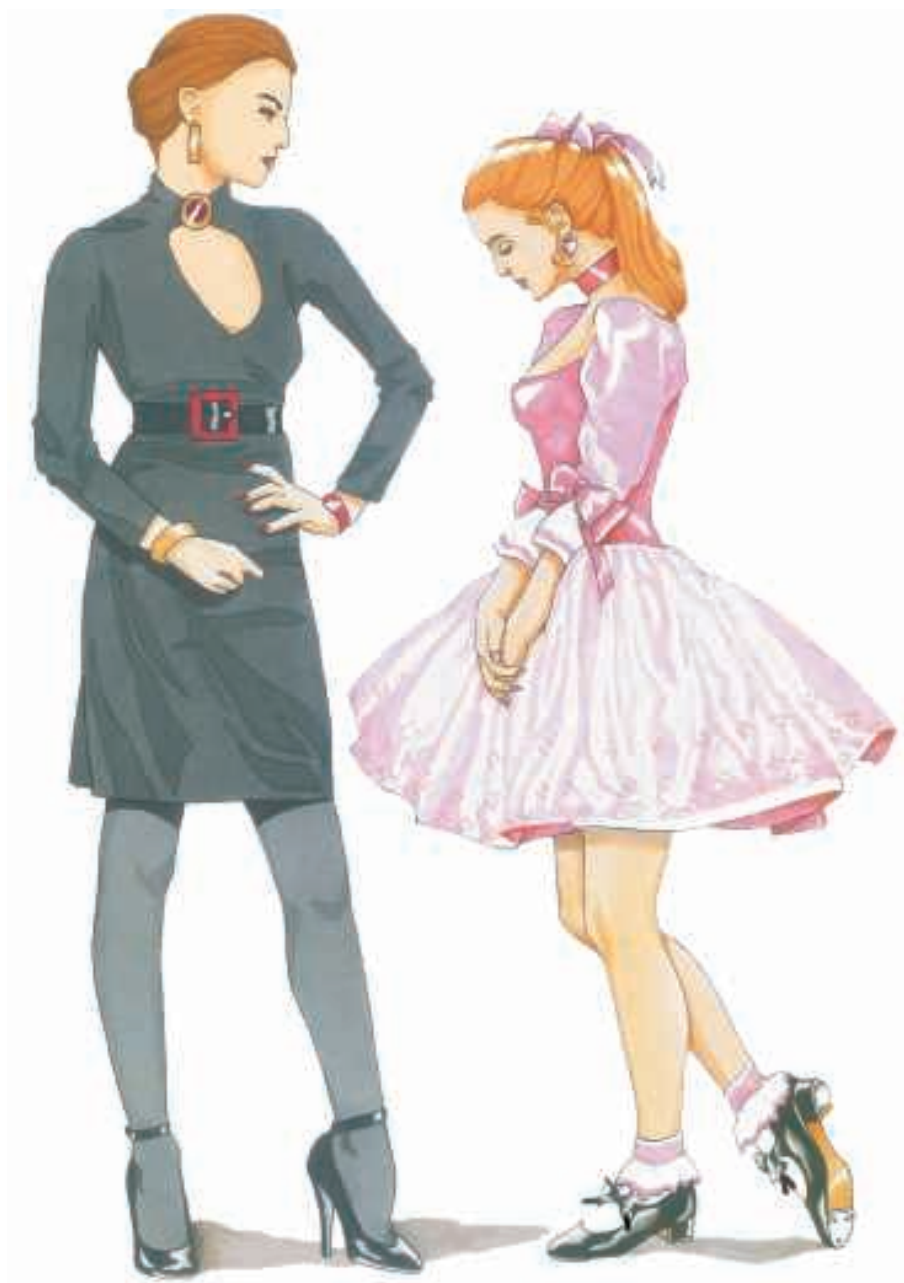
Half an hour later she came out and I laughed so hard I almost choked. Oh my, Nicholette certainly didn't look happy. And, really, I couldn't blame her. Not dressed in the sissiest, pink, little girls dress I think I've ever seen. The skirt didn't even come to mid-thigh and I counted no less than three petticoats forcing the skirt to stand nearly straight out. There were the shortest, puffiest sleeves trimmed double tiers of ruffled lace and bows. On her hands were short, wrist length gloves with the widest ruffles decorating them with pink bow. On her legs were white, turn down, ruffle trimmed anklets also accented with pink bows. And I couldn't believe her shoes. Pink tap shoes of all things with huge, pink, floppy bows securing them across the insteps.

I knew they were tap shoes as I could hear, what I'm sure to Nicholette, were their deafening clicking with each mortifying step she took.

Her hair, well what little ten year old girl wouldn't love her hair in childish pig-tails fastened with absurdly long bows and with streamers nearly down to her shoulders.

On her left breast was a school crest that read, "The Grindel Charm & Dance Academy." With the academy motto of, "Dainty, Dainty, Dainty."

They'd obviously put her in what she'd called a figure training corset as her figure even though laced only an inch tighter gave her a noticeably more little girlish figure. I learned later that the figure training corset was an hour glass corset with rigid, steel stays that didn't allow for the slightest bending. It appeared a real trial for her as I could hear little gasps as she tried to breathe in the unyielding corset.



## Chapter -12 Tippy toe tap shoes.

When all four sissies, identically dressed, were once again in line the headmistress gushed, “Oh my, such an improvement. Don’t you just love your school uniforms?” She asked.

“Yeth Headmistreth,” They all lisped with no enthusiasm.

“Now I’m sure you’re wondering why you’re wearing tap shoes. Obviously they’re much more treacherous to walk in. Which is, of course, why you’re wearing them. They’ll cause you to want to shortened your step and walk more daintily. Which is what you want to do as perfect little Angels, isn’t it?” She asked.

“Yeth Headmistreth,” They curtsied and reluctantly replied.

“I’d like you to walk to the end of the room and back please, She instructed.

When they had she said, “Did you notice the different sound your taps make? Your toe taps make a click while your heel taps make a clack. All proper little girls walk ever so mincingly and daintily on just their tippy toes. So before you can graduate from an Angel to a Darlling you will have to walk ten times back and forth without once hearing a clack.”

The expressions on the sissies faces was priceless learning what they had to do before graduating.

“But not to worry we can help those that are finding it a bit difficult as we already have for Angel Nicholette,” She assured them.

## Chapter -13 The Golden Rules.

“Now then Angels, we have just a few, what we call, Golden rules, but they’re very important one. After I say a Golden Rule you’ll curtsy and recite it back to me three times to make sure you remember it.

“Golden Rule Number One is that little girls should be seen and not heard. That means that proper, little girls never speak without getting permission first unless you are answering a question.

“Golden Rule Number 2 is to ask permission to speaks a proper little girl raises her hand and says, ‘Please Headmistress, Miss, Mummy, Governess or Nanny can little Angel, say your name, can I pretty please say’ and then you may say what it is

you want to say,” she said pleasantly, but the sissies all cringed at being forced to actually act like little child, but then it got much worse.

“Now if an Angel speaks twice in one day without permission regrettably we will have to wash her mouth out with soap,” She said, earning horrified looks on all the sissie’s faces. I couldn’t help chuckling, oh my I thought. But then it got really much worse.

“Golden rule Number 3 is a proper little girl absolutely never does anything without permission. If she does so twice in a day unfortunately she will have to be spanked,” She explained. Well the look of shock on their faces was so priceless.

“Those are all the Golden Rules. Does anyone have any questions,” She asked.

Timidly Angel Priscilla raised her hand, “Pleath Headmistreth, may little Angel Priscilla pretty please say that my gloves are awfully tight. I can barely move my hands or fingers. They must be the wrong size.”

“A very good question. But no your gloves are purposefully tight so that they’ll train you to remember to do everything very carefully and gracefully,” She answered with a smile, then added, “When a little girl receives a compliment it’s courteous to thanks that person. So when any of you receives a compliment, in the case of Angel Priscilla, you’ll curtsy and say, ‘Angel Priscilla thanks you ever so much for your most cherished compliment.’ Now let’s all practice.”

## **Chapter –14 The perfect curriculum, for a sissy that is.**

Taken to an old fashioned schoolroom with wooden desks, she said, “Please take a seat Angels and I will review your daily classes with you. On your desk is a notebook write everything down as I speak.”

I couldn’t help but giggle as she informed them of the classes they’d be taking and the crestfallen expressions on their faces.

“Each day will start with an hour of Manners & Etiquette. Then an hour of learning how proper little girls sit, stand and bend, plus learning skirt management. Following that is an hour of speech, proper inflection and what we call learned responses. Then an hour of hair styling. Mondays Wednesdays and Fridays you’ll take ballet. Tuesdays and Thursday you’ll your tap dance class. Then on Saturday, I’m sure you’ll be excited to have ballroom dancing. Your partners will be boys from the St. Regis Academy,” She grinned.

Which drew an audible gasp of disbelief. I had a hard time stopping laughing. Image men, reduced to little girls, being made to dance with boys, it was priceless and I couldn't wait till Saturday.

"Of course each day you'll have playtime, having such fun skipping rope, playing hopscotch or swinging. You'll also have an hour of game time. Coloring in your coloring books, working jig saw puzzles or playing pick up sticks," She informed the miserable sissies.

## **Chapter -15 Praise and faults.**

"Now to encourage you to always try your best when you do something incorrect you will receive a naughty angel mark. The one with the most naughty angel marks at the end of the day will be spanked three times for every mark. So if you receive say fifteen marks how many spanks would you get Angel Nicholette?" She asked.

"Angel Nicholette would get f-forty five spanks, headmistress," She shuttered, as did the other sissies.

"At lunch time we'll let you know who has the most naughty and the least angel marks to that point," She stated.

It was diabolical of course, and ever so perfect to ensure that each sissy always tried their hardest to turn themselves into perfect little girls whether they wanted to or not.

## **Chapter -16 The end of the day, but not quite.**

Angel Priscilla ended up being spanked at the end of the day, thus ensuring she'd try even harder the following day, as would the other sissies to avoid being spanked.

I'm sure they all breathed a sigh of relief that they were going home, until she said, "Now there'll be no let up when you get home. Your Mummies, Nannies, Aunties or Governesses will be asked to give you naughty angel marks. In the morning the one with the most naughty angel marks, of course, will be spanked."



They were then given their homework. Writing all the Golden Rules twenty times each. All the Curtsy rules also twenty times. Memorizing ten Learned Responses and practicing their walk with books on their heads for thirty minutes. Even so Nicholette was overjoyed to be back home. But, she was in for a surprise. For sitting with me was a stunningly attractive, tall, athletic girl.

“So did you enjoy your first day of school, Nicholette?” I asked innocently.

“Oh yes Auntie Jane. I simply adored it, and I had ever so much fun. Thank you for sending me,” She recited what they’d all been made to memorize when asked.

“I have another date tonight, I’m sure you remember Randy. But I’m most concerned about leaving a little, ten year old girl home all alone with no one to supervise her. This is Hanna, who you’ll politely address as ‘Miss Hanna.’ She has graciously agreed to babysit you tonight. She’s just nineteen, but has lots of experience,” I said.

“B-Babysit me?” She said, obviously horrified at yet another new humiliation. Sissy school was bad enough, but to come home and find that a young, nineteen year old girl was going to babysit her I found so delightfully amusing.

“Hanna assures me she’ll keep you well supervised. Ensuring you do all your homework and has even suggested allowing you to watch Sesame Street if she decides you’ve been a well-mannered and obedient little girl,” I added.

Then, of course, couldn’t help making it worse. Turning to Hanna I said, “As soon as I leave you can feed her and then put her on her potty. Then sit her down to do her homework. After which she can watch a little tv before dressing her for bed.”

“D-Dressing me?” She asked, suffering another little humiliation to endure.

“Of course, little, ten year old girls are much too young to know how to dress and undress themselves,” I proclaimed.

My instructions in babysitting Nicholette would have sounded more than a little odd until I explained. “Nicholette is such an adorable, precious little girl that I’ve decided to enter her in one of those little girl beauty pageants. I’m sending her to a charm and dance academy that trains little girls for beauty pageants.”

“Oh, I see, well I’ll make sure she acts as well-mannered and girlish as she can while I babysit her,” She promised. Perfect, I thought, then switched to Randy and his big cock.

## Chapter -17 Nicholette's first dance recital.

Over the weeks Nicholette became more and more the perfect little, ten year old girl. Porshe and her assistants saw to that. But, unwittingly, so did Hanna when I offered her room and board and a small salary which, as a freshman in college, she was most thankful for. She became Nicholette's nanny and was obliged to address her as such.

One particular event I attended I had all I could do not to laugh out load.

For at the end of each month the school held a dance recital that I wouldn't miss for anything.

So there was Nicholette up on the stage dressed in a tutu that stood straight out showing off her behind at each twirl. Her beaded leotard showed off her ever improving girlish figure. White tights on her legs, a ridiculous, fake diamond tiara pinned to her head. And hysterically of all things satin, angel wings. But the most fascinating part of her ensemble were her toe shoes. Porshe described them as her training, ballet toe shoes to help her stay up on her toes. For they were in reality actual ballet shoes which held her feet straight down and to help support them seven inch high stiletto heels.

By chance I sat next to the three women who's husbands were up on stage with Nicholette. Tabitha, Daphne and Priscilla. As husbands Tabitha and Daphne had been arrogant, abusive husbands. Priscilla had been a serial adulterer. So his, or her, wife decided that since he was so fascinated with women she'd just make him into one. But making him into a woman, she decided, was too good for him. So as revenge she sent him to sissy school.

We agreed we should get them together. "After all even sissies need best friends to play with," Monica, Tabitha's wife laughed.

## Chapter -18 From Angel to Darling.

Nicholette graduated as a full fledged Angel three months later.

"Do I hath to become a little Darling?" She asked the day after graduation.

"I don't see why not. You're still stuck with your makeup for at least the next two months perhaps longer. Besides with Hanna in school during the day at least at school I know you'll be well cared for and supervised. Undoubtedly you'll learn

many new, exciting things as one of Ms. Grendel's Darlings, won't you?" I asked, seeming to care.

Having Hanna living with us full time was a god send. With me out most nights with girlfriends or better yet some stud with a god sized cock I only occasionally was around Nicholette. In essence I realized I was now, for all intents and purposes living the life of a single woman again. I felt free, and I owed it all to my sissy husband, although I'd stopped thinking of him, or her, that months ago.

## **Chapter -19 Keeping a sissy a contented sissy.**

Nicholette's first day as school as a Darling Porshe asked me to come in for a conference.

"Nicholette, we've noticed the past few weeks, has grown progressively depressed. It happens eventually to all sissies. What is it she enjoys the most?" She asked.

"Actually she's quite a good artist. She loves sketching and painting," I said.

"Perfect, so we'll use that as a reward. When we decide she's been very good we'll reward her by allowing her to sketch or paint for an hour or so, and you do the same at home. Along with that we reserve Saturday afternoons for our Darlings to have excursions that have proved they enjoy. We'll take them for pony rides, allow them to ride bikes or roller skate. Or take them to an amusement park or to the zoo. You could think of something leisurely for her to do that she'd enjoy on Sundays. If she enjoys sports you could get the other sissies together for a sedate game of badmitton or croquet. Above all sissies crave compliments," She said.

Then it was my turn to bring up a problem, "I'm thinking long term. Between school and her nanny I'm essentially single again and there's no way I'm going back to having her in pants. So how do I keep her a contented little, sissy girl?" I asked.

"Oh that's often a question we've often been asked. Our solution for little Darlings is to change the criteria and requirements for graduating. To do so they must earn an excellent in all their classes including ballet, tap and especially ballroom, which, of course, they all hate and are worst at. It could literally be months before they earn an excellent So long term they're here and out of your way for at least the next six or seven months or even longer. By then she'll be a fully adjusted little,

sissy girl. At that point they actually forget they were once a man,” She assured me, just as one of her assistants brought Nicholette in dressed in her new little Darling uniform.

## **Chapter -20 Nicholette’s Darling new uniform.**

“Ah, here’s our newest Darling! Doesn’t she look so much more grownup?” Porshe exclaimed.

I played along, but had to put my hand over my mouth to keep from giggling.

“Oh my yes, you really do look so much more grown up in your Darling new uniform, Nicholette,” I gushed.

“I-I do, I mean thanks you ever so much for your cherished compliment,” She curtsied, then couldn’t help hopefully asking, “I really do?”

“Absolutely, why your skirts are so much longer,” I pointed out, although instead of three inches above mid-thigh they were now one inch above mid-thigh, and didn’t make her look a day older.

“and note as a Darling she only wears two petticoats instead of three. And her socks, no longer little girl anklets, but ever so grown up mid-calf length,” Porshe stated, keeping a serious face. Although in reality they were exactly the same frilly socks just longer.

“And are those higher more grown up heels she’s wearing and goodness they don’t have taps on them, do they,” I remarked.

“Oh yes, her two-and-a-half inch heels are really so much more grown up, aren’t they. As to no taps why she’s learned to walk so daintily on her tippy toes that the taps are no longer necessary,” Porshe explained. Which was true, but her new higher heels still had tacks in the heels forcing her to mince even higher.

Other differences she pointed out were her gloves. No longer ruffle trimmed but edged in scalloped lace. And then there was her hair. No longer in childish pigtailed but worn in a page boy to her shoulders. It would have looked decidedly more grown up if it weren’t for the huge, floppy bow with long streamers pinned to the top of her head.

What was most amusing was that she actually thought she did look more grown up.

## Chapter -21 Epilogue.

At home there were other supposed signs that she was now more grown up. For one now that she was more grown up I promoted Hanna from Nicholette's nanny to her governess. Pointing out, with a straight face, "Only more grown up girls have governesses." Naively she actually believed it.

Then there was her bed. No longer a youth bed with side railings, but the most lavishly ruffled, pink canopy bed.

In keeping with Porshe's suggestion we got the sissies together every Sunday. First dressed in their virginal white Sunday Best for a tea party.

Then, at times, watching them play a sedate game of badminton on their tippy toes, or riding bikes or roller skating. For which we all competed to come up with the frilliest, sissiest rompers.

So what can I say? It took months for Nicholette to earn just two excellents in speech, inflections & dictions and hairstyling. In her ballroom class she recently was promoted from poor to fair.

Nicholette appeared to be a well adjusted, content little girl sissy and I was a free woman.

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## Maid to Heel.

I don't know why Nelson wanted to date me. As a former model I stood six foot, one inches even without heels. Nelson was barely, maybe, five foot, six inches. So because of the difference I wore flats when we went out.

"Go ahead and wear heels. I like a woman in heels," He said.

So I did, a pair of four inch heels. Now I absolutely towered over him so that whenever we went out we always got the strangest stares. Any other man would find it humiliating, but not him. In fact, what I couldn't believe was he obviously got an erection everytime he first caught sight of me in my heels.

Eventually we had sex with him almost pleading with me to wear my heels to bed while we did it.

"This really is getting just too kinky and weird for me," I told Kristen, my best friend one day.

"Men are riddled with all sorts of fetishes. His high heel fetish isn't really all that uncommon. They see high heels as a sexual symbol of power. He always does what you want, I suspect, even when it's the mildest suggestion, doesn't he?" She asked, and thinking about it she was right.

"Next time you go out wear those boots with the killer five inch heels and instead of asking start sternly telling him what to do," She suggested.

I really didn't like wearing them, but I did. When he saw me his pants sported an immediate stiff bulge.

"Oh my God, you look fantastic in those boots!" He exclaimed, not able to tear his eyes away from them.

"I know I do Nelson, and if you do everything I want you to do I just might fuck you with them on," I said, as sternly as I could.

At the restaurant I said what Kristen told me to say. It was a test that I was sure he'd fail, but to my disgust he didn't.

"Obviously you have, let's say, a thing for me in heels, and the higher the better. I think your secret fantasy is to try on a pair of heels, isn't it?" I said. Well, at first, he adamantly denied it, but pressing him, he finally, meekly, admitted it. Then the bigger test.

"I'm buying you a pair of your very own heels to wear and on Friday I'm coming over and you're going to wear them. In fact you're going to wear them for me all weekend. However to wear heels you have to wear nylons, and to wear nylons you have to shave your legs, and to wear nylons you have to wear panties. Then you can wear your heels," I declared, sure that he wouldn't, but when I arrived he blushing said he'd done as I'd ordered. "Ordered?" well that's certainly telling.

"Alright, everything off from the waist down and step into these," I ordered, holding out a pair of pink, satin panties with white, ruffle trim and a little bow in front.

"And now for this," I said, producing a combination waist cinch/garter belt. Telling him to "suck it in" the one size too small cinch made him gasp at it's tightness. Too bad if he wanted to wear his precious heels. Sheer, seamed nylons followed. "I always want to see those seams perfectly straight, is that understood," I demanded to know.

"Y-Yes, I-I will," he mumbled, all submissive like. God, this was so pathetic!

"Now for your heels," I said. What I'd bought were a pair of black, patent leather mary janes with sharply pointed toes, four inch heels and an instep strap.

Naturally he wobbled around in them trying to get his balance.

"Keep those legs straight, put one foot precisely in front of the other, arms out and bent, hands raised, for, ah, balance," I dictated, making him walk just like a woman.

"You'd better try damn straight harder or I won't be fucking you, you'll be licking my pussy," I ordered. Well he did get better, but not enough and he ended up between my legs.

"I'm sure you'll want to try harder tomorrow," I smirked.

Which, of course, he did. However just before lunch I went out to get something. When I came back he had his heels off and was rubbing his feet.

"I didn't tell you you could take your heels off," I thundered.

"They, they started hurting my feet," he said lamely.

"Get them back on, now! You'll never learn to walk in them if you're taking them off all the time." I demanded.





Later I pretended to calm down. "I think our relationship is off to a great start Nelson, so I've decided to move in with you," I said, not asking. Why not take advantage of him? He was filthy rich and lived in a virtual mansion.

"R-Really, that would be really great," he said naively.

"However there are some ground rules. As its just you and me you can indulge yourself by wearing heels at all times. Second, there are certain duties you'll have. Polishing the shoes I've worn each day. Which I'm sure you'll enjoy, as I'm also sure you'll enjoy dusting and polishing my rather extensive wardrobe of shoes, boots and sandals once a week. Oh yes, the master bedroom is now mine, you can move into one of the guest rooms. When I'm pleased with the way you're conducting yourself and how thoroughly you do the chores I'll be assigning you I'll invite you to join me," I stated. Crestfallen, as I expected, he didn't protest.

And only mildly when I insisted he wear the frilliest pinafore apron when he went about his chores, which was to include serving all my meals, handwaving and perfuming and neatly folding the panties, nylons and bras I'd worn each day. Nor did he protest when I first assigned all the ironing, then the dusting, then vacuuming and scrubbing all the floors. Which I critically inspected and if they weren't done precisely as I expected them to be he licked pussy instead of being invited to my room.

The one thing that really pissed me off, after he hadn't been invited to the master bedroom in a couple weeks was when I caught him jerking off.

"So, like an immature, little boy you simply couldn't wait for the real thing?" I said scornfully. Although I actually purposefully denied him a visit knowing, in frustration he'd eventually resort to jerking off.

"I-I'm sorry, I-I just missed you so much," he stammered like a little boy caught doing something he knew he shouldn't do.

"Well I'm sure I can find a solution to control these, disgusting urges of yours. When you have the real thing waiting for you there's absolutely no reason to resort to jerking off, is there?" I asked wanting him to agree, which, of course, he did. A couple days later he hung his head as I installed the means to control his urges. After jerking him off I slipped his organ into a shiny, chrome, metal chastity sheath and with a padlock locked it on him.

I found it so amusing as with his organ locked up he actually redoubled his efforts regarding his chores.

Then was not the time to back off in my efforts to mold him into the perfect wife. I started calling him, “Nellie” supposedly as an endearing pet name. He cringed every time I called him that for about a week, then he just accepted it.

When he finally started walking properly in four inch heels I graduated him to five inch heels. It was only a couple days later, as I predicted, that I caught him taking them off and rubbing his feet when he thought I wasn’t home. The next day he found himself in six inch heels with an ankle strap that locked. He had to come to me before I put him to bed to ask to unlock his shoes. If he pissed me off, in any way, he slept in them. After that he became the submissive, docile further housewife I was training him to be. Although I started thinking that maybe he’d make a better maid.

Time for the next step. Telling him he looked ridiculous wearing a shirt and just his nylons, heels and apron I got him a slightly feminine blouse, a short, tight skirt and a maid’s cap. Telling him it was to protect his hair. Yes, definitely a maid to be.

I thought, as he was approaching his new image, that I might be finished. But then, shopping one day, I passed a fetish store and saw the perfect boots for him.

“From now on when you don’t perform your chores as I expect them to be, or you in any way upset me you’ll wear these for four hours for each imperfect chore or for pissing me off,” I declared. I couldn’t help loving the alarmed, frightened look on his face when I took the mid-calf ballet boots and forced his feet into them, then fixing the padlock on the ankle strap.

More than anything the thought of being put in those boots for, who knew how many hours, permanently changed him.

Obviously what came next was a darling, french maids uniform. Then I had my maid for real. I really so enjoy seeing her in her uniform and ballet boots struggling to stay upright, let alone walk in them while she dusts and I’m leisurely stretched out on the sofa reading the paper.

Well, I thought with not a bit of regret, she was the one who wanted to wear heels, I just indulged her.

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