

By Cheryl Lynn

Thelma Vitner was a tall thin woman in her late fifties. Her salt and pepper hair was usually fitted into a tight bun at the back of her head. She had thin lips, high cheekbones and pointed nose. Her preferred mode of dress was the darker colored pants suits with a man cut cotton blouse and three inch heels. She had a PhD in psychology but that was just a cover. What she dedicated herself to was transforming normal heterosexual young males into pretty young girls. As a young girl she had been traumatized and abused by more than one male. When she got older, she vowed that no man would ever abuse her again or any other woman. The best way to do that she decided was to transform them by removing any aggressive or competitive behavior.

Over the years, she had a lot of success but that success was limited at first. In the early years of her practice there was a lot of recidivism once the patient left her care. It didn't take very long before the boys were back to their old behavior. After studying the problem, Thelma determined that it was caused by their social interactions with other boys. It appeared that the fear of being labeled "a sissy" or "momma's boy" by other boys caused them to revert to being aggressive and competitive. What made her problem even more vexing was the fact that her patients often became more aggressive and competitive than the other boys. To resolve her problem, she researched what being "a sissy" or "momma's boy" involved.

In the course of her research she discovered "transgender," "transsexual," "cross dresser" and similar so called anti-social personalities. Completing her research, she decided that turning unruly boys into "girls" would solve her problem. Putting boys into dresses and lingerie would certainly keep them from socializing and competing with their old peer groups. What interactions they would have would be totally different than in the past. It would force them to adopt feminine mannerisms. Her next problem was to convince the parent or guardian that her solution was the wisest choice of treatment. The easiest cure was castration but she thought that method wouldn't be nearly as much fun, for her at least, or acceptable to the parent or guardian. Over the years she had perfected her "course of treatment" and was delighted with the results.

She was tapping her bright red varnished nails on her desk, a yellow number 2 pencil stuck through her bun. She had just gotten off the phone with Mrs. Sonja Dalmatian, socialite, aristocrat and recent widow. It seemed that after all the years waiting, she would finally get her hands on her son, Delbert. She had first met Sonja at a New Year Eve party. When she saw Delbert with his pretty brown head of curls decided then and there that she would eventually get him in her clutches. Now that day had finally arrived. Sonja had just agreed to send him in for therapy.

"I have waited years for this and now my patience is being rewarded. All that time telling her that she would have been better off with a daughter instead of a rowdy son. His third arrest for shoplifting has finally convinced her that he is a kleptomaniac. 'What other excuse could there be? We could afford anything, so why steal? It has to be a sickness, can you help him doctor?' she had said. Delbert was easy to set up for those thefts and now he's mine. I better get my Induced Submissive Gender Dysphoria CD's for them. It took me years of research to develop a methodology to change mind sets but these CD results are so worth it," she thought.

Ooo

Thelma met them as they walked into her office. Sonja was her usual high maintenance

self. Delbert was different from the last time she had seen him. He still had an unruly mop of chestnut colored hair and those sparkling ice blue eyes but had filled out more than up. He was a little below normal height but way over weight. Where Sonja was dressed to the nines, Delbert wore a wrinkled untucked white dress shirt and baggy tan cargo pants. He was slouched over, had a shuffling walk and looked like this was the last place on earth he wanted to be.

In her treatment room she gave him a quick physical and drew several blood samples. "The first thing we need to do Sonja is get him on a diet. He has a bit of a heart mummer but nothing severe enough to cause concern provided we get his weight down. To do that effectively and quickly, he'll need a strong waist support and diet supplements which I can provide," she said as she opened a drawer and removed a white cotton garment with metal boning, a front hook and eye with back lace closure. "This will help stop his slouching and reduce his waist line by four inches. It has the added benefit of controlling his meal portions. He must wear it twenty-four seven. I'll start his vitamin supplements off with a vitamin B-12 injection then we'll have our counseling session," she continued.

"You're not going to put that thing on me!" he protested.

"Delbert, you will do as the good doctor orders. It's for your own good. Now stand still and let her do her job," his mother replied sternly.

By the time Thelma had the laces meeting in the back, he was huffing and puffing. She tied the laces off in a double knot and told him to breathe from his upper chest. Turning to his mother she instructed, "Sonja, he is going to complain a lot about having to wear this medicinal device until he gets use to it. You must be strong and insist that he wear it all the time except for his baths. It's vital we get his weight under control or that heart mummer will only get worse. Our counseling session will be about an hour, so you can wait in reception if you want. I have a portable CD player. Perhaps you would like to listen to some relaxing music in the meantime."

"Of course doctor and I don't want to see my darling develop anything serious. Delbert, I'll see you in reception when you are finished. Remember, be a good boy and do whatever the doctor says. If this doesn't work, I won't be able to get you out of any more trouble," Sonja replied as she took the player.

"Delbert we need to talk about your shoplifting to determine the cause. So why don't you begin from the first time you stole something," she said as he was reclining on her office couch. His face was red from his efforts to breath properly with the waist chinch digging into his sides.

"I...I didn't steal that stuff. Someone planted it on me. Why would I steal? Why won't anybody believe me?" he stated. His normal gruff voice was toned down as he spoke. Again, the tight waist chinch was doing its job.

"Delbert, indeed, why would someone plant stolen items on you? Can you even begin to explain that to me? I can't help you if you are not completely honest with me," she replied.

"I...I don't know why but I didn't take that stuff," he said indignantly.

"Well maybe you just don't remember taking those items. In some cases of kleptomania it has been documented that the person doesn't consciously remember doing it. Why don't we start by you telling me exactly what you are accused of taking?" she asked already knowing the answer.

"I....I wa...was nabbed for tak...taking...errrr...I really don't want to say. It's too

embarrassing,” he stuttered.

“You can tell me anything dear no matter how embarrassing or humiliating. It will never go further than between the two of us. I promise and you can’t possibly tell me anything that I probably haven’t heard before,” she said with a broad smile.

“Th....the first time, it...it was an expensive tube of lipstick and a small bottle of perfume. I would never steal anything like that. Somebody had to plant that stuff on me,” he replied blushing.

“Oh I don’t know Delbert. Maybe you picked them up for a girlfriend?” she said.

“I don’t have a....a girlfriend. Well, not yet anyways,” he replied.

“We’ll come back to that but go on, what was the next item?” she replied.

“A...a pair....pair of silk panties,” he said blushing even more.

“A pair of silk panties you say? Were they pretty panties?” she asked grinning.

“I....I don’t know. I guess. They were red with black lace. That’s all I know,” he answered.

“Okay, so what was the latest item you’re accused of taking?” she asked.

“It was some earrings,” he replied.

“Earrings, what kind of earrings?” she asked.

“Ruby encrusted teddy bears. All that stuff was for girls. I’m not some silly girl. So why would I steal that kind of stuff? That proves somebody set me up. Doesn’t it?” he said turning a deeper shade of red. From the way he was twisting and turning on the coach, Thelma knew that the waist chinch was really bothering him.

“Delbert our time is about up for today. I think we have made some progress. Next time we can talk some more about you being set up. I have a CD I want you to promise me you will listen to every night when you go to bed. It will help you deal with your strict diet and relax you,” she said standing up.

When she walked him out into the reception area, Thelma was all smiles. Everything was going her way so far but there was still more to do today. “Sonja, I hope you enjoyed the music. Delbert and I had a very useful conversation,” she said.

“Yes, it was surprisingly relaxing and I’m glad to hear that you are making progress Doctor,” she replied.

“If you enjoyed that music so much, please take it home with you and listen to it when you go to bed. Also before you go, I have given Delbert a CD to listen to when goes to bed. Make sure he listens to it and I have some pills for you to give him to help him sleep until he gets use to the restraint at his waist. Make sure you keep it laced fully and only take it off for his bath,” Thelma said handing her a bottle.

Ooo

All the way home Delbert complained about the tightness of his waist chinch and that he didn’t need to see any shrink. Sonja told him that he had no choice. He suffered from an illness and only Dr. Vitner could cure him. Mall security had told her that even though none of the stores pressed shoplifting charges, he would not be let off if there was a forth incident. They assured her that he would be charged to the fullest extent of the law. Going to another mall wouldn’t help as they shared all their information with the other security personnel. She wasn’t about to face such a scandal and was determined to do whatever the doctor required.

The CD she had listened to while waiting contained subliminal messages that instructed her to trust the doctor completely and follow all instructions to the letter. While that first session didn't implant those instructions, over time, she would come to believe them with all her heart.

As soon as Delbert got to his room, he tried to take off the chinch but failed. The hook and eye front closure was too tight for him to get a grip and the back lacing couldn't be untied. The garment stretched from just below his breasts all the way down to just above his crotch. The material felt soft and smooth to the touch but with the steel stays, was unyielding. It indeed reduced his waist by four inches, forcing him to notch his belt tighter just to keep his pants from falling off. Not only that but it forced his already flabby breasts up, making them look even bigger. He absolutely hated it but could do nothing about it.

When he sat down for dinner that night he found something else to hate. The diet Dr. Vitner put him on was totally unacceptable. Four rice cakes, a bowl of tomato and basil soup, two supplement pills and a large glass of water with a lemon wedge were just not going to cut it. He yelled and screamed that he wanted a real meal but his mother held her ground.

"Delbert, you can yell and scream all you want but that is all you are getting. So either eat it or you can go to your room. I really don't care which option you choose," she replied calmly.

Back in his room still hungry, he went to his stash of hidden goodies. To his surprise, there was nothing there. In a panic, he rushed about the room looking for anything to eat. All that did was leave him gasping for breath and still very hungry. Giving up he got ready for bed hoping that he would get a decent breakfast in the morning. After coming out of the bath in his pajamas, he Mother was waiting for him. She handed him a pill and glass of water telling him it would help him sleep. Hurting as he did, he took the pill. As he did that, she inserted the CD from Thelma and pushed the play button after making sure the repeat was on. The music that came out of the speakers was a bit weird but he could stand it. The lyrics could barely be heard over the sounds of crashing waves but he didn't care. The sleeping pill was already working.

Breakfast was just as bad as dinner had been. Half a grapefruit, two rice cakes, a glass of vegetable juice and his two supplements were all he had on his plate. He complained bitterly about the lousy meal and the tightness at his waist. Again, his protests were ignored.

"Darling your diet is very strict but you are allowed a snack between meals and all the water you want to drink," she told him.

"Snacks? What kind of snacks? Like a hamburger and fries?" he asked hopefully.

"Oh no dear, a diet shake and two rice cakes. I'm afraid that you have seen the last of your hamburger and fries for quite some time. Once you lose that excess weight, we'll see about it," she replied with more conviction than she would have thought. The more Delbert complained it seemed the more she was determined to see the doctor's orders carried out.

"Mom! You can't do this to me. It's gotta be like child abuse or sumptin," he stormed.

"Delbert Eugene that is enough! Now if you want that chinch off and a nice hot bath come along," she snapped.

Lunch was a little bit more substantial. It consisted of a small filet of salmon, four asparagus spears, green salad with vinaigrette dressing, two rice cakes, a glass of

water and his supplements. Dinner was a repeat of the previous night except the soup was different. By the time he went to bed, he was hungrier than ever. His mother had given him another sleeping pill and turned his CD player on before kissing him good night. As he settled into bed, his hunger seemed to ease.

Ooo

At their next session Thelma gave him another booster shot before having him lay down on the couch. "Delbert how do you feel about your diet and waist chinch?" she asked.

"I hated it all at first but I don't mind as much any more. I still don't like wearing this thing and getting so little to eat. Do you think you could like maybe add some red meat to my diet? I really miss my hamburgers and steaks," he replied.

"I'm afraid it's much too early for that. You don't want to gain those three pounds you already lost do you?" she inquired.

"Oh no, it was too hard losing so little. I really want a slim waist," he answered.

"I'm glad to hear that. Now let's get back to our previous discussion. Do you remember what color that lipstick was that they found on you?" she asked.

"Yeah, I think so, it was a kinda reddish purple color," he replied.

"That color is called plum. Have you ever worn lipstick before?" she asked.

"What, no, never, why would I put on lipstick?" he quickly responded.

"Haven't you watched your mother or another woman putting on her lipstick? How she smoothed it across her slightly parted lips, how she rubbed them together then blotted with a tissue. Did you find that sexy in any way?" she replied.

"I guess so. Yeah, I guess it was kinda sexy," he replied after thinking for a few moments.

"Well, then, do you think it is possible that you unconsciously took that lipstick?" she asked.

"Huh? I don....I don't know...I don't see why....I guess it could be possible but I doubt it," he stammered.

"Delbert it is very easy for the subconscious to make you do something that you wouldn't normally do given the right circumstances. I asked you about those panties that were found in your pocket. What did they feel like when you held them?" she asked.

"How did they feel? Okay I guess. I really don't remember," he answered.

"I bet if you close your eyes and think real hard you will remember. Picture them in your mind, their color, the lace, how they were cut. Were they bikini, full briefs or maybe a thong? Can you see them? How did they feel in your hand?" she said.

"They're bright red with black lace on the legs. They look like my boxers except much nicer. Silky.....they felt so soft and slinky. Nothing at all like my boxers," he replied.

"Those would be called tap panties dear. Yes, silk is a wonderful fabric. Did you think the earrings were cute?" she asked.

"I guess so," he replied.

"We're almost out of time. I have a new CD for you to listen to. It would be more helpful if you could play your first CD then this one right after and remember to put it on repeat. It will help you relax. Please send your mother in here. I need to talk to her for a

few minutes. You don't mind, do you?" she said.

"Sonja, I think I can say that we are definitely making progress. I believe I have found the underlying cause of your son's kleptomania. Did you know what items Delbert was accused of stealing? A pair of panties, tube of lipstick, a bottle of perfume and teddy bear earrings, all of which are very feminine items. So I had to ask myself, why would a boy steal that? For a girlfriend maybe but he doesn't have one. Why would he do such a thing? I asked him today what he thought about the items. He told me he thought that lipstick was sexy. He also told me that he loved the feel and look of the panties. He even said those teddy bear earrings were cute."

"Based on those answers, I believe that Delbert is a transvestite or possibly a transsexual in deep denial. Don't look so shocked dear. It's not all that uncommon. Delbert is an only child and has spent most of his life in close contact with you. It's not so hard to believe that he wants to be just like you. No, you're not a horrible mother Sonja. You are a wonderful mother who really cares about her child. It's not your fault either. There are some theories out there that suggest the condition is actually genetic. I need to test my diagnosis and will really need your strongest support. I want you to dispose of all of his boy underwear and replace it with the softest laciest panties and camisoles in silk or nylon you can find. I would suggest high cut briefs and tap panty styles for the panties. He will certainly object and complain at first but if my diagnosis is correct within a couple of days all that will stop. If he absolutely refuses to wear them and decides to go without underwear, then my theory is wrong. In either case, we will have a better understanding and will help me find a cure for his kleptomania. I know this treatment will cause some anguish but I have a new CD for you that will ease any distress," she stated.

That evening there was more than a little anguish and distress going on. Delbert was furious with his mother for tossing all his underwear. He had gone up to his room after dinner to take a shower. In his bureau were nothing but piles of colorful panties and camisoles where his boxers and undershirts should have been.

"Mom!" he screamed in frustration.

Sonja stopped what she was doing, looked up to the ceiling and shook her head. "He must have found his new undies. Well, I knew this was going to happen. Just have to remember no matter how much he howls not to give in. Dr. Vitner said I would have to give it a few days," she thought as she headed to his room. When she got there, there were panties and camisoles strewn everywhere.

"Delbert Eugene Dalmatian! Pick that lingerie up immediately and stop that screaming," she demanded. When she used his full name, he knew she was not to be messed with. With a big frown, he stooped down and began gathering up the lingerie. As he gathered in the clothing he was cussing under his breath.

"Damn chinch won't let me bend, gotta stoop to pick all this shit up. What's all this doing in my room any damn way," he thought.

"No, don't just dump them into your dresser drawers. You have to correctly fold them before you do that. Here, put them on the bed and I will show you how it's properly done. Unlike your old male stuff, panties and camisoles are delicate and very expensive. You have to take special care of it," she snapped.

He did as she instructed, dumping the pile onto the bed and sitting down beside it. She sat on the other side of the lingerie and pulled a pair of bright yellow silk tap panties with a two inch frill of chocolate floral lace on the leg hems.

"These are called tap panties and you fold them just like your old boxers. Hand me the

matching camisole. See it's over there next to you. Yes, the yellow one with the chocolate colored lace trimming," she demanded.

Next, she pulled out a pair of bright blue nylon panties with navy blue lace front panel. "These panties are called 'high cut' because, as you can see, the leg openings are cut to reveal a great deal of your upper thigh. You simply fold them like this. Now you get the matching camisole, fold it like I just showed you and put them in your dresser then you can do the next pair," she stated.

It took Delbert an hour to properly fold and put away all his new lingerie making sure the right camisole was with the matching panty. After he did that, he turned to his mother and asked. "Now what am I going to wear once I get out of the shower?"

"Why pick out a pair of your new undies of course silly. Now let me unlace you so you can take that shower. I think the yellow set will look positively lovely. You can sleep in just those if you wish. They're too pretty to cover up with old smelly pajamas," she replied more calmly.

She was waiting for him when he emerged from the bath wearing just the tap panties. She laced him back into his waist chinch, noticing that he wasn't bitching and complaining about it and smiled. "Alright darling, hop into bed and I'll tuck you in," she said.

Delbert felt really weird wearing his new lingerie. They were so light, soft and sensuous. The feelings were quite different than those from the waist chinch which was confining and ever present in his mind. The sensations he was getting from the lingerie were erotic. With every movement, he could feel the soft fabric sliding across his nipples and especially across his manhood, sending chills up his spine. He reached down and clutched at his crotch, a soft moan escaping his lips as he rubbed. If he hadn't taken the sedative his mother had given him, probably would have brought himself to a climax. Instead, as the music played he drifted off to sleep. Sometime during the night he soiled his panties.

Ooo

"Phase one of project "Diana" is complete. Subject's mind has been manipulated such that he now questions his own beliefs. During his first visit, he knew that he didn't steal anything and was a normal male. However, he now questions those beliefs. He believes that wearing a waist chinch is normal wear for a boy. At his last visit, he was comfortable wearing panties and camisole. I consider this an achievement, as subject has absolutely no dormant feminine leanings or desires. These feelings are being artificially imprinted through chemical, behavioral and hypnotic means that will ultimately extract all of his masculinity. It is my intention to create an ultra-feminine appearing and thinking woman from this subject but for one important aspect. His innate aversion to homosexual behavior will remain but he will be unable to stop engaging in such activities," Thelma dictated then paused to review her notes.

"Project Diana's Mother is showing acceptance of the enforced changes but there is still residual resistance. At the moment, she believes what has taken place is for medicinal purposes. She has accepted the fact that a waist chinch is a normal procedure for weight control. Getting her to believe that her son truly has a gender identity problem will take time. A mother's instincts are very difficult to overcome. I have created a series of hypnotic recordings to make her accepting of the changes and induce desires for having a daughter. If I am successful in making her 'accepting' of the changes, she will believe my diagnosis of gender dysphoria is correct. While knowing her son actually prefers being a girlie-girl will be devastating, she will accept

and encourage it. Phase two will be implemented at his next visit,” she continued.

“Well, let’s see how things go when I move to step two,” she said turning off the recorder.

Ooo

Delbert was at his prestigious prep school feeling very edgy. He was wearing mauve colored tap panties with pink floral lace trim and a matching camisole under his uniform. With each step down the hall he could feel the soft silk rubbing against his most sensitive parts. He was both delighted with the feeling and scared to death that someone would notice. As the material kept caressing his groin, his penis became very stiff and created an embarrassing lump in his pants. He found himself ducking into a stall to get relief more than once that day. By the time he got home he was exhausted. As the week went by, the feeling and need did not go away and was becoming a major distraction. By Friday he had large bags under his eyes, was very tired and moved about listlessly.

Friday’s session with Dr. Vitner didn’t go as he hoped. When he complained about not getting any sleep, she got him to admit his real problem. It took her some effort for what teenaged boy would ever tell a woman about having erections and night emissions. He was scarlet by the time he stuttered out the truth.

She was thumping the end of her pencil on her notepad as she listened to his revelations. “This is going better than I had hoped. I think I can get him into chastity now instead of waiting. I’ll have to talk to his mother first but I really want this to move along,” she thought.

“I have a solution to your problem Delbert but you might not like it. You have the choice of continuing with your...ahhh....little problem or you can stop it. I will not force this on you but once you begin there is no stopping for the time being. What I propose, with your mother’s consent of course, is for you to spend some time in chastity. No, the chastity I’m talking about is a bit different than vowing not to have sex. It’s a little more, shall we say, guaranteed,” she stated.

“Doctor, you can’t be serious about putting my baby into a...a chastity device. Why, I didn’t even know they made anything like that. It’s absurd. My baby isn’t some crazed sex maniac,” Sonja argued when Thelma told her what she intended.

“Mrs. Dalmatian, Delbert confided in me that he has constant erections that are both embarrassing and physically draining. You must have noticed how tired he looks. Haven’t you?” Thelma replied.

“Yes, yes of course I’ve noticed and.....and now that you mention it, I have noticed other things but I didn’t want to embarrass him about it. Things? Oh, stains on his panties and sheets. You know things a mother would never ask her little boy about. I’ve read about women being put into chastity belts in medieval times but....but that I never heard about. Just thinking about a woman having that done to her sends shivers up my spine. I can’t imagine doing that to a male,” Sonja answered.

“Putting Delbert into chastity would allow him to get some rest and stop the unwanted emissions. It is perfectly safe and hygienic and nothing at all like what you think. The latest technology makes chastity for either a man or woman almost unnoticeable. In Delbert’s case, the device consists of a thin titanium sheath attached to a scrotal plate and over plate that keeps everything nicely tucked away. It is practically weightless and can be worn for months without having to be cleaned. It even comes in a flesh toned inert coating that will not irritate the skin. Once you have signed the release form, I can have Delbert’s problems solved,” she said.

Reluctantly Sonja signed the release and stood off to the side in the examination room as Dr. Vitner put the chastity on her son. Delbert was laying on the table, naked from the waist down, legs stretched out in the stirrups with a bag of ice between his legs. Thelma had given him a tranquilizer but he was obviously scared and embarrassed. His mother standing off to the side watching didn't ease his humiliation.

Before she applied the ice pack, Thelma coated his groin with a thick white paste, let it sit for ten minutes then wiped it away along with whatever hair had been there. She waited another twenty minutes to make sure the ice had shrunk his genitals as small as possible. Taking the small penis in hand, she put a loop around its head, threaded the strings into a very narrow and slightly curved tube and pulled it through leaving some of the head sticking out. Next, she pressed the palm of her hand against his testicles and forced them back up into his body. She then bent his penis down which forced a metal plate to flatten against the crotch keeping the testicles in place. Finally, she lowered the locking over plate down to cover the groin. Using a small Allen wrench she quickly screwed the four locking nuts into place. Stepping back, she heard Sonja gasp.

"Oh my.....I....I don...don't believe it. It....it...looks so....so femin..err.. different down there."

"Mrs. Dalmatian it's the latest technology, perfectly safe and hygienic. With the head poking out a bit and tucked back he will have to urinate sitting. That feature also allows for very little chance of bacterial infection so it can be kept on indefinitely. Yes, it does redefine the genital area but it's necessary. Now this is very important, this little wrench is the only one that will fit the locking device. If it is lost....well...it might prove impossible to remove. That chastity is made of titanium and cannot be sawed through. Do you want it and that responsibility or would you rather I put it into my vault where it will be safe?" Thelma asked.

"What do you mean? It only comes with one key? Isn't that...that dangerous?" she asked stunned.

"Using a universal key or keys would defeat the purpose, now wouldn't it? That's why I offered my vault for security. We certainly don't want to lose this key. I think you made the wise choice Sonja. The key is much safer here. You know to expect him to complain but I'm sure he will get over it as with the other changes. After all with his gender issues, I think he will be pleased with his flat front. To ease his transition, I would recommend you have him start wearing long-line girdles to start. Then move him into the open bottom styles. His thighs are getting a bit chubby and the long-line girdle styles would work best and there would be no need for the chinchies," Thelma replied.

As the two women were talking, Delbert rose up on his elbows and looked down at what had been done to him. Between his legs was a flesh toned plate which made his groin look like that of some girl's doll. He fainted.

Ooo

Delbert sat in a daze on the side of his bed completely naked. He was gazing down between his legs at the camel toed looking bump. His fingers were trying without success to get it off.

"OMG! Look what they did to me. I can't feel a thing down there an...and it looks like a pussy. What am I going to do? The damn thing won't budge," he thought as tears began flowing down his cheeks.

The chastity device wasn't his only problem. Lying on the bed beside him was one of

his new girdles. After the doctor's visit his mother stopped at a specialty store. He was still a bit out of it from the tranquilizer so she left him in the car. She returned carrying a large bag. She had purchased seven long-leg girdles. They were constructed of four spandex power knit panels with rigid satin front, sides and back panel with a split crotch for convenience. The garment reached from just below his breasts down to mid-thigh. There was two inches of floral elastic lace hemming the leg cuffs and waist band. As with the chastity, he argued until he was blue in the face but it did him no good.

His mother told him that even if she wanted to, the device couldn't be removed without the key and the doctor had the key. She then told him that the girdle was to reduce the size of his waist and thighs. When he lost some more weight then he could get out of wearing girdles. With that she had left him in his misery.

By the next morning after listening to his new CD he felt better about what had happened but still bitterly complained. He went to school hoping that no one would notice. For the most part his fellow students didn't but a few girls did notice his rounded butt and the ill fitting clothing. They just thought him a bit odd and forgot about it. Otherwise, his day was normal if you didn't count the pain caused by the device and tightly constricted waist.

As the third day approached, his mother was secretly hoping that he would come to breakfast complaining and bitching. "I hope the doctor is wrong and my son really doesn't think he would be better off living as a girl. Please let him come down in a foul mood," she thought as she prepared his grapefruit and whole wheat toast.

Her hopes were dashed when he entered the room. He was wearing his tattered blue terry cloth robe tied at the waist but she could see the white of the girdle's lace frilled leg as he walked. He looked a bit sad and tired but offered no complaints or arguments as she kissed him on the cheek. She sat at the table drinking a cup of tea and patiently waited for the usual outburst but in never came. He ate his breakfast, swallowed his pills and went back to his room to dress for school.

Seeing him off to school, she poured another cup of tea and sat at the kitchen table. "I guess the doctor was right after all. My poor Delbert wants to be a girl. What real boy would only make a token resistance to all these radical changes? Well, I might as well accept the fact that I will soon have the daughter I've always wanted," she mused.

Ooo

When Delbert walked into Dr. Vitner's office that Friday, she noticed the puckered waist band and belt notched in it last hole. As he went to the couch, she also noted his round butt. "Time to move things along I believe. That girdle certainly has separated and defined his cute butt well enough. Now it's time to get him in more feminine clothing," she thought.

"How are you feeling Delbert? Are you having any problems?" she asked.

"No Doctor, I guess I'm fine but...but this thing you put me in hurts sometimes awful. Could you please take it off?" he replied.

"Take it off? No, it must stay on until you can manage to get your...well get your problems resolved. You know why I had to put that device on. Since you have been wearing it, have you stained your panties or sheets? You do know that your poor mother is aware of what you were doing, don't you?" she asked.

"Oh gosh, my....my mother knows what I was doing?" he replied shocked.

"Of course she does, you can't hide those kinds of stains. Now tell me, are you still

having that problem?" she replied.

"No...no Doctor I haven't but it's too tight. Could you loosen it up a bit?" he asked.

"No dear, it is supposed to fit like that otherwise it wouldn't work as it should. Now tell me, are you feeling comfortable wearing those clothes? They look like they are about to fall off. Haven't you asked your mother to buy you some better fitting clothing?" she asked.

"Not really but it's all I have. I don....don't want to ask Mom for anything new cause I'm afraid," he softly replied.

"Scared? Why on earth would you be scared of your mother buying you some new clothing?" she asked.

"Caus...cause she might buy me more girlie stuff," he whined.

"Delbert there is nothing wrong with wearing girlie stuff as you put it. Why more than half the world wears girlie stuff. You wear panties, camisoles and girdles so why would you be worried about getting some clothing that would fit you so much better?" she asked.

"I....I don't know. It just doesn't seem right," he replied.

"Look we still half an hour so why don't you put these headphones on and listen to the music while I go have a little chat with your mother. I'll make sure she understands your situation," she said.

"Sonja I know you are worried about your son but I have an update for you. First, he is emerging from his deep denial of his feminine desires. He is still in denial but improving by the day. He has lost another three pounds which is all very good. I'm relieved that you are making him follow his diet. However, haven't you noticed how badly his clothing is fitting? Yes, I know, he told me that he hadn't asked. He's just afraid that you won't get him some feminine slacks and jeans that's all. Nothing too feminine for the moment, something conservative, yet cut to fit his improved figure," she said.

"Doctor you know that I trust your judgment completely. I have noticed that he hasn't complained about any of the changes for days now. Maybe I'm being overly maternal but don't you think having him wearing panties, camisoles and girdles enough? Perhaps continuing as we are, he won't steal anymore. I'm just not sure that adding more feminine clothing will be in his best interests. Won't having him dress in feminine outerwear get him noticed? If what he's wearing gets out, his school life will be ghastly," she replied.

"Only if he demands to wear dresses and skirts dear, from my experience subtle changes usually go unnoticed by the general population. I'm not suggesting silk slacks or embroidered jeans. All I'm suggesting is man-cut blouses and slacks. Boys are wearing those skinny jeans now and the only difference between them and girl's wear is a shorter zipper and label. Something no one will notice if he's wearing a belt," Thelma replied.

"You're right as always doctor. I'll take him to get some new clothes when we leave here. Thank you so much doctor. You've helped us so much," Sonja replied.

Leaving the office with two new CD's they drove to the nearest mall. He stood blushing as his mother held a pair of blue cotton/spandex skinny jeans against his waist. She stepped back and picked another pair from the pile. These were denim with a slightly flared leg. Handing him both pair told him to go into the changing room and try them

on.

"Mom, I...I can't go in there! That's the women's change room," he whispered.

"Don't be silly dear. I'll be standing right in front. Nobody is going to say anything," she whispered back.

His face had a rosy glow as he stepped from behind the curtain. The jeans fit him like a glove. Like all mother's Sonja ran her fingers under the waist band and tugged at the inseam on his upper thigh. She did the same when he put on the denim pair and noted the flare at the ankle.

"It's a good fit but maybe that flare leg is a bit much. Oh well, it isn't that noticeable and I think he likes it better than the other pair. He almost has a smile on his face," she thought.

"Okay, go change and we'll do a bit more shopping," she said much to his relief. Delbert wasn't all that thrilled how these new jeans hugged his every curve especially how flat they made his groin look. There was no evidence of a masculine bulge only a smooth rounded bump.

It didn't take her long to pick out three pair of tan straight legged cotton slacks for his school uniform. She also selected a dressier pair in black wool with a satin lining. She spent more time looking through all the blouses trying to find the least feminine. Sonja finally found three white cotton long-sleeved blouses that were man styled, one in navy and one in purple. She had him try on the purple one. Delbert had a bit of trouble buttoning it but otherwise it looked like his other dress shirts. The collar was a bit more rounded and the buttons cloth covered but otherwise he couldn't see much difference.

Ooo

Delbert received some odd looks when he returned to school but otherwise his day was normal. He wanted to wear his regular school uniform but his new ones fit so much better. He grumbled about it at breakfast but that was about all. At lunch he sat with his only two real friends but kept quite. He had seen them looking at him closely and was afraid they might have guessed he was wearing women's pants and shirt. They just said he looked a bit different and quickly dug into their lunch. Delbert was envious of their meals but by now accepted his lunch of watercress on whole wheat, supplement drink and half an apple as his normal fair.

At his regular Friday session with Dr. Vitner, she complimented him on how well he was dressed before starting up. "Delbert, how are you doing?" she asked.

"Doctor I feel okay I guess but my classmates are looking at me funny," he replied.

"Are they saying derogatory things about you or bullying you?" she asked with concern.

"Oh, no nothing like that bu....but I hear them whispering and pointing at me. It makes me feel like I'm weird or something like that. Even Fred and Ernie are giving me strange looks and they're my only real friends," he softly replied.

"Wouldn't your best friends say something to you if they thought you were acting weird?" she asked.

"Yeah, I suppose," he said.

"Then there is nothing to worry about. If you were weird they would have said something. I believe they are just admiring your new slacks and shirts. Now I want you to strip down to your girdle and let me have a quick look see and get some blood work

done,” she said. With the exam finished, she had him redress telling his mother that everything was just fine.

As they walked out, Thelma smiled broadly. “Yes he’s coming along nicely. Down nine pounds and developing nicely just as I had hoped and it’s time to start phase three,” she thought.

Ooo

Delbert was sick that next Friday and missed his appointment with Dr. Vitner. When he woke that morning he was nauseous and had stomach cramps. When Sonja called to cancel Thelma was sympathetic and told her if he still had that problem after a few days to call her back.

“I was wondering when those hormones were going to affect him. It took a bit longer than I thought but that last injection must have kicked in. I’m sure when I see him next week he’ll be complaining about his itching sensitive nipples and breast soreness. His breasts were already slightly swollen last week when I checked him. Keeping his testicles tightly put away has significantly lowered his testosterone levels. Yes, everything is going to plan,” she thought.

Delbert was miserable for three days but by Monday was well enough to go back to school. As usual no one seemed to notice him. Fred and Ernie asked why he missed school and didn’t pry but teased him about his meager lunches. Monday’s lunch menu was Chili Mac, one of his favorite school meals. He looked at Fred’s piled high plate with envious eyes but controlled the impulse to get some. As he took a bite of his sandwich, a lock of curly brown hair fell across his eye.

“I need a haircut,” he thought as he brushed it back behind his ear. Almost as soon as the thought about getting a haircut, he forgot about it. It would have to get a bit longer before he did that and then it would be styled at his mother’s salon. The brainwashing from the CD’s both he and his mother listened to would see to that.

True to her prediction, one of the first things Delbert complained about at his next session was his sensitive chest. Thelma had him remove his blouse and gave them a cursory look. She reached out and rubbed his right nipple between her thumb and forefinger. It immediately became hard and a muffled moan escaped Delbert’s lips.

“I don’t see anything for you to worry about Delbert. What you are experiencing is perfectly normal. All you need is a bit of support and protection from your clothing,” she stated.

“Those nipples are coming along nicely, firm, poking out from slightly larger areoles, turning a darker brown and much more prominent. The breast is warm to the touch and plumper than two weeks ago. Yes, it is time to move to phase three and get him into training bras,” she thought.

“Mrs. Dalmatian things are progressing very nicely. Delbert has lost fifteen pounds since his first visit which is good but we still need to see improvement. I have noticed some skin irritation around the breast area. I think if you would purchase some protective covers for them the irritation will go away. I also have a cream that will ease the irritation. Have him message it into his chest before bedtime. Due to his earlier obesity, the upper chest is sagging and some support would help that condition. Otherwise I find Delbert coming along nicely. Do you have any questions?” she said.

“Err....Doctor are you suggesting that I buy my...my son a...a bra?” Sonja stammered.

“Well yes I am. You know how it protects sensitive nipples from clothing and the underwire support would really help the sagging. Given his current medical condition,

don't you think that would be the best option?" she replied.

"Gracious, I never thought I would be buying my son a...a bra," Sonja gasped.

"Remember Sonja, I told you at the beginning that Delbert has a deep seeded gender issue. If after a few days he stops complaining about wearing a bra then my diagnosis will be confirmed. Let's face it; a bra is the most feminine of clothing. It's the first things we girls ask our mothers for. If he continues to wear it after a few days, well dear, I think you are going to have to face the truth. If you want the best for your child, then, you have to accept that he is your daughter and support him during his adjustment," Thelma said.

Sonja stopped at an upscale boutique on the way home from their session. If her son was going to have to wear a bra then it would be the best available she decided. The boutique would provide a much less hostile environment than going to a major department store. She was somewhat embarrassed about getting him a bra. For the sake of her child, would put up a good front and make sure the sales clerks didn't further humiliate Delbert.

Delbert had never enjoyed going shopping especially with his Mom. As soon as he stepped over the threshold, he was uncomfortable. The boutique reeked of femininity. The interior was painted in a soft mauve and white. Everywhere he looked he saw lingerie displayed on mannequins, on the walls, in glass cases or piled on top of tables. The smell of flowers hung in the air and soft music came from hidden speakers.

A normal young man would feel very out of place in this store and would only enter if forced. The only other place a normal boy would fear as much would be the feminine hygiene aisle in the grocery or discount store. Thanks to Dr. Vitner's treatments, Delbert felt uncomfortable because he actually wanted to buy the pretty delicate items of panties and camisoles on display. He knew that he was all man but wearing panties, camisoles, girdles and women's slacks and blouses felt normal to him. Seeing the vast array of panties and camisole displayed before him created both desire and conflict but his desire was the greater.

Thankfully the store was not very busy and a woman rushed up to them. "Mrs. Dalmatian it is so good to see you again. How may I assist you today?" she asked.

"Darla it is good to see you. I know you will be discrete. I need you to help me with a....a sensitive issue. My....my son needs a bra. I have no idea as to size. His doctor recommended something with underwire support. Can you help us without making too much of a fuss?" Sonja said after making sure no one was within hearing.

"For your son? Oh, yes, of course, I can assist you. Please follow me to the back and I will get his proper measurements in private," Darla responded somewhat shocked. She had heard of other sales girls helping the odd weirdo or two but this would be her first. Mrs. Dalmatian was too good of a patron to ignore or insult.

"So what if she has a queer son, a sale is a sale," she thought as she led the way.

Stepping behind a curtain, she had Delbert remove his blouse. When Darla saw the delicate lace infused red camisole he was wearing, she remembered selling it to Sonja. "So that's why she bought those panties and camisoles. She told me they were for a dear friend. Now I know who that dear friend was. What a pansy. The very idea of a man wearing lingerie sends shivers up my spine but a sale is a sale," she thought as she picked up the cloth measuring tape.

"Hold your arms straight out," she said a bit gruffly to the cowering boy.

She measured around his chest just under his budding breasts and then across the

nipples. "Oh my, his chest looks just like a pubescent girl and a full A cup at that," she thought.

Delbert left the store wearing a red satin bra and six more in a lavender bag. The thin straps pulled noticeably at his shoulders, the smooth cups rubbed softly against his nipples and the band dug into his chest. A most unusual feeling for a boy and he didn't like it. He was particularly concerned at seeing the small tenting of his blouse. His mother had wanted training bras but they didn't come with underwire support according to Darla. She had to settle for the soft cup slightly padded variety.

"If the sissy wants to wear a bra then a bra it is. A training bra can be inconspicuous but a firm cupped bra can't be totally disguised. Wish I could get her to buy him one of the two cup gelled enhancer bras. Maybe later," she thought as she rang up their purchases.

As with all his previous feminine purchases, Delbert complained about having to wear a bra. He especially didn't like seeing the tell tail red indentations left by the bra when he took it off. He also didn't like having to wear it and his girdle to bed every night. However by the third day he seemed to accept that wearing a bra was normal.

At school on Monday he received more looks as he walked into class and in the halls. Even his buddies, Fred and Ernie, noticed the slight tenting of his blouse but didn't say anything. After lunch Fred turned to Ernie and said, "Man did you notice Delbert today. I think he was wearing a bra. I heard Barbara mention to Lilly that she was sure he was wearing girl's slacks and a blouse awhile ago. A bunch of guys have been asking me if we're queer like him since we hang together. He's been acting really weird too."

"Yeah bro, I've been getting the same shit. I don't think we better hang with him anymore. I don't care if he has a shit load of money. My rep is more important than getting him to buy us stuff, ya know," Ernie replied.

Delbert didn't think twice about putting on his panties, girdle, camisole and baby blue matching satin bra. The blue pen striped long-sleeved man styled blouse and tan slacks looked good on him. There was a strange itch in the back of his mind that something was not right but he ignored it.

He grabbed his brown bag lunch and drove his red 280Z to school. The fully restored early model was one of his most favorite things but lately that love affair was dwindling. For some reason driving such a powerful vehicle scared him and having to shift all those gears was becoming a pain. He use to love the feeling of his back being pressed into the seat as he floored it but now he was intimidated by that power. When he drove now, he seldom ever got it out of third gear. Another problem with it was its bright red paint job. He loved the feeling of speed the bright red gave him but now when the sun reflected off the hood, he got headaches. Since it was a gift from his mother he didn't want to complain but maybe he would talk to Dr. Vitner about his feelings.

At school he was surprised when Fred and Ernie didn't join him for lunch. Gazing around the cafeteria he noticed them sitting with a bunch of jocks. Later he caught up with them as they were leaving the lunch room.

"Hey guys, why were you sitting with those dumb jocks. It couldn't have been fun. I saw them punching you in the arm several times," he said.

"Errrrrr, sorry Delbert but they invited us to join them," Ernie replied.

"Yeah, that's right and that arm punching was just their way of welcoming us to their table. They're like real cool guys, ya know. Ernie and I think it will help us get some

girls to notice us. Hope ya don't mind buddy but we decided to give it a try for awhile. Oh man, look Ernie we got ta hustle if we're gonna make our next class. See ya Delbert," Fred said.

"Guys wait a sec. Ya think I can sit there with you? I'd like to get a girl too, ya know," Delbert replied.

"No way Delbert, aint no room at the table, sides those guys said they didn't want ya hanging with them. Sorry bud but that's how it is," Ernie answered patting him on the back.

Once they were out of earshot, Ernie turned to Fred and said, "Holy shit man, he is wearing a fucking bra. I felt it when I patted him on the back. Shit, ta think we use to sit with him at lunch and all. Damn good thing we moved over to the jock's table even if we have to be their gofers and punching bags."

Ooo

Thelma was more than pleased when Delbert came into her office that Friday. He complained about his friends not wanting to have lunch or do anything with him. He also complained that he was scared to drive his car. He was distraught and in tears for most of the session. She was encouraged that he didn't say anything about wearing a bra.

"It looks as though my CD's are really performing. He doesn't give a thought to how he is dressed and can't connect that his clothing is getting him shunned by his friends. The subliminals and hormones also seem to be working on his basic nature. He is much more timid and submissive. The fact that he is afraid of his car is a very good sign. I'll have to do something about his depression though. An unhappy sissy will certainly attract the attention of a concerned mother. Can't have her question my diagnosis, so a little hypnosis should do the trick," she thought.

"Delbert you said you were upset because your friends Fred and Ernie were avoiding you. Have you given any thought that they may be avoiding you because you make them look bad? I mean, you are dressing so much nicer and look so much better, they are probably jealous. If they were real friends, they wouldn't make you feel bad. You are so much better than they are. You don't need those kinds of fair weather friends. No, all you need is to be proud of what you are becoming. I know what would make you feel better. I know I always feel better after a salon visit and makeover. You should ask your mother to make an appointment for you at her salon. Trust me, if you do that you will have more friends than ever before. All you need to do is work on your appearance a bit. I have a special CD for you that will help," she said handing him the CD.

"Now as far as that beast of a car, get rid of it. I know it was a present but I'm sure your mother will understand. You know, I think you would look fabulous in a bright pink VW bug. You could even make it way cool by customizing it with red lip imprints or hearts. Picture that in your mind dear. Picture a white leather interior and something cutesy hanging from the rearview mirror. Something cutesy like one of those pink haired gnomes or a lacy garter. That kind of car would not be intimidating and so much fun to drive. I'm sure your mother would approve. Now, when I count to five, you will awake feeling very refreshed and comfortable," she said.

Delbert listened to his new CD while waiting for his mother to return from talking to the doctor. The recording was of a little girl singing nursery rhymes which any normal boy would have turned off. Instead he listened to it attentively. The subliminal message kept telling him how much he wanted his wavy hair to look ever so cute. "Sausage curls, sausage curls would look so cute. Fluffy bangs and curlicue tendrils are all the

rage. It would be so cool to have sausage curls and fluffy bangs. It's all the rage," was implanted into his mind.

As he listened to the CD, Doctor Vitner had Sonja under hypnosis. "Sonja, it's time you became more aggressive and accepting in your treatment of Delbert. You have to agree he is becoming more and more feminine but was very depressed when he came in this afternoon. He feels that you don't fully approve of him. Now, he doesn't blame you but his desire to be your daughter is growing stronger. School will be out for the summer next week. I think that would be a wonderful time for you to help bring out that desire. I think it is time to bring out the girlie-girl that he is. I need you to agree to do whatever he asks and help him. Can you do that? Yes, I thought you would agree. Now when I count to five you will awaken feeling very refreshed and happy," Thelma said.

Delbert felt very weird after leaving the doctor's office. Something was gnawing at the back of his mind but try as hard as he could, couldn't quite decipher it. Shrugging he asked his mother if he could trade in his car for a new model. He was very relieved when she quickly agreed and asked if he had anything in mind. She didn't flinch when he told her what he wanted. He also told her he wanted to look better and asked her to make him an appointment with her salon. Again, she agreed without question.

While she readily agreed to his requests, there was a flutter of doubt in her mind. Her baby needed her now so she picked up her cell and called the local VW dealer. When she hung up and glanced over at Delbert, he had a big smile on his face.

"He looks so happy now, so much better than when we went into the doctor's office. I guess the doctor was right all along. What boy would ever want a pink beetle with lipstick imprints on it? He's just a girlie-girl at heart and I want him happy. Better call Stephanie at the salon and see if she can fit him in next Saturday. Might as well get me a touch up as well," she thought.

School let out on Wednesday and Delbert's first salon visit was scheduled for the next morning. He drove his red Z and his mother rode with him. By the time they got to the salon, she was a bit frazzled. Delbert didn't get anywhere near the speed limit and she lost count of the number of times he missed a gear. He was scheduled to pick up his brand new bright florescent pink with red lip imprinted bug soon after his salon visit.

"I though he could drive much better than this. It's a good thing he decided to trade it in for that VW, at least it's an automatic," she thought.

Heeding the good doctor's advice, Sonja had scheduled him for a complete makeover. He was getting whatever style he wanted, leg and body waxing, manicure, pedicure and facial. In a way, she was hoping that when Delbert found out all that was planned for him, he would refuse. She was surprised when he demanded sausage curls, fluffy bangs and curlicue tendrils. She never would have thought that he would go for a Shirley Temple look but admitted he was awful cute when the stylist finished. Not only did he look cute, he looked little girlish cute. When his nails were painted with glistening pink enamel and the bushy hair on his body removed, he looked positively years younger.

"OMG! I'm going to have a very hard time convincing the dealership that Delbert is over eighteen looking like this. It will be much easier if I just tell the salesman that the car is for me," she thought.

Ooo

Thelma sat at her desk pondering her next move. Delbert was due for his visit shortly and she wasn't sure whether or not to move to the next phase. Phase four would be the most difficult to initiate but he and his mother were progressing much faster than

expected.

“Let’s see, I’ve been treating them for a bit over six months now. The hormones have kicked in nicely causing both physical and mental changes per schedule. The CDs have worked even better than I had expected. Both seem to be very susceptible to subliminal and hypnotic suggestion. Phase four is the most drastic change and if it goes wrong everything I have done to this point will be moot. However, if I can successfully implement it, everything will move so much faster,” she thought.

Dr. Vitner smiled broadly when Delbert walked into her office. His tented shirt attested to the fact that he was wearing a bra and his hair was to die for. What was even better, Delbert wasn’t wearing a training bra as she expected. He was wearing a real bra and that convinced her to move on to phase four.

He blushed when he stripped down to his lingerie. His blush was not from being seen wearing feminine lingerie but rather from the fact that he felt very modest. He was wearing a matched set of tangerine colored lingerie frilled with yellow floral lace. He couldn’t look her in the face nor could he look straight down either as the lumps of breast flesh filling the A cups caused him to blush even more.

“Delbert why are you blushing? I’ve seen you wearing less often enough. Are you ashamed of wearing your pretty lingerie? Is that a new do? It looks positively gorgeous,” she asked.

“N....no Doctor...it....its just that...I feel so exposed an...and yes I got my hair styled. Do you really like it?” he stuttered.

“Yes, that style is way cool and there is nothing to be ashamed of. After all it’s just the two of us here. Look, why don’t you put a name to the way you look. You don’t look like that loser Delbert anymore. How about Diana? Diana has a pretty ring to it just like you appear to be. Now repeat after me, ‘My name is Diana and I feel pretty,’” she demanded.

“I....I...ca....can’t say that,” Delbert replied softly his face turning rose red.

“Don’t be silly. Of course you can say that. Come over here and look into the mirror and tell me what you see,” she instructed. Delbert did as requested and stood before the mirror. The tight sausage curls bouncing as he stepped in front of it.

“Now Diana, tell me what you see before you in that mirror? Is the image that of a Delbert. You remember Delbert, the loser? Go ahead look close and don’t be ashamed,” she instructed.

“I...I se...see me. I’m a boy not some silly girl,” he managed to say after a few moments.

“Yes, you are a boy but don’t you think a pretty girl is in that mirror? You can be honest dear. I bet with just a bit of makeup there would be a very pretty girl reflected in that mirror. We both know you are a boy but close your eyes for a moment, then really look into the mirror. Can’t you see the pretty little girl in that image? So what if that pretty girl is really a boy. Why should that matter? Aren’t pretty people the most popular? You want to be popular don’t you? Have plenty of friends? You don’t have any real friends, now do you? No, you don’t but I bet if you let that pretty little girl out, you would have tons of friends. Pretty girls are popular. You know that to be absolutely true. So what if you’re a boy. Boys can be pretty too. Don’t you want to be pretty and popular?” she whispered into his ear.

“Eeerrrrrrr, I....I guess,” he mumbled.

“There is nothing wrong in looking pretty dear. You could be very pretty if you wanted

to be and have lots and lots of friends. So what if you are really a boy? Boys can be pretty too and I know you want to be pretty and have lots of friends. Forget Delbert, the loser, and become Diana the pretty one you see in that mirror. You need to have a pretty name to go with a pretty face? Isn't Diana a pretty name? Diana would be a very popular person. Diana would have lots of friends. Diana would be invited to lots of parties and all she has to do is look pretty. You can do that. You can look pretty and be popular. All you have to do is become that pretty girl Diana," she whispered.

Thelma waited tensely as Delbert stared into the mirror. She could almost see the wheels turning in his head as he digested her words. "This is it. If I rushed things, he's going to refute what I said and my efforts will be for naught. If he doesn't accept being Diana, all the layers of mental conditioning will peel back like an onion skin," she thought.

"Dia....Diana....ye....yes that is a pretty name but....but that's..," he started to say very softly.

"Diana is a very pretty name for a pretty person, a pretty person just like you. You want to be pretty, you want to have lots of friends and you are Diana. Diana is just a name but a pretty name. You can be whoever you want to be Diana. Diana would be popular and have lots of friends. You want that, don't you Diana?" she whispered interrupting him.

"He's almost there. I can't have him thinking that Diana is just a girl's name. He has to think that Diana is a pretty person's name. I want him to look, act and socialize like a girl but always know that he is a boy. Come on Delbert, you're almost there," she thought.

Delbert's eyes were glazed as he stared into the mirror. Dr. Vitner's words were echoing in his mind. "Yes, Diana is a pretty name but that's a girl's name. I do look pretty though. I don't have any friends and she says that Diana would have a lot of friends and be invited to lots of parties. I never get invited to any parties. I'm such a loser. It would be nice to have some friends and go to parties but....but mom. Mom would never approve," he thought.

"I....I...want to be popular but mom...mom would..." he softly said.

"Diana, your mother would approve. She loves you for who you are. You know that is true. You can be whoever you want to be and she will always love you. You can be Diana and she will be so happy for you. You know deep down that she isn't all that happy with Dilbert. Dilbert the thief, Dilbert the loser, Dilbert the loner is not the kind of person that makes others happy. Embrace being Diana and make your mother very happy," Thelma interrupted.

"She's right. Mom has been upset with me for getting into trouble. She seemed real happy when I had my hair styled. I look more like a girl than I do as a boy. I could be pretty if I wanted. It would be nice to be popular and make my mom happy too," he thought.

"Diana you can do this. Now tell me, I am Diana and I'm a pretty girl," Thelma whispered.

"I...I am Diana and I'm a pretty girl," Delbert replied.

"Very good Diana, now I want you to look deep into the mirror and repeat that fifty times," Thelma said. As he complied, she left the room and went out to see his mother. Sonja was sitting in the reception room almost asleep listening to a CD. She was so relaxed that she didn't become aware of Thelma until the ear buds were removed.

“Sonja I have wonderful news. I’ve finally gotten through Delbert’s resistance. As I diagnosed, he was suffering from a serious denial of his true self. Today, he admitted that he always wanted to be a girl named Diana. With this break through, I think you will be more than pleased. You will have the daughter you always wanted. Now Diana isn’t anything like your eighteen year old son. Diana, your real child, is more like a young girl. A girl of thirteen or perhaps even younger and must be treated accordingly. I know that suddenly finding yourself with a young daughter instead of a son maybe difficult but Diana needs to come out. She’s in a very delicate position right now and I need to keep her under my care for the next three days. I have plenty of room at my house and will devote my full time to making sure Diana’s disorder is stabilized. A few hours a day simply won’t do. Having the young daughter you have always wanted will be therapeutic for the both of you. I need the time to insure that the both of you will be happy. So here is what you need to do now,” she said.

Sonja wasn’t comfortable leaving her precious child with the doctor but she trusted her judgment completely. After giving Delbert a hug and kiss to the forehead, she left the office. Three days was not a lot of time and she had so much to do before her child was returned to her.

Ooo

Thelma kept Delbert in a trance and listening to the Phase four disc. The music that hid the verbal commands was of a little girl singing nursery rhymes. As the disc played, his lips moved silently along with the little girl. He was unaware of leaving the doctor’s office or of going to her large home.

Once she had Delbert stripped down to his bra and long-line girdle, she pulled a yellow nylon with cream colored chiffon overlay full skirted baby doll nightgown over his head. The gown was festooned with bright satin ribbon bows and white ruffled lace detailing. Matching bloomer styled panties with six rows of white lace on the seat were pulled up his legs. Dressed, she tucked him under the sheets while making sure the ear buds were firmly in place.

“Now go to sleep Diana. Dream nothing but sweet little girl dreams,” she whispered into his ear.

“Three days of intensive subliminal instruction should do the trick. When he finally comes out of his trance, Diana’s girlie-girl persona should have replaced his vulgar boy’s mentality. The disc he is listening to now will give him all the little girl memories of playing with dollies, dressing up and having tea parties. The second disc will imprint the memories of going to elementary school, of being in the Brownies and getting his first bra. Discs three and four will give him the experience of being a teenager and learning all about makeup, clothing and especially boys. The last disc will cement his desire to be the perfect girlie-girl but maintain his innate aversion to homosexuality. Unfortunately for poor Delbert, he will find it impossible to stay away from boys. His girlie-girl persona will see to that,” she thought as she left the room.

Ooo

Sonja was more than happy to get Delbert, now Diana, back. She was a little surprised at seeing him dressed like he was when she stopped at Dr. Vitner’s. He was wearing a full skirted yellow rayon sun dress with spaghetti straps tied into cute bows at the shoulder. The thin yellow satin straps of his bra easily seen across his shoulders. It was obvious that he was wearing at least three white net petticoats under the skirt and ecru nylons. On his feet was a pair of white leather strappy sandals with a three inch cork platform heel. At the back of his head was a large bright yellow satin bow attached

to his Shirley Temple styled hair. Large white plastic hoops dangled from his pierced earlobes. Four white plastic bangles were on his right wrist and several silver rings were on his fingers. A white leather clutch purse was sitting in his lap. His clothing didn't surprise her. It was the lavish makeup that he wore.

Liquid foundation and powder had evened out his blotchy skin into a smooth canvas. His brows were arched femininely, darkened with black pencil. Long thick black false eyelashes had been glued to his lids which were decorated with blended layers of lavender to pink eye shadows. Black eyeliner had been applied and extended to give his eyes an almond shape. His cheeks glowed with a dusting of rose blush and his lips made pouty and full with a deep pink lipstick and red lip liner. All about him was a miasma of spicy floral perfume. As Sonja stood immobilized staring at her son, Delbert rose gracefully, minced over to her and bending from the waist gave her an air kiss.

"Oh Mommy, I'm so glad to see you. Dr. Vitner said you would be by here today to pick me up. I hope you like the way I'm dressed. I did all this myself...well...mostly...she... she helped with my makeup. I really hope you like it. I wanted to look especially nice for you today," Delbert said in a lilting sing song voice.

"Darling, you look wonderful. It's....well...it is a bit of a surprise. I know you harbored a desire to be Diana but....but I never realized how beautiful you could be. Come on, let's say goodbye to Dr. Vitner. I can't wait to show you what I have done to your room. I think you are going to love it," she replied.

The end...

THELMA VITNER PHD, ANOTHER CASE

By Cheryl Lynn

Thelma Vitner was a tall thin woman in her late fifties. Her salt and pepper hair was usually fitted into a tight bun at the back of her head. She had thin lips, high cheekbones and pointed nose. Her preferred mode of dress was the darker colored pants suits with a man cut cotton blouse and three inch heels. She had a PhD in psychology but that was just a cover. What she dedicated herself to was transforming normal heterosexual young males into pretty young girls. As a young girl she had been traumatized and abused by more than one male. When she got older, she vowed that no man would ever abuse her again or any other woman. The best way to do that she decided was to transform them by removing any aggressive or competitive behavior.

Over the years, she had a lot of success but that success was limited at first. In the early years of her practice there was a lot of recidivism once the patient left her care. It didn't take very long before the boys were back to their old behavior. After studying the problem, Thelma determined that it was caused by their social interactions with other boys. It appeared that the fear of being labeled "a sissy" or "momma's boy" by other boys caused them to revert to being aggressive and competitive. What made her problem even more vexing was the fact that her patients often became more aggressive and competitive than the other boys. To resolve her problem, she researched what being "a sissy" or "momma's boy" involved.

In the course of her research she discovered "transgender," "transsexual," "cross dresser" and similar so called anti-social personalities. Completing her research, she decided that turning unruly boys into "girls" would solve her problem. Putting boys into dresses and lingerie would certainly keep them from socializing and competing

with their old peer groups. What interactions they would have would be totally different than in the past. It would force them to adopt feminine mannerisms. Her next problem was to convince the parent or guardian that her solution was the wisest choice of treatment. The easiest cure was castration but she thought that method wouldn't be nearly as much fun, for her at least, or acceptable to the parent or guardian. Over the years and a new technology called subliminal hypnosis, she had perfected her "course of treatment" and was delighted with the results.

Ooo

Mrs. Abigail Summers was a widow. Her husband had been very successful and left his family very well off with his passing. She had only one child, a boy, Richard. She loved her son but had always wanted a daughter. With her husband's passing, she doubted that she would ever have the little girl she so desperately wanted. Being married to Richard Senior had not been easy. When they first married, their relationship was normal and loving. However, soon after the birth of their son, she began letting herself go. As she became fatter and fatter, he began to verbally and sometimes physically abuse her. Towards the end, he began demeaning her every chance he got and threatened divorce. His horrid actions and treatment convinced Abigail that men were no longer needed in her life. The tears she shed at his funeral were more tears of joy than sadness.

After his death she began spending a lot of time with her friends at the country club playing Mah Jongg or bridge. She and her friends would sit for hours gossiping, complaining about their lives and other topics. By chance Thelma was having lunch at the exclusive club when she over heard Abigail complaining about her son.

"It seems all Richard can do is sit and play those violent video games. He's gotten to be such a handful, sassing me or ignoring what I tell him. I swear Marge I'm at my wit's end. Why couldn't he have been born a girl? Girls are so much easier to raise," she had said.

Hearing that perked Thelma's interest and over the next couple of weeks found out all that she could about Abigail and her situation. Satisfied that she had something to work with, she made it a point to meet Abigail. She wanted the meeting to be casual and somewhat private. One day, she watched as Abigail got up to go to the bathroom and followed her. Thelma was applying bright red lipstick as Abigail came out of the stall. As she began washing her hands, Thelma introduced her self and mentioned that she was a trained therapist with a doctorate in psychology. It had its intended effect and soon they were talking. When they left the lady's room, Abigail had made an appointment to see the good doctor.

Ooo

Two weeks later Thelma was reviewing the Summers' case before Abigail showed up for her second visit. This time she would be bringing in Richard. She read, "Abigail Summers, Height five six. Weight one hundred and ninety pounds. Age 37. While subject is very obese she has a pretty face, natural blonde hair cut in a shoulder length bob. While she can easily afford designer clothing prefers off the rack, usually simple A-line dresses in a floral pattern which only reinforces her problems. Suffers from anxiety, low self esteem and depression which contribute to her eating disorder. Has a strong dislike for men due to abusive marriage. Has an uneasy relationship with her son and wishes that she had a daughter. Gave her the first CD and instructed to listen to it every night at bedtime. This CD will make her more compliant and trusting of our relationship."

“That meeting went well. Richard will prove to be a good subject. He is eighteen, five foot seven and weighs one hundred thirty pounds and in his senior year. Wears his brown hair slightly below collar length and his nose and chin are not overly masculine. He dresses sloppy with baggy pants and wife beater shirt. He is aggressive, almost hostile but I like challenges. Doesn’t have many friends and spends most of his time playing video games. What friends he has are mostly fellow gamers and keeps in contact via chat while playing. Getting him under hypnosis wasn’t easy but did manage to implant the idea that he had to listen to my CD’s. When they return next week it should be a lot easier getting him under. Over all, I think I’m going to have some fun with these two,” she dictated into her journal.

Ooo

“Richard you’re coming with me and no more arguments. You’ll do it or no more money for those stupid games you are always playing. Now come on!” Abigail yelled.

“Mom I don’t want to see no psychologist. I’m not psycho like you. Give me a fucking break,” he had argued but the threat of no more games made him give in.

He was mad at having to see some shrink but there was a new Halo game coming out and he wanted it. Reluctantly he shuffled into the office behind his mother. His brown cargo pants riding low on his narrow hips exposing the top of his green and black checked boxers. He sat sullenly staring at the receptionist, a pretty red head with an amazing figure while his mother saw the doctor. When it was his turn, he wanted to say “no way” but he wanted that new game. He didn’t like Thelma the second he saw her.

“I’ll see the bitch but that doesn’t mean that I have to say anything,” he thought.

He sat down on the couch as she took her seat in a nearby leather chair. She was talking but he wasn’t really paying attention, his mind on his recent game. It wasn’t until he heard her mention something about video games that he actually listened. “If she thinks she’s going to talk me out of playing my games, she’s crazy,” he thought.

“I’m not giving up or cutting back on playing my games!” he angrily spat.

“Richard I’m not suggesting that. I understand how much you enjoy them. You misunderstood me. What I asked was, how would you like to play them better?” she calmly replied.

“I’m pretty damn good already. How can you help me?” he asked defiantly. He was ticked that she would question his abilities but at the same time curious.

“I can help you stay relaxed especially when you have some stiff opposition. Do you want me to help you learn to do that? If you’re calm while in a stressful situation, you’ll be a better player,” she replied.

“Yeah, it can get pretty intense sometimes. What do I have to do?” he said.

“Just close your eyes relax and listen to my voice,” she answered.

Richard was surprised when he left the office that over two hours had gone by. He had a CD the doctor had given him with instructions to listen to it every night before going to bed. If he did as she said, he’d be a much better player within the week. Maybe he’d be good enough to beat his nemeses Joey Canfield.

That night he put the CD into his player, turned on the repeat button and went to bed. What came out of his speakers was some sort of weird flute music and he almost got up to turn it off. After the first song played, he decided, “What the fuck,” and turning over fell asleep.

He felt really good and relaxed the next morning after one of his best nights sleep ever. Playing war games with his friends only made his day all the better as he was kicking ass. Only Joey Canfield gave him any trouble but at least he finished second this time instead of his usual forth place. It had been such a good day he couldn't wait to listen to his CD that night.

Over all it had been a very good week for Richard. He was kicking ass in the games and school wasn't a total waste of his time. He was especially proud of the fact that he had smoked Joey, not once but several times. He hated going to school and couldn't understand why his mother wouldn't let him drop out. They had enough money, so he would never have to work and he could concentrate on becoming a professional gamer. His heroes were the guys who sat in plush rooms all day playing and developing games for a living.

A lot of his feelings toward his mother came from his father. He cared for her but was ashamed of her for being so fat. Her constant harping about the time he spent playing games was an irritant. She also had an annoying habit of ruffling his hair and treating him like a little kid whenever they were out in public. Richard reacted to his feelings with a stubborn disobedience for whatever she demanded.

Over the past two weeks Abigail found it easier to avoid snacking. She still found it hard to understand her son but it didn't bother her as much. She began daydreaming about what he would look like as her daughter. Every time she did that a broad smile would cross her face until she realized what she was thinking. She would shake her head to get rid of such impossibility and go about her business. Still the idea of having a daughter was ever present on her mind.

After another visit to the doctor, Abigail had the strength of will to put them on a vegan diet. Richard objected but went along with the new diet. He justified his cooperation by telling himself that if it made his mother thinner and healthier he could go along with it for awhile.

"Snacking on carrot and celery sticks wasn't that much different than eating chips," he thought as he went to play another round of games.

Ooo

Thelma sat behind her massive mahogany desk tapping her long blood red nails on the yellow tablet. The only lighting coming from the brass and green shaded desk lamp, Wagner was playing on her CD, a glass of Mac Allen twenty-year old single malt swirled in the crystal glass.

"There is nothing better than good classical music and a delicious Scotch to finish off the day. Today's session with the Summers went well. Abigail has lost ten pounds and taking better care of herself. Richard is finally reacting to the subliminal messages. He showed up dressed neatly with his hair freshly washed and brushed. I think it is time to step up his program. Let's see, what has it been, oh yes, a month now of listening to the basic series. He's a stubborn one though. Most of my clients submit to the basics in two or three sessions. I'll need to give him a psychotic to make the second set implant sooner and start him on hormone replacement therapy. Abigail pays well and though she is unaware of it, I'll give her the best daughter possible," she mused.

Ooo

Richard looked at the CD Thelma had given him. It was titled, "Themes from Nature." He shook his head sending his hair flying into his face. Absently he reached up and brushed it back behind his ears. Until recently he had always worn it in a tight low

pony tail and seldom washed. Now he was shampooing and conditioning it every other day, blow drying it instead of using a towel then brushed it one hundred strokes. He felt perfectly natural using his mother's fragrant shampoo and conditioner. His hair was now full of body, glistened in the light and would often get in his face. When that happened, he would briefly think of getting a haircut but that thought dissipated almost as soon as it occurred. His dressing habits had also changed. He wore his slacks, dress shirts and even made sure his socks matched. For this meeting with Dr. Vitner he had even worn a coat and tie.

"I hope this music is better than that stupid flute shi...stuff," he thought walking out of her office. He had almost said "shit" but curse words made him feel weird. Hearing and using curse words didn't make him sick but they made him feel very uncomfortable. He was doing his best to stop thinking and using them but sometimes he slipped up.

Over six months the changes in the Summers household were gradual but constant. Richard had lost twenty pounds but found it odd that his chest seemed fleshier and his butt rounder. The most drastic change for Richard was a strong compulsion to keep his body hair free, his skin smooth and nails neatly filed. Richard didn't have a lot of masculine hair on his body but for some reason it really bothered him. It got to the point where he had to get rid of it and asked his mother for advice.

"Sweetie the easiest way to get rid of body hair is to use a depilatory but it's too harsh to use on the sensitive areas like the underarms. Come with me and I'll give you what you need," she had said.

She gave him a bottle of her depilatory, pack of pink lady's razors and can of floral scented shaving gel. He was very embarrassed when she stepped into the bathroom that first time to show him how to properly get rid of that hair. When they finished, the only hair left was a small inverted triangle of trimmed pubic hair. His mother insisted that he use her expensive body lotion every time he shaved to prevent skin damage. That body lotion had a distinctive feminine aroma but Richard only had a puzzled look on his face as he applied it. He knew something was wrong about what had happened but seeing the results forgot about it.

Abigail also was changing. She had lost sixty pounds and instead of playing games with the girls, took advantage of the club's exercise program. Losing all that weight meant that she needed a new wardrobe. She was both surprised and pleased that Richard expressed an interest as she went through her fashion magazines.

He said, "I just wanted to help you look your best," as he began reading the magazines. As he looked at the "Vogue" she put into his hands, a feeling of dread crept into the back of his mind. He shook his head to get rid of the bad feeling, sending his longer hair into his face.

"Rickie, sweetie, I think it's time you had a hair cut," Abigail offered seeing him brush the hair from his face.

"Aw, mommy I like my hair long," he replied. He wasn't wild about being called Rickie but she had been doing it so long that he accepted it. He also had no idea when he started calling his mother 'mommy' either but it sounded right.

"Well if you want it long that's fine but you have so many split ends it needs a trim. I'll make us an appointment with my stylist at the salon. She won't take too much off and we'll find a nice easy style for you. As a matter of fact we'll make a day of it. Call it one of my graduation gifts. You graduate Friday so we'll go first thing Saturday. What do you think of that?" she replied.

“I don’t know mommy, you promise she won’t cut too much off. If we are going to spend a whole day there, that sounds like it will be cut short,” he stated.

“I promise sweetie, but it’s not just styles. I’m booking us for manicures, pedicures and facials,” she answered. Abigail just loved the fact that Richard was calling her mommy again. He hadn’t done that since he was a little tyke. She was also happy with his changing attitude. With each passing day he was becoming less belligerent and more submissive. The only explanation for it was the great work of Dr. Vitner. The only draw back was his violent video game playing which he played for hours each day. With the coming of his graduation next week, she was sure that’s all he would be doing.

Friday, graduation day, she gave him his first present. It was a bright pink Neon with white leather seats and good sound system. He wasn’t pleased with the color but it was new and it was his. He was so happy over actually graduating, he decided not to make an issue of the color.

“Thank you mommy,” he said.

“I don’t like that color. What self respecting guy would ever drive around in a pink car? I don’t drive that much anyway but I’ll see about getting a paint job as soon as I can,” he thought.

Saturday morning coming from his bath, Richard saw that his mother had put out his clothing. The tan flare legged slacks, white collared shirt, white undershirt, white boxers and brown loafers were all new. He picked up the boxers.

“What the heck?” he said as he examined them. They were a bright white nylon with short legs that had a one inch hem and light as a feather.

The undershirt was as confusing in that it was made of the same material as the boxers. It had thin straps, scooped neck and strange looking stitching on the sides at breast level and feather light. Much later he learned the term and necessity for the stitching. “Darts” was the proper name and were necessary for blouses and camisoles to fit correctly over breasts.

If he thought the underwear a bit strange the rest of his clothing was even more so. The slacks fit low on his waist, pulled uncomfortably at his groin and ass, made of a material that had a slight shine with a zipper that seemed short. What made them feel really strange was the champagne colored satin lining. A thin brown alligator belt with small gold buckle came with it. It didn’t have any pockets. The cotton shirt gave him a bit of trouble as the buttons were all wrong, had the same weird stitching on the upper sides, was too short to tuck in and flared out just above his belt line. Inside his loafers was a pair of shiny brown nylon socks that reached to mid-calf. The shoes were a little tight. The toe was squared off and had a two inch block heel.

Dressed he was feeling uncomfortable as he gazed at his reflection. “These not only feel weird they look weird. Mommy must have gotten the wrong sizes or something. No pockets, where am I going to put my wallet and stuff? The card on the bed said ‘Happy Graduation’ so this is another gift. Guess I’ll make her happy and wear it this one time,” he thought as he went to meet his mother. He was surprised to see her wearing almost the exact same outfit. The exception was that she had on a Bolero styled tan suede jacket.

“Oh Rickie, that looks gorgeous on you. I’m so happy that you wore it for me. I know it’s a little too much but I just couldn’t resist when I saw these mother-dau....errrr... mother-son outfits. Here, look, I bought you a matching...matching man bag. You can put your wallet and stuff in here then you can drive us to the salon in your new car. I’m

so proud of you dear,” she gushed. She had wanted to get him the matching jacket but figured that would have been too much.

Richard was having serious second thoughts as they neared the salon but Abigail’s assurances and insistence kept him moving. He kept thinking that something was not right about everything that had happened today. A nagging nervousness filled his mind even as he allowed the stylist to settle him back into her chair. By the time she had shampooed and conditioned his hair three times, most of his misgivings were gone. Her compliments about his attire helped ease his nerves as well. Totally relaxed after the shampooing, he didn’t give it any thought when she began soaking his hair in another solution. If it prolonged the messaging of his scalp, he didn’t mind. Having her bumping him with her breasts every now and then wasn’t such a bad feeling either.

Once his hair had been washed, rinsed and colored, she wrapped it in a pink terry toweling. If having his scalp massaged felt good, what she did to his face made him almost go to sleep. She rubbed all kinds of lotions and creams into his face before applying a thick mud pack and covering his face with a warm towel. Richard had never felt so pampered or relaxed in his life. While the mud pack did its work, another young lady came over, removed his shoes and hose and gave him a pedicure. He didn’t see her varnish the toe nails in a bright pink lacquer. After putting glamour length ceramic nail extensions, filing them into nice ovals, she painted his finger nails in the same polish.

By the time she was finished, Richard was fast asleep. He barely felt it when the stylist removed the towel and began working on his hair. First she combed it out, parted it down the middle then across the forehead. Using her scissors she quickly created bangs falling to just above his brows and feathered them out. Next she began working on his hair. Cutting some here, some there but not removing a lot of its length. Finished rolling large bristle curlers at the ends, she placed a domed dryer over his head. The steady humming and heat of the dryer only served to make his sleep deeper.

Richard awoke his ears stinging. “Wha....wha..what...errr..what’s going on?” he muttered in confusion.

“Rickie it’s alright, your mother asked me to do this. Now let me remove this facial mask and neaten up those shaggy brows of yours then we’ll be all done,” the stylist said.

Richard stared into the mirror wide eyed and frightened. Staring back at him was a girl, a pretty girl actually. Her hair was a nice auburn with feathered bangs, shoulder length with a cute under tuck. The auburn color really brought out the green in his eyes. Two one carat diamond solitaires decorated his lobes and his brows in feminine arches. He brought his hand up to his face, not believing what he was seeing. Then he noticed the bright pink nails.

His first reaction was to scream but the more he looked at his reflection the less his panic. He couldn’t understand why he wasn’t raising six kinds he double toothpicks. “No guy should ever look like this bu....but I’m pretty....I shouldn’t be pretty.....I like being pretty.....don’t I? No, guys aren’t supposed to be pretty, so why am I not screaming my head off? Is it because I’m really cute? I am cute,” he thought in confusion.

Six months of Dr. Vitner’s CD’s and weekly office visits were now paying off. Instead of being infuriated at what had been done he was beginning to feel infatuated. There was

an area in his mind that screamed out against the changes but it was muted. The longer Richard gazed into the mirror that voice of objection withered and died.

“She’s too stunned to even talk. You did a wonderful job Helen. I can hardly believe it myself,” he heard his mother say to the stylist.

Ooo

Thelma was more than pleased when the Summers walked into her office that next Friday. They were wearing matching black flare legged slacks with baby blue nylon cap sleeved blouses. While Richard looked a bit uncomfortable didn’t seem to object to the way he was dressed. His auburn hair looked fantastic and she was glad she suggested that color to Abigail. Now it was time to step it up a notch. She had Richard come into her office first. It didn’t take long to get him in a trance where she let his submerged self reappear.

“You damn bitch, what the fuck have you done to me? Look at me! I look like some frigging queer!” he yelled but unable to act on the anger inside of him. He wanted so badly to get off the couch and beat the living daylights out of this evil woman but strain as he might, couldn’t move a muscle.

“You can yell and cuss all you want Richard but as you can see, unable to do anything about it. You have been under constant hypnosis and female hormone replacement for over six months and my programming is too implanted to be reversed by your will. I bet you haven’t even noticed the nice set of little titties or cute heart shaped rump you have developed. I released your real self today for a reason. Want to know what it is? No matter, by the time I’m finished with you, you will be the perfect daughter your mother always wanted. You will dress, act and even think like a girl from now on.

You’ll be so much of a girlie-girl that I wouldn’t be surprised if you got yourself a steady boyfriend. I could fix it so that you would believe you have always been a girl with a few extra bits but where is the fun in that? So I have decided to keep that which is you awake but unable to stop yourself from becoming the daughter your mother wants. Now do you have anything to say before I tuck you back into that little corner of your brain?” she said.

“Please, no, don’t do this to me. I don’t want to be a girl. I’ll do anything you say, just please, don’t do this,” he begged tears filling his eyes.

“I’m sorry Rickie but its way too late for that now. Besides, I’m having too much fun. Now I’m going to count to five and you will drift back deep into your own mind,” she stated with a laugh.

“Abigail do come in, have a seat on the couch and we’ll begin today’s session,” Thelma said warmly.

“So tell me, what you think of Richard’s look. I think he looks precious with that new hair style but as pretty as he is now, don’t you think he should be wearing nylons and dresses with a bit of makeup?” she said as Abigail sat down.

“Oh I just love the way his hair turned out. I don’t know what possessed me to suggest that cut and color but he does look divine. You know Doctor Vitner, I didn’t think about putting him in dresses or makeup but you’re right. He would look so adorable in a cute sun dress or mini-skirt. He does have great legs for a boy,” Abigail enthused.

“Ahhh, yes Abigail but don’t you have it wrong? Rickie is your daughter. Not your son. Does she remotely look like a boy? No, she is your daughter and always has been. Rickie is a ‘she’ not a ‘he’. It’s probably that little birth defect she has between her legs that is causing you so much confusion. When you leave today my aide will

give you the contact information for a wonderful doctor in Thailand that will get rid of that embarrassment. You want your daughter to have a happy life and getting this surgery will be for the best. You do want the best for your child don't you Abigail? Trust me, I'll contact the doctor and take care of all the details. So you will do this," Thelma suggested.

Abigail left the office feeling a bit worried but Doctor Vitner said she would take care of the details. It would be nice if her daughter was more normal but having surgery bothered her for some reason. She looked down at the piece of paper with the surgeons contact information again.

"I want what is best for my baby but going so far and having surgery doesn't sit well. Dr. Vitner has done wonders and I'm pleased with the results but....oh well...she's the doctor and knows what she is doing. Her advice hasn't been wrong, so I guess I'd better call and make the arrangements," she thought folding the paper and putting it into her purse.

Ooo

The trip to Thailand was both mentally and physically exhausting for both mother and daughter. The doctor on recommendations received from his friend Dr. Vitner, were done with precision. The nose was given a perky up turn, cheek and lip implants inserted and the reconstructive surgery performed. The doctor decided to add a free perk to Rickie's face, small freckles. When all the swelling and bruising went away, Richard possessed the face of a young girl.

While they were away Abigail had Richard's room completely remodeled. Gone was anything remotely masculine replaced with every girlie-girl's sugar and spice décor. The walls painted an egg shell white with pink and lilac floral boarder, the hardwood flooring covered with furry pale pink throw rugs and the furnishings were done in antique white with gold piping. White shelving had been added and filled with stuffed animals and numerous elegant dolls. His computer had been replaced with a new pink with white daisy appliqué one. Several framed posters of Disney Princesses hung from the walls. The linens were lilac satin and the comforter a plush bright white pillowed satin with pink rose buds decoration.

Seeing it, he thought it too little girlish but decided he could live with it at least for awhile. He was too busy trying to deal with all the changes the surgeon had performed. The first time he saw what had been done to his groin made him scream but that initial dismay had gradually become one of acceptance. His mother had done her best to cheer him up. She bought him some lovely jade pendant earrings, beautiful gold chains and the silk lingerie set that felt so good against his skin.

Abigail had some misgivings about what had been done but was more than pleased with the results. The surgeon had done a wonderful job and her daughter had nothing to be ashamed about now. She had had real doubts about her decision when Rickie reacted so badly at first but it was done. The doctor had told her that such reactions were normal and not to worry. After a week in recovery Rickie calmed down and seemed happy when she gave him a few presents. Seeing Rickie giggle as she held up the silk lingerie took away her misgivings. They spent the next two months in Thailand before heading home.

Ooo

They arrived at Thelma's office wearing matching yellow sun dresses and white strappy three inch sandals. When Thelma saw the final results was ecstatic. The surgeon had done a fantastic job on the face such that Rickard looked much younger,

more like a pubescent girl. Rickie had large expressive green eyes, cute little button nose, big full Cupid's bow lips and the freckles were to die for. Thelma decided then and there that Richard should spend some time as a younger girl. The hypnotic suggestions were implanted and all she had to do was sit and wait.

The next morning Abigail put her daughter's hair up into twin pony tails tied off with pink scrunches. For clothing she selected white nylon panties and training bra, white ankle socks with pink lace frills, pink bibbed romper with white cotton short sleeved blouse and white Kids. She allowed Rickie only a bit of pink lipstick and floral perfume for her makeup. When Richard saw his reflection complained bitterly about looking so juvenile but his mother shushed him.

"Rickie we're going shopping for some new things and you look perfect for the trip. Now when we get to Miss. Edna's, I don't want to hear a word of complaint or mommy will give you spankies. Understand?" she sternly stated.

Spankies? You can't be serious mommy," Richard replied confused.

"You heard me. I will spank your bottom right there if I have to young lady. So don't give me even the slightest excuse. If you cooperate I'll get you a couple of new video games. Now grab your purse and let's go," she snapped.

The shopping trip had been one embarrassment after another. Rickie had just turned eighteen and his mommy was treating him like a ten year old. He wanted to rebel but for some reason couldn't voice any objection. She had taken him to a large two storied house with a shingle hanging out front that said, "Miss. Edna's."

Miss. Edna was in her middle forties, petite in size, her black hair styled in a pixie cut. She was wearing blue jeans and white pullover top. A cloth measuring tape hung around her neck.

"You must be Mrs. Summers. Thelma told me you would be coming over today. I have some things put out that I think should fit Rickie. I can make whatever else you might need," she said answering the door.

Inside, the entire first floor was set up like a small clothing and seamstress shop. The living room had rows of tables displaying lingerie, the dinning room racks of dresses and another room devoted to sewing. There was a professional computer driven sewing machine, dummies and tables with various cutting implements and other seamstress necessities.

"As you can see I make specialty clothing for certain types of men but I do have a number of women that like this style. I mostly do to order but have a good inventory in the more common sizes. If we can't find the right size for Rickie, I can make whatever you want. Rickie, be a dear, and remove your clothing so I can get some measurements," she said.

Richard was curious as to why his mother brought him here instead of a regular department store but blushing removed his outer clothing. Miss. Edna took a number of measurements noting them in her book. When she finished she said that she had a number of items that would fit available.

Miss. Edna led them over to a table stacked with delicate lingerie. There Abigail bought him an assortment of panties only a little girl or sissy could love. Most of the panties were made of a very shiny soft fabric, brief styled with plenty of lacy ruffles across the bottoms in bright pastel colors. She also selected some with Disney character embellishments in bright primary colors. The training bras were all dainty made from the same shiny fabric with lace and ribbons even though his budding

breasts could easily fill an A+ cup. Camisoles and slips were purchased that matched the colors of his new panties.

Seeing Abigail pick out the Disney panties, Miss. Edna said, "If you like, I do baby apparel as well. I have a nice stock of cotton diapers and fancy plastic panty covers as well."

Hearing what she said, Richard's jaw dropped in disbelief. "It's bad enough mommy is treating me like a ten year old but I don't want to wear diapers," he thought.

He was about to voice his complaint when his mommy stopped him by replying, "Diapers, oh no, I had my fill of changing diapers years ago. I just want my little girl back for now but thank you all the same."

There was one negligee that fit. It was made of yards of the softest nylon tricot in a dark chocolate with lavish white lace trimming and satin bows. The nightie had thin round satin straps, round neckline and two ankle length skirts. The under skirt was dark chocolate nylon and the outer layer a translucent cream colored chiffon. The matching robe was sheer with balloon long sleeves trimmed in four tiers of white floral lace. Rows of white lace ran up and down the sleeves and trimmed the hems. It tied at the neck with a satin ribbon. The hems of the set brushed the floor when he tried it on but a pair of clear plastic mules with brown feathered toes and three inch heels solved that problem.

The dresses were next and it was difficult finding some in his size. Miss. Edna pulled a party dress from off the rack and gave it to Abigail. The emerald green satin and organza ruffled party dress was the most embarrassing of all the dresses selected. It had a square neckline, large chiffon tiered lace edged puffed sleeves that needed boning to keep their balloon shape with green satin ribbon ties, a tight fitting bodice with a wide band of green floral lace and box pleated full skirt with built in petticoats that flared from the hips. The hem of the dress barely reached mid-thigh. It tied in the back with a wide white satin sash into a big floppy bow. The dress was bad enough but Abigail also insisted that he get the big bonnet that went with the outfit. The bonnet was a concoction of emerald green satin with white ribbons and lace that made it look like a baby bonnet.

There were tears in his eyes as he modeled the outfit. He wanted to refuse most of the items his mother picked out but for some reason every time he started to say "no way" or "not in this lifetime" he couldn't say anything.

All Miss. Edna had to do was sew up the hem and tuck in the sides for the emerald dress to be a perfect fit. Two other outfits just needed minor adjustments and Abigail ordered three more custom party dresses in lemon yellow, apricot and lavender satin.

The car's trunk was full by the time his mother had finished shopping. Included with his new clothing were several pairs of Mary Jane styled shoes in white, pink, and black. He also had a new purse that, according to Miss. Edna, he just had to have. It was white satin in a heart shape with a decal of Barbie embroidered on it and a gold chain strap. It would be the perfect addition to his party dress.

He left Miss. Edna's wearing the last outfit he had tried on. It consisted of a white chiffon balloon sleeved blouse with a ruffled cravat, pale rose and pink mid-thigh flare skirt. White with pink lace ruffled nylon anklets and pink Mary Jane shoes completed his dressing. His lacy white satin training bra could easily be seen through the blouse.

As promised she stopped at the video store and told him he could buy any videos or games that he wanted for being such a good little girl. He wanted to head into the R-

rated section but found himself in the children's section. He couldn't figure out why he quickly picked out "Barbie's Design Studio," "Barbie's Princess Charm School," and several other games designed specifically for young girls. It was a very confused Richard that walked out of the store but for some reason happy with his selections. He couldn't wait to check out the Princess Charm School video.

Ooo

Thelma Vitner PhD sat behind her desk, smiling broadly as she closed the file in front of her. "Another case resolved to my satisfaction. Abigail Summers has the daughter she always wanted and Richard has accepted his fate. He knows he can't ever change back but is still stubborn. Tells me he'll never go out with any boy and that I can't make him do that. Well that last series of CD's will change his mind. It may take a bit but change he will and hate everything about it. Abigail will eventually have the son in law she has always wanted. I couldn't ask for a better result," she thought getting up and putting it into the closed case file cabinet.

The End...

THELMA VITNER PHD, ONCE AGAIN

By Cheryl Lynn

Thelma Vitner was sitting behind her large mahogany desk when her receptionist buzzed her on the intercom. "Mrs. Daphne De Cote is here to see you Doctor. She doesn't have an appointment but insists on seeing you. Shall I escort her in?"

"I'm free for the moment, so, yes, show her in," she answered.

"Ahh, Doctor Vitner, I have heard so much about you. I can't begin to thank you enough for seeing me," she said taking a seat. Daphne was a tall statuesque woman and dressed in a navy designer tailored skirted suit. Her Chestnut hair fell in waves down to mid-shoulder and immaculately made up. Everything about her shouted haute couture.

"Mrs. De Cote I have a few minutes. What is it exactly that I can do for you?" Thelma replied coolly. She had no idea of who the obviously very well to do woman was or what she heard. In her specialized area of endeavor she had to be careful.

"Abigail Summers suggested that I meet with you about my step-son. She told me how wonderful you were in treating her daughter. I'm in desperate need of your services. It's my step-son Jarred that has me at my wit's end. He has become impossible to live with since his father died. He has always given me trouble, done his best to destroy my marriage but now he absolutely refuses to do anything I say. He threw an ashtray at me yesterday when I asked him to stop pestering the maid. Mildred, my maid, is threatening to file sexual harassment charges if he doesn't stop. When he is not home, he is with his delinquent friends, smoking pot and getting drunk off stolen liquor. It was bad when school was in session but now he's becoming impossible. I am responsible for his care until he turns twenty-one and if things stay as they are....well..one of us will wind up dead. You have to help me," she begged.

"You know Abigail....well exactly what do you want from me? If he doesn't listen to you, how do you expect him to meet with me Mrs. De Cote?" Thelma asked with growing interest.

"Please call me Daphne. I've spent many a sleepless night over him but I don't know

really what to do. He is in desperate need of a total attitude change for one thing. He thinks he's another Brad Pitt and Daniel Craig all rolled into one. I'd like him better with much less macho role models. If you can do that, I'll go along with anything you suggest. I was hoping you might be able to make a house call. The only way I could get him to come with me would be in handcuffs," she replied.

"Daphne you look distraught, perhaps you will enjoy this CD of mine. It will relax and make your sleep less disturbed. Play it when you go to bed tonight that's the least I can do for you today. My calendar is full at the moment. However, I may have a day open next week. I'll have my receptionist call you then and confirm it," Thelma replied.

After Daphne left she sat back in thought. "I'll have to have her checked out. If she pans out then this might be one of my more fun cases. She did say anything I wanted would be fine with her. If Jarred is as bad as she indicates, well things could get really interesting."

Ooo

In less than a week Thelma had a thick file on her desk. As she perused the information, the bigger the smile on her face became. "Seems like Mrs. De Cote is filthy rich and her Jarred every bit the holy terror she claims him to be. Everything checks out. She's been listening to my CD for almost a week now and the subliminals should be working. Think it's time I called and set up an appointment," she thought closing the file.

Three days later Daphne was sitting before Thelma. "I can't thank you enough for deciding to help me Doctor. I tried to get Jarred to come with me but he absolutely refused as I told you," she said.

"Daphne it is my pleasure but first we have to clear some things up before I decide to actually take your case. Have you been listening to that CD I gave you?"

"Oh yes Doctor every night. I can't believe how relaxed it made me. I didn't have a single nightmare about my step-son all week," she replied happily.

"I'm glad it helped. Now you said I could have a free hand in dealing with Jarred. Is that true?" she asked.

"Yes absolutely Doctor. I trust you completely," Daphne quickly agreed.

"You indicated that you wanted your step-son to lose his macho manly attitudes and adopt more gentle ways. Is that correct?" Thelma asked.

"Yes, most definitely," she answered.

"Very well then I'll take the case but under the conditions that we just established. Once I start his therapy there will be no going back, understood?" Thelma said smiling.

"You're the Doctor and I trust your judgment," Daphne said smiling from ear to ear.

"Very good but you will need to bring him to see me next week. Before you say anything hear me out. I'll give you a drug that you can put in either his food or drink the morning of our appointment. It will make him drowsy, compliant and he will do what you say. Once he is under, command him to come with you to my office. You shouldn't have any problems getting him here. Now before you go I have another CD for you. Listen to it when you go to bed like the last one. Play them both and I promise you will feel much better in the morning," she instructed handing the new disc over.

Ooo

The following Saturday morning Daphne and Jarred walked into Thelma's office.

Daphne was wearing an expensive designer pants suit while Jarred wore black cargo pants hanging halfway down his butt and purple and gold tee shirt with a rapper's picture on the front. His black hair was in a low pony tail and looked like it hadn't been washed in months. He had a blank look in his eyes and moved slowly thanks to the sedative he had been given. Thelma told Daphne to take a seat while she took Jarred back into her private office.

Already in a relaxed state it didn't take her long to get him in a deep hypnotic trance. "Jarred, you are in a deep sleep but can hear my voice. Pay close attention to my voice and listen carefully. When you respond, you will tell me the truth. Now let us begin," she instructed.

After an hour Thelma learned a lot about Jarred and his feelings. She discovered that he didn't dislike his step-mother he loathed her for taking his real mother's place. He hated her for taking his father's attention away from him and the stupid rules she made. He thought that girls and women should be subservient to men. In his opinion girls were good for only three things, looking pretty, having babies and keeping house. He was also a homophobe and thought they should all be put away.

"Men should be men and girls should be girls. There's no place for inbetweeners and they aint gay they're just queers," he stated.

His commentary made Thelma's decision on his treatment all the more appropriate. He was still in a deep trance but she knew that only so much could be done in just one session. "Jarred I think all your problems stem from the fact that you have a very small penis and balls. Men with small penises and balls often feel threatened by women and manlier gay men. No matter how much you stoke it or pull on it, it won't get any bigger. It's just a tiny little weenie with small marbles in a shrunken sack. I'm going to give you a CD that I want you to listen to every night when you go to bed. Listen to it carefully as it will help you compensate for your little men. When you come back next week, as soon as you hear me say 'pretty panties,' you will go into a trance. When I count to five you will be fully awake, refreshed and remember none of what we talked about. One, two..," she said.

"That went well," she thought after her patient left with his mother. "After listening to that CD for a week he'll actually believe he has a small penis and balls. I instructed Daphne to mention how small he was whenever he gave her any lip. He'll be so embarrassed he should stop whatever sass he was giving her. With him believing that he has such a small package his ego will shrink and make him more susceptible to suggestions."

Three days later Jarred was in the bathroom. "OMG! I can't believe that I've got such a small dick and balls. I remember it being much bigger but now it looks so small. Must have been the shower that shrunk them," he thought as he began pulling on it.

When it stayed flaccid despite all his wanking, he gave up in frustrated humiliation. He had no idea that between Thelma's and the CD's instructions, his normal sized penis wouldn't react to his stimulus. With it laying limp in his hand, the idea that he had a very small penis and balls was firmly implanted into his mind. With the thought implanted, he couldn't get the idea out of his head and it bothered him more with each passing day. His step-mother's references to how small he must be only aggravated the situation.

By the end of the week Jarred was feeling very insecure about his masculinity. His bravado and blustering waning along with his confidence as his ego shrank along with his penis and balls. Believing that he had very small genitals made all the sexual

innuendos about being so small true for him as well. In fact he was still average in size but his mind perceived it to be less than half that. His little problem was getting so bad that when he was with his friends smoking and drinking he became very shy whenever they made sexual comments. By the end of the week smoking and drinking weren't as much fun as they had been. It was a much less aggressive Jarred that went to see Dr. Vitner.

Ooo

Jarred was sitting on the examination table as Thelma gave him a physical. She performed a routine examination which didn't bother him too much. It wasn't until she did the anal prostrate and scrotal hernia checks that his face flamed red. Her comments about his severely under developed genitals were mortifying and confirmed his perception.

"OMG! It's true they are small. I thought I was normal once but now if a doctor says I'm small it must be true. I've never been this embarrassed. It would be bad enough if a male doctor told me that but a woman...a woman doctor makes it so much more humiliating. My dick was supposed to impress women but she said no woman would....would want me...I want women to be impressed. Not this...she has to be able to help me. There must be some way to make it bigger," he thought as he got dressed.

"Doctor is....is there..anything you can do to...to you know...make me bigger," he asked.

"Well Jarred I'm afraid there isn't much I can do to fix your ...ahem...little problem. However I can give you an injection that might help. I also have a CD that will help but you have to listen to it every night when you go to bed," she said trying to sound concerned and not totally succeeding.

She gave him a shot in his round bottom containing female hormones and a CD without a label. She also handed him a bottle of pills to take just before going to bed that would help him sleep. The pills would help him sleep but also make his mind more susceptible to suggestion.

Ooo

"You have an itty bitty penis. A sissy penis and balls."

"A sissy penis and balls."

"Having such a small penis and balls then makes you a sissy."

"You are a sissy."

"You have an itty bitty sissy penis and balls."

"You are a sissy." The first CD echoed softly into his mind.

By the end of the week Jarred was convinced that he had was a sissy. However he thought that just having an itty bitty penis and balls was what a sissy was. After his next visit to the good doctor where he got a booster shot and another CD, he started to learn differently.

"You have an itty bitty sissy penis and balls."

"A sissy cannot pronounce the letters "R" and "L."

"Sissies talk using "W" in place of "R's" and "L's."

"Sissies use the letters "TH" in place of "D's."

"You are a sissy so you must talk like a sissy."

“You have an itty bitty sissy penis and balls,” the second disc repeated over and over.

Ooo

“Well Mrs. De Cote how do you think Jarrod is doing?” Thelma asked at their next session

“Doctor his attitude has changed some. I mean he still tries to upset me and sulks most of time. All I have to do is remind him what a small package he has and he stops giving me problems. He’s started to talk funny. Like he talks like a toddler you know. Earlier he came home with a bloody nose and some scrapes and bruises when his friends beat him up. Talking the way he does now that didn’t surprise me and I’m more than happy that he won’t be seeing that bunch again. Other than that he’s not changed a whole lot. He’s still smoking pot and stealing alcohol from the cabinet but not as often. I have to admit that it is a bit better than before but still needs a lot of improvement,” she answered.

“It’s only been three weeks but I promise that from now on you will see a faster improvement in his attitude. It’s my premise that Jarred’s anti-social attitudes come from a deep seated insecurity complex. Deep inside of him resides a simpering sissy. In this macho world he has to put up a false bravado but we will change all that. However, we must proceed slowly or the shock will be too great on his system. You said he was speaking like a toddler but I say he’s letting his true self begin to show. He’s talking just like a sissy would. Don’t you agree?” Thelma stated.

“Now that you mention it Doctor, yes, I guess you’re right. I never would have believed it if you hadn’t just told me. He’s been so...so macho. Why he’s never acted the least bit sissy before. Do you think he may be gay too?” she replied stunned.

“I haven’t gotten that far into his inner self yet but it’s possible. It could be that’s one of the reasons for his actions and behavior. I’ll look into it. I have another CD for you. Listen to it tonight and I’ll see you in a week,” Thelma said.

When Daphne left Jarred entered her office, “Hello Jarred, pretty panties,” she greeted. He immediately fell into a trance.

“Take your pants and undershorts off and tell me what you see,” she stated.

“I see a itty bitty penis and bawws,” he sorrowfully answered.

“Having an itty bitty penis and balls makes you what Jarred?” she asked.

“It makes me a sissy,” he blushingly replied.

“Very good Jarred, by recognizing that you’re a sissy will help you better understand who you are and I can cure you that much quicker. Let me give you a booster shot then you can pull up your pants,” she said.

Jarred and his step-mother left the office each with a new CD. Thelma sat back in her chair with a satisfied smile. “This is going better than I thought. Daphne fully trusts my judgment and will go along with whatever I suggest. Jarred will embrace his sissy hood consciously but subconsciously will hate every second of it. After a few days listening to those new CD’s he will be wearing pretty panties and training bras. Daphne will be delighted and more than willing to help him bring out his inner self. Of course she will hate what he is becoming as much as she did his old self. What real woman likes a simpering sissy male but she will do her best to bring him out. I wonder if I should change her subliminal tapes to make her really baby him. It might be fun to see her carrying around a diaper bag. No, I’m going too far with that idea. I’ll save that idea for another one of my patients,” she thought.

Ooo

“You have an itty bitty penis and balls. You are a sissy.”

“Sissies wear pretty panties and frilly bras.”

“Sissies love wearing pretty dresses and fancy shoes.”

“Sissies are obedient especially to women. You will be obedient.”

“You are a sissy,” repeated over and over as Jarred tossed fretfully in his bed.

Meanwhile Daphne heard, “You will help Jarred become the true sissy that he is.”

“Jarred is just a great big sissy.”

“Sissies are perverts but obedient.”

“You love the fact that Jarred is obedient.”

“You will help him become a sissy as he will be obedient.”

“You demand that he become obedient.”

“To be obedient he must be a sissy.”

“You will help Jarred become the true sissy that he is.”

At their next session with the good doctor Daphne had brought her maid Mildred along with them at Velma’s insistence. Mildred spent an hour with the doctor under hypnosis where she was informed that she would be Jarred’s governess. It was going to be her duty to bathe, dress and treat him like the helpless sissy he was becoming. She was given her own series of CD’s and instructed to listen to them before going to bed.

“You want to get back at Jarred for all the mean things he has said and done.”

“You get a thrill out of seeing him behave and act like a simpering sissy.”

“Being a sissy is what he deserves.”

“He has an itty bitty penis and balls. So he should be a sissy.”

“You get pleasure seeing him become a sissy,” Mildred’s CD reverberated in her mind. The additional CD’s reinforced the first and added other instructions. Instructions that would help her accept and treat Jarred as an eight year old girl.

New CD’s were given to Daphne and Jarred as well. These CD’s would make Daphne promote Mildred to governess and enforce his sissy behavior and dress. Jarred’s would further implant the notions that he loved being a sissy. All in all, Thelma was very pleased with the progress she was making.

Three days later Daphne called Mildred into her study and told her of her promotion to governess. Mildred for her part accepted the offer but there was a twinge of something not being right about it. The first thing she did that evening was take Jarred into his bathroom, strip him and cover his body from the neck to his toes in depilatory cream. There was no way an eight year old should have all that body hair. Jarred wasn’t cooperative until she commented about his itty bitty package and slapped him hard on his round bottom. When she pointed out that sissies didn’t have gross body hair, he reluctantly did as he was told.

He was embarrassed and humiliated lying in the tub while she bathed him, never more so than when she washed his groin. He tried to rebel again when she brushed his teeth and cleaned out his ears.

“I’m not some wittwe baby,” he screamed.

“No you’re not a little baby. You are a little sissy with an itty bitty package! Now let me finish my job,” she snapped in reply.

As she was running a towel through his long hair she said, “Sissies should have cute curls. Tomorrow I’m going to take you to my hairdresser and get you a nice sissy perm. Maybe even get it bleached. Sissies should have honey blond hair,” she said.

“OMG! Did you see the look on his face when I said that? I can’t believe how much fun I’m having making this bastard look like a sissy. Pay back is a bitch so they say, so I guess I’m one great big bitch,” she thought.

Jarred couldn’t believe what Mildred said. “What? No fuckin way! I don’t want a pewm or my haiw changed,” flashed through his mind but before he could voice his objection another stronger voice in his mind said, “You are a sissy. Sissies love having a perm and honey blond hair.”

While those thoughts bounced around in his head, Jarred’s facial expression did the same. With the first thought, it expressed shocked surprise and horror then faded into a vacant eyed stare. Finally he nodded his head in acceptance.

“I weawwy don’t want my haiw curwed but I’m a sissy. Sissies shouwd have curwed haiw,” he thought as the subliminal suggestions over came his true desires.

That next morning Jarred was standing in the corner naked, his body flushed a bright pink. Daphne was sitting at her computer entering orders at several web sites. Mildred was standing looking over her shoulder with a wicked smile on her face and a cloth measuring tape slung over her neck.

“OMG! I can’t believe that she’s going through with it. I can’t believe I’m helping but that little bastard deserves this and more. She’s even made me his governess of all things. This is positively sick but I’ve never felt so alive. I’ve taken shit from him since the day I started but now it’s time for payback. I’m going to relish it no matter how perverted and sick all this is. To think that he’s been a sissy all along, never would have guessed that until I had that talk with the Doctor,” Mildred thought as she looked on.

Daphne had ordered a number of items for Jarred and shut down her computer.

“Alright Jarred you can come out of your corner. Maybe the next time you won’t put up a fight when Mildred needs to take a measurement. I put overnight rush on all my orders so perhaps day after tomorrow you will have a bunch of new pretty clothes. Doctor Vitner said the sooner you look and act like a proper sissy, the sooner you will be cured,” she said.

Jarred meekly followed Mildred covering his itty bitty penis and balls with his hands. Daphne laughed and Mildred giggled at his efforts which made him blush all the more. He was mortified when Daphne demanded he strip in front of the help but for some reason couldn’t disobey. As Mildred measured, she made sure to comment on his itty bitty penis and balls just as the doctor ordered. She didn’t understand why because he looked normal to her sight but she followed orders. His reaction to her comments however made her smile in satisfaction.

“Bout time the little bastard was taken down a notch or two,” she thought. Then said, “Ma’am, I was thinking with what you just purchased that maybe you should get him a nice perm and honey blond coloring. My stylish is real good and I could...” Mildred began but was interrupted by Daphne.

“Why didn’t I think of that? Mildred that’s a brilliant idea. When can we get it done? Tomorrow morning....her earliest opening? Darn, I’ve got something I have to do.

Would you mind taking him? Great, I hate to miss that but take me some before and after pictures. I'm starting an album that the doctor suggested so Jarred would have a nice history of his changes," Daphne asked.

That next morning Mildred and Jarred went to the Cut n Curl salon. Jarred gave a shudder as they stepped over the threshold but offered no other resistance. He was introduced to the stylist Madge and escorted to her chair. Madge was middle aged, plump, wore too much makeup and an old friend of Mildred.

"Well what do you want me to do with this sissy?" Madge asked Mildred.

Jarred could hear a bit of distaste in her voice, cringed in shame but managed to say, "Pwease, I don't want a pewm. Couwd you just give me a twim."

"You're a sissy! You are too silly to have an opinion. Now keep quite and let us grown ups make the decisions," she snapped then turning her attention back to Madge continued, "I was thinking a tight perm and honey blond color."

"Oh no, not for a sissy like this one, no a sissy like this need tight tubular curls and brassy blond color. Doing it your way would make him look too much like a real girl if he dressed correctly. How come he's dressed as a real boy? When we talked on the phone you said he was a sissy. I was expecting to see something a bit more poufy," Madge said as she began shampooing Jarred's long hair.

"His mother is taking him to get proper lingerie this afternoon and ordered a whole bunch of dresses off the internet. I can't wait to bring him back for a touch up wearing one of those cute satin, organza and lace party dresses. You remember the kind our mother's use to make us wear when we were little," she replied.

"Oh gawd yes, and all those itchy crinolines. I can't wait to see him mincing around dressed like that," she laughingly replied.

When Jarred left the salon his hair was colored a deep brassy blond and in a very old fashioned style. The top was set in three rows of tight flat horizontal curls, fluffed up at the crown with a bright pink satin floppy bow then descending in a fan of tubular curls to his neck. Across his forehead, the bangs were set in tight pin curls reaching to just above his eyebrows. Winding tendrils of hair hung down beside his ears. Thin satin bows with long streamers were fastened to the end of each tendril. Madge didn't stop there. She had his nails extended an inch beyond the fingertips and painted a vibrant pearl pink, plucked his brows into fine feminine arches and pierced his ear lobes twice. Each delicate lobe had a golden hoop and pearl stud.

Jarred felt like every eye was on him as he slowly walked to the car. He wanted to run but Mildred held his hand tightly while grinning like a Cheshire cat. She was surprised at how much she was enjoying his humiliation. "I hope Mrs. De Cote decides to take me along when she buys him his lingerie. That would be such a hoot," she thought.

When Daphne got home she made a big fuss over his hairdo and earrings. "Oh what a delightful sissy you are. Mildred your stylist is a genius. Jarred what do you think of it? You should be pleased how beautifully it came out. With that color and style no one would guess that you're anything but a sissy," she said.

"Mommy, I...I hated it at fiwst but....I wike it now," he softly replied blushing anew. He didn't understand why he liked it. No boy in his right mind would ever consider getting his hair styled like that or the other things that had been done. Inside he was crying over it but was unable to fight the unwanted changes.

"Mildred why don't you come along with us. Dr. Vitner recommended this fantastic place downtown when I was with her this morning. It's called The Pink Cloud. Come

along Jarred, it's time we got you some appropriate clothing to match your new sissy look," Daphne said.

The Pink Cloud was located in an older part of the city. It was in a two storied building with a bright pink awning. The first floor contained a vast array of vintage clothing from pill box hats to foundation garments and dresses. Half of the second story was laid out in a dance studio format with mirrored walls and the other like a lounge with a bar, vintage fifties era jukebox, dance floor and intimate seating.

They were met at the door by a tall stern looking older woman. She was wearing a long billowing sleeved white satin blouse with a floppy bow at the neck and mid-calf black woolen straight skirt. Her salt and pepper hair was in a tight bun with a yellow number 2 pencil stuck into it. A bright red slash painted her thin tight lips and a pair of turtle shell reading glasses hung around her neck by a golden chain along with a cloth measuring tape.

"Hello ladies, I'm Madam Primrose and welcome to my shop. How may I be of service today?" she greeted in a firm voice.

"Hello, I'm Mrs. Daphne De Cote and this here is Mildred, my sissy son's governess, and Jarred. Dr. Vitner suggested we visit your establishment," Daphne replied.

"Ahhh, yes, Dr. Vitner, she called earlier and told me you might be stopping by. Please follow me. I'll give you a tour and let you know of all the services we offer," she said.

She led them over to lingerie. There she picked up a purple bra with stiff bullet cups. "As you can see I only carry vintage lingerie. This is a bullet bra, very popular in the fifties and early sixties. It has spiral layers of stiff fabric to give it the pointed bullet shape. Back then women wanted a nice sharp crease at the bosom. This one is new, never worn like most of my intimate apparel. Here are the matching brief styled panties. You will note that the nylon is translucent and has a nylon crotch. Nylon crotches are not absorbent and back in the day caused some discomfort. The hemming at the legs is fine floral lace. Most lingerie from that period was not designed for comfort but rather to refine the feminine image. I have a few matched sets consisting of panties, bras, both panty and long-line girdles, garter belts and waist chinchies," she stated sweeping her hand over the piles of clothing.

"I remember my grandmother wearing that. Her lingerie looked very uncomfortable but was beautifully decorated. I especially adored the heavy lace frills and embroidery on her slips and camisoles. You certainly don't see that any more," Daphne said.

"No you don't dear. Like I said, lingerie was not designed to be comfortable. It was to enhance the feminine figure. Here look at this full slip. The fabric absolutely shimmers and the lace detailing finely done across the bodice. I particularly like the embroidered floral design flowing from the cups to encircle the upper torso and the four inches of lace hemming. No, they don't make them like this anymore," she replied.

Putting the slip down, she moved them over to the foundation garments. She removed several items from the display case spreading them out on the counter top. "Here's one of my favorite and most complete sets," she said.

All the pieces were a pastel apricot with bright apricot satin panels and either a floral or fern embroidered pattern in a chocolate colored thread. There was a panty girdle, long-line girdle with an elaborate flue de leis pattern embroidered into the large diamond satin center panel, bullet bra with translucent floral lace overlay covering the cups, wide garter belt embroidered and lace frilled with six garters. Chocolate satin bows decorated the metal tabs at the end of the garters. The wire boned waist chinch looked rather plain in comparison to the rest only having chocolate floral lace at the

hems. The final item looked like a thong but on closer inspection prove to be an old fashioned sanitary belt.

Madam Primrose noticed Daphne's interest and picked it up. "Now this is a sanitary belt that was most uncomfortable but oh so necessary. Women didn't have the choices they do today when it comes to their monthlies. This was a bit more comfortable in that it has a wider floral lace waist band and the over lapping lace panel a plastic lining. I have a number of boxes of vintage pads if you're interested. When worn, it feels like you are wearing a pillow between the legs but women didn't have a choice," she stated.

They spent some more time examining the many nightgowns and negligee sets available. The sets ranged from frilly double layered baby dolls to elaborate floor length. All were in nylon or nylon and chiffon combinations in bright colors or muted pastels. Once they had examined the first floor offerings they went upstairs.

"This is our training room. Here Ms. Edna, my partner, teaches poise, manners, deportment, grooming and voice. I also provide instruction in ballet and ballroom dancing as well. In the other room we provide a safe secure place for our darlings to learn necessary social graces. Once a month our clientele meet to interact, dance and form relationships. Perhaps you would like to enroll Jarred into our instructional programming?" Madam Primrose asked.

Throughout the entire tour Jarred kept telling his feet to turn and run but was incapable. By the time they reached the second floor he was sweating and blushing crimson. "Why can't I wun away fwom hewe? I don't want to be here much wess any of this stuff. Oh, come on feet move!" he thought in panic but unable to reverse his conditioning.

By the time they left the Pink Cloud, Jarred owned more vintage clothing than he thought he could wear in a year. He had been stripped completely and measured over most of his body by Madam Primrose much to his mortification. The most embarrassing item was the lavender satin with pink lace trim rubber lined penis and testicle sheath. Once tied at the base, long ribbon streams were pulled tight forcing his penis back between his legs and tied off around the waist. The tip of his penis was exposed so he could sit down to pee.

The apricot foundations were a bit small but he wore them. His male ego cringed and shrank into a tiny ball as Madam Primrose fitted him with the sanitary belt and thick pad. His ego shrank even more when he stepped into the matching panties and long-line girdle. The size C cups of his bullet bra sagged until they were filled with soft pink pads. His beige chiffon balloon sleeved blouse stood out crisply from his pointed chest. It's very full lacy jabot tie bounced enticingly with every movement and the chocolate lace of his full slip could be seen. To go with the blouse, Daphne selected an above the ankle pencil skirt with kick flap in a black satin. His smooth legs were clad in ecru seemed hosiery. His feet enclosed in tight beige satin open toed pumps with a two inch heel. For accessories he was given a thin gold leather belt, black satin with ruffled netting brimmed box hat, white cotton gloves and large black patent leather letter purse with gold clasp. A two strand pearl necklace, solitaire pearl ring for his left ring finger and white plastic bangles for his right wrist completed his dressing.

All three were loaded with bags as they slowly made their way back to the car. Their pace was slowed by Jarred as he wasn't use to walking in heels. Mildred had to hold his arm the entire way. Daphne was more than pleased by the events of the day.

"I'm so glad that I signed him up for those comportment lessons and the monthly get-

togethers. I can't wait to see my darling sissy dancing with some cute boy. It will do him so much good to meet and associate with other boys like him. I was so afraid that he would be stuck alone. I had no idea there were so many sissies living here in the city. I bet he will look lovely wearing the satin and lacy party dresses I ordered on line. Vintage is nice but those on line items are to die for," she thought as they reached the car.

Dr. Thelma Vitner: Once Again, Again

By Cheryl Lynn

Jarred sat in the backseat in total misery as they left the Pink Cloud. Between the pencil skirt which forced him to keep his legs pressed tightly together and the unyielding foundations, he was very uncomfortable. He was also in some pain. The long-line girdle was crushing his lower ribs and the penis sheath was digging painfully at his groin. His mind was racked with new sensations caused by his clothing and appearance which drove knives into his male ego. As much as his mind told him to fight his body would not respond.

"I look like some perverted freak looking and dressed like this. I don't understand why I can't fight back. I hate everything about this. Nobody, absolutely nobody looks or dresses like this. Why is she doing this to me?" his mind sobbed.

When they arrived back at the house, Mildred took charge and marched him to his room. There she started him removing labels and price tags. With the tags remove, she demonstrated how to properly fold them and hang his dresses on pink cushioned hangers. Now that his dresser was filled with lingerie he had no place for his boxers, socks and tee shirts. Much to his dismay she made him place all his boy underclothing into large black plastic trash bags.

"Jarred take those bags to the dumpster. With all your pretty sissy clothing you won't need that anymore," she ordered.

"No! Feet don't move. Don't do it!" his mind screamed as his body moved to obey.

His mental struggle was fierce but in the end the bags went into the dumpster. As he minced to the dumpster, the pull and tug of his foundations were ever present in his mind. The tight restrictive skirt hampered his movements making him take small dainty steps. These sensations almost made him forget the constant bouncing of his stiff curls on his neck.

He hesitated at the back door. The dumpster was located by the side of the garage and visible from the street. If someone was walking by he would be clearly visible. It had been bad enough leaving the Pink Cloud where he was seen by a few strangers. However being seen in his own neighborhood would be mortifying. He tried to turn away from the back door but once again failed. He tried to move quietly but his heels click-clacked loudly, sounding like cannon shots to his ears, on the concrete. Fortunately no one saw him. Beads of sweat glistened on his brow. His breathing was fast and shallow as he made his retreat.

When he got back to his room, Mildred was placing pink floral scented satin sachets into the dresser drawers. She had also made a few other changes. All his posters of heavy metal bands and rap stars were gone. Looking wide eyed around his room, he also noted that his stacks of music CD's and video games were missing. His X-box and NuTone CD six disc player were still there but none of his stuff. He stood horrified

as understanding of what she had done hit him. Despite the fact that she was still in the room, he rushed to his closet.

"If you are looking for those horrid girlie magazines, they're going into the trash as well. I guess for someone with a little peepee like yours, those magazines are as close as you will ever get to a real woman. With that little wiener of yours, the only thing it's good for is wanking. You can forget about doing that from now on. The penis sheath will see to that as it will only be removed for cleaning. Gawd, what a horrid little boy you are and to think you're eighteen going on nineteen. I thought boys your age would have other things to do beside wank on their itty bitty bits," she snapped.

"But.....bu.....," he replied blushing fiercely.

"No buts! You are nothing but a prissy little girl! Prissy girls do not have rooms like this sty. We'll redecorate it to be more accommodating to your nature. Now take these other bags to the trash and get back here. I still need to get you bathed and in bed," she snapped.

Ooo

The shopping excursion the next morning was pure hell. His torment started when Mildred gave him his morning bubble bath and didn't end. She dressed him in his new baby blue long-line bullet bra, the old fashioned sanitary belt and pad and matching panty girdle. White nylon knee high socks with stay up lace welts and black patent leather open toed three inch spiked heeled pumps quickly followed. Standing on wobbly feet, she buttoned a powder pink chiffon capped sleeved blouse with ruffled rounded collar that flared under his chin up his back. A baby blue bibbed romper with a pleated mid-thigh flare skirt and wide shoulder straps that fastened with large gold buttons completed his dressing. He was handed a blue patent leather letter purse with thin delicate strap and white gloves before leaving the house.

Like the day before Jarred's mind was blasted with thousands of sensations caused by his clothing. There was a new more bothersome sensation as well. It was a very disturbing feeling of fullness between his legs caused by the thick sanitary pad. He knew what a pad was used for and the knowledge made his ego cringe in disgust. He was relieved not to have to wear the pencil skirt but due to his higher heels was forced to take small mincing steps. The loud click-clacking of his heels on wooden floors and concrete echoing in his ears only added to his misery. None of his sensory organs were spared from what he was quickly becoming and reinforced his conditioning. Even that part of him that was still the old Jarred was beginning to question who and what he really was.

From the house they went to The Little Darlings. This store specialized in young girl's furnishings. There Daphne purchased some lovely furniture for Jarred's room. A pale wine colored chiffon canopied white spindle bed with the headboard decorated in a colorful floral arrangement was ordered. Along with the bed came two bedside tables and a dresser with the same floral pattern. To go along with the bedside tables, two porcelain princess lamps with pale wine pleated shades were selected. The last item was a matching vanity with lighted beveled glass mirrors. It had pleated satin skirting with cushioned bench seat. In addition to the furniture, she purchased new linens in a small floral print along with a bright white with red rose bud print satin quilted comforter. Daphne arranged for her purchases to be delivered that afternoon and the old furniture removed.

From there they went to a toy store. There Jarred found himself the proud owner of a fancy doll house, several Ken dolls, Barbie doll clothing sets and one large very pink

fuzzy teddy bear. Besides the doll toys, doll lingerie and doll dresses, he was given several video games like “Mega School Girl Dress Up” and “Princess Barbie’s Playroom.” As a final insult to his masculinity, a complete set of play makeup was purchased. That particular purchase was Mildred’s idea. She said it would be a perfect way for him to learn how to use big girl makeup without making a real mess.

The final stops were to acquire suitable decorations for his room. Furry pink throw rugs, wine colored satin drapes for his window, two gold framed pictures of Victorian girls in fancy dress, a large framed ballerina poster, two books of love poetry, a dozen Justin Beiber CD’s and as a final touch, a large poster of a body builder wearing a thong.

Back at the house he had to clean up his room before the new furnishing arrived. As he was doing that Mildred was hanging his new drapes. They were just finishing up when the furniture arrived. Jarred stood off to the side as his old furniture was removed and the new took their place.

“I don’t like the way those men keep looking at me. Oh no, I can’t stand seeing this. It was hard for me in that store but this is horrible. This is so permanent,” he thought.

Once his furniture was in place Jarred began putting that day’s purchases in his room. Mildred had him put the fancy doll house in a corner then strip his Ken dolls and replace their clothing with Barbie’s. The teddy bear went on the bed. While he was busy redecorating his room his new Justin discs were playing.

“I hate that singer. He’s such a loser and looks like a girl,” he thought.

Ooo

Thelma sat behind her desk with a very satisfied smile as Jarred shifted nervously in his chair across from her. He was wearing his matched set of orange lingerie under a pinkish-orange taffeta little girl’s party dress. Seemed white hosiery, orange satin three inch spiked open toed pumps and a small white straw box purse with pearl handle sat in his lap. The dresses Daphne had ordered from that web site had arrived that morning and he hated each and every one of them.

This dress had humongous boned puffed translucent pastel orange chiffon short sleeves trimmed in three tiers of white lace and thin bright satin ribbon bow ties. The tightly fitting bodice had a rounded neckline trimmed in lace with two rows of white satin bows descending down into the narrow waist. The high waist lace hemmed skirt flared out with the help of stiff white net and nylon yoked petticoats trimmed in orange satin bows. A wide white satin sash fashioned into a large bow at the back of the juvenile dress. His hands were covered in white gloves, a very large white satin bow adorned his head and a thin gold chain dangled around his neck. Mascara, pink lip gloss and a heady floral/spice perfume completed his look.

“What the fuck have you done to me bitch!” he tried to scream but spoke softly.

“Nothing that your mother didn’t want,” she began but was interrupted.

“She’s not my mother! She’s a bigger bitch than you,” again he tried to shout but couldn’t.

“Now, now Jarred watch your language. Maybe she’s not your mother but she is in charge of you until you reach the age of twenty-one. What’s that, three years, yes, so until then you will look, act and behave as she desires. As you may have guessed, she wants an obedient prissy girl and that’s what she will get. I let your real self out today for the simple reason to hear how you felt about it,” she continued.

“Ho....how I feel about it? How the fuck do you think I feel about it! I hate it! You can’t do this to me! It’s perverted! I’m not some fucked up fairy! You’ve got to stop this and do it now,” he softly said. His voice may have come out sounding soft but inside he was furious.

“OMG, this is too much fun and he looks so...so girly. He’s moved so fast into his new role in life I’m a bit surprised. I know my programming is good but adding those drugs has made it marvelous. I’ll need to do that with my other clients. Seeing these results and planting the idea that he only has three years of punishment when it’s permanent just made me cum in my panties. How delightful,” she thought.

After she pushed Jarred’s real self back into a deep corner of his mind, she dismissed him and told Daphne to come in. “Daphne I have some new CD’s for Jarred that will help him adjust to his new studies. Yes, I want you to enroll him in Mrs. Edna’s etiquette classes at the Pink Cloud. Don’t you think that would be a wonderful new experience for him? Yes, I thought you would agree. You might also want to consider sending him to their weekly social get-togethers. It would be a shame to keep him closed up at home all the time. He needs to get out, have some fun and mingle with others like him,” she said.

Ooo

Much to Jarred’s horror having to wear sissy outfits and dress in restrictive underclothing were just the beginnings of his new life. Not long after his visit to Dr. Vitner, he was enrolled into Mrs. Edna’s charm school. He had to attend her classes at the Pink Cloud six hours a day Monday through Friday. For his first lesson, Jarred was wearing red foundations and white nylons under a very pretty red satin party dress. This dress was similar to the other in that it had very large boned puff short sleeves and rounded neckline. However this one had pale red chiffon rising from the bodice into a frilly high collar tied off with a thin red satin ribbon bow. Instead of taffeta this one was constructed of heavy bridal satin. The skirt was a bit shorter and flared out horizontally to reveal a wealth of starched white crinolines heavily decorated with red satin bows and lace. He wore the same style shoe but in a bright red patent leather. A large floppy red satin bow was attached to his head and white gloves were on his hands. He carried a red satin heart shaped little purse on a golden chain.

Mrs. Edna was the stereotyped grandmother when he first met her. She had grey hair styled in a tight bun on the back of her head, round face with too much makeup, black horn rimmed glasses and full figure. She was wearing a white cotton blouse, black straight skirt, ecru support hose and black block heeled sensible shoes. She smelled of vanilla with a hint of liniment.

She proved the adage that you can’t judge a book by its cover as soon as the class started. She was very strict, demanding and made liberal use of a short riding whip to ensure an enthusiastic participation. There was one other student named Patsy Anne. She was about his age and height with blond hair cut into a cute bob. She appeared to be a real girl from the way she dressed and looked.

He soon discovered that Patsy Anne was actually Patrick Arthur and under his older sister’s domination. Patrick’s parents had passed away and she had been appointed his guardian. Now he was being paid back for all the trouble he had given her in the past. Apparently Patrick had done something that had scarred his sister horribly. Besides being boys forced to dress like females, they had another common denominator. Doctor Thelma Vitner had both of them as patients. The big difference was that Patsy Anne was being treated as a girl his own age while Jarred as a little prissy girl.

The Mrs. Edna's approach to teaching was the etiquette and feminine behaviors popular in the early nineteen fifties. They were drilled in everything from manners and poise to speech and vocabulary. In Jarred's particular case everything was carried to the extreme. For example, Patrick was taught to put a little wiggle in his walk while Jarred had to really jiggle his booty. Additionally, Patsy Anne was instructed to walk at a natural feminine gate while Jarred learned a runway model's heel and toe stride. The lessons were hard and demanding but they both became apt pupils under her stern guidance.

When he arrived home after classes, he was given an hour to relax. If you can call sitting on the floor in front of a doll house playing with Ken dolls dressed like Barbie or skipping around the room while holding a pink stuffed bear relaxing. Finished playing he would have to do his homework. Mrs. Edna had given him Amy Vanderbilt's "The Complete Book of Etiquette" to memorize. It was a daunting task and would be tested on his studies daily. He was given other books over time that included ones on fabrics, cosmetics, a woman's guide to sexual relationships and doll collecting.

Before going to bed Mildred made him sit at his vanity and practice applying his makeup techniques. Once he mastered those techniques, Mildred had him use real makeup. The trip to Macy's cosmetics counter had been mortifying. He was stared and laughed at but Mildred made him tell anyone who asked that he absolutely loved being a prissy girl and just had to have makeup.

There wasn't a single thing about any of his lessons that he liked and especially hated the female to male personal relationship instructions. Another thing he came to hate was his penis restraints. Mildred would change them every day which was embarrassing but with it on he couldn't jack off. He was left sexually frustrated even if he had a very small penis and balls. However his new CD's made him actively participate in his learning experiences.

"You are a prissy little girl with an itty bitty penis and balls."

"You desperately want to learn how to act and behave like a proper prissy girl."

"You want to be beautiful and wear makeup."

"You love wearing pretty foundations and soft sensual clothing."

"You love frilly little girl party dresses."

"You want to learn all you can about fabrics and cosmetics."

"You want to learn how to act and behave at your prissiest best."

Ooo

It was the end of the month and the social agenda at the Pink Cloud called for ballroom dancing. Jarred had been to a few of those meetings already and hated them. He would have to dress up for those occasions in a frilly satin or taffeta party dress and full makeup. The first time he was amazed to see seven other boy/girls in attendance besides Patsy Anne. All of them more advanced than he was in their training.

What surprised him the most was that three of them with the most training, Muffy, Buffy and Priscilla, seemed to really enjoy being boy/girls. They could talk for hours about their boyfriends, fashion, the latest Hollywood gossip and music as if they were real Valley bimbos. Muffy was nineteen but looked to be sixteen or seventeen. He had powder pink hair styled in a stiff big hair flip, pillowed lips painted a lustrous pearl pink, constantly chewing bubble gum and spoke in a ditzy high pitched voice.

Buffy was similar to Muffy except he was twenty and looked much younger. His below

the shoulder length hair was a platinum blond, wore outlandishly elaborated eye makeup and her Cupid's bow lips painted vibrant red. They could both pass in public as high school cheerleaders.

Priscilla was also nineteen but an exaggerated girly-girl. His shoulder length brown hair fell in soft curls down to the shoulders. He usually wore floppy bows or artificial flowers pinned to the side of his head. The eyes were covered in large round turtle shell framed glasses, makeup and dress suitable for a prissy girl. The big difference between Priscilla and Jarred was that Jarred was a little prissy girl. Being advance students, Jarred never met their sponsors.

The other three were showing varying degrees of acceptance. Henrietta, Daisy and Heather were outwardly behaving correctly but if closely examined could see revulsion to dislike in their eyes. Henrietta was prim and proper like a church lady. His dress was conservative and makeup at a bare minimum, eyebrow pencil, mascara and face powder. What drew attention, were the DD breasts pushing out his blouses and dresses. His shortest skirts were no higher than just below the knee and often wore ankle length gingham dresses or skirts. His blouses were always starched cotton with a high collar in either white or black. His black hair was always in either a tight bun or French braid. His shoes sensible with one inch block heels. His figure was tightly corseted judging by his small eighteen inch waist and strict upright posture. His sponsor was the Reverend Beverly Snow who was also his mother. She was the pastor at radical feminist evangelical church. Jarred couldn't tell if the revulsion he saw in Henrietta's eyes was because of his dressing or the fact that he was so plain and unadorned.

Daisy dressed and appeared like a wholesome country girl. Jarred was envious as sometimes Daisy wore skin tight blue jeans, frilled cowboy shirt with the first three snaps unbuttoned and cowboy boots to the meetings. He had modest C-cup breasts but they looked natural unlike some of the others. His hair was usually styled in a flowing ponytail and a soft auburn color. There was even a cute splattering of freckles across the button nose. His makeup style was very modern in that he did his best to appear as though he wasn't wearing any. His sponsor was his spinster great aunt Dortha Dix and a local dairy farmer. What Jarred saw in his eyes was just plain fear.

Heather's hair was also auburn in color with even brighter red highlights and styled in tight Shirley Temple curls. His eyes were his most unique feature. They were a deep emerald green with flecks of gold. Those eyes would draw attention away from his too large nose. He usually wore full skirts with lots of crinolines and frilly blouses with appropriate makeup for the occasion. His sponsor was an uncle who worked in the theater as a choreographer. What Jarred saw in those beautiful eyes was resignation.

The last, Pauleen, made it no secret that he hated everything he was being forced to do. He was the oldest of the group at twenty-three and the least feminine. He looked like a man in a dress. He had a cleft in his wide chin, prominent Adam's apple, large hands and feet. He was being forced to act and dress like he was by his grandmotherly looking wife. He had married her for her money and didn't pay attention to the pre-nuptial contract. Now he was paying for that inattention and locked in chastity. If he didn't do what she demanded, he would be kicked out on his ass with no recourses or way to get his specially made chastity off. He often said that if he had known she was a closet lesbian and dominatrix things would have been different.

Jarred didn't have to look twice to see the horror in those eyes.

The group could mostly pass as female unless closely examined. Maybe a too large Adam's apple, eyes spaced too far apart or too strong chin but their manner and dress

would pass casual inspection. Some even had real breasts. The three that enjoyed being girls easily passed inspection except for a more intimate one. Most had had some plastic surgery to enhance their appearances. Another fact that Jarred discovered was that all of them except Pauleen, were patients of Dr. Vitner.

Normally they sat around taking and listening to music. There were finger sandwiches and soft drinks available as they were encouraged by Mrs. Edna to socialize. The socializing process was setup like a speed dating service. They would move from table to table, chat for fifteen minutes before moving on to the next one. Once they all had a chance to chat, they were required to dance for the remaining hour.

During each meeting there was a set topic for them to talk about. There was a purpose to these discussions. Ms. Primrose wanted them to act like normal girls as they interacted. In that first meeting the topic was fashion. They had to enthusiastically discuss their personal fashion likes and dislikes with their companion. Mrs. Edna's whip ensured cooperation.

The end of the month dances were the most humiliating and overseen by both Ms. Primrose and Mrs. Edna. While they could sometimes miss a weekly meeting, the dances were required attendance. What made these events so bad was Mrs. Edna had men who appreciated such girls attend. They would be paired off and have to spend the entire evening dancing and socializing. Most of the girls had boyfriends that came to the dances. The rest of them, Mrs. Edna selected their dates. The only good thing that could be said for these dances was that the girls got to have some white wine and the gentlemen whatever they wanted. No one was allowed to have more than two alcoholic drinks.

After his first dance session Jarred was an emotional wreck inside but his body tingled in sensual overload. He was paired with a much older man, Deacon Elliot. Deacon was in his mid-forties with salt and pepper hair in a pompadour style, well dressed with a trim mustache. The music was all slow romance songs and he was forced to dance with close body contact. By the third song he was being held in a tight embrace as they danced, his arms lying over Deacon's shoulders, head pressed into his chest.

As they moved about the dance floor, Jarred became aware of a strange pressure on his upper thigh. When he realized that it was Deacon's erection pressing against him, his eyes flew open but couldn't react. To add to his discomfiture, his neck and ears were being kissed and lightly licked as they danced. At the end of the night, he was even more upset when Deacon kissed him soundly on the lips adding a bit of tongue at the end. As Deacon left the room, Jarred saw him slip Mrs. Edna some bills. From that dance forward Jarred was always paired with Mr. Deacon Elliot.

Ooo

Thelma was reviewing Jarred's case file with a satisfied smile. "He is progressing nicely. Had a small recidivism after that first dance at the Pink Cloud but that was to be expected, however, the latest CD will resolve any conflicts. Daphne will need some prompting as well. She seemed concerned that he was paired with a much older gentleman named Deacon Elliot. I think an older man would be good for Jarred. I'll need to get some background information on this Mr. Deacon Elliot before I encourage her which way to go before our meeting at the end of the week," she thought.

Within a few days Thelma had a folder on her desk. Her private detective's report was interesting to say the least. Apparently Mr. Elliot had a thing for young girlie boys but would never actually try it with one underage. Seems like he adores little girl fashions and activities. He also had a few other kinks but nothing that would put anyone in

danger. He was moderately rich and owned a very successful real estate agency.

"I don't think I will have any problem with placing Jarred under Mr. Elliot's tender care. As a matter of fact, it would be interesting to see if Jarred could be regressed into an eight or nine year old girlie-girl. Of course he will really hate that but that's the whole point of my therapy. If he were allowed to enjoy it then where is the punishment? Well, she is due here any minute. Best get her new CD ready," she thought.

Ooo

Jarred tossed and turned the night after his visit with Dr. Vitner. He had complained about having to dance and suffer the unwanted attentions of Mr. Elliot. All she did was give him a new CD to listen to explaining that it would help.

The sounds of soft music accompanied by a mid-summer rain played in the background as he slept. Repeating over and over the CD instructed.

"Since you have an itty bitty penis and balls no woman can love you."

"You want desperately to be loved."

"Deacon Elliot can overlook your itty bitty penis and balls."

"You are a prissy girlie-girl."

"Deacon Elliot loves prissy girlie-girls."

"You are a prissy girlie-girl who loves Deacon Elliot."

Ooo

He was wearing his best outfit for his sixth dance at the Pink Cloud. This was the very first time that he was actually looking forward to it. After his bath, he spent careful thought as to what he would wear. Finally he selected his purple with violet accented lingerie. For some reason he felt a bit sad at his small A-cup sized breasts. All the other girls at Mrs. Edna's except for Pauleen had nice breasts. His chest had been itching and sensitive over the past few months but only recently blossomed. It bothered the real Jarred locked away in the recesses of his mind. His conditioned self seemed pleased with their development.

For his outerwear he chose a purple bridal satin party dress with large violet chiffon puff sleeves threaded with thin purple satin ribbon bows and tiered lace cuffs, round neckline, tapered waist and above the knee length full skirt. The skirt's hem ended in four inches of delicate floral lace. Under the skirt he was wearing three violet net crinolines, white seemed sheer hosiery and purple satin three inch spike heeled pumps. A single strand pearl necklace adorned his neck and white satin gloves covered his hands. A bright stiff large white satin ribbon with long dove tailed streamers was pinned at the top of his head.

After making sure his white satin patent leather clutch purse contained his necessities, he checked his appearance in the mirror, patting a stray bronze curl back into place. He was a little apprehensive as he went to meet Daphne who was taking him to the dance. His nervousness came from that small corner of the brain that was the real Jarred. From the way his body was acting he knew that something bad was going to happen.

At the dance he smiled broadly seeing Deacon enter the room. Before that little corner in his brain could react, Jarred was skipping as fast as he could to greet Deacon. It didn't matter that his skirts were swishing and flapping exposing his pretty crinolines as he moved to meet his date. Even more foreboding to Jarred, his body went up on tip toe and kissed Deacon right on the lips. A move that made the real Jarred want to

vomit.

“I can’t believe that I just did that. I should be tossing my cookies all over the place and what’s with this skipping shit? Nanny Mildred makes me skip during play time after my lessons but why now?” he thought.

When they danced, Deacon’s hands constantly moved over Jarred feminized body. His hands traced the bra’s band, slid down his sides and occasionally cupped his ass always clutching their bodies close. When they went to sit, Jarred would lift his skirt and petticoats, turn to the side and give his butt a little wiggle as he nestled down on Deacon’s lap. Every now and then Jarred would wiggle his ass making sure that the erection pressing against it didn’t soften. When he did that Deacon’s hand which was under his skirt would squeeze Jarred’s upper thigh and rub it along the stocking welt. Other than kissing their actions were limited by Mrs. Edna. She approved and encouraged this sort of hanky-panky but would allow it to go no further.

“Deacon is old enough to be my daddy but he kisses so sweetly. I think I love him,” flashed through his mind despite the screaming, “No! No! Stop this! This is sick!” thought.

When Daphne came to pick him up Deacon asked her permission to date her precious daughter. Daphne’s smile broadened as Jarred blushed scarlet. The blush was all the real Jarred could muster in way of protest. He was hoping with all his might that she would refuse Deacon’s request yet there was an overriding desire for her to say yes.

“I don’t mind but you should really ask Jarred. He’s old enough to make up his own mind,” she replied with a laugh.

“This was unexpected but I wonder what Jarred will say? From that blush I would guess he’s embarrassed that a man old enough to be his father would want to date him. I probably should have said no but Dr. Vitner said that I shouldn’t be surprised if Jarred would like an older man. Something about a father figure and being good for him,” she thought.

“I wouwd weawwy wike to do dat mommy,” he responded.

“OMG! Did I just say what I thought I said? I don’t want to go out with that dirty old man or any man for that matter. Daphne didn’t force me to say that but I did anyway. Why do I feel like I have butterflies in my stomach and all giddy at the same time? I can’t stop myself,” Jarred thought horrified at having no control over his body’s actions.

Ooo

That next Friday night was to be Jarred’s first date. He was agitated over what to wear. The biggest part of him wanted something sexy while that small portion preferred a suit of armor. He had gone to the Cut and Curl to have his hair re-set and colored, his long nails painted deep red with little bunny decals applied and professionally made up. Madge had used a lip enhancing glistening fire engine red lipstick that really puffed up his lips. Otherwise she kept the makeup to a minimum. He was so happy with the results that he gave Madge a pretty curtsy before skipping out the door. The curtsy was one of the more uncomfortable lessons Mrs. Edna insisted he learn as it was another strictly feminine act.

For the first time since beginning to dress, he was not going to wear a girdle or penis sheath. Mildred had said that they only got in the way when going out on dates. He was puzzled but glad he wouldn’t have to wear the binding garments. He selected again at Mildred’s recommendation, white lingerie. One of his new A-cup bullet bras,

brief styled panties with floral lace at the waist and legs, wide satin garter belt with floral embroidery and small pink bows at the center and covering the metal tabs and white stockings with lace welts. At the center of the welts, a pretty pink bow with short streamers was attached.

A white and pink detailed dress was selected for this first date. It, like most of his other party dresses, had very large bone supported puff chiffon sleeves, empire waist line fitted with a pink satin sash that tied in the back into a large floppy bow and four inches of pink floral lace at the hem. As a finishing touch, he put on his pink patent leather Mary Jane tap shoes with a three inch block heel. The built in pink crinolines adorned with bright pink satin bows made the full skirt flare out slightly above mid-thigh. If he bent slightly, the lace welts of his hosiery would be visible. Bending more would reveal his bright white satin panties.

A large pink satin bow with streamers reaching past his neck was pinned to the top of his head, pink lace gloves on his hands, pearl necklace and pink plastic heart shaped purse with Justin Beiber's picture on it completed his dressing. Other than touching up his lips all he had to do was spray a spicy floral scented perfume on and he was ready to go.

Standing before his full length mirror he looked like an over grown little girl. His conditioned brain absolutely loved the image reflected back from the beveled mirror. His inner self loathed the look and despaired. With each step the metallic tip-tapping of his shoes were like nails being driven into Jarred's remaining manhood.

It seemed like in no time at all Jarred was seated close to Deacon in the front seat of his big Mercedes. His skirts and petticoats spread out on the seat as he was kissed deeply by an appreciative man.

"Oh my darling little girl, you look positively delicious. I thought we would go back to my place tonight. I have a special room that I'm sure you will just love. While you are with me I want you to call me Daddy and I'm going to call you Amy. Would you please me by doing that?" he said when the kiss broke.

"Yeth, suwe Daddy," Jarred dutifully replied smiling.

Deacon's house wasn't a mansion but a respectable 3,200 square feet with a two car attached garage. They entered through the kitchen and went to Daddy's special room. It was a large room and the walls were painted in muted lavender. The parquet flooring had a few white fuzzy throw rugs on it. The window treatments were in a pinkish orange satin with white chiffon overlay. Most of the paintings on the walls were of floral still lifes except for one large poster sized prima ballerina wearing a sequined lavender costume with a fluffy white tutu. A white enameled brass queen sized bed with lavender satin linens and powder pink quilted satin comforter was off to one side. A white bedside Queen Ann styled table was next to the bed, a ceramic ballerina with a pink pleated shade on top. A matching dresser, rocking chair and vanity completed the furnishing.

The rest of the room was devoted to a little girl's play room. A large very expensive Victorian styled doll house filled a lot of the area. Next to the doll house was a chest containing all sorts of doll clothing. On numerous shelves were all kinds of dolls, stuffed animals, feminine nick-knacks, and books. The books were all written to interest little girls. There was a separate section that held paper doll cut out books along with a pair of blunted elementary school scissors and large bottle of white paste. Hanging from hooks were jump ropes and hula hoops. A number of games and DVD's were also in the room like Hop Scotch outlined on the floor, jacks and a complete

collection of Shirley Temple movies. A pink combination television and DVD player was tucked away in the corner.

The attached bathroom was all pink and white. A large white footed tub and ample sink area filled most of the room. The strangest thing about the room was the toilet. It had a large pink potty chair attached to it. Jarred's eyes widened in shock seeing that particular feature.

"Amy sweetie, you are a little prissy girl. I don't think you're quite ready to use a regular potty so I had this installed. Daddy will have to help you when you go potty as you won't be able to sit on it by yourself. Also, when you spend the night with me, I will want you in a nice comfy diaper and pretty plastic panties. I can't take chances that you will wet those pretty satin sheets," he explained.

"Bu....but Daddy," Jarred started.

"No buts Amy, now come along and let's watch a Shirley Temple movie while you sit in Daddy's lap," Deacon stated.

Back in the room, Daddy removed his pants, jacket and shirt but left his boxers and undershirt on before selecting "On the Good Ship Lolly Pop." When he had the movie playing, he sat Indian style on the fuzzy rug nearby. Amy lifted his skirt and crinolines and settled his pantied bottom between Daddy's legs. As he settled into Deacon's lap, he could feel a very hard erection pressing between his cheeks. Daddy's hands went under his crinolines and began slowly rubbing Amy's panty covered crotch. It wasn't until that moment that Jarred realized why Mildred told him not to wear his sheath and girdle. Those realizations made him want to jump up and run away as fast as he could. Instead he found himself rocking his ass back and forth slowly.

Ooo

Doctor Vitner was more than pleased with the outcome of Daphne de Cote's case. Daphne was having a great time out on the social scene, Mildred was perfectly satisfied not having to put up with a very annoying and disruptive boy and Amy, nee Jarred, was spending most of his time loving and being a little prissy girlie-girl. Since Amy would be moving in with Daddy next week, Thelma decided that her work was done. She picked up the rubber stamp and marked in red ink "Case Closed." She raised her snifter of McAllen single malt in toast to the closed case.

The End