

TV FICTION CLASSICS

"THAT'S NO GIRL"

THAT'S MY SON!

Several guys are forced to be girls!



Volume 57

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TV FICTION CLASSICS
MAGAZINE

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“THAT’S NO GIRL!”

By KRISTY LOVE & ALICE TRAIL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PUYAL

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"Be very afraid of anything that bleeds for five days...and doesn't die!"

“THAT’S NO GIRL!”

By KRISTY LOVE & ALICE TRAIL

Judge Elizabeth Parker leaned over the podium and glared at Patrick Flynn and me. Her imposing size and demeanor intimidated those assembled. “You all know the reason for these proceedings,” she loudly pronounced. “These boys were caught with their fingers in the proverbial cookie jar, and they have confessed their guilt. The only detail remaining to be resolved is their sentence. Many want to lock them up and throw away the key, but I don’t see how that will serve their interests or those of the community. They are mischievous, not bad. If we send them to jail, we will brand them as criminals for life. Since they are juveniles, our duty is to teach them to respect the rights and property of others.”

My name is Angelo Rocco. Patrick Flynn and I are typical 16-year-old boys. Discipline at home is virtually nonexistent and correction is uncommon. We are both short and slight of frame, with rather delicate facial features, and little facial hair compared to our peers’ pointed or chiseled chins, whiskers, and less rounded cheeks.

We are pranksters. Our pranks are usually small and amusing, except to the recipients that included almost everyone in town! For example, at the Memorial Day picnic, we locked the mayor’s wife in a rental toilet behind the stands. No one found her until after the festivities. She was terribly upset, but most of the townsfolk concluded that she was better off not having to listen to her husband’s speech.

Even the honorable Judge Parker was the brunt of one of our stunts when she sat on a giant whoopee cushion at a public hearing. She was very angry, but the

cost was only the loss of some dignity. Unfortunately for Patrick and me, Judge Parker is NOT a forgiving and forgetting person, especially after her photograph appeared in the newspaper and on television!

Finally, we were caught in the act. This time, the damages were considerable. We played a raunchy rap tape over the school's expensive high tech speaker system during the July 4th celebration, but in doing so, we made a wrong connection and blew out the entire system.

Judge Parker motioned for Patrick and me to rise. "Boys, you have been a pain in the ass to this community," Judge Parker continued. "The court knows you were helped in your pranks. You could not have gained access to the speaker system without inside help. Since you have refused to name your accomplice, your lack of cooperation will be reflected in your sentence."

Patrick and I glanced at each other. We had sworn not to tell, but we were being punished while our accomplices were going free. "Will you be lenient if we tell?" Patrick stammered.

"Of course. The court always rewards cooperation," Judge Parker smoothly offered.

After I nodded agreement, Patrick groaned, "It was our Mathematics teacher, Mr. O'Hare."

A sudden commotion in the back of the courtroom drew everyone's attention. "Bailiff, stop that man," Judge Parker boomed. Soon the source of the commotion stood before the judge. "I take it you are Mr. Allen O'Hare?" Judge Parker asked without really asking.

(See *Illustration 1*)

"Uh...yes, your honor," the slightly built man with flaming red hair and mustache stammered.

"We're sorry, Mr. O'Hare," I stammered.

"Never mind that!" Judge Parker interrupted. "Bailiff, take this man to the county jail. I'll deal with him once I've taken care of the scheduled workload." Unceremoniously, Mr. O'Hare was led from the courtroom while



"Bailiff, stop that man!"

the townspeople, the school principal, and his fellow teachers gasped in disbelief.

"Turning in Mr. O'Hare may get us off," I thought. "After this is over, we'll give it a rest, then do something really big and neat. Let's get the show on the road."

Turning again to Patrick and me, Judge Parker continued, "I have decided on a sentence that is both just and appropriate, considering your cooperation. You have provided us with a few laughs in the past. I believe a sentence that allows you to continue in that vein is appropriate. In the old country, they had a punishment for unruly boys guaranteed to quell their rebellious spirit. I believe it is appropriate in this case. Do either of you boys have anything to say before I pass sentence?" We remained silent.

"Very well! I have decided to play a prank on you and I hope you will maintain your humor as the butt of my joke. It is the sentence of this court that you be remanded to the custody of your parents where you will spend the next year as girls. You will dress as girls from the skin out twenty-four hours a day! The next school term starts in two and a half months. You will spend your junior year in dresses, skirts, makeup, and appropriate lingerie. In school, you will take sewing, cooking, housekeeping, and typing instead of wood and auto shop. You will work as your mother's helpers and as baby sitters to earn money for your new clothes."

"What?" Patrick's father, Everett, shouted as he leapt to his feet. "You aren't making my son parade around in dresses like a sissy!"

"Sit down and shut up or I will lock you up for contempt!" Judge Parker warned. "Your son wouldn't be in this situation if you had done your duty as a parent!"

As his father dejectedly took his seat, Patrick moaned, "You said we would get leniency if we ratted on Mr. O'Hare!"

"I am being lenient," Judge Parker smiled deviously. "A year in dresses is less severe than two years in juvenile detention."

"You are crazy if you think I'm going around in dresses like a sissy!" I shouted, jumping to my feet, immediately joined by Patrick.

"Don't we quickly lose our humor when the tables are turned!" Judge Parker mused with a devious smile. "However, just as your victims had no choice, neither do you. Your sentence is effective immediately and will continue uninterrupted until this date next year. Following this hearing you will be taken to Mr. Ken's 'House of Beauty' for a hairstyle and makeover to give you the image of lovely young girls. To further your feminine identity, you will henceforth be known as Patricia Ann Flynn and Angela Marie Rocco."

Judge Parker gave us a moment to consider our fate before adding, "Afterwards, you will go on a shopping spree to be dressed in girl's clothes and to purchase a complete feminine wardrobe. Your parents and teachers will file reports. They will attest as to your courtesy and ladylike conduct or the absence thereof. Negative comments, wise cracks, insults, or unladylike behavior will result in time added to your sentences!"

"Your Honor, please give us another chance. We'll never pull another prank!" Patrick begged.

"That is a day added to your sentence for interrupting me, Patricia!" Judge Parker declared, then continued, "You will help around the house learning what you always regarded as girl's work. You are one of us now, so washing, ironing, cooking, and sewing is a part of your life. You will attend charm school and makeup classes like other girls. I hope you new girls enjoy our little zinger! There being no further business before this court, we stand adjourned."

The courtroom erupted in laughter as Patrick and I looked at each other in disbelief, bewilderment, and horror! He gasped, "I've never heard of a sentence like this! Better they should lock us up and throw away the key! I won't do it!"

"Me neither!" I asserted, "I'll find a way out of this, I swear!"

Two women deputies approached to take us to the waiting van. "I have to go to the rest room," I stammered while elbowing Patrick in the ribs.

Understanding my message, Patrick responded, "Me too."

"Go ahead," a deputy answered teasingly. "This might be your last chance to pee while standing up for quite a while."

We blushed at her inference, then hurried into the rest room. "Help me with this window!" Patrick exclaimed as the door closed behind us. "We haven't much time before those crazy bitches come looking for us."

We slipped outside, but fate was not kind. The two deputies and Judge Parker confronted us as we emerged from the shrubbery. Surrender being our only option, we reluctantly did so.

"I see you girls did not take me seriously when I said you must exhibit ladylike behavior or I would extend your sentences," Judge Parker declared in a harsh tone.

"We're not girls!" Patrick growled.

"You are for the next year. Jumping from the boy's bathroom window is certainly not ladylike. Trying to escape is cause for extending your sentence. That maneuver will cost you an additional two months in dresses! Now, go along with your escorts and remember to behave properly or I'll add even more time."

Our mothers were waiting for us outside Mr. Ken's 'House of Beauty'. A deputy explained the rules as she herded us into the beauty parlor. "You mothers are responsible for the behavior of your new daughters, but we'll stick around to prevent trouble." Pointing to a large bouquet of flowers, she taunted, "Mr. Ken loves beautiful flowers and beautiful boys! Aren't you pleased to have him do your hair and makeup?" I seethed at her inference, but remained silent.

Mr. Ken greeted us as we entered, "What a delight to find our new girls with hair long enough to style! That's just too precious for words. When Judge Parker told me about you precious dolls, I was afraid we'd have to fit you

with wigs. You mothers can relax in the lounge with a cocktail while we do our magic. It's not every day you get a pretty new daughter!"

Patrick and I blushed bright red, but we were helpless in the hands of the beauticians who led us into separate cubicles for shampoos. "Hello Angela, my name is Martha," my operator introduced herself. "Would you rather be called Angela or Angie?"

I looked for an avenue of escape. Seeing none, I spat, "Neither! I'm a boy and my name is Angelo. I don't want to be called by a girl's name!"

"I'll call you Angie! You will have lovely hair once we get rid of those split ends and add a few highlights! When Mr. Ken selects your style, I'll clip the picture to the mirror so you can see how you'll look when I'm finished." She gave me a shampoo, including a scalp message. I normally washed my hair with bath soap and rinsed under the shower. This was totally different!

Mr. Ken entered Patrick's cubicle, clipped the photograph of a girl with a modern hairstyle to the mirror, and said, "This is such fun! Miss Patricia here will look lovely with this blonde color and gentle curls. The style lends itself to many different looks when her hair grows longer."

Stepping into my cubicle, Mr. Ken said, "Angela will be gorgeous with her dark hair. Add extra highlights and set it in this simple style. She will be able to style it herself with training."

I was distraught at being referred to by feminine pronouns. Again, I looked for an avenue of escape, but only saw the deputies. "Those bitches won't be around forever. My time will come," I glowered.

"Add just a touch of curl, and she will be adorable!" Mr. Ken suggested. "Let's encourage her hair to grow as long as possible!" He clipped a photo of a model with dark hair to the mirror.

"I can't look like that!" I protested as I stared at the photo in awe. "You can style my hair and put lipstick on me, but I'll never look like THAT!"

After achieving a golden color, Patrick's beautician applied setting lotion, rolled his hair with pink rollers, and placed him under a dryer. A young girl gave him a manicure and pedicure. I felt trapped as the same thing happened to me! I was a boy in curlers sitting under a hair dryer while they applied a light rose polish to my nails! The buzzer sounded and the operators combed out our hair. Our makeovers had begun in earnest!

"Hold still, Angie!" the beautician scolded as I squirmed while she plucked my brows into thin feminine arcs. "You will do this yourself for the next year."

"I won't pluck my brows," I grumbled. "You can do it to me now, but nobody can make me wear makeup after I leave here!"

"I wouldn't be so sure of that," Martha giggled. "I saw a gleam in your mother's eyes when she escorted you in here. She may like having a daughter."

"You're crazy! Momma wouldn't do that to me. I'm her son!" I gasped.

She finished by eliminating some hairs with an electrolysis machine. "No girl wants a single brow running across the bridge of her nose! This will hurt for only a second!"

Our mothers sat in the lounge nervously sipping their drinks as we endured this feminizing ordeal. Mr. Ken enjoyed giving us the appearance of pretty girls, but our mother's cooperation was essential. He surmised the best way to gain their support was to have them participate in the process.

"Would you ladies select earrings for your new daughters?" he asked our distraught mothers. "We will pierce their ears presently and they will feel more at ease if you accept them in their new roles. They will be ridiculed and scorned by their friends and will need you as never before."

"Pierce their ears? Both ears? Like girls?" Patrick's mother gasped. My mother looked surprised, but made no objection. Instead, a shrewd smile crept over her face.

“Of course! They are girls for the next year and piercing their ears is required by Judge Parker,” she answered. “You may choose from faux pearl, faux diamond, gold, or sterling silver studs. I favor the darling faux diamonds because they will add a sparkle to their new tresses.” Both our mothers hesitantly agreed that diamonds would look lovely, but on boys?

Piercing our ears confirmed our worst fears! Patrick cried, “Why must we have our ears pierced and wear those things? Lots of girls don’t wear earrings. The guys will make fun of us if we have both ears pierced!”

“It’s too late to start thinking about being made fun of,” reprimanded a deputy. “You had your big innings. The other team is at bat now. You can expect teasing from EVERYBODY for the next year!”

The deputy’s remarks were extremely distressing. Turning to Momma, I asked, “Do I have to be a girl at home too? Nobody will know I wear pants if I close the shades in my room.”

“I’m afraid so, sweetheart,” she replied. “Judge Parker’s order states that you must present yourself as a girl at all times, including home, school, church, or wherever you might be. What if she sent the deputies by to check on you? Anyway, look on the bright side. You make a much prettier girl than I thought you would!” I shivered at her words.

The beauticians turned to makeup after brushing out our feminine hairstyles and securing the faux diamond earrings to our pierced ears. They used gentle blush, just enough eyeliner to make our eyes appear larger, and a touch of lipstick to match the color of our nails.

Patrick and I were presented to our mothers before seeing ourselves in a mirror. Patrick’s mother looked guilty at allowing him to be treated like this. He was kind of cute, but incipient boyish facial features were noticeable beneath his makeup. With his short hair, he looked like a delicate boy in feminine makeup.

Momma’s reaction was the opposite of Patrick’s mom. She had a dreamy look about her and seemed pleased with my feminine appearance. I saw boyish features in

the mirror, but I also saw the soft skin and curved features of a real girl my age.

Mr. Ken was pleased with his efforts. I think he would have paid for the privilege, knowing we would be customers for the next year. Patrick and I felt extremely vulnerable dressed in our boy's clothes with feminine hairstyles, manicured nails, makeup, and decorated ears.

Word of our sentences, hairdresser appointments, and shopping excursion had surely spread throughout the community, and we knew everyone would ridicule us. Sure enough, dozens of people, both young and old, greeted us when we left the beauty parlor.

"Why are all these people here?" Patrick stammered.

"They want to see how the famous pranksters look when the prank is on them," a deputy chuckled.

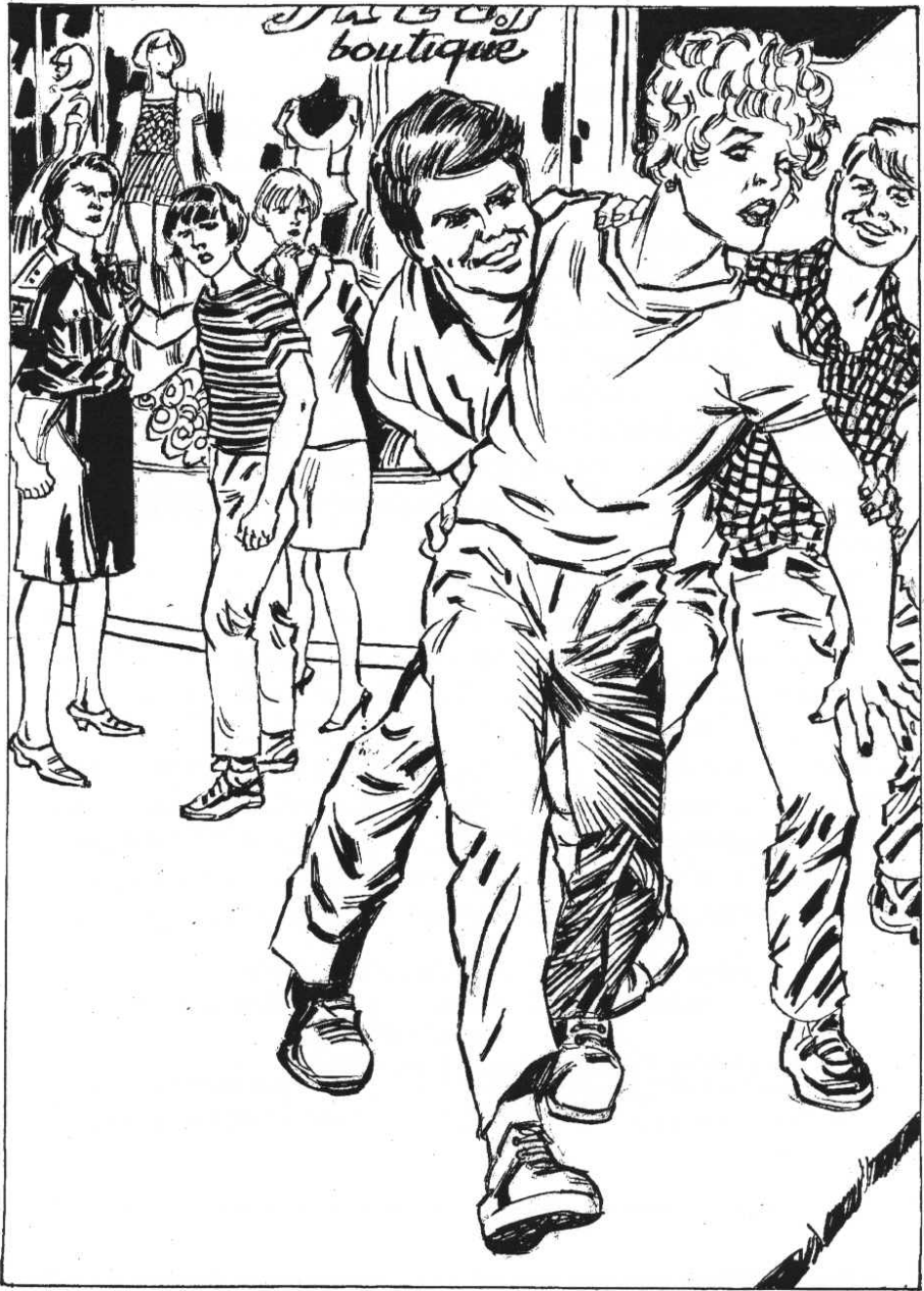
"I'm not going out there with this hairdo and makeup!" Patrick cried.

"What difference does it make?" the deputy asked, "You'll be wearing soft lingerie, pretty dresses, heels, and makeup every day for the next year, and everyone will see you. Being teased and heckled goes with the punishment." Patrick and I blushed brightly at her comments. For the past several hours, I had envisioned myself parading around in dresses and being the object of ridicule. Now it was starting!

The crowd started laughing and jeering us as we left the beauty parlor. Some boys walked about with exaggerated limp wrists and swinging hips. Many commented about how pretty we looked with our feminine makeup and hairstyles and how they could not wait to see us in dresses and skirts. Others yelled embarrassing sexual innuendoes.

We passed a woman walking with her little girl. The girl examined us, then tugged on her mother's skirt. "Mommy, why are those girls wearing boy's clothes?"

The woman replied, "They are boys, darling. They were bad, and for punishment, they have to dress as girls for a while. They are going in the mall to buy pretty



"Whoa! Where are you going, sweetie?"

dresses and skirts for themselves, and the crowd is teasing them."

"Can I dress Timmy as a girl when he is bad? My old dresses would fit him. I bet he would look pretty like those boys if I curl his hair and use some of my play makeup."

"That's an interesting idea, sweetheart," the woman smiled, intrigued by her daughter's suggestion.

Unable to endure the humiliation, Patrick jerked from the female deputy and ran for all he was worth. Seeing his bold escape attempt, several boys grabbed him. "Whoa! Where do you think you're going sweetie?" one of them asked. Patrick was too ashamed to answer. With his head bowed, he was led away, submissive and docile.

(See *Illustration 2*):

The owner of the fashionable boutique complemented Patrick and me on our lovely hair and makeup. "Please follow me into the Imperial Dressing Room, ladies," she directed. "I took the liberty of selecting a couple of racks of outer wear and a large assortment of lingerie. You will need a basic girl's wardrobe for school, play, and dress. Remove your clothes, girls. You'll each find a pair of girl's panties and pantyhose on the bench in your cubicles. The panties are nylon and have no fly. The

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pantyhose will help disguise your legs until you can shave them.”

“Shave our legs? Why would we shave our legs?” Patrick gasped.

“Do they need all this?” Patrick’s mother asked, ill at ease with such intense feminization of her son.

“All this and more!” the owner answered. “Young girls require clothes in a variety of styles and fabrics.”

Patrick and I went into our cubicles as ordered. Finally, a clerk called out, “Come out, darlings! You’ve hidden in those cubicles long enough. Let’s try these lovely clothes on you.”

“They really are going to make us dress like girls!” I thought as I stepped into the dressing area to face the harrowing ordeal of being fitted with dresses, skirts, and who knew what else!

“For starters,” the clerk gushed, “I suggest three pair of regular panties in soft silky polyester blends, three pair of lovely dress panties for church and special occasions, and a pack of plain nylon briefs for every day wear. Aren’t these matching bras and slips every girl’s dream? I’ve added a few half-slips and camisoles as well. You mothers should fit your new daughters with a bra. You’ll probably have to fasten it for them this time, but they must quickly learn to do it themselves. Silicone pads are in the boxes on the table. They are the latest technology with the weight and feel of actual breasts. The new girls should lean forward to adjust the cups as if they had real breasts.”

Patrick and I looked at each other with this feminine indignity strapped around our chests. We blushed anew at seeing each other’s panties and padded brassieres. The clerk continued her pitch; “Girls your age wear baby doll nighties. Notice how delicate the little panties appear; yet the new synthetics are strong enough for pajama parties. These little nighties have an attached underskirt for the modest young girl who is bashful about showing too much of herself. Two will suffice. I’ll toss in satin cover-ups. Feel how soft and silky they are.” We blushed as our mothers selected two flimsy pastel

nylon nighties and set them aside with the panties, bras, and slips previously chosen.

"These dresses are suitable for school or shopping. Get them into a slip and we'll see which pretty styles look best on them." Patrick and I cringed. We would have to wear these delicate feminine items for the next year.

Holding up a dressy style, the clerk droned, "This is the coming style for church and dress up. Notice how subtly the bodice suggests a female form. They will look adorable in them with their padded foundations. In the future, I'm sure your lovely daughters will want to go shopping with you to choose additional things they'll need. Short skirts are an important part of every sixteen-year old girl's wardrobe, so I suggest at least two. The accordion pleated tartan in red, blue, green, and yellow plaids are back. The basic black skirt and the 3-tiered denim with hem an inch or so above the knee are also musts. They go anywhere and can be matched with a blazer and an elegant blouse."

Patrick and I gazed unbelieving at the strange items of female apparel. Patrick wailed, "Do we need all that stuff Mom? We aren't REALLY girls! Besides, girls wear jeans most of the time."

The owner responded before Patrick's mother could speak. "Judge Parker stated that you are to wear only dresses and skirts. No pants or shorts are allowed!"

Momma gushed, "Does your bra feel snug, dear? It should be tight enough to support your breasts, but not uncomfortable. Slip off your pantyhose and try on these nylons. Fasten them to your garter suspenders to keep them taut and wrinkle free. The garter belt goes under your panties so you can pull them down to go to the bathroom. Let me show you."

"Do I have to wear all this stuff, Momma?" I moaned.

"You heard Judge Parker. Now sit on the bench and roll these nylons up your legs. A little dark hair may show, but you'll have nice smooth legs like a girl after your bath tonight. Your nylons will roll on with little



“After we find just the right panties for your sons, they should be fitted for brassieres.”

effort after an application of moisturizing cream and a dusting of powder."

"No wonder girls take so long getting dressed! A boy would be dressed and at school before a girl gets started. These stockings make me feel funny."

(See *Illustration 3*)

"You're doing great, dear! Watch how I gather your slip so that it practically falls over your body. Let me adjust the straps so it hangs right and the cups cradle your breasts. Every girl runs her hands over her breasts and hips and down her back to make sure all is nice and smooth. Go ahead, do it!"

Goose bumps ran up my spine. The feminine garment did not reach mid thigh. Without thinking, I uttered a sigh. The slip felt soft and smooth, but this was awful for a boy! Was there no escape?

I experienced utter disbelief as I tried on dress after dress. "The guys will tease us for wearing dresses, but they will howl if they find out about our fancy underwear," I moaned as Momma helped me into a silk blouse.

"You brought this on yourself," Momma answered. "After a while, the boys will tire of their jokes. Who knows, some nice boy may ask you for a date."

"I'm not dating boys!" I fumed as I struggled with the back buttons of the frilly blouse. "There isn't a front or back to these things and they're too small for me. What if I tear them?"

The clerk answered abruptly, "Girl's clothes are different and they don't dress like boys. Dressing is a drama for a girl and they get a thrill just assembling their outfits. Notice your mother's smile as she carefully matches your panties and slips to each dress or skirt? No girl would wear a yellow slip with a red plaid skirt!"

Patrick's mother agreed, "You will learn from Judy too."

"Aw Mom, why do I need Sis?"

"Because she's a girl," the clerk injected. "She can teach you how to match colors and a lot more. Notice



"This can't be happening!" But the mirror didn't lie.

how the little touches of lace on the panties are repeated on the bra and slip!"

"I cannot believe this is happening!" Patrick moaned as he reluctantly tried on dress after dress and skirt after skirt. He was beginning to look almost like a real girl in his blue pleated skirt that fell to three inches above his knees and white blouse with pearl buttons and a high collar. The blouse was trimmed with lacy ruffles and adorned with a blue satin bow. He stood beside his mother. A pair of low heel slippers nicely framed his trim ankles. Only some facial angularity and slightly muscular arms and shoulders betrayed his masculinity.

I wore a tight fitting black skirt that came only to mid-thigh and an ivory silk blouse. The blouse was sheer enough to show my lingerie. The blouse had slight ruffles in front to provide some protection from prying eyes. My legs shimmered in slightly opaque nylons. I wore black slippers with one-inch heels that set off my trim ankles. Momma explained how the colors complemented my hair. "This outfit will have the guys panting."

"Momma! I don't want guys panting after me!" I moaned as I looked in awe at how feminine Patrick appeared.

(See Illustration 4)

"You still must get accessories and makeup for your new daughters," the clerk advised as our mothers paid the sizable bill. "No girl would go out without the basics."

"Basics?" I asked.

"Blush, mascara, eyeliner, lipstick, nail polish, perfume, and you simply **MUST** have a nice purse."

"Oh no!" I whispered.

Momma closely monitored how I handled my unaccustomed skirt and slightly raised heels as we walked to the purse department. She quickly corrected me whenever I stumbled or walked ungainly. Patrick's mother wasn't sure she should be doing this to her only son, but she finally purchased the items required to comply with the court sentence.



“Red lipstick goes wonderfully with your lovely dark hair and bouncing red earrings! Before long, you’ll feel naked without it!”

Twenty minutes later, Patrick and I nervously carried our first purse to the cosmetics counter to acquire items to carry in them and for our vanities. We left with two shades of lipstick (in long lasting and 'stay put' color) and nail polish, polish remover, mascara, eyeliner, eyeshadow, blush, and several types of body lotions and moisturizing creams. We were mortified that we would be using these feminine items on a daily basis.

"This lovely scarlet lipstick will go wonderfully with your dark hair, Angela darling," Momma gushed.

"Red? I can't wear red lipstick," I gasped without protesting being called Angela. "It's too obvious!"

"We could have started you on lip gloss but the sooner you get used to wearing a dark shade, the better. Applying lipstick is such an art and the darker colors are less forgiving."

"But momma?"

"You have to overcome this scary and painful step," she encouraged, "I want your luscious lips painted red at all times!"

"But why not the pink?"

"You and I have the same coloring and red is my color of choice. It will look wonderful on you," Momma replied. "In fact we will change your lip color now!" I reluctantly allowed her to remove my pink color and replace it with the darker red. I knew she wouldn't take 'no' for an answer.

Noticing how my pink nails clashed with the vivid red on my lips, Momma said, "We will change your nail color when we get home." Looking me over, she mused, "That outfit needs some color. Red ball earrings would really set off your skirt and blouse."

"Red earrings?" I gasped.

"Yes! Follow me. We'll leave Patricia to puzzle over her lip and makeup colors while we purchase earrings."

I silently followed her to a counter not far from the cosmetics where she purchased a pair of dangling pendants with small red and white bouncing balls. "Put



"Angelo?? My gawd! You look like a girl?
How could you?"

your other earrings in your purse while I attach these to your ears," she bubbled excitedly.

(See Illustration 5)

Finally, Patrick and I strolled the main aisle of the mall beside our mothers. Our skirts swayed about our legs as we took short mincing steps. In our purses, we each carried the grooming accessories every teenage girl finds essential. Finally the deputies released us to the custody of our mothers. "Give us a call if they don't behave!" They said with a warning glare at Patrick and me.

My older brother, Mario, had difficulty accepting that I had to dress as a girl for the next year. Momma called from the boutique and told him of my sentence. She told him to move his things into the spare room, as it was no longer appropriate for us to share a bedroom. "Angela will be embarrassed to be seen in her feminine undies and silky nighties by a boy, even her brother," Momma insisted. "She needs the larger room because girls have so many more things to wear, store, and display!"

"Momma, he is Angelo. He's a guy...!" Mario started.

Interrupting, Momma continued, "Be sure to remove Angelo's clothes from the bedroom. Angela won't need them."

"Won't need them?" Mario questioned. "He can wear them at home!"

"No, SHE can't!"

Mario was concerned with Momma's reference to me as 'Angela' and her constant use of feminine pronouns. "Momma talks like Angelo's a different person!" he fumed. "I don't care what they make him wear. He's still my little brother!" Thoroughly disgruntled, Mario moved his things to the spare bedroom and boxed for storage my masculine clothes, which Momma said 'wouldn't be needed'.

Mario was shocked at my feminine appearance when we arrived home. "Angelo!?!? Is that really you? How did they make you look so much like a girl in just one afternoon? You're a boy!"

(See Illustration 6)

"She's your sister, Angela, now. Not Angelo!" Momma corrected. "Adjusting to her new life will be difficult enough without being reminded of her former life. I want no teasing or references to the past."

"Former life?" Mario questioned. "A Judge can't change him into a girl. He is Angelo, your son and my brother!"

"For the next year, HE is a SHE! Now, carry your sister's things to her room, you oaf! Do you expect a girl to do heavy lifting?"

Mario did as instructed shaking his head at both my transformation and Momma's support of it. It took three trips to carry everything into our old bedroom, now my room alone.

I removed all the hair from my body except for my head. A chill raced through my body at the smooth silkiness of my nylon babydoll nightie as it slithered over my smooth body. Everything felt so different, so sensual. As I crawled into bed, my head was spinning from all the feminine information Momma had taught me during the evening. She seemed to enjoy turning me into a girl! What mother would relish doing that to her son? Tired and glad the day was over, I finally fell into a restless sleep.

JUDY

"My name is Judy. I am Patrick's sister, and I have been the brunt of so many of his pranks that I've lost count. To make matters worse, our parents, especially Dad, always took his side. Thus, I was ecstatic to see him in a skirt with a feminine hairstyle and makeup.

Dad, on the other hand, was shocked beyond belief and extremely angry at seeing his son dressed, coifed, and made up as a girl! He thought Patrick would have to wear dresses as a joke, but not THIS! For my part, I was thrilled that the shoe on the other foot, and I found his enforced dilemma strangely exciting. Unable to resist, I taunted him unmercifully, "Nice skirt, brother

dear. Don't you love the way it floats about your body and shows off your pretty legs?"

"Go to hell!" he spat.

"Don't tease him, Judy!" Dad rebuked. "He can't help the way they made him dress.

"That's right!" Mother scolded. "You'd understand how he feels if you'd seen those deputies force him into that beauty parlor and the way everyone taunted him at the boutique!"

"I wasn't teasing!" I lied. "I just said I liked his skirt." Turning to Patrick, I added, "Do your panties have lace at the waist and hems? Mine do and I think they're sooo sexy!"

"Judy! That's enough!" Dad boomed. "I told you not to tease him!"

I laughed, "Sisters talk to each other about those things, you know."

"Judge Parker is serious, Dad. Those women are trying to make me into a girl!" Patrick cried. Pulling up his skirt to reveal his soft nylon panties, he added, "Look how they made me dress! All my underthings are girl's stuff! I'm wearing a padded bra, and everybody calls me Patricia. Isn't there some way out of this mess?"

(See Illustration 7)

"Damn right there is!" Dad snapped angrily. "I'll see that bitch of a Judge tomorrow and set her straight. She won't get away with trying to turn MY son into a sissy!"

"Please hurry, Dad," Patrick sobbed. "She added two months to our sentence when we tried to escape from the courthouse. She threatened to add more time if we weren't obedient, docile, and ladylike. I don't know how my punishment could be worse!"

"Don't worry son," Dad affirmed. "This feminine business will be over tomorrow. I won't allow that bitch to get away with THIS!"

"Thanks Dad," Patrick exhaled. "At least, I can still count on you."

"Come dear," Mom said, bursting Patrick's bubble, "We have to put your new feminine things away. You



"They're serious Dad! I'm even wearing girl's panties and a bra!"

have to wear them until your father sets the Judge straight, you know."

I happily drew a deep tub for his bath while thinking, "Turning that trickster brother of mine into a pretty girl would be FUN!" Smiling brightly, I added a generous portion of bubble bath crystals and bath oil to the water.

Mom obviously was not comfortable dressing Patrick as a girl, but she reluctantly obeyed the court order. She hoped a warm soak would relax him, so she said, "Undress in the bathroom and rub this lotion on your body except for your face and hair before you bathe. Be sure to wear a shower cap to protect your new hairstyle."

Ignorant of what was happening, when Patrick got out of the bath, he shouted, "Mom, all my hair is coming off!"

"Sorry dear, it's the Judge's order," she glumly answered. "Girls remove body hair and so must you until this is resolved. Apply the moisturizing cream over your body to soothe your pores, then dust yourself with the large powder puff."

Patrick emerged from the bathroom the picture of youthful femininity. "You're so totally scrumptious!" I squealed as I hugged him. "Having a sister will be so much fun!"

"Remember, you're to help, not tease!" Mom reminded me.

"I know, but having a sister instead of a nasty brother will be loads of fun! Won't it Patricia?" Calling him Patricia and choosing accessories for his new feminine image would be fun for me, not to mention, distressing to him! Who said revenge wasn't sweet?

The next evening, Dad was visibly shaken when he returned from his meeting with Judge Parker. "I'm afraid I can't help you this time, Patrick," he sighed. "You've ruffled the feathers of some powerful people. Getting you out of this mess will take some doing."

"You mean I have to keep wearing this frilly stuff?"

"I'm afraid so, at least for the time being."

"Oh no!" Patrick sobbed. "This is a horrible punishment for pulling a few pranks!"

ANGELO

The following days were an abrupt awakening. Momma spent every waking hour teaching me the intricacies of dressing and acting like a girl. "You need to know this when you venture outside," she would chastise when I was obstinate, which was often.

I would answer, "I don't want to go outside in these clothes! I'll be the laughing stock of the town. I'll never live this humiliation down!"

Only a few whiskers were starting to show on my face. I made a point of allowing them to grow as a sign of rebellion and to hang onto a shred of masculinity. As soon as they grew long enough to see, Momma took me to Mr. Ken's for electrolysis treatment. I soon learned that Momma wanted the hairs to grow because it made it easier for the technician to find and grasp the hair for the execution. Inevitably, she used these occasions to have the technician remove other hairs I didn't want touched, such as my sideburns, eyebrows, and even my 'bikini line'.

Mario became exasperated as I fell more and more into Momma's clutches. He vehemently protested the first few days as I paraded about the house in increasingly feminine clothing, and he nearly had a stroke when he learned that I wore girl's lingerie under my dresses and skirts. His protests fell on deaf ears as Momma merely explained that she was following the Judge's instructions.

A typical day would start with a scented bath as showers were suddenly forbidden. I had to carefully check every inch of my body for hair. Momma would double check when I finished my bath, and she made sure to remove any hair she found inappropriate. She even waxed my pubic hair to look like a girl's. "You can have electrolysis there so you won't have to wax such a sensitive area," she advised. "We'll do it when we remove stray growth on your face and arms."

I only hoped she was kidding. I soon had the start on a feminine wardrobe, including nylon panties, slips, bras, loose and tight skirts, loose and snug fitting blouses, dresses and a variety of shoes with various height heels. "I don't need to wear this awful stuff at home," I protested, "Who will know if I don't? I'll never tell and neither will Mario!"

"What if Judge Parker sends the deputies to check on you? Do you want me fined for disobeying her orders?" Momma countered.

I did my lessons with little enthusiasm. She would show me how to apply makeup, and I would look around the room, not paying attention. She would show me how to style my hair, and I would close my eyes. She would show me how to roll nylons up my hairless legs, and I would deliberately snag them in the hope that she would grow weary of these girlie lessons and allow me to slide by on my sentence. Instead, she became angry and threatened me if I did not change my attitude.

"What can she do to me that would be worse than what is already happening?" I wondered. Saturday morning, two weeks into my sentence, I found out!

I was lounging about when Momma grabbed my arm and scoffed, "Let's go! We have an appointment with Judge Parker."

"What?? Why?" I gasped.

"You refuse to learn your lessons, so she has called us to her chambers."

"How did she find...?" I started, then realized the obvious. "Why did you rat on me?"

"We have reached a stalemate," Momma sighed. "You refuse to cooperate and learn your lessons as mandated by the court, and I can't afford to be fined. You, of all people, know how much I've spent on your feminine wardrobe! Now hurry! Our appointment is in half an hour."

Momma refused to help me dress, arrange my hair, or apply makeup, and my efforts were less than adequate. "So what!!" I thought. "What can the Judge do if she doesn't like it? Send me to juvenile detention where

I can wear boy's clothes? I look forward to juvenile detention after THIS!" To demonstrate my rebellion, I wore a blouse and skirt, but I made no effort to match them or wear proper accessories.

In the judge's presence, I made no effort to sit gracefully, allowing my skirt to wrinkle beneath me and ride up my thighs. Judge Parker glowered as I slouched into a chair. With a sinister smile, she said, "I see more than a little rebellion surfacing here."

"What you going to do about it?" I sneered, "Send me to jail?"

"I wouldn't think of it!" she scoffed, her voice sending a shiver down my spine. "You would view that as a reward, and I can't have that! No, my sweet, your behavior deserves a different response. You refused to learn to act like a teenage girl, so you will be treated like a spoiled brat." She rang a buzzer. When two female deputies entered, she ordered, "Please help Miss Angela with her new clothes."

The deputies grabbed my arms and propelled me into a back room. I looked to Momma for help, but only saw a satisfied grin on her face. No help would be coming from there. When the deputies started removing my clothes, I fought them until a sound slap across my face put a stop to my efforts.

Sufficiently subdued, I watched in horror as one of them produced a pair of frilly nylon bloomers that were the epitome of femininity, full of ruffles and lace. "I'm not wearing those!" I exclaimed.

"We can do this the easy way or the hard way," she proclaimed. "Either way, you will wear these lovely bloomers."

"No way!" I screamed, only to have one of them hold me while the other slipped the offending garment up my legs and over my loins.

"It's time for your dress, dear," one guard laughed and held up an impossibly short, light blue dress covered with tons of ruffles and lace.

"That's a little girl's dress!" I protested. "You can't put that awful thing on me!"

One of them grabbed my arm, twisted it behind me, and easily draped me over her lap. Before I knew what was happening, she began applying a sound spanking to my rear with a wide leather strap.

"You can't..." I cried. "Momma!!" I cried again and again, but no one came to my aid.

Swap! Swack! The blows rained on my nylon-covered rear. I tried to get up, but she held me firmly. Swack! Swack! The blows continued. I was in such pain! I protested and tears flowed down my cheeks. Swack! Swack! The blows continued until I begged her to stop.

"Will you do as told?" She finally let up.

"Yes! Yes!" I sobbed. "Just don't spank me any more!"

"Maybe we can finish this today!" she snarled as she allowed me to stand-up.

Minutes later, the dress covered my upper body, but the hem fell only two inches below my crotch. The short puffy sleeves and lace cowl neckline totally humiliated me.

"Our little girl needs petticoats to hold her little dress out like it was designed," one of the guards smiled as she produced three fluffy petticoats. To my chagrin, the petticoats were soon firmly attached about my waist, holding the dress out to impossible lengths. "Swish your dress, darling. Let's see your lovely panties and petticoats," she teased, adding to my embarrassment.

I blushed, but I obeyed. My dress swayed back and forth, exposing my undergarments for them to see.

"Our little girl is coming along just fine. I bet she can't wait to put on her little shoes. Hold your petticoats out in back as you sit."

I blushed bright red as they rolled ankle socks over my feet and fit me with shiny black Mary Jane shoes with 1-inch heels. "Let's brighten her face a little," a guard smiled, producing a tube of pink lipstick.

While one guard painted my face, the other did my fingernails the same color. "You are about ready for your trip," she added with a smile as she produced a large pink bow and attached it to the back of my head.



"OH, how sweet he is! I see my 'little girl' is ready to go shopping for a new wardrobe"

"Trip?" I gasped, "What trip?"

"You'll see," she replied, handing me a doll. I was about to throw it down when I saw her glaring warning. She would not think twice about putting me over her knee again for another spanking, probably worse than the first.

With that, they led me back into the Judge's chambers where she and Momma were enjoying a cup of coffee. I lowered my eyes to avoid seeing their reaction to my shameful attire. Momma gushed, "I see my darling little girl is ready to go shopping for a new wardrobe more in tune with her new role."

(See Illustration 8)

"Shopping?" I cried. "You can't be serious, Momma! I can't be seen dressed like this!"

"Oh yes!" Judge Parker stated emphatically. "You will be seen by everyone in town! If you persist in acting like a little girl, you will be treated as such."

"Please!" I cried. "Don't do this to me! I'll do anything you want, only don't humiliate me like this!"

"Do you promise to follow all your mother's instructions religiously?" Judge Parker relented.

"Okay! I will!" I cried.

"Will you learn your lessons well? Practice hard? Become a daughter she can be proud of?"

"Oh yes! I promise! Just don't take me outside dressed like this!"

"Okay, but I will keep this dress handy in case you slide back into being stubborn." Judge Parker promised.

"I will be good!" I promised. "Just don't expose me like this!"

When I returned to the Judge's chambers, I wore the blouse and skirt I had worn earlier, only this time, I took care to dress properly. The guards helped me with my makeup and had brushed my hair into a semblance of femininity. Momma thanked the Judge as I meekly followed her from the chambers. I would do anything to prevent a repeat of this experience. I knew they would

parade me around the mall in that humiliating little girl costume the next time I rebelled!

JUDY

Mom soon grew weary of dressing Patrick as a girl. With a sigh, she informed him, "Judy is more knowledgeable about teen styles. She can teach you while I take a break."

"No Mom, please!" he protested. "Don't leave me in Judy's hands! She likes making me do this sissy stuff!"

When Mom left without responding, I said, "All right little sister, let's get to work. We have a lot to do!"

A little later, Dad called me into the living room; "Judy, your mother and I would like a word with you."

"Sure Pop, what's up?" I answered cheerily.

"Your mother and I are reluctant to make your brother wear dresses, so we need your help."

"That doesn't surprise me? You have always been strict with me while never making him do anything!"

"Don't get smart, young lady!" he chastised. "You could be more help to him than your mother. Just don't go overboard with the feminine stuff. We don't want him to become a sissy."

"That's right, dear," Mom agreed, "You could help tremendously, especially with the teen styles. You never like anything I buy for you!"

"I wouldn't wear any of that stuff you bought for Patrick either, except for some of the lingerie!" I exclaimed. "If I'm to teach him to be a girl, you'll have to let me get him some up to date things."

"But we spent so much today," she complained.

"Then you make a girl out of him! I can't possibly do anything with that choir girl stuff you bought."

"I think we could allow Judy to buy a few things." Dad interceded. "After all, Patrick will be wearing them until next summer."

To solidify my authority over my hapless brother, I stated, "If I agree, you will have to tell him to do whatever I say and not smart off when I tell him how to act

and what to wear. If he has to wear skirts for a whole year, I'll have to teach him to sit properly in them or his panties will be on constant display. Also, he'll have to learn to style his hair and apply his makeup."

"You can advise him on which styles to wear, but don't get carried away teaching him to act like a girl," Dad asserted. "We don't want him behaving like a sissy, you know."

"Judy is right, dear" Mom concurred. "He'll have to learn to act like a girl in a lot of ways. A year is a long time, you know."

"Okay," Dad agreed. "Get him, and we'll break the news to him."

I bounced up the steps and returned shortly with my embarrassed brother who was wearing a pink babydoll nightie, waist length diaphanous negligee, and fluffy bedroom slippers. His face was a mess from trying to learn the feminine art of makeup.

Dad began, "Patrick, we have decided that Judy will help you instead of your mother. She has your best interest in mind, so obey her instructions without argument."

"But Dad, Judy's mean and horrid! Besides, she's younger than me."

I decided to cement my authority over my hapless brother, "I must have full authority if I'm to undertake his feminine training. Tell him you won't interfere with my authority." They agreed in unison, relieved to be spared the agony of forcefully training their son to be a girl!

"As for you, Patricia," I stated emphatically, "I will teach you to sit with your knees together if it's the last thing I do!" Patrick blushed anew, sat up quickly and pressed his thighs together.

ANGELO

A month into my sentence, Momma announced, "Angela darling, I have a surprise for you. Come and take a look."

With a groan, I adjusted my skirt as taught and followed her up the stairs. "I was busy while you were at the beauty parlor," she smiled as she opened the door to my bedroom.

My mouth fell open when I saw my bedroom! A new bed replaced my old bed with lacy pink fringes decorating the canopy, a pink bedspread, and pink pillows. A girl's vanity with a lighted mirror and with a vast assortment of girlish cosmetics stood where my dresser used to be. Dolls lined my new bed and posters of male rock and movie stars hung from the walls. The room reeked of perfume as sunlight shown through frilly lace curtains.

"What did you do to my room, Momma?" I cried, "Where are my things?"

"I've merely decorated it to reflect the feminine tastes of my teenage daughter. Don't you just love it, dear?"

"It's a girl's room," I uttered.

"Of course, darling, a girl's room for a pretty girl!"

"But, I am really a boy, Momma!" I cried, "I'm really a BOY!"

"We can't worry about technicalities. You are my daughter for now and you should have an environment appropriate for a lovely young lady."

"But..." I started, but stopped when I saw Momma's determined look. Why had she spent so much money redecorating my room? Why was she taking my sentence so literally?

"I'm taking you and Mario out to dinner tonight to celebrate your 'coming out'. We'll select your clothes after you take a nice long, soothing bubble bath."

I was on the verge of rebelling. I balled my hands into fists ready to shout my refusal to wear another dress, but the fight deserted me as I looked about my feminine room, felt the soft lingerie caressing my body, and remembered the 'little girl' ordeal in the Judge's chambers. Relaxing my fists, I exhaled and reached behind to lower the back zipper of my dress.

When I returned after my bath, Momma advised, "Keep your dark hair and eyes in mind. Remember, dresses look different on a girl's body than on a hanger."

Collapsing into a chair, I sighed, "How about this dress Momma? It's kind of pretty." I bit my tongue when I realized what I said. Did I really say that?

Enjoying every minute of this mother-daughter interaction, Momma answered, "It is very pretty, Angela. What do you like about it?"

I had to say something. "It's just pretty and it isn't wild looking like the dresses some girls wear. It has cute little flowers and it feels nice."

"Very good!" she exclaimed happily. "Some dresses unzip part of the way down so you can step into them, but this style has to go over your head like your slip." Once the dress was in place and the wrinkles smoothed out, she gushed, "You were right! That dress is very lovely. Look in the mirror at your shapely legs. Do a little twirl to show a peek of lace!"

"Momma!" I gasped. "Don't say such a horrible thing!"

"Oh, don't be a prude! Girls like to show a little lace from time to time to keep the boys interested."

"I'm not a girl, and I certainly don't want to keep any boys interested!"

"It doesn't hurt to tease a bit now and then. If a special boy is looking, you could 'accidentally' allow your skirt to ride up to show a little leg and a wisp of lace. Angelo was not a pretty girl, but Angela is! The sooner you accept yourself as a girl, the happier you'll be in your new role. I'll bet the other kids stop teasing you so much if you look and behave like an attractive young lady."

"I don't want boys looking at my legs, and certainly not my lacy undies! Do you realize how embarrassing that would be?"

Ignoring my protest, she said, "Choose another outfit that will give you a different look. Girls change their appearance as often as possible, and you must do the same."

I walked to my closet and fingered a couple of dresses. I held one out, "How about this one? It has different sleeves and the skirt is fuller than the dress I'm wearing."

Momma watched my skirt sway about my legs as I puzzled over my next selection. "You look so lovely in girl's clothes, almost like they were made for you," she sighed. "It's very pretty and will suffice nicely. Now, I want you to dress yourself. Remember that polyester is not denim and you must be gentle. You make adjustments as it falls over your bodice, but don't pull or stretch it out of shape."

Mario beeped his car horn. With a sigh, I carefully brushed the wrinkles from my skirt and viewed myself in the full-length mirror. I looked incredibly feminine. Hinting of luscious femininity hidden beneath, the dress fit wonderfully. Few people would suspect me of being a boy in these clothes!

JUDY

Patrick and I entered Judge Parker's chambers after a short wait. He wore a white sleeveless blouse, a straight red skirt, flat slippers, makeup, red lipstick, and matching nail polish suitable for a teen. To make him envious and to assert my authority, I was wearing a tee shirt, jeans, and sneakers.

"How can I help you girls," the Judge asked with a congenial smile.

"I'm at my wit's end, Judge!" I exclaimed, "Our parents gave me responsibility for teaching Patricia to be a girl, but they won't support me. As a result, he won't do half the things I say because he knows I'll be overruled."

"Is that true Patricia?" Judge Parker asked. His silence attested to my truthfulness. "What does he refuse to do?"

I sobbed, "He says most of the outfits I choose are too sissy, and he won't wear them. Last night, he refused to cream his face, and when I tried to punish him, he refused to pull up his skirt and lie across my lap for a

spanking. The only reason he's dressed so prettily today is because he knew we were coming here!"

"See how she treats me!" Patrick exclaimed. "She calls me a girl, and you should see the sissy things she wants me to wear! I'm older than her, so why should I let her spank me?"

"I see!" Judge Parker snapped. "Please step into the outer office while I have a word with your sister."

When Patrick rejoined us, Judge Parker caught him off guard saying, "Patricia, you have been a very naughty girl! You are disrespectful and rude to your sister, who is only trying to help you become a sweet demure girl in accordance with my order. As punishment for your defiance, I am extending your sentence thirty days. Each future incidence will result in another week being added. The same holds true if you ask your parents to thwart Judy's authority, and I'll add a year should you hit her as you threatened!"

"But Judge," Patrick cried, "having to wear dresses is punishment enough without having to obey Judy!"

"Silence! I'm not finished!" she snapped, cutting him off. "You say you shouldn't have to obey Judy or submit to her because you are older. Very well, as of this moment, you are officially reduced in age by two years. All your records will be altered to show that you are a girl of fourteen, a year younger than Judy. Now, lie across her lap for a spanking to demonstrate your future cooperation."

Patrick noticed I was holding a sturdy ruler and smiling triumphantly. He slowly raised his skirt and positioned himself across my lap. As the stinging blows landed on his thin panties, he forgot his resolve and cried like a baby.

"We made progress today," Judge Parker observed triumphantly as Patrick massaged his burning buttocks through his skirt, slip, and panties. "You have been wearing dresses for only a few weeks and your sentence has been extended almost six months. If you don't start behaving, you may never return to pants!"

"Come along Patricia," I directed. "You have an appointment at Mr. Ken's."

"Hmmm," Mr. Ken mused as he assessed Patrick's tresses, "His golden blonde color is perfect for a younger style, and his hair is long enough to create angel wings! Of course, we'll have to add strategic highlights."

A very disconsolate Patrick left Mr. Ken's with the curled bangs and angel wings of a young girl. His makeup consisted of light blush, just enough eyeliner to make his eyes appear large and innocent, a touch of mascara to lengthen and separate his lashes, and subtle pink lipstick. He had never been so humiliated!

"I won't hesitate to report you to Judge Parker if you complain to Mom and Dad about your new status," I informed him as we entered the girls' department of an exclusive boutique. "You must refuse, even if they offer unsolicited help. Just tell them you want to do as I say in all matters concerning your feminine lifestyle."

Knowing defiance meant an extension to his life in dresses, he lowered his head, and with a bright blush, he sighed, "I'll try, but you know how Dad is."

"I'll report you to the judge and give you a sound spanking as well, if you allow him to intervene on your behalf even a little," I stated emphatically. "The same goes if you aren't cooperative when we buy your new clothes. In short, I want my little sister to have a happy, congenial, and cooperative attitude in the future. Otherwise, she will have a very sore behind!"

We bought several extremely short skirts with tiny knife pleats, a supply of soft 'sissy' blouses decorated with oodles of lace, and dresses with lots of lace. "I think you should have a preppy look," I informed him as he stood by silently in his panties and bra. "First, let's get rid of those boobs. Most girls of fourteen aren't developed sufficiently to fill a B-cup bra. For your new image, you need a training bra with only a little padding."

(See Illustration 9)

Even though Patrick was highly embarrassed, he heeded my warning and tried on his new clothes without

incident. As we left the boutique; however, he complained that his skirt was too short.

"That's what little girls wear," I giggled. "Short skirts will teach you to sit correctly. Also, to help you in that regard, you will receive a swat each time I see you with your knees apart, two if your slip shows, and five hard ones if I see your panties!"

Patrick was very nervous and ashamed to be seen by so many people who knew he was a boy in his adolescent dress and hairdo as we walked the streets in full view. Needless to say, he was greatly relieved to be out of public view when we entered the house.

In a move to firmly establish my superior position while I had the initiative, I renewed Patrick's anxiety by taking him to his room and giving him a lecture on his expected behavior in the future. "You will obey my orders, instructions, and suggestions immediately and without question, or you will be punished!" I declared in a firm tone. "To demonstrate your understanding and acceptance of this decree, lie across my lap for a spanking like you did in Judge Parker's chambers.

Patrick looked as though he wanted to protest, but the mention of Judge Parker reminded him of the penalties and dire consequences involved. "Don't spank me too hard," he pleaded as he raised his skirt to his waist and assumed the position. "My buns are sore already."

Knowing I had to firmly entrench my position of power, I ignored his plea and really poured it on. When I let him up, after about a dozen sound swats with my wooden hairbrush on his thin nylon panties, my former macho brother was blubbering like a baby. "Now, remove your clothes!" I demanded.

"In front of you?" he cried. "That's not decent!"

"Already forgotten your promise to obey my instructions?"

"N_no. It's just that I'm your older brother!"

"You are now my younger sister, and I will see you naked any time I damn well please!" I avowed. "Got that?"



"Now remember. You are MY younger sister now. Don't embarrass me."

He was too humiliated to reply, but he slowly removed his clothes. "D_o I have to take off my p_panties too?" he stammered.

"Yes, and you'll get another spanking if you question another of my orders!" His face was burning red as he peeled his soft nylon panties down his legs and stepped out of them. He was a nervous wreck after standing naked before me for five minutes while I looked him over. "Okay," I finally declared. "Get in the tub for a nice soak. Be sure to add plenty of bath oil and fragrant bath crystals. Your legs are covered with stubble, so shave them very closely. You'll really be in for it if you ever neglect them again!" With that, I left him alone to settle his nerves.

"Why have you been yelling at Patricia?" Mom asked when I went down for a snack. "You shouldn't be so hard on him, you know."

"That kind of attitude from you and Dad is the reason I have to be so harsh with him!" I snapped. "Do you want Judge Parker to double his sentence in dresses?"

"No," she sighed.

"That's what will happen if he doesn't shape up. Don't blame me if it does!" I growled.

"All I ask is just try to be more gentle," she sighed in a pleading tone. "I don't mean to countermand your instructions."

"Then don't!" I spat and went back to Patrick's room.

Patrick spent the rest of the day learning to be a girl in earnest for the first time since his punishment began. He learned more in one afternoon than he had the previous month with my intense drilling in makeup techniques, hair styling, walking, sitting, standing, and managing his short skirt. Despite his efforts, he made several mistakes. True to my word, he received a spanking across my lap each time.

When Dad came home and saw how compliant Patrick was in his adolescent clothes, he admonished, "Isn't that short skirt and hairstyle too young, even for a fourteen year old?"

"It's okay, Dad," Patrick stammered in an effort to avoid punishment for accepting help from our parents. "Judy knows how I should dress and act. She was fourteen last year."

Dad fumed at the sight of his feminized son. I reveled in thought, "Making my macho brother into a pantywaist sissy will be easier than I thought possible, and I get to piss Dad off too!"

A week later, Rosa Rocco and I entered Judge Parker's chambers and found her sitting with Dr. Edna Marks. "Come in and have a seat, ladies," the Judge gushed. "The good doctor has some concerns about our pranksters. Please tell them, Edna."

"As you know, both boys will be going through puberty soon," she began. "Their voices will change, and all sorts of other things are probable."

Rosa spoke up, "I know what you mean. It would be horrible if Angela's voice changed and she started having male hormone surges!"

"Not only the boys, but the town could be greatly embarrassed," Dr. Marks injected. "Therefore, I think we should terminate our prank no later than the start of school."

"Oh no!" Rosa exclaimed, obviously not ready to give up her new daughter. "I don't want to lose...I mean, I don't think Angelo has learned his lesson yet. Can't puberty be delayed for a while?"

Dr. Marks pondered, "I suppose I could administer estrogen to overcome the testosterone their bodies are producing. If you're intent on having them look feminine, as your comments indicate, Progesterone could be administered to promote feminine body attributes like breasts, wider hips, and the re-distribution of body fat."

"How rapidly and drastically would they develop?" Rosa gushed with heightened interest. "Would the changes appear natural? Would their breasts have feeling?"

"I suppose their breasts would grow faster than normal since they are older than most girls entering pu-

berty. I think their breasts would grow to about normal size for sixteen year old girls in six months or so. Yes, they would look natural and have feeling."

"Sounds perfect!" Rosa sang out happily. "Let's do it!"

"Just a minute!" I protested. "Patricia is younger than me. I don't want him to have breasts larger than mine!"

"Judy is right," Judge Parker agreed. "To give her more authority, I officially reduced Patricia's age to fourteen, but with his true age being sixteen, his breasts could become larger than hers."

"In all probability," Dr. Marks agreed. "However, a less concentrated dosage would mimic the physical characteristics of a younger girl. It would also prevent his voice from changing and his beard from growing. Although, I still recommend you remove the facial hair of both boys by electrolysis to be on the safe side."

"It's up to you, Judge Parker, but I say let's do it!" I exclaimed.

"So ordered!" Judge Parker announced.

"Oh, thank you Judge!" Rosa cried with real tears cascading down her cheeks. "Thank you very much!"

ANGELO

What did Momma mean when she said Dr. Marks would take care of the 'onset of my masculine tendencies' and calm my anxieties? I sat primly in the doctor's office with my knees and ankles together in a proper ladylike manner. My skirt was draped neatly over my thighs, and I held my hands together on my lap.

Doctor Marks greeted us, "My compliments, Angela. You are the image of a lovely teenage girl, and you sit naturally as if you have always worn skirts!"

"Momma has been teaching me," I meekly whispered. I was apprehensive about visiting the doctor, but Mother said it was needed to ward off the 'raging scourge', whatever that was.

Specimens were taken and sent to the lab. While we waited for the results, Doctor Marks explained, "Angela,

you are at the age when boys become young men. Some of your buddies are probably changing already, but all boys do not develop at the same rate. Your body hasn't started to change, so I plan to give you medication that will delay your male development and encourage feminine attributes until your punishment ends. That should serve to make you more comfortable in your new clothes."

"Feminine attributes?" I gasped, unable to believe what I was hearing. "You mean like breasts? Momma, I don't want to grow breasts! I'd look foolish! What will Mario say if I have real boobs?"

"Angela dear, your breasts won't show any more than the padding in your bra does now. As for Mario, only you and I need know they are there. Calm yourself. This is the surest way to postpone the onset of male puberty and make you at ease in your feminine role."

I could not believe Momma wanted me to grow breasts! Before long, a nurse entered the room and handed Dr. Marks a file. After scanning the paper, she filled a syringe with fluid and said, "Raise your skirt and lower your panties so we can start your medication."

"I won't do it!" I shouted. "You not only want me to dress and act like a girl, you want me to BE a girl!"

Without a word, Dr. Marks dialed the telephone. "This is Doctor Marks," she said. "May I speak with Judge Parker?"

Realizing Judge Parker would have me back in that awful 'little girl' dress if I refused the doctor's orders, I slowly raised my skirt and slip to my waist, lowered my soft nylon panties, and whimpered, "Don't tell her. I'll do it."

(See Illustration 10)

JUDY

Bobby Bennett was the silent fourth member of the pranksters, but I was the only one on the 'outside' who knew of his involvement. Angelo and Patrick had kept silent at the trial, and they thought Bobby had escaped a feminine sentence like them. At six feet, two hundred

pounds, he would not have made much of a girl anyway! I kept quiet because I had a crush on him, but Bobby rejected me. When he felt safe from being charged, he went out with another girl. 'Hell hath no fury like that of a woman scorned', so I carefully planned my revenge.

"How would you like to prance around in pretty dresses and skirts like your partners in crime?" I asked while Patrick sat to the side in a cute 'Alice in Wonderland' dress. "A word to Judge Parker along with some pictures I have and you will be sweet and pretty like Patricia. It would serve you right too!"

"Please, Judy," he begged, "Give me another chance. I'll be the best boyfriend you ever had. Just don't tell Judge Parker."

"I have a better idea," I said with a sinister smile. "I think you should become the best boyfriend PATRICIA ever had!"

"Patricia?" Bobby gasped, "But he's a boy! I can't be his boyfriend! Everyone would think I'm a...a...,"

"What will they think when you show up in a dress? It's your choice. Take Patricia to the movies, dances, out for pizza, and all the other places couples go, or I'll see if I can find a nice boy for Miss Barbara Bennett!"

"That's blackmail!" Bobby shouted.

"Skirts or a new girlfriend!"

Lowering his eyes in surrender, he sighed, "I can't wear dresses and skirts like Patrick and Angelo. I just can't. You win. I'll do whatever you say if you promise not to tell Judge Parker about me."

"That's Patricia and Angela," I corrected. "See that you use their correct names in the future. Now, come over here and lower your pants for a sound spanking to make sure you remember."

With a red face, he slowly followed my orders, and soon he was feeling the wrath of my hairbrush. When he got up, he was crying like a baby, and tears were running down his cheeks. Standing face to face with him, I snapped, "You will come over several afternoons a week to see your new girlfriend and to practice dancing. I want you to be very good at all the popular dances,



"This will help calm you down. You won't have to worry about those nasty male urges."

including the slow ones! You will attend movies as a 'couple' every Saturday night. I'm sure I'll come up with a few other surprises over time."

Patrick squirmed and adjusted his short skirt across his smooth thighs, but he did not protest. He was becoming quite docile with me. He knew I would have my way! He would have a boyfriend and dance with him like a girl in addition to wearing skirts and soft lingerie.

"Wear your prettiest panties, bra, and slip for Bobby's visit." I ordered Patrick the next day.

"Why? He won't be able to see them?" he asked cautiously, not wanting to give me ideas.

"Girls wear their sexiest undies when they meet a special boy," I explained. "Trust me, you'll feel more attractive, even if Bobby doesn't see more than an occasional peek of lace. Of course, you should wear a sexy skirt and pay special attention to your hair and makeup as well."

When Bobby arrived, Patrick met him at the door as instructed, but as he turned to lead Bobby into the living room, I screeched, "Stop! You didn't kiss! Sweethearts always kiss when they meet!"

"You want me to kiss another boy?" Patrick gasped.

"Unless you want a sound spanking in front of your boyfriend," I smirked and turned to Bobby. "I want to see a nice kiss unless YOU want to wear skirts and kiss your own boyfriend!"

Patrick and Bobby looked apprehensively at each other before slowly bringing their lips together for a scant touch. "Oh no you don't!" I exclaimed. "Let's see a little passion. After all, you'll be kissing whenever you meet and part." They reluctantly pressed their lips together. When they parted, Patrick saw his lipstick on another boy's lips for the first time! It was obvious by their expressions that kissing each other disgusted and embarrassed both of them.

ANGELO

A few weeks before school started, I caught Mario alone and begged, "You have to help me! Momma is ruthless about teaching me girl things. She even makes me speak into a recorder to 'train' my voice into a more girlish pitch! I've had to practice so much, I'm having difficulty speaking in my regular voice."

"I wondered why you spoke in such a high pitched voice," Mario replied while scanning my femininely clad body. "I'd like to help you brother, but what can I do? Momma watches you like a hawk. She has a fit whenever I refer to you as my brother. I'm even leery of calling you Angelo when she's out of the house."

"Get me some boy's clothes and help me get away," I pleaded. "Momma will come to her senses if I'm gone for a few weeks."

"Gone? Where?"

"I told Uncle Gino that you and I had a fight. He agreed to let me stay with him and Aunt Louisa for a while. He will talk some sense into Momma once he learns about this ridiculous sentence."

"They live 50 miles away," Mario started.

"That's why I need your help. You can drive me there Thursday evening after Momma leaves for her Bridge game. I'll tell them I hitchhiked. She won't miss me until morning."

"Momma seems to have eyes everywhere," Mario sighed. "Hell, sure I will help if it brings my brother back."

After Momma left, I grabbed two pairs of jeans and a couple of tee shirts from my clothes in the attic. The stiff, scratchy jockey briefs felt strange after two months in silky girl's undies. The jeans and sneakers felt stiff and heavy. I slicked my growing hair back, vowing to get a crewcut as soon as possible. Mario was glad to see his brother emerge from the feminine clothes. An hour later, I exited Mario's car a block from Uncle Gino's house, confident I had left my feminine existence far behind.

Uncle Gino greeted me at the door, "Angelo, my boy, come in. Someone is anxious to see you."

I asked if it was my cousin as I dropped my pack in the entryway. I choked my enthusiasm down when Aunt Louisa entered from the living room, followed closely by MOMMA! "Momma?" I gasped. "What are you doing here?"

"Aren't you a long way from home, Angela dear?" she demanded angrily. "What are you doing in those awful clothes?"

I was at a loss for words. "Yes, Angela," Aunt Louisa grinned, "Shouldn't you be wearing a pretty dress and makeup?"

I looked to Uncle Gino for support, but was greeted with a wide grin. "We know about your sentence, Angelo."

"I am sure Judge Parker will find your escape attempt interesting!" Momma threatened.

"No Momma!" I howled, frozen with fear.

"Yes!" she firmly stated, "But, I am sure I can lessen her anger if you and I can reach an agreement."

"Agreement?"

Half an hour later, I meekly followed Momma and Aunt Louisa into the spare bedroom. We were staying the night, but I would not be wearing the clothes I brought with me.

Mario was very nervous when Momma and I returned home. She had called and told him she was with me and that she knew of his complicity in my aborted escape attempt. She also informed him that he was grounded for a month without driving privileges unless he supported me during my 'transition'. He knew when he was on a losing side and quietly agreed.

When Momma entered the family room, I followed close behind with my arms loaded with pink and purple boxes and bags. "Put your new clothes down, Angela," she stated, "We must have a family discussion before you take them to your room."

My escape attempt had failed, and I was once again wearing soft nylon panties, slip, and padded bra under a lovely full-skirted white dress with a pattern of red flowers. It hugged my shapely body to my hips where it fluttered to just above my nylon covered knees. I stood primly on white two inch heels. My makeup was understated, yet flattering as it highlighted my eyes and enhanced my lips. My eyebrows were more femininely shaped than before, and my fast growing raven hair was styled in a waterfall of curls that nearly reached my shoulders.

“Angela has something to ask of you, Mario,” Momma started.

I found it difficult to get the words out of my mouth. “Will you take my boys clothes to a charity?” I cast my eyes down as I whispered my request.

“Get rid of your boys clothes?” Mario exclaimed. “All of them?”

The determined look on Momma’s face told me I had no choice. “Yes, I won’t need them anymore.”

“What about a year from now?”

“They won’t fit her by then!” Momma interrupted. “Her diet and other things will see to that.”

“Other things?”

“Never you mind,” Momma finished, “It’s a female thing and doesn’t concern you. Do as your sister requests while she and I unpack her pretty new clothes.”

Shaking his head, Mario did as ordered. He watched me delicately pick up the many packages as my skirt fluttered about my legs. He could not believe how feminine I appeared or how submissive I was to Momma’s wishes. I’m sure he was wondering if I had given in to her, or if I was looking for another opportunity to escape my feminine prison?

From that moment on, Momma was relentless in my training. Every minute was devoted to one feminine lesson or another. She had me put my hair in curlers every evening and remove them in the morning. I spent

at least an hour a day learning to apply makeup. Making up my eyes was a real killer to learn.

I had to select at least three ensembles each day. She made me tell her why I had chosen each outfit, why the colors coordinated, and why it was appropriate for the time of day. I had to model it for her! Then came the unceasing practice as I learned to walk in high heels. Momma insisted I sway my hips and carry my arms in a feminine manner. Determined that I speak with a natural soft, feminine voice, she gave me a series of tiring voice lessons that were so intense and effective that I soon lost the ability to speak any other way.

(See *Illustration 11*)

JUDY

"Patricia, you have an appointment with Dr. Marks, but you have to get yourself ready," I told him, "I have to do the breakfast dishes."

"What should I wear?" he asked.

"You decide!" I snapped, disturbed at having to clean the kitchen. "It's time you learned to coordinate your outfits, but it had better be something pretty!"

From painful spankings, Patrick had learned to be wary when I was in one of my moods. He selected a yellow tunic minidress and a long sleeved white polyester blouse. He also chose pale yellow panties with lace at the waist and hems, a matching slip, and a padded bra. He always grumbled when I insisted that he wear a training bra. He complained of the tightness around his chest and claimed he didn't have anything to train!

He quickly did his makeup, including blush, eyeliner, mascara, and subtle pink lipstick suitable for a young girl. After shaping his now familiar angel wings with a comb, he secured them with narrow white satin ribbons. He was always embarrassed when he walked beside me while wearing a skirt because I usually wore jeans. He was slightly shorter than I despite his actual age, but he looked younger with his juvenile clothes and hairstyle.

A nurse led us to an examining room, gave Patrick a robe, and instructed him to undress. After an examina-



"Under the influence of the hormones, My masculine ways were giving way to feminine mannerisms. Sometimes I couldn't help myself."

tion, Dr. Marks said, "You are slightly anemic, but a shot of vitamins will clear up the problem." After administering the shot, she added, "You should wear a gaff like this to eliminate unsightly male bulges beneath your pretty skirts and dresses. You don't want 'accidents' at school. Get dressed and meet your older sister outside."

I had Patrick pretty much in line before school started. He looked, moved, and behaved more like a 14-year-old girl than anyone had a right to expect. He was adept at applying makeup and styling his hair into angel wings and ponytails. He habitually sat with his knees together, and his hips swayed seductively when he walked. Most importantly, he never hesitated to raise his skirt and lie across my lap for a sound spanking whenever I demanded. He accepted my authority as he had Mom and Dad in the past!

Dad was another problem, however. He looked for ways to thwart my efforts, although Patrick insisted I knew what was best for his feminine training. He piled household chores on me to limit my time teaching Patrick, and slowly most of the housework became my 'duty'!

Finally, I reached my wit's end. A few days before the start of school, I visited Judge Parker and decried, "I can't take it any longer."

"What's the problem, Judy?" she asked.

"Dad loads me with housework to thwart my efforts with Patrick," I sighed in exasperation. "He and Mom sit around watching television every night while I slave away. On weekends when I do the heavy cleaning, he plays golf, and she goes shopping with her friends! It seems as though Patrick broke the law, but I'm the one being punished!"

"I am glad you told me this," Judge Parker mused. She smiled, "I'll have a talk with them and see if I can get you some relief."

ANGELO

The Saturday before the start of school, Momma announced that I had to attend the first football game of the year that afternoon. I was aghast at attending the game in a dress where everyone could see.

"No, Momma! I can't!" I gasped.

"It's decided," she stated. "It's too much to expect you to attend by yourself, but neither I nor Mario can accompany you. Judge Parker said it was time you got your feet wet without family support. Monday you will start school as a girl, and neither Mario nor I will be with you."

"But how?" I asked.

"I asked Mario if one of his friends would help out. He was not happy with the assignment, but he knew the consequences if he did not comply. His friend Nick finally agreed to take you."

"Nick? Nick Travanti? He's one of the most popular guys at school. Why would he agree to take me to the game?"

"Apparently he owed Mario a huge favor," Momma smiled. "Anyway, it's a done deal. The sooner your schoolmates see you as a lovely girl, the sooner the gossip will die down. Apparently, Judge Parker expects you to develop a normal girl's social life, including dating boys!"

I wavered between embarrassment and anger. "She can't do this to me! I'll be the laughing stock of the town. I'll run away before I'm subjected to such humiliation!"

"Angela dear," Momma soothed, "you would be caught before you got a mile. Then the Judge will add more time to your sentence and dress you in that special outfit she keeps handy. You must accept your punishment like a big girl!"

"But Momma!" I cried, "I'll be going to the game with a boy!"

"I agree," Mario chimed in, "This is unreasonable. Judge Parker can't expect Angelo to go to the game dressed as a girl_with another boy_even if he is my friend!"

"She can and does," Momma firmly stated. "Your sister's name is Angela. I don't want her former name spoken in this house again! Furthermore, Angela will do as the Judge dictated."

"What will I say to Nick?" I shuddered, "I mean, he could beat me to a pulp with one hand."

"I doubt if he will do that, Angela dear," Momma responded.

The phone rang, "Hello! May I speak with Angelo? This is Nick Travanti."

"You must mean Angela, don't you? I'll call her," Momma corrected.

The conversation was brief and to the point. I was red when I faced Momma and my brother after hanging-up. Mario looked worried while she beamed.

"Don't dress up, Angela. It's only a ball game," Momma suggested.

Momma had finished my hair by noon. "Your hair is so lustrous and silky, yet full bodied. It practically takes care of itself."

"What should I wear?" I stammered. The thought of wearing a dress to the game made me sick to the stomach.

"I'll help, but I won't make your decisions for you," Momma smiled.

"Panties, a bra, and white slip should be all right. How about this dress?" I stammered.

"That outfit is very pretty. I can't wait to see how you move in that skirt," Momma beamed. "You should blend right in."

I had little trouble dressing myself since I had been doing it for over two months. My budding breasts did justice to the outfit. With a few finishing touches, I looked like a vibrant 16-year-old girl. I grudgingly admitted that the outfit felt comfortable, but that did not alleviate the terror of being outdoors with a boy while wearing it. Nothing would ever make that tolerable! I descended the stairs with my skirt swinging about my thighs to display surprisingly shapely legs. I wore a

tasteful makeup, including light blush and red lipstick. My curled raven hair swayed about my head.

(See Illustration 12)

Both Mario and Nick were taken back upon seeing me. To Nick, I was an under classmate who always seemed to get into trouble, but he had never envisioned me wearing girl's clothes. "Angelo?" he stammered.

"Her name is Angela," Momma corrected.

"Uh, yeah," Nick agreed, "I guess that's better. You look okay in that stuff."

"Really?" I stammered, a bit surprised.

Both of us were tongue-tied. Nick was pleasantly surprised that I didn't look like a gorilla in a tutu. I was surprised that he actually showed-up. I gave a little twirl that revealed the white slip beneath my skirt like Momma had instructed.

My skirt swirled about my legs as we walked to Nick's car. I kept my eyes lowered, which gave me a view of my body clad in a girl's dress and high heel shoes. The bodice of my dress tented like a real girl. It was disconcerting knowing that my own breasts were starting to fill my bra cups.

Heads turned as word passed through the stands. "There's one of the boys with Nick Travanti." Younger kids laughed and pointed at us! Nick was sympathetic and tried to ease my humiliation. Maybe I deserved to be punished, but I didn't deserve this! He bravely took my hand as a gesture of support.

Judge Parker was sitting beside a lovely young woman whose flaming red hair flowed about her head in short curls. She was wearing a casual green blouse and tight fitting gray skirt, and she looked vaguely familiar. She glanced down, then carefully pulled the hem of her skirt to cover exposed lingerie.

"There's Judge Parker," I observed. "Maybe you should call me Angela. She will add more time to my sentence if she heard that I answered to my male name."

"Uh...okay, Angela," Nick stammered.

Conversation between Nick and me started out forced but loosened up as the game proceeded. He would jump up to root for the home team, but I stayed glued to my seat, even when the game was close.

At a nearby section, Mario was taking intense kidding from his buddies. They jabbed him in the ribs and made snide remarks about the way that I was dressed. "Hey Mario, your 'sister' sure has great legs," one guy laughed.

"Yeah. How do your legs look, Mario?" another kidded.

Mario defended me, "Lay off, guys. That's my little brother. I won't take any garbage from you. You know why he is dressed like that. He doesn't like it any more than you would."

"You mean heels, don't you, Mario?" the first guy laughed.

After the game, Nick suggested a pizza. "Everyone has seen you by now. Nobody will think worse of us if we have a pizza before going home. Besides, I'm hungry."

I wanted to run and hide, but Judge Parker might add to my sentence if I didn't go with my 'date'. Nick carried the conversation, and asked, "How do you feel wearing girl's clothes in public?"

"It's the most frightening experience of my life," I replied. "Thanks for volunteering. I couldn't have endured it without your support."

"Thank God you look really nice. I couldn't have done it if you looked like me in a dress," Nick laughed.

I blushed at his back handed compliment.

"I guess I'm not much of a date, Angela. I don't know what to say without hurting your feelings," he continued.

"You can't say anything I haven't already thought of. I hate wearing these clothes. I wish I could dress as a guy again," I confessed.

"I'm not ashamed to be seen with you," Nick said as we drove to my house. "You look just like a real girl."



"My Gawd, is that you, Angelo?" Nick gasped.
"You really look like a chick!"

I blushed at Nick's confession. "It took guts for you to go with me today. Come in for just a few minutes, Nick. Momma wants to thank you."

"For just a minute, Angela," Nick agreed. It seemed natural for him to refer to me as 'Angela'.

JUDY

I woke Patrick the morning of the first day of school and instructed him to bathe and powder himself. After putting on his panties, bra, and slip, he gave his hair the required 200 strokes. He noticed that his hair was becoming soft, springy, and soft, but he didn't know why.

When I returned, I found him in a short pleated skirt and a soft blue sweater with embroidered pink, white, and lavender flowers creeping up the left side above his 'breasts'. The thought of wearing such a sissy outfit to school nearly made him sick. He hated the short sleeves because of his soft hairless arms. "They ought to be smooth after all the lotions you made me rub into them!" he pouted.

While he applied light makeup and pink lipstick to match his nails, I decided he should wear his faux diamond earrings, a gold necklace, and three bangles on his left wrist. "Young girls don't wear nylons or pantyhose in warm weather," I observed. "Besides, your legs look nice with that skirt. Now give us a little twirl."

Painful spankings for arguing, or even hesitating in obeying my orders, had trained him to comply almost without thinking. The twirl did not produce the effect I wanted, so I ordered him to change into another slip that had a wide row of lace at the hem. After a couple of tries, I had the straps adjusted so it hung only a fraction of an inch above the hem of his skirt. "When you move, your slip will show just enough lace to tease the boys!" I taunted.

He was a mass of anger and shame, but not wanting a spanking before his first day of school in girl's clothes, he kept it to himself.

As Patrick sat apprehensively looking out the window, Dad asked, "Why are you so nervous? You have plenty of time."

I piped in, "Patricia is watching to see if Bobby is coming by to walk her to school. She's afraid he'll shun her."

Patrick blushed brightly, proving I was right.

Dad retorted angrily, "Don't be so hard on your brother! Any boy would be nervous going to school in a skirt!"

Bobby stuck his head around the shrubbery to see if anybody was watching the house. He tapped lightly on the kitchen door before entering. "Wow!" he gasped before shyly kissing Patrick, as was routine when they met. "You look GREAT!"

"I was afraid you wouldn't come by," Patrick admitted. "Walking to school with all the other kids will be rough, but it won't be as bad with you at my side."

"Why did you kiss him?" Dad spat disgustedly as he regained his voice. "You aren't a girl, no matter how those crazy bitches make you dress!"

"Judy said I should," he stammered.

"Look here, young lady!" Dad boomed at me. "This has to stop! I don't know why he puts up with that kind of treatment! You're supposed to teach him to wear girl's clothes, not turn him into a faggot!" Looking at his watch, he said, "I have an important meeting in half an hour, but we'll have a frank discussion about this tonight!" He stormed out of the room before I could respond.

As Bobby and Patrick set off for school hand in hand, Mom giggled, "Goodness, from the rear, Patricia needs only a little padding and high heels to look sweet sixteen."

"He IS sixteen, Mom!" I laughed. "He just doesn't look it. See how effective my training is?"

There was the expected teasing on the way to school, but Bobby came to Patrick's aid and fended off most hecklers. Nonetheless, Patrick was constantly blushing

as his short skirt blew about in the light breeze, revealing the lacy hem of his soft nylon slip.

ANGELO

I entered the Principal's office a couple of minutes late, worried that I would not make the orientation meeting with Principal King. I was wearing a simple black skirt and white blouse for my first day at school as a girl. Butterflies were buzzing around in my stomach as I approached Principal King's secretary.

"Hello Angela," she greeted me. "You and Patricia make such lovely girls. Principal King will see you in a minute. Join Patricia in the waiting room. You have time to freshen your lipstick."

I blushed at her compliment, murmured agreement to her suggestion, and entered the reception area. Patrick was sitting on a stool applying lipstick. He looked lovely, yet so juvenile. I had not seen him in over two months, and it was difficult to recognize him as my prankster buddy. He now looked like a cute, young teenage girl.

(See *Illustration 13*)

"Hello Patrick," I whispered. "What happened to you?"

Startled, Patrick turned towards me. "Oh Angelo...er...Angela," he squeaked. "Me? What happened to you? I thought you were going to run away?"

"I tried a couple of times and was caught both times. Momma used each escape attempt as an excuse to amplify my femininity. Finally, I decided to serve out my sentence before she goes over the wall with all this feminine stuff," I moaned. "What happened to you?"

He explained how his sister had taken over his feminine training and how his age was reduced to make him the younger sister. He finished with, "I think you should call me Patricia. Judge Parker will extend our punishment if she hears that we refer to each other by our former names."



"How could you!" I snarled, "You used to be such a prankster and now look at you... a sissy piece of fluff?"

I nodded agreement, but shivered at the word 'former'! Blushing, I removed my compact and carefully replenished my lipstick. I was afraid I would embarrass myself by not applying it correctly. Luckily, practice paid off and I did not smudge or smear it beyond my lip lines.

Mr. King greeted us with a wide smile. "Come in girls. How nicely you are dressed. Your teachers were given a memo to read to each class. There will be some teasing, but that goes with the town's prank. Your names have been corrected on the attendance and grading records, and you will use the toilet off the teacher's lounge. Finally, I have lovely pink nametags for you to wear the first week of school. Any questions, GIRLS?"

We wished we could creep to our homerooms, but a number of girls were waiting for us outside the office. There was no escape.

"Hello girls," giggled Molly. "How cute you look in those pretty skirts. We real girls will have to hang onto our boyfriends with you two around! Look Ellen, they've even shaved their legs."

"Fingernail polish too!" Ellen gasped to the tittering of the other girls. "Just ask if you girls need to borrow sanitary napkins or anything."

Gladys, the object of much of our past teasing because of her large breasts, pointed to my chest and laughed, "I see this new GIRL is growing titties. Wow! Those beauties sprouted overnight, didn't they!"

We could only blush under their taunts.

My first class, 'Home Economics', was filled exclusively with girls. As we waited for the teacher to arrive, several students giggled and pointed fingers at me. A few made snide remarks about how attractive my legs were or how lovely my hair looked.

Suddenly, the door opened and Principal King entered, followed by a stunning young woman with flaming red hair. She appeared to be very shy, hiding behind the Principal whenever possible. She wore a stylish white blouse with short sleeves and ruffles down the front. A short, tight fitting, green skirt displayed her waist and

hips to advantage, ending two inches above her knees. Shimmering nylons encased her legs, and she walked easily and confidently in green, three-inch pumps. She was introduced as Miss Amy, our assistant Home Economics teacher. I recognized her as the woman who had been sitting with Judge Parker at the football game.

JUDY

Classes dragged for Patrick because he had to pay attention every minute to his feminine comportment! He had to concentrate on keeping his knees together because of his short skirt. He could not slouch or stretch his legs as he did as a boy, and he constantly worried that his slip might show.

His young classmates watched as he removed his pink notebook and matching pink ballpoint pen from his satchel like the other girls. He longed to have class with kids his real age, even if he had to dress as a girl, but that was not possible. He was a 14-year-old girl now!

I insisted that Patrick sit with my friends and me at lunch, which added to his misery. I introduced him as my big brother who 'liked' to dress as a little girl. To demonstrate my control, I conveniently forgot my silverware and I sent him to get me some. As he smoothed his skirt to sit, I gushed how sweet and obedient he had become since he started wearing dresses.

The other girls at the table kept him on edge by saying, "What type panties do you prefer, bikinis, hip huggers, or briefs? Do you have a boyfriend?" He was at wit's end by the end of the school day!

I was on pins and needles all day, dreading my pending confrontation with Dad after school. Instead, I received an unexpected surprise! Both Mom and Dad were home and dressed in a most unusual manner! "I hope you are happy, young lady!" Dad boomed upon seeing me. "See what happened when you ran to the Judge!"

Instead of her usual baggy slacks and pullover, Mom wore a linen housedress, nylons, and heels, her hair

styled neatly, and she wore full makeup. Most shocking was that was wearing a lace edged floral apron over his neat slacks and sport shirt, and he was dusting the furniture!

"You look unusually neat, but why do you think I had anything to do with it?" I asked with a smile.

"You complained to Judge Parker and she ordered us to perform the household chores dressed this way until the end of Patrick's sentence! Worse than that, she said that you are to supervise our work!"

"Good for her!" I laughed. "I LOVE your apron!"

"How was your first day at school dressed as a girl?" Mom asked Patrick

I overruled her saying, "Patricia, go to your room and change into some play clothes. You can tell them about your day when you return."

"At least his clothes are not torn or soiled," Mom observed. "Does that mean he didn't get into a fight?"

"Everyone talked about him, specially my friends," I bubbled. "Of course, I told them I was his designated tutor."

Patrick returned in play clothes consisting of a short pleated skirt, sleeveless blouse, and flat skimmers without socks. Of course, he was wearing his usual panties and bra.

Dad blushed every time I looked his way, even though he was only wearing an apron while Patrick was completely dressed as a girl. Moreover, he seemed to have forgotten the kissing incident.

I sent Patrick to his room to practice applying eyeliner while I stayed behind to watch Mom and Dad clean the house and prepared dinner. The rest of the week went the same. I continued to treat Patrick as my little sister, the kids teased him at school, and my parents did the housework with Dad wearing a frilly apron.

Saturday morning, I found Dad in a knit shirt and plaid shorts, getting ready for his weekly golf game. "Oh

no, you don't!" I exclaimed as if he was the teenager and I was the adult. "Saturdays are for house cleaning. When I was responsible for the housework, you always made me stay home to do the heavy stuff. Furthermore, you aren't wearing your apron like the judge ordered. I'm calling her!"

"You go right ahead, young lady! I work all week. If I want to play a relaxing round of golf on the weekend, I'll damn well do it."

"Judge Parker wants to speak with you," I announced momentarily, handing the phone to Dad who was totally irate by then.

"Hello, Judge!" he bellowed into the phone. "I won't, I can't. Look here...Yes, your honor, I understand." Gently cradling the phone, he sighed, "You win. She said she would fine me a thousand dollars for contempt of court if I don't obey your orders and get busy with the housework. What do I do?"

"Call Charlie and cancel the game unless you want him to see you in your apron!" I huffed, smug in my new authority. When he put on his floral apron, the lace edged hem fell below his shorts. I laughed, "You look like you're wearing a dress! Just think, father and son sissies!" Both Dad and Patrick blushed brightly at my inference.

I found Mom in the kitchen in her crisp linen house-dress, nylons, three-inch heels, modest makeup, and neat hairstyle. In a mock show of respect, she curtsied when I entered. "Show Dad how to wash and dry the clothes. He can do the breakfast dishes, clean the kitchen, and change your bed while you do the grocery shopping. When you return, teach him to iron. I'll make Patricia clean our rooms, hand wash our undies, and I'll also teach him to iron."

After lunch, I spied Dad in the den watching a football game on television. He was still wearing his apron, but his ironing board stood idly by. I silently returned to my room and made a phone call.

Half an hour later, Judge Parker stormed into the den and shouted, "You're supposed to be doing house-

work, not sitting around watching football! That will be a thousand dollar fine for disobeying a court order!"

"Please Judge!" Dad pleaded. "I spent so much on clothes for Patrick...uh...Patricia. Please don't fine me."

She smiled and stated, "Very well, I don't want to send you into bankruptcy, but you obviously need close supervision to make sure you perform your new duties. In lieu of a fine, I will install Judy as head of this household, and she will remain so until Patricia serves his time in skirts. If you try to take advantage of her or refuse to obey her directives, I swear, I'll fine you into the Poor House, and your family will become wards of the state!"

"But Judge!" he protested. "Judy can't be head of this household. She's just a little girl."

"Little girl or not, and like it or not, she is now in charge around here!" Judge Parker insisted.

"I will not have Judy telling me what to do!" Dad boomed his resolve sounding more like a plea than a declaration.

Ignoring him and looking at me, she asked, "Do you have anything to add?"

"Thanks, Judge," I stammered. "I never expected anything like THIS. I'll do my best to..."

"I won't do as Judy says, and you can't make me!" Dad declared once again.

"Had you rather be locked up for contempt?" Judge Parker asked calmly, her face turning red with anger. "I'm sure we have some thugs who would like to have a morsel like you among them. Why, you'd be strutting around as a sex slave in pretty pink panties in no time!"

"Why don't you start wearing them now?" I snapped as Dad pondered the consequences of being jailed with a bunch of hardened criminals.

"What?" he stormed. "Watch your mouth, little lady! Why I'll..."

"Your problem is that you aren't attuned to the new order of things around here," I snapped. "You need a lesson in respect!" Turning to Mom, I snarled, "Take

Dad to your room, and give him a pair of your fanciest panties and a matching camisole to wear under his shirt and shorts.”

“Good idea,” Judge Parker smiled. “That’s the way to show him who’s in charge!”

“You mean I have to wear women’s undies and take orders from Judy too?” Dad gasped.

“Absolutely! You took advantage of her, and that’s why she’s in charge of this family. Come by my office Monday afternoon, and I will have the necessary papers ready for you to sign. As head of this household, all finances will be in Judy’s name, she will have sole guardianship of Patricia, and both you and your wife will be subservient to her. Your check will be deposited directly into her account, and your credit cards and charge accounts will be canceled. The only money either of you will have is what she gives you. It’s either that or a daily fine and jail time until you capitulate. Now, do you go with Katie and assume your proper undies as Judy ordered, or do I call the sheriff?”

Blushing brightly, Dad lowered his head in defeat. Tears filled his eyes, and he sighed, “Better this than jail. You win.”

When Dad returned, Judge Parker made him lower his shorts and raise his shirt to prove he was wearing the prescribed camisole and panties! I had never seen him so humiliated!

Patrick knew how shamed Dad was, but dressed like a young girl entering puberty, he could only sit by silently and watch.

After the judge departed, I looked at Dad and declared, “You can’t wear Mom’s undies all the time. You and I are going shopping for your very own panties and camisoles. Take off your apron, and let’s go!”

“Look here, little girl!” he snapped. “This has gone far enough! I’m taking these sissy things off right now, and I’m not wearing them again no matter what you say!”

As I stood alone without Judge Parker’s support, I knew we had reached a crucial moment in our struggle

for power. I had to prevail now or all would be lost. The last word in all matters concerning the family had to be mine if I was to be the ultimate power. Summoning all my courage, I tried to remain calm. Placing my hands on my hips and taking a firm stance, I spat, "I'm only trying to keep you out of trouble with the Judge. She's sure to ask me if you're in compliance with her order, and I won't lie to her. Now, come along like a good boy, and let's purchase your pretty undies."

Dad had never seen me appear so strong or so adamant. My stalwart position and my reference to Judge Parker must have convinced him that I would not hesitate to call her back. "Okay, you win," he sighed. "I'll just change first."

"You are perfect as you are!" I asserted, realizing he wanted to take off his feminine underwear. "Take off your apron and let's go!"

He blushed brightly as he complied with my order, knowing I was on to him.

Even though I had been licensed for several months, Dad never let me drive when he was in the car. Sensing the perfect time, I said, "Give me the keys. I'm driving." Preoccupied with the coming ordeal, he silently handed me the keys. To my surprise, he did not offer one word of criticism as I drove.

When I stopped at the boutique where Patrick had first been outfitted as a girl, Dad spoke for the first time. "Please don't make me do this," he whined. "I would be totally embarrassed! If I have to wear feminine undies, please go in there and buy them for me."

"No chance!" I exclaimed. "You brought this on yourself. Now, get out of the car and let's go!"

"May I help you?" the saleslady asked when we entered the boutique.

"I am sure you can," I smiled. "I am Judy Flynn, Patrick's sister. He and Angelo Rocco were dressed as girls here. Well, this is my father, and he wants to purchase a supply of panties and camisoles to wear in sympathy with Patrick. Could you show us a variety of styles and colors?"

“Of course. Step right this way.” When we arrived in the lingerie department, she asked, “What size does he wear?”

“We’re not sure,” I replied. “He’s wearing some of Mom’s things now, but I’m not sure they are the right size or style for him. I guess we’ll have to rely on your experience.”

“Okay, let’s see...”

Dad was totally embarrassed as he chose from a variety of silky nylon panties and camisoles. I made him hold them up, feel the soft fabric, and closely inspect each item in full view of the clerks and customers. After he ‘selected a few of each item, he had to go in the dressing room for a fitting. He thought he was humiliated at the lingerie counter, but he was completely mortified as he stood before the amused clerk in his panties and camisoles while she checked the fit.

“Take Mom’s things off and wear your own,” I instructed after he had acquired a sufficient quantity of feminine undies all his own. When he was dressed, I made him pay for his purchases and carry them through the mall in the pink shopping bag provided by the store.

Dad was obviously distraught from his ordeal when we returned home. As a man, it had to be extremely distressing to shop for soft sensuous lingerie the clerks knew he was wearing. Not permitting him to rest, I had him store his pretty new things neatly in his drawer. To ensure that he always wore soft nylon panties and camisoles, even at work, I made him rip all his cotton boxer shorts, briefs, and T-shirts into rags.

Later that afternoon, Bobby came over to see Patricia. I saw Dad cringe when they kissed, but he remained silent. He even kept quiet when he saw them dancing closely to a slow tune in the living room.

When we returned from Judge Parker’s office the following Monday, we had the signed papers that gave me full authority over the family. I called everyone into the living room and stated, “There will be some new rules around here now that I’m in charge. For starters, I will

call you both by your first names, and you will refer to me as Mistress Judy. I will move into the Master bedroom, Patricia will move into my old room since it is decorated for a young girl, and Katie and Everett will move into Patricia's old room."

Mom and Dad were stunned! "There won't be enough room for us in that small room," Mom protested.

"Make room!" I snapped. "Everett, your assignment is to move everyone's clothes and personal items into their respective rooms while Katie cooks dinner. I expect everything to be done by bedtime! The furniture stays where it is, as I will be sleeping in your former bed. Now, get a move on!"

Not believing what was occurring, Mom and Dad mumbled defiance, but started doing as they were told.

Remembering Mom's mock curtsy a few days before, I snapped, "Katie, I want you to teach Everett and Patricia to curtsy. In the future, all of you will curtsy to me whenever you come into or leave my presence, or to acknowledge any order I give. I think that gesture of respect is appropriate under the new order of things around here."

Stunned, Mom looked to Dad for support, but he merely lowered his head and went to perform his assigned tasks. Defeated, Mom dipped a curtsy and stammered, "Yes, Mistress Judy."

As the days passed, I became brutal in asserting my power, especially with Dad. I had Mom pluck his brows into fine arcs and file his nails into neat ovals. On weekends, I made him wear pale pink lipstick and polish his nails to match. When he asked for money to get a haircut, I insisted he let it grow. He complained tenaciously about every step of femininity I imposed on him, but he always acquiesced in the end. Not surprisingly, our most heated confrontation came when I told him to shave his legs! Seeing I might lose, I snarled, "Judge Parker will be interested in hearing of this rebellion.

"Don't call her, please!" he softened his firm resolve and whined.

Seeing I had him, I picked up my wooden hairbrush and growled, "I'll not have you questioning my orders! As punishment, you will place yourself across my lap for a spanking."

"Spanking!" he quivered. "I won't have my own daughter give me a spanking!"

I picked up the phone and hit the button with Judge Parker's number, and said, "This is Judy Flynn. I'm having problems with Dad. I would like to speak with the judge please!"

"Okay, Mistress Judy," he squeaked. "I'll shave my legs like you asked."

"I don't ask, Everett! I demand! Now take off your shorts and assume the position."

"But Mistress," he whispered. "You're my daughter. I can't strip in my panties in your presence. It wouldn't be decent."

"Decent or not, you can, and you will!" I insisted. "I am your Mistress, and I'll not only see you in your panties, I'll see you naked if I wish. Now strip and get across my lap before I really get angry!"

After removing his pants, he slowly took the required position across my lap. He assumed I was playing a part to demonstrate my authority, and that I would just give him a few swats with the brush and be done with it. He was wrong! Ten good swats later on his thin nylon covered backside, his rear-end was flaming red, tears were forming in his eyes, and I had a satisfied gleam in my eyes. I loved the feeling of power, especially over my father!

An hour later, Mom and Patrick looked on in awe as a very subdued Everett diligently worked at the ironing board. His eyes were red from crying, and his once hairy legs were smooth and hairless. They knew I had won.

A few days later, as I watched Dad clean house in his shorts and apron, I had a devious idea. "Those shorts are entirely too long!" I snarled. "I'm taking you shopping for some women's shorts that show off your pretty smooth legs better."

"I can't wear women's shorts," he protested. "They don't have a fly!"

"Neither do your panties. Let's go!" I grabbed the car keys and drove to the mall, insisting that he sit primly in the passenger seat.

When we returned home after another harrowing ordeal, Dad had a considerable supply of women's shorts and blouses in pastel and floral patterns. Some even had lace like his aprons! To his sorrow, his masculine shorts and sport shirts followed his old underwear into the rag bin.

Dad became more and more afraid to defy me as I took complete control of the family with Judge Parker's support! He didn't put up more than a whimper when I insisted he begin electrolysis treatments at Mr. Ken's nor when I told him to wear light makeup around the house when he was performing his household duties. He was so self-conscious about his feminine shorts, frilly aprons, shaved legs, and makeup that he said nothing when Patrick rushed to kiss Bobby on his next visit. He even remained silent when Bobby placed his hands on Patrick's buttocks and pulled him closed during a slow dance.

Patrick was succumbing nicely to my authority and successfully making the transition from an unruly boy to a demure girl. My mandate that all his time be spent in feminine pursuits was paying dividends. Instead of running around playing pranks on people all over town, he practiced makeup application, hair styling, and learned to comport himself as a 14-year old girl. As a result, he developed feminine mannerisms, learned to manage his short skirts to protect his vanity, and habitually sat with his knees modestly together.

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P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

My only problem with Patrick's conciliatory attitude was that he wasn't any fun to boss around anymore! To compensate, I added to his humiliation by insisting that he perform more feminine chores. For instance, wash, roll and brush out my hair, give me manicures, and take care of my clothes. Many nights, I would lie on my bed and talk with my friends while he knelt at my feet in a babydoll nightie and gave me a pedicure. Whenever I mentioned his attire or his task, he would blush brightly, but he never slighted his assigned task.

One Saturday, about two months after I was given authority over the family, I heard glass shatter in the kitchen. I wasn't particularly concerned until the sound was followed by a second and a third.

"What do you think you're doing?" I demanded as I rushed into kitchen and saw Dad with a plate in his hand.

"I've had it with these feminine clothes, and I'm sick of cleaning house!" he declared as he threw the plate against the wall, shattering it to bits. "I'm changing back into my clothes, and I'm not wearing this sissy stuff again!" Stomping out of the room, he snatched his apron off and threw it on the floor.

Judge Parker had cautioned me that Dad would probably rebel if I continued my relentless assault on his masculinity, and she advised me to be prepared for the event. Fortunately, I followed her advice. He had mounted protests before, but never had his resolve been so firm. Experience had taught me that, at these times, I should tighten the screws on my control, not loosen them. Following him step by step, I charged into his room close behind him and demanded, "What do you think you're doing, throwing a tantrum like that?"

"I'm a man!" he fumed. "I work and support my family! I should be out playing golf on weekends instead of prancing around in women's clothes doing housework!"

"You're doing it as punishment for disobeying a court order."

"You know it!" I snapped. "However, if it's the clothes that are bothering you, I may be able to help. Go to my room and strip to your panties."

Showing weakness and losing his staunch resolve for the first time since breaking the dishes and storming out of the kitchen, he stammered, "But Mistress, you saw my undies this morning during lingerie inspection."

Smiling in the knowledge that no matter how many times I had seen him in his feminine undies, he was still embarrassed. Wanting to keep him off balance, I snarled, "I know, but I can't help you into different clothes if you don't take off the ones you're wearing!"

Seeing the wisdom of my words, but still being very apprehensive, he dipped into a habitual curtsy and squeaked, "Yes, Mistress."

I studied his hairless, yet still masculine, body as he stripped to his panties. "Hmmm," I pretended to ponder, "Since you want a change of clothes, I think a bra would be a nice change. In fact, I bought one for you the other day."

"A bra? But, I don't need..." he stammered.

"Are you questioning my judgment?" I growled.

"No, Mistress Judy, but..." he whispered.

"Then put it on!" I demanded.

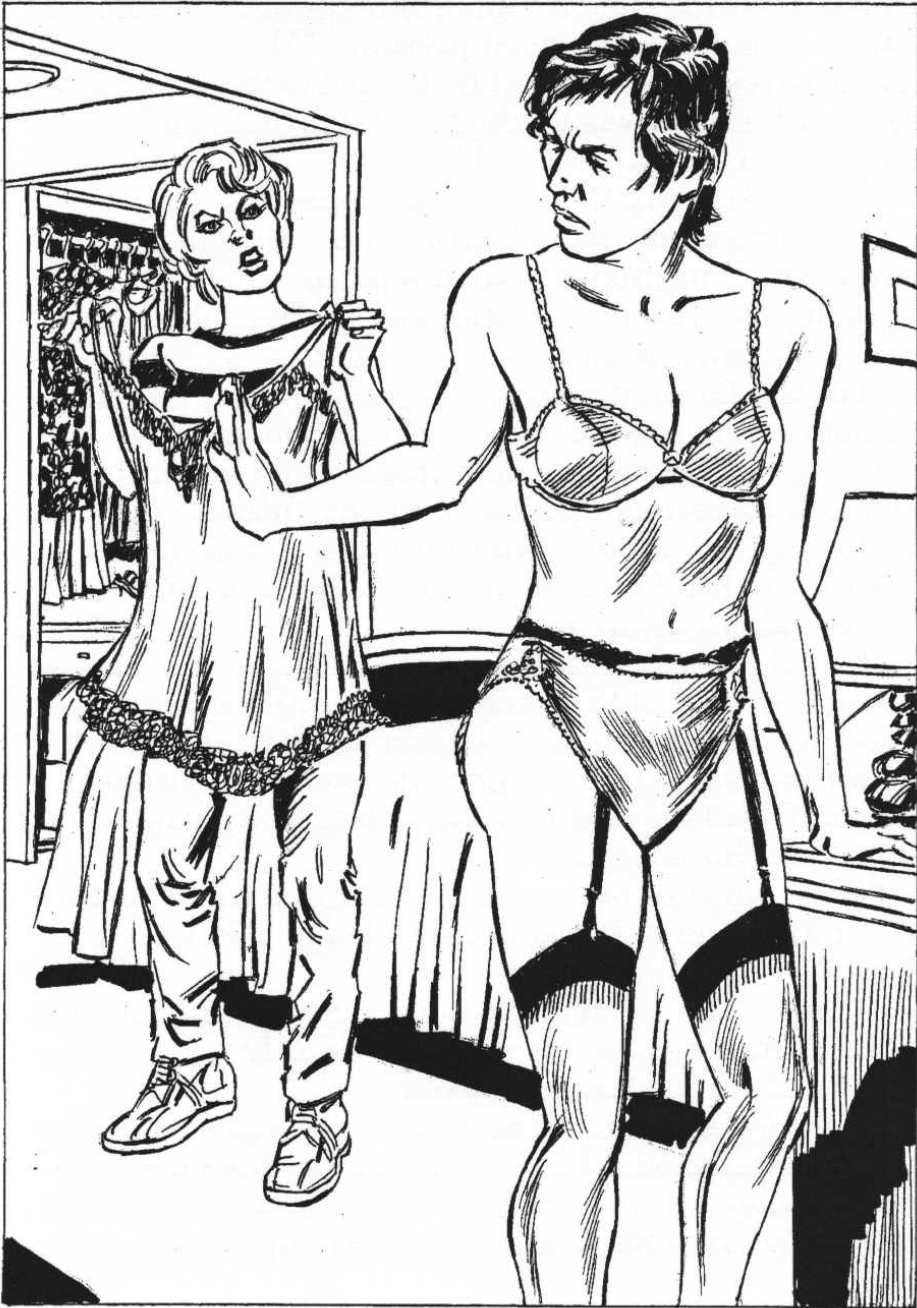
"But why, Mistress? I don't have breasts."

"Because I said so!" I snapped as if I was losing patience. "Besides, your blouses are awfully loose in front. A padded bra is needed to fill them out."

Taking the bra from my outstretched fingers, he silently wrapped it about his chest. He fumbled with the fasteners until I told him to turn it around, fasten it in front, then rotate the bra until the cups were positioned properly. Then he could insert his arms into the straps.

"I want you to wear a bra whenever you aren't at work from now on," I mused. "You can pad them out with a couple of pairs of your panties until I can get you some falsies."

He was turning pink with embarrassment as he did as instructed. The only saving grace was nobody was in



"You will look lovely in this silky slip...
and a few other little things."

the room with us. I don't know if he would have done it if Mom or Patrick had been present. "May I take it off now, Mistress," he asked as he turned to face me, but to his utter terror, I was holding a silky nylon slip for him to wear over his panties and bra.

"I can't wear that! I won't!" he wailed.

"Get across my lap!" I growled as I picked up my hairbrush. "I'm tired of your insolence!"

Seeing my resolve, he stammered, "No, please Mistress. I'll wear the slip, really I will."

"Too late for that!" I spat. "Maybe then, you'll remember not to protest every time I give you an order."

He hesitantly positioned himself across my lap with promises to be more obedient in the future. He was blubbering like a baby after only a few smacks, but I didn't stop until I had delivered at least a dozen.

(See *Illustration 14*)

He had a little trouble putting on the slip, but I knew it would fit. I insisted he keep trying until he succeeded. Soon, the silky garment was over his bra and panties and swinging about his thighs. He was red with embarrassment, and his rear end was aflame with pain as he reached for his shorts.

"Those won't fit over your slip," I stated while holding up a navy blue skirt with tiny pleats. "Put on your blouse."

"I can't..." he started to protest. Seeing me tapping the hairbrush against my palm, he silently replaced his blouse and stepped into the skirt.

"The zipper goes in the back," I advised when he appeared confused. "I hope you have learned a lesson," I added when he was dressed. "After you freshen your makeup, get into the kitchen and clean up the mess you made!"

(See *Illustration 15*)

Grasping the hem of his mid thigh length skirt in his finger tips, he dipped respectfully and sighed, "Yes, Mistress.



"You will dress in your lingerie without complaint—or the next spanking will be even more severe!"

Needless to say, Mom and Patrick were aghast to see Dad mincing about in a skirt!

The next day, I made Dad hang the skirt in his closet and store the bra and slip in his lingerie drawer. I also threatened to make him wear them for a week of house-cleaning if he misbehaved again!

The End of Part ONE...

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