

# Tales Of Sissies In Petticoats

Volume 2

**Useless Males Turned Into Petticoated Sissies.**

**By Patricia Michelle**





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# Sissy In Petticoats

**By Patricia Michelle**

## **Chapter -1 A step up.**

Tara Jeffrys and I had been lovers secretly ever since we were roommates in college. After we graduated, despite having degrees, and to a great deal the faltering economy, we both ended up in demeaning secretarial positions. Me on the east coast, she on the west coast. We kept in touch with occasional emails and went our separate ways. Increasingly I felt trapped and desperate dealing with asshole, macho type bosses.

I kept searching the various internet help wanted sites and eventually saw one I responded to, and it was in the same city. The ad was for an executive assistant, a real step up, at least from a lowly secretary. It could have been the photo I attached to my resume that got me the interview. I'd never included one before. The truth is besides my brains my second best asset was that I happened to be drop dead gorgeous.

Tom Brown owned his own software development company, something of a genius and he was loaded.

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When I walked into his office his mouth literally dropped to the floor. And with good reason. I was dressed in a charcoal grey, pin striped suit with a tight, pencil skirt well above my knees. The white satin blouse had a V neckline that amply showed off my sizable cleavage. I wore black leather gloves and black, patent leather four inch heels that made me an even six foot tall.

As he stood to greet me I was surprised at how short he was and that he had that Michael J. Fox little boy look that made him look years younger than his twenty-five actual years. Truth be told he barely looked out of junior high school.

He stammered a greeting and kept it up throughout the interview as I kept him nicely distracted by slowly crossing my legs, adjusting my skirt, leaning well forward as I made a point sticking my cleavage level with his face and speaking in a slow, sultry voice that I knew drove me nuts. It amused me no end that he could barely conduct a coherent conversation.

Finally, I thought to myself, I've got the upper hand on a guy. Before the interview was even half over I knew I had the job as his executive assistant. Knowing that when he proposed my salary I said, "Oh my no, I could never accept a salary that low." And named a figure eight grand higher. He buckled immediately and then again when I said I would need a company car and a monthly clothing allowance, "So I could always look my best for you."

Chuckling to myself, I knew precisely why he couldn't stand as the interview concluded.

### **Chapter -2 Fast forward five months.**

By the end of the first month as his executive assistant it was obvious to him how efficient, thorough and smart I was. He called me a great asset and began giving me more and more responsibility and decision making on my own. Poor Tom, I also kept him in a babbling state whenever we were together, and more often than not couldn't bring himself to stand, staying behind his desk. Especially effective was bending over almost on top of him to hand him a note or report. My cleavage mere inches from his face. And the perfume I wore also, I could see, drove him crazy. One day when he asked

me what it was, I told him, in my breathiest voice, it was called Seduction. I swear he nearly started drooling.

To make a long story short five months later I proposed to him. I know he never dared think he was good enough to marry every man's fantasy woman, which is why I had to propose.

By the time we were married I had him eating out of my hand. He was so eager, like a needy puppy, to do anything for me or that I asked for, and, of course, I took full advantage of it. Obviously we lived in his home, a near mansion that he'd inherited. Which I spent tons of his money redecorating.

When I told him how much I loved foot massages he quickly became an expert. And while he was okay at licking my pussy he wasn't all that great. So when I sensitively said that it took me much longer than other women to become sexually stimulated he redoubled his efforts. Eagerly asking me after each romp, "Did I, you know, stimulate you better?" And I'd say, "Oh Tom you're getting so close to giving me a real orgasm."

Soon he was licking me to several orgasms but, giggling to myself, I'd always tell him how much better he was getting.

### **Chapter -3 A passionate reunion.**

To my surprise I got a call from Tara one day. She was moving back to the east coast and wanted to get together for dinner. The minute we saw each other it was like being back in college. We didn't even finish dinner but nearly ran back to her hotel room. One night with her and I knew I'd found my life's soul mate, as did she.

Every day for the next week we spent making mad, passionate love and knew we wanted to spend the rest of our days with each other.

"Now that we've found each other what do we do about your husband?" She asked.

"I don't really know. There's no way I'm giving up the lifestyle I've grown accustomed to, or his money or the house. I just don't know," I admitted.

### **Chapter -4 The Plan, pierced ears.**

It was Tara that came up with the plan and I couldn't help laughing my head off as she explained it.

"It will take some time and we have to be cautious and patient," She advised.

Which I was. The first thing was to get him out of the office. So one day I suggested why didn't he spend more time at home, he could work from there.

"If you name me vice president of operations I can handle all the areas you really hate dealing with," I said. Which was true. While he was somewhat of a genius when it came to developing software, he was a terrible decision maker when it came to management problems. He especially hated giving employee reviews.

As I thought, he agreed, actually looking relieved.

Next up was his hair. He wore his hair long, hippy style in a ponytail. When he remarked that it was time to get a haircut I immediately said, "Don't you dare. I think men with long hair are so sexy and masculine." So naturally he let it grow even longer.

Then on another day, when we were at a café having lunch I pointed to a non-existent guy and said, "Did you see that man with the pierced ears? I really find that so attractive."

I couldn't help chuckling to myself when he asked if I thought he'd look sexier with pierced ears?

"I think you'd really look so sexy. Especially if you had them pierced and you wore a pair of mine. A lot of men wear their wife's earrings to show their devotion and commitment to them," I said, trying to keep a straight face, not surprisingly he bought it.

Notice I didn't say, "pierced ear," but "pierced ears."

An hour later they were both pierced with gold studs in them. When we got home I presented him with a bigger pair of gold earrings surrounded with diamonds.

"I'm so please, they really look great on you," I gushed, lying through my teeth.

### **Chapter -5 You really have to do something about your hair.**

A week later I said, "Tom, you really have to do something about your hair."

"My hair, what's wrong about it?" He asked, concerned.

"I really do like your ponytail, but you look like a hippie of twenty years ago. You need to wear it higher to really show it off. Then too you just don't spend enough time shampooing and brushing it. It looks really rather drab when it should really shine," I stated.

"Okay, what do I need to do?" He asked, of course.

"The first thing tomorrow I'm taking you to Betty, my beautician, and she's going to thoroughly shampoo, condition it and give you a perm to add body to it," I stated firmly.

"Y-You want me to get a perm, guys don't get perms do they?"

"The ones who take care of their hair do. Betty says she gives lots of men perms," I said. Not true, of course. But I'd let Betty in on our plan, which highly amused her, and she said she'd go along with it.

So the next day Tom sat in her chair getting his hair shampooed and conditioned. Then with Betty telling him how many men she gave perms to she began putting his into roller of various sizes.

As she did she remarked, with a wink to me, "What do you think if I added a little color and highlights? His blonde hair would really look so much more attractive."

"I think Betty is absolutely right. Your hair is rather a dull shade of blonde and could use a little color, what do you think?" I asked him.

"Well, if you both think so, go ahead," He naively agreed.

Out from the dryer she combed it out, brushing it up to a high ponytail, where girls wore theirs, but, of course, not men.

"This is where you should be wearing it," Betty declared, and giggling whispered to me, "Just like a little girl does."

Then she pretended to pick through a box of plastic hair slides until she selected the one we'd already agreed on. An overly large, shiny, bright red one.

After fastening his ponytail with it she declared, "It's absolutely the perfect color to set off your hair."

Turning him to the mirror Betty firmly said, "Now Tom, after all this attention I've given it I expect you to keep it looking as attractive as it does now. You're to brush it no less than a hundred times a day. And as a variation I could show you how to braid it."

"Oh my, I never thought of braiding it, which a lot of men do, even double braids, you know, like Willy Nelson does," I said, knowing it was one of his favorite singer.

"Well, if it's good enough for Willy I guess it's good even for me," He commented. I swear Betty and I nearly fell over laughing to each other, unseen by him, of course.

"I know, why don't we treat you to lunch on Saturday at our place as a reward for all the Great attention you've given to Tom's hair. Then you can show him how to braid his hair in a single braid and double braids," I offered as we'd already planned.

All this time he was looking in the mirror at his suddenly much blonder hair with a few highlights in it and his ponytail now high up on his head.

Uncertainly he asked how I thought it looked.

"Much more becoming and attractive, like a thousand percent better than when you came in," I said, which, naturally was enough to convince him.

Giggling to me Betty whispered, "All he needs now is some pink lipstick," and then with a twinkle in her eye she said, "Just agree with me."

"My goodness, your lips look awfully parched and dry," She declared.

"They are? Well what can I do?" He foolishly asked.

"I have just the solution. Pucker up and I'll apply this moisturizer," She instructed.

Instead of lipstick, which I expected, she picked up a small, pointed brush and began applying it to his lips. I couldn't help noticing that she was making the lower lip slightly more pouty, and making the upper lip a bit more pointy. And, to my amusement, what she was applying was just slightly pink. Then she brushed on what she called a sealer, that, in reality, was obviously lip gloss.

"There now, I want you to use this moisturizer at least three times a day to keep them from drying out," She ordered. Then giggling and whispering to me said, "What I brushed on is called Perma-Seal. It'll last for months. Each visit I'll add a little more until she, I mean he, has the cutest little girl's cupid lips."

"Oh, I'm sure I'll get around to that," I whispered back, then added, "Check out his nails."

"Let me see your hands Tom. Goodness, don't tell me bite your nails," She declared.

"Well yes, I can't help it, I do it when I get nervous," He admitted.

"Well, it makes your fingers look awful," Betty declared.

"I know, I just don't know how to stop," He said.

"I know precisely how to stop it. Put your right hand down on the table, fingers flat," She ordered. Grinning to me she produced a set of fingernail extensions. After roughing up his nails she applied glue and attached them to each finger. They were oval shaped and extended about an eighth of an inch past his fingertips. She then brushed on a high gloss, just slightly pinkish color to each. Then repeated with his other hand.

"You can try biting your nails all you want, but you won't put a dent in them. They're a very hardened plastic, the perfect cure for nail biters," Betty declared, then whispered to me, "The perfect little girl's nails, don't you think? All they needed was a little more pink."

"That's definitely in the cards," I chuckled.

### **Chapter -6 Step Two, You're going to need to tone down your masculinity.**

Totally unaware of how girlish he was beginning to look Tara and I agreed it was time for Step Two.

"Would you mind terribly if my roommate from college, and my very best friend, came to stay with us for a couple of months or so?" I asked one day.

"She's just been through a horrible divorce. Her husband was a wife beater and even put her in the hospital a couple of times," Which wasn't true, Tara had never gotten married.

"Oh how terrible, of course not, she can stay as long as she likes," He said, not realizing that was our plan.

"The problem is, as you can imagine, just right now she hates all men, can't stand being around them and swears the next penis she sees she's going to cut off. She's seeing a shrink to help her deal with the traumatic effects," I lied.

"But how's she going to stand being around me, I mean I'm a man," He stated the obvious.

"Yes, that's the problem, but I think if you tone down your rugged, masculine look you might not intimidate her so much," I said, with the straightest face I could muster.

"Well, that makes sense, but how do I do that?" He asked, neatly falling into our carefully thought out trap.

### **Chapter -7 I think I have a solution.**

A couple days later I said, "I think I know how to, ah, tone down that rugged, masculine image you project around Tara. Have you ever been up in your attic?"

I asked.

"The attic, well no, I've never had a reason to go up there," He admitted.

"Well, you know how much of an antique buff I am," I said, although in reality I hated antiques. "Anyway one day I went exploring hoping to find something up there I liked. What I found were some old trunks. One was marked, "Uncle Bruce." Did you know you had an Uncle Bruce?" And , of course, he didn't because Uncle Bruce didn't exist.

"No wonder, it appears he was on your mother's side. Apparently he was of Scottish descent because his trunk was filled with all kinds of Scottish clothes and outfits he must have worn all the time," I said, hiding my grin at the story we'd concocted.

"You mean like kilts and such?" He asked.

"Exactly, actually there are several complete kilt outfits, even down to shoes. I'm thinking you'd look a lot less intimidating if you wore a kilt instead of pants around her. To me I think men in kilts look quite attractive

and rugged but Tara hopefully not if you're not wearing pants, Illogically she may see you as a man wearing a skirt? Do you see my logic?" I asked.

"Well, I see your logic, but it will feel like a putdown thinking I'm a man wearing a skirt," He said, not liking that thought.

"Only to her. To me I'll see you as an attractive guy who is simply wearing a manly kilt. She make some derogatory remarks simply because of the state of mind she's in, which you should simply ignore," I suggested.

"Okay as long as you think I look attractive in a kilt that's really all that matters," He said not realizing what he was agreeing to.

### **Chapter -8 "Uncle Bruce's" chest.**

We headed up to the attic and there was Uncle Bruce's trunk that we'd bought at an antique store.

Opening it there were several plastic clothing bags all marked as to the contents inside. Tara and I had the most hysterical time thinking up what each would contain and then buying what he'd naively assume was actual Scottish attire.

As we took each out I had to try desperately to keep a straight face.

Several were marked, "Casual." One was marked Casual Dressy". Two were marked, "Dressy." Another indicated that is was for "Semi Formal" occasions. The next was marked, "Formal." And the last were "Relaxed," and "Play."

At the bottom there were eight pair of shoes in different colors and finishes, each with a tag corresponding to the different outfits. Next to them were an equal number of girl's purses, also in different colors, and like the shoes tagged for what outfits they were to be worn with.

Finally there was what appeared to be a very old book titled, "Traditional Scottish Men's Attire & Proper Kilt Etiquette." I swear Tara and I spent several evenings with a bottle of wine laughing as we wrote each page, especially when it came to, "Proper Kilt Etiquette."

We'd found an old book dated 1890 titled, "Proper Etiquette For Proper Girls." On the inside there was a blurb that stated, "Recommended etiquette for girls eight to twelve in age," and simply changed the heading to, "Proper Kilt Etiquette for men."

We used what appeared to be an old looking font and printed all the pages on paper that made them look weathered with age. Then we had it hard bound with a similar weathered look and beat it up a little to make it look more authentic.

"Are those purses?" He asked.

"Oh no, those are called sporrans. You've seen Scottish men, some of them with a purse like garment hanging in front from their belt. Although the book says that a lot of men preferred to drape them off their shoulder and when not needed didn't wear them at all." I stated, showing him the page marked, "Sporran styles and functions." We had a lot of fun thinking that one up.

"I think I remember something like that, I never paid much attention to what Scottish men wore," He admitted. Perfect was all I could think.

### **Chapter -9 How gullible can a guy be?**

"So let's lug this chest downstairs to the guest bedroom and hang everything up," I said.

As we figured Tara and I expected he would question some of the garment as we took them out. Which were prepared for.

"Don't these look a lot like panties?" He asked, for, of course, that's exactly what they were.

"No, no those are called trews, Scottish underwear for men. Here look," I said, turning to the page marked, "Trews for Men."

Knowing which girl's articles he rightly would question we took several black and white photos of the panties he'd end up wearing. We scratched and bent them to make them look old then added the photos to the appropriate.

"You see there are plain trews, which you're holding. However, as you can see, they get more elaborate depending on how dressy the outfit and occasion is," I said, pointing to a couple of photos of panties. Some trimmed in lace, another pair with two rows of ruffles and one pair with bows on each side.

I wasn't at all surprised that he actually bought it. Imagine a guy actually believing that the photos of frilly girl's panties were actually Scottish men's underwear.

Looking over some of the kilts laid out on the bed he remarked, "Don't some of these

Kilts look awfully short. I think I remember pictures with men in kilts like almost down to their knees. And aren't some of these socks awfully short too. Aren't they supposed to be longer?" He questioned.

Fully prepared I turned to a page showing photos of kilt in various lengths. All pictures of girl's plaid skirts of course. "See, up above it reads, 'Kilts are hemmed at various lengths from just above mid-thigh to just above the knees. The more dressy the kilt and occasion the longer the kilt becomes. Conversely the more casual the occasion the shorter you wear your kilt. Also note that some are different colors. Yellow, referred to as 'Scottish Mustard' is for the Sporty and more Casual Outfits. Red for Casual and Casual Dressy, Grey and Black for Semi formal and Formal occasions," I explained, grinning crazily to myself as he didn't question my explanation.

Tara and I couldn't help giggling as we shopped in boutiques for young girl's skirts we thought he'd look darling in.

Of course when he held up what would be his first petticoat he questioningly asked, "Isn't this what women wear under their skirts?"

"Actually what you're holding is called a kilt liner and its function is to keep your kilt from wrinkling and bunching up," I said, with the straightest face I could muster. And naturally there were photos showing several much more ""elaborate"" ones. The one marked "Dressy" we had laughed over as we added it to our shopping. It was ultra full, trimmed in lace, and edged in ruffles.

There were also gloves of various lengths from short, wrist length, buttoning gloves to up to the elbow gloves. The pair we liked best were little girl's wrist length, satin gloves trimmed in lace with each sporting a decorative bow.

### **Chapter –10 No, these are called Brogues.**

What he picked up next we were sure he'd question. As it was a pair of red, patent leather girl's mary jane shoes with two instep straps.

When Tara and I went shopping for girl's shoes I picked up a pair of red, mary janes.

"We've just got to get him into these. But how do we explain that they're really Scottish men's shoes?" I wondered.

"With a devilish grin she said, "Leave that to me. I think I have an explanation that he'll actually buy."

So when he picked up the red, mary janes and asked, "Aren't these shoes that girls wear?" so I said what Tara had come up with. If he bought it he had to be the most gullible person on the planet.

"Yes, you're right. Girls wear what are called 'mary janes.' But these are called, ah, Brogues and all Scottish men wear them. The difference is the number of straps. Girl's mary janes all have just one strap. While Scottish Brogues all have two and usually more, depending on the occasion. See, this pair has two straps, an ankle strap and bows on the toes, and it's marked for dressy occasions. And this pair with four straps is marked for semi and formal occasions. While this pair with five straps and what's called a Scottish rosette on each toe is marked for formal events. Now up at the top under the heading, 'Traditional Scottish Men's Footwear and Legwear' (which Tara went into hysterics writing)

It reads, 'Scottish men's footwear come in various styles, finishes and colors. Scottish shoes come in various colors. Blue and red for casual, casual dressy and dressy occasions. Plaid and black for semi and formal events. Legwear varies in length depending on the occasion from ankle length to just over the knees" He couldn't actually be buying what admittedly a preposterous explanation, could he? I almost fell over when all he said was, "I see."

The next thing we expected him to question was that many of the shoes had higher heels.

"Yes, I noticed that too. Here's what it says, "The height of a Scots man's heels varies with the style of kilt and the occasion. With attire for relaxed and lounging outfits the heels are flat and rather than straps they have

quick tie ribbons. For casual occasions the heels range from half an inch to one inch what's called a Scots man's block heel. For dressy wear the heels range from one-and-a-half inches to two inches. And for semi formal and formal wear the heels range from two-and-a-half inches to two-and-three quarter inches.

It adds that, 'Scottish men were shorter in stature than their English foes so they adopted shoes with a higher heel,' I said with as straight a face as I could that was really hard to do. I waited for him to say that sounded crazy, unbelievably he actually bought it.

### **Chapter -11 Oh my goodness, this is not good.**

"So let's get you in this outfit marked Casual and see how you look. Why don't you undress and start with putting on your, ah, trews?" I said, handing him a pair of plain, white, satin panties which I suddenly exclaimed, "Oh no!"

"W-What's wrong?" He asked.

"All that hair on your legs. There's no telling how Tara will react if she sees all that hair. You see that monster she married she described as hairy as a bear all over his body and she hated it," I stated.

"Well, I really wouldn't want to do anything to upset her, but what can I do?" He naturally asked.

"Okay, so I know this is really asking a lot, and I'll understand if you can't do it, but the only thing I can think of is to shave them.

"Shave my legs?" He said, cringing at the thought.

"Well swimmers share their whole bodies and nobody thinks anything of it, do they? And I'm only suggesting your legs, and maybe your arms," I said, pleadingly.

"Alright, I'll just have to pretend I'm a swimmer," He jokingly said.

So I shaved his legs for him and then his arms. Then to make it last longer I went over them with an extra strength tube of Nair. After which I wiped his legs and arms with baby oil so they shined just like little girl's legs did.

"Now, does that feel nice?" I asked.

"Sort of. I guess I'll just have to get used to how they feel," He replied.

## **Chapter -12 Oh boy, now Tom we can't have that.**

Picking up the outfit marked Casual I said, "Let's try this one, although let's finish off this bottle of wine first." I said, handing him a glass of wine. The thing is I'd laced it with a healthy dose of Viagra.

Which took effect within minutes of his putting on his very first of panties. The result, naturally, was a very prominent and stiff erection causing his panties to tent out quite noticeably.

Half kidding I remarked, "You must really like the feel of those treads."

"It's so weird, how did I suddenly get an erection," He wondered.

"Goodness, I forgot I should have told you to tuck before you put on your treads," I said, sounding absent minded.

"Tuck? What's tucked," He, of course asked.

"Let me find the page," I giggled to myself. "Ah, here it is. It says, 'Prior to dressing in a kilt a man needs to tuck his 'unmentionables,' isn't that a quaint and old-fashioned, way of explaining up between his legs. He first spreads his legs and position his unmentionables tightly back between his legs. Which he then closes and dons his treads before completing his dressing. This positioning prevents the embarrassment of the tenting of his kilt. See there's even diagrams showing each step. Makes sense, doesn't it? I mean if you get an erection in public it will undoubtedly be quite visible, won't it?" I asked.

"I guess it does, how do I deal with this right now?" He asked, pointing to his erection.

"Oh, I know how to deal with it," I said, pulling down his panties and doing something he loved, but I hated doing. I sucked him off. Yuck!

"There, how's that for solving the problem? I asked.

"God, that was incredible," He gasped.

"Well now, let's get you properly tucked," I grinned to myself as he did without a hint of protest. Incredibly actually buying the reason to tuck his "unmentionables" up between his legs. I couldn't wait to tell Tara.

### Chapter -13 Oh my, it's too small, now what?

With his panties on the kilt came next. But, he couldn't get the side buttons to meet.

"Now what do we too, it's too small," He stated the obvious. Of course it was too small because we purposely bought all his kilts, well skirts, too small.

"Wait a minute, I think I have a solution," I said, leaving the room and coming back a couple minutes later holding a garment he didn't recognize. When he asked what it was I said, "It's a stomach flattener. I wear it whenever I'm feeling bloated or have gained a couple pounds and don't want it to show,"

In reality it was an old fashioned, 50's styled white, spandex, waist nipper we'd found and was stiffly boned. It had no less than ten hooks and eyelets in front.

"Suck in your stomach and I'll fasten it for you," I instructed. As we'd figured I could only get the top and bottoms ones to hook.

"Take a deep breath, exhale and hold it," I ordered. Which he did several times before I got them all closed.

"Wow, it's really tight," He complained.

"Well, first let's see if the kilt fits now," I said, and naturally it was a perfect fit.

Tom, besides being short, was also slim with a twenty-eight inch waist. The waist cinch took it down to a more girlish twenty-five inches. Which we both decided was a good starting point to the completely girlish figure we set as a goal.

"Am I going to have to wear this all the time? It's not only tight but restrictive. I mean it's hard to bend with it on," He whined.

"Stop acting like a baby. Of course you'll have to wear it with your kilts. You'll just have to get used to it, won't you? Besides you could stand to lose a little weight anyway," I said, soundly quite peeved. He immediately capitulated. From past experience he knew when I sounded peeved, or upset with him he'd be in my dog house, and he never knew for how long.

"Tell you what, I'll put you on a diet which will help it fit better, what do you think?" I asked.

"If you think it will help it fit less tight go for it," He naively agreed.

Besides getting his figure down to girlish proportions we agrees his weight needed to get to a more girlish weight. Currently he weighed 131. Our goal was a nicely dainty 110.

### **Chapter -14 His first "Casual" kilt.**

I couldn't help laughing to myself of course when I finally had him dressed in his very first kilt. Without him noticing I took several photos of him with my phone and sent them to Tara.

First a description of the plaid girl's skirts that he assumed were actually kilts. We selected ones that were predominately red, but with broad yellow and blues stripes in them to match the red and blue shoes, purses and other accessories.

So there he stood in one of his casual kilts. The kilt barely came to mid-thigh with his petticoat underneath filling it out. His blouse had short sleeves with a peter pan collar. There were broad shoulder straps that fastened with big, shiny red buttons in the front and back. The wide, plaid tie was a childish one about half the length of a regular men's tie. On his feet were red, double strap mary janes with turn down anklets with a red string drawstring threaded through the top and tied in a bow in front.

When he questioned what the drawstrings were for I said, with an absolutely straight face, "Years ago Scottish men's sock were too bulky and to stop them from drooping and falling down they came up with having drawstrings at the tops to hold them up. They're called, 'flashes' (an actual Scottish accessory) and they've simply kept the tradition," wondering if he'd actually believe such a ridiculous explanation. Unbelievably he did, I couldn't believe it.

"H-How do I look?" He asked, looking to me for approval for this was certainly not his normal attire. However, unknown to him, it was to become his normal attire.

I almost said, "adorable", as he looked just like a juveniley dressed girl. Instead I said, "I think you look absolutely great. I'm frankly amazed at how attractive it looks on you."

At this point he needed all the approval I could muster.

### **Chapter -15 Learning how to stand in a kilt.**

"So now you have to learn how a Scottish man conducts himself while wearing a kilt. We'll start with the proper way to stand," I said, turning to the section marked, "Proper Etiquette and Posture When Wearing A Kilt." I swear Tara and I spent several hilarious nights with a bottle of wine writing this section. Although, to be up front, we copied whole paragraphs from the 1890's book on proper etiquette for proper girls age eight to twelve and incorporated them.

"To correctly show off your kilt stand with your arms behind you with fingers laced together. Ankle and heels together, keeping your legs straight at all times and not shifting from foot to foot as you stand, which will cause the kilt to hang at an awkward angle.

He assumed the most girlish posture not questioning the totally illogical reasoning.

### **Chapter -15 Learning to walk properly in a kilt.**

Reading from the made up book I said, "While walking in a kilt keep your legs together to avoid your kilt immodestly showing. (which, of course, made no sense at all)

To show off your kilt to best advantage keep your elbows in and arms away from your kilt. As you walk the arms should remain still, which will aid in your balance."

He quickly found out why he needed his arms held out for balance with the first steps he took. He slipped, slid and nearly fell.

"Wow, these really are slippery," He remarked.

"Oh, I'm sure it's just how they're finished. The soles and heels look well polished. They actually look brand new, obviously Uncle Bruce never got a chance to wear them, so it'll take a while to break them in. Until you break them in try taking shorter steps and remember to keep your legs together," I said, watching amused as the shoes reduced his steps to very tentative, dainty, mincing steps and with keeping his legs together he was already almost perfectly mimicking how little girls walked. Which, of course, he was totally oblivious to.

There was naturally a good reason what he was slipping and sliding. First we bought all the girl's shoes with hard, wooden heels. Then Tara came up with the idea of coating the soles and heels of every pair of shoes with a clear, glossy finish. She actually put no less than four coats and each shoe, and then, devilishly, spraying the bottoms several times with Teflon.

### **Chapter -16 Learning how to sit in a kilt.**

"Sitting in a kilt is slightly more involved and encompasses four steps. Step One, the Approach," I read, "When approaching the chair you intend to sit on you pivot on your right toe until facing the opposite direction. Step Two. As you bend to sit raise the back of your kilt and spread it evenly on the back of the chair. You don't want to actually sit on your kilt as otherwise you would undoubtedly wrinkle it. As you sit do so, for the same reason, on the front third of the chair.

Step Three. Once seated it's important to keep your knees tightly together at all times to avoid immodestly displaying your undergarments. When seated keep your feet flat on the floor and then slide them back until the toes of your shoes are even with your knees.

Step Four. After you're seated carefully arrange your kilt evenly on both sides. Then with elbows in fold your hands, left over right, on your lap just below your waist," I instructed, reading off what Tara had so much fun writing.

"So, let's practice shall we? I'll read out each step as you mimic it," I stated, watching, so amused, as he learned to sit just like a proper, little girl of a century ago. I couldn't resist sending photos to Tara.

### **Chapter -17 Practice makes the perfect little girl.**

It was then on to bending. "Obviously you don't want to bend over as you normally do as you'd be immodestly showing off your trews in the back," I explained, although I nearly said, "panties."

"So you bend only from the knees keeping your knees together, back straight and with your left toe touching your right heel," I instructed.

Then I had him practice for the next half hour putting it all together. Standing, then walking across the room, stopping to bend properly to pick up a coin, then back to sit in a chair.

Naturally he made a lot of errors which I was sympathetic to. "Yes, it's a whole different way of doing things, but don't worry we'll practice a couple times a day and I'll remind you throughout the day when you're doing something wrong," I promised.

### **Chapter -18 Let's try on this outfit.**

After I had him practice over and over I held up what we'd labeled Relaxed/Lounging wear. In our research on kilts we came across an old photo of a young boy in what was called a bodice kilt. Basically it was a short kilt attached to a white, sleeveless undergarment over which was normally worn a sailor's blouse. We both decided we had to get him into our version of a bodice kilt.

So we bought a girl's plain, white sating T-shirt in his size, found a plaid, pleated mini-skirt and sewed the two together taking in the sides to show off a more girlish figure and then adding a zipper in the back.

Unzipping it I pulled it over his head then zipped it up. Tara was right it produced a noticeably, figure hugging girlish figure. And the short skirt really showed off his now girlishly smooth legs.

"Since this is referred to as a kilt worn for relaxing in it's more like a T-shirt with a kilt attached, so you can wear it when you're just lounging around. And you'll notice you don't even need to wear socks," I pronounced, producing the shoes I couldn't wait to see his feet in. When we saw them in the window we both giggled thinking of him wearing them. They were red, patent leather with wide, ribbons crisscrossing several times up to the ankles where they wrapped around them a couple times before tying in floppy bows. Since I'd already described them when we were looking at the various shoes he appeared unconcerned with how completely girlish they looked. When he wasn't looking I sent Tara a photo of his feet in them. She texted back that she couldn't stop laughing.

"So, how does it feel, you look very comfortable in it," I said, encouragingly.

"You're right, its more like wearing a T-shirt, which you know I've always liked running around in," He remarked, blissfully in aware just how totally girlish he looked.

"Oh no!" I suddenly exclaimed.

"W-what, something's wrong," He asked, concerned.

"It's just that if you want to lounge around in this while Tara is here the underarm hair has to go. It's really sticking out," I declared, adding, "It's no big deal, you'll just look like swimmers do. Hold your arms up," I ordered, not asking if I could as I shaved them smooth.

### **Chapter -19 Just the right incentive.**

It was five days before Betty was due for lunch. And each day I practiced him a good half hour twice a day. In between I corrected even the most minor error he made. I was always praising how much better he was getting acting more and more girlish, although I didn't mention the last part. And I rewarded his progress by letting him stick his organ in my pussy. Which I preferred to giving him blowjobs which I hated. Besides it was really a minor sacrifice as with a few thrusts he was finished.

He was always so grateful when I let him stick his thing in me that I sweetened the pot by saying, "If you make even more progress tomorrow, especially in how to properly walk and sit we could do this again." Naturally the following day he tried even harder to walk and sit just like a little girl.

### **Chapter -20 Learning how to braid.**

I thought Betty was going to fall off her chair when he minced in, by now walking just like a little girl.

"I don't believe it, she's, I mean he's, just adorable," She whispered, giggling.

"Tom, you look really dynamite in that kilt," She enthused.

"You really think so?" He asked, hopefully, as I knew he had been nervous appearing in a kilt to someone other than me.

"Oh absolutely, and the red kilt goes so well with your complexion and hair color. And with your hair down it looks totally gorgeous," She added, of his girl's, flipped up page boy style.

After lunch she patiently taught him how to braid his hair in a single braid and then into double braids. She fastened the end with pink bows.

"There," She proclaimed, with a wink to me, "Just like Willie Nelson. Now I want you to practice every day single and double braiding your hair until you can do both perfectly."

Our next step was to get him exposed to more people than just Betty. And in this she was most helpful. One thing I didn't mention is that Betty is gay. So over the next couple of weeks we'd have some of her gay friends over who thought turning a husband into a little girl was a real hoot.



### Chapter -21 Tara arrives.

Once he was feeling more comfortable in his supposed kilts it was time for Tara to arrive.

For which I had him in one of his Dressy kilt outfits. Which consisted of a blouse with an attached, lace edged little girl's bib. Although I told him it was called a jabot, an actual Scottish article. The puffed, short sleeves were quite full, as befits a girl's blouse. The kilt was a very full girl's skirt made fuller with the "under liner" lace trimmed, petticoat. Similarly his panties were also lace trimmed.

On his legs were not quite knee length white sock with lace trimmed tops and on his feet red, three strap, mary janes with one-and-a-half inch heels and plaid bows on the toes. A red, "sporrán" purse dangled from a slim, delicate gold chain that he held. As it was a special occasion I had him wear his hair down, falling in a perfect, just below the chin page boy.

He was totally unaware that not one person he'd meet would ever mistake him for anything other than a little girl of maybe twelve.

The instant he saw Tara we could see he was totally awestruck for she was not only strikingly gorgeous but in her heels well over six feet tall, virtually towering over him.

"So you're Tom, I've been so excited to meet you," She gushed, giving him a big hug. Which was quite amusing as his face only came up to her breasts which she squeezed between them.

Standing back she said, "Now let me get a good look at you. Julia said you'd found a trunk with Scottish attire and she convinced you that you'd look great in a kilt. And I must say I totally agree. It looks most attractive on you. I've always found Scots in kilts so manly."

"You do?" He said, obviously relieved at Tara's approval.

"Absolutely. But I also couldn't help noticing what gorgeous, long hair you have. I find long hair on men so masculine. You must promise me to allow it to grow even longer. Promise?" She pleadingly asked, and, of course, he was too flattered to say, "no."

"I'd like for you to take Tara's luggage up to the master bedroom. She's still having such nightmares that I thought I could comfort her if we slept in the same bed. You could stay in the one room that has a bed. Would you mind terribly? I'm sure it will be just temporary," I lied.

"Oh no, of course not, I'm sure you'll be a big comfort for her," He replied naively.

I had to chuckle to myself. You see there were five bedrooms in the house, but in redecorating I'd purposefully thrown out all the furniture in three of the bedrooms and hadn't refurbished them. Leaving just the one. But there was a reason. You see it was completely decorated and furnished as a little girl's room. When I'd asked Tom he said his mother had left it that way for a young niece when she came to visit. I couldn't believe it, it was going to be perfect for him! It was all pink and whites with the daintiest furniture and everything trimmed heavily in lace and ruffles including a small, but elaborate canopy bed.

I'm sure he didn't notice the antique rocking horse or the half dozen of the frilliest dolls I'd added.

### **Chapter -22 As expected-disaster!**

It was the next day, as planned, that Tara said, "I want to take you out to celebrate my reunion with my best friend from college. Everyone dress up!"

Tara and I dressed in sexy, cocktail dresses. Tom we dressed in the outfit we labeled Semi-Formal. We both giggled to each other once he was dressed in a plaid, satin skirt just below mid-thigh. The petticoat, that I'd starched made it really stand out. The white, satin blouse had short puffed sleeves, a ruffled collar and bib. The lace trimmed, broad collar actually fit over his vest with a floppy, plaid tie with longish streamers fit under the collar. On his legs were not quite knee length, turn down socks. On his feet the most darling red strap little girl's shoes with plaid bows on each toe and two-and-a-quarter inch heels.

We continued to be amazed that he never once looked in a mirror and protested that he not only looked like a girl, but a little girl.

Disaster struck immediately, as we knew it would, when the waitress asked, "What would you ladies and the young girl like to drink?"

"Oh my God, she, she thought I was a girl!" He exclaimed, absolutely mortified.

"Goodness, well let's see, you could correct her, but then wouldn't she be so horribly embarrassed, to say nothing of the embarrassment you'd



feel. Or, you could just say nothing, then neither of you would suffer any embarrassment," I suggested.

As we thought he elected not to correct her.

"Let's just make sure she doesn't have any second thoughts when she comes back. Turn your face to me and pucker your lips," I said, as I applied glossy, pink lipstick.

"Tara, can we borrow the bow in your hair?" I asked, knowing that the only reason she was wearing the large, floppy, red bow was for me to pin it in his hair.

As the meal progressed he actually appeared to relax, which I encouraged, saying, "Now it isn't so disastrous is it?"

"No, I guess not," He reluctantly admitted.

Later, when we got home and he was in his little girl's room dressed in his plaid nightie that barely covered his matching panties, that I'd referred to as a Scotsman's bed gown I said, "You were really so brave tonight. I'm so proud you were so confident in your masculinity that you didn't let your

ego get the better or you," I said, pretending to admire his pretending to be a girl, all with a straight face.

"What I think is that you should get a reward for your brave pretending," I declared, pulling down his panties and letting him stick his miniscule dick into me.

### **Chapter –23 Arlene and I plan the next step.**

Arlene Johnson was the wife of Vance, who owned a company that was one of our bigger client, and was one of my best friends. I admired her as she made it quite obvious to everyone who wore the pants and who was in charge in their marriage.

Vance literally jumped to obey Arlene. She never asked him to do anything, she ordered him and he all too meekly did as he was told.

"Alright Arlene, give. Just how did you get Vance under your thumb?" I asked one day over drinks.

"I caught him cheating on me. I forgave him when he swore he'd never do it again, but he did. So now he wears this 2/7," She said, taking out a photo of his crotch. I was shocked to say the least, all his equipment was locked in a steel chastity sheath. Then I noticed he was also wearing panties. That was humiliating enough, but imagine the humiliation having a bell dangling from the tip of it!

"I know what a chastity sheath is, but the bell?" I remarked.

"Oh yes, every time he hears it, regardless of where he is, it's a fitting reminder of who now rules the roost, as do the panties," She declared. With a smirk.

"You said he wears it 24/7, really?" I wondered.

"I let him out of it once a week at precisely seven am, Saturday night, for five minutes. That is if he hasn't exceeded what I call his sissy Demerits. If he exceeds ten Sissy Demerits in a week I add two days for everyone past ten. When I do let him out I make him jerk off in his special sissy panties while he's kneeling licking my shoes," She said.

"My God, how well degrading," I couldn't help saying.

"Yes, precisely, I really have no pity at all for him," She said adamantly.

I just couldn't help asking, "But since he's obviously not much of a husband what do you do with him?"

"As I know I run a very successful travel agency. All the staff, of course, are women, except one. To make him as least partly useful I've turned him into the agencies receptionists. Actually I have two receptionists. He's no longer Todd, but Toddikins our sissy receptionist. His main function is to attend to the men who come in. which all the girls find hysterical as I have him dress in the tightest, pink, satin capri pants that are absolutely glued on to show off his ass. His bra is only partly hidden by the matching ruffled, transparent blouse. On his feet are locked platform wedgies with three inch, pink platforms and seven inch heels. I make sure he's not mistaken for anything but a flaming sissy with a pixie hair style and bells for earrings. I permanently glued a paper clip to his tongue which causes a barely understandable lisp. I absolutely love he scorn heaped on him when a real man first lays sigh of him. If he's not tending to our male customers he's running chores for the girls, cleaning he office and desks, polishing heir shoes. Actually I seldom see him as the girls are free to take him home as heir maid.

Which frees me up to find any number of real men," She said.

So now I understood how Arlene totally ruled the roost in their marriage.

When I explained that I'd re-found the love of my life and our plans for my husband and what part I'd like her play for us, after she stopped laughing, all she asked what her part would be.

Then she added mysteriously, "He, well she, is just what I've always yearned for."

## **Chapter -24 All dressed up in his "formal" kilt.**

Before going on our next step we subjected him to several more outings. A few with Betty and her friends, who purposefully made no mention of how much of a little girl he looked like. But twice when we went out he was mistaken for one.

What we thought would happen did. He was nowhere near as mortified as the first time. He simply turned to me to apply pink lipstick and clip a

bow on his hair. He appeared to accept that as his supposed kilt looked like a girl's skirt that some people naturally mistook him for a girl.

We waited patiently until my birthday came up. Declaring that we were all going out to celebrate it at the fanciest restaurant in town. For which I told him I wanted him to wear his "formal" kilt.

Tara and I dressed in elegant, evening gowns. Tom was, of course, dressed in what he thought was a formal kilt. Which we had so much fun putting together. It was outrageous with Tara remarking, "If he doesn't question this he's absolutely the most gullible person I ever met." But, he didn't question how he was dressed even in the two tiered, plaid skirt with yellow trim. And because it was two tiered as was his ruffle edged petticoats. But there was more to the skirt. It didn't have a belt but a high, black satin waist. Nor did he have to carry a purse (sporrán) as we'd sewn a small pocket to the waist.

The satin blouse had a girl's bib (to him a jabot) trimmed in two tiers of ruffles with the floppiest bow and longest streamers nearly to his waist. The three-quarter length, black, satin, little girl's cut away jacket hid all but the ruffled cuffs of the blouse and perfectly showed off his white, satin gloves coming part way up each arm and were decorated with rosettes. On his legs were what was described as formal men's socks. In actuality not quite knee length girl's socks with scalloped lace, turn down tops and wide, draw-strings tied in bows. On his feet were the most little girlish black, patent leather shoes we could find. With four straps, three over the insteps and one around the ankles, two-and-three quarter high heels and on each toe we'd clipped yet two more plaid rosettes.

### **Chapter -25 Disaster at the restaurant.**

When we were seated he groaned in dismay when the waitress said, "What an adorably, pretty outfit you're wearing sweetie. I just love your skirt!"

So within minutes he was wearing pink lipstick and a bow in his hair.

"Just enjoy yourself, by now you know it's no big deal," I told him.

"Oh no!" He suddenly exclaimed.

"Whatever's the matter?" I asked, as if I didn't know.

Pointing across the room he said, "There's Vance Johnson and his wife Arlene. And oh god, she just motioned that they're coming over, and here I am looking like a girl. They'll recognize me right away. What do we do?" He asked in panic.

"I'll go over and stall them. Tara you take him to the ladies room and see what you can do to make sure they mistake him for a girl. It's the only solution," I proclaimed.

### **Chapter -26 Tom becomes Tabitha Marie.**

As soon as she had him in the ladies room she tackled his hair, which he was wearing down. She brushed it into two pigtails and taking a small metal box out of her purse she said, "It's a good thing I keep this sewing kit with me for emergencies. I can use these ribbons to tie your hair up in a more girlish style."

The red, satin ribbons she took out were quite long and in no time he had large floppy bows fastening his pigtails.

"Now take off your shoes and socks. Your socks are simply too masculine," She said as seriously as she could.

"I keep these in case I get a run in my pantyhose," She said, taking out a pair of little girl's white tights. Tom, as Tara expected, was too anxious to question why they fit him so perfectly.

"Now hold you face still," She directed, as she took out an eyelash curler and curled his lashes, then heavily applied mascara and outline his eyes with an eyeliner, following it with baby blue eye shadow and rouging his cheeks.

"Well, I think you'll fool them, at least on looks," she said.

"W-What do you mean?" He asked, nervously.

"What are you going to say when they ask your name?" She asked.

"Oh God, I never thought of that," He said in dismay.

"Your middle initial in 'M', so let's see, what's an appropriate girl's name? I've got it when they ask your name you'll politely stand, curtsy, and say, in the most girlish voice,

'Hello Mr. and Mrs. Johnson my name is Tabitha Marie Darling and I am ever so pleased to meet you.'

"Darling? But that's your name," He stated.

"The best explanation is that you're my niece. They may, or may not, know that Julia doesn't have a niece. So I will be your Aunty Tara and Julia will be your Aunty Julia, make sense?" she asked.

"Well, yes, but you said curtsy?" He asked.

"All well mannered girl curtsy, and you have to do your best to be as well mannered as possible," Tara explained.

"But I don't know how to curtsy," He said, stating the obvious.

So Tara, grinning to herself, showed him how to curtsy and made him curtsy a dozen times before saying, "Well not perfect, but it will have to do."

"Now, after you introduce yourself politely wait until I give you permission to sit, and try to raise your voice like a girl, but how stupid of me you don't know how a girl talks do you? Wait, I have an idea. Stick your tongue out," She ordered.

Not comprehending he did so, at which time Tara fastened a paper clip to the tip of his tongue.

"Wath hep you donth?" He asked, startled that he was suddenly lisping.

"You now sound like a girl without having to try," She declared, giggling to herself at how easy it had been to getting him talking just like a little girl.

Leading him by the hand back to the table she cautioned, "Say as little as possible, I'll tell them you're quite shy. We'll answer for you as much as possible, just simply agree with whatever we come up with, and don't worry, I'm sure you'll be fine."

### **Chapter -27 Arlene plays her part laying it on thick.**

When they returned to their table Arlene and her husband were already seated.

"Oh my goodness, just who is this absolutely precious little girl," She gushed.

With a not very perfect curtsy "she" said, "Hello Mither and Mists Johnson, my name ith Tabitha Marie Darling and I'm so pleased to meeth you."

"What an adorable lisp, just like my youngest had although she's grown out of it. And aren't you the most polite little girl? I so totally approve of little girls curtsying to those older than her, it reflects on how well mannered they are," She enthused approvingly.

We could see how crushed she was with Arlene referring to her as a little girl. But, of course, it was impossible for Tabitha Marie to correct her.

"Now just where did she come from?" Arlene asked.

"Tabitha Marie is my niece. She goes to a very exclusive girl's boarding school in Switzerland and is visiting me for the summer," Tara answered.

"Well then you simply must meet my youngest niece, Marjorie, I think they could become best friends, Tabitha Marie looks to be her same age," She said, with a wink to us.

"Let's see, Allison is thirteen, and Marjorie, if I recall, is just eleven," I said, which truly did crush poor Tabitha Marie. Not only did Arlene think she was a little girl, but an eleven year old little girl. What she didn't know was that there was no Allison. All part of Arlene's devious plan.

"I know, Allison is celebrating her birthday in a month and we're having a big party for her. I absolutely insist that Tabitha Marie come," She said, which, as expected, caused the most panicked look on her face.

Pretending to come to he rescue Tara said, "Oh my, I'm afraid the airline, ah lost her luggage. What she's wearing is all she has." Tabitha Marie visibly breathed a sigh of relief, that is until, on cue, Arlene said, "That's absolutely no problem. I'll just send over some outfits Allison has grown out of and has worn in a couple of years. Now what is your favorite color honey?" What she didn't know was that we spent the most fun time picking out the frilliest little girl outfits.

"Oh her most favorite color is any shade of pink, she adores anything pink, don't you?" Tara asked innocently.

And what else could Tabitha Marie say but, "Oh yeth, Aunty Tara, pink ith my fabvorite color,"

"Now what size shoes do you wear?" She asked, and coming to her rescue I said, "She wears a size seven-and-a-half small."

"Why that's perfect, Allison has dozens of shoes she's grown out of, I'll send those as well," She stated.

"Tell me what your most favorite things to do are and I'll see if Majorie likes the same things," She asked.

"Well Tabitha Marie adores playing with her dolls of course, going for pony rides and going to amusement parks, don't you?" She asked, and whispering to her said, "Try to sound excited."

"Oh yeth Mrths. Johnson, I really lovth playing with m-my dolls and ridin a ponie anth goin to amusmenth parks," She replied, struggling to sound excited.

"But don't forget how you love to play with your camera and she's also really quite the artist and loves drawing and sketching," I chimed in, actually both activities she did enjoy doing.

"Oh yeth, I really loth playing with my camera and drawing," She agreed, this time actually sounding excited. For that was his favorite hobby. He fancied himself a better than average photographer, and he actually was.

To Tabitha Marie's great relief the evening finally ended with no one being the wiser, or so she naively thought.

## **Chapter -28 But I can't go, you know that.**

As soon as we got in the car she said, "I can't go to that birthday party. I don't know the first thing about how to act like a girl. They'll know in a minute that I'm not a girl."

"I'm afraid not going is not an option. Arlene is sending over clothes and shoes for you to wear. What will she think if you don't show up. Plus you know Vance's company makes up 35% of my, I mean, your companie's revenue. Do you want to put that in jeopardy?"

"No, but really they'll know as soon as I walk in that I'm not a girl," She protested.

"Then we have a month to teach you to act like a girl," I proclaimed.

"Yes, but not a girl, Arlene thinks you've the same age as her eleven year old daughter," Tara pointed out.

"Well then, that's obviously impossible," He said miserably.

"No, we have two weeks to turn you into a very believable eleven year old girl," I stated firmly, adding, "For the next two weeks you're going to be

Tabitha Marie Darling 24/7. Tara is your Aunty Tara and I'm your Aunty Julia. Do you understand, Tabitha Marie?"

"Y-Yes Jul, I mean Aunty Julia,' she answered despondently.

### **Chapter -29 Training to pretend to be a little girl.**

The next day at breakfast I said, "Your Aunty Tara and I spent last night listing the areas you need tutoring in for you to successfully masquerade as an eleven year old little girl. There are two critical areas, speaking like a little girl your pretend age which Tara temporarily solved with the paper clip giving you an adorable, little girl's lisp. But we imagine it wasn't very comfortable," I ventured, and she, as expected, agreed.

"So, I've come up with a much better solution. Stick your tongue out please and keep it there," Tara instructed, as she produced a nickel and after applying one side with super glue she adhered it to the bottom of the tip of her tongue, holding it there until it was firmly adhered.

"Now, doesn't that feel much better?" She asked.

"Yeth Anthy Tara," She said, and suddenly her little girl's lisp was back, obviously to her dismay.

"Now the second most critical area that will immediately give you away is your walk. Right now you walk well, like a man, which is to be expected. But little girls walk quite differently always walking on their toes, while its obvious you're walking on your heels, a dead giveaway," Tara proclaimed as seriously as she could.

"So take your shoes off and hand them to me," She asked, inserting push pins into the heels of both shoes, then having her put them back on.

"Now walk across the room and back," She asked.

With her first steps she suddenly yelped, "Oh ouch, ouch, ouch!"

"Up on your toes," Tara ordered, and by the time she returned she was forced to mince ever so hesitantly on just her toes.

"Now I want you to do it again and this time I want you to put one foot precisely in front of the other with each step, that's how little girls walk," She winked at me.

"Now you'll do it with a book on your head, keeping your arms straight and your hands raised with your fingers together, just like little girls do

when they walk," She instructed, making her walk back and forth a dozen times.

"Now I want you to walk up and back and sit in this chair, but instead of putting your feet flat on the floor but instead of crossing your ankles keep them tightly together and point your feet straight down with only the tips of your shoes touching the floor. Don't worry, it's a lot to remember, so we'll do this several times a day until you're perfect," She assured her with an amused smile to me.

### **Chapter -30 Tabitha Marie's first bra.**

As Tara was in the midst of drilling Tabitha Marie on her walking and sitting the doorbell rang. When I answered it there was a girl of perhaps nineteen or twenty .

"Hi, I'm Marjorie's nanny. My name is Megan, Mrs. Johnson asked me to bring over some dresses, shoes and other thing that Allison hasn't worn for several years. There's a lot to bring in, so could you help?" she asked.

Which I did bringing in all the clothes, shoes and accessories that Tara, Arlene and I had so much devilish amusement buying for Tabitha Marie. When we had them all laid out around her room I had Tara bring her in.

"This is Megan, Marjorie's nanny, please introduce yourself," I said.

With a by now quite acceptable curtsy she said, "Hello Methan my name is Tabitha Marie Darling, and I'm ever so please to meet you," She said, gawking at the mountain of clothes scattered around the room.

"Mrs. Johnson said her favorite color is pink so I only brought dresses, rompers, playsuits and nighties in pink. There's also about a dozen pink shoes, plus pink earrings and purses," she added.

Unsuspectingly she devastated poor Tabitha Marie by saying, "I'm sure they'll fit her, most she hasn't worn them since she was ten or eleven."

When the girl left Tara, sounding excited, said, "Let's get you undressed so you can try on some of your precious new clothes."

First on were the frilliest pair of ruffled, rhumba panties, then even more crushing a matching, frilly white trainer bra.

"Oh please do I have to wear a bra?" She pleaded.

"Well since Allison started wearing one when she was your supposed age it only makes sense for you to wear one too," I said.

With just a frilly trainer bar and little girl, ruffled, rhumba panties Tara and I silently agree she never looked more juvenile.

### **Chapter -31 Oh my, it's too small!**

What came next was trying on dress after dress, but, as planned, they were all too small zipping or buttoning them up the back, but it was no use.

"Wait, I think I have a solution," I said, taking the steps up t the attic and returning a few minutes later with a garment Tabitha Marie didn't recognize, but Tara, feigning ignorance did.

"My goodness, where on earth did you find a corset of all things? She asked.

"I saw a trunk with what must have been some of her Grandmother's old clothes and this was with it. Okay, Tabitha Marie stand up near the bed-post, reach up and grab hold of it as high as you can," I ordered.

Of course I didn't get it in the attic, we got it online. An old fashioned, hour-glass corset with rigid, steel stays.

After Tara fastened the eight hook and eyelets in front I asked her how it felt. Naively she said, "It's okay, a bit snug."

Trying the first dress back on it naturally still didn't fit. So we took up the laces and tightened it some more. When I asked how it felt she said, "It feels tight."

"But not too tight?" I asked.

"No, just tight," She answered.

Still, of course, the dress didn't fit.

"Oh my, Tara, we'll really have to tighten it some more, I'm afraid." Which we did.

"P-Please it, it's too tight," She protested. But like magic the dress now fit with her waist now reduced to twenty-three inches.

"Well, it's a start," Tara giggled.

It took some time but eventually we had her try on all the dresses, rompers, playsuits and nighties. They all fit perfectly as we knew they would.



Which brought us to the last dress. A high waisted, frilly, sailor's smock.

"Now when you wear this we can loosen your corset as it's not so form fitting," I proclaimed as I loosened the laces two inches.

"Oh frank you, that feels so muth better," She said gratefully. Which didn't last long as I removed it, tightened the laces again and put one of her dresses back on her.

Holding up the smock I said, "This we'll call your reward dress. When we see you trying as hard as you can to act like the little, eleven year old girl you need to become then this will be your reward. That means no whining or complaining," I warned.

### **Chapter -32 Made up or down depending on your perspective.**

The following day at breakfast I said, "Do you remember Mrs. Johnson remarking that you look, 'oddly familiar?' I asked.

"Yeth, I was really scared that she's recognize me, I'm really worried she'll figure out why I look familiar," She said fearfully.

"Your Aunty Tara and I have the same concern. So after breakfast we're taking you to Betty's to have her see what she can do to hopefully disguise you enough so she doesn't look at you and wonder why you look familiar. And don't worry we've explained the situation and she's most sympathetic and won't tell a sole," I assured her.

"G-Go out in public, dressed like a girl, oh I just couldn't," She protested.

"Not to worry. She's opening early so there'll be nobody on the streets," I promised.

Betty's mouth dropped open when we arrived.

"Oh my god, she already looks like eleven, if that. But I'll see what else I can do," she whispered.

To Tabitha Marie she said, "Your, ah, Aunties have explained the situation you're in, and I'm quite sympathetic. However you already make a rather convincing little girl, but I'll see if we can't really fool them."

After she had her in a smock so short it showed off her panties she handed her a soda," Why don't you have a nice drink and I'll be back in a few minutes," She suggested.

Once she was out like a light from the doctored soda Betty and her assistants went to work.

First they undressed her and while one of the girls laser removed what little hair she had around her nipples another painted her fingernails and toes permanently pink.

Then they turned her over and made her bottom baby smooth.

Turning her back over Betty attached the longest, fluttering, doll-like eyelashes, top and bottom, while her assistant Grace did her lips. Permanently creating the most darling, pouty, little girl's cupid lips.

That done Betty dyed in blue eyes shadow, permanently outlining her eyes with eyeliner, then plucked her brows into much more girl arches.

During the weeks Tabitha Marie had been in kilts her hair had grown out by a couple of inches so she re-permed it.

When she eventually woke up and was turned to a mirror all she could say was, "Do I luth more, ah, convincing?"

"On looks alone I absolutely guarantee it. You're the perfect little girl, you'll

really fool them." Betty assured her giving her a big encouraging hugs, giggling to herself, at the so juvenile pigtails fastened with huge bows and streamers.

"I agree, I just love what you've done with her hair," I piped in.

"Now thank Ms. Monroe for making you so darling and don't forget to curtsy," I directed.

She couldn't see it but Betty was silently laughing her head off.

### **Chapter -33 Sit down with Tabitha Marie.**

When we got home Tara and I sat our little girl down for a serious conversation.

"Now then Tabitha Marie your aunties, as we mentioned, are most concerned that you're pretending to be a little girl absolutely must be fool proof or we could all be in a lot of trouble and possibly ruin the company. You do understand that, we hope?" I asked, sounding very concerned.

"Yeth Aunthy Julia," She acknowledged miserably.

"And we only have a month's time to teach you everything you'll need to know to fool everyone. So we've employed a very experienced young lady to instruct you in everything a little girl needs to know," Tara said.

"H-Hired someonth, oh no, she'll know," She cried out in alarm

"Not to worry, she doesn't know who you really are. We've simply explained to her that you're a bit of a tomboy that needs to learn how to be a proper, little girl. Although we will need to take a precaution to be on the safe side," I added.

"Unfortunately your Aunties have to go out of town on business for perhaps a month. But we're sure the young lady, who will act as your nanny, will keep you well occupied and we know you'll be in god hands," Tara said, winking at me.

"Y-You're going out of town for, for a mounth? A-And she's going to acth as my nanny? Oh, t-this isth terrible," She said in alarm.

"Well, if you were pretending to be older she's act as your Governess. But at the age you're pretending to be all little girls of your age have a nanny," I chimed in, just as the front door bell rang.

"Oh gracious, why she's right on time," Tara declared.

### **Chapter-34 Tabitha Marie's new nanny.**

Arlene had actually found the girl who would act as her nanny. At the adult shop where she's purchased the chastity device for her cheat of a husband there was a twenty year old sales girl. Explaining our plans for Tabitha Marie to the owner she'd suggested offering it to the girl, who's name was Gwen Gibbons. She'd taken the job at the shop to save up for acting classes.

"I pay her over what I'd normally pay, which isn't a whole lot more. If you offer her enough plus room and board I think she'll jump at it," The owner said.

Gwen was, naturally, highly amused and did indeed jump at it, especially when we offered her three times her salary plus room and board. What Tara and I found so amusing is that it was his/her money we'd be using to pay her.

"You want to be an actress, just think of it as a role to play," Tara offered.

"Well, I'd need to look and act the part, like a typical nanny," She said, really getting into her role already.

"Whatever attire you get we'll pay for," I said, which sealed the deal.

So when we introduced Gwen to Tabitha Marie her mouth fell open. Rather severely dressed she presented an intimidating sight. Already five foot eleven inches in four inch heels when virtually towered over Tabitha Marie.

### **Chapter-35 Nannie's instructions and we're off!**

At supper we put a strong sedative in her drink and when she fell asleep we used surgical tape to adhere a most realistic looking little girl's pussy.

When she discovered what we'd done she was horrified until I calmed her saying that it was simply temporary and acted as the perfect safeguard against her nanny discovering her true gender. Of course I lied, and besides, unknown to Tabitha Marie, Gwen already knew.

With Tabitha Marie sitting ever so properly tied into the frilliest, white pinafore I said to Gwen, "Tara and I have some instructions, so it's best you take some note."

"Of course Ma'am," She said, taking a note pad and pen out.

"As we previously discussed the biggest problem Tabitha Marie has is that she all too often acts like a tomboy. There's a very important birthday party coming up in a month. And she simply must act like the most adorable, well-mannered little girl as we know how much she wants to impress everyone, don't you Tabitha Marie?" I asked.

"Oh yeth Aunthie Julia," She replied, gritting her teeth for obviously it was the last thing she wanted to do. But, of course, she was so nicely trapped, wasn't she?

"Well then, first you really need to improve her etiquette and manners. She has the most embarrassing habit of blurting out in appropriate words, and interrupting adults, when she hasn't been given permission to speak," I said, with a straight face.

"Oh my goodness, shame on you Tabitha Marie. You mean you actually speak, and even interrupt adults, without first raising your hand to ask permission to speak first?" Gwen scolded her, playing her par perfectly.

"Yeth, ah, nanny," She replied, her face turning red as this humiliating, childish gesture was something new.

"Then too she forgets to ask permission to be seated and to leave her seat, and she's often caught in a room or, gracious, outdoors without asking permission, haven't you?" Tara asked somewhat sternly.

Again this was a new edict which didn't go over well with her, but what could she say?

"Yeth Aunthy Tara, I-I sometimes forget," she lisped, looking obviously annoyed and seething. Poor thing, but, unfortunately for her, it just got worse.

For next I said, "And you really must do something to correct her walk. As we all know proper little girls her age walk ever so daintily, mincing on the very tips of their toes. We've tried correcting it with a rather old-fashioned way of putting tacks in her heels. But it's only been modestly successful. Then too her stride is much too long, almost like how boys, and men, walk. She's obviously at that awkward, ungraceful stage little girls go through.

"Well, I know how to correct that very quickly Ma'am. For her age a little girl's stride really should be no more than two inches, at most," Gwen declared. Naturally we didn't miss Tabitha Marie's shocked expression, it got even worse when Gwen added, "I also think starting her with ballet lessons will greatly improve her gracefulness."

"Let's not forget working on her vocabulary, inflections, speech and expressions. At embarrassing times she actually sounds like a boy's speaking. Nor do we care for the pouty, annoyed, dismayed look on her face when we mention something she doesn't like," Tara added.

"It's my opinion that little girls always have a smile on their face. Which I always want to see on your face regardless of whether you like it or not," She flatly stated, then truly shocked Tabitha Marie when she added, "I can easily correct that by simply washing your mouth out with a good soaping."

"Oh my, I almost forgot. You absolutely must stop Tabitha Marie from her almost constant fidgeting in the presence of company and adults when she's either sitting or standing. We've both told her, I don't know how many times, how annoying and disruptive it is, haven't we?" I asked her.

"Yeth Aunthie Julia, I-I noth do," She pleaded.

"That's easily corrective. I'll just add it to my list," Gwen said, even though we both knew how she was going to solve it.

### **Chapter-36 Good girl, naughty girl.**

"We're sure you'll keep Tabitha Marie well supervised with a daily schedule designed to finally eliminate her boyish ways. We think your best approach would be the carrot and stick method. When she's been, you feel, a very good little girl and trying her best she obviously should be re-

warded. You might allow her, for example, allow her to draw, you'd like that wouldn't you?" I asked her.

"Oh yeath Aunthie Julia," She replied perking up.

"Or you could allow her to play with the new camera we got for her. Or some time on your new computer..."

"A-A new computer" She blurted out excitedly.

"You see what I mean about her interrupting adults when they're speaking?" Tara said, trying to sound annoyed.

"Shame on you Tabitha Marie. Well I have a method for curing that. What I'll do is coat a big babies dummy with a most terrible tasting liquid and stick it in her mouth for the rest of the day. That will od it," Gwen assured us, much to Tabitha Marie's shocked expression at the humiliating thought of having a babies dummy put in her mouth.

"Of course naturally when you see she's not applying herself, not giving it her best effort or is being difficult she should be disciplined however you think best," I stated.

"Oh yes Ma'am, I totally agree. I employ several proven methods of dealing with an obstinate child who is obviously not applying herself or if I see a willfully bad attitude that simply can't be tolerated. Some time spent standing in the corner for an hour or two of time out is always effective. As is putting her to bed early without supper. Both are most effective after the child has received a thorough spanking. Is a spanking something you can give me permission to apply?" Gwen asked innocently.

"Well, yes, of course, as a last resort. A paddle, we feel, is a bit severe but a good hair brush spanking is quite acceptable," I stated.

"A-A s-spanking, oh n-noo," She started to say when Gwen angrily cut her off.

"Oh yes, it's obviously something you are in great need of as soon as your aunties leave. And since you interrupted them once again it's also time for a dummy," She sternly declared.

### **Chapter-37 Tabitha Marie learns what nanny expects.**

As we waited for our flight in the airport I got out my ipad and logged onto the hidden cameras we'd installed to monitor Tabitha Marie's progress.

I sorta felt sorry for her for, as promised, Gwen bent her over her lap and with a long wooden brush gave Tabitha Marie a quite severe spanking leaving her sobbing and yelping.

"Do you promise to be a good, little girl for your nanny from now on?" Gwen demanded to know.

"Oh, oh,yeth I-I p-promise," She wailed.

"We'll see, open your mouth," Gwen ordered.



When she did Gwen shoved what appeared to be the largest dummy I'd ever seen into her mouth and tightly buckled the straps behind her head. She then marched her to a corner ordering her stand on the box there and put her hands up on her head.

"We'll see what a good, little girl you can be after an hour of time out in the corner," She stated.

An hour later, not removing the evil tasting dummy, she put her to bed at the early hour of five o'clock without supper.

Looking up at the camera she had a contented look on her face.

"I seriously don't think that after today Gwen will have much trouble with Tabitha Marie," I remarked, and Tara agreed.

### **Chapter-38 Nanny offers a carrot.**

Knowing Tabitha Marie's real gender and age getting him/her to act like an eleven year old little girl was going to be tricky and a challenge. She could always spank and punish her, but she preferred to get her to willingly and on her own turn herself into the little girl, that his Aunties had charged her with, by offering her rewards that she'd look forward to, overcoming her obvious reluctance to act like an actual little girl.

Which started the following morning.

"Now Tabitha Marie I truly regret having had to spank you and make you taste that horrible tasting dummy. I sincerely hope neither will be necessary again. As long as I see you're trying you hardest as I instruct you in how to act and behave like the most adorable, perfectly well-mannered little girl I won't have to and you'll get lots of great rewards I'm sure your love, do you agree," Gwen asked her.

"Yeth nanny, Tabitha Marie will try her hardest," She swore, obviously, my her expression, remembering the awful spanking and horrible tasting dummy.

Her first test came when Gwen had her stand on a wooden chair so she could corset and dress her.

"Y-You're g-going to dress me?" She asked, obviously humiliated at the thought of being dressed like a child.

"Of course, little girls your age are simply not grown up enough to be trusted to know how to dress themselves. Is that a problem Tabitha Marie?" Gwen asked in a mildly threatening voice.

"Oh no, nanny," She quickly said hearing Gwen's tone of voice.

### **Chapter-39 Learning how little girls walk.**

Knowing Tabitha Marie's true gender and real age getting him/her to act like an eleven year old little girl was going to be tricky and a real challenge. She could always spank and punish her, but she preferred to get her to willingly, on her own, turn herself into the little girl her aunts had charged her with doing, by offering her rewards as an incentive.

After Gwen had her dressed she led her, by the hand, another childish humiliation Tabitha Marie initially resisted, but as expected, gave in, to the make shift classroom she'd set up. Having her sit she removed her shoes substituting them with an identical pair but with a two inch heel into which she place tacks and then around each ankle snapped hobbles connected by a two inch chain. In the middle of which was a small sensor.

"This is a combination of an old fashioned method and an electronic method of correcting a tomboy's walk and gait and train you to daintily walk on just your very tip toes, placing one foot precisely in front of the other and shorten your gait to that of a proper, little girl of your age and just a mincing two inches. The way it works is that if you try to take a step longer than two inches you'll hear a loud beep. As you will if you don't place one foot precisely in front of the other in a perfectly straight line. I want you to walk to the end of the room and back ten times," She informed Tabitha Marie who, as expected had a look of disbelief on her face.

"Now I don't expect you to be perfect but I expect you to try your hardest," She added. As expected there was a lot of stumbling, tripping, "ouches" and lots of beeps. That were very loud and as expected drove Tabitha Marie, on her own, to start purposefully shortening each step and to avoid more "ouches" to struggle to take each step only on her very tippy toes. Which pleased Gwen. Tabitha Marie was really trying on her own to walk ever so mincing and daintily without having to spank or punish her. She just couldn't help her satisfied expression. Also, as expected, she gradually got better and better.

"That was a very excellent effort Tabitha Marie. I can see you really tried your hardest that earned you a big reward. Would you like to play with your new camera and computer?" She asked.

"Oh yeth nanny," She excitedly exclaimed. Although she did have a slightly dismayed look when she saw her new pink, more basic camera and her new, pink computer later that day. It did have a modest photo editing program, but except for several sites, dedicated to girls her supposed age like J-14, Girl's World and Teen Girl, those were all she could access.

"You'll be meeting a lot of other little girls your age so you need to know what they're talking about. So each time you play with your computer I want you to read the first six pages on each site first and later I'll quiz you. If you answer all my questions I'll let you play on your computer another half hour," Gwen informed her. Just another little way of getting her into the little girl mode.

#### **Chapter-40 Tabitha Marie learns precisely how little girls stand and sit.**

"Now then, Tabitha Marie we'll concentrate on just how little girls properly stand and sit without drawing unwanted attention to yourself and annoying adults in her room," Gwen said, attaching a pair of dangling jingle bells to her ears, then clipped matching bells to each toe. Tabitha Marie was naturally perplexed so Gwen explained.

"First I want you to stand erect, feet together, hands laced in front of you left over right. Then to start I want you to stand perfectly still for fifteen minutes without once hearing a single bell tinkle. I'll give you five tries and if you can do it just once, let's see, I'll let you draw for half an hour. I know you'd like that," She said, knowing it was just the right incentive. And it was, she laughed to her herself as she witnessed Tabitha Marie really trying.

"That was very good, so now you get to draw for half an hour. Tomorrow we try seventeen minutes," Gwen declared.

Going on to sitting she said, "To sit like a proper little girl requires three steps. First approaching your chair. Second, sitting in your chair. Third is called arranging."

Positioning an armless chair across the room she said, "I want you to walk to the chair as daintily as you can. When you get to the chair stop and curtsy to the chair."

"C-Curtsy t-to the chair?" She asked startled and obviously humiliated by Gwen's edict.

"Of course, that's proper etiquette that all little girls perform, now curtsy." She demanded, which, of course, it wasn't. It was just something she thought up, wondering how far she could push Tabitha Marie before she finally put her dainty foot down. But like the true brow beaten wimp she obviously was she never did. Well, so be it, she thought.

After she curtsied to the chair Gwen said, "Now raising your left heel pivot on your right then sit on the very edge of your seat. Knees and feet together, toes pointed straight down with only the tips of your toes touching the floor. Yes, very good so far. Step three, arrange your skirts and petticoats so they are even on both sides. Arms against your sides, hands folded left over right with thumbs crossed left over right. Head down, eyes fixed on your hands. Once seated your head remains bowed unless you are addressed, then you may look up to answer. Now what I'd like you to try is sitting perfectly still without any fidgeting for fifteen minutes not hearing your bells tinkle even once. If you can do it just once I'll add an additional half hour to your drawing time."

Tabitha Marie did try over and over and almost made it before one bell on her shoe tinkled. Gwen was frankly surprised as it was, as you can imagine, a ridiculously difficult, near impossible posture to assume.

"That was almost better than I expected, so I'll reward you by adding fifteen minutes to your drawing time," She declared.

### **Chapter-41 Learning the perfect curtsy.**

"Now just one last exercise before lunch. I know you know how to curtsy, but it just needs to be refined a bit and, most importantly, learning when proper, little girls are expected to curtsy, it's not all that difficult," Gwen nearly laughed, as she had Tabitha Marie stand in front of a full length mirror.

"When you begin your curtsy you hold your skirts and petticoats ever so daintily and extending your arms till they are straight out raise them precisely half way up to your panties. As you do so place your left foot exactly behind your right in a straight line. Then as you begin your curtsy raise your left foot until it's precisely perpendicular to the floor with only the very tip of your toe touching the floor. As you curtsy bow your head and fix your eyes on the tip of your right foot. Now, a perfect curtsy will take you exactly four seconds. One second down, hold for two seconds, then one second up. No more or less than four seconds. Now you try I, don't worry I don't expect you to be perfect. Alright you try it," She instructed, critiquing Tabitha Marie as she practiced.

"No, no Tabitha Marie, raise your skirts higher."

"Your left foot was not precisely perpendicular, do it over."

"That curtsy was too long."

"That one was too short, remember exactly four seconds," She lightly scolded.

Tabitha Marie must have done forty curtsies before she actually got one right.

"That was it, what a good girl. Now see if you can do just ten more," Gwen directed,

which she did, after another twenty-five or so.

"Now continue practicing and repeat after me. These are the times a well-mannered,

little girl is expected to curtsy.

"I will always curtsy before and after I speak."

"I will always curtsy when I am told something or ask to do something followed by saying, "Yes nanny, Tabitha Marie understands."

"I will always stand and curtsy when an adult enters or leave a room I am in."

"I will always curtsy in the doorway before I enter or leave a room, whether it is occupied or not."

"I will always stop and curtsy before I cross in front of an adult."

"Now don't worry about remembering all your curtsy rules. Each day I'll have you print them out ten times until you remember them word for word. And, of course, each time you forget to curtsy or don't perform a perfect curtsy I'll be sure to remind you.

And, now this is exciting, when you can go an entire day without forgetting when to curtsy and every curtsy is a perfect curtsy I'll take you to the park and let you play with your camera. You'd like that wouldn't you?" she asked.

"Oh yeth nanny, I really would," She answered excitedly as so far Tabitha Marie hadn't ventured outside even once.

### **Chapter-42 Lunch time.**

"Take my hand Tabitha Marie and we'll go to lunch," Gwen directed, noticing the humiliated, defeated expression on her face being made to hold her hand like the little girl she was being turned into. Gwen couldn't help grinning at how a simple gesture seemed to crush her.

Gwen had purposely left the bells on her ears and toes so that at each step she was further crushed with each jingle. And with each step the hobbles forced her into the most mincing, dainty steps, with an occasional "yelp." It amused Gwen no end that they forced Tabitha Marie to train herself into taking such ridiculously abbreviated, little girl steps.

When they got to the dining room a new indignation awaited her.

"Before you sit, raise your hand and when I acknowledge it ask if nanny can pretty please put your pinafore on for you. You'll always wear a pinafore to protect your darling attire when you eat or are allowed to play," Gwen instructed her.

With the obviously hated childish pinafore on Gwen said, "I will give you permission to sit. But before I do you say, 'Thank you nanny for permitting Tabitha Marie to sit.' Whenever you're given permission to do anything you must always thank that person. It's one of the most important rules of etiquette for little girls, so try to remember, okay?"

Gwen could see that this was almost too much for Tabitha Marie to put up to. Regardless, gritting her teeth she said, "Yeth nanny, Tabitha Marie will try to remember."

### Chapter-43 Learning how well-mannered, little girls talk.

Back in the makeshift classroom after lunch Gwen said, "For the next hour we need to concentrate on your diction, vocabulary, voice and expression when you talk. Your Aunties, as well as me, have noticed you have a tendency to talk too much like a tomboy and use adult words that little girls shouldn't know rather than how little girls your age normally speak. So first whenever you speak I want you to speak in the most excited, enthusiastic tone of voice. Even if, for some reason, you really aren't. And I will always want you to smile as you speak. Do you understand?"

"Yeth nanny," she replied.

"No, no. I want you to oh so excitedly, and with your biggest smile, say, 'Oh yes nanny, Tabitha Marie ever so much truly understands,'" She corrected, and had her say it over and over until she sounded just like an excited little girl. Which she could see really grated on her nerves. Oh my, she thought, she's really going to hate what comes next.

"That's so much better. Now take out your notebook and print, not write, you're much too young to try writing, these words. 'Adorable, adorably, precious, darling and darlingest, absolutely, moistest, devine and divinely. And then these adjectives, 'most and moistest, positively, simply and totally.' For homework I want you to print each word ten times until you have them memorized. Now we'll practice sounding so breathlessly excited I want you to always reply suing one word and one adjective. Ready? Okay tell me how much you like your adorable, pink shoes," Gwen instructed.

"I-I really like my adorable, pink shoes," She said, obviously hating every word.

Which didn't satisfy Gwen at all. "I think you can do much better. Say, and sound so excited, 'Oh yes nanny, I most positively love my moistest adorable, darlingest, pink shoes.'"

Gwen couldn't help grinning to herself as Tabitha Marie repeated the most horrible, little girl words, trying unsuccessfully to sound so excited, but Gwen was satisfied, and let it go.

My god, was this character of a little girl actually once a guy married to Julia. Absolutely pathetic. No real man would ever put up with the humili-

ation of being turned in an eleven year old little girl without telling her to go to hell. So she had no sympathy for her/him at all.

#### **Chapter-44 All little girls take ballet.**

Gwen watched in amusement at Tabitha Marie's reaction when she said, "Now let's go back to your room and change you into your ballet attire."

"Ballet, y-you want me to take b-ballet?" She blurted out.

"Of course. All little girls take ballet to improve their gracefulness and posture. Really Tabitha Marie I thought you'd be excited," Gwen remarked, trying to sound disappointed in her response.

"Oh yeth nanny, I-I'm ever so, ah, wonderfully excited to take ballet lessons," she responded, forcing a miserable smile on her face.

When she had her dressed Tabitha Marie looked just like a typical eleven year old ballerina, but well, even more so. For Gwen had added a ridiculous, plastic, sequined tiara, made sure her utu stood straight out showing off her ruffled panties and even clipped on angel wings!

As she expected Tabitha Marie was the very vision of ungainly clumsiness. She couldn't manage even two steps up on her toes. Gwen, of course, had a solution, one she was sure Tabitha Marie wasn't going to like, well let's just see, she thought.

"Poor thing, I see you're really trying but a ballerina simply must learn to walk, daintily, on pointe on just her toes for even a few steps, at least to start. Fortunately I have just the solution. It's an old fashioned method of keeping girls up on their toes that I've read is very effective. Now sit down and hold your feet out for me," she instructed, grinning to herself. Tabitha Marie gaped in real concern looking at the unusual shoes Gwen took out of a box forcing first one foot and then other into them. The forced her feet to point straight down.

Holding her hand up she worriedly asked, "H-How can I walk in these, I really donth think I can."

"Don't worry, as soon as I get the straps buckled I'll help you to stand. They're called, ah, ballet trainer shoes," She explained patiently.

"You just hold onto the bar and walk to the end of it and back. Four times will be enough for today and tomorrow we'll do six, and in no time you'll

be walking across the room and back all on your toes. Isn't your nanny thoughtful finding these ballet trainer shoes for you?" Gwen asked, desperately trying not to chuckle as she watched Tabitha Marie mincing fearfully in the torturous shoes clinging to the bar desperate not to let go.

"Oh yeath nanny, fthank you so, so much," She said, although, for some reason, she didn't sound all that grateful.

### **Chapter-45 All little girls play with dolls, don't they?**

Gwen really couldn't get over her giving out simple rewards like allowing her to play with her camera and computer, or rewarding her by simply permitting her to draw for an hour worked like magic despite each new humiliating little girl edits she presented Tabitha Marie with almost daily.

First Gwen presented her with half a dozen dolls she put on the shelf stating " That all little girls her age loved playing with their dolls and their doll house don't they Tabitha Marie?"

Gwen giggled to herself at how neatly she'd trapped her into admitting that, 'Yes, all little girls played with dolls.'

"It would really be a dead give away when you go to e party where you're sure to meet other little girls who undoubtedly will ask you about your dolls. So you really need to say you have oodles of dolls that you truly, ever so much, love o play with, don't you think?"

She asked.

Dismally Tabitha Marie had to agree with her, obviously, from her lack of excitement in her voice it was the last thing she wanted to do. But Gwen gloated at how trapped she now was. Naturally Gwen just had to make it a bit worse.

"Well, you have all these dolls that you need to name, but every little girl has her favorite doll and this one will be your most favorite. Her name is Betsy and she's a talking doll. Just press this button," She instructed, grinning to herself.

When she did the doll said, "Hello, my name is Betsy. What is your name?"

"Go ahead say 'hello' and tell her your name," She directed, thinking what could be more amusing and humiliating than having a guy pretend-

ing to be a little girl being forced to talk to a doll? Tara and I thought it hysterical when Tabitha Marie, cringing, lisped, "H-Hello B-Betsy my name ith Tabitha Marie."

And when the doll said, "I absolutely love laying with my dolls, do you love playing with your dolls too?" Tabitha Marie had to answer, "Oh yeth, Tabitha Marie simply a-adores playing with my dolls."

Gwen kept her pressing the button forcing Tabitha Marie to keep answering the doll amused at how easy it was to make her do what she obviously hated doing. After answering a dozen questions Gwen, laughing to herself, finally told her she could stop.

The relief on her face didn't last long when Gwen said, "Now let's see how much you love playing with your doll house." Which she found just as amusing.

At first Tabitha Marie played listlessly but began playing in more earnest when Gwen said, "If you play really excitedly, lie it's the most fun thing to do I'll let you play with your camera outside.

To date she hadn't yet to go outside and that was incentive enough, even though she was obviously hating it for her to get her to play with much more enthusiasm. Gwen couldn't believe how easy it was to manipulate a guy to do what she wanted her to do.

### **Chapter-46 Glove and purse etiquette for little girls.**

The following day was yet another humiliating indignity for Tabitha Marie to endure.

Purse and Glove Etiquette were something Gwen had laughingly dreamed up and couldn't help giggling to herself as she handed her a pink, ruffle trimmed, heart shaped purse and decorated with bells on them.

"You should always hold your purse daintily between your thumb and forefinger with your right hand. Your arm should always be bent at ninety degrees or higher. Proper purse etiquette means you will always have you purse with you. As you walk your purse should never be allowed to swing and should be held as still as possible. I do not want to hear the bells as you walk," She instructed sternly.

"Yeth nanny," Tabitha Marie responded, having no idea how difficult that was going to be.

Once that was established she went on to the wearing of gloves.

"Gloves are always worn except when drawing and when allowed outside to play. Hold out your hands and I'll put your gloves on for you," She said.

After powdering them she began kneading them on one finger at a time finally buttoning them tightly at the wrists.

"T-they're awfully tight, n-nanny," She said hesitantly. Which was true being a full size too small. With them on she could barely bend a finger or even her hands with quite some effort.

"Yes, they're purposely tight which will cause your hands to do everything more gracefully and cautiously make force you to think before you use your hands. You have to admit you're not the most graceful little girl, are you?" Gwen asked.

"No nanny," She admitted. Well, what guy, turned into a little was, Gwen gloated.

"Now here's the way its going to work. At the end of each day I will inspect your gloves for any signs of marks. This week I'll allow you to have four marks per glove. If you have less I'll let your draw for an hour. But if you have more unfortunately I'll have to spank your hands with a ruler. Which I'm sure you won't like. Next week I'll be a bit striker and will allow only three marks on each glove," She declared.

It only took one time have her hands spanked before Tabitha Marie quickly became ultra cautious using her hands.

### **Chapter-47 Playtime for little girls.**

Tabitha Marie actually had two playtimes. In the afternoons it was her outdoor playtime. Of course she hated playtime but what could she do as Gwen had her swinging to the swings, or exhaustingly jumping rope or playing hop-skotch. But, for Gwen, the most amusing activity for make poor Tabitha Marie to endure was roller skating. But with old-fashioned roller skates with steel wheels that clamped and were strapped to her mary janes. But, being a bit cruel she filed each wheel so that they had a slightly

flat side. She found it hysterical watching her trying to skate off balance barely able to avoid tripping and falling.

Then in the evenings, after supper, Tabitha Marie was required to do homework first, before any rewards for perfectly little girl behavior throughout the day would be given out. As an example if she didn't perform even one curtsy correctly or, heaven forbid, forgot to curtsy when it was expected she had to print all her curtsy rules ten times and then perform twenty perfect curtsies in a row. Only then did she get a reward.

#### **Chapter-48 A walk in the park.**

One of the rewards that Tabitha Marie liked best was going to the park with her camera. That is once she got over her nervousness being seen in public as a little, eleven year old girl.

Trying as hard as she could not to laugh Gwen assured her just to act natural. Especially when she had her dressed in a most juvenile, yellow, romper with the shortest, bloomer pants, shoulder straps with large, heart shaped buttons, a big bow in front with smaller bows decorating her short puffy sleeves and the hems of her bloomers. On her feet were ruffled anklets and mary janes with bells on each toe which Gwen knew she hated. As the last thing Tabitha Marie wanted was anything that drew any attention to her, and the bells certainly did that. Trying to sound serious Gwen explained that the bells were really necessary just in case she lost track of her all she had to do was listen for her bells.

At first Tabitha Marie was mortified being seen in public in her absurdly little girl romper outfit. But, as Gwen expected, she eventually overcame that enjoying photographing the ducks, flowers and such. She really couldn't help a satisfied smile when several women came up and complimented Tabitha Marie on her darling outfit. But most of all she enjoyed the dog park where she could pet all the puppies. Which Gwen filed away.

#### **Chapter-49 Preparing for the birthday party.**

The morning of the big party Gwen spent much time getting Tabitha Marie prepared and dressed. She put her hair in twin braids with bows fastening them. Knowing how much she hated her belled earrings Gwen left

them on telling her, with a straight face, that all the other little girls would be sooo jealous.

When she finished dressing Tabitha Marie she couldn't have been more pleased finding it almost impossible to believe that the so adorable little girl standing in front of a mirror had actually once been a guy and Julia's husband. She found it hard to believe that he/she hadn't once put her foot down and told her in no uncertain terms to fuck off.

She knew Tabitha Marie hated what had been done to her but had been too cowardly and in reality too intimidated to offer up any real resistance. Thinking back her attitude had dramatically changed when she'd been spanked. What real guy would ever put up with that?

So she watched Tabitha Marie's shoulders slump in dismay when she saw herself in the mirror. Dressed in the frilliest little girl's party dress meant more for an eight year old, if that. The skirt, standing nearly straight out due to the mounds of the stiffest petticoats Gwen knew if she bent over even a little would fly up and show off her ruffled, baby panties. On her feet were heavily ruffled anklets adorned with bows and three strap little girls on her dainty feet. The wrist length gloves perfectly matched her anklets.

Gwen emailed photos of Tabitha Marie to Tara and me. Neither of us could believe she actually looked her "pretend" age. She'd really outdone herself and we rewarded her with a \$1,000 bonus.

"Now it's all up to Arlene to play her part and then we can get on with our lives," Tara remarked with a smile.

### **Chapter-50 The birthday party.**

"Oh my God," was all I could think when Gwen led the little girl into the house by the hand. The last time I'd seen her, well him, had been at the restaurant. Dressed in a kilt, a bow in her hair, tights and pink lipstick she looked girlish enough to be fourteen or fifteen. It really was impossible to believe that in her ultra frilly little girl's party dress she actually looked just like an eleven year old little girl, if that!

But it was even more apparent as she walked, rather minced, ever so daintily on just her toes, carefully placing one foot precisely in front of the other, and then executed a perfect curtsy before actually lisping, "Hellwo

Mrs. Johnson I'm ever so enchanted to the see you again, a-and so eternally grateful to be invited to Marjorie's birthday party."

Good God, how ever did she get her to lisp I just couldn't imagine.

"Why my goodness, don't you look so completely adorable. In that, ah, truly darling party dress all the other girls with simply die of envy. And those earrings, how unique, bells. I just love how they tinkle." I gushed, trying my best not to laugh. It was hard to imagine that this parody of a little girl had once been Julia's husband.

It was just then that Megan came over.

"Take Megan's hand and she'll take you over to where all the other little girl are playing games," I directed.

When they'd left I couldn't help asking Gwen how she'd done it. "She looks and talks more like a living doll. I think she'll fit in more with the eight and nine year olds don't you think?" I chuckled.

Oh I couldn't agree more. And it was actually easier then I thought it would be. It's hard to imagine she was actually married to Julia. She's, well he's, such a spineless wimp. Imagine any guy actually allowing himself to be turned into a little girl. Initially I got some resistance from her. I kept waiting for her to tear the ridiculous attire I put her in and tell to 'fuck off' but I think the turning point was the good, hard spanking that really hurt that I gave her and later spanked her hands that caused any rebellious and resistance to wilt. After that she became too scared not to do precisely what I wanted her to do." Gwen said.

"Well, tar and Julia wanted me to give you this with their thanks," Arlene said, handing her a check for \$1,000 adding, "I can take it, or her, from here."

### **Chapter-51 Arlene takes over.**

Arlene couldn't help wondering what could be running through Tabitha Marie's head. Megan had put her with a group of little girls, maybe the oldest being nine with Marjorie, now twelve in charge of them. And looking so much more grown up in her first heels and cocktail dress.

She was a confident, rather bossy, young lady. Arlene wondered, amused, how Tabitha Marie felt about being ordered around by a twelve

year old. She looked sort of scared being among little girls for the first time. Was there anything left in her head that she was really a guy, once married to a gorgeous woman.

It was after the party had broken up that she put in motion the final chapter of Tabitha Marie's conversion into an eleven year old little girl.

Sitting her down she said, "I've heard from your Aunties. They've taken positions on the west coast which may become permanent. The problem is, ah, the gated community where they rented a house doesn't permit children."

"T-They're n-not coming back?" She asked, obviously stricken.

"No, not immediately. They had to sign a six month lease, but after that they promise they'll try to figure something out."

"B-But what will I do? Oh no!" she cried out.

"Oh, don't you worry the least bit. You'll stay here with me, and Megan has agreed to stay on and be your nanny. You can have your own room the one where Marjorie stayed when she visited," She said, not saying that she'd had a spare room all furnished and decorated just for Tabitha Marie, looking more for a girl of eight or nine.

"Now I think you'll have a great time. I'm sure you'll get along great with Megan, as your nanny and here's a big surprise. Your nanny Gwen has shown me some of your art work and I agree you're a very talented little girl so I've arranged for you to have art lessons.

"Y-You have? Oh, I'd simple adore having art lessons," She blubbered out, completely forgetting that she was now stuck as a little girl for at least the next six months.

"I'm so glad. But it all depends on what a good, little girl you're being for Megan. She will decide based on your behavior whether you have a lesson or not," She said, thus ensuring there'd be no back stepping on Tabitha Marie's part.

"Also, while you're here addressing me as Mrs. Johnson is much too formal. It's okay you can address me as 'mummy'. I've always wanted a little girl, so I'll be your pretend mummy. Now go with Megan and she'll show you to your new room. Now be polite what do you say?" she asked.

"Y-Yeth m-mommy," She replied uncertainly with a curtsy.

### **Epilogue**

Eventually Tara and I stopped wondering how Tabitha Marie was doing. Life was just too good to remember that I'd once actually been married.

So it came as a bit of a surprise when months later we received an invitation from an art gallery in the town Arlene lived in. It read-

"An exhibition of wonderful children's drawings and sketches by Local Artist Tabitha Marie Johnson."

##

## **The Twin Sissies**

### **Chapter-1 What am I going to do?**

My name is Olivia Weathers. I'm British and worked in London until I met Harold, an American, my future husband. Who proceeded to wisp me off to the states. Three years later I divorced him. All he wanted, I found out, was a gorgeous trophy wife, which I definitely am not, although, admittedly I am gorgeous. However the only way he would agree to a divorce is if he saddled me with his two twin, twenty year old sons. His new bimbo, trophy wife wanted no part of being a mother.

The only decent thing he did was leave both of them half a million dollars in a trust which they couldn't access until they were twenty four. As they were now twenty-one that meant that in four years they'd be half a million dollars rich.

Fine, but there was a problem. When they had a father present they were uncontrollable. Being wealthy they felt entitled to do whatever they wanted. Just a couple of ill-mannered snots in and out of trouble constantly. With me they'd turned into absolute monsters. I had no control over them at all. They simply ignored me.

A lot of their attitude and arrogance, I'm pretty sure, came from the fact that both were quite short, no more than five foot two at most. The final straw was the both of them getting kicked out of college. Not that they deserved to be in college with the grades they had. Their father had gotten them in. Undoubtedly because he'd endowed the school with a couple million.

I could only imagine what they'd do with half a million once they got their hands on it. They'd go through it like water in their hands.

### **Chapter-2 Send them to me.**

One day I was on the phone with my Aunt Madeline Weathers. A wealthy, aristocratic older woman and a tough bird who lived in England. When I mentioned the problems I was having with my two step-sons she said, "Oh my, we can't have that. Send them to me, I know exactly how to deal with them. Just tell them you're sending them on a vacation."

She then added mysteriously, "Give me a week I need to see if Margaret Woods is available. And, oh yes, send me their sizes."

I had no idea what had in mind but I was so relieved, even if it was just temporarily, to be rid of them.

Every few weeks I called her to find out how she was doing with the two of them. Frankly I couldn't conceive of how she could ever deal with them.

But, to my real disbelief all she would say was, "Now don't you worry dear, the children are little trouble at all. Mrs. Woods has them well in control."

What, I wondered, did she mean by "children." After all they were both twenty-one.

About four months later Aunt Madeline gave me a call.

"The children are reasonably well behaved now. Why don't you fly over and be sure to bring Isabel," she instructed.

Isabel is my sixteen year old daughter who the boys teased and tormented, always playing dirty tricks on them. Isabel hated them. Again I wondered what's with "the children?"

### **Chapter-3 I finally meet Aunt Madeline.**

To say that she was wealthy was an understatement. Her home was more of a Victorian mansion set on at least five acres of beautifully maintained landscaping and gardens.

A uniformed maid showed us into the drawing room where we met my Aunt in person. For her age she was still quite attractive and dressed elegantly. Sitting next to her was a most attractive teenage girl, casually dressed, who she introduced as her niece Madison.

"Madison is staying with me while attending a private girl's school. At sixteen she's already a year ahead of everyone else. I'm very proud of her," she imparted.

After we were served tea and sandwiches a quite imposing and rather severely dressed woman joined us.

"This is Agnes Woods the children's governess," She explained. What did a governess have to do with the two wretched boys, I had to ask myself.

"Mrs. Woods would you have Sophie and Mia bring the children into us, please?" Aunt Madeline asked.

"Certainly Ma'am," The woman responded and shortly two children entered being prodded into the room by two maids.

The children were a boy and a girl about ten or eleven, I imagined. The boy was attired in a rather old-fashioned, sort a sissyish outfit that actually made him look more like an even younger boy would wear. As he was dressed in short pants, very short, with suspenders buttoning to it and making it all the more juvenile it had a sailor's flap. A short sleeved shirt that looked more like a blouse with a large, rounded, peter pan collar and fussy bow. On his legs were white, turn down anklets and shiny black mary janes with maybe two inch heels. His hands were fitted into white, wrist length gloves. His hair was cut in a childish, chin length bob.

The girl was dressed just as juvenile in a most frilly, little girl's party dress that was so short it didn't even come to mid thigh and was greatly puffed out by what appeared to be several layers of visible petticoats. The short sleeves were puffed and held with pink bows, Her hair, making her look even more childish, were in pigtails fastened with pink bows. Like the boy her hands were gloves but edged with ruffles. Both appeared to have very slender waists and figures. Her mary janes appeared even a bit higher.

So these were the children Aunt Madeline kept referring to.

#### **Chapter-4 OMG, it couldn't be!**

As soon as they saw me they broke away from the maids and ran towards me. Or rather they tried running for they did so trippingly on just their toes.

"You have to get us out of here. We want to go home. L-Look what that bitch has done to us!" The little boy screamed.

And it was then that I realized. The little boy and girl were actually my two wretched step-sons. Only one was dressed as a rather sissy little boy and the other as a girl meant more for a seven or eight year old.

"Oh my, I really thought they were better behaved. Sophie, Mia please take your charges into the other room and give them a reminder on how you expect them to behave," Aunt Madeline, visibly upset, ordered.

I watched as the two maids dragged both by their ears into the next room, stopping just to pick up two long handled, wooden hairbrushes. Shortly I heard the whacks, obviously on backsides and a lot of “ouches.” Something that should have been done years ago.

### **Chapter-5 What on earth?**

“What on earth, Aunt Madeline?” I couldn’t help asking.

“Let me explain. Years ago among the more upper class one way of curbing rambunctious, unruly boys was to tame them by employing what’s called petticoat discipline. That is boys were dressed as girls to shame and embarrass them. Which was highly effective, trust me. A few months, or sometimes as much of a year dressed, treated and expected to act like a girl all the time absolutely turned them around. It’s actually still practiced today, at least here in England.”

“Now I had an Aunt, Helen, who had twin boys, like yours that were impossible to manage. So she kept one at all times dressed as a girl younger than their actual ages,” She said.

“Well that certainly must have been effective. I can well imagine how humiliating and crushing it was for both of them, but especially the one dressed as a little girl. But how did she decide which one to dress as a girl?” I asked.

“She didn’t. She left it up to them. At the end of each week they counted up the naughty boy marks and the naughty girl marks they’d accumulated. The one with the most naughty marks became the girl. It was really quite ingenious. To get back into pants the one dressed as a girl had to act more girlish than the boy. And vice versa. So that’s what I’m doing with your two step-sons. They literally have to compete against one another,” She chuckled.

Then added, “Their names were Roger and Randy. Not it’s little Reggie and Little Miss Regina. And they’re no longer twenty-one, they’re both now eleven. Mrs. Woods is their governess. Sophie, who’s just seventeen, is the little boy’s nanny, and Mia, who’s eighteen, is the little girl’s nanny. They supervise them throughout the day under Mrs. Wood’s direction.”

"I hope they really hate it. Especially the one dressed as a girl. From being rotten twenty-one year olds, they're now little, eleven year olds, I love it!" Isabel proclaimed.

"Of course they do. But that's the whole purpose, isn't it? And its actually worse, as Madison is now their big sister sort of speak they have to do everything she tells them to do. When they don't she tells their nanny who gives them a good reminder hair brushing. Or makes them stand in the corner with their pants or panties down," Aunt Madeline said, and then smiling added, "When Sophie and Mia are out Mrs. Woods has started letting Madison spank them when they've been naughty."

"Oh my, they must really hate that, being spanked by a sixteen year old girl," I couldn't help remarking.

"Oh my God, I'd kill to spank either, or both of them," Isabel declared.

"Well, since you're now their big sister they have to do everything you well them to do. Why don't to talk with Mrs. Woods I'm sure she'd let you practice giving them a good hair brushing or ordering them to stand in the corner," Aunt Madeline said.

"Of course she could. I'll let her know the next time one of them has been naughty," Mrs. Woods declared.

Oh boy, I thought, by the look in her eyes I could tell Isabel was really looking forward to that. Well, after all the tormenting they heaped on her a little painful pay back is just what was needed.

### **Chapter-6 Shameful introductions.**

It was as Isabel was obviously relishing the thought of spanking either, or both of them, that the maids, their nannies, brought the two of them back, teary eyed.

"Now go over and introduce yourselves to your step-mommy, you first, and tell her how old you are," Mrs. Woods ordered.

As Little Reggie minced on his toes to me I had to wonder how they'd gotten him to walk on just his tippy toes. But, something I'd missed originally, was the sound of taps with each step he took almost like the sound tap shoes make. Looking down at his feet I couldn't believe that there actually were taps at least on his toes.

And then to my surprise he actually curtsied, even in short pants, which I found most amusing.

"Hello step-mommy, m-my name is Little Reggie, a-and I'm e-eleven years old," He announced, hanging his head in obvious shame.

Then Mrs. Woods ordered him to introduce himself to his big sister and tell her how excited he was to see her.

"H-Hello Ms. Isabel, my name is Little Reggie, I'm eleven y-years old and I am most ever so excited to, to see you," He said, gritting his teeth and not looking at all excited to see her.

"My goodness, he sounds just like a little boy, just like an eleven year old, doesn't he?" Isabel said, laughing in his downcast face.

Then it was little Miss Regina's turn who curtsied shameful and introduced herself.

"Curtsy again. You know you were taught to raise your skirts high enough to show everyone your darling, fancy panties, don't you?" Mia barked sternly at her.

This time when she curtsied we all got a clear view of the frilliest, rhumba panties not even an eight year old would be caught dead in.

"OMG those have to be the frilliest panties I've ever seen. Look at all the rows of ruffles and bows! You must absolutely love your panties, don't you little girl?" Isabel contemptuously demanded to know.

"Y-Yes Ms. Isabel," She muttered.

"Your big sister asked if you love your panties. No tell her how much you absolutely love and adore your panties and with your biggest smile or I'll let her practice at spanking your bottom with your panties down," Mia threatened.

With real fright in her eyes she gushed, "Oh y-yes Ms. Isabel, I-I absolutely love and a-adore my e-ever so darling panties," She ventured, valiantly trying to sound excited and sincere as she could.

"Oh my, how the mighty have fallen, haven't you little, Miss Regina?" She gloatingly asked.

"Yes M-Ms. Isabel," She had to reply sorrowfully.

"I bet you're so sorry for all the dirty tricks you played on me. Well now it's your turn little girl. I can't wait till you give me an excuse for giving you the spanking of your life,"

She said, so satisfied with the frightened look she got on her face.

### **Chapter-7 "Sit, and don't disturb the adults."**

With the obviously shameful and humiliating introductions over their governess told the two of them to sit on the chairs facing us.

"You'll sit precisely as you've been taught to. Nor will you annoy the adults by fidgeting. If I see so much as a finger twitch, hear a bell on your toe or raise your heads even slightly I may let Megan or Isabel give you both a good spanking, is that clear," She demanded to know.

"Y-Yes Governess," the both quaked, I'm sure terrified at the thought of being spanked by their step-sister.

I was highly amused, as was Isabel, watching them sit. Approaching the chairs I almost laughed out loud as they both curtsied to the chairs, then pivoting ever so daintily on just their toes they sat stiffly erect, about the only way they could sit in tightly laced corsets, on the very edge of their chairs. Elbows tightly at their sides, hands folded in their laps, ankles and feet together and drawn back under their chairs with only the tips of their toes touching, which I thought rather odd, heads bowed, eyes fixed on their hands.

Although little Miss Regina's ritual was a bit more complicated as she first raised up her skirts so that she sat on her ridiculously frilly panties then carefully arranged her skirts making sure they were even on both sides.

"Look Mom, she's sitting on just her panties, like only little girls do," Isabel laughed.

"Well, she is just a little girl, isn't she?" Megan joined in with a chuckle.

"Aren't how they're sitting rather difficult? I mean on the edge of their seat with their feet under the chair if they move at all they're apt to fall, aren't they?" I commented.

"Yes, quite true. But it does teach them not to fidget and teaches them some much needed discipline," Mrs. Woods said.

## Chapter-8 How on earth did you do it?

"Alright Aunt Madeline how did you do it?" I had to ask.

"Oh it was actually quite easy. The first thing we did was to lace them as tightly as we could into long, hour-glass corsets with rigid, unbending steel stays. And because we knew they would try everything to loosen, or get out of them there's a strap in back to which we attached a small padlock. Once in a corset it's virtually impossible to put up any physical resistance at all," She explained in a satisfied tone of voice.

"My God, I wouldn't be caught dead wearing a corset even for fun. Imagine being in a corset all day and no way to get out of it. How absolutely horrible!" She exclaimed gleefully.

"Actually it's rather harder on little Miss Regina. As to give her a girlish figure she needs to be laced an inch tighter than little Reggie," Aunt Madeline commented, heartlessly.

Going on she said, "Then we dressed them both identically in the most juvenile, baby blue outfits and gave them hair styles more fitting for their age and for one week they had instruction in precisely how Mrs. Woods and their nannies expected them to act from then on. Naturally they didn't take any of it seriously, even when old that at the end of the week the one who tried the least would be dressed, treated and made to act like a little girl, which they laughed at."

"Which disappeared when we did exactly that, so you can imagine their whole attitude and willingness to do as they were instructed completely changed," she explained, adding, "It really was so easy."

"I can see how one would fight to stay in his short pants and the other would do anything to get back into pants. Really quite ingenious. But a few things I can't wondering about. For instance I couldn't help noticing how they struggle to walk on just their toes and occasionally I hear little 'ouches' from them more from the, ah, little girl. Surely they don't do it voluntarily," I said.

"Easily explained. Mrs. Woods employs a few tried and true old-fashioned methods going back to the Victorian Era to make girls that act more like tomboys to become the most charming and dainty of little girls as is expected of them. Putting them in corsets is one way of taming them. Another

is simply to put tacks in the heels of all their shoes. Naturally it stops them from running and with taps on their toes, which makes them so slippery that it trains them to walk more daintily and mincing on just their toes. To promote this even further little Reggie's heels are two inches high, and because girls are much more dainty than boys little, Miss Regina's heels are three inches high. The occasional 'ouches' you hear is when they forget to walk on the very tips of their toes," She explained.

Well, I thought, tacks in their heels and steel taps on their toes would certainly get them up on their toes waling so daintily and mincing. Although it surely had to be nerve wracking for both to walk everywhere on just their toes, especially the girl.

### Chapter-9 Naughty dickies.

"There's one thing I'm wondering about, that I'm a little reluctant to bring up. It's just well I note that, ah, little Reggie's pants are quite flat in front. I'd expect, well, a bulge there," I pointed out.

"Yes, a good observation. Since one reason they got kicked out of college was their constant sexual harassment and unwanted advances Mrs. Woods thought it best to keep both their naughty dickies tucked," Aunt Madeline replied.

"I'm not sure what 'tucked' means," I ventured.

"Well, before dressing them in the morning their nannies position their little dickies back between their legs and then put a very snug panty on them to ensure they don't accidentally pop out. That is before they check their ribbon to see if they've broken it. You see just before they put them to bed they tie a ribbon around the middle of their dickies to keep them from developing the nasty habit, that many little boys have of playing with themselves," Mrs. Wood explained.

"Oh god, you mean to keep them from jerking off," Isabel laughed.

"Crudely said, but that's the jest of it," Mrs. Woods confirmed.

"I can't wait to tell the girls in my sorority that they tried to fondle and molest. They'll go into hysterics. I just have to get a picture of their little (she emphasized) dickies," She declared.

"Oh, I don't see any real problem in that. Just show up one morning when their nannies are getting them dressed," She said, unmindful of the humiliated, dismayed gasps from the two of them. But Isabel didn't miss them, obviously gloating.

I didn't disapprove of Mrs. Woods admittedly unique approach to dealing with one of the main sources that had given them the impression that they could assault every coed on campus.

### Chapter-10 Little boy and girl classes.

Before I could ask another question Isabel piped up and sarcastically asked, "What do their *nannies* (she emphasized) do with the little boy and the *darling* little girl?"

"A good question, perhaps Mrs. Woods as their governess could go over their daily schedule," Aunt Madeline offered.

"Of course, well in the morning their nannies get them up and after checking to see that they haven't been naughty and broken their little dickie ribbons they take wonderfully scented bubble baths so that they smell ever so sweet during the day.

After which their nannies dress them..."

"What, they don't dress themselves?" Isabel exclaimed nearly spilling her drink.

"Oh no Miss, they're much too young to be trusted to dress themselves," She declared.

"We can watch if you want Isabel. It's so amusing to see what little boy and girl outfits they dress them in," Megan laughingly said.

"Well then they have their deportment, manners and etiquette lesson to ensure that they, at all times, act their age, finishing with doing twenty perfect curtsies. They get a spanking if they have three or more incorrect curtsies. Or when they're practicing walking with books on their heads and it falls off more than two times," She said.

"That I absolutely have to watch," Isabel declared.

"Oh yes, it's so amusing watching them walk back and forth with books on their heads mincing ever so daintily on their toes," Megan laughingly added.

Then they go on to a remedial class in speech involving proper diction, inflection and vocabulary for eleven year olds. Making sure they don't speak or use any grown up words. Naturally they're corrected by simply washing their mouths out with soap," She explained.

"Boy they must hate that. Imagine having your mouth washed out, ugh!" Isabel laughed.

"After their lesson in proper speech for eleven year olds they have reading time. They're given a selection of reading material suitable to their age. Such as Teen People, Tiger Beat and Teen Heartthrobs. However the little girl's reading differs to include Teen Hair Styling and Make Up. When reading time is up they're quizzed on what they read and get a naughty mark for each question they can't answer and if they have five incorrect answers they get a spanking to ensure that they really do concentrate," She elaborated.

"Well, I guess no more filthy, grown up magazines or car magazines for them. It'll be years before they're old enough to drive," Isabel couldn't help laughing.

Going on she said, "Then, before lunch they have their dance lessons. Like all little girls little, Miss Regina takes ballet to improve her gracefulness, and little Reggie takes tap classes to help his co-ordination."

"Really Isabel, I to take you to watch. It's really so amusing watching the little girl in her absolutely adorable tutu and tights trying to walk and pirouette on her toes. For some reason she's having a difficult time so Mrs. Woods has found her a pair of training toe shoes. Then there's little Reggie trying to tap dance while singing, 'On the good ship lollipop'. Oh, I know, Mrs. Woods why don't you have their nannies dress them up in their dance costumes and they can entertain us after dinner," Megan asked, then whispering and giggling to Isabel said, "They really hate performing in front of company."

"Of course, a lovely idea," Mrs. Woods grinned.

"And make sure the little girl wears her tiara and wings," Megan chuckled.

### Chapter-11 Afternoon maids.

"So, after lunch their nannies change them into appropriate outfits to do their daily three hours of chores in," She said.

"You're kidding. They haven't done even an hour of honest work," I declared.

"Yes, it's what Mrs. Woods and I suspected. Well, they're learning what three hours of hard work is like. Of course they hate it, but they've learned to work as hard as they can, or else," Aunt Madeline stated.

"What is it you have them doing?" I asked.

"Well first on an alternating basis they report to Megan's room. Which, under her supervision they clean and tidy up her room. The dust, vacuum and make her bed. Pick up her clothes and put them away and polish her shoes, then scrub the hard wood floors and anything else she wants them to do," Mrs. Woods said.

"So, they're like your maids, God they must hate that, taking orders from you," Isabel laughed.

"Oh, I'm positive they hate doing what I make them do. But the fun part is when I inspect their work. If it isn't absolutely perfect Mrs. Woods has given me full authority of spank them. Trust me, after a few spankings, as hard as I can, you won't believe how hard they work," Megan assured us with a smirk.

"Can I watch when one of them cleans your room. The last thing I ever imagined seeing was them actually doing some work? They're two of the laziest boys, well not really boys any more with one of them in skirts," Isabel smirked.

"Better than that. I've discussed it with Mrs. Woods and while you're here you can have them clean your room as well. We'll switch out every day, what do you think?" Megan asked, grinning.

"I'm all in. What a hoot! I get to boss them around and they have to do anything I tell them to do, and if it's not perfect I get to spank them?" She asked, obviously savoring the imagine of bending them over and spanking the day lights out of them. It really didn't bother me at all. After how they treated her being paddled by her, I thought, was the perfect pay back.

"Yes, of course you can. I'll have one of their nannies lend you a paddle," Mrs. Woods said, obviously amused.

"Oh, I almost forgot. Last week I added another chore for them to do. Hand washing all my panties and bras," Megan chuckled.

"I'll definitely add that to my list. I love the idea of the two of them hand washing my panties and bras," Isabel gloated, relishing the miserable look on their two faces.

### **Chapter-12 Playtime.**

Getting back to their daily schedule Mrs. Woods went on.

"Now after they finish their chores they have an outdoor playtime. Under their nannie's strict supervision they have them jumping rope, playing hop-sotch, roller skating or they buckle them securely in the wooden seats on the swings and just leave them for an hour or so. The swings are motorized, which kicks in whenever they try to stop swinging," she explained.

"God, that's hysterical. Imagine trying to jump rope in a corset, oh the poor things," Isabel commented with fake sympathy.

"And don't forget with taps on their toes and tacks in their heels," Megan added gleefully.

"So, after dinner, which their nannies really dress them up for, they have an indoor playtime. Little Reggie gets to play with his choo-choo train or Legos or building blocks. Little Miss Regina gets to play with her dolls and dollhouse for an hour. After which they sit at their plastic play table and write, rather print, as they're too young to actually know how to write, all the rules they're broken or disobeyed during the day, which their nannies keep exacting notes on. They must print every rule they've broken, or disobeyed, twenty-five times and have them memorized. The following day if they break the same rule they're spanked fifteen times.

For example Little Reggie's nannie caught him moving his right toe once while he was told to sit and not fidget. So he had to print, "I must not annoy the adults by fidgeting when I'm seated," She explained.

"I'll bet you just love playing with your dolls and doll house, don't you little girl?" Isabel asked gloatingly.

"Oh y-yes Ms. Isabel I so l-love p-playing with my a-adorable dolls," She said, her shoulders slumping, knowing she couldn't say what she really wanted to.

"Wait until you see how their nannies dress them up for dinner. If they look even nine that would almost be too old" Megan laughed.

### **Chapter-13 All dressed up.**

When dinner time came around we were all seated enjoying our drinks when the nannies brought the two, once twenty-one years old miserable excuses for young men,

into the room. I almost couldn't stop my laughing fo Megan had been right. Little Reggie was dressed so juvenile and sissyish he no longer even looked eleven. Not dressed in a baby blue, satin little boy's attire. Nor did little, Miss Regina in a party dress so short and with her skirt and petticoats flared nearly straight out that you could actually see hints of the bottoms of her panties. Her attire an eight or nine year old girl would die for. They both? looked crushed and obviously humiliated dressed as they were.

Both curtsied to each of us. Then, I couldn't believe it but it actually got so much worse. For little Reggie's nannie tied the frilliest, childish bib on him lavishly trimmed in ruffles. And not to be forgotten little, Miss Regina offered no resistance as her nannie buttoned and tied her into a just as frilly, white pinafore.

"Oh look Mom, the little girl is wearing a pinafore. Golly I haven't worn one since I was seven or eight," She laughingly said, getting her digs in.

What came next appeared to be a sort of ritual. With a curtsy little Reggie actually thanked his nannie for putting his bib on. And then little, Miss Regina, adorably dressed in a blue satin sissy suit and showing off his tightly cinched waist, with an equally distressed expression curtsied and thanked her nannie for putting her pinafore on for her.

Then they both stood there, not moving, until their nannies gave them permission to sit.

Seeing my slightly perplexed look Mrs. Woods explained, "Being children they're obviously not old enough, mature or responsible enough to do anything on their own. They know that must be left to the adults supervis-



ing them. So whenever they're allowed to do anything they must thank that person as an acknowledgement that, at their juvenile age, adults know what's best for them. Isn't that right children?" She asked.

"Y-Yes G-Governess," They both miserably were forced to answer.

Imagine two twenty-one year olds acknowledging that they weren't even old enough to be permitted to sit without permission. Well, I thought, it was time they learned a little discipline.

To prove her point they sat there, perfectly still, at the table with their hands in their laps not touching their food. Only when given permission to eat did they commence.

Yet just five minutes later with their meals only half eaten they stopped immediately when told they were finished with their meals.

#### **Chapter-14 After dinner entertainment.**

With their dinners finished Aunt Madeline said to their nannies, "You can take them and get them dressed in their costumes," Then to Isabel and me added, "We'll give them twenty minutes to get them changed and then we'll go their dance room. I think you'll find this quite entertaining, especially Isabel, who seems to be enjoying herself."

"Yes, this is obviously payback time for Isabel," I remarked.

To say that she did was surely an understatement nearly falling off her chair laughing to hard at the sight of little Reggie dressed in a little boy's tap dance sailor's costume. His red, sequin sailor shorts with a buttoned flap looked glued on. The white sailor's top and floppy tie had the shortest sleeves, all trimmed in red sequins. On his feet were matching red sequin tap shoes. On his hands were wrist length white gloves trimmed also trimmed in red sequins.

His tap dancing was nothing short of comical, often tripping as he tried, at the same time, to sing, "On the Good ship Lollipop."

When, I'm certain in relief, he finished Mrs. Woods berated him for not smiling. Which I thought was sort of unfair. After all what could be more humiliating than tap dancing and trying to sing in front of Isabel, now his big sister, as well, of course, Megan and myself.



If Isabel, and frankly myself, thought watching little Reggie struggling trying to tap dance and sing Shirley temple's favorite song was beyond amusing she just gasped when little, Miss Regina minced in on just her toes.

Imagine a twenty-one year old guy dressed in the most juvenile of pink tutus that stood straight out and with each step showed off her panties. Then add white leotards, a fake, plastic tiara and that had Isabel finally laughing her head off

"So, how's she doing?" Isabel asked, now giggling.

"So far she's managed on stay on her toes for about fifteen steps, not even half way across the room, at which rate she'll be in her training shoes for many weeks, unless she becomes little Reggie and then little Reggie becomes little, Miss Regina," Mrs. Woods remarked.

"You must really be *sooo* thankful that your governess managed to help you by finding you your training shoes, aren't you?" Isabel couldn't help a snide dig.

"No, I-I mean yes Miss Isabel, I-I'm really most thankful," She dejectedly replied.

I don't know where Mrs. Woods got those rather bizarre shoes but it was surely one way of keeping her on her toes, I thought.

### **Chapter-15 Aunt Madeline's ultimate goal.**

The following morning as we all sat for breakfast Isabel couldn't help tormenting her now little brother and sister.

"Honestly Mom Megan took me up to the children's room and I got to see their nannies put them on their potties so they could do their tinkles right in front of their big sister," She giggled.

"They peed, I mean tinkled right in front of you?" I asked, not able to think of anything more humiliating.

"Oh yes, as their governess said they're much too young to know how to use a grown ups toilet," She said, with a smirking tone of voice.

"And I got to see their nannies dress them. You wouldn't believe the frilliest trainer bra and panties her nanny dressed the little girl in," She added, obviously relishing humiliating them in spades.

When there was a pause I whispered to Aunt Madeline, "What is your ultimate goal in dealing with them?"

"No need to whisper dear. They are quite aware of when I'll consider them grown up. When they don't have any naughty marks for a full week. You know that don't you children?" She asked the two of them.

"Y-Yes Ma'am," They both answered miserably.

"And you realize it's totally up to you how long you stay as eleven year old little Reggie and little, Miss Regina, don't you two?" She demanded to know.

Y-Yes Ma'am," They replied with defeat etched in their voices.

"So, how are they doing? I hope not good," Isabel stated vengefully.

"Well, they are making some progress. When we first started counting their naughty little boy and girl marks totaled thirty-two. Last week they were down to nineteen," Mrs. Woods said.

"So it could be weeks and weeks, hopefully months, before you're satisfied with them," Isabel gloated, then added, "If were up to me they'd both stay exactly as they are eleven years old."

### **Chapter-16 One month later.**

I stayed for a month during which time Isabel remained in her revengeful mood. She often watched as they were put on their potties to do tinkles in front of her. She often participated in lacing them into their corsets as tightly as she could. Which they dreaded for she viciously would lace hem even tighter than their nannies did. But what she most reveled in was when they had to report to her in their maids uniforms. She obviously enjoyed lording it over them. Purposely being much more demanding and critical of their efforts than Megan was.

She got her opportunity to spank little Reggie when he failed to line up her shoes, toes exactly pointed out. And she got to spank little, Miss Regina when she failed to iron one pleat on one of her skirts. She had them terrified of her, which is obviously how she wanted them. Payback is a real bitch.

### **Chapter-17 An opportunity to grow up.**

Little Reggie and little, Miss Regina were overjoyed to hear I was returning to the states. Obviously thinking they'd finally be rid of the humiliations and put downs of their "big sister" Isabel.

Naturally they were devastated when they learned that she had decided to stay and spend a year at the same school as Megan. By now the two were inseparable.

One night Aunt Madeline, with a wink to me, asked them if they'd like a chance to grow up a little. Naturally both jumped at the chance. That is until she explained the terms.

"Next week my friend, Agatha Winters, is having a birthday party for her nine year old niece Marjorie. You will both attend, suitably dressed. If I hear at least three compliments on each of you I'll let you grow up to be twelve year olds. However If I don't hear any compliments on either of you, you'll both become ten year olds. And if I hear any negative remarks about either of you you'll become nine year olds," She explained, then whispered to me, " You should stay for this, I'm sure it will be most amusing."

So I did, pushing my flight off one week, and oh my, was it worth it!

As we left for the party Isabel and Megan were giggling and looking at how their nannies had little Reggie and little, Miss Regina dressed in the frilliest, most juvenile little boy and girl attire. They really didn't look eleven or even ten. Which was for the best as the dozen or so little girls and boys already there were no older than eight or nine. So, I thought in amusement, they certainly were over dressed.

Isabel naturally had a hoot seeing the two of them desperately trying to fit in and act just like the other little eight and nine year olds.

The naturally breathed an exhausted sigh of relief when the party was finally over and their nannies brought them home.

### **Chapter-18 All grown up, all the way to twelve.**

Giving us a wink Aunt Madeline declared they'd each had gotten numerous compliments and they deserved to be more grown up. Which obviously relieved them both. She directed their nannies to dress them more appropriate to their new ages.



Isabel and Megan, stifling their laughs, applauded how more grown up they now looked. Little Reggie's pants now almost came to his knees, he wore mid-calf socks instead of anklets, a long sleeved shirt instead of short sleeves and an actual tie replaced the floppy more juvenile one.

As to little, Miss Regina her pinafore styled dress and petticoats were now three inches longer with one less petticoat, but still with childish bloomers, frilly, ruffle trimmed anklets. The biggest adjustment were the narrow three inch heels that replace her two-and-a-half inch ones.

Unbelievably little, Miss Regina hesitantly asked, "Do I really look more grown up?"

Hiding her laughter, as seriously as she could, Isabel gushed, "Oh my, it's true, why you both look so much more grown up,"

### **Epilogue- One year later.**

Much to their dismay I flew back to the states leaving them in the more than capable hands of their nannies and worse, Isabel and Megan.

A year went by and I got a call from Aunt Madeline saying she was finally satisfied with turning around the two wretched boys.

"I've found two excellent, no-nonsense young women for each of them. I'm sure they'll make perfect housewives for them," She declared with a satisfied smugness in her voice.

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