

# Tales Of Sissies In Petticoats

Volume 3

Five Tales Of Well Deserved Petticoating.

By Patricia Michelle





Copyright © 2024

Published by Mags, Inc  
All Rights Reserved.

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

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

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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

COPYRIGHT ©) 2024 MAGS, INC

# The Sissy Artist

**By Patricia Michelle**

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

It didn't take more than a few months to realize what a big mistake I'd made marrying Bob. At first I thought he was the ideal mate. Bob was charming, funny and caring. How perfect I had thought.

There was one thing about Bob, he's short. I'm five feet eight without heels. Bob is maybe four inches shorter. Worse for him his youthful face caused him to look more like a middle schooler. It made him very self-conscious although I kept telling him it really didn't matter to me.

A couple months later I was getting disenchanted. I thought I'd married a take charge guy, but he was anything but. Much worse he was a true dud in bed. I decided I wanted out, but how?

Now Bob was an illustrator, but he was having trouble getting any real work. His publisher was Grace Roberts and thru him Grace and I have become good friends. I poured out my frustration with Bob to her.

"So you want out of the marriage, but you still care for him and don't want to hurt him as he really loves you?" She said.

## 2 Patricia Michelle

“Basically that’s it in a nut shell,” I admitted.

“Let me think on it a couple of days,” She promised.

### Chapter-2 Here’s what we do.

A couple days later we met for drinks and with a twinkle in her eye she said she thought she had a solution.

“It will solve your problem with Bob and give me what I’ve always wanted,” She said.

I wondered about her last remark but passed over it when she told me her idea.

Frankly I was dubious. “Really Grace how on earth would he ever agree to that?”

“Trust me,” was all she’d say with a smile.

A couple days later Grace called Bob in for a meeting.

“I know you haven’t had work for a while Bob,” She Started.

“That’s for sure, I’m getting really desperate,” He replied.

“Well, I have good news. While jobs for commercial illustrators have all but dried up there is one category that’s actually growing. Namely children’s books, and they almost all use illustrations. Not only that but I have a client who wants me to find an illustrator for a series of at least six children’s books. For which she’ll pay \$5,000 for each book. But the best part is she’s willing to advance the illustrator half in advance, Grace said.

“Wow, that’s \$15,000. I sure could use it,” He said excitedly.

“Well, I have faith that you can do it. However my client is adamant that as a condition of the contract that the illustrator chosen must complete, to her absolute satisfaction, all the illustrations. If not the illustrator will pay her back the entire sum of \$30,000. Are you willing to abide by that stipulation?” Grace asked innocently.

“I don’t see any problem,” He naively said as he signed the contract.

“So what’s the theme of the books?” He asked.

“The theme of the series is titled, ‘The Adventures of Emily Jane Tippy Toes.’ She’s nine years old, and quite a tomboy. It tells all about how she becomes the perfect, little girl.”

### **Chapter-3 Not acceptable.**

“So, how will this work?” He asked.

“Well, I’ll give you the outline of the first book in which Emily Jane, a real tomboy who acts like one, is transformed into the most adorable, little nine year old girl. She gets a new makeover, including a new hairstyle, has her ears pierced and gets the most precious little girl’s wardrobe. All of which you’ll illustrate,” she said.

“Your first illustration is of Little Emily’s new make over. Specifically pink, cupid’s shaped lips, gorgeous eye make up with the longest, fluttering eyelashes and girlishly arched eyebrows. Her drab, brown hair is dyed a beautiful blonde, All per the client’s instructions,” She added.

Bob worked diligently on the first illustration for days, and while it was decent, as planned, he was crestfallen when Grace informed him that the author rejected it as not sweet and adorable as she wanted it.

So he redid it with the same, deflating results. “Better but still not little enough. This is not good Bob, two rejections on your first effort. Try one with a little girl in the frilliest, sweetest party dress and let’s see what her reaction is,” Grace suggested.

So Bob did his best, but, of course, it too was rejected.

“I’m so sorry, I tried as hard as I could,” He stammered.

Laying it on thick Grace said, “I’m afraid you’re in serious trouble. The author is not at all happy with your efforts Bob. She’s pushing me to find a different illustrator. If she forces me you’ll void your contract and you’ll owe the complete sum of your contract, \$30,000.”

“Oh my God, I don’t have that kind of money, w-what can I do, I-I’ll do anything,” He sounded panicked.

### **Chapter-4 There’s only one solution I can think of.**

“I’ve thought about it Bob, and there is one solution we can try. There’s an acting technique called, ‘total immersion.’ It’s where the actor, to fully understand the character they’re playing actually become that character,” Grace offered.

“I-I don’t understand, how does it relate to me?” He asked.

“For this to work Bob you need to become little Miss Emily Jane Tippy Toes,” She declared.

“B-Become, oh I could never do that,” He replied dumbfounded.

#### 4 Patricia Michelle

"You said you'd do anything. Well this is the only thing I could come up with. My thought is you'd tell Monica that until you complete the project you'd be staying with me with my help and guidance. I'm certain you'll come to understand how little girls look, think and act. Well, make up your mind," Grace said testily.

"A-Alright, I guess I really have no choice. When do we start?" He asked.

"Right now. I've booked an appointment at my salon and beautician for a complete make over with an appropriate wardrobe," Grace declared.

"But won't she know I'm not a girl?" He panicked.

"I've been totally honest with Betty and she's been very understanding, so there's no need to be nervous at all," Grace said, with a contented smile.

#### **Chapter-5 From Bob to little Emily Jane.**

After sitting him in one of her salon chairs she handed him a soda that contained a mild sedative. That in minutes had him awake but quite fuzzy and relaxed.

Bob was aware that Betty was doing something to his hair while one of her assistants was applying something to his lips and eyebrows. He had no idea why he felt tiny pricks to each ear, nor did he think to ask what was being done to his hands.

Several hours went by, although Bob was blissfully unaware of it. Just as he was coming back to life Betty declared his make over was finished and Grace declared it was time to get "her" dressed.

"Can I see what I look like?" she asked.

"Not quite yet, first I need to get this on you," Gloria said, having her step into a unique, thin, flesh colored panty, and to her shock tucked his organs tightly back between her legs.

"W-What are you doing?" She asked.

"This will help remind you that little girls sit to do their tinkles, and more importantly it will remind you that you are no longer Bob but little, nine year old Emily Jane Tippy Toes as will this," She said, fitting a most frilly trainer bra on her.

Next she told her to reach up as high as she could on a post and don't let go as she wrapped a corset around her and began tightening the laces.

"W-Why are you putting that on me, it's awfully tight," She complained.

"Because all little girls have the tiniest and daintiest figures. And yours are neither, but this will start to solve that," she proclaimed, yanking on the laces.

"Stop it, damn it, it's too tight," she protest angrily.

"Do you know what little, nine year olds get when they're nasty? They get a spanking, is that want you want, Emily Jane?" She demanded to know.

"A-A spanking, no you can't do that," She retorted.

"Try me," She sternly said, taking out a mean looking, long handled hairbrush.

"One more word and I'll bluster your bottom so you won't be able to sit for days. Now apologize to you Aunty Gloria," she ordered.

"I-I'm sorry A-Aunt Gloria," she whimpered contritely, staring at the hairbrush.

"We'll see just how sorry you are, step into these," She ordered, holding up the frilliest, little girl rhumba panties.

"Alright you can look now," She said, turning her to a mirror, curious as to what her reaction would be.

### **Chapter-6 It's the real you.**

Turning her to a mirror she watched her reaction. At first there was none. Then, gasping in obvious shock, she cried out, "This can't be m-me. I hate it! I don't care how much I owe, I'm not a damn little girl!"

"Oh my, I'm afraid that's exactly what you are. You are little, Emily Jane Tippy Toes and you're nine years old until you complete the project you agreed to," She said.

"I won't and you can't make me," She shouted belligerently.

"I thought you might react like the naughty, nasty little girl I'm hearing. So I had Betty and the girls take measures to ensure that you will stay precisely as you are until you meet your obligations. For instance your little girl, pink cupid lips have been dyed in, as has your bright blue eye shadow. Neither will come off for months. Your fluttering, curled, doll-like eyelashes are glued on for as long as I say. As are your darling, pink fingernails and toes. As to your truly blonde little girl hair style, well, Betty gave it such a stiff perm that it will stay exactly like it is until I decide to have it changed," She flatly stated, and was rewarded with a totally defeated expression on Emily Jane's face.



## 6 Patricia Michelle

So that little tantrum was over.

### **Chapter-7 Nanny spans a naughty little girl.**

"Ah, there you are Nelly," She said, welcoming a tall girl, seriously dressed in heels.

"This, young lady, is your Nanny. All little girls have Nannies and she'll be supervising you daily when I'm away," Gloria declared.

"N-Nanny, I don't need a Nanny, damn it," She angrily yelled.

"I'm afraid Emily Jane has been such a nasty, defiant little girl and using such horrible swear words. Please deal with her if you will," Gloria instructed.

"Certainly Ma'am," The girl replied, suddenly grabbing and twisting her ear, yanking her over to a chair, and after pushing down her panties started paddling her unprotected bottom quite vigorously. It didn't take long before Emily Jane was yelping and then begging her to stop. Which the girl ignored giving her another good fifteen before putting aside her hairbrush.

"Are you ready to greet your Nanny now. Tell her how old you are and apologize for being such a bad, little girl and curtsy?" Nelly demanded to know.

"Looking quite defeated Emily Jane stood, and between sobs, said, "H-Hello Nanny, m-my name is Emily Jane Tippy Toes a-and I'm nine y-years old and I'm sorry I've been a bad little girl," She sobbed and clumsily curtsied.

"Well, she does sound sincere, but obviously her curtsy needs much practice nor does she sound much like a little girl, which I can remedy," Nanny remarked.

"I agree, show her the proper way to curtsy and when. And you're right she sounds more like a tomboy. For now I suggest you take her home and get her acquainted with her room, I put a lot of effort into furnishing it as the perfect little girl's room," Grace said, grinning to herself.

As Nelly was leading her out by the hand Grace sternly whispered, "Your Nanny doesn't know who you really are. So you'd better act as little girly as you possibly can or you'll be in a lot of trouble."

### **Chapter-8 Emily Jane's new room.**

Both Grace and I couldn't wait to see her reaction to her new room which we could as we'd installed cameras in every room and around the house.

Neither of us couldn't help giggling at her reaction. Her mouth dropped open when Nelly walked her into it. And with good reason for it was all pink and in



the center was a canopied youth bed, actually nothing but a slightly larger crib with high, sliding side bars. With all the furniture dainty to the extreme.

“Oh look Emily Jane at the beautiful room your Aunty has made for you,” Nelly enthused. “Your very own play table and chairs, a rocking horse, drawing table and these gorgeous little girl party dresses, rompers, playsuits, darling socks, tights and shoes. You absolutely must thank her, don’t you think?”

“Y-Yes Nanny,” She replied in dismay.

Taking her by the hand she towed her into an adjoining room that was set up like a classroom with an old-fashioned desk, chalkboard and teacher’s desk.

“This is where you’ll learn everything a tomboy needs to know to become the most adorable, daintiest and obedient little girl,” She informed the obviously crest-fallen pretend little girl.

Leading her into a third room she said, “And this is where you’ll take ballet and tap dance lesson so you’ll become ever so graceful and co-ordinated. Now let’s go back to your classroom.”

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

“First I’ll be teaching you how a proper, little girl is expected to sit. For now please sit at your desk, on the edge of your seat, up right with knees and ankles together feet tucked under your seat, hands folded neatly on your lap. You will see a notebook and pencil. The first things a good, little girl must learn is how she’s expected to act at all times. They are called ‘The Golden Rules for Proper, Little Girls.’”

“The first golden rule is Silence is Golden. Which means polite, little girls never speak without first asking permission to speak. Which they do by raising their hand and waiting for permission to speak,” She instructed.

“Raising my hand, what bullshit,” She muttered angrily.

Which caused Nelly to leave the room returning a few minutes later and asking kindly for Emily Jane to open her mouth. Not understanding, but complying, she was shocked when a soft, mushy bar of soap was thrust repeatedly in her mouth.

As she did so to Emily Jane’s repeated gagging Nelly said, “Now this is how I treat, nasty, little girls who say bad words and speak without permission. When I eventually stop washing out your mouth you will apologize to your Nanny.

When she did, thoroughly defeated and still gagging Emily Jane said, "I-I'm so sorry for swearing a-and s-speaking without permission Nanny.

"So now you know what will happen every time you swear or speak without permission don't you little girl?" She sternly asked.

"Y-Yes Nanny," She sobbed.

"Now Emily Jane I do want to treat you nicely and fairly. But I won't put up with, or tolerate a naughty, disobedient little girl. Did you like being spanked?" She asked.

"Oh n-no Nanny."

In response, pointing to a mean looking paddle hanging on the wall Nelly said, "If you're being naughty I won't hesitate to spank you with that paddle, which will hurt a lot more than a hairbrush. Do we understand each other Emily Jane?" She demanded to know.

With her eyes fixed fearfully on the paddle she gulped and said, "Y-Yes Nanny, I'll try to be a g-good little g-girl."

"We'll see. Now use your pencil and write in nice, block letters your second Golden rule. What are you doing?" Nelly demanded to know.

"I-I'm writing..."

"Little girls your age aren't old enough to know how to write like grown ups. I told you to print," She ordered, and going on added, "Golden Rule number two. A proper, little girl is an obedient little girl. She never, ever hesitates to do what she's been told to do. Golden rules number three and four. A good, little girl never contradicts, argues or questions anything her Nanny or an adult says. Doing so will result in an immediate paddling. Do you understand Emily Jane?" She asked.

"Y-Yes N-Nanny," She nervously replied.

"Now, for the last, very important, golden rule. A good, little girl never, never does a single thing on her own. You aren't old enough, or responsible enough, to know what's best for you. Your Nanny will decide what you can or cannot be allowed to do. If you forget, of course, you'll be spanked," She was informed.

Oh my, I could see Emily Jane was really gritting her teeth and balling her fists obviously wanting to scream that she wasn't a nine year old, little girl. But obviously she couldn't unless she wanted to be paddled, or experience another wretched mouth sopping and worse, voiding her contract.

"Now then your Aunty Grace has said you have some drawings she wants you to do, which I will allow, in the afternoons. In the mornings I will concentrate on turning you from a tomboy into a most adorable, precious and well-mannered little girl. However if I'm not satisfied will how well you did in the morning you will simply spend the afternoon repeating your morning lessons," She informed her.

Which, I could see, upset Emily Jane. For naturally she wanted to get all the drawings done as fast as she could. Obviously she didn't want to spend one more minute at a little girl. But to do so she'd have to try her hardest to pretend to actually be a nine year old little girl. Poor thing, she was quite trapped.

### **Chapter-10 A small adjustment.**

"Now then your Aunty Grace feels you talk more like a tomboy than a darling little, nine year old girl, almost like a boy. Which really concerns her. Would you agree?" she asked innocently.

What else could she say, but agree, after all she really wasn't a nine year, little girl.

"So I've found a solution. Please stick out your tongue as far as you can for me," She asked, and having no idea why she did as asked. At which time Nelly glued a nickel under the tip of her tongue.

"Good, now thanks your Nanny for helping you," she instructed.

"Frank you Nanny hor helping meth speak

**Chapter- like a whittle girl," she suddenly lisped in absolute shock.**

"Why, my goodness, now you sound just like a nine year old little girl don't you? Your aunty Grace will be so please," Nelly gushed.

"Now Emily Jane, your aunty will be out of town for the next few weeks. When she returns she'll want to see how much progress I've made with teaching you to become the most adorable, polite, well mannered little girl. And she'll want to see how many drawings you've completed. However before we get started I need to take some pictures of you," She explained.

"Pith, pithures?" She blurted in alarm. Obviously the last thing she wanted were picture of her.

“Yes, every day your Auntie Grace wants to pictures. But, what I don’t completely understand is why. She said she feels they’ll help you with your drawings,” Nelly said, adding, “Now give me your biggest, happiest smile.”

Over the next twenty minutes she took close ups and full length photos of her standing, sitting and curtsying.

### **Chapter-10 A little girl’s attitude & demeanor.**

“Now the Emily Jane we’ll spend the mornings learning the basics of how adorable, charming and darling little girls your age are expected to act and at all times conduct themselves. If I feel you’ve made sufficient progress then after lunch I’ll allow you to draw or you’ll spend \_he time revisiting what I’m displeased with,” Nelly told her.

“The first area you need to learn is attitude and demeanor. Please repeat and print what I tell you,” She instructed.

“Perfect little girls are happy little girls. They never frown, look in any way displeased, upset or agitated. I will warn you the first time I notice any. The second time, unfortunately, I will have to wash your mouth out. You didn’t like that when you forced me to do it, did you?” She asked.

“Oh noth Nanny, ith was horrible,” She shuttered.

“In your attitude and demeanor, when you speak, a well mannered little girl always displays noticeable enthusiasm, and in an speaks excitedly happy little voice,” she lectured.

Oh my, I could well image the turmoil a previous young man, now reduced in age to a nine year old little girl named Emily Jane Tippy Toes must be going through. With her Nanny instructing her in exactly how a nine year old, little girl was expected to act at all times.

### **Chapter-11 A good, little girl’s curtsy.**

“The next thing all polite, well mannered little girls need to learn is the curtsy, which you will be expected to do in several situations. First daintily, with only your thumbs and fore fingers hold you skirts and bow your head and fix your eyes on the tip of your right toe. As you begin your curtsy place your left foot precisely behind your right foot. As you raise up you skirts at the same time raise the heel of your left foot until it is precisely perpendicular to the floor with only the very tip of your toe touching it. Now as you dip into your curtsy do so until your left leg is bent exactly

ninety degrees. You curtsy should be ever so graceful and o a count of four seconds. One second down, hold for two seconds and hen one second up,” She said.

Frankly I lost count of how many Nelly had her do at forty she was finally partially satisfied that Emily Jane had done one exactly perfectly.

“Don’t worry, every morning you’ll practice curtsying until you’re perfect every single time. Now please sit so you can print what’s called, ‘A Young Girl’s Rules of The Curtsy,” She declared.

“Rule number one. When a little girl is allowed to speak she curtsies before and after she does so.”

“Rule number two. When a little girl is told to do anything, by her Nanny or any adult, she curtsies and ever so sweetly says, “Yes Nanny, little Emily Jane understands.”

“Rule number three. A polite little girl always curtsies before entering a room at the doorway and before she leaves the room, whether it’s occupied or not.

“Rule number four. When introduced a polite little girl curtsies and excitedly curtsies and says, “Emily Jane is truly so wonderfully please to meet you.”

“Rule number five. If Emily Jane is seated and an adult enters the room she immediately stands, curtsies and remains standing until given permission to sit again.”

“Now Emily Jane I will ask you to memorize your Curtsy Rules word for word. When you have I will give you a tow day grace period. But then each time you forget to curtsy I will have to spank you as a reminder not to forget again. Which I’d really hate to do, but once you’ve memorized the rules there isn’t an excuse for forgetting them, will there be?” Nelly sternly asked.

“No Nanhy,” She had to agree, I’m sure wondering how she was ever going to avoid being spanked. I’m sure she must be seething inside, but there was nothing she could do about it. Wanting to protest and shout the ridiculous idea to her Nanny would only get her spanked and a mouth washing, or both. Oh well.

### **Chapter-12 Sitting & standing.**

“Now that you know how to curtsy and when it’s time to teach you how polite, little girls sit. I’m sure you want to learn how to sit properly, don’t you Emily Jane?” she asked.

‘Yeth Nanny,” she replied, although I could see her gritting her teeth.

"That was hardly an excited response, and I didn't miss that unhappy look on your face. Let's try again and tell me why you're so excited, and don't forget to curtsy," She ordered.

"Oh yeth Nanny, Emily Jane ith ever so excited to learn how proper, whittle girls sit," she forced herself to say.

"Goodness, that's so much better. Now proper chair etiquette for little girls consists of addressing the chair by curtsying to it first," She instructed.

"Y-You wath me to curtsy to, to a chair?" she blurted out in disbelief.

"Why yes of course, it's what all well mannered little girls do. And I will remind you that if you want to speak you must first raise your hand and ask permission to speak. I really don't want to give you another mouth full of soap. But, if that's what you want..."

"Oh noth Nanny, I-I'll remember," She swore with a scared look on her face.

Nelly was quite exacting on how proper, little girls were to sit. "Now after you curtsy to your chair you pivot only on your right toe and very gracefully you sit erectly on the very edge of your chair, knees and ankles together with your feet pointed straight down with on the very tips of your shoes touching the floor. Elbows are in, hands are folded on your lap right over left. While sitting or standing your head is always to be bowed, looking up only to answer a question. Importantly whether sitting o standing you are never to annoy adults o draw attention to yourself by fidgiting or squirming in you seat. If you catch you doing so, unfortunately you'll get a good spanking as a reminder," She said, in a casual tone as if spanking was nothing out of normal.

She then had Emily Jane sitting over and over correcting even the slightest fault.

"That pivot wasn't very graceful at all, do it over please."

"Your left heel isn't perpendicular."

"Only your very toes are to touch the floor," She admonished.

There was no doubt that Emily Jane hated being made to act so precisely. But if she wanted to avoid another humiliating and painful spanking she had to try her hardest to do precisely as her Nanny dictated.

Actually I did have a little sympathy for her as the way she was told to sit had to be very uncomfortable and perilous.

She probably thought the worst was over, but not quite.

### Chapter-13 Learning how little girls walk.

"Now Emily Jane let's take a look at how you walk. Please walk across the room and back until I give you permission to stop," Nelly instructed. Which Emily Jane did until her Nanny gave her permission to stop.

"Oh my, that is definitely not how graceful, little girls walk. Why you actually walk more like a boy," She proclaimed. Which, obviously was true.

"Very well. I want you to walk back and forth again. But this time I want to see you do so with your thighs always touching so that your little bottom will cause your skirts and petticoats swish delightfully back and forth. As you do so I want you to place one foot precisely in front of the other and I want you walking ever so daintily and mincingly up on the very tips of your toes. I don't want to ever see your heels touching the floor. Arms straight out to your sides, palms parallel and looking straight ahead, little girls never look down," She said.

As Emily Jane tried to walk in the manner her Nanny directed her to it was obvious there was simply too much to remember.

"That's hardly any improvement at all. Really young lady you're obviously not concentrating. What little girl can't mince so daintily on just her toes? You're still walking clumsily like a boy for heavens sake. Fortunately your Auntie was so concerned about your tomboy walk and lack of gracefulness that she found a special pair of shoes to help you," Nelly proclaimed.

Having her sit and hold her feet out Nelly removed her shoes. Then from a shoe box she took out, of all things, a pair of girl's tap shoes with two inch heels, which she proceeded to buckle onto her feet.

Raising her hand, Nelly asked, " You wish to say something Emily Jane?"

"Yeth Nanny, you-you want me to wear tap shoes?" she asked in obvious disbelief.

"Why yes, according to your Auntie Grace it's an old fashioned method to train tomboys, to take much daintier steps. And to teach little girls to mince so daintily on just their tippy toes in each heel is a small wooden block that I understand is very uncomfortable to step on," She answered.

"Okay, now let's see you walk back and forth across the room," She directed.



As she tried doing so the effects were immediate. She slipped, slid and nearly lost her balance, from trying to walk normally with steel taps on her toes. Then secondly she yelped repeatedly as she tried walking heel to toe.

"Keep waling, I'm sure you'll adjust," Nelly ordered.

After several sharp yelps, sliding and slipping she was eventually forced to tentatively and cautiously greatly shorten her steps and was forced to walk mincingly and daintily on just her toes.

What amused me no end was, with each step, was the clicking of her taps. A perfect, audible reminder of her little girl status, that I'm sure she hated. I could also tell by her expression how mortified and disbelieving she was of Nanny making her walk precisely as a nine year old little girl.

"Obviously you need a lot of practice," Nelly commented, as she placed a chair at the other end of the room, and then picked with a wooden pointer.

"Now I want you to walk on this strip over to that chair, curtsy to it, arrange your skirts and then return to this chair. I will walk behind you to correct any faults. When you don't place one foot precisely in front of the other, if you don't keep your arms out and hands perfectly in position, or if I don't see skirts delightfully swishing I'll simply give you a reminder," She informed her.

And true to her word every time she didn't walk precisely as dictated she got a warning whack on the backs of her legs, or lifted her skirts and smack on her pantied bottom.

Back and forth Emily Jane went desperate to walk and mince exactly as her Nanny wanted her to. I'm sure she was a nervous wreck by the time she was finally allowed to stop. Which unfortunately didn't last very long at all.

"Well, at least it's a start, but you'll hardly very graceful, so let's try it will a book on your head the way they teach models to walk gracefully," She stated as she placed two books on her head.

"Now try walking back and forth and let's see how gracefully you can now walk. And, Emily Jane, every time you allow the books to fall I simply give you a reminder," She explained. Which she didn't like at all as the books kept falling.

To her great relief Nanny finally called a halt declaring it was time for lunch.

### **Chapter-14 An unrelenting lunch.**

As her Nanny led her by the hand to the dining room she reminded Emily Jane to not forget to curtsy at the doorway before entering. Yet another reminder of her little girl status. And another when Nanny ordered her to hold her arms out and added a most frilly, white pinafore to her.

“Don’t forget to thank your Nanny for putting your pinafore on you then curtsy to your chair before sitting,” she dictated.

Once seated Nelly said, “Please take out your notebook and write as a golden rule, ‘A well mannered little girl always thanks her Nanny whenever she does something for her.’”

If poor Emily Jane thought lunch was to be, in any way, relaxing she was sadly mistaken.

“You’re skirts are uneven, straighten them, young lady,” Nelly chided.

“You’re not sitting on the edge of your seat.”

“Raise your heels so only your toes are touching.”

“I hope I didn’t see you squirming in your seat, it’s very distracting.”

My god, I thought, sitting on the very edge of her seat with just her toes touching the floor. She had to be in constant peril for if she didn’t sit perfectly still she’d most likely actually fall of her chair. It must be absolutely nerve-whacking.

It was as she finished the child’s portion on her plate that Emily Jane tentatively raised her hand.

Given permission to speak she said, “Excuse me Nanny, but I’m still hungry, couth I have some more?”

“Oh good ness, I’m afraid not. For a nine year old, little girl I’m afraid you are really quite a bit chubby. I’m having to put you on a diet until you manage, even in a corset, to lose at least fifteen pounds, perhaps twenty. Hopefully it will also improve your figure,” She declared, to Emily Jane’s disbelieving expression.

As a guy he wasn’t overweight, but as a nine year old, little girl Nelly obviously was, unfortunately for her, quite correct.

### **Chapter-15 The perfect incentive.**

Just before leaving the table Nelly said, “We’ll go back to practice your walking and sitting some more.”

Once back in the room she said, "Now before we begin again I could see how eager you were to learn how a little girl your age is expected to act and conduct themselves. For that I'll allow you to draw for half an hour. It could well have been more, however while you did try I feel you didn't try as hard you could have. So now will determine how much longer you can draw. I do hope so as your aunty has said she's expecting you to have completed the first of your drawings by the time she returns."

Which I thought supplied Emily Jane with the perfect incentive to try as hard as she could to turn herself into the most perfect, little nine year old girl. Whether she wanted to or not.

Which wasn't going to be easy at all. Not walking, curtsying and sitting with two books on her head. She obviously was trying much harder but she had the hardest time doing so with the books on her head.

Noticing this Nelly said, "I can see how hard you're really trying so as an incentive if you can walk, curtsy and sit up and back the room just once I'll let you draw for another whole fifteen minutes."

It was just the right incentive for after several tries she actually went up and back across the room without a single mistake. God, how ingenious!

"That's really quite good. You see what you can accomplish when you really try.

Tomorrow we'll set your goal at two trips without a mistake, and I'll add not fifteen, but twenty minutes to your drawing time," Nelly said, giving Emily Jane a big hug.

### Chapter-16 Playtime.

When Nelly finally allowed Emily Jane to stop practicing she announced it as now playtime outside she mistakenly thought it meant a relief from her unwanted immersion as a nine year old little girl. There was a bit of relief on her face when her Nanny dressed her in a short all and schoolgirl's hat. But, at least she probably thought, she wasn't wearing the horrible, little girl's dress any longer.

Her vision of an enjoyable time outdoors changed to one of dismay when Nelly first had her jumping rope which I could see she never had done before. And compounding her dismay was the fact that she was till wearing her tap shoes and unrelenting corset.



After a while she was told she could stop only to have her playing hop-skotch, that was almost as bad. The only relief was when she put her on the swings and was expected to actually be enjoying herself. Well, it was better than jumping rope!

### **Chapter-17 Drawing time for Emily Jane.**

With her play time over, much to her exhausted relief, Nelly declared she had earned her drawing time. After first redressing her in a pink, little girl's gingham dress and darling pink shoes that also had taps and the tiny blocks on her heels. She led her to her drawing table. Emily Jane finally showed some excitement.

"Now Emily Jane your aunty expects you to have all your first drawings completed by the time she gets back. She also mentioned to me that you were having difficulty getting the character exactly right and age appropriate. Is she correct in this?" She asked.

"Yeth Nanny," She had to admit.

"Well then your Aunty Grace, as a solution, had me take pictures of you that you can draw from, isn't that the prefect solution?" She asked, setting a group of photos down.

"Now this first one is a close-up showing your adorable make-up and darling, little girl hair style. Under your drawing you print, as a caption, 'I look so adorable, I just love how sweet I look,

" This second one you caption, "I absolutely love how I look in the frilliest party dress with ruffles, petticoats and the moistest dainty shoes."

"The next one you caption, 'Learning to curtsy like the sweetest, well mannered and proper little girl.'" She stated.

"And this last one shows a little girl sitting ever so properly and you title it,, 'Learning to sit so adorably like a good, little girl."

I couldn't help my fascination at Emily Jane's crushed reaction learning that she was going to be drawing herself. Although her enjoyment of drawing herself overcame obvious humiliation of drawing herself. Which I was pleased with as she was truly talented.

As Emily Jane enjoyed herself drawing Nelly was ever vigilant.

"I think you're doing awfully good Emily Jane, but remember how good, little girls sit.

Please keep your knees together, sit more erectly , stop fidgeting and do keep your heels up," she admonished. Emily Jane was obviously disappointed when Nelly said her drawing time was up.

"Did you enjoy your drawing time, Emily Jane??" Nelly asked.

"Oh yeth Nanny, I really dith," She replied honestly.

"Well, if you try your hardest to improve tomorrow I'll let you draw for not thirty but forty minutes," She promised.

I thought Nelly was providing her with the perfect incentive to willingly turn herself into the perfect image of a nine year old little girl.

### **Chapter-18 Two weeks later.**

As I originally told her the only way she could get her drawings acceptable to the, non-existent, author was to immerse herself in the character she was drawing. To actually pretend to be a little girl. And in this Nelly was relentless.

Every morning started with endless curtsies that Nelly mandated had to be absolutely precise. First it was ten perfect curtsies in a row, then fifteen and then twenty.

After which Emily Jane and to practice her walking, sitting and standing. Taking the daintiest, most mincing, tiny little steps, arms and hands perfectly poised at all times across the room over and over and over. All the time Nelly followed her correcting even the most minor of faults with her pointer.

The second week, without mentioning it to Emily Jane, she replaced the small, wooden block in her heels with ones just a little higher and replaced all her shoes with identical ones with her heels and quarter inch higher. She also replaced the steel taps on her toes with ones that were slightly heavier. All of which caused her to mince even higher on just her toes.

At lunch there was no let up. Every day she had Emily Jane recite by memory her Golden Rules as well as her Curtsy Rules.

At supper, all dressed up in increasingly fancier and juvenile attire Nelly would give her words and phrases a little girl must never say starting out with "but" and "can't."

"Now please also print that, at your age, a proper, little girl never says words like, 'nice' or 'good' but substitutes words like 'love,' 'adorable,' 'precious' and 'darling or darlingest.'"



“And all little girls are prone to exaggerate when they speak using words like ‘most,’ ‘mostest,’ ‘ever so much’ and ‘absolutely.’

“Now you try. Tell me how much you like your shoes,” She grilled her.

“I really, ah, love my d-darling shoes,” Emily replied.

“That’s not bad, but it would be better if you’d said, ‘I absolutely love my ever so darlinest, most cutest, little shoes.’ Now lets’ hear so say it and this time really so very excited.” She ordered.

It was obvious to me, perhaps not Nelly, how much Emily Jane hated repeating the rather over the top truly little girl phrase. But there wasn’t really anything she could do about it, plus Nelly always heaped praise on her when she acted or talked just like a nine year old little girl so that it was impossible to vent her frustration back to her. And she did like her Nanny. When she was a good, little girl Nelly could really be so nice to her.

### **Chapter-19 New indignities.**

Because she was so nice and encouraging Emily Jane did want to please her, even though she obviously hated pretending to be a little girl. I mean what guy her real age would?

When her Nanny insisted on dressing and undressing her stating that she was much too young to dress herself Emily Jane could do nothing to protest. It was just another humiliating indignity she had to endure.

As she did when her Nanny insisted she hold little, Emily Jane’s hand where ever they went.

Then there were her gloves. On evening at supper Nelly, sounding disappointed, said, “I’m afraid you simply aren’t becoming as refined and graceful or even careful enough to please your Aunty Grace. Especially at the dinner table. So I’d like you to wear these gloves that I think will really help you. I’d like you to wear them all the time, except, of course, when you do your drawings and your outside play time. Is that okay with you, I really wouldn’t want your Aunt disappointed in you.”

Wanting her Nannie’s approval she said, “Yeth Nanny, I’ll wear them if you think they’ll help.”

I thought it ingenious of Nelly to get her to so willingly volunteer. Although Emily Jane did have a puzzled expression when Nelly applied baby powder to both hands.



"The gloves are a bit tight so powdering your hands will help me fit them on," Nelly explained, as she kneaded them on her hands. And with good reason as they were pure white, satin gloves that were purposely a size too small. Then too Emily Jane was sure to be surprised when she discovered that, except for her thumbs, all the fingers were sewn together.

Once she finally got her wrist length gloves on there was a slim pristine white, rubber strap that went around each wrist that, using a button hook, she stretched until both were buttoned.

I could see the dismayed, confused look on Emily Jane's face when she discovered that, not only were her fingers sewed together, but that the gloves fit so tight she had real difficulty just trying to flex them. But there was one more thing she would have to be very careful doing and that was trying to hold, or pick up, anything.

Ignoring her dismay Nelly brightly said, "Aren't the gloves so perfect! Why they'll remind you to be so much more dainty and graceful and lady-like, don't you think?"

"Yeth Nanny, " She answered gloomily.

"Now Emily Jane I will occasionally inspect your gloves and I expect them to be, at all times, spotless. Not a single mark or scuff on them. If I see too many I'll have to remind you to be more careful by spanking your hands. You don't want me to do that, do you?"

She asked.

"Oh n-no Nanny, She swore, cringing at the thought.

I could see that Nelly was quite pleased with the effect the gloves had on Emily Jane. They forced her to do everything so much more daintily and cautiously. I couldn't help being amused when she tried picking up her cup and it slipped out of her slippery, sating gloves.

### **Chapter-20 New trials and tribulations.**

I was certainly impressed with Nelly's relentless efforts of turning, what she thought was simply a rough tomboy, into the perfectly behaved, graceful nine year old little girl.

I was frankly amazed as I witnessed Emily Jane beginning to adopt, every day, a more naturally from mincing, dainty walk on just her very toes, perfectly poised with nary a fault in her curtsies without thinking. All receiving much praise from her Nanny.

However Nelly gradually introduced more typically little girl classes and activities into her daily schedule.

Emily Jane, for example, had an hour at playing with her dolls and the enormous doll house.

Then an hour of reading. Magazines all typical for little girls. Such as TeenGirl, American Girl and books such as Nancy Drew Mysteries and Little House On The Prairie. To make sure she read them Nelly quizzed her at dinner. If she got more right than wrong she'd award her with another five or ten minutes of drawing time.

What you need to learn is what all little girls your age talk about. Like hairstyles, movies and TV shows, fashion and heart throb boys that girls your age swoon over.

I really marveled at how Nelly was immersing Emily Jane in knowing everything a little, nine year old girl should care about. Even if she really didn't.

One night at the dinner table Nelly quizzed her asking, "I'm sure you saw the photo of Brittany Spears, what was the color of the outfit she wore?"

"Oh, I remember it was pink Nanny," Emily Jane replied.

"And the color of her shoes?" Nelly asked next.

"They were pink too, Nanny," she said.

"Why that's correct. So pink must be your most favorite color, isn't it?" she asked.

"Oh yeth Nanny, pink ith my most favorite color," Emily Jane answered.

"I think you must mean pink is your moistest, favorite color in the whole world and you wish you could wear only pink forever and ever," She prompted, causing Emily Jane to repeat just what she said, obviously almost gagging on the words.

Then if her Nanny declared she'd been a really good, little girl she allowed her to watch a whole hour of TV. But, of course, just those shows, or movies, that little, nine year olds watched. Like "Sabrina Teen Witch," "Gilmore Girls," or any "Shirley Temple" movies. Probably not any of Emily Jane's favorites.

### **Chapter-21 Looking perfect, at all times.**

"Now then Emily Jane every little girl wants to look absolutely perfect at all times, wouldn't you say?" Nelly asked.

“Oh yeth Nanny,” She replied without much enthusiasm, obviously dreading what new indignity her Nanny was going to subject her to.

“Oh my, you don’t sound as excited as I expected you to be. Didn’t you mean to say, “Yes Nanny Emily Jane wants to look, ever so adorably perfect at all times” She asked, and, of course, Emily Jane had to repeat, as excitedly as she could the same words.

“I’m so glad you agree. So to look perfect at all times you should check your make-up and hair at least once every two hours. So here is your very own make-up kit. See, it contains lip gloss, face powder, eye shadow and a compact with a mirror. Now here’s a wonderful Cinderella watch that has a built in timer that I’ve set to chime every two hours when it goes off. I want you to stop whatever you’re doing when your watch chimes take out your compact and lightly powder your face so your complexion is always perfect. Then you’ll apply lip gloss so that your lips always look so girlishly glossy, freshen up your blue eye shadow to enhance your gorgeous doe-like eyes. You put your make-up kit in this darling purse,” Nanny instructed.

“Your purse will always be with you. Now as to your hair that all little girls are so proud of. And you do have the most beautiful hair. So every morning, like all little girls, I want you to brush it one hundred times. Then I’ll spend time teaching you different hair styles like how to put it in a perfect ponytail, how to put it adorable pigtails and single and double braiding it. So I’ll put a comb and brush in your purse and teach you how you’ll make sure it’s perfect with not a single strand out of place. And that all your bows and ribbons are perfectly tied and haven’t come loose. Also be sure to put the same shoe polish that’s on your shoes. You must always check that your shoes are always perfectly polished. Doesn’t sound so super exciting?!” she asked.

“Oh yeth Nanny. I mostest simply can’t wait to l-learn how to puth my hair in ponytails, b-braids and pigtails,” Emily Jane replied forcing herself to sound so excited, having learned her lesson.

## **Chapter-22 Down the slippery slope to little girlhood.**

I’m sure Emily Jane deeply regretted agreeing that the only way ‘she’ could improve her drawings was to experience actually becoming a little, nine year old girl. From morning to night each day was filled with little girls rituals that she was powerless to put an end to, or even modestly complain about.

So on the first morning she taught her how to put her hair in a perfect ponytail. The it was on to learning to make two perfect pigtails, making sure the bows were exactly equal. I'm sure, as she saw herself in the mirror, how much more childish she looked with her hair in pigtails. But, after all weren't pigtails perfect for little, nine year old, little girls?

Then, of course, it was more walking, more sitting and more curtsies. More than enough to grate on her nerves. But Nelly saw substantial progress.

"Oh goodness Emily Jane, your Aunty Grace will be so impressed with how daintily and mincing your walk is becoming and how many perfect curtsies you can do in a row," Nelly gushed with praise. Emily Jane was grateful, of course, but what former guy relished such praise. Truly Nelly's compliments was a double-edged sword.

Then there was playtime for little Emily Jane, reading magazines and books meant for, at best, a nine year old. Watching TV and finally, what she looked for every day, was her drawing time. I did have a little sympathy for all day she was forced to act and look

like a perfect little girl and talk in a childish lisp without any respite.

### **Chapter-23 Touching up.**

One of the things, I could tell, that Emily Jane found most irritating was every time her wrist watch chimed. It didn't matter what she was doing she had to stop, open her purse and take out her compact to check to make sure she always looked absolutely perfect. Especially irritating was when she was drawing and had to stop.

"Time to look perfect Emily Jane," Nelly would remind her. "Check your hair first, I see three stands have gotten free. Please neaten them. Now check your bows, be sure they all look perfect and are nice and tight. Good, now gloss your lips till they sparkle, and powder your cheeks and nose. Yes, now brush on some fresh blue eye shadow. It really makes your eyes so little girlish. Okay, now check your pink fingernails and last make sure your darling, frilly socks are both absolutely even, then check the finish on your shoes. Making certain they are ever so shiny," Nelly instructed.

"Very good, now don't you feel better knowing that you'll always like a perfectly adorable, little girl?" Nelly asked brightly.

"Oh yeth Nanny, I-I always want to look like the ever so most adorable wittle girl," Emily Jane answered as she was expected to, but I could see dismayed frown on her face, fortunately Nelly didn't notice.

## Chapter-24 The big day.

One day Nelly said, "You really are coming along so nicely that I've decided that today I'm taking you for a nice walk in the park."

"Y-You mean o-outside? Oh, but I couldn't so outh side," Emily Jane said in a panicked voice.

"Of course you'll go. I want to observe how you act and conduct yourself in public. I'm taking a camera your Aunty bought for you. And depending on how you act I may let you take a few pictures," Nelly stated.

"Really, a camera?" Emily Jane exclaimed excitedly.

Which was as I expected for Janice had mentioned that besides "her" love of drawing what she loved second best was taking photographs. You have to understand that I wasn't trying to be heartless or cruel tricking her agreeing to turn herself into a little girl. I felt a little joy in her life was the least I could offer her.

"Yes, a camera, but only if you act and conduct yourself as the perfect, little girl I know you want ever so much to become," Nelly cautioned her.

"Now let's see, your favorite color is baby blue, right?" she asked.

"Oh yeth Nanny, pink is my moistest favorite color," Emily Jane tried to excitedly say, although it was undoubtedly the color she hated most. After all what guy's favorite color was pink?

"Well then, let me see what nice pink outfit would be perfect for a walk in the park," Nelly said cheerfully.

"Oh, I think you'll look so absolutely darling and precious in this," She proclaimed, totally missing Emily Jane's dismayed reaction, but I didn't.

I guess I could understand her reaction, for what Nelly held up was a pink, satin romper outfit with bloomed pants a childish bib top, and a blouse with short, puffed sleeves.

"Obviously you'll need shoes to match and just plain anklets, how about these with the pink bows decorating them?" she stated, as she was dressing the disheartened Emily Jane.

"Goodness, why don't you look so perfectly darling and adorable. Now when you go out for a casual walk in the park how do you think you should do your hair," She asked.

"I should do my hair inth pigtails??" Emily Jane asked.

“Why that’s absolutely correct. So show me how you put your hair in pigtails,” she said, although Emily Jane hated pigtails as they made her look so totally little girlish.

### **Chapter-25 A walk in the park.**

When they got to the park Nelly said, “You walk in front of me down to the duck pond so I can see just how daintily you walk in public, keeping your arms and hands properly poised, and remembering not to let your purse swing.”

I wasn’t surprised, nor did I think Nelly was that Emily Jane walked so mincingly on just her tippy toes with her arms and hands perfectly poised. As they reached the duck pond Nelly handed her a basic, pink camera.

“Very good so far Emily Jane. Now you can go down to the pond with your camera. But as a precaution I’m going to clip these to each shoe,” She said.

I could see Emily Jane cringe in disbelief as Nelly clip bells to each toe. “There now at least if I lose sight of you I’ll be able to hear where you are,” Nelly said.

Nelly let her enjoy herself with her camera before calling her to come back. Where, I’m sure to her dismay, Nelly was sitting with three older women.

I could see the worry and her nervousness on her face. Here “she” was pretending to be a nine year old little girl and going to meet other people for the first time. Worse, as she minced up to them with every step the bells on her shoes jingled all too loudly. She had to absolutely hate those humiliating bells drawing so much unwanted attention to her.

Nervously she curtsied to each woman, obviously terrified that one of them would blurt out something like, “Oh my God, what’s a guy doing dressed as a little girl?”

But to her shock just the opposite occurred.

“My gracious, aren’t you the most polite little girl. Imagine a curtsy! Can you tell us how old you are sweetie?” One of the women asked.

“I-I’m nine yeaths old, Ma’am,” she lisped, with another curtsy.

“Oh my, I surely thought seven or eight at the most,” the woman remarked.

“What I couldn’t help noticing were the bells on her toes,” A second woman offered.

"Yes, I put them on as a precaution so if I lose track of her at least I'll be able to hear where she is," Nelly explained.

"Well, I for one, think they're charming. You know they do have bell earrings. Wouldn't you just adore having bell earrings sweetie?" she asked.

That was the last thing, I'm sure, she wanted to hear, but had to say, "Oh yeth-that would be ever so divine Ma'am. I-I'd simply adore earrings with bells."

All in all to Emily Jane's relief "she" wasn't discovered, and Nelly ensured that her first public adventure was a positive one.

### **Chapter-26 Aunty Grace arrives.**

It was a week later that Nelly said, "Your Aunty Grace is arriving unexpectedly today. Oh my, there's so little time for me to make you ever so perfectly adorable."

So that day was consumed by Nelly ensuring that little Miss Emily Jane looked absolutely perfect. Putting her hair in matching braids. Then taking her corset another agonizing inch and got her dressed in the most gorgeous little girl's party dress, shoes and gloves.

"Now I don't want you to be nervous, but it's very important that you try your hardest to make a good impression. Your Aunty Grace has spent a lot of money and my time in an effort to turn you from a rough tomboy into the perfect little girl."

I have to admit that I was somewhat surprised at how thoroughly Nelly had been. Little Miss Emily Jane actually looked all of nine, if that.

As Emily Jane stood in front of her Aunt being inspected Nelly said, "As you can see I've managed to correct her walk. You'll notice she walks now much more daintily, her curtsy is nearly perfect and her speech is much improved. As are her manners."

"Oh gracious what an improvement you've made with her in such a short time. No more tomboy, I hope, left in her. And I see you've also improved her figure somewhat," I observed.

"Yes, a corset has been a big help, still it's a bit disappointing. For a nine year old her waist really should be more around nineteen inches," Nelly agreed.

"So what is it now," I asked.

"Unfortunately the best I've been able to corset her to is twenty-two inches," Nelly said.



“Well, obviously that’s still unacceptable. I’ll order a new custom corset for her to nineteen inches, although I’m thinking an eighteen inch waist would be perfect for her. She’d be the envy of all the other little girls her age,” I ventured. Which was when Emily Jane hesitantly raised her hand.

“Yes, Emily Jane was there something you wanted to say? I asked, seeing the obvious dismay on her face.

“No Auntie Grace,” She asked, looking quite disheartened.

“The good news is the author of the books you’re illustrating is very pleased with your efforts. A big improvement. So you can now go on to drawings for book two. Let me see, oh yes, ‘Little Emily Jane Tippy Toes goes to ballet and takes tap dance lessons,’ for which you’ll sign her up for,” I directed Nelly.

“Oh my, isn’t that so exciting Emily Jane?” Nelly asked.

“Oh yeth, Auntie Olivia, I-I amh ever so delightfully excited,” She replied, although it was obvious, at least to me, that she was far from excited to be taking ballet and tap dance lessons.

“And I totally agree. She’s finally beginning to act as a little lady her age is expected to. So, ash she takes her dance lessons she’ll be around other little girls her age. She appears quite a shy little girl and has been a bit sheltered, so making new friends her age I feel would be good for her,” I remarked, which Nelly totally agreed with, although seemed a lot less excited.

In review Nelly had nothing but praise for Emily Jane’s efforts and progress, that appeared to lighten her mood considerably.

### **Chapter-27 The Marjorie Givens Dance Academy.**

I wish I could have been there when Nelly took Emily Jane to be outfitted for her dance classes. But fortunately Nelly had her phone video on so I saw it all.

Poor Emily Jane tried so hard to act excited when she was dressed in a champagne colored tutu that didn’t quite cover her delightful bottom, white tights, champagne toe shoes and even a plastic tiara.

The first dance class was truly enlightening that I just had to share with Janice. What we both found fascinating, and honestly unexpected, was that of the dozen girls, we guessed were seven to ten, Emily Jane wasn’t even the tallest. She actually fit right in. And what was to us not unexpected at all was Emily Jane’s half hearted attempts at ballet, even less her tap dance efforts. However the dance instructor seemed to completely understand her awkward attempts.

“Some girls, her age, are really more tomboys and it’s quite normal,” She explained to Nelly.

With a sly grin Janice suggested a new incentive. Which I explained to Nelly who, in turn, explained it to Emily Jane.

“Now Emily Jane your aunty Grace and I have noticed how much you truly love to draw, don’t you?” Nelly asked her.

“Oh yeth Nanny, I most truly do,” She replied.

“Well, over the past week I’ve noticed that you average a little more than one-and-a-half hours of drawing a day. It’s your Aunty Gloria’s that I allow you to draw for a full tow hours a day. Would you like that?” She asked.

“Yeth Nanny, I’d truly love to draw that much,” She answered excitedly.

“I’m so glad, and you can add to do your drawing time. Each time you try real hard to be a perfect, little girl and I compliment you by saying, ‘that was really excellent I’ll add ten minutes. But each time you don’t act perfectly ladylike I’ll deduct five minutes. And that goes for your ballet and tap dancing as well,” She warned.

All of which left Emily Jane in a dilemma. She loved drawing above anything else, but to do so she’d have to act like the most perfect, nine year old little girl. Which she hated doing. However I wasn’t the least surprised when Nelly reported Emily Jane’s sudden improvement, especially in her dance classes.

### **Chapter-28 The dance recital and bicycling.**

Emily Jane celebrated almost two months as an increasingly believable nine year old girl. But it surely wasn’t something she was looking forward to. For the dance academy was having it’s end of month dance recital to show off the girl’s progress.

To my surprise she wasn’t the clumsiest of ballerina dancers. Although she didn’t fare as well tap dancing while lisping, “On the Good ship Lollipop.”

After the recital Emily Jane reluctantly introduced three of what she called, “My mostest favorite friends Miss Amber, Jennifer and Amanda.”

What I thought fascinating was that Amber, just seven, was actually nearly two inches taller than Emily Jane. Then there was Jennifer at ten and Amanda who was nine.

It was through the little girls that I became acquainted with their mothers. As we talked Marge, Jennifer’s mother said, “We’re going to the park and rent

bikes for the girls to bike around in. Do you think Emily Jane would like to go? I think she'd have loads of fun."

I remembered from Janice that Emily Jane had a ten speed bike that she'd enjoyed riding, so I accepted. And she appeared excited that is until what we rented were little girl, pink bikes with trainer wheels.

However, despite that indignity as a reminder of her little girl status she eventually began having fun as they all wheeled madly about, as best they could, chasing ducks.

As we sat and watched Gretchen, Jennifer's mother, invited Emily Jane and me to Jennifer's birthday party the following week.

"Why I think Emily Jane would love to go," I said, not quite believing what I was witnessing. The girls, chasing the ducks, on their bikes were giggling and laughing and so was



Emily Jane! My goodness.

### **Chapter-29 Jennifer's birthday party.**

When we got home I told her that I'd accepted an invitation to Jennifer's birthday party. Curious as to her reaction I wasn't too surprised that she didn't immediately offer any real objections and actually sounded rather excited.

Nelly spent quite some time getting Emily Jane ready to go. She'd even picked out her dress and accessories. When I saw her I thought she looked so adorable, but rather quite juvenile. Her adorable, baby blue party dress was accented with a bibbed, pinafore but not in her supposed favorite color pink, her supposed favorite color, but in the sweetest baby blue with the stiffest petticoats, short enough to show off her bloomers with matching shoes with double bows and lace trim, ruffled socks and wrist length gloves. Her shoulder length hair was in pigtails with blue bows. I half expected Emily Jane to protest, but quite the opposite. I continued to be surprised that she not only didn't but actually appeared excited to be going.

So I thought I'd test her. "You do appear excited to be going to Jennifer's party, Emily Jane."

"Oh yeth Aunty Gloria, I'll see all myth new friends.," She answered excitedly. Will wonders never cease?

It appeared so, for I could see she was really enjoying herself at the party playing all the games that little girls played.

### **Epilogue**

I really could hardly believe that Emily Jane had become a perfectly well-adjusted nine-year-old, little girl. I'll be honest I did feel a bit bad about it. But it was her three little friends that really did it. At first she was obviously standoffish and nervous around them, but in reality she needed friends.

So, at Christmas, as a present, I gave her an adorable, little puppy that she instantly fell in love with. Emily Jane continued her first love of drawing. I actually published her first book and it was a financial success. So I invented new books for her to illustrate.

All's well that ends well.

##

## Poodle Skirt Sissy

### Chapter-1 Disgusted, but what to do?.

If I could have I would have divorced by husband, Paul, when I caught him all dressed up in some old clothes from my teen years that I had stored in a trunk in the attic. There he was in a poodle skirt, tight sweater with a white collar and a much too large bullet bra, bobby sox and an old pair of my saddle shoes. And it only got worse, to my disgusted shock, he was jerking off in a pair of frilly panties I hadn't worn in years.

The problem with divorcing him was that we were partners in a business. And it was his inherited money that I needed. The only thing to do, I decided, was to pretend to go along, and after talking to my sis, I actually encouraged him, for we had a plan.

He was quite shocked when I said I wasn't offended, even though it was the last thing I was. And that a lot of men like him were simply expressing their feminine said.

"However if you're going to do so you're going to act and look the part, not like some guy in drag," I firmly proclaimed.

He was hesitant, but I knew it was all an act simply by seeing the



tent in his panties. Plus I did greatly intimidate him. I was athletic and six inches taller than him even without heels. I was everything he wasn't. Forceful, aggressive decisive. Around me he was timid, unsure of himself, so when I told him something he always wilted. Don't get me wrong I liked him, didn't love him, but I did love his money.

I made him practice 50's style make-up, heavy with red lips until he was perfect at it, as well as putting his hair up as they did at that time.

And when he dressed like a girl I expected him to act like one. And as a "treat" for his birthday, I bought him a life-like fake pussy, that I "temporarily" glued one. All part of the plan.

After two months sis and I thought he was ready. One day he had on his poodle skirt, saddle shoes outfit to which I'd added ruffled, rhumba panties and stiff, frilly petticoats.

We were expecting my sister, Barbara, who'd also faked her encouragement, so he wasn't nervous when she arrived. But, naturally, he panicked when another woman walked in with her. Urgently I whispered, "Just go along with whatever happens and you'll be safe. I didn't know Barbara was bringing someone, but that's Lily Wentworth, our biggest client. Try to act your most girlish, we just can't lose her account."

## **Chapter-2 Not at all happy.**

I thing is Lily was a big part of our plan, and played her part perfectly. And she knew precisely how to play him. When she asked who "she" was I stammered and finally blurted out, "This is, ah, my, ah, niece Priscilla Ann. She's visiting for the summer."

From there it all went wonderfully downhill for Priscilla Ann. Barbra explained that Lily was in town for a few days of business meetings and couldn't find a place to stay, and was sure I'd be more than happy to put her up.

"S-Stay here, oh no, she, she can't..." He exclaimed with thinking, and much too loud.

"Do you always allow a child her age to interrupt and question an adult? And why, for goodness sake, do you let her dress so grown up like that? Imagine a girl her age showing everything off, and making herself up like that," Lily said disdainfully.



"Well, ah, I guess I've been indulging her. She likes to dress more, er, grown up at time," I replied helplessly, with a wink to her.

Throughout the day Lily kept up a steady stream of criticism, "Sit with your knees together child, you're showing off your panties for god's sake."

"Stop fidgeting, you're annoying the adults. Sit quietly and don't bother us as we talk," she barked.

"Good grief, she walks like a guy, and she's hardly well mannered. You'd expect a girl her age to at least have learned how to curtsy and bow her head when being talked to," she declared, sounding very annoyed with Priscilla Ann.

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

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

Naturally he begged pitifully to get me out of going with her, but I pretended not to be able to figure out how. "Just go along with her, she'll be gone by Monday," I lied.

### **Chapter-3 A head to toe make over.**

We didn't see Priscilla Ann until that night when we planned to go out to dinner.

When Lily strong armed her into the room we had all we could do not to go into hysterics. She was dressed as promised "more her age" in the most outrageous, frilliest, pink little girl's party dress. The skirt was ridiculously short, missing mid-thigh by several inches and with the mound of petticoats stood nearly straight out ballerina style with the biggest bow fluttering in back showing off a suddenly much slimmer waist. Short, ruffled anklets with pink bows and mary janes also with a pink bow on each toe adorned her feet, showing off long, bare girlish legs. Dainty, white wrist length gloves and the largest dew drop earrings dangled from her newly pierced ear almost completed the total little girl make-over. Except, of my, for the frilliest, bloomers peaking out from beneath her skirts.

Completing it the heavy make-up, 50's style make-up was gone, replaced with pink, bubble-gum cupids bow lips with absurdly long, doll like





eyelashes. Her brunette hair was now daisy blonde, styled in the sissiest of pigtails with pink bows tied to each.

When I innocently asked about her suddenly girlish waist Lily said, "She was so chubby she couldn't get into of the adorable outfits I picked out so the only thing to do was put her in a corset. And I hope you don't mind but I did take a few liberties. She looks much better as a blonde, don't you think? And since she's much too young to be playing with make-up I had the women at the salon pink up her lips and make them much fuller in a more girly cupid's lip style. They were just much too thin. The lipstick, blue eye shadow and eyeliner they assured me wouldn't start wearing off for at least four months, if then. The extra long eye lashes, I think, really do pop her eyes out. It cost a little extra, but I had them permanently glued on."

Poor Priscilla Ann she nearly passed out when she hears this, and we all laughed silently to ourselves.

"Now Prissy Ann, don't you have something to say to your Aunty Olivia?" Lily prompted.

With an awkward curtsy, not able to look at me she said, "Prissy Ann is so sorry she's been so ill-mannered and childish trying to-to act grown up," she just managed to get out.

"My goodness, what brought on this sudden change?" I asked, as if I didn't already know.

"I had a long talk with her with my hair brush, and as to 'Prissy Ann' I simply feel it better suits a little girl her age," Lily stated, trying desperately not to giggle.

At the restaurant, as planned, Jill our secretary joined us part way through dinner. Lily made Prissy Ann curtsy and introduce herself.

"My goodness aren't you the most precious and adorable little girl, but you really need to work on your curtsy dear," Jill commented, then to me added, You do remember that client trip you're taking for the next two weeks? what are you going to do with the little girl all that time?"

"Oh my I never thought of that," I lied.

"Look no further, I'll take her. I think a couple weeks with my maid, Ilse, will do her a world of good," Lily offered with a smile.

"W-What, no, she can't take me. I-I don't want to go with her," Prissy Ann quite mistakenly blurted out, for Lily reached across the table and slapped her on the face.

"That does it. Fortunately Ilse drove me here and is waiting outside with the car," she said, and taking out her phone asked Ilse to come into the restaurant immediately.

The look of fear that crossed Prissy Ann's face when she saw the forbidding, amazon of a woman come over to the table was priceless.

#### **Chapter-4 Stuck back home, but not as she'd hoped.**

"Ilse, I was hoping you could return to the estate and take this bad, little girl with you. She'll be staying at least two weeks. In that time you have free rein to do what you can to turn her into the most well-mannered, polite and above all an obedient child. If she's at all obstinate or misbehaves feel free to give her a good spanking," Lily directed.

"Of course Madam, I'm sure after we have a good talk I won't have any trouble at all with her. I think your sorority paddle is in the attic," she said.

Prissy Ann looked desperately at me with terrified, pleading eyes as the woman yanked her out the door by the ear. Heartlessly I just smiled back.

The three of us then settled into talking about the Caribbean trip we planned to take, and all the studs we were sure to meet.

Not two weeks later, but a month later Prissy Ann looked so relieved to finally see me sitting there behind her was the forbidding Ilse. I couldn't believe it but she actually looked more juvenile than the outfit Lily had put her in. The party dress that she had her dressed in was pink and so short that her babyish bloomers couldn't be missed. Her hair looked so darling with a huge bow tied on top. She walked ever so daintily and her curtsy was utterly perfect. When I announced it was time to go back home there was utter joy on her face. I suspected she expected to go back to her former self. Which was dashed when I introduced her to Curtis, this hunk I'd picked up in the islands.

"Curtis will be staying for, well, I don't know how long. If you don't want him to find out who you once were I suggest you'd better act like the most well-mannered, polite and obedient little girl in the world," I warned.

It turned out to be the perfect world for me. Curtis became my partner in the business, we had Prissy Ann's money, and Prissy Ann spent more and more time at her Aunt Lily's place. Lily had become quite attached to her.

##

## **The Perfect Sissy Husband**

### **Chapter-1 I'll never marry again.**

The question is how did I become a firm believer in petticoating and dress discipline?

Well, you'd have to go back to two disastrous marriages. I guess I was not the best at picking husbands. So, unlucky in marriage I resigned myself to life as a single woman, and a near destitute one at that. That is until Barbara, my best friend, introduced me to one of her friends, Patrice.

"You should meet her. I think you'll find her rather unusual marriage just the kind you're looking for," She said.

So I did as she suggested and met up with Patrice at her home.

"Barbara has told me about your two marriages to obviously a couple of losers. Men are such shits, aren't them?" She said, and I had to completely agree.

"I'm thinking you might enjoy, let's call it, an alternative life style in a marriage. Let me introduce you to what I loosely call my husband. Toddlekins get in here," She shouted.

To say I was shocked at what walked in was a gross understatement. What minced in was a small, I guess you'd call him a guy, but dressed in the absolute sassiest, little boys outfit. To start there was his pixie hair, perfect for a teenage girl, but not on a guy, especially with the big, baby blue bow pinned on top of his head. The there was the ultra full, bloomed pants with white, ruffled sticking out. His legs were girlishly smooth down to the juvenile heavily ruffled ankle socks and mary jane shoes with not bows on each toe, but jiggle bells as well. Worse still, for the poor, well, guy, were the at least four inch heels. To my amazement he actually curtsied to Patrice

"Yeth Mith Bridges?" He actually lisped, turning pale when he saw me.

"Oh Monica, I'm so sorry," She exclaimed, obviously upset.

But before I could ask why she turned to the well let's call him a wimp, and angrily said, "How dare you curtsy so horribly in front of my guest. Your left foot wasn't precisely behind your right. Your curtsy was much too fast. You didn't keep your eyes firmly on the tips of your toes. Miserable, absolutely unacceptable. Go and stand in the corner and do a hundred curtsies. And they'd better be perfect.

I couldn't believe that the wimp actually minced over to the corner and started to curtsy.

What on earth, what kind of a marriage is this, I wondered.

"I can see by your expression that you're more than a little shocked," Patrice commented.

"But how ..." I started to say.

"Well, I had a similar disastrous marriage, but never again. So I went looking for just the right man, well sort of a man I could live with. Which is what you should do," She said.

"And this works for you?" I couldn't help asking.

"Absolutely. It does take some doing, but there are several what you'd call 'tells' to look for. If you're interested here's what you do. You're what five foot seven? Buy the highest air of hells you can manage in, at least five inch heels. Then go looking for just the right man. First of all he should be rich, or at least well to do. He needs to be much shorter than you, and younger. With all that you'll find him so easily intimidated and mesmerized.

"Once you find the right one you make him sign a pre nuptial that'll state that as you are so much older and mature you'll make all the decisions for him and be in charge of the marriage, including handling all the finances. There'll also be a clause that states that he agrees to dress as you see fit.

Once he's signed it you have the perfect marriage. Toddlekins was wealthy, but now I control all the money," She said smugly. I was actually beginning to warm to the idea.

One other comment she made I didn't miss when she said, "You'd be surprised at the number of enlightened women who practice petticoating and dress disciple to their advantage."

However I couldn't help asking, "I can see what you mean by dress discipline but I really draw a blank on what you mean by petticoating."

"Well then, let me show you," she said and then barked to Toddlekins, "Toddlekins, how many curtsies have you completed?"

"I half completed seventy-three Mith Bridges," He answered.

"It's dinner time. Go and put on your moistest favorite Alice costume so you can impress our guest on just how adorable you can look when you try. You can finish your curtsies at dinner time." She directed.

"M-My moistest favorite costume, y-yes Mith Bridges," He said in real dismay.

### **Chapter-2 Dinner with Toddlekins.**

It was about twenty minutes later that he minced in. I shouldn't have been, but again, I was more than a little shocked. For the wimp, what else by now could I call him, was wearing ridiculous, most childish version of a Shirley Temple costume. Except for the staggering in, in heels even higher than before. Trying desperately to curtsy he nearly fell down.

"Five inch heels can be a little clumsy to curtsy in," Patrice grinned, then to him said, "That's actually much better Toddlekins, you're getting the hang of it. Now please sit down and don't annoy the adults."

To my further shock the wimp produced a high chair that he managed to get himself into. Then picked up the absurdly frilly bib and tied it around his neck..

He sat there not moving until Patrice said, "You may eat your dinner now, quietly," She ordered. Which he did with a plastic fork, spoon and sippy cup. Good grief!

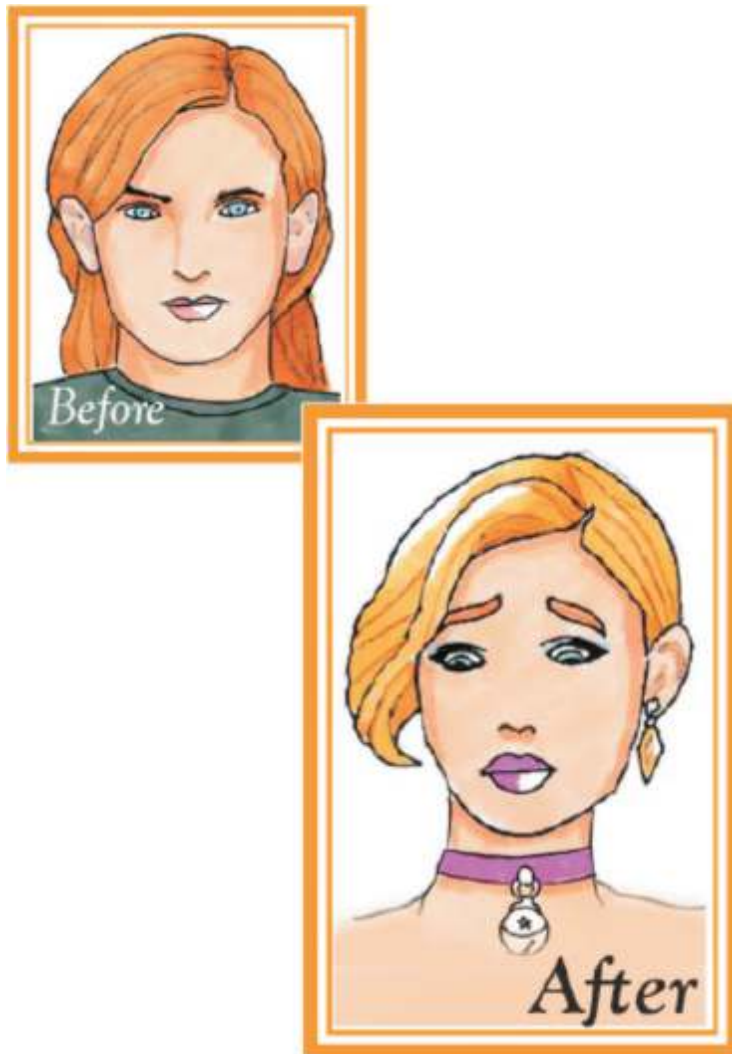
Patrice and I had a wonderful steak dinner and wine.. Toddlekins had something that looked like a bowl of porridge.

I left about an hour later, much the wiser, and ready to find Patrice's version of a, sort of, man.

### **Chapter-3 Three months later.**

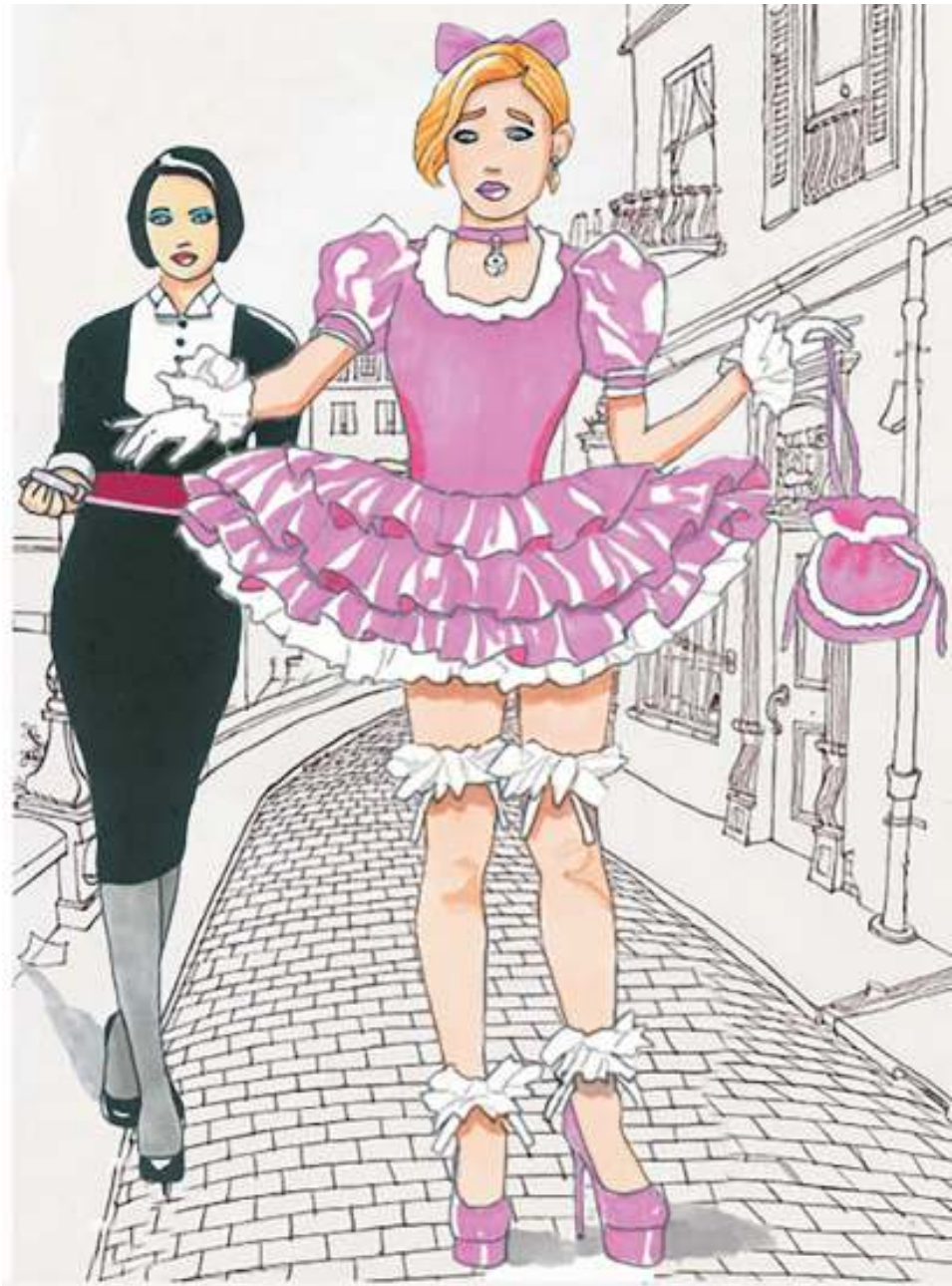
Three months later I'm a firm believer in petticoating and dress discipline for males. All males, but for now my new, kinda, husband, Pollikins.





Taking Patrice's advise I found exactly what I was looking for. It was actually much easier than I'd thought it would be. Short, barely five-feet-three inches to my six-feet-two in heels, Not filthy rich, but well off. And now I'm the one who's well off, courtesy of little Pollikins. Naturally he was, and is, totally infatuated in my, which I take full advantage of.





I don't simply dress my Pollikins in the sissies of attire and petticoats. I've decreed that he behave in a manner precisely mimicking his juvenile status. When in his petticoats, or one of his adorable, little boy sissy attire he's required to speak in a childish lisp. Which I conditioned him to do by fastening a paper clip to his tongue and to use a vocabulary suitable for, at best, a sex year old.



He must walk only on his very tippy toes. That I enforced, when I saw he wasn't really applying himself by first putting him in toes and heels with steel taps and in sticking, sharp, little tacks in his heels. When walking, actually now mincing so daintily, he has to keep his arms out and straight with wrists turned out. The absolute sissiest walk.

He must sit and stand ever so properly with knees and feet tightly together. And, of course, Pollikins must curtsy whenever he speaks and when coming or going out of any room.

I'm afraid it did take several rather painful spansks with a heavy, wooden paddle for him to understand that as the sissy of the house he's not allowed to do even the simplest of things without express permission. He can't leave his seat without permission, nor can he go potty, or be caught doing anything he hasn't gotten permission to do. I, at times, test him by leaving him in his seat for maybe a couple hours. If I see that he's moved so much as a foot it's spankies time.



These are just a few of the rules I enforce to create the perfect sissy behavior in my Pollikins. Thus his petticoating in little girl's, sissy attire is perfect as Patrice predicted.

#### **Chapter-4 Perfectly, proper sissy chores.**

One benefit of having a full time sissy is that I truly live the life of Riley. I virtually do nothing around the house. I've strictly trained Pollikins to do all the most boring of chores. Washing and ironing, dusting and vacuuming, polishing my shoes, and I've even taught him how to cook my most favorite dishes. Life really couldn't be better, at least for me.

When Pollikins finished with his chores he knows to immediately go and stand in the corner and wait for me to come



and decide what to do with him next. Although I suppose it's not easy standing on a box just four by four inches square and eight inches high in high heels with his nose stuck in the corner. Especially if I'm too busy to check on him, or simply forget about him for an hour or so.

### **Chapter-5 Patrice comes to visit.**

It's a lovely Sunday morning and I'm so excited. Patrice is coming to visit and I can't wait to show off my sissy.

So I spent nearly all morning getting him ready. I bought him a special 'show off' sissy costume that really is rather over the top. But, after all nothing is too good for my Pollikins, especially if I want to impress Patrice.

After lacing him as breathlessly tight as I can in his corset trying to create perfectly sweet sissy figure that I'm still not satisfied with I tug his nearly knee length, pristine white bloomers with no less than a dozen tiers of ruffles all the way down to the floppy, pink bow on the hems.

Then comes his dress that I couldn't wait to see him in. It's multi-layered skirt ballooned nearly straight out due to the ultra stiff petticoats underneath, ensuring that they bounce ridiculously with each dainty, mincing step. His white, mid-calf socks were trimmed at the top with no less than three tiers of ruffles decorated with pink, sissy bows. And on his feet the perfect, pink high heels.

For accessories there are his ruffled gloves, a gorgeous, pink babies bonnet and a pink choker with a giggling bell right in the center.

As I wanted time to get ready myself I stood Pollikins in the corner.

About an hour later the doorbell rang.

"Go and answer the door, Pollikins," I instructed.

Obviously it was something he definitely didn't want to do as he had no idea who it was. But terrified at answering the door he was even more scared of not answering it. So he minced in his heels, skirts bouncing up and down, and timidly answered the door.

I smiled as I could see Pollikins falter and turn beet red when he saw it was Patrice.



Patrice, for her part, gave a little smirk as she beheld the sight of this, sort of, fully grown man dressed so undeniably sissish, and so intimidated by her.

Approaching the meek sissy she exclaimed, "Oh my goodness don't you look so perfectly darling! I simply love your precious bouffant skirts and petticoats. There's so many of them. They undoubtedly must simply bounce straight up in the air showing off why the most frilly, ruffled, babyish bloomers I've ever seen. But, now stand perfectly still and hold all your skirts up for me and I'll just pull them further down your legs for you. You do want to show off your baby bloomers for everyone's delight, don't you?" She asked, not being able to hide her devilish grin.

"Oh, yeth Mith Bridges, thank you," He said in dismay as Patrice pulled them even further down his girlishly, smooth legs.

"There now, how perfect. However although I can see you struggling a bit in your high heels that's absolutely no excuse for such a poorly executed curtsy, is it," She asked sternly.

"N-No Mith Bridges," He meekly replied.

"I do apologize Patrice. Pollikins has only been in his new five inch heels for the past week," I said.

"Well that's really no excuse. I suggest at least a hundred perfect curtsies a day and I'm sure he'll show immediate improvement. Why my Toddlekins had the same problem with his six inch heels. He did foolishly complain that they're too high and difficult to walk in, but a hundred curtsies a days quickly solved that," She declared.

### **Chapter-6 Dinner time with Pollikins.**

Pollikins had cooked us a fabulous chicken dinner, which of course, he was not permitted to taste.

"You can site with the adults Pollikins, go and get your chair," I said.

"Oooh, d-do I hab too?" He asked obviously distressed.

"Get your chair now or it's spankie time. You don't want to embarrass me in front of my guest, do you?" I asked sternly.

"N-No Mith Carter," He replied miserably heading to a closet.

"Oh my, how perfect you, why Toddlekins has one just like it, don't you just love sitting in it?" Patrice asked, as he wheeled an adult sized high chair over to the table and just barely managed to squeeze himself into it.

Poor Pollikins, Patrice surely did enjoy tormenting him, I thought as I lowered the the tray, snapping it in place, brought the wide strap tightly up between his legs, and then clamped the wooden restraints around each ankle. I explained to Patrice, hiding a giggle, that I was simply taking precautions so that Pollikins wouldn't accidentally fall out.

"Of course the other advantage of taking such precautions is that I can leave Pollikins in his chair with, let's say, his knitting for hours on end like when I want to go shopping all afternoon," I explained with a wink.

Pollikins got a wonderful bowl of something I blended up for him to eat with the tiniest plastic spoon.

### **Chapter-7 Pollikin's baby bouncer.**

As we enjoyed our dinner Patrice casually asked, "Are you thinking of entering Pollikins in the annual Sissy Show?"

"Goodness, I haven't really thought about it. Don't you think I should wait till next year, compared to you Toddlekins I barely have him trained," I asked innocently.

"Absolutely not. They have a beginner sissy category that he'd be perfect to put on display. Although you would have to get him a harness and leash. No entrant is allowed on the show floor unless they're on the end of a leash," Patrice commented, which, I could see, turned Pollikins face pale with fright.

"Well, it's just a thought, although you'd have to get him trained to be on leash," Patrice said.

Which caused Pollikins to breathe a sign of relief, although I'd already decided it would be good to get him out in public. Why would I want to hide a perfectly adorable sissy?

With dessert over Patrice suggested we go out for drinks to a bar I'd been dying to go to.

"That's a great idea," I agreed.



"Well probably be gone two or three hours, are you going to leave Pollikins in his high chair?" she asked.

"I think he'd much rather watch some television, wouldn't you," I asked.

"Oh yeth Mith," He enthused.

"Okay, so let me get him out of his chair, change him and put him in his bouncer," I said.

"Bouncer, what's that? The same as a baby bouncer they put toddlers in?" Patrice asked.

"Almost the same,, but modified for sissies. I found it on one of the websites you suggested I look at for women with sissies," I explained, as we headed for Pollikin's room.

After I changed him into one of his darling romper outfits with booties I put him in the dangling harness, fastened his hands to it, and raised it up till just his toes could barely touch the floor.

The I positioned the television in front of him and turned the channel to Sesame Street.

"We'll be back in about three hours, enjoy your program," I said.

"I really do have to get one of those for Toddlikins," Patrice declared, grinning.

### **Epilogue- Five months later.**

"Well, it's been nearly five months since Patrice enlightened me on the value of having a sissy for a husband, well a sort of husband. And in that time I've worked hard at improving Pollikins as much as I can to show him off at the upcoming Sissy show.

I had to ask Patrice's advise on just what areas I would need to tackle.

"Well, the first thing you need to teach him is what we call the "Sissy Strut." You already have Pollikins trained to put one step precisely in front of the other when he walks as a sissy should. But the Sissy Strut is a bit different. With each step that he takes he must angle each toe out as far as possible which will force his behind to gyrate in an exaggerated fashion that the judges will find very enticing. Then to really exaggerate it you need put him in an open bottom girdle that is strongly underwired that will push

both cheeks up and out. It'll force his cheeks to bounce back and forth much like a piston.

"Then next you get a sturdy toddler's harness with about a five foot training leash and teach him the various commands to follow when on leash such as: Left, Right, Turn, Walk, Stop, Kneel, Curtsy and Kneel. This will take some time till he reacts instantly without the slightest hesitation which is a very big 'no-no.' He won't like being leash trained, my Toddlekins didn't, so I suggest you keep a stick or cane with you to smack the backs of his legs with when he doesn't react instantly.

Next his figure will be closely measured. See if you can get it down another three, perhaps four inches. And I know it's a lot to accomplish but the judges are sure to be impressed if you can train him to walk in six inch heels. There aren't many beginner sissies I've seen at the show in six-inch heels."

So I had five months to get him ready. And Patrice was right, getting Pollikins leash trained I had to work on for weeks.

"You're problem is (smack, smack) Pollikins that you're thinking (smack, smack) when I give you a command. Haven't you learned by now that sissies are required to think?" I asked in frustration.

Getting him trained to a Sissy Strut was slightly less difficult, but he eventually got it right, and in six inch heels. What I had to do was put him on a treadmill for an hour a day before he could manage them. I was quite proud of myself.

I did get his figure down to a twenty-three-inch waist with the aid of two increasingly smaller corsets. He whined and complained but all I said was, "How else can you obtain a decent sissy figure for god's sake. You'll adapt eventually, trust me," I said heartlessly, I guess. But I really did want him to make a good impression.

I was so proud of him perched up on his display stand in the middle of the ballroom. And I was so grateful at all the compliments I got from the women who attended.

Honestly, I couldn't wait till next year's Sissy Show.

##

## **The Girly Scouts**

### **Chapter-1 At my wits end.**

As a single mother Steve, my teenage son, had become an unmanageable, rebellious hand full. I really didn't know what to do with him.

Worse still he and his two buddies Justin and Rob had done nothing but get in trouble. First it was shop lifting, then upsetting the girls in their school to the point where they were put on probation, then it was breaking into people's homes, but the final straw was stealing a car and then crashing it.

When standing in front of Judge Anita Perkins the boys, who thought it all a big joke, were quite mistaken.

"If you think this is all a big joke, you three are sadly mistaken. Someone could have been killed. I really have had it with you. This is all too serious so I sentence you to juvenile detention until you turn eighteen, then you'll all going to prison for three years. Trust me you're not going to like it," She sternly said.

That is until Arlene Scott, Job's mother, the oldest boy asked if the mothers could see the judge in her chambers,

Once in the judge's office she proposed a rather outrageous alternative, which intrigued not only the judge but us tow mothers.

We knew Arlene had two daughters, both in girl Scouts, and that she was the troop leader. She proposed sentencing the boys to be Girl Scouts. Starting as the youngest Daisy Scouts, then Brownies and then as Junior Scouts. Their sentences ended when the became full-fledge Junior Scouts and had completed all the necessary merit badges at each stage.

The judge seemed amused by Arlene's unusual solution.

"Frankly, while it would appear an excellent, if sort of strange, solution I have my doubts on how you can enforce it," She ventured.

"Yes, I've thought about that, and if they give us any trouble you simply send them to jail for two or three days. That should do it," Arlene declared.

"Oh absolutely, I'm sure that will get their attention. On another thought, have any of them ever been spanked?" the judge asked.

None of us had ever thought of that we admitted.

"Well, they don't do it in school much any more, but it's still not illegal here and I think they could each benefit from a good spanking," She offered.

### **Chapter-2 No way!**

With plans made between us mothers we adjourned back to the courtroom. At which time Judge Perkins wasted no time giving the boys our most unusual solution.

Addressing the boys the judge said, "Your mother's have come up with a rather unusual punishment for the three of you. You are to become Girl Scouts and must complete all the requirements starting as Daisy Scouts, then as Brownies and finally as Junior Girl Scouts. Failure, at any point to do so and you'll immediately be remanded to juvenile detention until age eighteen at which point you'll be transferred to the state prison to serve out a three year sentence."

"Are you out of your mind, lady! You want to turn us into Girl Scouts. No way in hell!" Justin hollered belligerently, and was echoed by the other two.

"I see, very well then. Sergeant at Arms arrest these three, handcuff them, and see that they're transported to county jail," She ordered.

"You c-can't do this," Steve stammered.

"I just did, get them out of my court," Judge Perkins ordered.

Three terrified boys left the courtroom.

### **Chapter-3 Rebellious boys to girly scouts.**

Three days later the three very much subdued boys, without a hint of cockiness left in them stood once again in front of the judge.

"Well you three did you enjoy your stay in the county jail? Judge Perkins asked.

"Oh G-God no," Justin blurted out.

"And how did you like your cellmates?"

"T-They w-were scary," Steve admitted, actually shaking.

"So, as I understand it you've decided to agree to your mother's alternative to prison?" She wanted to know.

In defeat Justin barely muttered, "Y-Yes."

"Speak up young man. I want each of you to loudly and clearly state, 'Yes Judge, I agree to become a Girl Scout,' She demanded.

Which the three of them clearly stated, although most reluctantly.

"Just so you understand, if one of you puts up the least show of resistance you all go to juvenile detention and then go to prison for three years," She firmly stated.

This was an obvious shocker, but they had no alternative, but to agree.

"Very well, Martha you know what do to I understand," She told her burly sergeant at arms.

"Oh indeed I do, Judge," She replied.

Previously we'd discussed what we planned to do with the boys with Martha, who was all too egger to add her suggestions. Most of which we agreed with. Although Martha was of the opinion that prison was where they really belonged. But seeing that we were firm in our plans she said, "Well then to my thinking in order for your solution to really work it has to be made clear to them that they are for the future really girls, and not just pretending to be girls."

We all agreed to her thinking, it actually made sense.

"Fine, then let me take charge of turning them into girls and then you can have them" She stated. Which we did having some idea of what she had planned.

Martha's suggestions we thought rather radical, but on the other hand they did make sense, so we went along with them.

Three hours later, when we came back to pick them up, we were delighted at what she'd accomplished.

Completely gone were three teenage boys in their place were three very convincing, quite juvenile looking, Daisy Girl Scouts. What we couldn't help noticing were their bare, hairless legs, or their pink, little girl cupid lips and their matching pink fingernails.

All three had had long hippy length hair which were now in pigtails with perfectly tied, blue bows that matched their bright blue uniforms. On their feet were turn down white anklets and black and white saddle shoes.

But it was their bright blue Daisy Scout uniforms with skirts so short that their white, frilled, satin panties were certain to be embarrassingly on display if they bent over even slightly. The white blouse had short sleeves, a childishly bright blue beanie perches on their heads and white, wrist length gloves.

We also know a couple of things Martha had made clear to the boys. To ensure their little girl status she'd informed them that their pink, cupid lips and pink fingernails were permanent. And could only be removed by a special solvent after they'd graduated as Junior Girl Scouts.

And to remind them that they are now girls each wore a most frilly, little girl's trainer bra that they were never permitted to remove without permission.

But what Martha felt was the most effective as an ever present reminder of their little girl status was the breathable, seatless girdle she put on each of them after first tucking their privates securely between their legs. It was a full size too small and stiffly boned to give them all a girlish figure. It zipped up the back with a mighty struggle from Martha and when closed she removed the tab. We were frankly dubious but she assured us it really was necessary.

When they entered the room, each looking quite deflated, Martha sternly ordered them to present themselves to their mothers.

First to step forward, and to our surprise, performed a quite clumsy curtsy, said, "H-Hello, m-my name is S-Susan."

Justin announced himself as Justina, and Steve as Stephanie.

Smugly Martha said, "I'm sure you'll improve their curtsies."

#### **Chapter-4 They thought the worst was over.**

When we got them back to Arlene's house we took them to the cabana by her pool where her girl Scout troop met each Tuesday. We were certain that they were thinking the worst was over at the hands of Martha, but far from it. We mothers had spent the three days they were in jail to put some of our own plans for them together. In our



planning we'd included Arlene's oldest daughter Amanda, who at seventeen was a Senior Girl Scout.

When we outlined our plans for the "girls" she wanted to be included. Amanda was especially enthusiastic about spanking them when we felt they needed it. As her brother, and the other two, had delighted in playing nasty and embarrassing tricks on her and her friends.

Telling them to sit down Arlene proceeded to lay the law down.

"You three are now Daisy Scouts until you fulfill all the merit badge requirements. You are not only Daisy Scouts but little girls and you'll be treated only as little girls and expected to act, look and conduct yourselves as little girls," She stated.

As a Daisy Scout you'll learn what's called the basic merit badges. They consist of: Manners & Etiquette, Poise, Posture and Walk, Attitude & Demeanor, Proper Speaking,

Neatness, Grooming & Hair Care, Domestic Science and most importantly Obedience."

"You'll be here every day to work on your merit badges. On Tuesdays the entire troop meets, Saturday is a field day and Sunday brunch is a special dress up day," They were informed.

"You will address all Brownies, Junior and Senior Girl Scouts as, 'Miss. All unladylike conduct and you'll receive a Bad Daisy mark. At the end of the day the one with the most Bad Daisy marks will be spanked that number of times," She declared.

"S-Spanked, you can't spank me, I've never been spanked," Justina blurted out angrily.

"Well then it should be a new and I'm sure a rather painful experience, Justina. And your outburst just earned you three Bad Daisy marks. One for interrupting me, which all well-mannered little girls never do. A second for failure to raise your hand to ask permission to speak, and a third for raising your voice to an adult. Do you understand?" she asked.

"Yea, I suppose so," She muttered nastily.

"Polite little girls do not mutter or use such a disrespectful tone of voice. That will be two more Bad Daisy marks," She declared.

"Oh for Christ's sake, this is ridiculous damn it," She swore.

"Oh my, little girls your age do not swear, Justina. That will be tow more Bad Daisy marks. And if you swear again I will have Amanda wash your mouth out with soap," Arlene declared.

"You're kidding, Amanda? She wouldn't dare," She retorted, which was exactly what Amanda was waiting to hear. Amanda, at seventeen, was at least half a foot taller than Justina, and a top volleyball player. So she had little problems prying Justina's mouth open and thrusting a mushy bar of soap in and out until Justina was retching and gagging.

Finally finished she asked, "Is little Justina ever going to swear again?"

"N-No Aman.. I-I mean Miss Amanda," She managed to get out between sobs.

"I think we should make sure," She stated, shoving a pacifier in her mouth.

All of which had a quite sudden effect, fearful, on the other two boys.

#### **Chapter-5 Let's learn how little girls sit and stand.**

"Now before you go any further Amanda will teach you how little girls sit and stand," Arlene told them.

"Very well little girls, stand up with heels together, shoulders back, arms in front of you with hand folded left over right and with heads bowed with eyes fixed on the tips of your shoes, do it!" She shouted sternly.

"That is how, as little girls (she emphasized) stand. The rules for standing are you don't fidget or so much as twitch. If you move either foot, or finger, the smallest fraction of an inch you'll get a Bad Daisy mark. Your second rule is you never raise your head except to answer a question. If we see your eyes aren't on the very tips of your toes you get another Bad Daisy marl. Is that clear little girls?" She demanded to know.

"Y-Yes Miss Amanda," They quickly answered with their eyes fearfully fixed on the wooden paddle she was holding.

#### **Chapter-6 How graceful little girls walk.**

"So now you know exactly how little girls sit and stand. Next you need to learn how all graceful little girls walk,; She proclaimed.

"To walk ever so gracefully each step should be precisely in front of the other. You will not step on your heels, that's how boys walk, and you're not boys are you?" Amanda asked, daring them to contradict her.

"N-No Miss Amanda, we-we're not b-boys," The three reluctantly answered.

"No, you most certainly are not. So when you step you'll step on your toes first with arms straight out for balance. Not let me add one other thing," She said, grinning as she placed a book on each of their heads.

"Now, let's see you walk across the room and back without letting the book fall," she ordered, which, naturally proved to be a disaster. As before they took two steps all the books fell, and continued to do so until they returned.

"Goodness," She smirked, "well, I guess it's to be expected from such clumsy little girls. Just to let you know to achieve your merit badge in Poise & Posture you must stand for thirty minutes without fidgeting. You must sit for forty minutes correctly without fidgeting, and you must walk back and forth across the room ten times without your book falling even once," Amanda declared, much to their obvious disbelief.

"Oh yes, I almost forgot, under no circumstances are you to ever run without permission of a Brownie, Junior or Senior Scout. I suggest whatever free time you have that you practice as hard as you can," she grinned to herself.

### **Chapter-7 How little girls curtsy.**

"Now that you know how graceful, little girls walk the next thing you need to learn is how to curtsy," Amanda announced.

"C-Curtsy, you expect us to curtsy?" Susan blurted out.

"Yes, of course you will learn to curtsy little Susan. Now you have just earned four Bad Daisy marks. Can you tell me why?" She asked.

"No, I can't," She answered belligerently.

"First you interrupted me. Second, you didn't raise your hand to ask permission to speak. And third you raised your voice, which polite, little girls never do. And fourth you didn't address me properly," Amanda explained.

"Now that I've explained are you ready to learn how little girls curtsy," She asked.

"Yes, Miss Amanda," She grudgingly responded.

"Excellent, I'm so glad you're so eager to learn how to curtsy," Amanda smirked, thoroughly enjoying lording it over the boys who had so tormented her and her friends.

"so, to begin I want you to bow your heads and look straight down and take you ever so sweet, little skirts daintily by just your thumbs and forefingers. While doing so place your left foot exactly behind your right and raise your heel until only the very tip of your toes are touching the floor. Now bend your knees and raise your skirts until just the bottoms of your darling panties are visible," She instructed, having them face a wall mirror so they could see themselves.

Obviously they felt shamed and humiliated showing off their panties, much to Amanda's amusement. As she had them practice over and over until she was marginally satisfied.

"Now listen carefully. Here is when you will curtsy. You will curtsy before you speak. You will curtsy when told to do anything saying, 'Yes Miss so and so, little Justina, Susan or Stephanie understands.' You will curtsy before you enter any room and before you leave it. Failure to perform an absolutely perfect curtsy will earn you a Bad Daisy mark. Failure to curtsy when expected will cost you three Bad Daisy marks. Which starts now. Do you all understand?" She asked.

"Yes, Miss Amanda," they all dismally replied.

"That will be a Bad Daisy mark Justina for not raising your skirts to show off yor panties," She declared.

### **Chapter-8 A good, little girl is an obedient little girl.**

"Now little girls just two more things before I send you home to your Mommies. Being a good, little girl means she is an obedient, little girl. When you are told to do anything by a person older than you such as a Brownie, Junior or Senior Scout or by an adult you are expected to immediately do as you're told. A good, little girl never objects, contradicts, questions or disobeys. If you do five Bad Daisy marks are given."

"Also when you are returned home you will be given a list of chores to do as part of earning your Domestic Science merit badge. Each chore must

be done perfectly. If they're not done as you were told to do them it not only doesn't count you will earn three Bad Daisy marks. Do each of you understand?" Amanda asked.

"Yes, Miss Amanda," They all replied with the hated curtsy.

"Now when you are finished with your chores you'll spend the rest of the evening doing homework practicing your sitting, standing and your curtsy," She advised them.

"Oh yes, I nearly forgot. To promote neatness, grooming and displaying a proper image that you can be proud of tomorrow, first thing, you'll be inspected. You'll be expected to look absolutely perfect. From your hair down to your perfectly shined shoes. I'll give you a chart that will inform you of what's required. I suggest you read it very carefully as you'll receive a Bad Daisy mark for every fault," Amanda declared.

Actually it was my idea to inspect them daily. They saw themselves as long haired hippies dressed in dumpy clothes. I felt it was time they took some pride in their appearance.

### Chapter-9 Spankies.

"Now, let's see, it appears that little, Miss Justina has garnered the most Bad Daisy marks. Oh my, twenty-one. Very well Justina please lay across my lap and pull your skirts up for me," Amanda ordered, pleasantly, although this is what she was waiting for. Retribution, or better yet, payback.

"W-What, if you think you're going to spank me you better think Again," Justina hollered.

However little Justina was no match for the very athletic and extremely fit Amanda. Who grabbed her by the ear and easily yanked her over her knees. Once she had her where she wanted her she pulled her panties down and picking my old sorority paddle began laying into Justina's bare behind with a vengeance, as hard as she could swing the paddle.

"Yeowow, oh, ouch, ouch, please s-stop," She wailed.

"Stop, you're pathetic, I'm not even half way yet," She shouted sternly, and by twenty-one she'd reduced little Justina to choking sobs.

"Now five more for not coming immediately over my lap when I ordered you to,"

Amanda declared, giving her five more on the backs of her thighs.

"Now apologize for being a bad little girl," She demanded.

"I-I-I'm s-sorry Miss A-Amanda," She choked out.

"Are you going to be a good, little girl from now on, and I want to hear you promise," She added.

"Y-Yes l-little Justina p-promises to be a g-good little girl from, from now on," She swore.

Justina's spanking had a beneficial second effect on the other two who looked terrified at the prospect of their being thrust over Amanda's lap. Gasping with each spank.

Amanda was sure, with Justina's spanking, that they'd try as hard as they could to act like perfect, little girls to avoid being spanked. In essence, I realized they'd be competing

against each other to be the best little girl, whether they wanted to or not. I thought Amanda's approach provided them with the perfect incentive.

### **Chapter-10 Doing chores, for the first time.**

When I got little Susan home she may have thought she was home safe from the clutches of Amanda. Which was true, however I quickly put her straight.

"These are the rules you will abide by at home, little, Miss Susan. First you're only as old as a five or six year old Daisy Scout. So you will not address me as Mother, as Charlotte is permitted to do, but as Mommie. As Charlotte, who at fourteen, is so much older than you, you will address her as, 'Miss Charlotte.' As she is now your older sister. And when either Charlotte or I tell you to do anything don't forget to curtsy. Now put this on to protect your clothes while you do your chores," I said, handing her the frilliest, white pinafore.

Then to a most amused Charlotte I added, "Charlotte, please button up little Susan's pinafore and tie a big, tight bow for her in back."

As she did so she gleefully asked, "Does little Susan have to do everything I tell her?"

"Of course, you're now her big sister. And make note of every instance that she speaks without raising her hand to ask you permission to speak, or if she argues or questions what you tell her to do, or fails to curtsy to you.

Whenever she does you give her a Bad Daisy make," I dictated. Little Susan, as expected was furious at my pronouncements, but fortunately she barely held her tongue.

To little Susan I sternly added, "I suggest you obey your big sister and your home rules or else you could be the one being spanked tomorrow, understood?" I asked.

"Y-Yes Mommie," She miserably replied, with a curtsy.

Among the list of chores I gave her was dusting and vacuuming the living room, cleaning the dishes, and just to test her, I added cleaning and tidying up Charlotte's room including making her bed.

To Charlotte I said, "Charlotte, you will judge whether little Susan has done each chore correctly. If no give her a Bad Daisy mark and make her do it over again."

The idea of giving her chores, which she'd never done before, was to teach her the value of hard work. And putting Charlotte in charge was simply our effort to make all three of them hate being a little girl so much that they'd do everything to at least be promoted to a Brownie.

However it was Charlotte, grinning, who supplied the big test. When little Susan thought she was finally done with her chores Charlotte sternly said, "You're not finished yet little girl. I want all my shoes polished and I'd better not see a single mark on any of them."

### **Chapter-11 There's much more to being a little girl.**

But there was more to being a little girl than being under their now big sister's thumb. It was dinner time when little Susan finished polishing her big sister's shoes.

It was when little Susan sat down at the dinner table that I said to Charlotte, "Please would you put little Susan's bib on for her?"

"A-A bib?" little Susan gasped.

"Of course a bib. All little girls your age wear bibs to protect their clothes, don't they Charlotte?" I couldn't help grinning, and did Charlotte.

"Oh, absolutely, I'll get my old one. Gee, I haven't worn it since I was four or five," she said, not able to stifle a giggle. And in minutes Charlotte was tying a most babyish, ruffle edged bib on the distraught little girl.



"Unfortunately she didn't raise her hand to ask if she could speak. Charlotte, please give little Susan a Bad Daisy mark," I directed.

When little Susan's dinner came it wasn't filled to brimming like Charlotte's and mine, but instead was a child's portion on a much smaller plate.

Before she could remark on her tiny portion I said, "You're quite chubby for a little girl your age I'm afraid. So you need to be slimmed down."

### **Chapter-12 Little girls go potty.**

When she got up to leave the table there was one more humiliation waiting for her. It wasn't my idea but Grace's, which we all agreed on.

"They'll absolutely hate it, if anything will get them to complete their Daisy Scout merit badges as fast as they can, I'm certain this will," I'd remarked.

"And just where do you think you're going?" I asked, pretty sure I already knew.

"I have to pee, so I'm going to the toilet, ah, Mommie," she replied.

"Little girls don't sue such vulgar words. Now, do you need to do tinkles or poo-poops? I asked.

Blushing beet red, in front of her big sister, she mumbled, "I-I have to do t-tinkles, Mommie."

What you meant to say was, 'Little Susan needs to do tinkles. Can I please go the toilet?' I demanded her to say.

When she repeated the wretched words I said, "Of course you can't go to the toilet. A toilet is for adults and big girls. When you become a Brownie you can use a grown-up toilet. Charlotte, would you find your old potty for little Susan?"

"Sure, I think it's somewhere up in the attic, I'll go get it," She giggled.

In the meantime I took her to her room.

When, shortly, Charlotte came back with the white, porcelain potty I said, "Remove your panties, sit on your potty and put your feet behind the pegs. Then you can do your tinkles."

As I sort of expected she had some problems doing her tinkles sitting on a potty in front of Charlotte and me. But when I sent Charlotte out of the room she was finally able to tinkle.

### **Chapter-13 Nighty night.**

After little Susan was finished with her tinkles I told her to stay in her room and do her homework. Which consisted of practicing her sitting, standing, her curtsy and reading her Neatness & Image Chart until bedtime.

I peeked into her room a couple of times. Only once did I see her actually trying to walk as she'd been taught, and then it appeared to be just a half-hearted effort. Her chart lay on the discarded on the floor. Well, I thought, tomorrow that would change.

At eight o'clock I came into her room and stated that it was bedtime.

"A-At eight..." she started to say before I cut her off.

"The bedtime for little girls your age is no later than eight. Of course if you were a Brownie you could stay up till nine. Now let's get you ready for bed," I said.

When I had her ready she wore a very, little girlish nighty so short it barely covered the tops of her frilly, lace ruffled rhumba panties with rows of ruffles decorating her behind. Just what every five or six year old wore. The bed I put her in had been her big sister's old bed, just slightly bigger than a crib. By her look she obviously hated it.

### **Chapter-14 Inspecting the little girls.**

The following morning the "girls" learned the folly of not paying attention to the Neatness & Image Chart they were supposed to have studied.

With Amanda was Jillian, Grace's daughter, and at fifteen already a Junior Girl Scout. She had also been the target of the boy's cruel and embarrassing tricks. So she obviously had no love for any of them. But especially her brother Steve, no Stephanie, who had so delighted in tormenting her.

After Amanda had the girls all standing in a row she sternly said, "Very well, little girls, while I'm inspecting you I don't want to hear a single sound out of you, or so much as the tiniest bit of fidgeting. Jillian, you'll take notes please."

Starting with little Susan she said, "Four hairs out of place, and neither bow is tied evenly, left bow is not tightly tied. That's seven Bad Daisy marks. Two marks on her left glove, one on the right. Blouse not tucked in in the back. That's ten marks so far."

Bending down she measured her ankle socks with a twelve inch, wooden ruler she said, "The left sock is one-eighth of an inch shorter than the right. There's a scuff mark on the back of her left shoe and the right shoe also has two scuff marks on it. Jillian, also note that neither bows on her shoes are evenly tied.

Then consulting a note I'd sent along Amanda sighed and said, "Oh my, well apparently you weren't a good, little girl at home. Your big sister said she had to make you do over three chores because they were done so poorly. And did you really object and raised your voice when your big sister told you to shine her shoes?"

"Y-Yes Miss Amanda," Little Susan reluctantly had to say.

"That is completely unacceptable. To remind you that you should always do anything you big sister tells you to do for homework you print, as you're not old enough to know how to write, one hundred times, 'Little Susan must do whatever her big sister tells her to do.' And five for disobeying your home rules. This is not a good Neatness & Image report. Twenty-five Bad Daisy marks for little Susan," Amanda gleefully declared.

Thoroughly enjoying herself she went on to inspect the other two who just barely escaped more Bad Daisy marks than little Susan.

### **Chapter-15 More Daisy Scout merit badges.**

That morning Amanda had them practicing their sitting, standing, walk and curtsy over and over. Berating them for even the smallest lack of perfection.

In the afternoon she introduced them to other merit badges they'd have to learn in order to graduate to a Brownie.

The first new merit badge they had to earn was, "Reading Appreciation." That consisted of a selection of books they had to read and then take a quiz in which they had to score an "A" in, in order to pass. This was to ensure that, in fact, they had read them all thoroughly. Purposefully we selected books in the five to six year old level. Books such as: Heidi, two Nancy Drew mystery books, two Winnie the Pooh books, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm novel, and a Sesame Seed book. We knew they'd hate reading childish, little girls books. But we felt it was just another incentive to graduate to a Brownie Girl Scout as fast as they could.

The third merit badge to be earned was their “Hair Styling” merit badge. In which they had to learn to put their hair up in absolutely perfect pigtailed and bows, single and double braids, a perfect ponytail without a single hair out of place and the most challenging double loop braids. Between their additional Daisy Scout merit badges we were sure they’d be kept busy nearly all day.

Like the previous day the girls were all too relieved when it came to an end. Although not quite.

“Well, little girls it’s almost time for you to go home to your Mommies. Last, however, it’s spankie time. Jillian could you tally up their Bad Daisy scores?” Amanda asked.

“Let’s see, little Stephanie has twenty-four Bad Daisy marks. Little Justina has just nineteen, and little Susan, oh my, thirty-three,” She announced.

Little Susan, unfortunately, came home with a very sore behind and a very much changed attitude. Completely gone was any sign of obstinacy or hint of rebellion. It was, in a way, heart warming to see her obeying her big sister, and actually trying to sit, stand and walk. Even her curtsies and when she was expected to curtsy was improving.

### **Chapter-16 A wardrobe perfect for a little girl.**

While the girls were under the direction of Amanda’s, admittedly vengeful eye, Arlene, Grace and I were busy shopping for the girls. We had determined that we obviously couldn’t keep them full time in their Daisy Scout uniforms. So what we bought were more casual dresses, rompers, playsuits, and accessories all age appropriate. We even delighted in getting all three a much fancier, dress-up party dress and shoes for Sunday Brunch.

So, when little Susan arrived home, with Charlotte’s help, we got her dressed in what I thought was a darling, high waisted dress. Its hem and petticoat barely came down to mid-thigh. It had a white, big bertha collar and the shortest, puffy sleeves. The white, turn down anklets were plain, the shoe, saddle shoes of course, were pink matching the bows in her pigtailed. Naturally dressed as a juvenile, five to six year old she was far from happy about it. But, unlike yesterday, she appeared resigned. Good for her, I thought, we’re making progress.

I knew what were doing wasn't a punitive measure putting them in little girl's clothes and Daisy Scout uniforms. But I couldn't help be pleased as little Susan sat reading a book.

### **Chapter-17 Playtime.**

While their homework certainly kept them occupied it didn't consume all their time. So we instituted playtime. Suitable, of course, to their age. Little Susan seemed relieved when I announced it was playtime. Mistakenly thinking she was going to get time on her computer. No, there were coloring books to color in. Cut out paper dolls to put together. A game book suitable for five year olds. We even added some thing we knew they'd absolutely hate. We called it doll time. During which we'd gotten each a half dozen dolls and a doll house to play with. So under Charlotte's watchful eye little Susan was expected to enthusiastically expected to play as if she were actually enjoying herself.

She hated it, as expected, but I thought it so charming watching her sitting and pretending to enjoy her dolls and doll house.

Or, if the weather was good I asked Charlotte to take her little sister outside to play on the swings, or jump rope and play hop skotch. It really was so amusing to watch the three girls try uselessly to jump rope or being put on swings pushed by her big sister.

### **Chapter-18 Little girly weekends.**

You would think that our three little Daisy Scout girls would dread their first Girl Scout meeting. And it was apparent that they did. But to their surprise, and frankly ours, the real Daisy Scouts as well as the other scouts just looked at them funny not sure what to make of them. So after a few giggles and stares basically they ignored them. Very much to our girl's relief.

On their first field trip with all the scouts in their uniforms they were taken to a ballet performance. We assigned Junior Girl Scouts to hold their hands, which they really didn't like, but we explained how important it was to always hold an older girl's hand so they wouldn't get lost. During the ballet performance we tried explaining the dancers movements but, unfortunately, it bored them and they didn't pay any attention. They really should have listened more closely.

And then came their first Sunday brunch appearance at Grace's house. Outside on the back veranda.

Even before we left it was obvious that the last place little Susan wanted to go was anywhere outside. Certainly not dressed as she was in the most adorable and ultra frilly little, girl's pink party dress that absolutely screamed little girl. For the satin dress had a wide, pink waist band that Charlotte tightly tied into the biggest bow in back. The all too short skirt blossomed out by the two stiffly starched petticoats that made loud, rustling sounds with each step. The short skirt left her girlishly smooth legs bare down to the ruffled ankle socks with darling pink bow attached. Her shiny shoes were patent leather pink with crisscrossing straps and even ankle straps with floppy bows on each dainty toe. Her wrist length, white satin gloves were ruffle trimmed with the most precious silver, heart shaped earrings.

But worse still for the girls, who looked so hopelessly juvenile, besides the all too deafening rustle of their petticoats with each step they took was how dainty they now walked on just their toes. Which was the most creative way Amanda had come up with when she observed their difficulty walking as they were expected to on just their toes.

"it really was quite simple," She explained. "I simply put a marble in the heels of all their shoes. So now it's not only gotten them up on their toes, but caused them to quite shorten their steps so they're more how a little girl actually walks."

Quite ingenious we all thought.

At the brunch the three girls were escorted over to where all the other little girls were seated. To be left in the charge of Gracie's fourteen year old daughter, Jillian. Who spent much of her time correcting our girl's manners and posture.

"Now, now little Stephanie hold your cup more daintily with just your thumb and forefinger. And sip gracefully not slurp," she admonished.

"Justina, heels together please."

"And Susan, you really don't want people peeking up your legs so they can see your darling, ruffled panties, do you. Keep your knees together," Jillian instructed.

With each admonishment the other little girls giggled, causing our girls no end of embarrassment.

I really couldn't help but be pleased, on the whole, with how precious my little Susan looked. Which Grace and Arlene, with slight chuckles, agreed with.

"Perhaps we should just keep them as little girls. My goodness what a turn around," Arlene commented.

"Let's wait and see, for now at least, how they do as Brownies," Grace said, then added with a smile, "but they do look darling."

### **Chapter-19 Two months later, graduation.**

It took our 'girls' all of two months to complete their Daisy Scout merit badges, so in a full meeting of the troop a ceremony was held as they graduated to Brownie Scouts. They were obviously relieved not to be treated any longer as little five or six year old girls. As Brownie Scouts they were now regarded to be in the ten to eleven year old age.

We mothers were quite pleased at how they'd turned themselves, so far, in just tow months.

And for them there were benefits. As Brownies they were now allowed to stay up a half hour later at night. The books they were still required to read were now appropriate to ten and eleven year olds. Avery importantly to them they were no longer addressed as "little girls" but as Miss Justina, Stephanie and Susan."

We did think they looked so darling in their brown Brownie uniforms. With skirts longer but still falling short of mid-thigh. And with not one but two petticoats beneath their rather full skirts. They had also graduated from the childish pigtails to single and double braids. Their little girl saddle shoes on their still white, anklet socks were now shiny, black patent leather mary janes with one-and-a-half block heels. Although with marbles still in their heels we could see it forced them to walk even more up on their toes.

There was one other thing that was actually Arlene's suggestion. "I think with the girls graduating to Brownies that they really should have more girlish figures," She said.

A suggestion that both Grace and I agreed with. So, as we were dressing them in their new uniforms what came first was a new, smaller girdle that took off an extra two inches in their waists. When Susan, for example, protested that it was too tight I simply told her she must be eating too much.



As we expected they were quite relieved when we announced that as Brownies they were now just old enough to use a grown-ups toilet. Although they did have to sit as all girl did.

### **Chapter-20 Brownie merit badges.**

When they were given the list of brownie merit badges they had to complete we couldn't help miss the dismayed looks, for the most part, on their faces.

There was a Baking merit badge. A Domestic Science merit badge that consisted of washing and ironing. Another merit badge in Needlepoint. A camping and a hiking badge, and one we knew they'd hate, a merit badge in Tap Dance. But we thought it would be beneficial to improve their gracefulness and make them less awkward and clumsy. And there was one in sports to complete, Field Hockey. Although to level the field they played with marbles in their heels.

When it came to play time an activity that we knew all Brownies enjoyed was roller skating. Although the skates they wore were the old fashioned ones with steel wheels that were fixed to their mary jane shoes. As ten and eleven year old girls me certainly didn't want them speeding down sidewalks. Their skating at a more diminished level, we felt, was more appropriate for their age.

### **Chapter-21 The "girls" settle in as Brownies.**

In the following weeks we three mothers looked on with curiosity and amusement as the girls began the task of completing their Brownie merit badges. We looked on as they made their best effort to bake cookies dressed in the frilliest, white pinafore aprons. Miss Stephanie, to our surprise, actually appeared to enjoy it and her cookies were really the best.

As for me I couldn't help but be pleased observing Miss Susan sitting properly and concentrating on reading, "My Little Pony." Dressed, of course, in an adorable, petticoated, age appropriate, dress, shiny mary janes and with her hair in perfect, double braids. It surprised me at how well she'd learned to braid her hair. Will wonders never cease?

We had to admit they were all three turning into perfectly behaved, obedient and well-mannered ten year old girls.

## Chapter-22 Tap dancing, sort of.

Of course Amanda couldn't herself amusing herself at the expense of the girls. Undoubtedly what she thought was the most fun was taking the girls to the dance shop to be fitted for their tap dance costumes. For which she took along Jillian for advise.

She emailed us the amusing video she had Jillian take as they selected the girl's costumes.

When it was Miss Susan's turn Amanda asked Jillian's advise on what costume she felt best suited Miss Susan.

Picking one off a rack, with a giggle, she said, "Oh, I think this sailor's costume really is absolutely perfect for her. I simply adore the oh so short. Satin skirt with the sequin trim and top. Although with a skirt so short when she twirls she can't help but show off her darling, ruffled panties."

Which Miss Susan definitely didn't want to hear, I suspect.

When she was fully dressed Miss Susan sported a sequin trimmed sailor's hat, ruffled gloves and ankle socks, and, of course, her black, patent tap shoes with two inch heels.

"Oh my Miss Susan, don't you look sooo darling. Imagine how impressed your Mommie and all the others in the audience will be with you up n the stage tap dancing for them and singing, 'On the Good Ship Lollipop.'" Amanda said with a bit of a smirk.

So it was that three weeks later at their first recital that Miss Susan did indeed tap dance, rather clumsily, and at the same time hesitantly singing one of Shirley Temple's favorite songs. The other two girls were not any better and were outshined by the real girls in the class.

Not at all understanding that the three girls were not really girls the dance instructor said, "Not to worry ladies your three little girls are a little behind the others. To catch up I suggest a good half hour of tap dancing practice every night that should really help

the poor dears."

## Chapter-23 Enduring the good and the not so good.

The girls obviously didn't care fo their tap dancing classes, but what they really didn't like was learning to wash, iron and fold. And in Miss Susan's case charlotte

added to it by insisting that she wanted her panties delicately hand washed, folded and put away neatly in her dresser.

Charlotte naturally was being a bit nasty, but on the other hand I really didn't see anything wrong with carefully learning to hand wash panties.

The girls, when they were boys, were active and competitive. So in terribly short skirts they did enjoy playing field hockey with the girls. Although even without marbles in their heels they still weren't all that competitive as, to our surprise, they were now sort of running up on their toes.

Then too, being active, they did enjoy their roller skating after they got used to the old fashioned skates clamped to their shoes with steel wheels. They couldn't go as fast as we were sure they wanted to, but we could see they enjoyed roller skating much better than washing and ironing.

#### **Chapter-24 Five months later.**

It took our girls and little more than twice as long to complete all their Brownie merit badges. Then it was our decision whether to continue graduating them to Junior Girl Scouts or not. Their time spent as Daisy Scouts and Brownies had entirely turned them around. We had to admit that they'd learned respect for authority, they were quite obedient, they'd learned the value of hard work and their neatness had greatly improved.

"So what do we do with them?" Arlene asked the obvious question.

"Let's not do anything. Let's leave it up to them. Let's be honest they do make much better girls than they did boys," Grace commented.

I wasn't too surprised when Miss Susan settled the matter when she asked, "So, as a Junior Scout do we get now uniforms?"

And Miss Stephanie asked, "do we get to stay up later?"

##

## Time Turned Back

### Chapter-1 Beside myself.

I really didn't know what to do. I lost my husband a year ago, killed in a car accident. Since then Louis, my seventeen year old step son, has gotten completely out of hand. Totally unmanageable. Worse he'd been running with a really bad crowd and was caught with them stealing a car. The judge put him on probation, but it hasn't done the slightest bit of good.

What turned it, and him, around was a dinner I had with Jane Addison, a friend of mine. She had a son the same age as mine and had been having the exact same problems with him.

I hadn't seen Jane in a about a year and expected her to be having the same problems with Evelyn that I was having with my Louis.

"So, how are you doing with Evelyn, still the same problem I'm having with my Louis?" I asked.

I was more than a little surprised when she said, "Oh gracious no. Mia has him perfectly under control."

"What, how on earth did you manage that, and who is Mia?" I asked, very confused.

"Let me back up a bit. This might seem like an odd question, but have you ever heard of Jamestown?" she asked.

"Well, of course, it's the town that's a replica of what it was like to live around the revolutionary war. Everyone in the town dresses like in that era and lives the exact same as they once did," I answered, still confused.

"Exactly. Anyway I have an Aunt, Jessica, and when I told her of the problems I was having with Evelyn she convinced me to come and live with her," She said.

"So, how did that ever solve the problem?" I wanted to know.

"You see she lives in a town called Victoriaville. It's set up exactly the same as Jamestown. Only it replicates the way people lived in Victorian times around the turn of the century. It's a big tourist attraction. Aunt Jessica lives in a huge Victorian house that's way too big for her so it's no problem for her and she really enjoys having all of us there," She explained.

"Okay, well I'm not quite getting it," I had to admit.

"I understand, but let me show you a photograph," She said, taking a photo out of her purse and handing it to me.

What I saw was a girl of maybe fourteen or fifteen dressed in the same manner of girls of that era. Her hair was of that time, her dress I'd describe as frilly with loads of lace and ruffles. She even wore high heeled, old fashioned button boots.

"Is this one of your daughters?" I asked.

With a chuckle Jane said, "No, that's actually Evelyn."

"What, that's Evelyn? Why is he dressed as a girl?" I asked, in total surprise and confusion.

With a bit of a grin she said, "You've probably forgotten but in Victorian times many boys were often dressed as girls into their teens and their hair kept girlishly long. And boys, as well as many men, wore corsets. Which is what Evelyn is also wearing. A very stiff and tightly lace one. Between the corset and the tightly buttoned boots that takes a button hook to put on and take off he certainly can't run around and get in any mischief. I would say that I've finally gotten him well under control. And Mia is my aunt's maid who laces his corset and buttons his boots. So, I'd say that I've finally gotten him well under control," She asserted.

"I think that's great Jane, but how does that relate to my problem with Louis?"

I asked.

"Oh, that's easy. You and your family will come to live with us. I've already spoken to my Aunt and she's all for it. She still has half a dozen empty rooms and she feels the house will feel more lived in. And she said to tell you that Mia will have no problem handling Louis. And he'll have a friend in Evelyn as they're both the same age.

### **Chapter-2 A solution in Victoriaville.**

I told Jane I thought it a great idea, although she cautioned me there were some rules.

"No cars are allowed. No phones, tv's or video games. As a parent, however, you'll have a phone and computer, but they can only be used in private. You have to dress at all times in the town in the Victorian fashion. Which my girls love," she said.

When I asked about school she explained, "It's taught just like it was in Victorian times. The emphasis is in a solid grounding in the basic fundamentals with grades also given for correct manners and etiquette, posture, neatness and such. Oh yes, at that time discipline was strictly employed with spankings," She added.

Which I had no problem with, feeling that a good spanking is just what Louis was in great need of.

### **Chapter-3 Three months later, bliss!**

As I expected I had big problems with Louis when I told him he was going to have to dress and conduct himself as they did in Victorian times.

But all I heard was, "No fuckin' way!." Until I gave him a choice.

"You're on probation. I can with one phone call to the judge and she can revoke that and it's off to jail for several years. Is that what you want?" I asked. that's all it took, sort of.

He became the old rebellious Louis when the restyled his hair to a style of that time.

He became even more obstinate when Mia tightly laced him into a corset. Then dressed him in a frilly sailor's suit, including what I can only describe as ankle length button half boot with about one and a half inch heels. Belligerently he screamed that he hated them.

### **Chapter-4 Mia had enough.**

Finally Mia had had enough. Yanking him over her lap she gave him the spanking of his life with a wicked, wooden cane. He was screaming and sobbing his lungs out, but I didn't stop her. It was long overdue. When she finished with him all the juvenile bravado was gone.

It was obvious he hated what Mia dressed him in. Saying a nice boy's sailor's suit was too good for him. What he soon found himself in was a teen girl's Victorian dress and in much higher, old fashioned button boots with no less than three-and-a-half inch heels. Using a button hook she firmly buttoned the boots so tightly there wasn't a chance he was going to do any running in them. I also observed, to my satisfaction, that the boots very much curtailed his walk to a much more sedate, almost mincing step. Nor

could he get out of them as it would take the button hook which Mia kept with her. To say I was pleased was an understatement.

#### **Chapter- What an improvement**

I obviously crushed Louis to be dressed as a girl. But I couldn't have been more pleased. It only took a couple of weeks to see an almost miraculous improvement. And ti started in school with Mrs. Thornton, the teacher. In private the students fearfully called her an "old battle axe." And they had reason to call her that. A student that got anything less than an "A" in their homework was spanked. In class any student who couldn't answer a question got a spanking.

The worst day, at least for the newer students like Louis, was Friday. That was the day she totaled up all the demerits of each student in manners and etiquette, poise and posture and neatness. Each student then received a spanking for every demerit.

If Louis didn't immediately stand when she entered he was spanked.

If Louis didn't sit or stand exactly as demanded he got spanked for it.

If a bow wasn't tied exactly he got spanked.

And when he got home this carried over as well. Mia saw to that.

But what he really didn't like at all is when he showed up in class dressed as a Victorian girl. Ms. Thornton seeing him dressed a girl started calling him "Louise." Which Mia also started calling him, as did all the girls. And because he was in skirts Ms. Thornton taught "her" how to curtsy.

All he had to do to get back into short pants was do go a week without being spanked. The harder he tried to avoid being spanked the better he became. Which I thought was pure genius. It took Louise almost twelve weeks before he went an entire week without being spanked and was so relieved to be back as Louis and in pants again that he didn't object at all to being dressed in attire meant for a Victorian boy. I couldn't believe the change in him. However there was to be no back sliding. One demerit and he was once again dressed as a girl.



### **Chapter-5 Life in Victoriaville.**

It took him some time to not being able to spend hours on a computer or to play video games. Rather playtime consisted of an old fashioned, wooden scooter, or rolling a large hoop down the street, or bicycling on an old three wheeled bicycle. He actually got quite good at it even in high heeled button boots. At home there were wooden toys, a wooden train set and several, different board games.

In the winter there was ice skating which he managed in, and enjoyed, even if he wore high heeled ice skates.

Life in Victoriaville was good. It was the best decision I ever made.

###