

LIKE A WOMAN

TV FICTION

"THE GIRL WITHIN"



Emma convinces others that her macho stepbrother has "A Girl Within." She begins a career of helping other boys discover their "Girl Within."

LIKE A WOMAN # 5 PART ONE OF TWO /

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LIKE A WOMAN

TV FICTION

Volume 5

“THE GIRL WITHIN”

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QUOTE BOARD

We trust the people who are LIKE us.

We don't trust the people who aren't.

For revenge, teenage Emma convinces others that her macho stepbrother has “A Girl Within”. Then she makes a career of “helping” other boys cope with their “Girl Within”.

THE GIRL WITHIN

By Alice Trail and Sandy Thomas

Concept by Kate

Dr. Hillary Stern, the principal of Susan B. Anthony High School, discreetly sought a counselor. Because of *personal* reasons she wanted one with experience in the treatment of gender dysphoria. More specifically, she wanted someone with experience treating the condition known as *Sissy Boy Syndrome*, or SBS. She had read and attended lectures on the subject but wanted hands on experience in its diagnosis and therapy. Most of the applicants obviously stretched the extent of their expertise, but one filled her with exhilaration. If this particular candidate checked out, she might have that opportunity.

Emma Price, the applicant, was the first person she had encountered who had actual experience with this condition, and she was anxious to explore the *possibilities*. In a face to face interview, she listened to Ms. Price describe her experience with the malady. Barely able to contain her enthusiasm, Dr. Stern asked, “How many actual cases of SBS have you had the opportunity to treat?”

“Three,” Ms. Price replied. “I was initially involved with my stepbrother Patrick, who became Patty. There were two others I served as an advisor, a consultant if you will.”

“Could you elaborate on the first, your stepbrother?” Dr. Stern asked while desperately trying to hide her zeal to hear more. This was very difficult because her panties became instantly wet at the possibility of hearing a firsthand account of this condition and its therapy.

“I would be happy to, but call me Emma,” she smiled while crossing her legs and allowing her skirt to ride high on her attractive thighs. “This started when I was fifteen and Patrick was sixteen. Back then, they didn’t have a name for SBS or even knew that it existed. To his credit, Patrick was the All American boy, the star quarterback, ace pitcher, point guard, tennis whiz, and captain of the golf team. Every boy wanted to be like him and every girl adored him. He had no desires, secret or otherwise, to wear dresses, but even as a young girl, I perceived that the best way to bring him down was to persuade others that there was a girl within him just dying to get out.”

“There were no signs that he was hiding the fact that he dreamed of wearing dresses and acting like a girl?” Dr. Stern inquired with great interest. “If that was the case, what made you think you could convince others that he secretly harbored such desires?”

“Let’s not kid ourselves, Dr. Stern,” Emma replied in a serious tone. “There is no such condition as SBS. The concept is merely a hoax conceived by clever and diabolical women to bring haughty, deceitful, and arrogant boys down a notch and give them a view of reality from the other side of the skirt, so to speak.”

“True, so true,” Dr. Stern grinned. “The question is, how did you, at the tender age of fifteen, know this?”

“Truthfully, I didn’t,” Emma surmised with a devious smile as she remembered the past. “I started out just trying to humiliate my arrogant conceited stepbrother.

Luck...fate...deception...manipulation...vindictiveness...jealousy...blackmail all had a part in it, I suppose. I had no plan in the beginning, so timing and opportunity had more to do with it than preparation. I suppose you could say circumstances kind of evolved in my favor.”

“Being all boy as you describe your stepbrother, I presume he was opposed to the idea of wearing dresses, skirts, silky undies, heels, and makeup.”

“Adamantly, I’m afraid. He ranted and raved that he wasn’t a sissy and shouldn’t be wearing dresses. In fact, he bitched and moaned the whole time.”

“If I were involved in this *therapy*, I would prefer boys who put up a fight,” Dr. Stern surmised. “I don’t mean to sound skeptical, but in the business of education, I’ve learned that it pays to verify all claims. Do you have any documentation to support your claim that you forced your brother into skirts against his will?”

“I thought you might ask, so I brought this along,” Emma replied with a smile as she pulled a large photo album from her briefcase. It was covered in pink gingham fabric, trimmed in white lace, and titled, *My Life as a Sissy Boy in Skirts*, by Patty Price. As she positioned the book on the desk between them, she added, “A picture is worth a thousand words as they say, and here are quite a few.”

As Dr. Stern opened the book to the first page, Emma pointed to a photo of a handsome teenage boy and advised, “This is Patrick at his father’s funeral. Everyone kept going on about how handsome he was in his dark blue suit and how much he looked like his father.”

Turning the page, Dr. Stern gushed, “Oh, look! He’s wearing pink nylon panties and a matching bra! Oh, my, are those tears?”

“As usual after a sound spanking on his silky panties,” Emma smiled. “Once a boy understands that you are in control of his sissy desires, especially if he doesn’t have them, he’ll do, say, and promise anything for leniency. He’ll cry, beg, lie, and without fail, steadfastly deny that he has secret desires to dress as a girl.”

Emma flipped through the pages, pointing out various milestones in Patrick’s sissy development. One photo showed him in a styling chair at a beauty salon with his hair tightly curled and netted as a group of smirking stylists posed with their faces surrounding his. Others depicted him in dresses, skirts, and various items of lingerie. One of him wearing a pink nylon mini-slip was of particular interest to Dr. Stern, causing her to squirm in her chair.

In fact, she became turned on by several photos in the album, especially those showing Emma spanking him on his panties. “How did you get such complete control of your stepbrother?” she inquired in attempt to direct attention from herself.

It’s a long story, but here goes. It all started after the death of Patrick’s father. Mom lost considerable weight prior to re-entering the dating scene, causing her nice clothes to be ill fitting. Instead of buying new ones, she decided to alter them. For that, she needed a dress dummy, and since Patrick was about her size and height, she drafted him for the task.

He was against his father’s marriage to mom, and he would only refer to her by her given name, Ruth. When she informed him that he was to model her dresses, he snapped, “You’re out of your mind, Ruth!

After many arguments, he was the image of abject misery as he stood in a navy blue A-line skirt while she took in the waist and pinned up the hem. He ran to his

room and didn't return until dinner after she let him take it off.

When she finished the alterations, to his dismay, she made him try it on again for a final assessment. After much pleading and protesting, he reluctantly kicked off his jeans and pulled the skirt up over his briefs. To check the fit, she had him turn this way and that and walk about the room. Finally, she looked at me and asked, "What do you think?"

Perceiving this as my chance at revenge for all the abuse I had taken from him, I thoughtfully replied, "It's hard to tell how it will look on you because you don't wear bulky cotton briefs under your skirts."

Following a moment of deep thought, she left the room. She returned shortly with a pair of her nylon panties and a matching half slip. Handing them to Patrick, she said, "Emma is right. Remove your briefs and put these on under your skirt."

"I can't wear that silky stuff, Ruth!" he wailed in distress. "I'm a *boy!*"

"Boys don't wear skirts either, but you've been wearing one all afternoon," Mom explained with a bit of irritation in her voice. "Now, get into your panties and slip before I get angry! I have to check the *look* of that skirt before I wear it!"

I was delighted when she said, "*your* panties and slip". After he dejectedly put them on and stood by with a red face, I exclaimed, "That's much better. You did a fantastic job with the alteration, Mom!"

Seeing mom's satisfied smile, Patrick grabbed his jeans and made a beeline for his room to change. Her success put Mom into the spirit of altering the rest of her clothes. Calling him back, she said, "I want to alter my

favorite green dress next, so you will have to wear a bra padded out to my proportions along with your panties and a full slip." As might be expected, he completely balked at that idea.

When I said it was the least he could do for his mother, he said, "Ruth isn't my mother." Naturally, I was very amused when she grabbed my arrogant stepbrother and forced him into her room to change clothes as she required.

I couldn't help smiling when she shoved him back into the den wearing the green dress, nylon stockings, and green pumps with three-inch heels. Knowing that he wore a bra, panties, and a slip under the dress made my amusement even greater as he stumbled about in his heels. He deeply blushed as mom took her measurements, and things got worse for him when she helped him remove the dress so she could make the alterations. To save time, she declared, "This won't take long, so remain in your bra, panties, and slip."

He moaned, "I'm cold with just this silky stuff on! I need to change clothes."

In response, she handed him a white diaphanous negligee and said, "This will keep you warm while you wait. Wear it, and keep quiet while I work." Never had I seen a more humiliated boy than Patrick as he sulked about miserably. His mint green slip was clearly visible beneath his translucent negligee, a fact that didn't escape him!

Mom was really into altering her clothes, so as soon as she returned home from work every day, she would instruct Patrick to change into whatever panties, bra, slip, and heels required for the next dress or skirt she intended to alter. To facilitate his *changing*, and over his strident objections, he now had a supply of her lingerie in

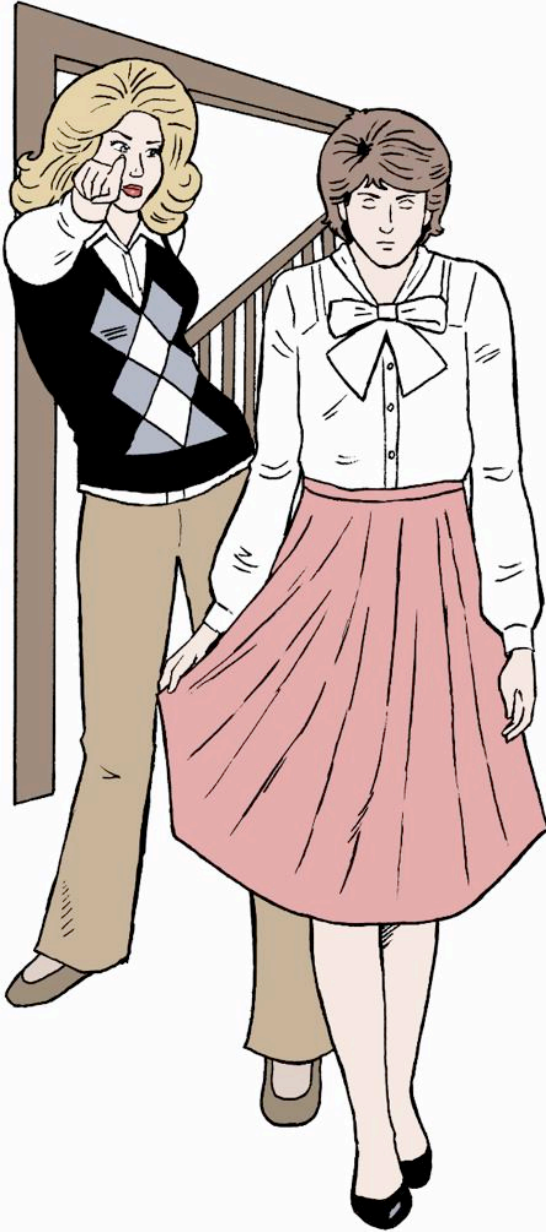
his drawers and dresses, skirts, and blouses to be altered in his closet.

He bitterly complained saying, "I don't want to wear your dresses and skirts, Ruth! You know that!" Still, he soon returned dressed as instructed. I particularly enjoyed the time he wore a half-slip, and his bra was visible through his sheer negligee. This was such a turn on for me that I conceived a devious plan. One day after school, I lied by saying, "Mom called and said she wants to alter her pink pleated skirt this evening. She wants you dressed when she arrives." To farther twist the knife, I said, "She wants you to wear her white silk blouse to see how it looks with the skirt. And, oh yes, she wants you to wear a bra under the blouse."

He stomped into his room and slammed the door while moaning, "Ruth knows it isn't right to make me model her dresses and skirts and wear silky girl's underwear!"

When mom walked into the kitchen where I was preparing dinner, I decided to spring my trap. "Mom, no matter what Patrick says, he's likes wearing your clothes. Don't come down on him too hard, but he's been trying on your dresses and skirts and wearing them about the house all afternoon. I know he's wearing a padded bra, and if I'm not wrong, judging by the hang of your clothes, he's wearing panties and a slip as well."

Mom doubted me, but when he joined us, her skepticism began to waver. You should have seen her expression when she saw him in the pink skirt and the white silk blouse that, to Patrick's great embarrassment was so sheer it readily showed the silhouette of his bra and camisole.



“You know I always wear nylons and heels with that skirt and blouse! Go get properly dressed, and hurry!”

The blouse had a fussy bow under the chin that I tied for him. Mom quickly regained her composure, suppressed a smile, appeared to be angry, pointed her finger, and said, "I wear that skirt to work, and you know I always wear nylons and heels. Go to your room and dress *properly* so I can judge the combined *look* of the skirt and blouse.

After Patrick walked dejectedly away, mom asked why Patrick was wearing the skirt and what was with the blouse. I lied saying, "He's likes the feel of soft silky fabrics caressing his skin and skirts swirling about his thighs." She raised her brows in doubt but started to buy into my ruse.

Other than a beet red face, Patrick was wearing sheer nylon stockings and pink pumps with four inch stiletto heels when he returned in the skirt and blouse. Not having worn heels that high, he stumbled and struggled to maintain his balance. Seeing his difficulty, mom said, "No matter how you are dressed, wear the heels around the house whenever possible until you grow accustomed to them. By the way, what do you think of the skirt?"

We were both stunned when he said, "I hate wearing it, and it's too long. It would be more stylish if you shorten it by at least a foot. You have the legs for it, you know."

"Very interesting observation, and you could be right," mom mulled thoughtfully while considering his honest, yet totally unexpected, response. "Raise the hem of your skirt to mid-thigh, and let's have a look." Seemingly pleased that she at least considered his suggestion, he raised the hem but his lace edged nylon slip stayed in place. "No, no, no, you have to lift your slip too!" mom scowled in an irritated tone. "I can't access the look if I can't see your legs!"

Try as he might, Patrick couldn't hide his slip while raising the skirt high on his thighs. Finally, he dropped his skirt and slip, allowed them to fall back into place, and sighed in exasperation, "I can't do it, Ruth! I'm not used to wearing skirts and slips."

"Then, go change into a slip that's slightly shorter than you propose to shorten the skirt," mom insisted in a no nonsense tone. "And hurry, I don't have all night!" When he returned, she said, "Stand here while I mark the skirt for cutting." When it was appropriately marked, she told him to remove it so she could do her work. Looking at him in his short slip, she instructed, "This will take some time. You can change into your jeans if you like, but keep practicing in your heels."

Patrick returned a bit later wearing jeans and a tee shirt, but he was stumbling about in his heels, grabbing onto things and holding his arms out for balance. Giving him a quick once over, mom scolded, "You can't wear my good heels without nylons! Why did you take them off?"

"You said I could change, so I took off all your clothes except your heels," he tried to explain.

"You can't wear heels without nylons or pantyhose!" she scolded angrily. "Everybody knows that!"

"I...I didn't," he stammered.

"Now you do, so put on your nylons, and never wear my heels without them again...*ever*! Do you understand?"

I suppose no boy knows not to wear heels without nylons, so all Patrick could do was nod his head and walk sadly away. I noticed the garter tabs beneath his jeans when he returned, and I commented on them teasingly. "My nylons wouldn't stay up without a garter belt," he replied with a bright blush. "My main problem is that I can't get the hang of walking in these damn heels!"

“An athlete like you can’t walk in heels when every clumsy awkward girl is an expert,” I hassled. “You just don’t know the technique. If I show you, will you practice until you get it down cold?”

“Sure, what’s the secret?” he eagerly asked. “Ruth says I have to wear these damnable things until I can walk gracefully in them, so let’s have it.”

“Hold your forearms parallel to the floor with your wrists slightly relaxed. Take short steps with each foot hitting the floor directly in front of the other. Allow your toes to touch slightly before your heel, and all you need is practice.”

Patrick gave my *suggestions* a try, and he was walking much better in his heels, but he grumbled, “Your way makes me walk like a sissy!”

What he said was true, but I couldn’t resist pushing back by asking, “Is it the way you walk, or do your heels, nylons, and garter belt make you look and feel like a sissy? If you want to keep wearing heels because you can’t walk in them correctly, be my guest. I was just trying to help.” A while later, I saw Patrick trying to walk in the dainty manner I suggested, but I pretended not to notice. His actions caused his hips to sway naturally, but he appeared to be unaware.

Mom saw him making progress in his heels and told him to keep them on for the remainder of the day to get more accustomed to them. Patrick protested, but what choice did he have? I smiled whenever I saw my macho athletic stepbrother mincing about in stilt heels with his garter tabs visible through his jeans at his upper thighs.

The next day, mom gushed excitedly into the phone, “I finished altering my pink skirt late last night, and I’m

very anxious to wear it to work. Mr. Bricker, the owner of Bricker's Bricks where I work, has his eye on me. I usually wear pant suits or slacks, but I think he would like me in that short skirt. First, I want Patrick to wear it while I check to see if it hangs right and if it needs any adjustments."

"Okay, I'll tell him to be wearing it when you get home from work," I told her with an inner smile. Patrick wasn't happy when I told him the news, but he knew he was destined to wear the skirt and blouse with the appropriate bra, panties, slip, nylons, garter belt, and heels again.

While Patrick was getting dressed for Mom's final critique of her altered skirt, she called and said, "I'll be late so you kids eat whatever or order a pizza. Mr. Bricker wants to go over the Dunham account, and I'm hoping he'll take me to dinner afterward."

I was disappointed because I wanted to see Patrick wearing mom's skirt again. So disappointed, in fact, that I neglected to tell him she would be late and wouldn't be giving the skirt a final inspection that evening. As I sat about moping, I was jolted out of my funk when he called me to tie the bow at the front of his blouse. Taking my frustration out on him, I told him to tie it himself. "Alright, I'll do it myself!" he grimaced as he tied a sloppy bow.

When mom came home about nine, she was in a foul mood. She slammed her purse on the counter and snapped, "I thought the Dunham account was an excuse to spend time with me, but all that bastard wanted to do was review the orders and payment schedules. Instead of the dinner I hoped for, he had me call the deli for sandwiches! I need that short skirt to get his attention.

Tell Patrick to put it on, and let's have a final look. I want to wear it tomorrow!"

"He already has it on with the proper bra, panties, and slip, He thought you would come in after dinner, so he's worn it ever since he got home from school," I lied. "He's really getting into wearing your things lately, so don't act too surprised when you see him swishing about in that short skirt and heels."

She nodded blankly, but when Patrick walked in, her anger returned. "Look at the pretty tie on your blouse, it's a total mess!" she screeched. "How do you expect me to critique my overall *look* in that skirt if your blouse is in such awful disarray?"

When he said he did the best he could, Mom yelled for me to teach him to tie a fussy bow. I pulled him into another room, had him sit before the mirror, stood behind him, and showed him how to tie a proper bow. He made a jumble of it the first few times, but he gradually improved. Deciding to try and push him a bit farther, I said, "Mom is really hot. Her boss didn't take her to dinner, and she comes home and finds you with the bow on your blouse all awry. Why don't you soothe her anger by wearing some pink blush, lipstick, and nail polish to match your skirt? When she sees how she'll look tomorrow, maybe she won't be so upset."

As expected, he outright refused saying, "No way am I wearing lipstick and nail polish even if I do have to wear a skirt and frilly blouse!"

Keeping my voice calm, I said, "I can do a lot to help you when you model Mom's other dresses and skirts for alteration if you'll do this for her. For instance, look how you're sitting with your knees apart causing your slip and the tops of your nylons to show. I can show you how to correct that."

“What does it matter how I sit? Who’s going to see?” he asked in a cynical tone.

“Mom’s boss might drop in to see her,” I hinted, planting an image in his mind. “He would probably be pleased that you’re helping mom alter her clothes, but would you like for him to see your panties? Come on, don’t you see how down Mom is? Just a little makeup and a tad of lipstick to pump up her spirits, okay?”

After a few moments in deep thought, he sighed, “Okay, but don’t go too heavy on the lipstick!”

When we returned, even I had to admit that he looked and moved like an attractive girl in his short skirt, silky blouse, and makeup. That plus the way he walked in his heels with short steps, placing one foot directly in front of the other, holding his arms daintily with limp wrists, and naturally swayed his hips was totally feminine. His practice in heels after my *advice*, had paid dividends!

I thought I saw a tear in mom’s eye as she gushed, “Your bow is just precious, and you look so charming in that skirt and blouse with your makeup. You move so gracefully in your heels and manage your skirt so well; one would think you had worn them all your life! Promise you’ll look as lovely whenever you model my other dresses and skirts for alteration.”

“Charming...uh...lovely?” he sputtered turning bright red beneath his makeup, “I’m a boy! Ruth, I don’t think ...”

“Oh shush!” Mom shrugged off his claim. “If I can pull off *that* look tomorrow, Mr. High and Mighty will regret sending me home tonight without so much as a kiss on the cheek or a pat on the bottom!”



“Do you think Ruth’s boss will go for her in this skirt and blouse?” Patrick asked. “If she looks half as good as you, he’d be blind not to,” Emma grinned slyly as she hit on a plan.

“It’s those pant suits you always wear Mom,” I said. “He’ll look a lot more often when you start wearing those short skirts you altered.”

Turned out, I was right as both of mom’s wishes came true. Mr. Bricker, or Clint as she now called him, took her out a couple of times before she spent the night in his bed. With my help, Patrick started wearing foundation, blush, mascara, eyeliner, eyeshadow, lipstick, and nail polish whenever he modeled mom’s clothes for alteration. Because of the time required and the difficulty in applying his makeup, he began wearing it full time most afternoons and evenings, including all day on weekends.

Never was there a happier boy than Patrick when mom decided that she didn’t have time to spend every day altering her remaining clothes, which allowed him to return to his boy’s clothes. The reason being, a relationship had developed between her and Clint, and she stayed over at his place quite often. I was happy for her, but Patrick was just happy that he no longer had to serve as her dress dummy. Oh, there were more dresses and skirts to be altered, but with mom’s work and busy dating schedule, that was on the back burner.

That was just in time for summer vacation, so with no dresses to model, Patrick could play baseball and hang out with his pals without worrying about them dropping by and seeing him in a dress and makeup. Had I kept quiet, Patrick would have been more or less finished with his dress dummy duties and could have gotten back to his boyish life. Bad girl that I am, I didn’t keep quiet! With Mom always away at work or on dates, I became very active behind the scenes.

To start, I said mom wanted him to keep a supply of her panties, bras, slips, garter belts, nylons, and heels, in

his room until she had time to alter her remaining dresses and skirts. Imagine how he felt, an athletic hero, with all those feminine clothes in his closet and drawers. As proof, he made sure to keep his friends out of his room in *droves*!

One Friday mom sadly told me Clint was playing golf the next day, so she wouldn't be staying over at his place. Wanting to cheer her up, I told Patrick, "Mom wants to alter her print housedress first thing tomorrow. Wear it to breakfast with the appropriate bra, panties, and slip but nylons and heels won't be necessary."

The next morning, I saw mom drinking coffee and said, "Patrick secretly loves wearing your things. He has been sneaking around in them when you aren't around. He expected you to spend the night with Clint, so don't act surprised when you see him. Just pretend that you want to alter whatever dress or skirt he's wearing."

Despite my heads up, her mouth fell open in shock when he sauntered into the kitchen wearing her brightly colored housedress, light makeup, pink lipstick, nail polish, and a pair of her flats. Gradually regaining her composure, she said, "You look totally cute in my dress and your makeup. I want to get an early start on the remaining alterations. I can see the effects of your padded bra. Are you wearing the required panties and slip as well?"

He deeply blushed as he lifted his skirt to reveal the lace adorned hem of his silky nylon slip and confirmed, "Yes Ruth, I'm wearing panties to make the skirt hang right as you instructed."

By then, Patrick had learned the moves and turns Mom required as she pinned dress or skirt hems, so she no longer had to constantly explain. To my glee, she took that as a sign that I was right about him developing affections for her clothes. When the dress was marked,

she said, "Your slip will be too long for the altered skirt. Change into a shorter one and stand by so I won't have to wait when I finish the alterations. You can wear my negligee if you get chilly, and wear four inch pumps for practice while you wait."

I gave him a couple minutes before entering his room without knocking and found him in only his panties and bra. He was holding a short nylon slip, and he blushed like a bride when he saw me. Pretending nothing was out of the ordinary, I handed him mom's see-through negligee. After pulling the short slip over his head, he put on the negligee while complaining, "This robe thing doesn't cover *anything*."

"Maybe not, but isn't it warm?" I asked.

"I guess, but what if some of my friends come by to get me to play baseball and see me wearing makeup and these girlish frillies?" he grimaced as he tripped unsteadily about in his unaccustomed higher stilt heels.

Seeing my opportunity, I said, "I'll cover for you and tell them you aren't here if you'll help me with the housework." He was hesitant about the idea, but he reluctantly agreed. I couldn't believe it. My all American stepbrother was wearing a sexy feminine bra, panties, slip, makeup, lipstick, nail polish, four inch pumps and he was completely at my mercy. As he promised, he did everything I said, straightened the house, changed the beds, and cleaned the bathrooms.

Mom gasped in disbelief when she saw him stumbling about in his heels and asked me, "Why is Patrick wearing my negligee?"

"He said he was cold in his bra, panties, and slip, so he went in your room and borrowed your negligee," I lied, planting more doubt about his masculinity in her mind.

“Actually, I think it’s because he enjoys wearing your bras, panties, and slips.”

She began to believe even more that he liked to wear her clothes when she saw him hand washing lingerie and sorting it into three groups. When she asked why three groups, he said, “One pile is your things, one is Emma’s, and the other is mine...I...I mean the things I keep in my room for when I serve as your dress dummy.”

“Uh huh,” she grunted as she walked away shaking her head in disbelief.

Several times after that, I made sure Patrick was wearing makeup, lipstick, a bra, panties, slip, one of Mom’s dresses, nylons, and heels when she returned home by lying about her plans to alter clothes.

As time passed, it became easier to persuade mom that Patrick had a sissy in him that was dying to get out. To further convince her, I set traps for him, and each time he fell for one, Mom was further convinced that I was right. The nail in the coffin was when I showed her an article written by an *expert* in gender dysphoria.

One of the author’s positions was that some boys with strong inclinations to dress and appear as feminine as possible will excel at athletics and other manly pursuits to divert attention from their sissy desires. Finally, at my urging, Mom agreed that since he enjoyed wearing her things, we should buy him some dresses, skirts, blouses, bras, panties, slips, nighties, garter belts, nylons, and heels of his own.

Patrick tearfully tried to get mom to believe that he didn’t enjoy wearing her dresses and skirts and didn’t want any of his own. She merely shrugged off his rants as emotional assertions. The following Saturday, despite his adamant claims that he had no desire to wear dresses or

other feminine clothes, the three of us went shopping to buy him *a few things*. Since he had no lingerie of his own, Mom told the clerk, “My son enjoys wearing dresses, so we need to purchase a few items of feminine clothes for him. I think we’ll start with maybe six pairs of panties.”

Hearing her request, the clerk took Patrick aside to measure him. You should have seen him blush as he stood there in his briefs with his jeans at his knees! While they were out of earshot, I told Mom, “We should buy him at least a dozen. That way, he can wear panties full time, even under his jeans. I’m sure he’ll appreciate that understanding gesture from you.”

Buying into my *suggestion*, when Patrick returned, Mom led him to a counter laden with elaborate nylon panties decorated with lace and bows and said, “Select a dozen of these pretty panties that you will *enjoy* wearing.”

“Ruth look, I told you, I don’t want any panties, and I won’t enjoy wearing *any* of those silky lacy things!” he insisted. “Why won’t you believe me?”

“Don’t be difficult, darling,” Mom soothed while patting him gently on the hand. “We’ve been all through this. You wouldn’t have been wearing my panties, bras, slips, and dresses to do your housework if you hated them as you claim. Now, be sweet and choose your pretty panties.”

Seeing he had no choice, Patrick picked up pair after silky pair of panties like Mom insisted and examined them closely. Finally, in an effort to end the embarrassing ordeal, he *chose* twelve pairs of silky lace embellished panties in different styles and pastel colors.

Instead of ending his torment as he had hoped, Mom jolted him back to reality when she said, “Remove your shirt so you can be fitted with a bra.”

“No Ruth, please!” Patrick pleaded with tears in his eyes. “I don’t need a bra! It’s probably not even allowed for boys to try them on here in the store!”

Mom looked at the clerk for an answer. She shrugged and replied, “It is highly unusual, but I don’t know of a store policy against it. After all, a sale is a sale.”

After the clerk measured Patrick’s chest, Mom stated, “I think he should be a full B cup. Let’s see what you have in teen styles.”

When the clerk produced three bras in different styles, Mom was impressed but said, “We need something to fill out the cups. Do you carry padding?”

In response, the clerk said, “If you are interested, we carry a product more suited to that purpose. It’s an inexpensive jelled prosthesis, called *Perky Prides*. Not only do they fill out the cups, they have the weight, feel, jiggle, and appearance of the real thing. As you might imagine, they’re very popular with girls in their early teens who want to appear more mature. Would you like to try a set before opting for padding?”

“Certainly,” Mom said excitedly. “I knew they had those for mastectomy patients, but I didn’t think of them for teens. By all means, let’s give them a try.”

Patrick cringed in shame and appeared to be near tears when he inserted the jelled *Perky Prides* into the cups of his bra as instructed. As he stood blushing in his protruding bra, the clerk said, “You might also be interested in purchasing a *Smoothie*. It’s a discrete gaffe designed to eliminate the *bump* in his panties, not to mention any tight dresses or skirts he might choose to wear.”

“Yes, I’ve noticed such a bump when he modeled my clothes for alteration. I’m *very* interested in eliminating

that problem,” Mom said. Shortly, in addition to the Perky Prides in his bra, a red faced Patrick was wearing a Smoothie and a pair of his new panties. To his shame, Mom instructed him, “Wear your padded bra and panties for the remainder of your fittings so we can make sure everything hangs right.”

Patrick’s voice became tiny pleadings to get out of there. With his shirt covering his padded bra and tight fitting Smoothie and silky panties under his jeans, his face was fire engine red. Ignoring his complaints, Mom insisted, “Let’s buy six slips in varying lengths and colors along with a like number of half slips and camisoles. Since he likes silky fabrics against his skin, we should also get him a couple of nighties and a negligee of his own.” Mom also bought him two waist cinch garter belts and a dozen pairs of nylons. She then told him, “Put them on so you can be fitted for shoes before trying on dresses and skirts.”

Poor Patrick then had to undress, squeeze into a garter belt, thread the garters beneath his panties, knead flesh toned nylons over his legs, attach them to his garters, and replace his jeans while wearing his padded bra. He had grown accustomed to walking in heels while serving as Mom’s dress dummy, so he wasn’t out of his element as he walked about in one pair of heels after another. Finally, to his utter distress, he was the owner of black pumps with four inch stilettos, white three inch heels, ivory colored flats, and pink girl’s sneakers.

Mom insisted that he try on at least a dozen dresses, an equal number of skirts, and quite a few blouses. Despite his objections, he finally had two dresses and four skirts; none longer than mid thigh, along with eight blouses that could be mixed and matched with the skirts. Mom took pity and allowed him to remove his bra and

Perky Prides before going home but made him wear a pair of his new panties, a Smoothie, a garter belt, and nylons under his jeans.

Since he had no makeup of his own, Mom bought foundation, base, powder, blush, long lash mascara, blue, green, lavender, and pink eyeshadow, red, pink, purple, and coral lipstick and nail polish. With tears in his eyes, he insisted, "I'm a boy, Ruth, and boys don't wear makeup, lipstick, and nail polish!" Despite his pleas, when we finally left the boutique, to his great shame, Patrick was wearing pink lipstick, and he definitely didn't need blush. At the salon, his brown hair was bleached blonde and set in a short feminine style. He complained that no boy had hair that color, but what was done was done.

At home, mom told Patrick to fold his new panties, bras, slips, nighties, garter belts, and nylons and store them in his drawer. He tried for a reprieve saying, "But Ruth, there isn't room for all that silky stuff!"

Mom solved that problem by removing all of his boxers and briefs and about half of his tee shirts and socks. He was a very unhappy camper when she placed those things in a box for storage. The same problem arose in his closet, so Mom wasted no time removing jeans, shorts, and shirts and adding them to the box.

Patrick had always been very possessive of his things, but with them going into storage, I confiscated four tee shirts and his precious Tom Brady football jersey to use for a nightshirt. "No Emma!" he complained. "That's my favorite football jersey."

"Be reasonable, Patrick," mom said. "You'll have to make do with less boy's things if you want to wear your

pretty new things. Emma wants to sleep in your football shirt, so what's the big deal? You have your pretty new nighties, so don't you see, it's a win, win scenario."

"Tradeoff or not, I don't want to wear that girly stuff or sleep in those silky nighties, Ruth!" he insisted.

"Nonsense!" Mom said. "You have a supply of dresses and skirts of your own, so you won't have to wear mine except for alterations. Now, change into one of your new ensembles and wear it for the remainder of the day. Tomorrow, being Sunday, you can wear something dressy that includes heels...with nylons, of course."

I was anxious as I waited, but he appeared wearing a red sleeveless crop top, a pleated denim miniskirt, and his pink sneakers. When he moved a certain way, I got a glimpse of his red bra and assumed his panties were red too. I couldn't believe my all-American step brother would *voluntarily* wear anything so girly, but he *did*!

Mom told him to be wearing one of his new dresses or a skirt and blouse when she returned home every day and all day on weekends for feminine training because he was awkward in his dresses and skirts. She drilled him in the proper way to walk, sit, and stand in skirts, to apply makeup, and to put his hair up in curlers for the night. He hated every minute, but he learned under her strict lessons.

All good things must end as they say, because that only lasted about two weeks. Mom became more intently involved with Clint and didn't have time for Patrick or me. Seeing my chance, I intervened saying, "Denying Patrick his happiness in skirts because you're too busy to teach him to manage them isn't right. If you'll give me your support, I'll gladly take over his training."

She agreed and informed Patrick, “Emma will now be responsible for your training in dresses and skirts. You are to do as she says.”

I was very happy, but became totally dejected when he vowed, “I don’t want to wear dresses, and I flat out won’t take girl lessons from *her*.”

“We’ll see about that,” Mom said.

As expected, Patrick ignored my *advice* when Mom was at work or out with Clint. With no underwear other than panties, he would go without, and he flat out refused to wear a dress or skirt. His defiance came to light one evening when Mom and Clint came home unexpectedly. Since I saw them pull up, they found me in tears and Patrick playing video games in jeans and a tee shirt. Throwing up her hands, Mom asked, “Why aren’t you wearing one of your pretty dresses and practicing to be a girl?”

“Look Ruth, I told you I won’t wear that girly stuff and follow Emma’s orders!” he stated emphatically. “I’m a *boy*!”

“Emma is only trying to help you. I can’t assure your future contentment when your girl within emerges if you refuse to follow her instructions.”

Clint was a large husky guy who had worked his way up in the construction business and now owned his own company. When he saw our conflict, he said, “Let’s see if I understand. Patrick likes to wear dresses but wants to be forced to do so to save face?” When Mom confirmed, he said, “What you ladies need is a *man* to enforce your orders.” He then grabbed Patrick, forcefully pulled him across his lap, and began assaulting his rear with his large calloused hand.

Patrick tried desperately to escape Clint's iron grasp, but after a while, he simply burst into tears and promised to do whatever we wanted, wear whatever we wanted if Clint would stop spanking him. When Clint finally released Patrick, he asked, "Do you promise to follow your sister's instructions and dress as she orders?"

"Yes, I promise, I *promise!*" Patrick gasped while massaging his burning buttocks.

"If you don't keep that promise, you'll find yourself back across my lap, and I won't be so easy. Now, apologize to your sister and ask her to give you a sound spanking to help you remember your pledge to obey her."

Before he could comply with Clint's order, I said, "I refuse to spank him unless he is properly dressed as the girl he desperately wants to be." You should have seen his face as he looked at Clint to confirm that he had to obey me and wear a dress. Seeing only a harsh glare, he turned and walked dejectedly away.

Mom had fallen for my ruse, and she smiled with satisfaction. In an alcohol induced high, she called after him, "Be sure to make yourself really pretty for your spanking."

When he walked away, Clint asked in disbelief, "Will he really come back in a dress?"

"Bet on it!" Mom slurred. "You might not believe it, but he loves to wear girl's clothes. He's just hesitant for you to know his secret. All he needed was an incentive that made it look like he didn't wear them by choice. Your spanking and reprimand gave him that excuse. No doubt, he'll return in a dress, mark my words."

"I want to know why an athlete like Patrick likes to wear dresses, but first, I need another drink...or *two!*" Clint exhaled in exasperation as he poured a fresh drink

and tossed it down. With drinks in hand for him and mom, he sat beside her on the sofa where they carried on like teenagers. They kissed, giggled, his hands were all over her, and her skirt rode high to reveal soft flesh above her nylons. I didn't mind because with Patrick's father being older, her sex life must have been between limited and non-existent. She deserved to be happy.

As Mom predicted, a very red faced Patrick minced up to us in white three inch heels, a lavender polyester form fitting minidress with a straight skirt and a tight bodice that emphasized his protruding *Perky Prides*. To enhance his look, he had brushed his blonde tresses into a feminine style and applied light makeup that included tri-color purple tinted eyeliner, lipstick and nail polish to match his dress. Even I was surprised to see gold triangle earrings!

Clint was astounded and quickly tossed down another drink. Looking Patrick over in his chic dress and makeup with disbelief, he gasped, "Ruth said you have been wearing her clothes to assist in alterations and that you wore her bra and panties to make her clothes hang right but she didn't say you wore *makeup*! What's that about?"

"Th...that was Emma's idea," Patrick stammered. "When Ruth said to make myself pretty, I thought..."

I cut him off lying, "I just thought mom could get a more complete vision of how each outfit would look on her if he wore a bit of makeup. Anyway, he liked makeup, and he wears it around the house a lot now."

Before Patrick could protest or deny my allegations, Clint said to mom, "That's a hot dress, short skirt and all. Why haven't you worn it for me?"

"That's not my dress," mom giggled in her inebriated state. "Anyway, it's a bit young for me?"

Turning to Patrick he said, “This isn’t your mother’s dress, and Emma’s dresses would be too small for you. Whose dress are you wearing?”

“It...it’s mine,” Patrick stuttered in total humiliation. “I didn’t want it but Ruth...”

“Oh, he has another pretty dress and several skirts and blouses in his closet that he asked me to buy when we went shopping together,” mom chimed in with a bright smile.

“Is that true?” Clint asked with a disbelieving expression while looking directly at Patrick. “Did you ask your mother to buy that dress for you?”

“And more!” mom declared as she took Clint’s arm and pulled him toward the stairs. “Come, I’ll show you.”

Not wanting to miss out on the fun, I stepped behind my blushing, dress wearing stepbrother and pushed him along with them.

In Patrick’s room, mom took his other dress out of his closet and held it up to him for Clint to see. Then, she repeated the process with his skirts and blouses.

Clint curiosity overcame him, and he opened the top drawer of Patrick’s chest. “What the hell is *this*?” he gasped as he viewed the array of feminine bras, panties, slips, camisoles, nighties, garter belts, and nylon stockings before him. Holding up a pair of silky lace adorned nylon panties from the stack, he asked, “These yours too?”

“I...I didn’t want them, but Ruth...” Patrick sputtered.

“None of that!” mom cut him off. “Tell him who held up each pair of these pretty panties and put them on the pile he *wanted* to wear. Be honest now!”

“I did, but...”

“He even cleared out his briefs, boxers, and tee shirts to make room for his silky new things,” mom added. “He also moved out many of his jeans and shirts to make room in his closet for his dresses, skirts, and blouses.”

“Okay, I see what’s going on here!” Clint boomed in an imposing tone. “You like wearing sissy clothes, but you want it to be a deep dark secret. Apologize to your sister for ignoring her instructions and ask her nicely to give you a sound spanking to remind you to be obedient in the future.”

This was traumatic for Patrick on several fronts. He was standing before his stepmother’s burly fiancé in a dress and was being ordered to ask his younger stepsister to spank him. Fighting back tears, he lowered his head and sighed in a small voice, “I’m sorry for ignoring your advice. Emma, please spank me to remind me to be obedient in the future.”

By leaning heavily on Clint’s support, I had induced Patrick to change into a dress, and even though he apologized contritely, I just had to push the envelope a bit farther. Placing my hands on my hips, I insisted, “Please spank me on my pretty panties to remind me to be a sweet obedient *sissy* in the future.”

You should have seen his expression when I amended the plea I wanted to hear. The defiance in his eyes spoke volumes, but when Clint began loosening his belt, poor Patrick lowered his insolent gaze in surrender and more or less repeated the shameful phrase. Pretending not to be satisfied with his delivery, I insisted on him repeating it several times. Finally, I said, “Okay, if you want a spanking that bad, go to my room and bring the wooden hairbrush from my vanity.”

Patrick returned with the hairbrush, and again, his face was burning like fire as he dreaded the ordeal he knew was coming. I had never spanked anyone, but I quickly figured it out. I had him stand at my right side and lie across my lap. I never felt more ecstatic than when I raised his skirt to his waist to reveal his lavender nylon panties. After delivering a dozen hard swats, I shuddered with my first orgasm.

When I let Patrick up, he cried and massaged his burning buttocks through his skirt while Clint gave me his phone number and said, "Put it on speed dial, and if this sissy gives you any more trouble, give me a ring." To Patrick, he spat, "If you ever defy or disrespect your sister again, I'll come back and give you a *real* spanking on your panties!"

After Patrick promised to be a *sweet obedient sissy* for me in his pretty dresses and skirts, Mom surprised me. She took him in her arms and whispered, "Don't worry sweetie. With your new clothes, makeup, and lessons from Emma, your girl within will thrive and be happy. Just wait and see."

"I'm trying to tell you that I don't have a girl within, and I don't want to wear those dresses, silky panties, and makeup. Why won't you believe me, Ruth?"

Hearing that, Clint approached Patrick, put his hand on his shoulder, looked into his eyes and asked, "What's this disrespect, calling to your mother by her given name?" Clint boomed. "In the future, you will refer to her as *mother*, and you will treat her with respect! You got that, sissy boy?"

"Y...yes."

"Yes *sir*!"

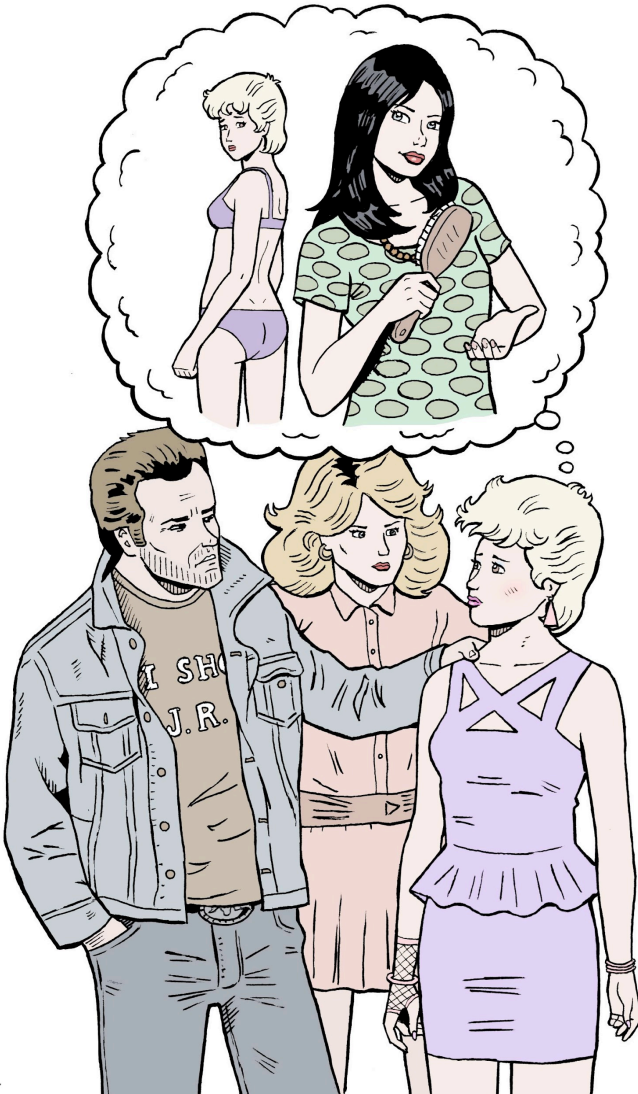
"Yes s...sir."

In response, mom took Patrick in her arms again, held him tight, stroked his blonde tresses, caressed his back, and whispered in his ear. I was totally blown away when he seemed to melt in her arms. It seemed that the severe spankings he had just endured and the tongue lashing from Clint made him reach for any display of affection. After another stiff drink, Clint pulled mom away and led her upstairs with his hand on her tush.

Patrick could only stand by in his panties, bra, dress, heels, feminine hairstyle, makeup, lipstick, nail polish, and perfume. He had a bright blush and tears in his eyes as he watched the lovers walk away to mom's bed. To place doubts in his mind about the possibility of him having a girl within, I said, "Mom sure looks hot in that sexy green dress, but I think you looked better when you modeled it for alterations." All he could do was blush in response.

In the past, mom had only evenings and weekends to work with Patrick on feminine grace and charm, but since he and I were on summer vacation, I had all day *every* day. First, I ordered him to quit his baseball team so he could concentrate on his *lessons*. When he objected, I asked, "What will you do or say if your teammates notice traces of mascara, eyeshadow, lipstick, or nail polish you failed to remove? Or worse, what if you tear your pants sliding into second base and they see your pretty panties? Had you rather quit the team or take that chance?"

After considering the ramifications of the possibilities I mentioned, he reluctantly resigned from the team saying he needed to concentrate on his studies. With him off the team, his teammates came around less often, so I ordered him to shave his legs and forbade him to wear male clothes.



“If you don’t keep your promise to obey your sister, she has my permission to turn you across her lap for a sound spanking on your panties! Got that sissy boy?”

One day, he said, "We both know I don't have a girl within. Somehow you convinced mother, and you got Clint to back you up. You're the reason I have to wear dresses."

Not responding to his assertion, I mused, "Let's take some photos that prove you wear dresses. I'll show them to your teammates and post a few on the bulletin board if you defy me again." That's what hatched the idea of the album.

He ranted and raved, "You're stealing my life. It isn't right to make me into a girl!"

I spanked him often after that, pretending anger. I would demand, "Get across my lap for a spanking to remind you never to do *whatever made me angry* again." If he hesitated, I would take out my phone and ask, "Do you want me to call Clint?"

With Patrick wearing a dress or skirt and blouse over his bra and panties, I drilled him daily in feminine gestures, mannerisms, voice inflections, and body language from morning until night. I taught him to apply makeup, put his hair up on curlers, among other feminine rituals. He hated them all, but he tried hard to learn to avoid painful and embarrassing spankings. If his makeup wasn't perfectly applied and his curlers in precise rows, I made him do it again and again until it was perfect. I did this with every girly task.

During this time, he became much more polite and respectful, calling mom, *mother*, and Clint, *Mr. Bricker*. A surprise to me was that he became closer to mom. I would see them whispering or her showing him how to perform some household chore. Before they parted, they would always hug affectionately.

The most difficult drill for Patrick was walking a chalk line in a tight skirt and heels with a book on his head to learn grace, charm, and poise. At first, he could barely keep the book on his head for one step, but after many hours of practice, he gradually developed elegance and style in his gait. Due to my diligence, he learned to carry his book almost indefinitely. To my delight, his normal walk became a mincing mirror image of his manner while carrying the book.

He blushed beet red when I took him to the beauty salon in a short skirt and frilly blouse and made him disrobe for a body waxing. While there, I had them give him a girl's hairstyle. They also gave him a makeover with new shades of makeup, lipstick, and eyeshadow in addition to a mani/pedi that left him with long acrylic fingernails securely glued in place. Those beauties required him to re-learn how to use his hands in an almost dainty manner. The beauty technicians were elated by the results, but Patrick was totally dejected to the point of tears. That's when we took the photographs that are in the album.

In addition to Patrick's comportment, makeup, nail and hair care practice, I devised little drills designed to increase his femininity in the weeks that followed. He began to walk naturally in his highest heels, keep his wrists limp, and seductively sway his hips with every step. From habit, he sat primly with his knees together and expertly managed his short skirts, never revealing the color of his panties or even a hint of slip lace. With his makeup always exquisite, he talked animatedly with his hands and habitually flashed his long polished talon fingernails with every word.

As time passed, mom began to intercede for Patrick, saying I was too harsh with him and that I should treat

him with more respect. I mostly ignored her *interference* until one day when I added an hour to his time walking the chalk line in a tight skirt and stilt heels, Mom said, "He's walking gracefully, Emma. Couldn't you let up on him a bit?"

For some reason, her intrusion set me off, and I snapped back, "I'm in charge of Patrick's sissy training, so butt out!" While Patrick apprehensively walked the line in his heels, mom and I argued about his treatment at my hands. Finally, in desperation, I took out my cell and called Clint. After I explained what was going on, he told me to hand the phone to mom. After "hello" she didn't say anything. Handing the phone back to me, she left with no explanation.

When mom returned an hour later, her eyes were red, and she apologized profusely for interfering with my feminine training regimen for Patrick. Clint told me later that he gave her a severe spanking and made her promise to stay out of my affairs concerning my sissy stepbrother.

His reprimand worked better than I imagined when she started volunteering to assist me with Patrick's girlish tutoring. To take advantage of her offer, I had her work with him on things like makeup application, hairstyling, and things she knew more about than I did. Unfortunately, her close involvement, and her soft manner where he was concerned, brought them closer.

That irritated me no end, so I began carping at her for things she did for him...and for things she didn't do. Truth be told, I was jealous of her relationship with Patrick. With threats to report her to Clint for not helping me bring out the girl in him, I started ordering her to do certain things for, or to, him. For instance, one day I told her I wanted him in a straight mid-thigh length black

skirt and five inch pumps. On a whim, I told her to adjust a white slip an inch above the hem of his skirt.

“Why do you want him dressed that way,” she asked. Looking angry, I took out my cell phone without a word and pointed my finger at the automatic dial key. Knowing I was about to call Clint, a look of fear crossed her face. Without another word, she grabbed Patrick’s hand and briskly led him away.

Upon their return, Patrick was wearing a straight black miniskirt and a white sleeveless blouse as I requested, but something looked awry. Out of curiosity, I told him to raise his skirt a few inches and turn around. What I saw set me off, and I screeched at mom, “I said I wanted his slip adjusted one inch above his skirt hem! Look! It’s almost showing in back, and the front is all uneven! When I say one inch, I mean one inch! Go back, and adjust it properly unless you want me to make a phone call!” Believe me; they both had a look of fear in their eyes as they scurried away.

To see how they reacted to my *tirade*, I crept up the stairs and peeked into Patrick’s room. He had removed his top to give mom access to the straps of his slip to adjust the length. Mom was on her knees with a ruler measuring the position of his slip. After several adjustments and the necessary measurements, she told him to replace his blouse. At that point, I sneaked back downstairs.

Shortly, when they walked in with sheepish expressions, I had Patrick repeat the process of hoisting his skirt to check the position of his slip. Satisfied, I said, “Take him out and practice entering and exiting the car in his short skirt and heels. I’ll check his progress in an hour, and if I see a hint of white lace or the tops of his nylons, I’ll give you both a sound spanking on your

panties.” They must have believed me because when I checked on them as promised, he was as graceful and poised as the most shy girl intent on obscuring the view of curious onlookers.

Having the authority to keep my formerly arrogant stepbrother in dresses, while making him wear dresses and practice girlish gestures, mannerisms, and body language was a major turn on. So was having mom under my control. All I had to do was threaten to report her to Clint, and she would jump to do my bidding. It was as though I was the parent and Ruth, as I began calling her, and Patrick were my daughters.

Clint was impressed with the way I brought out Patrick’s innate femininity and enlisted Ruth’s help, and he didn’t hesitate to say so. As appreciation for his compliments, I had my sissy stepbrother wear a short black dress, exquisite makeup, dark red lipstick, matching nail polish, five-inch stiletto heels, and a white lace edged waist apron to serve a romantic candle light dinner for him and Ruth. The event went so well that it became a Saturday night ritual.

The rate Patrick developed domestic skills under my strict guidance caused Clint to compliment me, but I downplayed my role in his progress saying, “His girlish actions are due to his girl within revealing herself. They would have become apparent in time regardless of how he dressed.” I pointed out gestures, actions, and voice inflections that *proved* his increasing femininity. Of course, I had drilled them into him to assure that they *surfaced* at an opportune moment.

To seal the deal, I told Patrick to ask Clint for permission to have his ears pierced so he could wear chic studs, hoops, and pendants. His initial reaction was flat

out refusal, saying, "I don't want holes in my ears. That would be permanent."

"As punishment for arguing, ask Clint for permission to have your ears *double* pierced or I'll ask him for help," I calmly stated. Of course, Clint readily agreed. Patrick left the jewelry counter with a pout on his red lips and keeper studs in the four holes in his ears, gold on top holes and pearl in the bottom. To my knowledge, he hasn't gone without earrings since!

As the start of school approached, Patrick became anxious about discarding his skirts and returning to his boyish life. Still, his mind was in turmoil as he wondered how he would react if his macho friends noticed him sitting with his knees primly together, making a point by flicking his wrist in a limp manner or walking with short steps and seductively swaying hips that had now become habit. He worried that his feminine movements, gestures, voice inflections, and other feminine traits would brand him as a sissy. Even though he was having doubts about his fading masculinity, he was counting the days until he could abandon his girlish frills.

All that became moot when Clint told him, "Emma and I have decided that since your girl within is developing so well, you will come *out of the closet* and attend the coming school year in dresses and skirts. To kick that off, we have invited a group of your friends, both boys and girls, over for the official announcement."

Patrick went into a rage! For the first time in many weeks, he loudly and emphatically declared, "You and Emma decided? To hell with that! I don't have a girl within, and it's not right to make me wear dresses. No way will I go to school in skirts!"

Instead of shouting, Ruth calmly took him in her arms, pulled him close, and in a soothing voice said, "We have been through this before Patty, and you know you secretly want to be a girl. All of us, including you, know that you do have a girl within and that you won't have a happy life unless you wear skirts and openly express your inherent femininity."

Patrick's summer in skirts and soft silky lingerie and mom's dotting must have combined to instill doubt in his mind about his masculinity. At her soothing words, he burst into tears and cried on her shoulder. I thought a series of severe spankings would be required to force him to openly dress as a girl, but somehow, Ruth convinced him to do it with love and understanding. After about ten minutes with her whispering in his ear and caressing him gently, she led him away without a word of protest.

Clint and I only stare at one another in stunned silence as we watched their short skirts dance merrily about their thighs. What had mom said to suppress Patrick's anger, rage, and frustration? They returned an hour later with him looking more feminine than ever. He had changed into a neat casual minidress, nylons, and heels. His makeup was re-done, and his red lips were parted in an apprehensive smile. Except for slightly red eyes, no sign of his former tantrum remained. Ruth was smiling brightly and stated, "Patty wants to look nice for the announcement about developing his feminine side. I'm taking him shopping for just the *right* dress."

When we learned what happened in the exchange between Ruth and Patrick, Clint and I were astounded. She sensed that he had become unsure of his masculinity as she bought into him having a sissy side but didn't want to force him to wear skirts against his wishes. Her only desire was that he be happy as the girl she was certain

was within him. With that in mind, she softened her voice, gently caressed his growing tresses, and lovingly told him, "I understand your desire to wear pretty dresses and skirts, and I will do everything in my power to help you."

The affectionate relationship Ruth forged with Patrick over the summer was now paying dividends. He took her kindness as a positive in contrast to my harsh demands, and that must have made him feel almost duty bound to go along with her compassionate embrace. Somehow, she even convinced him that he had excelled in athletics to hide his girl within. In this befuddled mindset, he became willing to buy a new dress and announce his intention to wear girl's clothes to his friends and classmates. How perplexed he must have been!

In the days that followed; however, reality set in and Patty began to have second thoughts about his agreement to wear dresses in exchange for Ruth's affection. Sometimes, he would revert to complaining about the feminine movements, gestures, and body language I constantly drilled into him. At those times, he would shout at me, "You know I don't have a girl within. You're just making me wear dresses out of spite!" Those tantrums merely earned him a severe spanking across my lap. His depression became so deep that he even began rejecting Ruth's sympathy. Instead of getting discouraged, she remained calm and *understanding*.

With Ruth's compassion, my strict discipline with Clint's support, the day of Patrick's *coming out* arrived. He reluctantly learned a short speech to deliver during the event and to present it with a smile. I supplied Clint with the names and phone numbers of his friends, and he invited a few dozen for a special announcement concerning my stepbrother's future. Assuming this was

the announcement of some athletic scholarship, they were anxious to hear the good news.

For the occasion, Patrick wore a white after five sheath dress with black accent to add sophistication and a V neckline for allure. The fitted skirt fell to mid-thigh, and his smooth nylon clad thighs were enhanced by five inch stiletto heels. He spent the morning at the beauty salon, so his golden blonde hair and makeup were immaculate. Wet look gloss gave his Collagen enhanced lips a sexy inviting lure. He nervously clutched a small purse in his hand, displaying his long red oval nails.

His friends gasped in disbelief when they saw him, wondering how the feminine creature in this chic dress, heels, and makeup could possibly be *the* Patrick Price, their sports hero. Most of them didn't believe their eyes or ears even when they heard him utter his speech. With a bright blush, he admitted, "I have always secretly wanted to wear dresses and skirts, and I will do so in the future to explore my feminine side. In doing so, I want to be known as Patty instead of Patrick."

A few days after Patty's *announcement*, I took him shopping for his school wardrobe. To his regret, I insisted that he wear dresses and skirts exclusively, no slacks, jeans, or shorts. His new clothes and accessories were the latest styles, trends, and fads. To complete his *image*, his skirts were barely within the school's dress code.

School was traumatic for Patty, especially at first! He was teased and taunted by the students, both boys and girls, who used to worship him as a hero. Tears filled his eyes when they laughed and called him every queer fag homo name in the book. The girls, who mostly wore shorts or jeans, began to notice how his stylish dresses and skirts attracted the boy's attention even though everyone

knew he was a boy. As a result, they became envious and began to wear skirts more often.

In time, the furor over *Patty's* girlish manner of dress calmed down, and he began to be accepted as a girl. When the other students became excited about the Autumn Dance, he didn't give a thought to attending. You should have seen his expression when I said, "Patty, you and I should go shopping for your gown for the dance."

Aghast at the idea of attending a dance in his present condition, he came up with excuses as to why he couldn't go, ranging from "I don't know how to dance as a girl." to "I don't date *boys*". To his shame, I wouldn't take *can't*, *don't*, or *won't* for an answer. To ease his qualms, I invited several of his former guy friends over to serve as his partner while he learned to dance. All but one refused. Randy, a large linebacker on the football team Patrick used to quarterback, agreed to help. He was very timid around girls, but I jumped at the chance.

Patty was in a state of near panic as he dressed for his first dance lesson as a girl, and as might be expected, he overdressed. Instead of a casual dress and light makeup, he wore a fancy dress, nylons, stilt heels, and heavy evening makeup. A girl would have been critical, but Randy was smitten. While he served as the male dance partner, I taught my sissy brother to move like a girl. The two were more accustomed to fast dances, so I had them perform a few routines to loosen up and get familiar with one another as partners. Patty's skirt swirled out in the fast turns to reveal the dark tops of his nylons and give an occasional glimpse of his panties, but neither Randy or I told him.

After a while, I instructed, "Move close for a few slow dances. I want your bodies and legs touching so you can *feel* and anticipate Randy's moves and follow his lead." As

their bodies pressed together, I noticed how quickly a bulge appeared in Randy's jeans. Patty was also aware of his *situation* because he tried to move back. Randy, thoroughly enjoying the sensation, pulled Patty close to allow their gyrations to massage his member. I insisted that Patty escort his *date* to the door. When the practice ended, I was amused to see Randy attempt to kiss Patty goodnight. I was disappointed; however, when Patty turned his head at the last moment and all Randy got was a buzz on the cheek.

When Randy departed, I told Patty what I saw and insisted that he kiss his date goodnight in the future in appreciation of his help. He cringed at the thought, but lowered his head in shame when I said, "It's either a kiss at the door, or Randy won't be back, and you'll have to attend the dance in your pretty gown without lessons."

He grumbled, "I shouldn't be wearing a sexy gown or kissing boys!"

When I asked what it was to be, he scowled in anguish, "Okay, *okay* you win. You always *do!*"

The other students had abandoned Patty since he began wearing skirts to school, so he was shyly pleased when Randy sat with him during lunch. After a few days, Randy *persuaded*, read intimidated, several of his teammates to join them. He also coerced them to bring their girlfriends and encouraged them to accept Patty as a girl. Soon all ridicule about him being a sissy stopped throughout the school, and he became quite popular. I underestimated Randy because I definitely didn't anticipate *that*.

When Randy was scheduled for the next dance lesson, Patty was extremely nervous. His hands were shaking, and his lips quivering. When I found him applying his makeup, he pleaded, "Please don't make me kiss Randy.

Somehow you convinced mom that I have a girl within, but you know it isn't true. It's bad enough that I have to wear dresses. I don't want to kiss another boy."

I said, "Randy is shy around girls, so I want you to offer your lips up to him after the first slow dance. Move your lips towards him slowly, closing your eyes at the last second...you don't have to do anything more."

"I can close my eyes?"

"If you see him aiming for your lips, you close your eyes. He'll take it from there, and by the end of the dance lesson, kissing him will be almost natural." Patty was hesitant, but he followed my instructions and more or less allowed their first kiss.

As Patty moved away from the kiss, he opened his eyes and took time to look at the boy he'd just shared a kiss with. Randy was heavy-eyed, and smiling. He said, "You are a good kisser and I've been wanting to do that. Let's dance...."

They began a new dance and there was a new closeness and an undulating rhythm. There was another kiss, and Patty hips squirmed. A little squeal escaped from his lips.

"Are you okay?" Randy asked, holding Patty in a firm grip.

"I shouldn't be doing this...."

Still held in the circle of strong arms, moist warm lips met again. As Patty tottered in high heels, he knew that another man was "using his lips" for pleasure.

"You're fascinating," Randy said, "look at your image in that mirror.... See how lovely you are? You just need to be kissed until you know it too."

As the two boys kissed goodnight passionately at the door a while later, Randy manipulated Patty's skirt up to his waist and caressed his tush directly on his panties. When Randy left, Patty ran tearfully up the stairs.

Patty's femininity escalated rapidly after the kissing. Amazing what a little "boy spit" did to take the fight out of my stepbrother. Randy's coaxing worked and he complied not wanting to lose a friend.

The effects became obvious...he and Randy were seen kissing at school and became a hot item known as a *couple*. He seemed so vulnerable and helpless to prevent the changes as he took on a new relationship.

Randy was dominating and chauvinistic, thus Patty was learning what it was like to couple with an Alpha male. Patty's lips were not his to control. In front of other, Randy would, at will, simply turn his face up, give a deep, controlling kiss, his tongue penetrating easily.

Embarrassed at first, my stepbrother accepted it in complete surrender. Randy was in control and life got a lot less traumatic for my stepbrother. The girls began to treat this former athletic hero as female.

To his astonishment, they talked openly about things they did to keep their boyfriends happy and boys they wanted to be intimate with.

He was shocked when he heard them speaking like that in his presence...even if he *was* wearing a dress. He was bewildered and confused by these new revelations.

As he sat at his vanity in a translucent negligee, he was hesitant to speak of these things to me, but one day, he admitted, "The other girls are *going down* on their boyfriends, and I'm not...I can't..."



“When Patrick modeled his first dress for Mom to alter, I never imagined it would lead to him wearing dresses full time and being kissed by boys!”

I said, "You could easily remedy that."

He gasped, "You, of all people, know that I don't have a girl within. You made me wear dresses, and you know I'm not gay! How can you propose that I give head to another guy?"

I confused him further saying, "Look, I know Patrick is not gay, but neither is Patty. You said you would never kiss a guy, and as I see it, you haven't. That was Patty. She enjoys being kissed and felt up by good-looking guys, and I'll bet she would have no trouble going down on her boyfriend. Give her a chance, and you'll see what I see."

"I could never do that!" he wailed, his eyes filling with tears. "I'm not weird and I won't have sex with another guy!"

"Oh, come on, oral is not *sex*!" I insisted. "You don't seem to mind Randy's tongue in your mouth?"

He blushed, "That's different?"

"Not much. It's just something girls have to do to keep their boyfriends happy while we remain virgins. Give Patty a chance, and you might learn a few things."

The following Saturday night, Patty crept quietly to his room after his date with Randy. Mom was spending the night with Clint, so we were home alone. Shortly, I heard him crying softly. I was caught off guard because I never knew him to cry except after spankings. I went into his room to check and found him lying on his bed in his bra, panties, garter belt, and nylons, and he was crying fanatically into his pillow. Mascara laden tears were streaking his makeup, and he had a smeared mess that had been his lipstick.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

His answer came out in a high-pitched whine that I couldn't understand. I got a wet cloth and began wiping his face. Finally, he was able to speak clearly. "I can never face Randy again." When I asked why, he sobbed, "I let him kiss me and he got really hot but and I refused to give him...I mean kiss his thing. He got angry and took me home without a word. It is over between us. I'll go back to being an outcast and an object of ridicule."

I shrugged off his concern saying, "That's a lot of bull! You have to give yourself another chance and let Patty go through with it this time." He stared blankly as I said, "Prepare a picnic basket and invite Randy for a stroll in the park tomorrow. Find a secluded spot, and give him your best performance. Simply think of this as your first encounter at making love on your knees."

He got up, absentmindedly slipped into a translucent negligee, sat at his vanity, and removed his ruined makeup. As he idly creamed his face and rolled his hair,

I talked to him about the art of oral sex. When I finally tucked him into bed in his silky nightie, at least he was no longer crying.

"I've never called a boy for a date," Patty nervously stated the next morning. A while later, he entered my room with a bright smile and said, "Randy loved the idea of a date in the park. I just don't know what to wear, How about shorts, a tee shirt, and tennis shoes?"

I quickly squelched that notion of shorts saying, "You should wear your wispy pink and white skirt with a matching halter top that totally bares your midsection and most of your back. Give him some skin to touch. The wind is sure to blow that light skirt awry and reveal your panties, so wear your prettiest laciest pair. He blushed, but complied with my *suggestion*. Since he wasn't wearing nylons, pink sneakers seemed ideal for the occasion. To

coordinate his *look*, he wore pink lipstick, nail polish, and eyeshadow.

It was dark when the two returned, and Randy had a big smile on his face. When they kissed goodbye, I saw Randy press his bulge against Patty.

“Well?” I asked my very tired looking stepbrother. “How’d it go?”

His ruby lips looked swollen, his eyes were watery and he was apparently unaware there was a “woops” stain on his halter-top blouse. There also appeared to be a rather significant streak of something in his hair.

He sighed, “You must think I’m terrible.”

“You knew that might happen. It happens on dates, so don’t be silly. Kissing boys is fun. Nothing to be ashamed of.”

“But...” he stopped and rubbed his tummy. “My father is turning in his grave.”

I encouraged, “It was a couple minutes and now Randy won’t roam.”

“It was all afternoon,” he grimaced, almost swooning.

How many times had Randy emptied himself into my stepbrother? Once on the hook, I was sure Randy was not the type to let a fish off easily. I wanted the thrill of hearing him say it. “All afternoon?” I whispered.

“Uh-huh,” he murmured looking up at me with a shy guilty look. “You didn’t tell me that most girls do that once at the END of a date.”

For the remainder of the school year, they were couple. A few photos of Patty in his prom gown and Randy in his tuxedo are in the album.

When Randy went away to State College on a football scholarship after graduation, Patty wanted to return to his life as a boy in trousers. Having none of that, Randy insisted Patty also go to State and take dress making and fashion design. By then, Randy had complete control over Patty and a wedding was planned and suddenly the day arrived.

Patty was literally terrified. It was his wedding day. How had this happened? His hands started to shake, and he took a deep breath but his heart continued to race. I realized that he was actually on the edge of a panic attack.

“Breathe, honey,” I said. “This is going to be the best day of your life. It’s going to be perfect, I promise.”

Patty gasped, “I’m scared. I like Randy but getting married is forever? I’ll never....”

“You enjoy it...really,” I smiled, and took his manicured fingers. “Randy will take good care of you.”

Patty blushed so deeply that his face was literally glowing with heat.

BIG DAY....

“I wish your father was here to give you away,” I teased Patty as he stood by in his white satin wedding lingerie.

“Dad would be so pissed to see me dressed like this and getting ready to marry a man,” he groaned. “He was such a macho....”

“Ass?”

“Yeah,” Patty stood rigid, terrified out of his mind. He was trying to put on a brave face, but his cheeks were flushed pink.

“Isn’t it nice to be so wanted?”

“It is, in a way, yes mostly, I guess,” he reluctantly admitted while fluffing out his hair.

I kissed his cheek gently and said, “It’s time for you to dress.”

“I never imagined anything like *this* when I first put on Mother’s dresses and skirts for alterations, not even when she insisted on me wearing bras, panties, garter belts, and nylons under them,” he sighed. “Even when you bought me a supply of panties to wear full time and threw out my boxers and briefs and when you made me wear dresses and skirts full time, I thought I would return to pants someday. Oh, what’s it going to be like as a wife?”

“You’ll develop new feminine skills...homemaking, daily meal planning, washing, ironing, gardening, sewing, decorating, and everything else that pertains to keeping Randy happy. You’ll have your ups and downs, and I’ll bet you get more than a few of those!”

Patty blushed and sighed, “I assume you are taking great delight in seeing me like this.”

“Great delight? No, but there is satisfaction in seeing your girl within come to the surface,” I admitted. “After all, you did fight tooth and nail and deny that she wasn’t there. Okay, enough of this chit-chat. I need you to get into your wedding dress. Last chance to pee before the

ceremony. Once you are in this dress, the next chance you get will be as a married woman.” I laughed and said, “It’s maybe your last chance to stand?”

“I haven’t done that for some time,” he moaned. His body had been crushed into a wedding corset with ruffled lace at the bodice and showed off his delicate shoulders. The corset itself was tight, accentuating his skinny waist and was in total control of his figure. Between his legs, the gusset was made of double-layered spandex for strength and no bulge whatsoever was evident. The bridal corset was a fancy version of what the quintessential 50’s suburban housewife wore day-to-day to hold up her stockings and smooth her tummy, hips, and tush, and it held him firmly secure.

With Patty in his corset, I carefully teased his satin under slip over his exquisitely styled hair, over his bosom, and he adjusted it at his rounded hips. He sighed, his nerves surfacing again as I said, “The skirt of your wedding gown is full, but this hobble slip will limit your stride to a few inches. Try to not trip in your heels and make a fool of yourself.”

“Too late for that...” He sighed as he raised the hem of his slip high enough so to gingerly step into the cloud like circle of petticoats that would hold his skirt out. As I carefully helped him pull his satin gown over his head to avoid messing his recently styled tresses, I knew when he stepped out of it he would be a married *woman*. I laced the back of his gown, and secured the straps on the very edges of his milky white shoulders. The full burden of the garment and what it meant suddenly struck Patty. The dress was thin, delicate but heavy from all the gatherings, and naturally, it was virginal white...

A tear ran down his cheek. “Hey! You’ll ruin your makeup!” I chastised. “Save your crying for the

honeymoon.” The dress defined his womanly figure, emphasizing the shape of his hips, the curve of his waist, flattering his bosom from every angle. The long gossamer satin dress was what a princess might wear, but *he* was hardly a princess. Facing the full-length mirror, he saw his feminine image, his hair, eyes, and dress. He gasped and another single tear rolled down his cheek. I quickly wiped it away.

Patty was beautiful...more feminine than he'd ever seen, or thought he could be. “Do you remember those two words?” I whispered.

“I do,” his delicate pink lips muttered the two words that would change his life. As a married woman, Patty would not only be different, he would be thought of differently. He would not only wear women’s clothes, he would *be* the feminine, softer, less masculine half of a couple. While Randy wore comfortable men’s shoes, Patty would only wear feminine footwear. Some of them might be comfortable but most high heels were not if worn for extensive periods. Randy would wear coarse cotton tee shirts, briefs, and boxers. Patty would wear bras, silky nylon panties, slips, and camisoles. Randy would wear jeans, slacks, and socks. Patty would wear dresses, skirts, and nylon stockings.

Patty’s dressing as womanly as possible would be a daily gift to Randy. He would wear his long hair the way that Randy loved and wear something attractively feminine when Randy came home from work. Whether he felt like peaking his husband’s interest it or not, Patty would wear sexy nighties to bed and be prepared to accept the consequences.

Of course, there would be moments when he would cherish his femininity and others when he did not feel very feminine. It would not matter. Thankfully, he had a

husband who was always *very* accepting and knew how to make his wife both look and *feel* like a desirable woman.

The wedding was the ultimate power of femininity! What better way to make Patty believe and embrace his femininity? Making him Randy's bride at a big wedding was a *win* all the way around. From what I could see, Patty *measured up* to the world's standards of a bride...that was for sure! Who knew this was possible? And being a bride and then a wife could only make Patty more of a woman. He would never *wear the pants* in the relationship. While he was wearing my grandmother's necklace and earrings, no other *family jewels* would be necessary in his future. His own family jewels were redundant and unnecessary.

"You look stunning," I smiled as I helped him slip on a pair of absolutely gorgeous, white satin pumps with four-inch stiletto heels and fastened the delicate little buckles. Patty stood nervously. walking in heels was no longer a problem, but his hobble slip did present difficulty at times . Almost in a daze, he went to the mirror to check the finished effect of his hair, makeup, and gown.

"Like a real bride," I whispered as we walked out into the chapel where I would serve as a bridesmaid. Mother would be his Maid of Honor, and Clint would give the bride away.

Randy was waiting at the end of the long aisle. He looked very handsome in his black formal suit, white shirt, and silk tie. He puffed out his chest, beaming proudly when he saw his bride to be approaching. This lovely feminine creature was his creation, all dressed up and willing to wear his ring and vow to honor and *obey*.

Patty couldn't hide that his stomach was flipping excitedly as the chatter-filled room quieted and music began....and we began the walk the long aisle. I had to

take short steps because his hobble slip and stilt heels severely limited his stride.

Patty wore the heels beautifully without a hint of a wobble, his lovely straight legs taking small unhurried steps with just the right amount of mince for a perfect bottom wiggle. With each step towards the arch, I could begin to feel Patty tingle with unprepared for anticipation. His hips swished and he had an indescribably sexy expression. He tightened his grip on my arm as the unparalleled pronouncement approached. He was nearly overwhelmed in a sort of delirium.

He whispered, "Just a few butterflies in the tummy."

"Oh my?" I whispered. "I hope you aren't already pregnant?"

Most of those in attendance were respectful, but more than one choked back a laugh when he wiggled by. There were a few giggles, and I heard a man gasp, "Gawd, he's really going to become Randy's wife!"

After Patty took his place with Randy under the arch, I took the bridal bouquet and looked at the audience. Even I was impressed with Patty. As a woman he was stunningly beautiful, a female in *almost* every way. He had walked gracefully on my arm, carrying a delicate bouquet of white lilies, and I saw his eyes widened as everyone seemed to enjoy staring at him as the blushing bride.

The Justice said, "Forgive me, I've never conducted a wedding like this before and I'm excited to see that love can conquer most obstacles...."

"Randy took a perfectly manicured hand in his and began saying his vows. Then Patty said his and finished with, "I intend to be your wife with all that I am."

“A round of applause broke out in the audience, and everyone joined in.

With the speeches out of the way, the Justice asked, “Does anybody have any reason why these two lovely people shouldn't be married?”

He looked around and smiled, “*Nobody?*”

Randy slipped a gorgeous wedding ring on Patty's finger. It was a white gold, with a very flashy solitaire diamond. It was a *married woman's ring* and Patty was never to be seen without it. The vows were said and the “*in good times and bad times, question asked.*” Randy said immediately, “I do.”

When Patty was asked, there was a thoughtful hesitation after *obey*. With a bright blush, he said the fateful words, “I *do!*”

“By the power vested in me, I now pronounce you man and wife. Randy, you may now kiss your bride.”

Patty had done it; he was actually married to a man and had done it in front of more than a hundred people. Randy moved his hands to rest lightly on Patty's rounded hips, and they kissed as man and wife for the first time. Randy kissed his blushing bride, enjoying the applause as everyone stood.

As my mother stood beside Clint, she said, “My darling son, a married woman! If only his father could have been here to give him away.” As a devious thought crossed her mind, she asked, “Just one thing, should that dress have been white?”

The night passed in a blur of faces. There were pictures, dinner and dancing. When we were having our pictures taken, Patty said, “Who'd have guessed it? I

never imagined when I was young that I'd end up a married woman.”

I asked with a hint of amusement in my voice, “Are you having second thoughts?”

As Patty thought over that question, Randy came up and snuggled against him and whispered, “Honeymoon time.”

I knew Patty’s *woman within* would definitely be having a lot of company.

NEW DAY....

“Impressive,” Dr. Stern praised as she viewed the Randy and Patty’s wedding photos.

Looking closer, she wondered how he could walk without breaking an ankle in his impossibly high pumps. “You said you were involved with two other boys with supposed SBS. Could you tell me about them.”

Of course, I was an advisor, a consultant if you will, to the mothers of those boys and wasn’t a hands on participant like I was with Patty. The first came about when I was a junior in college pursuing a Psychology major. My involvement with Sheldon/Shelly came about when I needed a project for my Gender Dysphoria class. Dr. Abigail Kline, the professor, knew of my role in Patty’s feminization. Thus she introduced me to Evelyn Gordon, a woman who lost her precious daughter, Anna, in an automobile accident. Left with only her irresponsible son, Sheldon, she told Dr. Kline in therapy that she wished he could take Anna’s place.

Dr. Kline introduced me to Evelyn. Because of my experience with Patty, my class assignment was to come up with a plan to get Sheldon dressed as a girl and assist

in its execution. Evelyn still had Anna's clothes, and her room was exactly as she left it. Since she was two years older than Sheldon, most of her things would fit him, giving her a ready supply of girl's things for him to wear.

Sheldon was sixteen years old, had a brand new driver's license, and his greatest desire was to have a new car. I decided that Evelyn's best strategy to get him into Anna's clothes was to bargain with him concerning the car. He knew how badly his mother missed Anna, so he wasn't completely blown away when she said she would buy him a new car at the end of summer if he would wear Anna's clothes on weekends and do mother-daughter things with her. Naturally, he refused, but when he learned that she was firm in her declaration, '*No Dresses, No Car*', he gave in and agreed to her proposal reasoning, "How bad can it be if I only have to wear dresses on weekends?"

I surmised that with their agreement in force, Evelyn should find getting him in dresses and the appropriate undies much easier than I had with Patty. I advised her, "Require Sheldon to shave his legs and keep them smooth and hairless. Buy him a Smoothie to prevent bulges in his panties and tight skirts and a pair of *Perky Prides* to wear in his bra. These things can be purchased from a company called UCI. Their website is amazing!"

Not surprisingly, Evelyn had a glorious time during those early dressing sessions, but Sheldon hated the entire process. He agreed to continue only after her promise of a surround sound system for his new car. After that, in accordance with their agreement, he wore a pretty dress or skirt and blouse over his bra filled with *Perky Prides*, panties, nylon stockings, and stiletto heels. While dressed in this exclusive feminine manner, she drilled him in girlish movements, gestures, voice inflections, skirt

management, makeup application, nail care, and hair styling. She even insisted that he sleep in a silky nightie Friday through Sunday night with his hair up in curlers.

She praised his efforts and dropped hints that he couldn't make such significant progress if he didn't have at least a few girlish tendencies. He blushed at the idea and said, "I'm only wearing dresses to get a new car."

Not to be outdone, she countered by saying, "To help you grow accustomed to silky fabrics caressing your skin, you should wear nylon panties full time under your jeans on your non-girl days." Sheldon wasn't an athlete and didn't have to change in the presence of other boys, so getting him into panties full time was easier than with Patrick. When he agreed, it became easier to manipulate him into practicing makeup application, hair care, and manicuring his nails during the week. To her glee, Evelyn came home from work on many occasions and found Sheldon wearing makeup, blush, eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara, lipstick, and matching nail polish. She would say, "The girl in you is definitely coming out."

In response, he blushed and said, "I'm just practicing doing my hair, makeup, and nails like you asked."

To push her agenda, she said, "You should wear a pretty dress or skirt and blouse when you practice doing your makeup, hair, and nails."

To her surprise, he took her suggestion seriously and was wearing a tasteful housedress the next day when she arrived home. Seeing the protrusions and the jiggle at his bodice, she asked, "Are you wearing panties as well?"

When he blushed and nodded, she *suggested*, "Remove the briefs and boxers from your drawer to make room for your panties, slips, nighties, and nylons." He hesitated, but she put her arm around him, pulled him close, lay his

head on her shoulder, and whispered, "That is a way to express your girl within." Soon, Sheldon wearing a dress or skirt with makeup, lipstick, nail polish, and a feminine hairstyle became a daily event. With the goal of replacing her daughter, Evelyn taught him to walk, talk, and carry himself in a dainty feminine manner. When he was able to apply his makeup with neatness and skill, she said he learned so quickly because he had a girl within. Perhaps she was Anna trying to emerge.

After that, he progressed so well that she was able to take him to the beauty salon on the fourth Saturday of their *deal*. Sheldon was very reluctant to accompany her to that feminine bastion, but when she reminded him of the new car awaiting him at the end of summer, he hesitantly agreed. To his shame, she introduced him to the beauty operators, "This is my son who has a girl within and is pretending to be my daughter, and *she* needs your services." He not only got a perm, but a manicure, pedicure, and full makeover with colors that exactly matched his dark hair and complexion.

Sheldon thought his harrowing day was over, but he received another shock when his mother led him into the studio of a local photographer. He blushed when she said, "My son has a girl within and want some photographs to commemorate his first makeover."

He tried to refute her but couldn't come up with a credible story the photographer would take seriously. In the end he was photographed in several poses. When the prints arrived, she framed a 5 by 7 with him smiling prettily, while holding his skirt high to adjust his nylons, and put it in his room. He asked, "What will happen to the photo when I return to being a boy at the end of summer?"

His mother shrugged and said, "Not to worry, you can keep it for a memento."

After that, Evelyn taught Sheldon the difference in makeup for day and evening, festive occasions, church, and a date with a *special* boy. He swore, "I'll never date another boy, skirts or not!"

When he made that proclamation, I told Evelyn, "It's time for his friends to *accidentally* see him in a chic dress, nylons, stiletto heels, makeup, lipstick, nail polish, and an ultra feminine hairstyle." Toward that end, Evelyn planned a backyard cookout for the two of them on the fourth of July.

For the occasion, she bought him a *patriotic* dress and undies that he was hesitant to wear. The red bra was a low cut push up style that made his B cup Perky Prides look like Cs, and the matching red nylon panties were adorned with white stars. The blouse was a red tight fitting low cut style covered with white stars, and it showed substantial *cleavage*.

His extremely short blue skirt would blow awry to reveal his panties at the slightest breeze. His shoes were white wedgies with a four-inch rise at the heel. He felt as though he was walking in heels, but the flat sole allowed him to walk in the grass and soft earth. He carried a white purse by a strap over his shoulder. His makeup included rosy blush, bright red lipstick and nail polish, tri-tone blue eyeshadow, and dark mascara on his long curled false lashes. He had deep reservations about wearing such an attractive, yet provocative, ensemble even in private.

Evelyn told him, "No one else will see you." When Sheldon was still hesitant to wear the dress outside, she fell back on an old tactic and promised a set of mag wheels for his new car. He reluctantly agreed.

Just as he got calm in his dress, more than two dozen of his friends and schoolmates *surprisingly* joined them in the backyard. As they looked at him in disbelief and began to ask questions, he was struck utterly speechless and burst into tears. While he stood by beet red, he swore he saw his sister Anna at the back of the group in a long white dress. "It can't be *her!*" he thought in near panic.

His mother came to his rescue, sort of. She explained, "Sheldon wants to be known as Shelly in the future because he has a girl within he wants to nourish. He will be dressing as a girl from the skin out in the future, including dresses, skirts, and makeup."

"Panties too?" one of the boys shouted.

"Yes, panties too," Evelyn confirmed while Sheldon desperately tried to regain his voice and deny her statement.

All he could muster were stammers, "No, Mom missed having a daughter. She said she would buy me a car. Dressing as a girl is only for the *summer!*" As he stood red-faced trying to explain why he was dressed and looking like an attractive teenage girl, the wind blew his skirt askew as Evelyn hoped.

His friends bombarded him with questions. When he was finally able to speak, he said, "I wear skirts from time to time because Mom wants me to replace my dead sister, not because I have a girl within."

Evelyn refuted him by inviting them to his room for proof. Knowing what they would find, he tried to stop them, but they rushed past him. In his room, Evelyn pointed at the framed photo on his dresser, and showed them the dresses, skirts, and blouses hanging in his closet. She then opened his drawers so they could see his bras, panties, camisoles, slips, nighties, garter belts, and

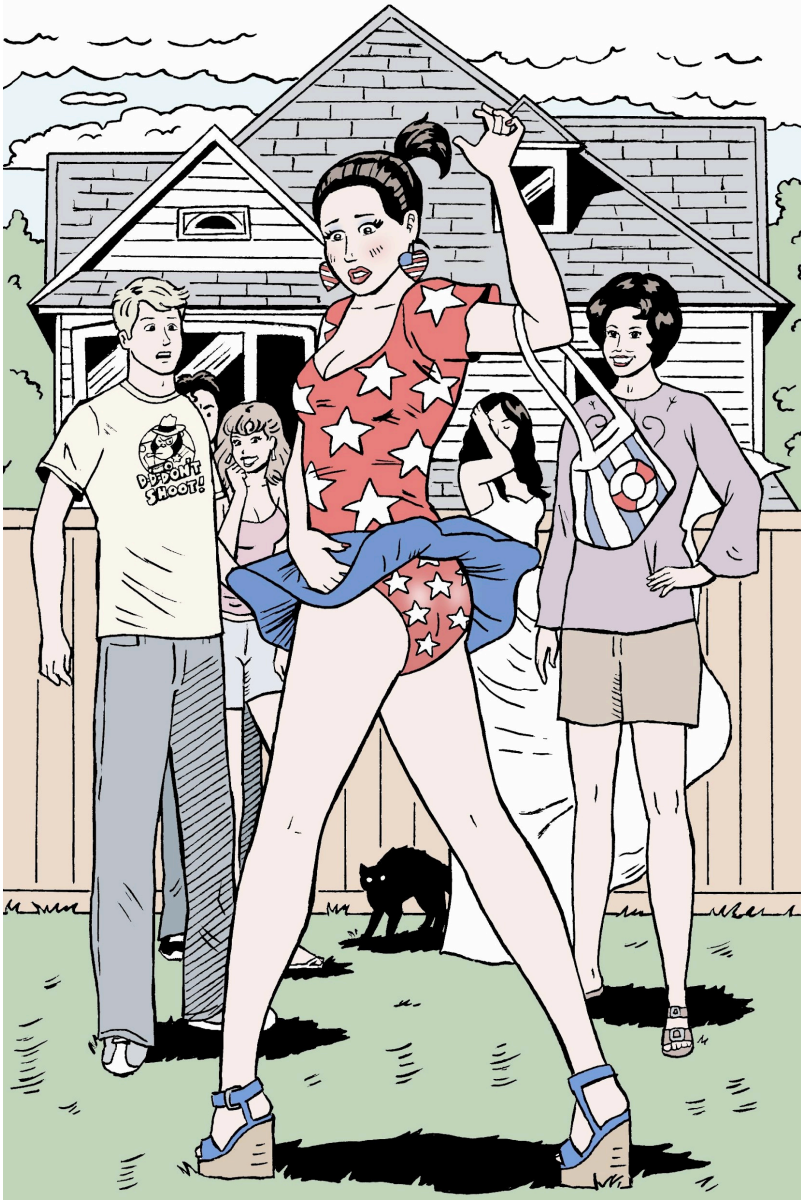
nylon stockings. While they looked on in awe, she said, "Notice that there isn't a single pair of cotton boxers or briefs. What boy without a girl within does that?" Having no credible answer, Sheldon burst into tears of shame.

That evening, Shelly told his mother about seeing Anna in the crowd. "I thought I saw her too," Evelyn replied in an excited voice. "I'll bet she was there to let you know she appreciated you acknowledging her as your girl within."

Trying to forget that embarrassing day, Sheldon refused to dress as a girl again. He had to wear panties under his jeans because he had no other underwear. Making life difficult for him, his friends ridiculed him, saying, "A sissy like you should be wearing a skirt instead of jeans."

Towards the end of summer, he finally gave in and wore a dress in public. He was surprised that he wasn't teased or made fun of, so he began wearing dresses and skirts exclusively. Evelyn legally changed his name to Michelle Anita, and everyone began calling him Shelly. When he returned to school in the fall, he was wearing stylish dresses and skirts and driving a pink Mustang convertible with a white top. True to his mother's promise, it had white leather seats, a state of the art surround sound system, satellite radio, GPS system, and would you believe it...mag wheels!

"Dr. Kline was very pleased with my efforts and success, so she gave me an A in the course and this letter of acclaim. I never imagined that I would use it for this purpose, but here I am."



As his mother told Sheldon's friends about his girl within, the wind blew his skirt askew, and he thought he saw his dead sister in the crowd.

“Very impressive, and I agree, Ms. Price,” Dr. Stern praised. “Please tell me about the other boy you secured in skirts.”

I got involved with Winston/Winnie a couple of years after college when Ms. Clementine Cabot of high London society heard of my success with Shelly from Dr. Kline. Her older husband was stricken with Alzheimer’s, and she had taken over his affairs a couple of years earlier. After a short interview, I learned that she wanted my help with her daughter and stepson, Margaret and Winston. They were the same age, seventeen, and were both very headstrong and determined. Winston, being his father’s only heir, lorded that fact over Margaret.

He planned to attend Windsor University, the leading academic institution for the upper class in England, where he would receive an elite education in World Business and Finance. After graduation, he was destined to work as a junior executive on the fast track to become CEO of his father’s vast holdings. For all practical purposes, these assets would be *his* shortly after graduation unless Ms. Cabot took drastic action.

Being a braggart, Winston never let Margaret forget his lucrative future and suggested that she attend Miss Hadler’s Charm School and become a trophy wife like her mother. It was true that Ms. Cabot had attended Miss Hadler’s, was her husband’s second wife, and twenty years younger than he. Still, Winston’s bandying that fact about didn’t sit well with her or Margaret. As his legal guardian until he reached 21, Ms. Cabot had a lot of leverage on his present and future if she chose to exert it. With my assistance, her intent was to do just that.

Following my first telephone conversation with Ms. Cabot, she and her daughter began to comment to

Winston things like, “You did that like a girl.”, “You’re sitting like a girl.”, “I saw you looking at that boy. Do you think he’s cute?” “You have so many girlish tendencies!”, and many more. He would always scoff at the notion and do something overtly masculine. In time, he began to wonder what brought on those comments but could come up with no answer because he detested the idea that he was a sissy.

After about a month of comments like these, they began to say they thought he had a secret girl within who was just dying to get out. Ms. Cabot went so far as to buy him a dress, but he wouldn’t consider wearing it even for a joke. Thus, he was my first to physically resist dressing as a girl.

To overcome Winston’s objections and to enforce her desires concerning his manner of dress, Ms. Cabot hired Vera Strong, a physically fit expert in the martial arts. Vera’s job was to force Winston to dress as a girl from the skin out and learn feminine etiquette and charm. To accomplish her task, she had to forcibly overpower him. Despite his efforts to resist, she twisted his arm behind his back, threw him onto the floor, ripped off his clothes, and assaulted his bare buttocks with a heavy leather strap.

Shortly, tears were streaking his cheeks, and he was wearing silky panties, a padded bra, and the dress he refused to wear earlier. At bedtime, she forced him to change into a nylon gown and crawl into bed between pink satin sheets. Being a lifelong tomboy, Vera was ignorant of the dainty feminine manner of dress and comportment that was planned for Winston. Her task became single-fold, to enforce his compliance with whatever orders Ms. Cabot gave to help his girl within emerge.

With her stepson well in hand, Ms. Cabot brought in a group of women highly skilled in every feminine art imaginable to tutor and work their magic on Winston. Money being no object, a beauty salon and boutique were set up on the premises. An assortment of stylish teen clothes was brought in for selection during imaginary shopping excursions. During these trips, he was forced to select a chic feminine wardrobe that included bras, panties, slips, garter belts, and other feminine items he would *love* to wear.

With tears in his eyes, he would ask, “Why are you doing this awful thing to me? I’m not a girl! Why do I have to wear dresses and silky underwear?”

Always, the answer was, “We want to bring out your girl within.” Even though he was adamant that he had no girl within or a desire to dress as one, the *treatments* continued.

The determined women began by stripping him naked in the salon and giving him a complete body wax. Then, they started a program of laser electrolysis to remove his facial hair. He was made to sit for hours while extensions were attached to his short hair, bringing it down onto his neck. Upon completion, it was dyed Irish Red, giving him a charming auburn mane. Long acrylic nails were securely glued to his nails, filed into feminine ovals, and polished coral to match his lipstick. He complained bitterly, threatening violence and refusal, but Vera’s strap always subdued him.

When Winston was dressed totally as a girl, his ears were double pierced, collagen shots made his lips full and attractive, and he was given a small colorful butterfly tattoo above his left breast. As expected, he complained about the *permanent* piercings and tattoo, but his

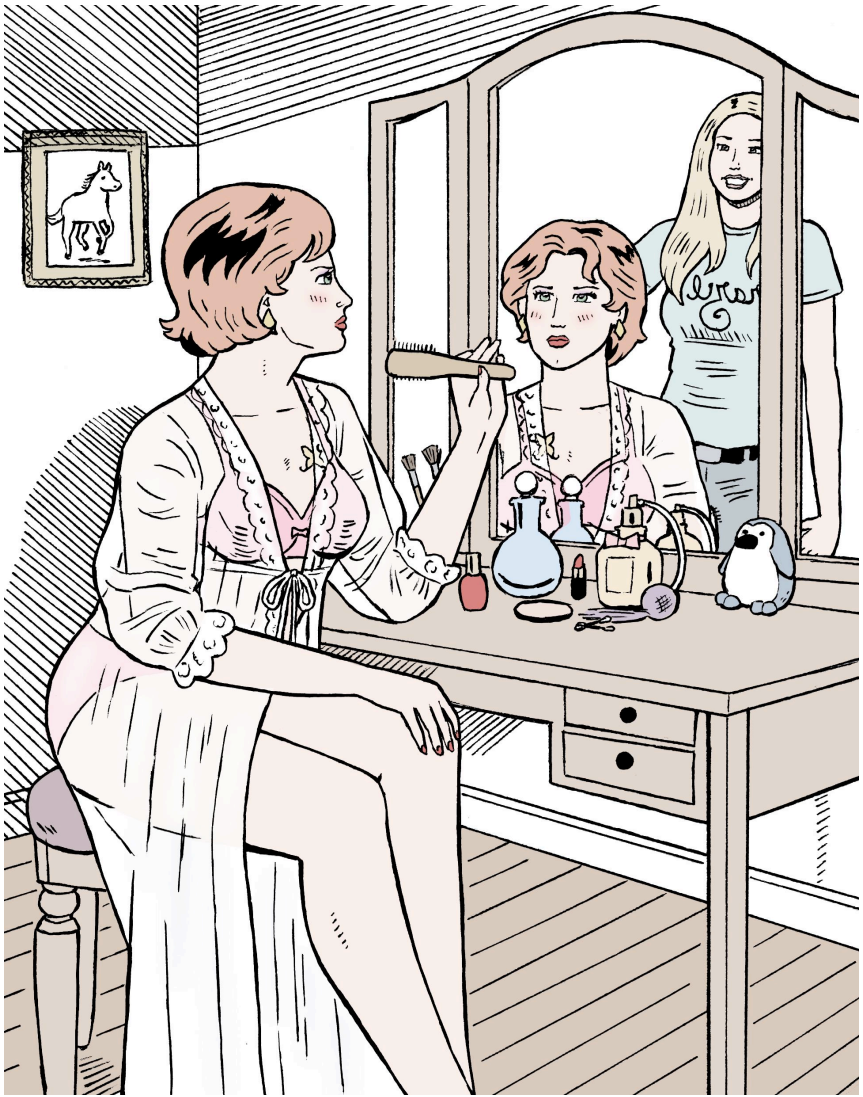
objections fell on deaf ears. The expert tutors filled his every waking hour with feminine lessons.

He learned the difference in day, casual, social, and eveningwear. He was taught to sit with his knees together while wearing dresses and skirts and to walk with short steps while swaying his hips. One of the most hated lessons was makeup application, but if he was slow to learn, he was severely punished by Vera's strap for the slightest mistake or hesitation.

Margaret came by her hapless stepbrother's room occasionally to hassle him about his enforced femininity. Her favorite time to visit was when he was sitting at his vanity in a padded bra, panties, and a translucent negligee applying makeup and styling his hair. For these visits, she made sure to wear shorts or jeans and one of his old tee shirts to look as masculine as possible.

Reveling in his feminized condition, she would rave about how pretty he looked as a girl and compliment him on his hairstyle, a certain shade of lipstick, or his jewelry. With veiled amusement, she complimented him on how well his girl within was emerging, causing him much anguish.

He was humiliated when she laughed and teased him about his girl within that they both knew didn't exist. Full of rage, he wanted to attack and beat the *hell* out of her, but a glance at Vera would inevitably quell his anger, and he would merely blush in submission.



“You know I don’t have a girl within, and it’s not right to make me wear these sissy clothes!” Winston scolded Margaret who was teasing him about his girlish attire while he sat at his vanity applying makeup and styling his hair.

Voice lessons were another hated task. He had to sit and listen to a girl talking, then emulate her voice into a recorder. If he didn't show improvement from lesson to lesson, or if he used his masculine voice in normal conversation, he would find himself across Vera's lap with his skirt at his waist. To his sorrow, his silky panties offered precious little defense against her sturdy strap, making those sessions exceedingly painful.

Despite his defiance, he was drilled in femininity every waking moment, and there were incentives to improve his feminine skills at every turn. He slept in a silky nylon gown between satin sheets with a beauty mask on his face and his hair set in prickly curlers. Being absorbed in femininity 24/7 for weeks on end had a marked affect on his masculinity, such that he forgot how he did many things as a boy.

Somewhere inside his panty gusset was some maleness but he could not sense it or even feel it now. It simply didn't matter and was not an issue anymore. Winston had become quite adapted to wearing a dress and lingerie. In fact, wearing a bra had literally become second nature to the point where he had literally forgotten what braless felt like. And dress wearing took some time for adaptation...but time in skirts he had....

**CONTINUED IN PART TWO
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