

# Tales Of Sissies In Petticoats

Volume 1

Useless Males Turned Into Petticoated Sissies.

By Patricia Michelle





Copyright © 2022

Published by Mags, Inc  
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address  
Mags, Inc.  
P.O. Box 5829  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413  
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

[www.magsinc.com](http://www.magsinc.com)

# Auntie Always Wanted A Little Girl

**By Patricia Michelle**

## **Chapter-1 A harmless diversion?**

It wasn't until several months into our marriage that I discovered the seemingly macho guy I'd thought I'd married was a lot less than that. It seemed he loved dressing up like a girl of all things! Naively he actually managed to convince me it was just a harmless diversion which, for the sake of our marriage, I decided to tolerate it.

At first it was just panties and one of my frilly nighties. However it only got worse. He started wearing nylons and garter belts, then he started strutting around in an old pair of my heels. But the final straw was when he came to bed all decked out and wearing make up and then expected me to make love to him, not the reverse.

In tears I went to my closest confident, my Aunt Julia. In her early seventies and wealthy beyond imaging. She lived in a virtual mansion and was surrounded with servants and maids.



"I told you I thought there was something odd, not right, about him. So what do you want to do?" She asked.

"I'll give him one last chance, no dressing up. Then I don't know what I'll do," I admitted.

"Well, if you can't cure him I think I know what will," She declared, with a twinkle in her eye.

So, putting my foot down lasted all of a couple of weeks. Then he was back at it again, trying to get into one of my cocktail dresses. Which he looked ridiculous in as I was a good five inches taller than him.

## **Chapter-2 Trust me, it'll cure him or kill him.**

"I don't know what you've got up your sleeve Aunt Julia, but he's all yours. I'm disgusted and fed up with it all," I told her over the phone.

"Just bring him over to lunch this Saturday, and I'll take it from there," She assured me.

Part way through lunch I was surprised that he suddenly nodded off.

"You can leave him with me now, Jill, I'll give you a call when I think she's ready to be presented," She smiled.

I didn't miss that she'd referred to him as "she" but although I tried to I couldn't get her to tell me what she meant or what she had planned.

Well, a month went by, and then two and by the end of three I was absolutely dying of curiosity when she finally called and said, "I think she's ready to be presented now."

## **Chapter-3 Oh my God!**

We were sitting in the living room when Lisa, one of her maids brought "her" in.

"Oh my God," was all I could gasp.



“This is a distant niece of mine. The poor thing arrived at my doorsteps three months ago with no other place to go, having been, it seems, abandoned. Go over and present yourself to your Aunt Julia child.” She ordered.

I’ll admit I was totally speechless. For what Aunt Julia had done, you see, was turn my skirt loving husband into the most frilly looking little girl I think I’d ever seen.

He, or she, was dressed in the most childish little girl’s bright pink satin party dress. Well, if he wanted to get all dolled up and swishy he was certainly getting his fill. Just not the ones he so loved to parade around in.

The skirt was so short you could see, of all things, the toddler styled lace and ruffled bloomers he was wearing. And it stood almost straight out, like a ballerina’s, due to the layers of petticoats beneath it. It had short puffy sleeves fastened with bows, a wide, ruffled collar, a sash around the waist tied in a huge bow in back. His legs were childishly bare all the way down to her dainty, also ruffled, white ankle socks adorned with pink bows. And on his feet shiny, pink, patent leather baby doll shoes with instep straps and bows on each toes. That matched those on her wrist length, white gloves.

What I couldn’t believe were the earrings. Dangling jingle bells, of all things. Not only that there were bells on the toes of his shoes. Chuckling Aunt Julia explained later that they were Lisa’s idea to help her know where she was at all times. I thought they were hysterical.

However it was her face and hair that so startled me. I swear if I hadn’t known who Aunt Julia was presenting I honestly would never have known who the little girl was!

His lips that had been straight and thin were now the poutiest, pink, cupid’s lips. Her eyes looked twice as big due, as I looked closely, to the longest, curled, doll-like eyelashes, eyeliner, pale blue eye shadow and plucked, girlish eyebrows.

Then there was her hair. No longer a dangly, uncombed brown it was now the lightest, angel blonde and done up in an utterly girlishly style, if you can imagine it was in pigtails with floppy pink bows fastening them. Most hysterical were the tinkling bells on her obviously pierced ears. And it

actually looked as if he had nearly twice the hair he had when I last saw him. And I was right when Aunt Julia whispered, with a chuckle, "I had my beautician add extensions, permanently I might add."

He actually did look more like a doll I once had.

#### **Chapter-4 A sharp reminder.**

When he saw me he started towards me as fast as he could, crying, in a desperate, pleading voice, "J-Jill, look what she did to me, don't let..." which was as much as he got out when the maid yanked him by the ear sending him sprawling in a mass of petticoats.

"Lisa, perhaps it would be best to take the child into the other room and give her a sharp reminder of how we expect her to act, especially in front of company," Aunt Julia suggested.

Yes Ma'am, she obviously needs one," The maid agreed, yanking him by the ear out of the room. Even with the door closed we could hear the smack of a paddle accompanied with shrieks and sobs which seemed to go on and on.

#### **Chapter-5 A proper introduction.**

When "she" was finally brought back Aunt Julia sternly said, "Now would you like to go over to your aunty ill, properly introduce yourself, and tell her how old you are? Or would you like for Lisa to give you another spanking?"

So, pushed by the maid, she daintily minced over to me. And hanging her head, actually curtsied in front of me.

"Wello A-Athy Jill, my name isth Witttle Mith P-Prudence, a-and I-I'm tenth years old, and, and I'm everth so absolutely thrilled to m-meeth you," She said, actually speaking with a little girl's lisp, between choking sobs. When she finished she curtsied again and folded her hands in front of her.

“Very good Prudence, your curtsies are getting so much better. You may sit now child, very quietly and still so you don’t disturb or annoy the grownups,” Aunt Julia directed, talking to her just as one would to a little girl.

### **Chapter-6 Isn’t she adorable?**

Then turning to me said, “Isn’t she absolutely the most adorable little girl? You know my biggest regret was never having a darling little girl that I could dress up and show off to everyone. But when she showed up so unexpectedly I thought she was a god send. Now I have the little girl I always wanted. Who I am determined to see become the daintiest, most well-mannered, precious and, of course, obedient little doll I could ever want. I’ve assigned Lisa as her nanny. She’ll see to it that, from the moment she gets little Prudence up, to when she puts her to bed at night, that she’s kept supervised every minute of the day. Being sure to praise her and give her cherished, little rewards, when she’s being a very good little girl. And, of course, disciplining her the very minute she fails to act exactly like the little girl that we expect her to.”

Oh my, I couldn’t help chuckling to myself over that. As I knew that after a couple of our visits Lisa had complained that Carl had tried to grope her. So she had no love at all for him. And now, of all things, she was her nanny. And to make it even more humiliating she was several years younger than he, or she, was,

I could see that she was scared of her nanny. And why not, the girl had just taken her into the next room and given her a good spanking. I only wished I could have been there.

### **Chapter-7 Not ready to be shown off yet.**

“Of course she’s hardly ready to be shown off to anyone but yourself. Her social grace certainly aren’t up to what we expect of a little girl. And Lisa has found her, at times, to be a most willful and obstinate child that, of course, she has every intention of breaking her of. Then too, despite Lisa



having to lace her as tight as the child can bear in a corset I'm sure you've noticed how chubby she still is," She remarked, with a smile.

"Well, yes, I really couldn't help but notice," I said, playing along.

"And, for a ten year old, you can see how ungainly she walks, almost like a boy, which Lisa is trying to break her of by having her wear taps on her shoes that forces her to concentrate and her every step, walking at all times on her toes like all little girls do, otherwise she'll slip and sometimes fall. If you can imagine " She said.

"Ah I wondered about the tapping I heard, she must have been, ah, quite the tomboy when she arrived. But it must be a bit of a trial teaching her to walk on her toes, as we know all graceful, little girls do," I said, laughing silently along.

"Oh yes, Ma'am, but when I find her not trying hard enough to walk daintily, mincing just on her toes I just spank the bottoms of her feet, don't I Prudence?" Lisa barked.

"Yeth Nanny," She replied miserably, jumping at her stern tone of voice.

Oh my, I thought, how the mighty have fallen. Looking over at him/her disgustedly I realized he certainly wasn't much of the man I thought I'd married, if he ever had been.

Now look at him, obediently sitting just like a little girl, too afraid to move a muscle. Her corset forcing her to sit so rigidly erect, barely on the edge of her seat, hands folded demurely in her lap, knees pressed tightly together, only the tips of her toes touching the floor, head bowed and not daring to look up. God, what a coward, too scared to dare put her dainty foot down and make even the slightly protest.

Aunt Julia couldn't help adding to her misery taking out a "Before" and then an "After" picture and after showing them to me, showed them to Prudence, who hand her head in shame and utter humiliation.

"Quite an improvement, wouldn't you say?" She asked, and grinning for all I was worth I had to agree with her.

## **Chapter-8 How far was Aunt Julia going to go?**

I couldn't help wondering just how far Aunt Julia was going to take this, but I soon found out. Poor little Prudence!

"When the poor child arrived I was sure she wasn't any older than nine or ten, even though she protested that she was much older and she was so confused. She kept trying to tell us that her name really wasn't Prudence, if you can imagine. Fortunately, after some searching, I found the hospital where she was born and got a duplicate of her birth certificate," she said, handing it to me with a devilish twinkle in her eye.

The birth certificate certainly did look authentic. "Why yes, it does state that her legal name is Prudence Monroe, so she must be related to you in some way, and that she just turned ten years old. I really can't understand why she was so confused. You did show her her birth certificate?" I asked, figuring out that money could buy anything even a real birth certificate.

"Of course, you're no longer confused as to your real name and age any longer, are your Prudence?" She asked in a gloatingly voice.

"N-No Aunthy Julia," She was forced to answer in a miserable tone of voice.

## **Chapter-9 A well-behaved child.**

"Well, shall we have dinner and we can continue our conversation about little Miss Prudence. I'm sure you still have a lot of questions," Aunt Julia suggested with a smile.

As we seated ourselves Prudence stood behind her chair then extended her arms as Lisa buttoned and tied the most outrageously frilly, white pinafore on her. Still she didn't sit, but instead raised her hand as a child is taught to if they wished to speak.

"Yes, Prudence was there something you wished to say, or ask?" Aunt Julia said.

After she curtsied she said, "Yeth Aunthy Julia, may I-little P-Prudence prethy please havth permission to sit?" Then curtsied again.

"Why yes, you have our permission to sit now," She said, and turning to me added, "One of the first things that little Prudence simply had to learn is that a well-behaved child her age must always ask for permission before she can be allowed to do anything. I think you've finally come to understand that, haven't you Prudence?"

"Yeth Aunthy Julia," She replied meekly, taking a quick look at me and seeing the scornful look on my face quickly looked down at her plate in despair, getting no sympathy from me, she certainly didn't deserve it.

Even when her dish was put in front of her she didn't touch it, being forced to ask permission to eat, then thanking her for allowing her to have her meal.

"As long as she's seated I think it's a good time to review what we call, "proper chair etiquette for little girls" which Lisa has been tutoring her in. Now then Prudence you already know to ask permission to be seated. Once seated are you ever allowed to leave your seat without first asking permission?" She quizzed her.

"N-No Aunthy Julia," She replied hanging her head even lower.

"Even if left seated all afternoon you wouldn't think to leave it, would you?"

"No Aunthy Julie.."

"When seated and there are visitors are you allowed to ask permission to leave your seat?" She sternly asked.

"No Aunthy Julia." She replied, withering under her interrogation.

"Are you allowed to ask permission to speak when anyone is in the room?"

"No Aunthy Julia I-I'm noth."

“And what must you not ever do when you are seated,?” She demanded to know.

“L-Little Prudence muth never fidget or squirm in mth seat,” She answered.

“Can you tell your aunty Jill why not?”

“”B-Becausth it will draw attention to little Prudence a-and adults find thith very annoying, Aunthy Julia,” She replied miserably.

God, how pathetic. Withering under Aunt Julia’s interrogation, talking down to her as if she were truly a little girl. And all she could do was to sit there cringing.

“Very good Prudence. Lisa please see that she has a spoon full of dessert for being such a good, little girl,” She said, condescendingly.

### **Chapter-9 Further plans for little, Miss Prudence.**

When I asked her what plans she had “for the child” her eyes lit up.

“Oh, I’ve employed the most competent teachers and instructors to come in and fill her days. In the mornings she has lessons in little girl charm, proper manners and etiquette, poise and posture, and walking, which, as you’ve seen she still has problems with. I’ve also found the best speech therapist to correct her speech so that she’ll eventually be able to speak like all little girls her age. If you can imagine she sometimes actually sounds like a boy, which we absolutely have to totally eliminate. The woman spends hours each week correcting her inflections, tone of voice, vocabulary and giving her phrases and responses to memorize so she won’t have to ever think of what to say on her own,” she said in a very determined voice, then added, “What’s fortunate is she’s still retained the delightful, childish lisp which we find so adorable,” She chuckled silently.

I had wondered about that and when we were alone I asked her how she had accomplished it.

“Actually it was quite simple. Lisa just glued a nickel to the bottom of her tongue for the past two-and-a-half months. Then as an experiment removed it a couple weeks ago and now she lips without an help,” She had giggled.

Back to her plans she continued, “I’ve also employed a dance instructor to give her ballet lessons as she’s so lacking in gracefulness, and tap to aid her co-ordination. Later, when she’s more accomplished we’ll enroll her in a dance academy for girls her age.”

I could see her trying to suppress her enjoyment at Prudence’s expense who looked shocked and dismayed at her last edit.

### **Chapter-10 Prudence is home schooled.**

“Then after lunch she has several hours of schooling which we can’t overlook. You may tell your aunty Jill what grade you’re in Prudence,” She directed.

Not having the courage to look at me she lisped, “I’m in the thrith grade Aunthy Jill.”

I couldn’t believe aunt Julia was actually making her go to school, and only in the third grade!

“Actually, being ten, she should be in the fourth grade, but in talk with Lisa and one of her teachers we all observed that she didn’t appear, well, overly bright. So we thought it best that she repeat all the classes a third grader normally takes,” She stated with a straight face. Which had to be so galling and humiliating with Prudence a college graduate and all.

“What, I understand, your dance teacher is disappointed in is your apparent lack of effort. Particularly staying up on your toes. If you don’t improve I’ll have Lisa hand her cane o the instructor. Do you understand?” She nearly thundered.

“Yeth Aunhy Julia, I-I’ll tryh harder,” She promised with fear in her voice.

“Now after her classes I have Lisa take her outside for a half hour of supervised playtime. I’ve had set up a wonderful, play area with swings, teeter tauter and even a sand box. Lisa always has her jump rope for a while and play hop-scotch as she feels both helps improve her co-ordination. The poor thing is at that clumsy, awkward stage that all little go through,” She remarked.

### **Chapter-11 Prudence is dressed down.**

When we’d finished dinner Aunt Julia said to Lisa, “You can take little Miss Prudence for her after dinner walk in the garden, then you can take her up to her room and let her watch one of her Shirley Temple movies. Oh yes, please let us know when you’re about to put the child on her potty.”

“P-Potty?” Was all I could blurt out in astonishment.

“Can you imagine a child her age was actually using a grownups toilet? Why I never heard of such a thing. Fortunately Lisa was kind enough to re-potty train her,” She said with a gloating smirk.

When Lisa called us we went upstairs and into the most lavishly appointed little girl’s room you could ever imagine. It was done in several shades of pink, the daintiest nursery furniture, book shelves lined with children’s books, toys and dolls, a rocking horse and even a baby bouncer swing. But what drew my attention was the white brass, canopied, over-sized what I believe is called a “youth bed” with high sliding, locking bars. Although to me it looked more like an over-sized crib for God’s sake!

Prudence was standing on a low pedestal in the center of the room dressed in the shortest, baby blue little girl’s dress. Her feet in matching blue mary janes and the frilliest of ruffled socks. as Lisa started undressing her.

“Obviously a child her age is much too young to be given the responsibility of actually dressing and undressing herself,” Aunt Julia explained with a satisfied expression.



Honestly I couldn't imagine anything more symbolic of being a helpless, little girl than not being considered old enough to dress and undress herself. But, of course, what followed proved me way wrong.

In moments Lisa had her down to just the frilliest girl's trainer bra, dainty bloomers, anklets and baby doll shoes and, to my astonishment she was obviously tightly laced in a corset of all things.

O-Oh plesse n-nanny d-don't p-plesse..." Prudence whimpered as her bloomers were being pulled down.

I couldn't believe what I saw, or didn't see. Had Aunt Julia gone that far? For what I saw was a perfectly formed little girl's mound with short, curly, blonde wisps of hair.

Leaning over and whispering Aunt Julia said with a satisfied

smile, "Don't be alarmed everything is still there, it's just nicely tucked away. We certainly didn't want anything, well, left over to remind her that she isn't truly a little girl."

Prudence looked devastated to be so displayed in front of me, but I really had no sympathy for her, after all she was now in the skirts she so loved.

### **Chapter-12 Potty time for Prudence.**

"Potty time now Prudence," Lisa announced.

"Oh please down't make me i-in front of..." She pleaded.

"oh my, are we going to become difficult? I'm sure your Aunty Jill would like to see how sweetly you can do your tinkles for her," Aunt Julia scolded her, and turning to me said, "I had thought little Prudence was better trained by now. She was very obstinate at first when Lisa put her on her potty. Stating, of all things, that she was too grown up for a potty. Perhaps Lisa you should fetch her paddle."

"Oth please no, little Prudence wi-will do her tinkles," She sobbed out miserably.

I'd been curious throughout to see when, or if, "she'd" tear her clothes off and scream that "enough was enough."

I could see now that the masquerade she'd made of being a man was all a deception. If I hadn't lost all respect for "her" by now this was the last straw. As far as I was concerned Aunt Julia could do whatever she wanted with little Prudence.

"You may potty sit now Prudence," Lisa ordered.

"Yeth nanny," She let out a sob and sat on a white, china potty that couldn't have been more than six inches off the floor. Placing her ankles behind the pegs, which forced her knees wide apart, she reached behind her and grasped the bar secured in back.

To my surprise she then attached her wrists to it.

"At times it takes little Prudence some time to do her tinkles, so I just fix her hands to the bar and leave her like that until she finishes." Lisa explained, nonchalantly.

I couldn't begin to imagine the humiliation was feeling fastened to her potty not able to get off it, and all in front of me.

"M-May whittle Prudence doh her tinkles now, nanny?" She asked, obviously dying in shame being made to ask permission to do her tinkles.

Eventually Prudence was able to do her tinkles in-between much anguished sobs.

But, of course, Aunt Julia couldn't help by making it worse.

"Since you'll be staying over I think it would help her overcome her modesty if you were present in the mornings when she does her poopies," She silently laughed.

"Pf course, anything I can do to help Prudence I'd be more than happy to," I agreed as Lisa ordered her to raise up her bottom and then inserted something in it.

"Lisa likes to get her poopies over with first thing in the morning so she always gives her a little helper before she puts her to bed," She explained. Good grief could anything be worse, well, I just had to be there!

### **Chapter-13 Do you mind?**

After Lisa put her to bed we went back downstairs, and over coffee, Aunt Julia asked, "Do you mind my solution? As I said I've always wanted my very own little girl. Unless you want her back?"

"I'll admit Aunt Julia your solution was a real shocker. But, let's face it, no real man would ever tolerate being dressed and made to act like the little girl, even one that loves to dress up. And, my God, could you think of any man who would sit on a potty and tinkle in front of his wife? So, no I don't mind at all. Do whatever you want with her. There's no way I would ever want him, well her, back," I said with conviction. Although I could almost

feel sorry for little miss Prudence. For with my approval she attacked turning her into a little ten year old girl with a vengeance. After that I couldn't help stopping in to see what new, shameful trials, or humiliation, she was forced to endure.

Every time I showed up and she saw me her eyes would plead with me in despair, hoping I would rescue her from Aunt Julia's clutches. But every time I saw her she'd become even more of a simpering, frilly little girl. I really had a hard time trying to remember what she'd once even looked like. When I simply ignored her she would just sorrowfully hand her head in defeat. I really had no regrets turning her over to Aunt Julia as I was having the greatest time being single again.

#### **Chapter-14 Becoming even more of a little girl than I could ever imagine.**

On one of my visits I couldn't help noticing how her figure appeared to be even more slender than my previous visits.

"You're right, it's certainly improving over when she first arrived. What does her waist measure now, Lisa?" She asked.

I was actually a bit shocked when the girl said, "As you noted Ma'am she has lost a few inches, but it's still, at twenty-two inches, much too chubby. And I know how the Mistress wants little Miss Prudence to have the tiniest, most dainty of figures."

My god, twenty-one inches! When she was a guy she had an admittedly slender twenty-eight inch waist.

"Fortunately she was starting to protest less and less about how tight her corset was so the Mistress had a new one custom made to her current waist. But as noted she still much too chubby. She's starting to protest all over again that's it's too tight but I simply ignore her as eventually she'll adapt to it," Lisa said, quite unconcerned over poor Prudence's discomfort.

To poor Prudence's obvious shock aunt Julia flatly stated, "I really won't be satisfied with her figure until we get it down to no more than nineteen

inches or better still eighteen. But I'm also quite concerned over still seeing some unsightly muscle in her legs and arms. Obviously the child was a bit of a tomboy, roughhousing with boys. But, I'm sure in a couple months those legs and arms will be so nicely soft and girlish with a hint of muscles anywhere."

Which must have sounded so horrible for Prudence as previously she'd been quite active, playing tennis, running and working out. Well, no more of that. The most activity she was going to get was jumping rope.

### **Chapter-15 Correcting Prudence's walk.**

Yet on another visit, when she was brought in, I couldn't help but notice the slender chains connected to bracelets around her ankles. They were causing her to take the absolute tiniest steps just barely able to put one foot just in front of the other and yelping after every third or fourth step she took. I also noted just how much more daintier and gingerly she was walking on her toes than when she was first presented to me wearing tap shoes which she was still wearing.

When I commented on it Aunt Julia sighed and said, "Neither Lisa nor I have been happy with the progress, or lack of it, she's making learning to walk as daintily and mincing as you would expect of a girl her age. Obviously there's still too much of the tomboy left in her. Her boyish walk simply can't be tolerated. Her steps, for one, are way too long. While we all know that the proper length of a little girl's step is just barely the length of one shoe. Lisa did a little research and came up with an old Victorian means of correcting a girl's gait. They're called, ah, little girl hobbles and while you can't see them the insides are lined all around with short, sharp nubs to remind her every time she takes too long a step. Lisa assures me that after say a month wearing them every minute of the day they will have corrected her walk. And as you also noted she's now walking even more up on her tippy toes all day long. To help her remember Lisa simply put a sharp tack in each heel."

I was no longer shocked at Aunt Julia's fiendish and obviously torturous methods in regard to her little girl.

### **Chapter-16 A naughty girl in the corner.**

A couple weeks later when I visited I arrived around two in the afternoon and was greeted by the amusing, and I was sure shameful sight, of Prudence standing in the corner up on a box that her feet could barely stand on. She was holding her arms on top of her head, her skirts pinned up above her waist, her frilly panties down near her ankles, her bottom noticeably on full display and her nose was flat against the wall.

When I asked, more than a little amused, what Prudence had done to be put in the corner Aunt Julia said, "I'm afraid we had a bit of a temper tantrum this morning. She actually stamped her feet and, can you believe, shouted that she was too old to be playing with the 'damn' dolls or the new doll house Lisa brought home for her. So after a good, well deserved spanking and a mouth washing for using such a naughty word Lisa put her in the corner. Tell your aunty Jill why you're standing in the corner Prudence."

"B-Because Prudence wasth a b-bad whittle girl," She cried.

"Oh my, what a bad little girl. You obviously deserved your spanking, having your mouth washed out, I presume with soap and being stood in the corner, didn't you?" I asked, trying to hide my chuckle.

"Yeth Aunthy Jill," She sobbed.

When I asked how long she was going to be kept in the corner Lisa said, "Just a little over an hour and it'll be another hour if she doesn't keep her nose to the wall."

Oh my Aunt Julia and her nanny certainly have put their foot down on her, I thought. Well, if she was too cowardly to put her foot down, although futilely, she was just getting what she richly deserved.

### **Chapter-17 Aunt Julia never ceases to surprise me.**

I suppose I was getting accustomed to Aunt Julia and her efforts to transform Prudence into the little girl she'd always wanted. But, naturally, on



my next visit I really think she outdid herself, much, I suppose, to Prudence's enduring shame and humiliation.

For after dinner and Lisa brought her in for her after dinner walk in the garden I was surprised once again. For she was dressed in one of her outrageously frilly outfits. But what truly surprised me was Lisa was leading her on the end of a leash attached to a toddler's harness of all things!

"I'm afraid that when Lisa took her out for her walk she actually tried running to the back gate and desperately trying to open it before Lisa caught her. We're sure she wasn't actually trying to run away, were you Prudence?" she asked.

"Oh n-no Aunthy Julia, h-honest," She swore, but it was apparent that was exactly what she was trying to do and I could tell aunt Julia knew it too, which really must have upset her.

"Wisely Lisa has decided that Prudence, from now on, will always be in her toddlers harness and kept on the end of a leash whenever she goes out," Aunt Julia declared. Prudence gasped at her edit, but she was just ignored.

### **Chapter-18 Prudence seals her own fate.**

But it was the weekend that Aunt Julia asked me to stay over and babysit, of all things, little Prudence while she was away that once and for all sealed her fate.

She was actually excited when I appeared and I suspected a reason behind it.

It was around mid-morning that Lisa came into the room. "Excuse me Ma'am. I hate to disturb you but little Prudence has been pleading with me all morning to let her see you, in private. She says it's very important."

"Important? My goodness I wonder what it could be. Very well, you may bring her in," I said, well, this could be interesting I thought.

When Lisa brought her in she warningly said, "I expect you to be on your very best behavior for your aunty Jill, Prudence. If she tells me you haven't you will get the spanking of your life."

When the door shut I asked, "so little Prudence what is it that's so important?"

"Oh Goth, please Jill youth have to get me out of here. They're trying to turn me into a whittle girl for God's sake!" She desperately pleaded.

Thinking I was about to save her from the clutches of Aunt Julia and Lisa she got a real shock when I said, in my sternest voice, "Didn't your nanny warn you to be on your best behavior? How dare you speak to me in that tone of voice! And without first addressing me properly and without first raising your hand to ask permission to speak, nor did you curtsy. Unless you remember your manners Prudence this conversation is over."

I wondered if she'd have the nerve to stand up to me. But, as I expected she didn't. thoroughly shocked at my reaction she seemed to cower and shrink as she meekly curtsied and raised her hand.

"Yes, Prudence, was there something you wished to say?" I asked.

"Yeth Aunthy J-Jill. Pleese, I-I don't want to be a whittle girl," She cried.

"But isn't it you that so loves dressing up in my dressed and skirts and pretending to be a girl?" I asked.

"Y-Yeth, "She admitted, "b-but noth like this, on please..."

"Why I have no idea what you're talking about. You should be so excited, you now have the frilliest dresses, petticoats, dainty shoes and most darling makeup and hair to parade around in," I said scornfully, then before she could reply I hit her with a real bomb shell.

"Actually, up until the last few weeks Aunt Julia was seriously considering adopting you..."

"Waath, a-adopting me. She canth be serious," Was all she could stammer in absolute disbelief.

"She's always wanted her very own little girl," I remarked, hiding my giggle.

"Buth I'm not a little..." Was all she got out before I waved her birth certificate in front of her.

"It says, right here, you're a little, ten year old girl named Prudence Monroe."

"Buth that's just..."

"All quite legal. Now look in the mirror," I demanded.

"Are you seriously going to run around trying to convince everyone you not really the most dainty, frilly little ten year old girl?" As expected she just hung her head in defeat. Then she got her second, even worse shock.

"However, as I said, that was her plan up until a few weeks ago when you tried to convince her you really weren't trying to run away when Lisa took you out for your walk.

You didn't fool her for a minute. You've done everything you could not to become the adorable, little girl Aunt Julia had her heart set on. And your nanny is quite fed up with your obstinacy and unwillingness to do as she asks. But you've greatly disappointed her and been a real trial. So where she is now is going around to several orphanages to see which one would take a rebellious little girl. When she gets back I'm sure she'll have Lisa pack you off to one of them."

"O-Orphange! S-she's going to send me to an orphanage," She cried in total shock.

"Only for the next eight years until you're eighteen. I understand the one she favors is very strict and you'll eventually be trained as a servant girl, and then hired out to some lady in need of a lowly maid," I stated.

Well that, as I expected, turned her deathly pale and she started sobbing.

"Oh poor thing, it must be the shock of knowing you're going to be sent to an orphanage, is that it Prudence?" I asked, in mock concern.

"Y-Yeth, oh please donth let her send me toh an orphanage," She begged.

"Unfortunately I think it's all but been decided. The only small hope you might have, and I say might, have is to sincerely apologize to aunt Julia for being the horrible, little girl you've been the past couple of weeks, and plead with her that if she let's you stay you'll be the best little girl you can possibly be for her."

"If she does let you stay I know she'd planned a big, birthday party for you and you'll become not ten but eleven and you'll undoubtedly be dressed more grown up. And I think one of her presents was going to be to allow you to take art lessons. You'd lie that would you Prudence?" I asked.

"Oh Yeth, Aunthy Jill," she said, thinking naively if she were older she would be dressed older. And I could see how excited the thought of art lessons were as she had always dabbled in drawing. Well, I thought, at least one of them would come true.

### **Chapter-19 A tearful apology.**

O course it was all planned. My baby sitting, knowing it was Prudence's chance to beg with me to save her. Aunt Julia was actually on a shopping trip to New York. Not, at all, looking for an orphanage.

So when she came back Prudence admitted what a bad, little girl she's been, then begged and pleaded and swore she'd try to act like a perfect little girl.

"So, you admit you've been a willful, obstinate, bad little girl these past few weeks<" Aunt Julia demanded to know.

"Y-Yeth Aunthy Julia," She said, hanging her head.

"Your gracefulness will improve, you'll take an extra hour of ballet. You'll take tap dancing lessons deal with your clumsy, awkwardness," She declared.

"Yeth Aunty Julia," she miserably agreed.

"I know you don't like walking on your toes, Lisa said you don't try very hard. So you will ask her to spank the bottoms of your feet every single time you don't," She stated.

"Yeth Anuthy Julia, I-I will," She meekly replied.

"Your classwork will improve. Particularly your spelling, arithmetic and grammar. By now you should be in the fourth grade," She stated, trying her hardest not to laugh.

"I-I'll study hardther," she promised withering under her demands.

"Your nanny says you pout and make faces when she has you play with your dolls and doll house. I would think a little girl your age would be so excited and simply love playing with your dolls and doll house," She remarked.

"Oth I will, I'll simphly love playing with my dolls," She promised.

"Your waist is too chubby, isn't it Prudence?" She demanded to know.

"Yeth Aunty Julia," she said in dismay, undoubtedly knowing what was to come.

"As soon as I finish with you you will plead with your nanny to purchase a new corset that will lace you down to a ever so much more dainty and slender eighteen inch figure," She stated.

"Yeth Aunthy Julia," She nearly sobbed in despair.

"Your birthday is coming up in two months. By then you will have advanced to the fourth grade. You will have knitted your Aunty Jill four pillowcases and you will have stitched your name of every article of clothing you have. Dresses, every, single petticoat, every pair of socks and gloves you have. You will go one entire week without Lisa, or me, having to correct your posture, manners or walk. One single goal you don't reach and it's off to an orphanage for you. Do we understand each other Prudence,?" She sternly asked.

"Yeth A-Aunthy Julia, P-Prudence untherstands," She mournfully agree after hearing she seemingly impossible edits.

## Chapter-20 Prudence's Dance Recital.

You would think that Aunt Julia was satisfied with little Prudence, but apparently not quite. For about a month later she called me and invited me to go with her to Prudence's dance recital. What? A dance recital, what on earth was going on, I wondered.

"Lisa convinced me that Prudence needed help with her tap dancing and ballet that the instructor was giving her. So she found a most interesting dance academy that she enrolled her in," She explained.

"It's called Tippy Toes Dance Academy and while I'm keeping it a surprise for you all I'll say is that their website declares that they specialize in difficult and ill-mannered children of all ages in need of discipline, focus and manners," Was all she'd say. So she left it as a mystery.

The academy was on the second floor over a restaurant. There was a stage with a curtain and already attended, strangely, by mostly women. Aunt Julia sat us down next to three women, maybe in their thirties or forties. When the music started and the curtains opened it displayed six students all in rather ridiculous, sailor's, tap dancing costumes. Prudence was in the middle, looking very nervous. What immediately drew my attention was that several of them were noticeably taller than Prudence yet dressed like her in childish, little girl fashion.

When I asked about this Aunt Julia began introducing me to the women we were sitting with.

"Apparently we have much in common. The one on the left is my skirt loving husband Mark, although now her name is Marybelle. As I understand it your Prudence has a nanny, my Marybelle has her very own, very strict governess," She laughed.

The next woman was Grace Manders who pointed out her husband explaining, "It was a mistake marrying him. He is, or was, filthy rich. No ambition, just stayed home playing video games mostly. I'd divorce him, but then I really grew accustomed to being wealthy. So I decided that since he

was unable to act like a mature, responsible person why not treat him the age he acted? I have two maids that keep Constance Marie well supervised, never allowing her to act in any way grown up."

The third woman, Gloria House pointed to the over grown little girl next to Prudence. "That's Priscilla Marie my useless twenty-three year old step-son who, unfortunately I inherited. After he got thrown out of the second college for trying to molest one of the co-eds I decided to give him a life changing experience not starting as grown up as your Prudence but as a toddler a year ago. Now, on a trial basis only, I've allowed her to become all of nine," She chuckled.

"So, up on stage are six of them have been very deserving of their little girl fate which is this academy's unique specialty," Aunt Julia stated with a grin, adding, "What I've told Prudence is that if she doesn't come in first or second it's off to an orphanage with her. Probably the reason she looks so nervous."

On stage an imposing looking woman appeared and introduced herself as the Headmistress of her academy. Behind her was a young girl, maybe early twenties, looking very much like a stern teacher holding, in one hand, a wicked looking wooden cane. The six little girls all had a scared look on their faces.

One at a time, when their names were called, they stepped forward on the stage and performed a tap dance to the Shirley Temple song, "Oh the good ship lollipop."

God, how appropriate! But I couldn't help laughing at ridiculous sailor's costume she was dressed in. Her blue, satin, sequined skirt was so short due to the mounds of petticoats it, at times actually showed off her red, sequined panties and stood nearly straight out. The top consisted of a sailor's collar and a huge red bow in front. On her hands were short, wrist length, white gloves with, I couldn't believe, bells on them. Her hair, now even longer than the last I saw her, was in pigtails with red and blue ribbons tying them. On her head was a white sailor's hand banded in red and blue and tied under her chin.

On her feet were shiny, black patent leather tap shoes tied with the biggest, red bows with heels probably one-and-a-half inch little girl heels.

She tried her best but couldn't help stumbling and nearly tripping a few times, but what was hysterical she, in a lisp, she was trying to sing the song while tap dancing at the same time.

Aunt Julia was also as amused and with reason. "Notice her heels. They've never tap danced in heels before, a real surprise for them."

When the recital was over told Prudence that she'd come in second, so she wasn't shipping her off to an orphanage. It was pathetic how relieved Prudence looked not knowing there wasn't any judging at all.

### **Chapter-21 Prudence's Birthday Party.**

Having passed all her goals, although she really didn't, Aunt Julia just pretended she did, one month later Lisa spent nearly all morning getting her ready for her birthday party. Hiding her laughter Aunt Julia told her Prudence much more grown up being eleven would be.

"Wouth I really?" She asked uncertainly.

"Oh my yes, you'll see after Lisa gets you all dressed up," She assured her.

When I arrived she said, with a giggle, "Wait till you see how much more grown up Prudence is."

When Lisa eventually brought her down I had to cover my mouth to keep from the chuckle I managed to stifle.

"Look at how grown up Prudence now looks! No more little girl skirts, why they come an inch below her mid-thighs," Aunt Julia enthused, then whispered some comments to add, which I did.

"My goodness, why your socks are all the way up to nearly your knees, and I just love how they're ruffled," I exclaimed.

“And doesn’t her shoes, look so much more grown up with heels all the way up to two-and-a-half inches, and even have bells on the toes just like those on her gloves they’re latest thing you know, and they don’t have taps on them,” Lisa added.

While it was true they really didn’t look a bit more grown up, actually just the opposite.

“Don’t you love them, they’re called Lolita shoes,” Aunt Julia whispered, then added, “And doesn’t Prudence’s hair look so much more grown up in adorable braids, no

more little girl pigtails,” She said, winking at me.

“Do I really looth more grown up,” She asked hopefully, and we all assured her she did, although she didn’t look even a day older.

So we all went outside where all the invited sissies from her dance class and their Mommies, governesses, and nannies were waiting for her. Frankly it was hysterical as they were all dresses up in the sassiest, little girl finery, a couple even in toddler harnesses, which drew no comment at all.

The party, I have to admit, was a bit bizarre. A bunch of sissy, little girls forced to act like little girls with party hats, having a tea party, then playing pin the tail on the donkey, bobbing for apples then sitting for a puppet show. What a sight!

In a satisfied tone of voice Aunt Julia said, “I finally have the little girl I always wanted, don’t you think?”

##

## Schoolgirl Husband.

### Chapter-1 Things are getting stale.

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

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

Exhausted I said, "Okay, your turn."

"How about teacher-student?" He suggested.

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

I really got off dressing as a schoolgirl in a jumper, starched, short sleeved white shirt, striped school tie, turned down, white anklets, saddle shoes and my hair in a ponytail. He did spank me when I was naughty, on purpose, but not real hard and I swear, with each spank my panties got wetter and wetter. When he accidentally spanked me a little harder I literally soaked them.

It was when we were browsing the shops one day that we passed a uniform shop that he stopped and pointed to one of the uniforms saying he thought I'd look really sexy in it. I thought so too and the next thing I knew I had a complete St. Catherine's Girl's Junior Academy uniform. Complete with a short, pleated skirt, sailor's collar and tie, white anklets and shiny, black, patent leather maryjanes.

Going into a restaurant he convinced me to go the ladies room and change into it. Wow, out in public as a junior schoolgirl, what fun! I even put my hair into pigtails with ribbons.

Throughout lunch he treated me just like a junior schoolgirl, correcting my posture and insisting I call him, "Mr. London, Sir." He even had me curtsy when I got up and held my hand as we walked out.

It was a couple weeks later that I started getting a little concerned. We had gone antique hunting and in a shop was an old fashioned, wooden school desk which he thought would be perfect. So we started having class time with me sitting primly at my desk. Of course, bad girl that I was, I had to apologize and got another spanking, only this was much harder and I didn't really enjoy that.

I was really starting not to like the direction this was going when he bought back an old fashioned blackboard one day and started making me write punishment lines on it like, "I must learn to be a good girl" fifty times, for God's sake!

## **Chapter-2 Is this what he really wanted?**

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

So, all along it was him who wanted to be the schoolgirl. I was disgusted. My image of him as a man and husband evaporated. The question was what was I going to do? I googled "schoolgirl fantasy" and in an hour it all became clear. Well, if he was the one who had really wanted to be a schoolgirl so be it. I went back and read through several websites of men with schoolgirl fetishes, and made up a list of things I thought would make his perverted fantasies all too real. Then one thing I noticed as I videoed him was that he was too big around the waist to close the zipper in back. I recalled that many of the articles stated the men with schoolgirl fantasies felt

an overwhelming desire to be submissive, and made to obey their teacher. And that nothing would enforce this more than a tightly laced corset. It said, "It should be as severed as possible so the wearer feels completely dominated. An old-fashioned, hour glass corset with absolute rigid stays that forces the wearer to maintain an completely erect posture at all times, and makes it impossible to bending it is strongly recommended. You'll find them quite resistive to wearing a tightly laced corset so we highly recommend a corset that locks in back." Oh my, I thought, how perfect, just another article of torture for my little pervert.

### **Chapter-3 Planning my perverted schoolgirl's future.**

Before I confronted my pervert of a husband I felt some serious planning was needed. Going back again to the surprising number of schoolgirl fetish website I started making notes and lists of all the ways other wives who had similar husbands dealt with him, or her. I had so much fun creating it! If he wanted to be a real schoolgirl of his fantasies that's what he was going to get, and I was determined that he wouldn't care at all what my version of a schoolgirl was going to be.

There was one perplexing question to resolve. What to do with "her" while I was at the office during the day? I spent quite some time on it before a light bulb went on in my head. Hanna Larson, that was it. Hanna was a young college girl we employed to clean our house. She lasted about four months and quit in disgust was Carl kept making passes at her. She was disgusted and she quit, although in sympathy I handed her a \$1,000 check and gave Carl a severe tongue lashing.

Over drinks I asked her how she would like to get a measure of revenge for him costing her a much needed job. When I told her what he'd been up to she was as put off as I was. My offer was I'd pay her twice what I had been paying her, and give her room and board if she would play acct being "her" teacher. She laughed her head off saying, "Oh I think I'd really thoroughly enjoy that."

The only other person I confided in was my best friend Liz Greenway.

"I always thought there was something 'off' about him. I have no problem with some role playing but this, it's just gross. Let me help turn his fantasy into a nightmare," She pleaded. I had an idea of the part she could play, although it was down the road. When I told her of my idea all she said, with a grin was, "Perfect."

#### **Chapter-4 Well, he wanted to be a schoolgirl.**

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

"N-No, I-I just wanted to see what it was like. It was only this once, honest," He foolishly lied.

"Well, if you want to see what it's like to be a schoolgirl I can go along with that," I said, trying my hardest not to show my disgusting contempt.

"So, first, if you want to really be a schoolgirl, all that have has to go," I declared, and proceeded to apply extra strength Nair to first his legs, then arms and armpits, and removed what little hair on his chest.

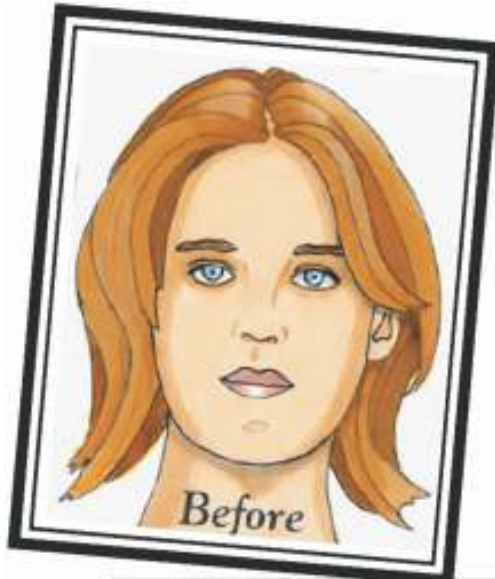
Then it was time to tackle his hair.

"W-What are you doing?" He asked when I led him over to the sink and started washing his ragged, just below the ear brown hair.

"Well, this is just for fun right? I always wondered what you'd look like as a blonde. So I'm just going to put a wash on your hair that'll turn it blonde. Don't worry it'll just wash out," I lied as I also weaved in hair extensions. Then I permed it, adding plenty of rollers. Oh boy, I laughed, he looked great as I styled his hair into a blonde shoulder length pageboy. I loved the before and after photos I took. When I'd finished it was time to get him dressed.

He must have thought he was in heaven when I put the frilliest bra on him and filled it with little girl breasts.

What came next I couldn't wait to do.



"If you're going to be a real schoolgirl, or at least a pretend one, we have to deal with this," I declared taking hold of his dick.

"What are you going to do?" He asked.

"We can't have it sticking out in front of your skirt, now can we?" I said.

"No, I guess you're right," He naively acknowledged.

Having him hold his legs tightly together I began pulling up an open bottom, flesh colored, special, rubberized panty I'd found online. Nearly on I tucked his offending parts tightly back between his legs. It was a real struggle, but worth it, as I was sure once on it would be nearly impossible to remove. I couldn't help gloating as it snapped in place.

"Wow, that's really pretty tight," He commented.

"Maybe a little, but it's just to, let's say, keep you modest," I smirked.

What followed were the frilliest, little girl, rumba panties.

Then I made up his face adding pink lipstick that I formed into adorable cupid's lips. I glued on big, doll-like lashes, plucked his eyebrows, promising I was only trimming them a little, or so he thought. Next came blue eye shadow, eyeliner and mascara. Finally, after blow drying his hair I put it into pigtails and tied them off with the biggest bows I could make. As a finishing touch I added half inch long, oval finger nails, that I painted the same color as his lips.

## **Chapter-5 "She" thinks what comes next she'll love, big mistake.**

Almost as satisfying as sticking his much abused dick where he wasn't going to get at it was what I couldn't wait for what came next.

"Now then Amanda Sue, oh yes, that's your pretend schoolgirl name, I noticed that you were too big around the waist to get your skirt closed, so we're going to have to deal with that, aren't I right?" I asked.

"Well, yes, I couldn't get it closed," He admitted foolishly.

“So I have just the solution. Reach up and grab hold of the top of the bedpost and don’t let go,” I instructed.

When he did I wasted no time wrapping what was, I sincerely hoped, going to cause “her” endless misery.

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

“Yes, I’m sure it’s what you’ve always dreamed about. Now keep your arms up while I tighten it a bit,” I ordered, chuckling to myself. God, was I going to enjoy this!

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

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

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

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

“We’re not quite there yet, it needs to get just a little tighter to get you into your skirt,” I said sadistically and using all my strength brutally tightened at least another inch.

“P-Please loosen it it’s really much too tight,” He begged.

“You’re still breathing so it can’t be all that tight. Try taking little breaths, I’m sure you’ll eventually get used to it,” I offered.

“I don’t want to get used to it,” She adamantly complained, which I just ignored.

## **Chapter-6 Amanda Sue meets her teacher and gets her first spanking.**

“Now let’s get you into the uniform you so obviously love,” I said, dressing him in exactly the same uniform I caught her jerking off in. Although I had made a few alterations. First she now had a waist two inches less than me so I had to alter that, then I couldn’t help shortening her skirts. I couldn’t believe how juvenile she looked in my jumper, schoolgirl blouse and tie, bobby socks, black, patent mary janes her hair in a juvenile pageboy and her face so girlishly made up.

I told him to sit primly at the school desk he’d bought until I came back.

When I did I sternly barked, “Now then Amanda Sue you will address me as, ‘Ms. London or Ma’am.’ You’ll set there primly with hands folded on your desk, knees and feet together. You will not interrupt, question or argue with anything that’s said to you.

Nor will you speak unless you raise your hand and ask permission first, or to answer a question. When you do you will stand, curtsy and give your answer. For every lack of posture, manners or etiquette you’ll be spanked and stood in the corner and then go to the blackboard and write endless punishment lines.”

“Y-You’ve got to be kidding,” She hotly replied.

“Sound familiar, it’s what you made me do when I was the schoolgirl, now you are.

And I believe we’ll start out with your first spanking for lying to me,”

“Lying, I haven’t lied,” She retorted.

“You said you only dressed up once, that time I caught you jerking off in my panties like little boys do, how infantile, watch,” I said and turned on my iPhone to the video showing him jerking off not once but three times, the most I could stand to video.

“Bend over your desk, lift your skirts, pull your panties down. I have a surprise for you,” I declared and moved aside to reveal, to his shock Hanna



standing there, dressed severely as every perverted schoolgirl's fantasy of a teacher and holding the meanest looking, wooden paddle in one hand.

"W-What's she doing here," She demanded to know.

"This is Ms. Larson your new teacher. So Hanna do you think your new student deserves a good spanking?" I asked.

"Oh yes Ma'am. A good fifteen for lying to you and then I think another dozen for such a rebellious attitude," She ventured. Amanda Sue screamed bloody murder at the first swat, that Hanna gave her as hard as she could. Very quickly she was sobbing and begging her to stop. Hanna simply ignored her, obviously getting her revenge with each spank.

### **Chapter-7 A future becomes all too clear.**

"Go ahead and cry your eyes out, it won't ruin your makeup at all," I said.

"W-What d-do (sob, sob) mean," she cried.

"That wasn't ordinary makeup, it's permanent, or at least as permanent as I want your lips, eye shadow, mascara and girly eyelashes to be. And remember how squishy and wet you said your titties felt when I put them in your bra? That was due to the glue used on them. Quite impossible to remove. You wanted to be a little, sissy schoolgirl. Well, you fucking pervert, you got your wish. Oh, I almost forgot, that panty you're wearing hiding once was your disgusting dick that you loved using my panties for, well that too just about impossible to remove.

"You're far from the man I thought I'd married, so I'm using my maiden name from now on and turning you over to your new teacher who, I'm sure, will tutor you in how to act precisely like the schoolgirl you always fantasied about. I wash my hands of you. Hanna, she's all yours," I stated disgustedly and walked out.

## Chapter-8 Reality sets in for poor Amanda Sue.

I wish I could have stayed in the room to witness how Hanna was going to deal with her new student. But a week ago I'd set up cameras in what had been our pretend schoolroom, her new bedroom, that was going to be another big surprise for her, and a couple other areas of the house and outside. So I just got comfortable, powered up my iPad and clicked on "Schoolroom."

"Very well Amanda Sue we'll start with your Golden Rules that all little, schoolgirls live by, however first a reality check for you," She said.

"I'm not a little schoolgirl and I'll be damned if you think I'm going to do anything you tell me to," She said hotly.

"We'll see, but first here's your reality check. Ms. London and I have determined that because of your height and immature attitude that you're twelve years old and in the sixth grade. All your clothes from your former life have been given to Goodwill. As have your golf clubs. You have no identification, no wallet to say you are anything but what you appear to be, a very ill-mannered, rebellious little, twelve year girl.

If anyone asks Ms. London she'll say you are a distant niece that's come to live with her and that you're returning from a private school for girls in Switzerland," She coldly informed her.

"What total bullshit," She screamed defiantly.

"Oh my, I guess a lesson in reality is in need," She proclaimed, as she viciously grabbed her ear, twisted it as painfully as she could, and yanked Amanda Sue over her lap.

"Ms. London had me spank you with a paddle, but I have a very different means of dealing with very bad little girls, I use this, I think a few licks with this and your whole attitude is going to instantly change," She said, holding up a mean looking wooden cane.

And without hesitation brought it down on her behind as hard as she could.



Just five swats went by with Amanda Sue screaming her lungs out before she was begging her to stop.

“Oh Amanda Sue I’ve just barely started,” She replied.

Five more later, with Amanda Sue sobbing her heart out Hanna asked, “Please tell me what your name is, how old you are and what grade your in, or do you want me to continue?”

“M-M-My name is A-Amanda Sue, I-I’m twelve years old and I’m in the s-sixth grade,” She cried.

“And has Amanda Sue been a bad little girl?” She demanded to know.

Sounding completely defeated she whimpered, “Y-Yes A-Amanda Sue has been a b-bad little girl.”

“And is Amanda Sue going to try her hardest to be a good, little girl for her teacher?”

“Yes, I-I’ll try to be a good, l-little girl for my t-teacher,” She replied, forced to say it or she knew what would be coming.

“When we are in the classroom you will address me as ‘Teacher’ when not in the classroom you will address me as ‘Ms. Larson’ understand?” She asked.

“Y-Yes Teacher, Amanda Sue understands,” she sobbed.

“We’ll see,” she stated.

## **Chapter-9 The Golden Rules.**

“Now then Amanda Sue I want you to sit at your desk in the precise manner that I tell you to. When you sit you will do so on the very edge of your seat. As you sit you will raise your skirt up in back so you’re sitting on your panties like all little girls do. You’re not old enough to sit on your skirts like grown up girls do. Now once seated you will carefully arrange your skirts so they are perfectly even on both side. Your knees and ankles will always be tightly together. You will draw your feet back until only the

very tips of your toes are touching the floor. Your hands will be folded neatly in your lap, right hand over the left," She instructed.

"Very good. It may be a little uncomfortable, but that's the way little girls sit," which she knew was an understatement wondering, with a chuckle, how long it would take her to fall off.

"Now take your tablet out of your desk along with the pencil and you will print, not write as you're too young to know how to write, down everything I say. At the top title it, "Little Amanda Sue's Golden Rules, and under that write 'My name is Amanda Sue, I'm twelve years old, I'm in the sixth grade and I'm the niece of my Auntie Helen,'" She ordered, then couldn't help adding, "Your homework is to write those words twenty-five times."

"Very well, now print Golden Rule number one which is, "Amanda Sue always obey her teacher, any hesitation to do as she says and she'll be punished."

"Golden Rule number two is, "Amanda Sue is never allowed to argue, contradict or question anything her teacher says or she'll be punished."

"Golden Rule number three is, "Amanda Sue is never allowed to do anything without permission or she'll be punished."

"Golden Rule number four is, "Amanda Sue is never allowed to speak without asking permission to do so by first raising her hand to ask permission to speak. If she speaks without permission she'll be punished."

"For homework you will write your Golden Rules twenty-five times each. Tomorrow you'll be quizzed and for every word you leave out you'll be spanked five times, is that understood?" she demanded to know.

"Y-Yes teacher, Amanda Sue u-understands," She replied in a scared, little voice, which is exactly how Hanna wanted her.

### **Chapter-10 Amanda Sue learns how to curtsy.**

“Before I teach you how little girls learn how to walk, stand and bend over you need to learn how to curtsy like the polite, little girl you’re going to become. To curtsy you first delicately raise your skirts with only your thumb and forefinger. Place your right foot precisely behind your left and bend at the knees until only the tip of your right foot is touching the floor. At all times your head will be bowed and your eyes fixed to the tip of your left foot. A graceful curtsy takes exactly four seconds. One second down, hold for two seconds and one second up. You will now practice which I will allow you to do twenty times before I begin correcting you with my cane to the backs of your legs,” She declared.

“As you curtsy I will teach you your curtsy rules, which you will print when you’re finished. Curtsy Rule number one is, ‘Amanda Sue will curtsy before and after she speaks. Curtsy Rule number two is, ‘Amanda Sue will curtsy when she is told to do anything. Curtsy Rule number three is, ‘Amanda Sue will curtsy before enters and leave any room, regardless of if anyone is in the room or not. Curtsy Rule number four is, ‘When an adult enters a room Amanda Sue is in she must stand immediately, curtsy and remain standing until given permission to sit. Curtsy Rule number five is, “Amanda Sue must curtsy to a chair before she sits, and curtsy to the chair when permitted to stand.”

Obviously with Hanna’s cane smacking the backs of her legs with even the most minor of faults she wasn’t at all surprised at how quickly Amanda Sue learned how polite, little girls curtsied.

### **Chapter-11 Amanda Sue learns how to stand and walk.**

Hanna spent a little over an hour trying to teach Amanda Sue how to stand, which she learned rather quickly, but was far from satisfied with teaching her how little girls walked.

“When little girls stand they do so with knees and feet tightly together, their hands are folded in front of them, their heads are bowed with eyes fixed on the tips of their toes. Whether standing or sitting you will never

raise your head as bowing your head is acknowledging who the child is and who the adult is, is that understood?" She sternly asked.

"Y-Yes teacher. Amanda Sue understand," She miserably responded thoroughly humiliated at how she was being forced to act. Hanna, grinning to herself, was quite enjoying reducing the guy who once had so pestered her that she'd finally quit.

Once satisfied with teaching her how little girls stood she tackled how they walked.

"Little girls your age take the daintiest, most mincing steps, placing one foot precisely in front of the other with each step being no longer than the length of one shoe," She instructed, which she made even more difficult with the two books she placed on her head with the threat of a smack with the cane whenever it fell. An hour later Hanna was far from happy with her lack of progress.

### **Chapter-12 Amanda Sue learns how little girls speak.**

It was a long painful day for Amanda Sue who endured it in a shocked state, but, to Hanna's satisfaction, looking thoroughly defeated and, most importantly scared to death. Which is precisely how she wanted her feeling. So after learning how to stand and walk

She went on to how little girl's speak.

"When little girls speak, Amanda Sue, they do so in a submissive, docile tone of voice. They never raise their voice, sound unhappy, agitated or angry. If they do they get their mouths washed out with soap," She stated. But much as she tried Amanda Sue simply talked more like a boy than a little girl. Which Hanna realized she needed to find a solution to.

### **Chapter-13 A room any little girl would love.**

"I think that's about all we can accomplish for today. Let me take you to your room, take my hand Amanda Sue. All little girls are led by the hand

until their more grown up,” Hanna said, relishing one more humiliation for Amanda Sue to endure who looked relieved that she was going up to her old room. But it wasn’t her old room, but one that Hanna, Liz and I had the most fun creating.

As Hanna expected Amanda Sue’s face fell in dismay when the door was opened to a room any ten year old girl would die for. All painted and decorated in the sweetest pinks with the daintiest, white little girl furniture and even a rocking horse, which we all thought hysterical. In the center Liz had found what was called a “youth bed.” Although, in reality, it was simply an oversized, brass crib with high, sliding bars and a canopy top.

“Oh my, Amanda sue isn’t your room simply to die for? And look all your favorite books, games, puzzles and your dolls on the shelves. And a closet filled with the most adorable variety of schoolgirl uniforms to dress you up in. And in this corner a plastic table and chairs for you to play at and do your homework, don’t you just love it?” She demanded to know.

“N-No I do...I-I mean I-I just love it,” Amanda Sue forced herself to say, although it was obvious she hated it, which pleased Hanna no end.

#### **Chapter-14 Amanda Sue’s daily schedule, then time for bed.**

“Why don’t you sit at your play table and I’ll go over your daily schedule. Please print it as I tell you so you won’t forget. First, in the morning, we’ll have classes for you. They’re include; Proper Posture for little girls, Etiquette and manners followed by Proper speech, Vocabulary and Rituals, Neatness and Grooming, a wonderful class in Little Girl Fashions. And, of course, there’s your academic courses such as Arithmetic and Geography. After those a ballet dance period as you’re so lacking in gracefulness. Then in the afternoon you’ll concentrate on your walk, sitting and standing, an outdoor playtime which could include, if you’ve been good, jumping rope, hopscotch, and even swings, riding your bicycle or roller skating. Then we’ll get you all dressed up in a special dressup uniform for supper. Which you’ll have in your room as you’re hardly ready to be presented to your Aunt Helen, are you?” She asked.

"No teacher, I-I'm not," She replied dismally.

"We're not in the classroom now, so you'll address me as 'Ms. Larson,' don't forget again, will you" She warned.

"N-No Ms. Larson."

"Excellent. Now write down the list of punishments to be handed out when you're been a bad, little girl. Well, first of all for minor offense you could just be paddled. Or you could have a 'timeout' in the corner, or write endless punishment lines on the blackboard. If you haven't been a good girl I won't loosen your corset, which I'm sure you'd love, wouldn't you?" She asked.

"Oh, yes Ms. Larson, I-I really would," She nearly begged. I'll bet you would you wretch, Hanna, I could see was thinking.

"And if I don't like your tone of voice, or you speak without asking permission you'll have you mouth washed out with soap. Which, I'm told, is really horrible," she promised.

"Now, do your homework Amanda Sue and if you finish early I'll let you play with your dolls and maybe even let you watch a Shirley Temple movie for half an hour, then I'll undress you and put you to bed," She half giggled.

"U-Undress me, Ms. Larson?" She couldn't help blurting out.

"Of course, you're much to young to know how to undress or dress yourself. Only big girls have that responsibility," Hanna smirked, delighted at her reaction. What could possibly be more humiliating than to be told she wasn't old enough to dress or undress herself?

Once she finished her lengthy printing of her homework Hanna dressed Amanda Sue in a childish nightgown and frilly bloomers and after sliding the high bars in place warningly said, "If you try getting out of bed just be warned I have a monitor to detect it.

## **Chapter-15 A new uniform and learning to talk like little girls are expected.**

When Hanna had her dressed it was in a all nnew uniform that Hanna and I found just for her.

Raising her hand she tentatively asked, "P-Please teacher t-this isn't my uniform, I-I mean the one I wore yesterday."

"Oh you're absolutely right. That uniform is meant for a much older girl. This is much more appropriate for a little, twelve year old girl in the sixth grade," She commented, relishing the crushed look on Amanda Sue's face.

And with little wonder. For what she wore was a much too short, pleated skirt with broad shoulder straps, the shortest schoolgirl tie, instead of knee socks white, mid-calf were on her legs and on her feet were little girl, shiny, patent leather mary janes with straps across the insteps. As to her hair, it was longer in a pageboy, but in the most childish pigtails.

Amanda Sue's first full day as a schoolgirl was indeed a long one. Filled with delightful humiliations that impressed on her her little, schoolgirl status.

The class that Hanna couldn't wait to instruct Amanda Sue in was Vocabulary, Speech and Rituals.

Precariously balanced, and Hanna hoped most uncomfortably, on her school desk she said, "What you will learn in this class Amanda Sue is how proper little girls speak. I'm sure you're so excited to know you're be learning what new words you're be taught to say, and how to say them. Take your tablet out and your pencil and write these words down.

'darling, darlingest, cutest, precious, adorable, dainty, delicate, beautiful, mostest, bestest, thrilled, absolutely, truly, love, heavenly, ever so, simply, adorable and prettiest.' From now on whenever you are asked to describe something or to answer a question put to you, you'll always include two of these words.

"And when you speak from now on you'll always sound ever so happy and excited. If you don't sound happy and excited I'll simply remind you



with a swat on your behind. So, shall we practice?" She asked grinning to herself.

"Now when I ask you, don't you really like you new schoolgirl shoes? What do you say," She asked.

"Amanda Sue really likes her new s-schoolgirl shoes, teacher," she replied.

"No, No, here's what you should say, 'Amanda Sue absolutely her darlingest, mostest, adorable new schoolgirl shoes, teacher.' Now you say it and in your most excited voice so that I know you really love your new shoes," She instructed.

Hanna made her say it over and over until she was satisfied that Amanda Sue, my pervert of a husband, sounded just like an excited little girl that loved her shoes. As I sipped my coffee I reminded myself that it was her who wanted to be a schoolgirl. And in her new uniform she looked even more juvenile.

The one I nearly spilled my coffee over laughing so hard was when Hanna asked her how she liked her new room.

After several false, correct starts she finally said, actually sounding so excited, "Oh teacher, Amanda Sue's new room is, is the bestest, most loveliest room she, she could ever imagine."

I couldn't help howling with laughter.

## **Chapter-16 A long day filled with delightful humiliations.**

I watched Hanna's efforts turning my one time husband into a proper, well-mannered twelve year old schoolgirl. There was Amanda Sue clumsily trying to walk with a book on her head. Then there she was dressed in the frilliest tutu, tights and toe shoes trying, hopelessly, to perform the movements, up on her toes, Hanna dictated to improve her gracefulness. I almost fell over giggling.

Outside I watched as she breathlessly tripped and stumbled learning to jump rope.

That night I couldn't believe Hanna actually had her watching Sesame Street, and then made Amanda Sue spent a half hour coloring in a coloring book meant for six to eight year olds.

I stayed away, not interfering, as we'd planned, until Hanna thought it was time to present her to me.

### **Chapter-17 A crushing meeting with her Aunty Helen.**

As we both expected, while Amanda Sue grudgingly did as Hanna demanded on fear of being punished she barely made more than an unenthusiastic, half-hearted effort.

"Your walk has not improved one bit, Amanda Sue. You can't walk in a straight line, you're not putting one foot precisely in the of the other and you can't even walk across the room without the books falling!" She faked being really upset and angry.

"Well, I have no idea what I'm going to do with you, perhaps the mistress will know," She ordered, yanking her along by the ear and into my presence in the living room.

"Honestly Ma'am, I simply don't know what to do Amanda Sue," She declared.

"Oh my, what seems to be the problem?" I asked, already knowing. The basic problem was that he, or she, still had a rebelliousness left in her. Deep down not at all, really, accepting of being turned into his schoolgirl fantasy. Well, after all we were simply indulging in his perverted fantasy.

"She doesn't make the least effort, or at best a have hearted effort, in anything I try to teach her. She shows a decided lack of effort, an unwillingness to apply herself, and an obstinacy I simply will no longer tolerate," She declared, winking at me.

"Besides an obvious attitude problem, which I agree you shouldn't tolerate, what are you having the biggest problems you're having with her?" I asked.

"Just to start, there's her speaking. Despite constantly correcting her she still, if you can imagine, actually sounds more like a boy for God's sake. Not at all like a refined twelve year old girl. Although, with your approval, I think I've come up with a solution," She added a second wink.

"Yes, you do whatever you feel necessary to correct it. What else?" I asked innocently.

"Then there's her walk. She's made no noticeable progress walking mincing, dainty manner, on her toes and her steps are way to long, and she simply seems unable to consistently walk with one step precisely in front of the other. Like her speech, she walks more like a boy," She stated, then turning to Amanda Sue said, "You can't even walk in a straight line across the room without the books falling from your head can you?"

"N-No Ms. L-Larson," She had to admit.

"And you can't take more than a few steps on your toes, as you know girls your age do, can you?" She demanded to know.

"No M-Ms. Larson," She answered, withering under Hanna's accusations.

"Have you thought of any solution at all?" I asked.

"Yes, they're a bit old fashioned, but I'm sure they'll solve the problem. If I graded her in all her classes I grade her as poor. Her ballet I'd grade as an 'F'. Perhaps she's simply what we call 'slow,'" She stated.

"So what do you suggest?" I asked, although we had already decided what it would take to turn her into the perfect, little schoolgirl.

"I've come to the conclusion that she need to be put back a grade," she declared.

"Oh goodness, you mean not a sixth grade, but back to the fifth grade? Which would put her age, not at twelve, but at eleven," I commented.

“Oh, oh no, oh please..” She suddenly blurted out.

“Only until you begin applying yourself and I grade each of your classes as Excellent,” Hanna informed her.

“Well, do what you must, but I don’t want to see her again until you determine that she’s ready to be shown off without embarrassing me,” I said, sounding disgusted with her.

### **Chapter-18 Amanda Sue gets a dressing down.**

As Hanna led a sobbing Amanda Sue away she said, “Cry all you want. If you’d have applied yourself you might have graduated to being thirteen, even fourteen at some time in the future. So because of your obstinance and half hearted efforts in everything I’ve tried to teach you you’re now just eleven and in the fifth grade. Would you like to be an older girl, Amanda Sue?” She asked.

“Oh yes Ms. Larson,” she sobbed.

“Well, show me your best effort in everything and perhaps I can convince your aunty to allow you to grow up. She might even decide you’ve had enough of your schoolgirl fantasy,” She held out the hope, as we’d planned.

“R-Really?” She asked hopefully, but naively.

“It’s all up to you. Are you ready to become a polite, well-mannered and obedient schoolgirl?” She asked.

Even more naively she swore that she would as they got to her room. Standing on the pedestal Hanna undressed her and after some time had Amanda Sue in her new uniform.

But first she tackled her hair style. A pageboy was much too grownup for a twelve year old, but pigtails, we both agreed, were perfect for an eleven year old. I laughed myself silly seeing her in pigtails fastened with bow tied ribbons.

Hanna winked where she knew the camera was, and I could see she was just as pleased as I was with our now little, eleven year old, fifth grader. When she turned her to the mirror she just looked at herself in obvious dismay. For she stood in her sailor uniform with sailor's collar and sailor's tie. Her skirt was even shorter showing off long, girlishly bare legs, with juvenile shoulder straps. On her legs were not mid-calf socks, but white, turn down anklets. I knew what Hanna was thinking. With her short stature she actually did look all of eleven.

"Oh wait, I almost forgot. Sit down so I can take your shoes off," She ordered, then after fiddling around with them put her shoes back on.

"Alright, stand up and walk across the room," she directed.

"Oh, ouch, ouch, ouch, w-what have you..." Amanda Sue got out before Hanna interrupted her.

"I just put tacks in the heels of your shoes. It's an old-fashioned method of teaching tomboy girls to walk daintily up on their toes. I'll test you each day and when you can walk for just a morning on just your toes I'll remove them," She stated, then added, "Now let's deal with making you sound more your age. Hold your tongue out and hold it there."

When she did I knew what she was going to do. Hanna took a small paper clip, added some glue and fixed it to the bottom of her tongue, then held it there until she was sure it was firmly fixed.

"Now tell me how much you like your new uniform," She directed.

"Oh yeth Mith Larson I-I what dith you doth?" Amanda Sue asked with a now pronounced little, girl lisp.

"It's just a paper clip to correct how much you keep talking more like a boy than a girl your age is supposed to speak. Don't worry in a month or so it will correct how you talk naturally and then I can remove it," She brightly assured the obviously dismayed Amanda Sue.

## Chapter-19 An incentive for Amanda Sue.

It was perhaps three weeks later that Hanna asked to speak with me.

"Amanda Sue is finally applying herself, yet she does so without any real enthusiasm. I need t come up with some incentive to, not exactly cheer her up, but get to more willingly to become the little, schoolgirl she's always fantasized about, willingly or not."

"I think I know what will improve her attitude and outlook on her, well, situation," I smiled.

The next day Hanna brought her in when I was having breakfast.

"Ms. Larson has commented on how you've been applying yourself recently Amanda Sue. You're trying much harder she says. So I've come up with a couple of presents for you. I know how much enjoy photographing, don't you?" I asked.

"Yeth Aunty Helen, I really doth," She lisped.

"So Ms. Larson and I have decided that when you've been a really good girl she'll let you play with this new camera I bought just for you, and this computer that you can use to make your pictures perfect," I said, handing her a pink beginners camera and pink children's basic computer. Although the only software it opened was a photo retouching program.

As expected this totally transformed her.

"Oh, frank you Aunty Helen," She blurted out excitedly.

"To be perfectly clear Amanda Sue. Only when you've impressed me with your progress and have accomplished something note worthy will I let you play with each, am I understood?" Hanna asked sternly.

As we thought Amanda Sue's efforts redoubled in everything but her ballet.

"You're not doing very good staying up on your toes are you, Amanda Sue?" Hanna asked.

"Noth Teacher," She admitted.

“There are special shoes that will help you stay on your toes, would you like to try them?” She asked, and naively she said she’d be willing to try them.

What Hanna put on her feet were pink, ballet boots with staggering high heels that forced her feet straight down so that only the very tips of her toes touched the floor. To keep her from falling she attached each wrist to an overhead strap. Obviously she didn’t like them but Hanna assured her when she could finally walk across the room and back and pirouette five times on just her toes that she wouldn’t need to wear her special shoes any more. Which unfortunately Hanna guessed would be some time off.

### **Chapter-20 Amanda Sue’s first outing in public.**

Amanda Sue earned her first hour playing with her camera and then another hour that night on her pink computer when Hanna finally thought she was making such great progress that she was allowed to take supper with her Auntie Helen.

I told her how pleased I was with her and as a further reward I was going to take her out for a very special surprise. Both Hanna and I were silently amuse at her suddenly panicked expression.

“O-Outh in p-public?” She asked in alarm.

“Oh my yes, I’m positive you’ll conduct yourself like the most perfect little, schoolgirl,” I said mildly but with a hint of a threat behind it.

As Hanna was getting her ready for her first outing out in public she said, “ Now don’t be nervous Amanda Sue, and I shouldn’t tell you this, but this outing is a kind of test.

Your Auntie Helen is going to be watching you closely to see how well you conduct yourself in public. She’ll be watching your deportment, your attitude, posture and etiquette. If she’s displeased or in any way annoyed with you she may decide you’re not even mature enough to be eleven and may reduce your age to that of a ten year old.”

Which, as planned, had the most dismayed reaction.

“On the other hand, if you act like the perfect little, schoolgirl she may leave you at eleven or even consider allowing you to grow up to be all of twelve. So my best advice is to act as absolutely perfect as you can, always act excited, never annoyed or glum, at all times regardless of the big surprise she has for you,” Hanna directed.

As she dressed Amanda Sue Hanna said, grinning at the camera as she knew I was watching, “This is a very special dress up uniform that your Aunty found just for you.”

I hoped she absolutely hated it when she saw herself and wasn’t disappointed at her distressed, wonderfully horrified expression for it barely resembled a uniform. It was a childish version of a kilt, called a bodice kilt, with the red, plaid kilt attached to an undergarment and so short if she raised her arms, even a little the kilt would go up and show off her panties. A ruffled jabot and wide, bishop’s collar were both heavily ruffled. On the toes of her red, patent leather, mary janes were plaid bows with a jingle bell clipped in the middle matching the ones dangling from her ears.

Finally she tackled her hair, putting it in ridiculously, little girl braids with big bows on the tips. Trying to sound serious, but having difficulty, she said, “Braids are so much more appropriate for special events like going out in public.” And naively Amanda Sue actually bought it.

## **Chapter-21 Amanda Sue has her ears pierced and a guest joins them for lunch.**

When Hanna brought her down I gushing asked, “Don’t you just love your dress up uniform, Amanda sue?”

Heeding Hanna’s warning she forced herself to say, “ Oh yeth Aunthy Helen, I-I simply a-adore myth dress up uniform.”

I almost broke out with a wicked laugh but just barely managed to hold it off.

As we drove into town I pretended to act so excited as I said, "You've been such a good, little schoolgirl Amanda Sue that I just know how excited you'll be when I tell you we're going to have your ears pierced. You're at that age when all girls have their ears pierced. Isn't that exciting?"

"My e-ears p-pierced? Oh, oh noth," She said in complete despair.

"Why yes, but you don't sound as excited as I thought you'd be." I said, sounding a bit upset.

"Oh noth, it-it's the most, bested surprihe, I-I can't wait," She eeked out in despair.

Entering the jewelry store I had already picked out the perfect earrings for her. Dangling, silver jingle bells.

I was so pleased with her mortified expressions as they jingled with even the slightest movement of her head.

"I thought you'd really enjoy them, it's the latest thing in little, girl earrings," I said, laughing to my self.

"Well we can't go all the way into town without having lunch, can we?" I declared, leading her by the hand into one of my favorite restaurants.

Once seated I sternly said, "One of my friends is joining us for lunch. Her name is Liz Conover who is dying to meet you. You'll address her as Ms. Conover and I want to see you on your best behavior. When she comes stand, curtsy and introduce yourself."

When Liz showed up and was seated she really laid it on thick.

"So this is the little, schoolgirl you've been telling me about. Can you tell me your name sweetie?"

Standing and curtsying she said, "Hello Mith Conover, mith name is Amanda Sue."

"On my what a delightful lisp. Unfortunately my Brittany lost hers when she was seven or eight. Now how old are you and what grade are you in?" She wanted to know.

"I'm eleven yearths old and I'm in the f-fith grade Mith Conover," She lisped. Obviously distraught that she lisped hearing that her daughter lost her lisp when she was seven or eight.

"Goodness that old! I would have thought eight or nine at the most. She's very petite for her age, isn't she? So, I understand your Aunty has rewarded you by having your ears pierced. And aren't they so darling, don't you just love them to death and how they jingle when you move your head?" She asked.

Looking defeated, but trying to sound excited she replied, "Oh yeth Mith Conover I-I simply love them toth death a-nd how they jingle"

Then, of course, Liz seeing how Amanda Sue actually hated the bells on her ears couldn't help making it worse by adding, "You know they have bells for shoes too. You should some on her shoes as well, I'm sure she'd love them."

"Goodness what a wonderful idea, right after lunch we'll go back and get some to clip on all her shoes," I added cheerfully.

As planned, as we had lunch, Liz suddenly had an idea. "My Brittany is celebrating her thirteenth birthday next Saturday and your Amanda Sue simply must come. There'll be a lot of girls her age that I'm sure she'd become great friends with."

"Oh isn't that the greatest invitation. But, there's a problem. When she arrived some of her luggage was lost and all she has are several of her uniforms," I said, both of us noticing her sigh of relief. I was sure the last thing she wanted was to go to a birthday party and meet girls her own, supposed, age. Of course her relief was short lived when Liz said, "Why that's no problem at all. I'll have one of my maids rummage through Brittany's old closet that's filled with clothes, shoes and jewelry that she has worn since she was eight or nine and has totally outgrown them. What's your favorite color Amanda Sue?" She asked.

"Why her most favorite color is any color as long it's pink, that is your favorite color isn't it?" I asked, and naturally she was trapped into agreeing it was her favorite color.

## Chapter-22 All dolled up.

It was a couple days later that one of her maids, Martha, showed up with several boxes filled with Brittany's old clothes.

"Ms. Conover asked me to pick out some of Brittany's old party clothes, shoes and accessories for your little girl. Since pink is her favorite color I brought everything that was pink," She proclaimed.

Poor Amanda Sue she just gaped in dismay as Hanna and Martha hung up the most frilly dresses, petticoats, socks, and little, girl shoes made worse when she added, "I also brought a box filled with clip on bells for her shoes and you can even put them on her gloves and just everywhere."

After Martha had left we decided to have her try on several of the outfits but ran into a planned problem when we couldn't button them up. Well, naturally there was nothing else to do but tighten her corset gleefully ignoring her pleas that they were much too tight.

"I only tightened it two inches, I swear you'd think I was killing you. Take shallow, little breaths and I'm sure eventually you'll get used to it," Hanna proclaimed, with a wink to me. Her waist was now down to a most slender twenty-one inches with just a couple more to go, I grinned to myself.

As we were having Amanda Sue try on outfit after outfit, all of which I was pleased to see that she cringed over every time Lisa turned her to the full length mirror so she could see herself Liz showed up.

"I couldn't resist coming over Amanda Sue all dressed up, or down," She chuckled.

"Oh I think it's the one she cringed over the most. The pink one with the skirts and petticoats so short that if she bends over even the slightest she knows she'll be showing off her ruffled panties. It's really the most childish of them all. For socks I'd definitely have her wearing the ruffled, anklets with the ridiculous bows and the pink shoes with all the straps, they're utterly the most juvenile. And be sure to add bells to each shoe she'll really

hate that," She laughed, and added, "Then put her hands into those short, white gloves, the ones with the bows decorating them. Now what would be the ultimate little girl's hairstyle would be sausage curls, what do you think?"

"Oh God, sausage curls, what a great idea," I giggled.

"By the time Lisa has her dressed I don't think anyone would believe she's even eleven," Lisa stated, and I had to agree.

### **Chapter-23 The Birthday party.**

The morning of the party I got my beautician to come over and put her hair up in sausage curls, decorated with ribbons, and being careful not to let her see what she was doing.

"Your Aunty Helen wants it to be a big surprise," She told her.

The outfit Liz and I noted she hated the most, of course, that was the one Lisa dressed her in. I couldn't help gloating when she turned Amanda Sue to the mirror.

"Oh, oh no, p-please Aunty Helen canth I wear a different outhfit?" She pleaded.

"But Amanda Sue both Ms. Conover and I agree this is the one you look most adorable in and you're sure to make a big impression on everyone. You do want to have everyone admire how darling you're dressed, don't you?" I asked with the hint of a treat in my voice.

"Yeth Aunthy Helen," She replied miserably.

"And Amanda Sue you will be on your very best behavior throughout the party. You will be the best behaved, most courteous, most excited to be there. At no time do I want to see a frown on your face, you'll smile at all times, I hope you understand me. If you don't when we get home you won't be eleven, you'll be ten, are you clear on that?" I warned.

"Yeth Aunthy Helen, I-I'll be on my bery best behavior," She promised knowing I was dead serious.

For the party I was dressed in one my favorites and wearing four inch heels, on purpose, Amanda Sue looked even more juvenile as we walked in holding my hand.

Liz greeted her and gushed over how precious she looked, barely able to suppress her silent laugh.

If both of us could have laughed out load we would have when Amanda sue was introduced to Brittany. For Brittany was dressed quite grown up and wearing her first real heels. She was a tall girl for her age and in heels was easily more than a foot taller than Amanda Sue.

“Oh my, aren’t you such a doll dressed in one of my old dresses. It was one my favorites when I was what mother, nine or ten?” She asked.

“I think you last wore it when you were, I believe, all of nine,” Liz grinned.

“Now you take my hand and I take you over to all the other little girls your age,” She instructed. Liz and I nearly fell over laughing.

To say Amanda Sue endured the most humiliating experience I was able to put her in was an understatement. The birthday party was my revenge of my pathetic, pervert of a husband, but it wasn’t the ultimate revenge. That was shortly to come.

## **Chapter-24 Finally my ultimate revenge.**

It was a couple weeks after the birthday party that I felt the time was just right for the ultimate revenge I had planned. Frankly it was going to be so amusing to watch Amanda Sue’s reaction.

It was mid-afternoon that Lisa, aware of what I had planned, said, “Come along Amanda Sue I have to get you all dressed up for supper this evening. Your aunty is having a guest for dinner. So she wants you looking absolutely adorable so you’ll make a good impression on her guest.

"Couldth I ask Mith Larson who ith is?" Amanda sue asked nervously. Obviously concerned if this was going to be yet another humiliating event like she endured at Brittany's birthday party, poor thing!

"I'm really not sure who it is. But your Auntie has told me to warn you that she expects you to be on your very best behavior and doesn't want to see a single frown, or else. I'm sure you know what that means. Apparently it's a very important guest as she bought you a gorgeous, all new outfit just for tonight," Lisa said, hiding her giggle.

It started with satin panties with the behind heavily ruffled, closer to baby panties.

When Lisa had her dressed she texted me a photo and I couldn't help chucking. As she really wasn't wearing a little girl's dress but one more like a toddler's, high waisted, pale pink dress with the hem so short if she moved even the slightest it would show off her panties. On her hands were white, wrist length gloves with bells that I had Lisa make a couple alterations of. For one she starched them so that when she eventually got them on her she could barely move her fingers, then she used a bit of glue to stick the thumbs to the gloves.

On her legs were the most juvenile anklets, with double ruffles decorated with pink bows. And for her feet pink shoes with straps edged, of all things, with ruffles and ever a string or pearls and bows on the backs of each heel with a jingling bell fixed to them.

### **Chapter-25 Amanda Sue meets my special guest.**

I watched gloatingly as Lisa brought her by the hand into the dining room and she got her first glimpse of my guest. Her horrified expression told it all, and I swear if Lisa wasn't tightly holding her hand she would have run out of the room.

For my special guest was her boss. To explain when Amanda Sue was Carl he worked at home as an IT specialist. His boss was in New York, hundreds of miles away and he/she only saw Frank Rogers maybe three or four

times a year. And Frank was everything Amanda Sue, even when she was her former self wasn't. He was a god six foot four. Ruggedly handsome and all man.

"Oh my Amanda sue don't you look absolutely so adorable. This is my guest Mr. Rogers. Please go over introduce yourself and give him your prettiest, most graceful curtsy," I ordered.

"Helloth Misther Rogers, my nameth ith is Amanda Sue and I-I'm so terribly

t-thrilled to meet youth," She lisped, as she curtsied, showed off her panties with the bells on her ears, gloves and shoes tinkling and jiggling merrily.

Naturally Frank had no idea who Amanda Sue really was which she desperately prayed he wouldn't.

"Lisa if you would put little Amanda Sue's pinafore on and allow her to sit," I directed. Once seated Amanda Sue was obviously too humiliated to dare to look up.

I filled Frank in a little more. "Amanda Sue is just eleven years old and is in the fifth grade. She's doing marginally well, a bit slow perhaps. So Lisa is home schooling her.

Her ballet is improving and she's recently learned a wonderful routine. You should see her in her ballet tutu and angel wings, so precious," I commented.

On cue Lisa said, "Oh I have a wonderful idea Ma'am. After dinner I could put Amanda Sue in her ballet tutu and angel wings and she could perform for your guest, who I'm sure would be greatly entertained.

Well that just about caused her to faint.

"Yes, that would be most entertaining. We'll see if there's time before you put her to bed," I said.

From there it went quickly downhill. As when her plate was put in front of her and Lisa gave her permission to eat. With her fingers barely able to

bend in the stiff gloves and her thumbs glued to them she made such a mess that Lisa said, "Oh my, you poor thing, getting food on your clean pinafore. If you're going to finish you'll need this."

"This" was a ruffle edged baby's bib that she tied behind her neck.

"Poor girl, she's still had that awkward, clumsy stage that all girls her age go through.

It's alright sweetie, just do the best you can," Frank offered.

When she'd finished her meal I said, "It's really getting close to seven o'clock, her bedtime, so I'm afraid there's no time for her little dance. You can take her up and put her to bed no Lisa. And since she was such a good little girl you can allow her watch a bit of Sesame Street. Oh yes, after that would you bring Frank's luggage in from his car, he'll be staying with us for the next week while he attends some regional meetings."

That was my ultimate revenge on my pervert of a husband.

##

## **Ruffles & Frills For Miranda Sue.**

### **Chapter-1 What to do with him?**

If I could have I would have divorced Mark, my husband, when I caught him all dressed up in some old clothes my mother had left in a trunk in the attic. Clothes from her teen years way back in the fifties. He must have I wouldn't be back from my meeting until late. But it was cancelled and I came back just an hour later to find him all dressed up in, of all things a pink, poodle skirt, a tight, short sleeved sweater with a peter pan collar and from the trunk he'd obviously found one of mother's old bullet bras because his tits were sticking almost straight out. On his legs were white,

bobby sox and on his feet a pair old saddle shoes. However most disgustingly he was on the bed jerking off in a pair of her pink, frilly panties.

He hadn't seen me, so I tip toed out to my car and tried to decide what to do. The problem with divorcing him was that, along with my sister Barbara, we were all partners in a business. And it was his inherited money that we needed to keep afloat. I decided that the only thing I could do was to pretend to go along with what really disgusted me. And after talking it over with sis, with her agreeing, I was actually going to encourage him, for we had formulated a plan that had both of us laughing hysterically.

He was absolutely shocked when I went back into the house and confronted him. With a straight face, keeping my revulsion at bay, I told him that I wasn't, in fact, offended

"However if you're going to play dress up you're going you're going to look and act he part, not like some guy in drag," I firmly proclaimed.

He was hesitant, but I knew it was all an act simply by seeing the growing bulge in his panties.

Plus I greatly intimidated him. While I was athletic and five inches taller than him without heels I was everything he wasn't. Forceful, assertive, decisive. Around me he was timid and unsure of himself. Which is how I liked to keep him.

## **Chapter-2 A special birthday present.**

So I made him practice doing 50's style make up with big red lips. I made him practice walking, sitting and standing like a girl all of which he was terrible at. I actually hoped he would be.

A month later, a couple days before his birthday, I told him I had some very special birthday presents.

"You're making progress but you're not quite as believable as I know you want to be, are you?" I asked, and naively he agreed with me. After he had on his ridiculous 50's make up, which he had actually become pretty good at I led him into the ding room where there were a number of birthday

presents all wrapped up on the dining room table. I truly thought he was going to cream his panties when he saw a brand new pair of black and white saddle shoes with pink laces just his size.

His next present was several long hair extensions that I styled into a shoulder length page boy. He couldn't stop admiring himself in the mirror with his now blonde hair.. What the fool didn't know was that I'd glued them to his head, there was no way they were coming off.

Then my final present. Directing him to raise his skirts and lower his panties I presented him with a fake pussy called "Instant-Femme."

"It's only temporary," I lied, " But I thought you'd feel more like a real woman if you had what all women have."

I couldn't believe it, he actually thanked me, not believing how understanding I was being. What a moron, absolutely pathetic. But what he didn't know was that sis and I had replaced the glue on strips, which were, in fact, temporary, with surgical glue which definitely wasn't. Then to prevent him from his disgusting compulsive habit of jerking off we glued a stiff, plastic athletic cup to the inside. We couldn't wait for him to find out that while he could still get stiff he couldn't do a single thing about it. Pure genius!

### **Chapter-3 Disaster, as planned.**

He was expecting Barbara to show up to see him all dressed up in his birthday presents. He wasn't nervous as she, like me, had faked her encouragement. So when the doorbell rang he literally rushed to open it to show off. And she was there, but to his shock so was another woman. Naturally he panicked, but whispering in his ear I said, "Just go along with whatever happens and you'll be safe. I didn't know she was bringing someone else, but that's Lily Wentworth, our biggest client. Try to act your most girlish, we just can't lose her account. Which we would for sure if she found out you were actually a guy in drag."



But, of course, Lily was a big part of our plan, and played her part perfectly. When she asked who he was I stammered, finally blurting out, "This is, ah, m-my niece, Miranda Sue. She's visiting for the summer."

From there it went wonderfully downhill for the sissy. Barbara explained that Lily was in town for a few days of shopping, couldn't find a place to stay and was sure I'd be more than happy to put her up while she was in town.

"S-Stay here, oh no, she, she can't," He/she blurted out much too loudly.

"Do you always allow a child her age to interrupt and question an adult?" Lily demanded to know.

"Oh well, she's kind of used to speaking her mind," I offered lamely.

"You will sit there and not interrupt us again child, do you understand?" Lily sternly instructed.

"Y-Yes, ah, Ma'am," He stuttered, looking hopelessly at me.

"And why, on earth, do you let her dress so grown up like that? Imagine a child her age wearing such an immodestly tight sweater that it shows off what she won't have for many more years? And you actually let her make her face up like that. She's years from being allowed to wear that kind of makeup," She wanted to know.

"Well, I guess I've been indulging her, ah, pretend dressing up games," I said, with an encouraging wink to Lily.

Which I really didn't need to give her as for the next couple of hours she really laid on a steady stream of annoyed criticisms.

"Sit with your knees together and put your hands in your lap," She demanded.

"Stop fidgeting, you're annoying the adults. Sit quietly. My goodness her manners are atrocious," She ordered.

And then when I asked her to get another bottle of wine from the kitchen Lily said, "My goodness, she walks like a boy, hardly graceful at all is she?"

When you get up to leave an adults presence you should always curtsy, haven't you even taught her a proper curtsy," She asked.

"I'm afraid she's more of a tomboy than a girl," I tried to explain.

"Well, tomorrow, when I go shopping, she goes with me and I'll get her looking more her age," She declared with a satisfied wink to Barbara and me.

#### **Chapter-4 No more poodle skirts for Miranda Sue.**

Naturally he begged pitifully to get me out of going with her the next day, but I couldn't figure out how I could do that. "Just go along with her, and for God's sake don't do anything to upset her. Remember she's our biggest client. Besides she'll be gone by Monday," I lied, grinning to myself.

We didn't see Miranda Sue until just before we planned to go out to dinner. She'd left reluctantly with Lily in the early morning. We couldn't help giggling as we knew where Lily was taking him/her.

First a bit about Lily. After two bad marriages she really had no use for men at all, except, well, fucking them and then dumping them. She was also a bit kinky and frequently shopped at her favorite store, Fantasy fetish. It had several departments, one of which was Ruffles & Frills that catered to transforming men into the most adorable sissies. The department had a separate entrance, as did the other departments, each catering to a different fetish.

So Miranda Sue had no idea it was anything other than a dress boutique that catered to young girls. She blanched when they entered the boutique as it was dripping with ridiculously clothes that she probably prayed Lily wasn't going to dress her in. Her prayers, of course, went unanswered.

When Lily was strong arming "her" into the room, at first, all we heard was the sound of swishing, a loud clickety-clack and, of all things, the sounds of bells tinkling. When Lily pushed her into the room we had all we could do not to go into hysterics. As Lily had promised she was dressed, "more her age" in the most over-the-top, frilliest, little girl, baby pink party

dress which barely came to mid-thigh, over which was a white, pinafore with a huge bow tied in back. The short, puffed sleeves were edged in matching ruffled, white lace.

Her long, now girlish, bare legs ended, first in ruffled anklets trimmed with pink bows then came her feet which were clad, in the most girlish of shoes, pink, patent leather mary janes shoes. And, thank God, that stupid bullet bra had disappeared.

But it was her face and hair that frankly left us stunned. For gone was the heavy, 50's makeup and hair do, replaced with pink, girly lips, baby blue eye shadow, much thinned eyebrows and huge, fluttering eyelashes leaving her face looking more like a dolls face.

Gone too was the ridiculous 50's style hair do, replaced, of all things with the longest, sissiest pigtails fastened with pink bows. Several, muted giggles escaped us, I'm afraid, when we saw what was fastened to her ears, jingle bells of all things. Really it was too much! Lily had obviously really done a number on her.

She clumsily stumbled into the room on the obviously slippery, treacherous tap shoes.

"Curtsy to your Aunty Olivia and Auntie Barbara," Lily ordered sternly.

Looking angry and resentful but fearfully looking at Lily who stood behind her with a wicked looking paddle in one hand she awkwardly did as she demanded.

"Now introduce yourself," She added next.

"H-Hello Oliv..." she started.

"She's not Olivia, she's your Aunty Olivia, now say it, tell them your name and how old you are, or would like another reminder?" She demanded.

Balling her fist up angrily and defiantly she never the less half sobbed out, "Hello Aunty Louise and Aunty Barbara. My name is Miranda Sue, a-and, and I-I'm eleven years old."



## Chapter-5 “You certainly have her looking her age.”

Which is what Barbara mused. “It looks like she got a complete make over, not only her much too grown up clothes,” She noted.

“Oh my yes. After we got her dressed more her age, her horrible, caked on makeup looked so ridiculous on her that, once dressed, I marched her across the street to the Bangs & Curls salon. It specializes in hair styles and make up for little girls her age. And since she’s too young to know about make up I had them use a long lasting make up on her. He girl assured me that it’ll last at least four to five months, or, hopefully more,” Lily declared.

I swear hearing that my pervert of a husband nearly passed out.

“Oh, Oh no, get it off me, I hate it!” She blurted out in panic.

Without any hesitation at all Lily bent her over, raised her skirts, showing off the most babyish pair of ruffled, rhumba panties, and to our surprise and glee, proceeded to paddle her (whack, whack, whack, whack). Each whack producing a painful out burst.

Obviously each whack hurt, but I can only imagine her utter humiliation being spanked in front of her wife and Barbara. Really I had no sympathy for my pathetic excuse for a husband.

When Lily finished Miranda Sue made to stand up but Lily forcefully bent her back down.

“You stand when I tell you you can. Now turn around so your Aunty Olivia and Aunty Barbara get can get a good look at your darling, little girl, baby panties,” she ordered.

Even more humiliation, but, of course, it didn’t stop there.

“Oh goodness, what a bad little girl, and this is her second spanking?” Barbara asked.

“Unfortunately she protested much too much when Claire, the owner, tried dressing her. Fortunately she knew just how o deal with difficult tom-

boys and produced what she calls a 'girly reminder' paddle that she keeps handy. It's a shortened version of your old fashioned sorority paddle," She explained.

Then to Miranda Sue she barked, "You will stand there, not move so much as a muscle, and not utter even the slightest sound or you'll get double. Do you understand little girl?"

### **Chapter-6 No let up from Lily.**

"Y-Yes Ms. W-Wentworth," She sobbed.

The first question I asked was, "I couldn't help but notice her figure, it's much slimmer, isn't it?"

"That's true, but not by much, frankly. It's hardly as girlish as a girl her age should be. At first Claire tried a girdle, but it barely took in her waist by a mere two inches. So she switched to what she calls a, 'little girl's figure training corset.' It laces up the back and has a strap in back that you attach a small lock to so once it's on she can't loosen or even try to take it off. It managed to take her waist down by four inches, hardly a start. Claire recommends tightening it another inch after two weeks, and again after another two weeks until it measures a barely acceptable twenty inches for a girl her age. The another advantage is that the stays are unbendable steel ones which goes a long way to improving her posture which is atrocious.

"The problem is she's so overweight and chubby for her age. Can you imagine she actually weighs 128 pounds. Clair advised putting her on a diet until she loses at least twenty pounds," Lily remarked.

"Twenty pounds, why that would put her weight at just 104," Barbara stated, gloating at Miranda Sue's shocked expression after hearing not only that she'd eventually weigh what an eleven year old girl weighed, but that she was virtually locked in her corset. Which I'm sure she was already hating. Poor thing, I mused with a satisfied chuckle.

Of course I couldn't wait to hear her explanation of why she was wearing tap shoes, of all things.

“Well, as Claire was walking her around to see how her new clothes fit her she couldn’t help observe how she was waling more like a boy. Instead of taking gracefully, dainty steps like all proper girls her age do. So she suggested, as a first step, putting her in tap shoes. They’re obviously much more slippery and treacherous to walk in as you can imagine. But her walk is till much too long and not mincing at all on the very tips of her toes that she feels she’ll need to have her ankles put in gait trainer that will limit, to start, each step to no more than the length of one shoe...”

“But that would be only about six inches,” I stated, pretending to sound incredulous.

“Claire said that’s really just a starting point. That she’s such a tomboy she advised gradually shortening the gait trainer till her step is no more than a mere two inches,”

Lily said, trying to keep a straight face.

“My goodness, they’ll really train her step to no more than a very dainty two inches, is that really possible?” Barbara said, faking a gasp.

She assures me that it is. Although she may have to wear the gait trainers for at least a couple of months. You see there are two gait trainers, one for each ankle. On the inside of each are sharp, rubber nubs that produce a rather painful reminder if she tries to take too long a step. Naturally she won’t like them which is why each bracelet locks on,” Lily explained unemotionally. Of course we were all so pleased at Miranda Sue’s horrified expression. But, of course, I’m sure to Miranda Sue’s disbelief, only got worse.

“The second problem to overcome is her walking so much like a tomboy heel to toe when we know all graceful little girls walk mincingly on only their very tippy toes. However Claire said that was easily solved by simply putting sharp tacks in the heels of all her shoes. She said the effect of getting her walking just on her toes was almost immediate,” She stated.

### **Chapter-7 Other problems we really need to address.**

“Well, so far we made some progress with Claire’s help turning a tom-boy, if I ever saw one, into the beginnings of a proper little, eleven year old girl. However, as Claire pointed out, there’s much more that needs to be worked on. There’s her atrocious figure to deal with. Her chubbiness. Her manners and etiquette, both of which are non-existent. Then there’s her voice, diction and proper vocabulary for a girl her age. As you can all hear she sounds more like a boy than a girl, which simply can’t be tolerated. And her clumsy attempt at a curtsy, hardly graceful as we’ve all noted. Lastly there’s her obedience or near total lack of it. I see many more spankings before she learns to do as she’s told. Claire has some thoughts on how to deal with the various problems, but, as I said, at least it’s a start.

Poor Miranda sue, she kept looking at me in obvious despair, begging me with her eyes to save her from Lily’s clutches, but not daring to utter a sound. All I did was give her a smirking reply. Lily had her scared to death of her, which she freely admitted was how she wanted her.

### **Chapter-8 Disaster at the restaurant.**

“We can discuss her in more detail at the restaurant. Are we all ready to go?” I asked, knowing it would be the last thing Miranda Sue wanted to do, be seen in public.

“G-Go out, no, I-I can’t go out like this,” She protested, stricken at the idea.

“Oh yes, we’re going out. And you will act like the most perfect little girl at all times, or I’ll pull up your skirts, pull down your panties and give you such a paddling, right in the restaurant, you won’t be able to sit for days. Am I clear, little girl?” Lily thundered, as she slipped her paddle into her large tote bag.

“Y-Y-Yes Ms. W-Wentworth,” She uttered in terror.

Lily dragged my pervert of a husband into the restaurant and to our table.

"Sit and don't utter a sound. Sit on the edge of your seat. Knees tightly together, ankle crossed, hands in your lap, right hand over the left, keep your head bowed, eyes fixed on your hands. You will not look up unless you are directly addressed. And if you fidget to the point where you're annoying us I most certainly will bend you over your chair and spank the living day lights out of you in front of everyone. To you understand, little girl?" Lily demanded to know.

"Y-Yes Ms. Wentworth," She quaked.

And that's exactly how she sat, not daring to move a muscle, too scared to even glance up.

Disaster struck, as planned, when Jill our assistant at the office joined us.

Lily whispered sternly to Miranda Sue, "Stand up, curtsy and introduce yourself to Ms. Morgan and tell how enchanted you are to meet her.

Having no alternative she did as ordered, not sounding at all enchanted to meet her.

"Well, aren't you so perfectly adorable, can you tell me how old your are Miranda Sue?" Jill asked, as if actually talking to a child.

"I-I'm e-eleven years old M-Ms. Morgan," She could barely get out.

And, of course, Jill made it even more humiliating remarking, "Oh my, eleven, I would have thought maybe ten at the most." Silently we were all laughing our heads off.

When our meals come, we'd ordered a child's plate for Miranda Sue, with Lily having her fun called our waitress over and asking, "Do you have a bib for the little girl? She has a tendency to get food all over her?"

So, Miranda Sue suffered the further humiliation of having the waitress tie a frilly babies bib around her neck.

As we ate Jill, on cue, said to Lily and I, "You do remember that client trip you're both taking for the next two week, and then you're going on a well deserved further two weeks vacation? You'll be gone for at least a month

and then, I'll have to check, but I think another two weeks, or more, of client trips. So what are you going to do about little Miranda Sue?"

### **Chapter-9 Miranda Sue meets her nanny.**

"Think no further. She can stay at my house. Fortunately Gwen, my maid, used to be a governess for a girl a bit older than Miranda Sue. But as she's so much younger Gwen can act as her nanny," Lily offered.

"W-What! No, s-she can't take me. I won't go damn it," she much too loudly blurted out.

Which, of course, is what Lily was waiting for. Viciously twisting her ear she hissed in a murderous voice as she took out the paddle," That will be enough out of you. A stern nanny who won't hesitate to use this when you don't act like the most perfect little girl for her is just what you need for the next month-and-a-half. If you utter one more sound I will use this on you right here and now. Is that what you want?"

"N-No p-please d-don't spank me h-her," She begged, which shut her up.

"Fortunately Gwen drove into town. I'll give her a call and get her to come and get our naughty little girl," Lily said, taking out her phone.

"Hello Gwen, could you come over to the restaurant where we are. I have an assignment for you for the next month-and-a-half. Five minutes, that's perfect," Lily said.

A little about Gwen. She actually wasn't Lily's maid. She was working for Claire as a sales girl while also acting in the local theater. With Claire's approval Lily offered her double what she was making to pretend to be Miranda Sue's nanny. Lily thought she would be perfect as she had no love for the clientele that came into the store.

"Think of it as playing a role," Lily suggested.

Hearing the story of my pervert of a husband she laughed her head off and couldn't wait to start her new job as Miranda Sue's new nanny, adding, "I'll have to ask Claire about what's proper nanny attire!"

It would seem that securing a nanny for Miranda Sue would be somewhat of a burden, but, unknown to my miserable excuse for a husband, he'd be paying for his own nanny out of his own money. I wondered, if at some point, I should tell him who was paying for his nanny, would that be devastating or what!

I hadn't met Gwen before, nor had Barbara, so when she walked in we looked at each other and together mouthed, "she's perfect!"

And she was. Gwen was tall, at least five foot eleven, but in at least the four inch heels she was wearing she looked towering. And she was perfectly dress the part in a tight, mid-thigh, dark, grey skirt, a wide, black cinch belt, and a stiff, white Victorian blouse with a high collar.

Her make up and tight bun gave her a quite severe, no-nonsense look. Lily too was impressed, giving us a big thumbs up, before ordering Miranda Sue to stand, curtsy and introduce herself to her new nanny.

I swear her expression was priceless as she first caught sight of her stern looking new nanny who looked down on her.

"Well, child what do you have to say to me?" She demanded, in a threatening tone, that quickly had Miranda Sue's legs turn to jelly.

"M-My name is Miranda Sue, n-nanny," She curtsied.

"I'm told you just eleven years old?"

"Y-Yes, I-I'm eleven..."

"That's, 'Yes nanny little Miranda Sue is just eleven years old, now say it," She ordered, which she did, already so nicely frightened of her new nanny.

"Your curtsy is atrocious. It will improve immediately, or else, is that clear?" Gwen stated firmly.

“Y-yes nanny, l-little Miranda Sue u-understands,” She could barely get out.

“I’ll be the judge of that. Now sit down, don’t utter a sound and don’t annoy us by fidgeting,” She ordered.

After sitting herself she said, “I understand I’m to be the little girl’s nanny. Seeing the paddle I assume you’re having problems with her,” She noted.

“Oh my yes. She’s already had to be spanked twice today, Haven’t you Miranda Sue?”

“Y-Yes Ms. Wentworth,” She was forced to admit.

“Well, really don’t know where to start. She quite the most unruly, belligerent, disobedient tomboy,” Lily started.

“That’s easily, if painfully solved,” She declared for Miranda Sue’s benefit who was in an obvious state of utter despair as she watched Gwen pick up Lily’s paddle.

“I think I’ll get out my address book to take notes on what you want me to do with her. Okay, so disobedience is a major problem, what else am I going to have to deal with?” She asked, with a wink to us.

### **Chapter-10 A smirk from me crushes Miranda Sue.**

I could just imagine the despair poor, dejected Miranda Sue was experiencing. But I had absolutely no sympathy for her. What do you do with a pervert of a husband you catch in your mother’s old poodle skirt, saddle shoes and bullet bra? Then not being man enough to stand up to Lily and Claire. I think if he even tried I would have admitted there was something left of him as a man, but he never did. Imagine a guy letting himself be dressed as a little girl and putting up not a hint of resistance. So, he was now going to be in the hands of her nanny, poor thing. It would be fascinating to see what Gwen had in store for her for the next month-and-a-half. While Lily and I were off in the Caribbean hopefully fucking our brains out.

“So, I’ll start with her posture, it’s not how you expect a proper, little girl to sit, is it?” Lily started.

“Oh my no, it certainly isn’t. Sit more on the very edge of your seat Miranda Sue. I want you rigidly erect, shoulders back, chest forward, arms pinned to your sides. I want your ankles crossed with only the very tip of your right foot touching the floor,” Gwen demanded. Which, of course, was the most uncomfortable, near impossible posture to hope to maintain without falling off her chair. Good for Gwen, but she had more.

“Sit there as you’ve been told and if I see so much of a finger or toe twitch I’ll make you sit on this fork for the rest of the evening,” She added. Well, I thought, that would be amusing to watch.

“Then there’s her walk. Show your nanny how you walk. Walk for her to the front of the restaurant and back,” Lily ordered. It was the last thing she wanted to do, but of course as the coward she was she did as ordered.

## **Chapter-11 Amusing ourselves by terrifying a deserving Miranda Sue.**

When she got back and went to sit Gwen barked, “You haven’t gotten permission to sit. Your first golden rule is that you don’t do anything EVER on your own without first getting my permission. Do you understand little girl?”

“Y-Yes nanny, I-little Miranda Sue un-understands,” She quaked.

To get her golden rule firmly implanted she left her standing awkwardly next to our table for a good ten minutes before giving her permission to sit., and yet she stopped her.

“When I give you permission to do anything you curtsy and ‘thank’ me. Do it,” She demanded.

To us she said, “Her walk is atrocious. Christ she walks more like a boy not at all mincing up on her toes, and her stride hardly dainty and delicate.

It's going to take a lot of training and conditioning before I get her walking precisely like a little girl her age is expected to."

"Yes, however you should talk with Claire, the owner of Ruffles & Frills. She know of some old fashioned methods of correcting a tomboy's walk. Specifically ask her if she carries a set of gait trainers," Lily suggested.

Checking the script we had so much fun creating Gwen said, "Gait trainers? Yes, I think I've heard of them. Aren't they metal bracelets with sharp nubs on the inside with an adjustable chain?"

"Correct, tomboys, obviously don't lie them which is why they lock on so they can't be removed. Claire said you start off limiting each stride to six inches, then gradually reduce the chain to the daintiest two inch stride. You keep them on her until her step has been permanently to no more than two inches," Lily clinically answered, stifling a hardy grin to us. Then added, "Claire said to get her up on her toes you simply add tacks to her shoes until she's conditioned to walk just on her very tippy toes."

The effect on poor Miranda Sue was just what we were hoping for. Disbelieving, crushed, utter despair.

"Oh goodness, isn't this so much fun. I think I'll have another glass of wine," Barbara, who never had much love for Mark, whispered in my ear. Weeks before the wedding she cautioned me that she thought there was something odd, not quite right, about him. And how right she was.

Lily's list for Gwen to deal with instilling perfect manners & etiquette in Miranda Sue. Improving her figure and weight to which Gwen remarked, "I agree. It's obvious you have her in a corset but she's still way to chubby. I'll give her a week or tow to get used to her current corset and then put her in a much tighter ne, and get her weight down to no more than 106 pounds."

"I also noticed that I'll have to deal with her speech. I can't believe she actually talks like a guy or at most a boy. It's hardly the little girl's voice you expect from her. However I did read somewhere that in the old days they simply glued a coin under her tongue," Gwen said with a straight voice.

“Yes, go ahead and try that,” Lily suggested, further shocking Miranda Sue as was the purpose.

With the meal finished Gwen said, “I’ll take her back to the house now. Stand, curtsy and say ‘goodbye’ to your aunties and Ms. Wentworth and thanks her for your new clothes.”

Can you imagine anything more humiliating than being made to thank Lily for turning her into a little girl, but, of course, she had no choice, did she?

### **Chapter-12 Introducing Miranda Sue to her new room.**

We, purposefully, didn’t want to be around Miranda Sue for the next month-and-a-half. We wanted her only to be in the clutches of her nanny. However we didn’t want to miss out on all the fun so we install cameras in almost every room and even out in the garden. So while we were screwing every hunk we could we could always click on the app on our ipads to see what misery Gwen was inflecting on her that day.

And the one thing we didn’t want to miss was Miranda Sue’s reaction to her new room. So we watched as Gwen opened the door to her new room. Her reaction was priceless. Her head fell in misery and we hoped she was about to cry, but we just heard a few strangled sobs out of her.

And, naturally, with good reason. It was a room decorated not for an eleven year old, but more for a little girl of seven or eight. The dominant color was bubble gum pink. The furniture was the most delicate and sized for a little girl. To one side was a plastic play table and chairs. The shelves were filled with dolls, book and games all suitable for an eight year old. But the bed, that Barbara had found, was just too perfect. It was called a canopied Youth Bed. More a crib with high, locking sides that you needed a stool to get into. I made my contribution with a rocking horse, and Lily made hers with, of all thing, a baby bouncer! Oh my she was really going to hate that, with Lily laughingly agreeing.

“Don’t you just love your room, Miranda Sue?” Gwen asked.

Forgetting herself she angrily blurted, "No, not damn much."

"Well see if I can how I can correct your response and teach you not to swear, shall I?"

What she did had us laughing our head off. First she washed her mouth out with soap until she was retching and gagging. Then she shoved a dummy in her mouth and fastened a locking strap so she couldn't get it off.

When Miranda Sue's eyes started watering for our benefit she said, "It's coated with the most horrible mixture of perfume and an evil coating of the worst tasting coating. Perhaps when I take it off tomorrow you'll have a different answer when I ask you if you like your room."

Then treating her just like the little girl she was being turned into Gwen made her stand on a stool while she undressed her and then redressed her in the frilliest little girl's nightie and ruffled bloomers.

"You're much too young to know how to dress and undress yourself," she declared.

Once she had her dressed, like she was dealing with a real child she led her over to Lily's youth bed, helped her step up on a stool and into bed. Sliding the tall brass sides up and locking them she removed the stool.

"It works just as I thought it would," Lily giggled, for the brass sides were so high she'd have trouble getting over them, and if she actually did she'd fall flat on her face. So once put into what really amounted to an over-sized crib there was really no way she could get out of it.

Before she turned the lights out Gwen turned to the camera and grinning gave us a thumbs up.

"Oh goody, she did it," I laughed, for what Gwen did, and I suppose it was a bit cruel, was to crush up some Viagra and put it in the glass of milk she'd give Miranda Sue. Hopefully it would cause her to want to play with her pussy to get some needed relief, which I had made sure was impossible.

We all agreed that Gwen was off to a great start.

### **Chapter-13 Gwen's ingeniousness amazes us.**

Relaxing on a beach in the Caribbean we checked up on our little girl several times a day getting a good laugh each time we did.

What fascinated us was how thorough Gwen went about turning my useless, deviant of a husband into an exact copy of a real eleven year old little girl.

She was methodical and demanding down to the tiniest detail, using a fiendish punishment/reward method. But forcing her to turn herself into a little girl we discovered was just as much psychologically taxing on Miranda Sue.

First she created an exacting, daily schedule for her which totally consumed every hour of the day without let up.

It started at 6am and a bubble bath. Then lacing her as tightly as she could in her corset, followed by the frilliest little girl's trainer bra and ruffled pantied meant more for a toddler. When fully dressed in a dress, shoes, anklets, tap shoes and gloves meant more for an eight year old Gwen took her to the classroom Lily had set up to learn her "Golden Rules for good little girls."

Miranda Sue had to repeat each rule five times then print each with a big, fat pencil that she could barely hold. She had to print because Gwen told her she wasn't old enough to know how to write. Not only that but each word that fell above or below a line she had to print over five times.

We could see how much she hated printing, like a little girl, her golden rules.

After that Gwen spent nearly all morning teaching her how to sit, stand, bend and walking like little girls did culminating with the most physically and mentally torturous exercise.

### **Chapter-14 Learning to stand, sit, bend and walk like a little girl.**

Putting down a flimsy length of white paper no more than three inches wide across the room with a chair at both ends and placing several thin

dimes in the center Gwen said, "You will walk down the white strip to the end of it placing one foot daintily in front of the other. You will walk only on your toes. In the middle you will stop, curtsy, bend and daintily pick up a coin, then you'll curtsy go to the end, pivot only on your right toe, sit, arrange your skirts and petticoat, count to ten and repeat back to me.

For each time you step even slightly off the line I will spank the backs of your legs once. If you carelessly tear the paper I will spank the backs of you legs three times and if you fail to curtsy properly I'll bend you over and spank your bottom five times. Now Miranda Sue the exercise will continue until you can make one round trip without a fault."

Obvious it was physically, mentally and painfully exhausting. It took her thirteen trips before she could complete one perfect round trip.

"Very good Miranda Sue, tomorrow you will make two, perfect round trips," Gwen informed the thoroughly miserable little girl.

### **Chapter-15 Afternoons with nanny.**

Despite being physically, mentally and painfully exhausted Miranda Sue breathed some relief when Gwen announced it was time for lunch. But, of course, that didn't last long.

After the shameful, babyish bib was tied around her neck she was served a miniscule, children's portion with Gwen reminding her she was on a diet. Making it worse, naturally, Gwen insisted she remain perfectly still while eating with plastic utensils she could barely hold, and as a result got food all over her bib.

If Miranda Sue thought the afternoons would garner her any relief from being forced to act precisely like a little girl the entire morning she was, to our amusement, sadly mistaken.

With lunch at an end Gwen talked her curtsy, which she insisted be absolutely perfect down to the smallest detail. Whenever her left foot wasn't precisely perpendicular to the floor the offending leg was spanked. When she didn't old her skirts daintily enough her hands were spanked. If she

didn't raise her skirts high enough so that her babyish, rhumba panties were fully on display her bottom got spanked.

Her curtsy exercise lasted until she could do five perfect curtsies in a row with Gwen proclaiming that the following day that her goal was to do seven perfect curtsies in a row.

After learning her curtsies it was on to her voice, diction, vocabulary and expression lessons.

She tried her best to sound like a little girl but Gwen was exasperated at her lack of progress. Perhaps hardest of all for Miranda Sue was learning to smile at all times to show her nanny how excited she was learning to be a little girl.

"Well if you were once a guy, just a couple days ago I guess you wouldn't be all that happy having to smile all the time," Lily laughed.

For Miranda Sue learned to never look even slightly annoyed, upset, angry, frown and not sound excited at all times. If she did she got her face slapped, or her mouth washed out with soap, or have the dummy, horribly coated strapped to her mouth.

It wasn't too many days before Miranda Sue was forced to smile and always sounding so excited when Gwen announced a new, humiliating thing to learn.

### **Chapter-16 Psychological exercises for Miranda Sue.**

We absolutely delighted in the mental anguish Gwen forced upon Miranda Sue.

Like her outdoor playtime when Gwen had her jumping rope or being made to play with her dolls like she was really enjoying it, or else, and at night coloring in her coloring book meant for a six year old level with crayons. Then as we lay by the pool enjoying ourselves was Gwen making her print over and over on a black board, "I've been a bad, little girl."

Gwen also made her watch Sesame Street every day and the next morning tell her what she learned. And at night there was her "Little Miss Miranda Sue's Scrapbook" what Gwen made her paste in photos she's

taken that day and add the most humiliating captions like, "I was such a good little girl today. I curtsied perfectly twenty times in a day."

But the most fascinating, and humiliating, way that Gwen had her exercising to exhaustion was to fasten her into a baby bouncer. The advantage was that Gwen, obviously, didn't have to supervise her. She just strapped her in and left. What kept Miranda Sue bouncing was ingenious. You see the bouncer was semi-motorized, for if she didn't bounce every three seconds, touching the floor each time, the motor clicked in forcing her to bounce twice as fast. Gwen proclaimed it was a great way for Miranda Sue to spend an hour to get plenty of exercise while helping her lose weight. We thought it hysterical!

### **Chapter-17 One month later.**

At first we tuned into Miranda Sue and her nanny several times a day gloating over my pervert of a husband being turned into a little girl. Then as, frankly we began to lose interest it might be once a day, then every other day, and finally perhaps once a week.

We were simply too busy with all the available hunks!

It was at the end of a month's time that we tuned in and were amassed at Miranda Sue's progress.

She was up to doing thirty perfect curtsies. Her walk was so much improved we could hardly believe it. Although, we supposed, with good reason. For she was now wearing a set of gait trainers that limited her step to at most three inches. And Gwen must have put tacks in her heels for she was now walking with each step on only the tips of her toes.

And Gwen had evidently solved the problem of Miranda Sue not able to talk like a little girl, we found out, by simply gluing a nickel to the bottom of her tongue at the very tip.

Honestly we couldn't stop laughing every time we heard her say, "Yeth nanny. Mirthana Sue hath been a good whittle girl."

Yet another change that was very noticeable was what Gwen and Claire now had her wearing. She looked more like a toddler in smocks that barely

came below the waist clearly showing off her most horribly frilly panties. And to top it off Gwen now had her hair in ridiculous ringlets and, of all things, a bonnet tied under her chin.

## **Chapter-18 The perfect plan for dealing with Miranda Sue.**

Finally the month-and-a-half was up. Turning my deviant, loser of a husband into a little girl was, frankly, an act of pure revenge for cheating me out of the real husband I'd thought I'd married. What a joke!

"Well, we're heading back in a couple of days, have you decided what you're going to do with him, I mean her?" Lily asked.

"Actually after talking with Gwen and Claire we've come up with what to do with her," I said, outlining my plan, that Lily thought perfectly fitting.

Two days later when I made my entrance said to Gwen, "I've come to taker her home".

Well the idiots face lit up and her expression was filled with utter relief. Until I asked, "I think you've

done an excellent job turning her into the perfect little girl."

"Thanks, but I just wish I had more time with her. But there's still several areas I'm still not happy with and I know she really does want to be the really most perfect little girl, don't you Miranda Sue?" She asked such a horrible question. Just moments before she naively thought when she got home she'd be back as a man.

Regardless of being dismayed at the question her head dropped in misery as she curtsied and lisped, "Yeth nannhy."

When I asked what areas she thought she could improve both Lily and I were just barely able to keep straight faces.

"Well, her walk has greatly improved but it's not quite perfect yet. Her step is down to no more than three inches but perfect little girl's step, as we all know, is really no more then two inches, and Claire said that some little girls have been trained to no more than a one inch step, which I think would

be perfect," she proclaimed, much to Miranda Sue's utter distress. But then, of course, it got worse.

"Also, while she's now walking properly just on her toes she's not really walking on her very tippy toes. Claire suggested, and I agree with her, that shoes with a higher heel, say three inches, with tacks in them, of course, would quickly train her to walk only on the very tips of her toes," Gwen said, sounding serious, although it was obviously difficult for her.

"Then too there's her figure. While it's finally down to a somewhat girl-ish twenty inches, I think it would be even more dainty if I can get it down to at least nineteen, and maybe even eighteen inches. Claire swears she has a much tighter corset to achieve just that. Wouldn't you just love the tiniest waist that would make all the other little girls so envious, Miranda Sue?" She asked, knowing there was only one acceptable answer. Ha, trapped once again and going down hill!

"And while her speech has greatly improved I've only gotten her up to learning a dozen learned responses," Gwen stated.

"I'm not really clear on what a 'learned response' is," I said, although, of course, I knew.

"Learned response are necessary for a little girl her age as she's too young, and immature, to know how to appropriately respond to a wide variety of questions put to her," She explained.

"So, once she's memorized all the learned response you want to teach her she basically will never have to think for herself," Lily gloatingly asked.

"Precisely, and there are still thirty-four she still need to memorize," Gwen said, as we all watched Miranda Sue's anguished reaction. But what came next was so much worse, for I couldn't wait to say, "Well then, the only solution is you need to accompany us home and stay until you're completely satisfied that you've truly turned Miranda Sue into the most perfect little girl," I declared.

"Go, goth back with home with us, oh no, no," She wailed, delighting us all.

"Shame on you, questioning your auntie and not even raising your hand to ask permission to speak. Would you like a good spanking as soon as I get you home you naughty little girl?" Gwen thundered.

"No, noth nanny," She quaked.

Then it was Lily's turn to put the nail on the coffin. "I must say that I do think you have her dressed much more appropriately. It just that she really looks more eight or nine at the most to everyone who will see her. So I'm recommending that to avoid embarrassing her that we simply tell everyone who asks that she's eight, or, at most, nine years old. Which would you prefer to be Miranda sue, eight or nine?" Lily asked, knowing the inner turmoil that created.

In defeat she barely got out, "Nine yearths."

So that's what she became, although there's was the tiniest ray of sunshine when Gwen found out that she loved to draw and sketch. So she used that as a reward when she was being the most, goodest little girl.

Basically I left her in Gwen's care, that is except when I was entertaining my latest boy toy. I had Gwen get her all dressed up in one of her truly hated little girl outfits and meet the hunk I insisted she call, for example, "Unka Brad or Unka Carl."

Regardless they all complimented me on what an adorable, precious little girl I had.

"Oh, appearances can be deceiving, can't they Miranda Sue?" I asked mockingly.

"Yeth Aunthie," She mournfully had to admit.

###