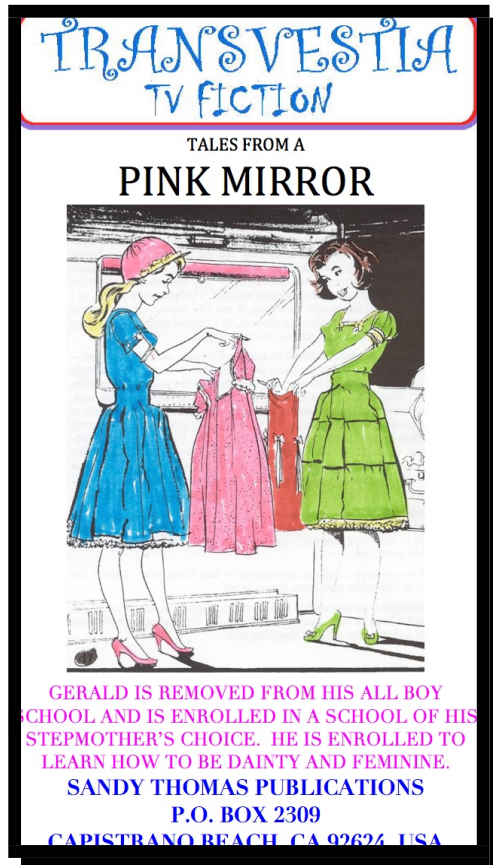


TRANSVESTIA FICTION CLASSICS

Volume 3

MY PINK MIRROR

By Sandy Thomas



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QUOTE BOARD

**“It's worth getting pregnant just for the
breasts.”**

MY PINK MIRROR was written many years ago at a time when gender roles were much more rigid. Women were not allowed in many places without a dress and high heels (plus a proper girdle). For men, only white shirts and skin were allowed in some major corporations. Women were only secretaries or waitresses and were expected to wear their skirts and pointy-toed high heels and be happy. The young men in this story are only subject to the same social pressures and training that the women of that time endured.... (and still somewhat do.)

MY PINK MIRROR

Sandy Thomas Edition

Seated before my dressing table mirror, the filmy chiffon of my negligee daringly parted to reveal rose-colored tips of my maidenly charms. I peer critically at the pretty face before me; ivory complexion, delicately rose-tinted cheeks, arched pencil thin eyebrows, lips reddened into a Cupid's bow, and oval features framed by beautifully coiffured blond tresses.

I smiled back from the depths of my pink mirror. My thoughts stray back over the years and wonder if I would not have been happier as I was, rather than this exquisitely feminine person.



I was in my teens when I received a letter from my father telling me that he had remarried and planned for me to leave the boarding school which had been my home since the passing of my mother, some five years previously. The thought of leaving all my friends and my well established routine saddened me. I would have

to relinquish my captaincy of the baseball team and my coveted positions on the football and basketball teams.

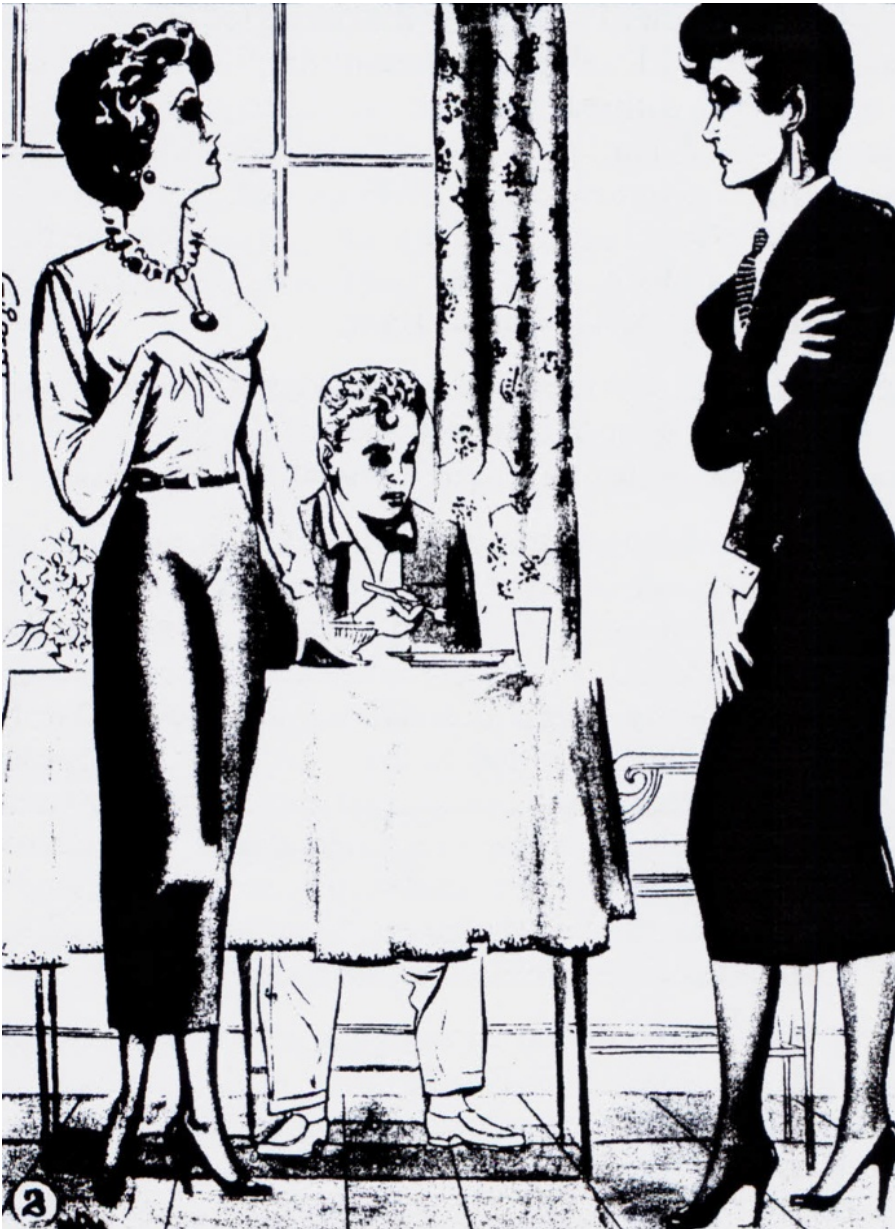
Before I could write to father telling I would rather stay in the boarding school, my stepmother and he arrived. She was a striking brunette of classic figure alluringly displayed by her chic clothing. There was little warmth in her greeting, "You'll be very happy in your new home Gerald." Her expression implied, "So I'll have to put up with you."

She continued, "I can only hope you will behave yourself in a gentlemanly manner, or else."

I took an immediate dislike to her, one that has lasted over the years. After bidding goodbye to my good friends, we departed for my new home. On the journey, my stepmother ignored me completely, telling my father her plans pertaining to my schooling, etc. I couldn't help but notice that she seemed to dominate him completely, as he agreed with her every suggestion. I realized that I would be at the beck and call of this woman, whom I must call 'mother' as father's business necessitated long periods of travel.

We drew up before a spacious house, surrounded by well-kept grounds. Father put his arm around my shoulder and remarked, "Plenty of room for you to play, son."

A haughty butler admitted us, his expression picturing his obvious distaste at having a spirited young man dashing in and out of the house. A smartly uniformed maid minced by to pick up my luggage. The hallway reminded me of my former home, and I almost expected to see my mother coming forward, her pretty face lit up with the joy of seeing me again.



I was quickly brought back to reality by my stepmother, speaking sharply: “Gerald! Wipe your feet before you enter! Goodness! Didn't they at least teach you that at school? I simply won't have my rugs tracked up with dirt. Do you understand?” Now I was certain that life was to be unpleasant for me with this woman.

The maid hovered nearby, and I was told that she would show me to my room. As I followed along after her swaying skirts, my stepmother called after me: "Don't forget to take your bath and dress for dinner, Gerald!" Gosh! I even had to dress for dinner. How I wished I was back at school again.

Dinner was an unpleasant experience for me, as nothing I said or did seemed to please my stepmother. Even father suggested that perhaps she expected to much of a spirited young man, only to be silenced with a glance. To make my discomfort complete, father announced that he planned to leave the following morning for an extended business trip. I thought I caught a glimpse of an amused little smile playing about my stepmother's lips, as she studied my reaction to his announcement.

I came down to breakfast the following morning to find that father had already departed. I had barely taken a mouthful, when my stepmother remarked: "Your father and I discussed suitable schooling for you Gerald and we-" the manner in which she said it, I knew it was her own idea..."decided that it would be in your best interest to employ a governess who will live here with us. She is a very capable person, and I know you two will get along very nicely. In fact, she should be arriving any minute now." I winced. Boys my age do not have a governess.

"But why can't I attend a regular school?" I protested.

She smiled knowingly as she replied: "I know what is best for you Gerald," then burst into gay laughter at my dejected expression. Before we had finished breakfast, a maid ushered a severely, almost mannishly dressed woman of grim mien into our presence. She simply strode into the room.

Was this person to be my governess? The thought sent a chill up and down my spine, for obviously she could be capable of almost anything. My stepmother presented her as Miss Jones, and she bestowed what she considered a smile on me. It was more like wrinkled leather. “I am certain that Master Gerald and I will get on splendidly,” she remarked in a deep tone. It held a veiled threat of what would happen if I did not. My stepmother suggested that I go out into the gardens and amuse myself, as she had many matters to discuss with Miss Jones, who reminded me that young gentlemen always excused themselves when leaving the presence of ladies. “And don't forget to wipe your feet before you come in,” I was reminded. Life was to be very unpleasant.

Some time later, I saw them being whisked off down the driveway in the auto. I wandered over to chat with one of the gardeners. There was to be some consolation, for they were gone most of the day.

Days passed in which, no matter how hard I tried, nothing I did seemed to please my stepmother or Miss Jones. I was constantly being scolded for this and that. “Don't shout!” “Don't run!” “Don't this, don't that!” All I heard was don'ts. One afternoon, as I completed my studies, Miss Jones announced that my stepmother had invited a few of her friends for tea, and that I was to be presented to them. A grimace appeared on her lips, as a pert maid entered and announced that everything was ready for me. As she departed, she gave me an amused glance, then started to titter. Obviously I was in for some unpleasant surprises. “That will do for today. Now run along to your room and change. You'll find everything laid out for you.” Miss Jones waved me out of the room.



Consternation seized me on entering my room. There, spread out on the bed was an ensemble of 'sissy' clothing. A black velvet Lord Fauntleroy suit, the collars and cuffs deeply trimmed with lace; opera-length black silk stockings; patent pumps with silver buckles...even a

dressed wig. I dashed out of the room in search of Miss Jones to demand why these 'sissy' garments were in my room. Surely they didn't expect me to submit to the indignity of wearing them.

Miss Jones came striding down the hallway. "Why aren't you disrobing?" She demanded, taking a painful grip on my ear and propelling me back into my room.

"I won't wear those 'sissy' clothes!" I shouted defiantly.

"Stop shouting at me!" she exclaimed, boxing my ears. "You will wear whatever your mother wishes. Do you understand?" she shook me to add emphasis to her words. "Now undress yourself while I prepare you bath!"

"I won't wear 'sissy' clothes! I won't! I won't!" I stormed at her, stamping my feet for emphasis. "What you need is a switching!" she retorted, her tone signifying the pleasure she would take in laying one across my buttocks.

She dragged me over to the bed, and taking a leather strap from her pocket, fastened my wrists to a bedpost. "Now we will see if you will learn to behave yourself!" she announced lowering my trousers.

A moment later, I heard a swishing sound, and glancing about, saw her flailing the air with a length of willow. A moment later, it cut across my buttocks. I screamed as it bit into my tender flesh. It rose and fell with regularity, until I was reduced to a state of tearful submission.

"Let that be a lesson to you!" she panted, laying aside the switch and releasing my wrists. My hands sought my inflamed buttocks, as I stood there whimpering with pain. "Now undress yourself!" she demanded, striding out of the room.

I slipped on my robe and made my way to the bathroom. Miss Jones glanced up as I entered, remarking that my bath was ready. Then, with an

amused grimace, dangled a supporter fashioned of flesh-colored rubber before my eyes. "This will serve to keep you modest in the presence of ladies," she chuckled, offering the garment to me. With that, she left the room.

To my chagrin, I found that the bath water had been perfumed. There was deep humiliation at every turn. When I had completed my ablutions, I found myself femininely scented. I went crimson at the thought of what my classmates would have said. The supporter fit snugly, uncomfortably tight, yet I dared not refuse to wear it. One glance at the red welts across my buttocks was sufficient to crush any resistance. Slipping on my robe, I returned to my room to don the 'sissy' clothes.

Miss Jones came in as I was drawing on the stockings. "You really have girlish legs," she teased. How hateful she could be, referring to my legs...which had carried me across goal lines and around bases...as girlish.

Having drawn on the stockings, Miss Jones handed me a pair of ribbon-covered, elastic garters and instructed me to place them high up on my thighs. The pumps were sizes too small, squeezing my feet painfully; but worse, they had high heels. "They will make you mince like a pretty 'sissy'!" she teased.

The suit was most humiliating...a one-piece garment, buttoned at the back. She quickly imprisoned me in it, then arranged a wide white sating sash about my waist, fashioning the fringed ends in a large bow on my left side.

"My what an improvement!" she declared, as I stood there with tears coursing down my cheeks. A maid was summoned, and she came mincing into the room carrying a tray of makeup things.



When she spied me, she exclaimed in delight, "Isn't he cute!" her capable little hands deftly applied powder, rouge, lipstick, and eyebrow pencil, then fitted the wig to my head.

Its long curls cascaded over my shoulders. Ordered before a mirror to view myself, I was crushed, emasculated. In those hateful 'sissy' clothes and wig, the awful truth dawned on me...I did look like a pretty sissy'. Before marching me down to the drawing room,

my hands were encased in tight, glistening white lace gloves.

My entrance brought on a burst of delighted exclamations from the little group of fashionably dressed women. "How sweet! Isn't he cute! He's adorable! Tears dimmed my eyes.

My stepmother ordered me to parade up and down before the delighted and amused women. One inquired as to my age, and I burst out, "Too old to be dressed like this!"

One lady exclaimed, "How rude! My daughter was a tomboy at his age. I have the cutest idea," she hesitated a moment to gain their attention, "wouldn't it be amusing to dress him as a girl on his birthday?"

A wave of gaiety swept over the group, and they clamored for my stepmother's approval. To my relief, she replied, "We'll see!" Another remarked that I appeared a little round-shouldered, and suggested a corset on her daughter remedied it.

In fact, they vied with one another in offering exotic humiliations to be imposed on me for their amusement.

As the afternoon wore on, they invited me to sit on their laps to be petted and fondled as a child, and when teas was served, I had to submit to the shame of being arrayed in an embroidered, beribboned white pinafore apron, to 'protect' my pretty clothes.



At dinner that evening, my stepmother announced that she was so delighted with the sensation I had created in my 'sissy' clothing, that she intended to have me dressed in that fashion at all times. Time brought tears to my eyes. "I declare, he even weeps like a girl," Miss Jones teased.

That was the final straw. Pushing back my chair, I leaped to my feet, yanking off that hateful wig. "I won't

wear 'sissy' clothes! I won't! I won't! I won't!" I screamed at them.

My stepmother looked astounded at my outburst, while Miss Jones' expression became even grimmer than before. "Let me attend to this!" she exclaimed, rising and moving towards me menacingly. I retreated before her, only to trip over my heels and fall to the floor. She reached down and yanked me to my feet, her fingers biting into the flesh of my shoulders. "I'll teach you a lesson you won't soon forget!" she stated with grim determination, as she marched me out of the room.

"I'm sorry Miss Jones," I whimpered as she pushed me up the stairs. My plea fell on deaf ears as I was shoved into my room! With that she ordered me to bed.

Another ensemble of 'sissy' clothes was imposed on me, this for taking an airing in the garden with my stepmother or Miss Jones. There were...opera-length black silk stockings; knee-high, laced, white lace boots with painful pointed toes and 2" heels..."To make me mince daintily"...Miss Jones explained; snug fitting, little black velvet shorts, these buttoned on the sides with large pearl buttons; a girl's white satin blouse trimmed with lace; a flowing buster brown pink silk tie arranged in a bow under my chin; a short black velvet jacket and a sailor straw with ribbon streamers. An added humiliation was that of wearing a lacy sissy collar about my neck.



One morning at breakfast, my stepmother announced that she was taking me shopping. Up to now I had been subjected to the titters of the maids, and the laughter of the little coterie of my stepmother's friends...now I was to be exposed to further humiliations by being prodded in public. My frantic protests fell on deaf ears. When the chauffeur saw my 'sissy' attire, he

had difficulty to refrain from laughing in my face. I was shamed to the point of tears; but knowing that undoubtedly this would be amusing to my stepmother, I managed to hold them back. As we neared the city limits, I asked, "Mother, can't I stay in the car while you do your shopping?"

She smiled down at me, as she replied, "Of course not dear! I wish everyone to see how smartly I dress my son!" She patted my cheek with her gloved hand. I winced when I thought of mincing along beside her an object of derision in the eyes of passerby. It turned out that way, for I heard remarks as: "I wonder why she dresses her little girl in such a boyish fashion!" or "My dear, do look at that adorable `sissy!'"

It became almost unbearable when little girls started to titter and point, and boys whistled. I wanted to shout my protests, even run away, and I would have, if it had not been for the threat of the switch hanging over my head.

The real purpose of the tour became evident, when she stopped before the windows of shops displaying frilly girl's garments. The terrible truth dawned on me. With my birthday only a matter of days away, she planned to carry out the suggestion of those hateful women. I was in tears as we entered one of the shops, where she announced loudly that she wished to purchase an ensemble of girl's clothing for me. The several clerks vied with each other in bringing out the daintiest of undergarments...elaborately frilled panties and petticoats...and charming little dresses which were held up before me for her selection.



She even explained that they were to be a birthday present as I was turning fourteen. A ripple of excitement passed among the amused clerks as they

each talked of how wonderful it was that she would buy me such pretty things. Before we departed from the Shop, I was subjected to the utter indignity of being dressed in those garments by the delighted clerks. I almost thought that my stepmother would make me wear them home.

Upon our return, my stepmother told Miss Jones about all the pretty clothes she had purchased for me. "The ladies will be simply thrilled," Miss Jones declared.

When bedtime came around, after arraying me in a frilled girl's nightgown, she applied cream to my face and fitted on a beauty mask. As a precaution against my removing any of the hateful garments, the back of my nightgown was fastened with a length of satin ribbon in a firm double knot. I cried myself to sleep, praying that my father would return soon and put an end to their scheme to feminize me.

The morning of my birthday, after my usual scented bath, Miss Jones fitted me into a new restraining garment, this a pair of white lace panties, reaching from well up on my stomach to my thighs with openings for my legs. There were laces at the back to draw them so tight, that they became a part of my flesh. Later that day, I was to find myself thankful for wearing them.

As Miss Jones fastened a padded bras over my chest, she whispered, "Perhaps some day you'll..." The inference was obvious and my cheeks crimsoned. There followed, dainty, lacy and be-ribboned panties; stiffly starched petticoats barely reaching to within inches of my knees and flaring out from the waist, and over these a pink, ruffled taffeta slip. She laced my white boots considerably tighter than usual and replied to my complaints "That is was necessary to feminize your legs".

My dress, white organdy, the bodice, embroidered with flowers, fit snugly over my bras and flared out prettily from the waist. A wide pink taffeta sash ribbon added a 'Little Girl' effect. A maid applied makeup and tied a large pink hairbow to my wig, remarking on what a lovely little miss I made. I could have chocked her for saying that. Escorted before the cheval mirror between them, I found myself staring thru tear dimmed eyes at myself, reduced to a child of size.

"She's really quite lovely, isn't 'she'!" Miss Jones teased, and the two women burst into peals of gay laughter. My stepmother declared herself delighted with my appearance. Before I was allowed to sit at the table for breakfast, I was arrayed in a pinafore and bib.... "Just like a little girl," she teased. The remainder of the morning was spent in teaching me to courtesy before a mirror.

As the day went on, I strengthened my determination not to allow my stepmother and Miss Jones to turn me into the sissy. They were obviously scheming to do so, for before me stood a disheveled, petticoated and frocked teen aged boy, cheeks streaked with makeup, eyes dimmed from tears, and...worst of all...a close-cropped head, to add to the ludicrous picture.

The sibilant swish of silk caused me to whirl about. It was Miss Jones. "Please, please don't switch me. I'll never let it happen again!" I pleaded, my bravado evaporating in her presence.

"No, Gerald," I heard her reply, "I am not going to switch you, even though you deserve it. The idea of acting in such an unseemly fashion before your mother's guests. No, there are other ways to control your boyish spirits." She laughed and ordered me to disrobe.

No switching? Then this could mean but one thing... she had an even more severe punishment in

mind. "But of course you will go to bed without your supper," she informed, gathering up my discarded garments. More childish treatment means being sent to bed without supper; punishment suited to a four-year-old.

"Let this be a lesson to you," she remarked.

The next morning, Miss Jones prepared me for my visit...the frilled blouse and flowing tie, the black velvet shorts, which when worn over my panties, allowed the hems to peep out from under each leg. White socks and patent cross-strap pumps, and of course my hands imprisoned in the creaseless white gloves. When I heard her instruct the maid to make me as pretty as possible when applying makeup, my hands formed into fists... the leather would have split had I closed my fingers. This amused them no end.

I entered the car after my stepmother, and we were whisked away to our destination...a country estate with a long curving driveway leading up to the house. A smartly uniformed maid took my stepmother's wraps and ushered us into the drawing room. I had planned just what I would say to this boy if he made any hounding remarks about my attire.

A fashionably gowned, rather pretty woman rose to greet us. My eyes darted about the room in search of the boy. He was nowhere to be seen. What a relief!

"So this is Gerald," the woman exclaimed, smiling down at me and offering her hand. "What a charming little person he is!"

"This is Mrs. Perkins, Percy's mother," I was informed. "And how is Percy today?" my stepmother inquired.



The woman replied, “He is in the gardens taking an airing with his Mademoiselle.” So he too had a governess...that was some consolation. The two women chatted about matters of feminine interest and I took up

a magazine, studied the pages and wondered what Percy would be like.

The sound of feminine voices trickled into the room. One high-pitched and girlish, the other that of a mature woman. "Oh, Mademoiselle I had the loveliest walk!" the girlish voice exclaimed.

Could this be Percy? Into the room minced a pretty girl, childishy dressed in pale blue taffeta dress, the bodice embroidered with pink rosebuds...fitting snugly over her obviously severely corseted waist, then flaring out to just above the knees. Her slim little legs were tiny pointed toes. Goodness, how could anyone walk with them? The small hands were gloved in white, reaching to the lace frill on puffed sleeves, and the face was very pretty, with blond curls cascading over the narrow shoulders. A large pink hair ribbon was tied on top, matching the sash about the waist.

He curtsied to each of us, and then hurried over to me. "You must be Gerald! Mother has told me so much about you! It is so nice of you to come and visit me!"

I stared at him in amazement; unable to comprehend that this very dainty person could possibly be a boy like myself. The rose tint on his cheeks deepened, and he lowered long, silky lashes to cover his confusion. "Gerald, aren't you going to shake hands with Percy?" My stepmother inquired sharply. I took the small hand with pink nails in mine. It was a girl's hand.

Percy disengaged his hand from mine and minced over to my stepmother, saying, "You must be Gerald's mother." and he leaned forward to give her a little kiss on her cheek.

The hem of his dress edged up, exposing layers of frilled petticoats. Mrs. Perkins and my stepmother exchanged knowing glances as he pattered back to me.

"Isn't my dress sweet?" he chirped, daintily taking the skirt in his fingers and raising it an inch to reveal

the hems of his petticoats. He went on, not waiting for my reply, “I just adore the pretty dresses mother buys for me.”

For a moment, I thought he was going to ask me if I would like to be wearing one. I was becoming more confused every moment; the only thing boyish about him was his name.

A pretty young woman in severe black taffeta joined us. This must be Percy's Mademoiselle, I told myself, and Mrs. Perkins confirmed it as she said, “Oh, there you are, Mademoiselle. Why don't you take our darlings up to Percy's room and show Gerald all your pretty dresses!” She smiled at me.

Mademoiselle motioned us to follow her, and Percy slipped his arm under mine and urged me out of the room. I heard my stepmother remark, “Now, darling, you simply must tell me about Percy's school...”

I wished I could have lingered to hear more; but Percy was quite insistent. He chattered on about his dresses as we ascended the broad staircase. “Don't you wish you could wear pretty dresses?” he finally asked.

I gave him a withering glance and retorted... “Of course not! Are you crazy? I'm a boy.” The sharpness of my tone nonplussed him for a moment, then he started to giggle.

“So?” he teased. Mademoiselle joining in the merriment, as though they shared some secret that I knew nothing about. His room was daintily appointed in pinks and blues...taffeta drapes over lace curtains, dainty furniture...the room of a fastidious young lady.

“And now you must see my pretty dresses,” Percy chirped, luring me over to a closet. He opened the door to reveal a rack with an array of dainty dresses made of chiffon, organdy taffeta and satin. “I adore taffeta,” he cried, caressing the stiff silk of one gown.

Again I asked myself, "Could Percy really be a boy?" I was beginning to wonder.

Next, we visited his playroom where he proudly showed me his dolls.

"You play with those?"

"I love to dress them up and even make them clothes like mine. He showed me the needlecraft he was working on. There was a couple dresses and skirts in the process of being finished. Even I knew he had mastered the art of sewing.

Mademoiselle left the room, giving me an opportunity to ask the question that had been on my mind since I first saw him. "Are you really a boy?"

"I used to be like you," he gave me a smile and added, "I was until I attended Miss Lane's School. Now I really and truly feel like a girl!"

I was about to question him about his changeover when Mademoiselle returned and asked us to return to the drawing room for tea.

As before, he curtsied as he entered the room, and a maid came in carrying a frilly white pinafore that she fitted to him.

His mother remarked, "Marie, did you forget a pinafore for Gerald?" My face started to flush with anger, and my stepmother said, "Of course. You too must wear a pinafore. You wouldn't wish to soil your pretty blouse, would you?"

The giggling maid returned and held out the garment. "Mother, please, please don't make me wear one," I pleaded, backing away.

"Gerald! Do you wish me to report to Mademoiselle that you misbehaved?" This was sufficient to dampen my spirits, and I meekly submitted to the hateful garment. Percy looked astonished that I should object to wearing a pinafore.

A little later, I was to receive another crushing blow to my spirits, and that when my stepmother remarked...“Gerald, dear, Mrs. Perkins and I have been discussing how beneficial it would be for you to attend Miss Lane's School.”

“But... mother!” I cried in dismay, glancing at Percy, and recalling what he had said about being changed into a girl.

Mother raised her hand to silence my outburst, remarking, “I intend to make arrangements to have you entered as soon as we return home.” There was finality in her tone. “Oh, you'll love it at Miss Lane's!” Percy tittered. I made up my mind to run away that night, for never, never would I be changed into a girl like Percy.

When bedtime came, I pleaded with Miss Jones not to make me wear my tight corset, using the excuse that it was quite painful. She gave me a searching look out I lidded my eyes in meek submission, and after a moment, she said: “Very well, if you promise to behave yourself.”

“Oh, thank you, Miss Jones, I promise I'll be very good,” I told her. If she could have read the thoughts passing through my mind, she might have acted differently, for as soon as everyone was asleep, I planned to put as much distance as I could between myself and my stepmother. I had no idea where I would go, but anywhere would do, as long as it was far from this hated house.

I waited patiently for a while, then got down from the bed and crept to the door of my room, opening it a crack and listening. I heard Miss Jones saying goodnight to my stepmother.



Creeping out into the hallway, I stealthily made my way to the closet where they had hidden my clothes probably, they were kept there in case my father returned unexpectedly...and gathering them up, hurried back to my room.

The facemask, gloves and boots offered no difficulty; but the back laced leather garment was impossible to remove. Well, my clothes would hide it. For the first time since my father left, I found myself dressing in clothes suited to my sex.

Silently I made my way down the staircase, stopping every few steps to listen. Not a sound. I felt like shouting for joy, now there were only a few steps between me and freedom.

My fingers grasped the doorknob, when out of the darkness I heard Miss Jones voice: "Are you planning to go for a walk, Gerald?" I was stunned into immobility. The lights flashed on, blinding me momentarily. Then I saw her advancing on me, a grim smile on her lips. "So that's it!" She exclaimed, seeing the way I was dressed.

My stepmother's voice, tinged with alarm, called down, "Who is it?"

Miss Jones said, "I just caught Gerald trying to sneak out of the house. I assume he was planning to run away!" There were hurried footsteps, accompanied by the rustle of silk, and my stepmother joined us.

"That settles it!" She declared, "Tomorrow you will leave for Miss Lane's School!"

I burst into bitter tears as she said: "Trying to run away, eh? And those clothes you're wearing! Miss Jones, you will destroy them the first thing in the morning! I trust you will deal with him in a suitable manner!" With that, she turned on her heels and started back upstairs.

Miss Jones moved slowly towards me. "I'll teach you a lesson you won't soon forget!" she threatened grimly. I backed away in fright knowing I could expect no mercy at her hands. For a few moments, I managed to elude her arms, then she grabbed me and shook me until my teeth rattled, then dragged me back to my room.

I put up such a fierce struggle to keep from being arrayed in the confining girlish garments, that she was obliged to call in one of the maids. They both made quick work of it and I soon found myself helplessly trussed up. This time, not only did I receive a sound trashing; but the flap was lowered as well. My spirits were completely crushed as I sobbed myself to sleep.

The following morning, I was dressed in those humiliating girl's garments. My stepmother informed me that Miss Lane was expected for tea that afternoon. Until her arrival, I was kept locked in my room.

When I was presented to Miss Lane, I was astonished to find that she was a pretty young woman in her late twenties. Surely this pretty, feminine lady could not be capable of breaking a boy's spirit so that he would want to wear girl's dresses. Appearances were sometimes deceiving, as I was soon to learn.

"How do you like being petticoated and wear pretty things?" She inquired with a gay laugh.

"I detest them!" I spat. The three women burst into peals of laughter.

"Come to me, Gerald," Miss Lane ordered. Her tone was compelling and I dared not resist. She reached down and raised my skirt in front. "He has pretty legs," she remarked to my stepmother.

I crimsoned. Then nodding with satisfaction, she completed her examination, remarking, "Yes, I am certain, this is the right thing for Gerald!"

That was it. I broke. I threw myself down before my stepmother, clutching her skirts, begging her, with tears streaming down my cheeks, not to send me to the school.



The next morning as Miss Jones dressed me in the Lord Fauntleroy ensemble, she said, “I shall miss you, Gerald,” and there seemed to be sadness in her tone.

"Then please ask my stepmother not to send me to Miss Lane's?" I asked hopefully. She shook her head.

At breakfast, my stepmother cautioned me to behave myself at the school, for she understood that Miss Lane was a very strict disciplinarian, and I would save myself considerable agony if I did as I was told.

"Some day you'll thank me," She then kissed me goodbye and promised to visit me soon. I had a last glimpse of the house that I had hoped would be home, as we sped down the driveway.

My first glimpse of the school sent a chill up and down my spine, for it was surrounded by a high wall of gray granite with a massive iron grille gate. More like a prison than a school. A grim looking woman, somewhat like Miss Jones, came to the car. "Is this the new pupil?" she inquired in a deep tone.

Miss Jones explained that I was and the gate was opened to allow the car to pass. I heard it clang shut behind me, cutting me off from the world. A second grim-faced woman admitted us, casting a disdainful look at my clothing. "Miss Lane is expecting you," she announced, leading us down a wide hallway with doors entering on each side. She stopped before one of them and rapped. "Yes?" I heard Miss Lane's voice.

"The new pupil has arrived," the woman answered, standing aside for us to enter. The room was large and appointed as an office. Miss Lane was seated before a large desk.

As my eyes took in the room, I saw the figure of a girl standing in a corner, her hands held behind her back. "Miss Marie was disobedient," Miss Lane remarked, motioning to the figure standing there, her shoulders shaking with sobs.



“Now, Gerald, may I welcome you to my school. I am sure you will find it pleasant here, if you obey the rules.” She outlined them. It would seem that anything one did was considered an infraction and punishable. When she concluded, she told me to say goodbye to Miss Jones.

Another somber woman entered the office and Miss Lane explained that I was a new pupil she was placing in her care. Apparently that ended the interview, for the woman took a firm grip on my arm and marched me out of the room.

As she marched me down the hallway, she inquired, "Have you had lunch? I'll arrange it. The other pupils had already eaten."

A woman came towards us, dressed in a similar fashion to my guide. "Oh, Miss Young" my guide exclaimed, "The new pupil" she glanced down at me, "has not had lunch. Do you think I should dress him in the school uniform before he eats. Miss Lane did not give me any instructions about the matter."

The other replied, "Most certainly, the sooner you remove those clothes", she pointed disdainfully to my clothing, "the better. It would be a bad influence on the other pupils to see him like this."

She continued on down the hallway. We stopped before one of the doors, and on opening it, I was shoved inside. I found myself in what appeared to be the school wardrobe room for hanging from racks fastened to the wall were rows of frilled white blouses and pink and blue taffeta skirts, arranged according to size.

On benches in front of them were heaps of frilled, starched white petticoats and lacy panties, bones, pink sating corsets, sheer silk stockings and on the floor a row of knee...high laced, black patent boots with terrible pointed toes and stilettoes.

"I presume you have worn petticoats before?" she asked. When I made no reply, she slapped me hard on the cheek, ordering me to answer when spoken to.

"Yes" I admitted sheepishly. Again she slapped me for being impertinent in not addressing her as "Mistress".

When she had undressed me, I was ordered to take a bath. I explained that I had already bathed that morning, whereupon I received another slap for talking back. The bath finished, she dressed me in the school uniform, first fitting me into a pair of stiff leather panties clinging tightly to my loins, and for additional security lacing at the back.

A lace-trimmed vest was drawn down over my head and a pair of the frilled panties fitted to me. “I presume you have worn corsets before?” she asked.

“Oh no! I retorted, only to be slapped once more for not answering correctly.

“Then it will be a pleasure to start your figure training” she remarked, taking up a pair of the corsets and arranging them about my waist. The garment reached well up on my chest, and there were to open cups of stiff leather at the top. She led me over to a bar hanging from the ceiling and fastened my wrists securely to it.

“Oh what are you doing?” I cried in alarm as I felt myself being lifted off the floor.

When I saw her start to fasten the ropes holding the bar to a bracket on the wall, I begged her to lower me. She only laughed: “Its necessary for proper lacing! Women for many years have done this. Now don't be a sissy. Miss Lane insists that all her pupils have waspish waists. As for you, it means rearranging a couple inches.”

She took up the laces and did a very thorough job of imprisoning me in that hateful boned-sating garment. Just like a girl, even breathing was difficult.



Running her fingers over my slimmed waist, she remarked: "Tomorrow we will take it up an inch or two more!" With that threat ringing in my ears, I was slowly lowered to my feet. I screamed as the corset bit into my sides, and to add to my misery, she fastened leather shoulder straps at the front and back, drawing on them until the flesh on my chest nearly filled the cups.

Why, oh why, was I being subjected to these indignities that only girls my age had to tolerate? What had I done to deserve such treatment? Why did my stepmother desire to have me being treated like a young lady? Only girls should have to endure these indignities. Tears trickled down my cheeks, as these thoughts flashed thru my mind.

My 'Mistress' pointed to a straight-backed chair. "Sit down!" she ordered, adding, "Nothing is going to be done to you that girls your age don't brave every day."

I slumped down onto the seat hoping that the pressure on my tortured sides would be relieved. Alas, it only increased.

I watched, as she selected a pair of those horrible high heeled shoes, then dropped to her knees before me.

"No! No! Please, I can never walk in those," I cried, as she fitted one to my foot. After considerable tugging, kneading and pulling, she somehow managed to cramp my toes into the pointed ends, then laced them so tightly, I knew the circulation to my toes would be cut off.

"Please, please, don't make me wear them," I pleaded tearfully, only to have her take a firm grip on my arm and yank me to my feet. My poor, crushed toes I shrieked in agony, and as I wobbled back and forth. I knew I never, never would be able to walk on the stilt heels.



She found it amusing, remarking: “Now you know why we young ladies must mince daintily, my pet! We

endure a little pain for fashion. See how nice they look?” She gave me a little pat on the cheek as she said it. Another shameful garment was added.

“My, oh my?” she teased. She stood a little to one side, running her eyes up and down over my person. “I declare, with a wig and a little makeup, you would appear to be a very pretty girl!” She burst into gay laughter over my agonized expression, and took up one of the starched white muslin petticoats.

She dropped the petticoat over my head, and as it fluttered down to my waist, I felt emasculated, a prisoner of feminine scheming. Two others were added, none reaching to within inches of my knees, and billowing out from the waist.

A frilled blouse with little puffed sleeves was buttoned about me, fitting snugly over my corset and revealing the partly filled cups. She arranged one of the blue taffeta skirts over the petticoats and rolled on a pair of the black patent gloves...these reaching to the puffed sleeves of the blouse. They fitted so snugly that I could not even bend a finger. “There, I think you are ready to have your lunch,” she announced, taking my arm and propelling me out of the room.

We entered a spacious dining room. There was a long table in the center with a number of straight-backed chairs placed against it. She drew one out, ordering me to seat myself. “Don't forget to smooth your skirts under you,” she warned, “Miss Lane will not tolerate wrinkled skirts!”

I sank down onto it with a sigh of relief, for despite my waist, it did alleviate the pressure on my poor feet. She left the room for a minute or two, returning with a tray on which were a glass of milk and a plate of crackers. She noticed my disappointment for she remarked, “You will be on a very strict diet until you lose your surplus pounds.” I was to even be starved. Life at

Miss Lane's was becoming more and more on a nightmare.

When I had finished my sparse diet...she found my efforts to handle the glass with my gloved fingers very amusing...she marched me into a classroom, where I glimpsed some twenty pupils seated at desks. I immediately became the focus of attention, and chatter ran about the room.

My cheeks went crimson with mortification at being exposed to them in these silly clothes. They too were similarly dressed, only the pink and blue skirts identifying the girls from the boys, as they all had long hair. I was placed before a stern-faced Mistress, seated behind a desk on a platform facing the class. She surveyed me in silence for a moment or two. "I presume this is the new pupil," she inquired. My Mistress nodded. "And what is your name?" she asked.

"Gerald, Mistress," I replied, keeping my eyes on the floor before me.

"Gerald! Indeed, I think 'Alice' would be a more appropriate name for such a pretty little girl as you." There was a flurry of sniggers.

"Yes," she continued, "From now on, you will be known as 'Miss Alice!' You may sit there," she pointed to a vacant desk next to a pretty girl, "besides Miss Grace!" The room echoed with gay laughter as I wobbled over to my desk. The girl next to me leaned over to whisper, "You're cute!"



A moment later, the Mistress exclaimed...“Miss Grace! Come to my desk this minute! I will not tolerate whispering in class!” The girl slowly rose to her feet and minced daintily forward. “Turn your back to the class,” the Mistress ordered. She reached out and flipped the

girl's skirts over her back. Taking up a heavy ruler, she applied it vigorously to the sobbing girl's buttocks.

"And you will remain bent over for the rest of the class!" Her eyes ran over the rest of us, searching for a trace of disapproval. Finding none, she continued..."We will go on with our class work!" When I thought she was not looking, I turned to take a closer look at my classmates. Alas, my action did not escape her eagle eyes.

"Miss Alice! Come here this instant!" As I slowly made my way forward, she said, "Apparently you have no interest in the lesson. Very well, you may stand up here and face the class, holding your skirts up before you!" Snickers could be heard as I assumed this humiliating position. "And next time, you will be obliged to lower your panties as well!"

This threat brought a crimson flush to my cheeks, and tears trickled down them. "Why, Miss Alice, I declare you even weep like a girl!" Was there no end to these humiliations?

After what seemed an endless period, the class was dismissed, and Grace and I were released from our mortifying positions. She slipped her arm under mine and assisted me out of the room.

"I'm sorry I caused you to be punished," I said. She smiled up at me and squeezed my arm. "Oh, I'm quite used to it now. You see, I've been here nearly two years." In the corridor, we were surrounded by a group of chattering and giggling classmates, who started to make cutting remarks about me until Grace came to my rescue and shooed them away. It was the beginning of a friendship that lasted all the time I was at Miss Lane's.

A Mistress approached, announcing that Miss Lane wished to see me in her office. Would she have heard about the incident in class already?

Miss Lane looked up from her desk as I entered, and I quickly lowered my eyes to hide my confusion. “I understand you have been renamed, ‘Miss Alice!’” she finally said, bursting into gay laughter. “A very appropriate name for such a pretty boy-girl! Tell me, do you find wearing a corset a pleasant experience?” I wanted to shout the truth at her; but I managed to stifle the outburst, which rose to my lips.

“I asked you a question!” she declared in a harsh tone. She came over to where I stood, slapping me hard on the cheek. “You will answer when you are spoken to!” she continued, “Do you understand?”

“Yes, Miss Lane,” I whimpered, tears forming in my eyes.

“Then see that you do!” she admonished, running her fingers over my slimmed waist and nodding approvingly. “I know you will come to delight in having the smallest waist in school,” she remarked bestowing a smile on me. I wanted to shout that no matter what she or her employees did to me, they would never, never feminize me. She dismissed me with a wave of her hand. I turned to leave, only to have her demand that I curtsy to her. My efforts resulted in my failing in a heap on the floor and this amused her no end. She had to assist me to my feet.

Grace was hovering in the corridor outside, her expression one of deep concern. “Did she punish you?” she whispered. I told her what had taken place, and she sighed with relief. “I was terribly worried Alice dear, Miss Lane has so many unusual punishments she inflicts on her pupils, especially if they are boys.”

I pressed her to explain more fully; but she only shook her head and told me she would not dare, as one of the Mistresses might overhear.



As we minced down the corridor, I asked: “Grace, did you know a boy here named Percy? At least that is what he is called at home. I wouldn't know what name they gave him here.” She looked thoughtful for a moment, then her expression brightened and she explained that Percy had come to Miss Lane's, a boy like

myself; but that before he had left, he had been completely transformed into a girl.

She gave me a worried glance, asking: “You're not going to be changed, are you? Oh I hope not! I like you so much, the way you are. She raised on tiptoe and gave me an affectionate kiss on my mouth. Her lips were warm and velvety, and I would have returned her caress, if one of the Mistresses had not entered onto the corridor at that moment.

Had she seen Grace kissing me? The thought sent a cold wave up and down my spine. To my intense relief, she passed by with only a glance and instructions for us to prepare for our afternoon walk.

Grace led me into a room where I found my fellow pupils being fitted out with babyish lace bonnets...these with ribbon streamers to tie under their chins. My turn came and I found that in addition to the bonnet, I was to carry a little lace parasol.

Grace giggled when she saw my chagrined look and explained in a whisper that they were to protect us from the sun. As we stepped out onto the terrace, one of the Mistresses said, “Miss Alice! Take daintier steps!” She brought a switch down across my calves to emphasize her words. It stung even through the leather.

I was ashamed to the point of tears to have to mince about the gardens, holding the parasol over my shoulder, in the company of these chattering boys and girls. Worse, the lace frills on my petticoats tickled my thighs with every step, a constant reminder of my girl's ensemble. If it had not been for Grace's warning about ‘unusual’ punishments, I would have attempted to flee from this horrible place.



Following our walk, we assembled in the drawing room to take tea with Miss Lane and our Mistresses. Each of us was arrayed in a frilled pinafore that had been made in the sewing class. I could not help noticing

that the ones worn by the boys seemed even frillier than those of the girls.

Miss Lane handed a cup of tea to me, and in trying to take it with my gloved hand, I spilled a little on my pinafore. “Miss Alice!” Miss Lane shouted, “You’ve ruined your pinafore! Miss Martha, you will attend to ‘her’ immediately!” I was hustled out of the room, followed by giggles and titters of my companions.

She marched me into a room, an awesome place with the walls covered with black boards. “Now I want you to write 300 times, ‘I am a girl and I will keep my dress clean.’”

I picked up the chalk and wrote over and over the saying. I must have filled every board before she came back.

“Next time, be more careful!” she warned, allowing me to stop. I nearly fell to the floor in sheer exhaustion. My under panties were replaced with a new pair, equally as tight; but open at the back to expose my red-welted buttocks. To add to my shame, my skirts were left pinned up in the back and I was taken back to my companions. How they snickered and whispered, as I was paraded up and down before them.

Later Grace came over to where I stood, whispering soothingly...“Oh you poor darling.” Her small, warm hand gently caressed the red welts.

“Oh Grace,” I whimpered, “Why do they do these things to me?”

At long last bedtime came, and I was taken to my room to be readied for the night. The thought of being rid of those confining stays was delightful; but alas, it was short lived, for I found myself being encased in a new pair, these being laced somewhat less securely, as if that were any comfort.

There were shoulder-length patent gloves, a patent beauty mask, and high laced boots reaching well up on my thighs. I found it impossible to move my knees. My Mistress was very strong and lifted me onto the bed, then stood beside it gazing down at me with an amused little smile.

She took a jar of cream and gently massaged it into the mounds on my chest, her fingers toying with them. The purpose of her ministrations was quite obvious, yet I was helpless to resist. Instead, I lay back and wept. Before she turned out the light, she handed me a small white pill with orders to swallow it.

"But what's it for?" I asked. "To make you sleep better," she replied with a knowing little smile. I soon fell into a deep sleep.

The following morning a new garment was added to my ensemble...this a pair of wide leather garters that laced up at the back of my knees, making bending them rather painful. "They will help you to walk in a proper feminine manner," my Mistress explained, and I recalled the remark the Mistress had made the previous afternoon, as we started for our airing.

She was quite right, I had to mince without bending my knees. When she had completed lacing me, she measured my waist, and then took it in even tighter. Breathing now became even more difficult than before. This time makeup was applied, and a little blue hair ribbon tied to my hair. I made it a point to sit beside Grace at the table. She took my hand in hers and gave it a little squeeze. "Oh I'm so happy you're wearing a blue ribbon! If it had been pink, it would mean that you were to be completely transformed into a girl."

I had noticed that most of the boy pupils wore gold earrings in pierced ears. Perhaps I would be spared this indignity as long as I was not to be changed into a girl?

Alas, I was summoned from the morning class and told to report to Miss Lane in her office. “Sit here!” she instructed, pointing to a high-backed chair. I slumped onto it only to be ordered to my feet and reminded that ‘girls’ arranged their skirts under them, before seating themselves. A Mistress was summoned and she came into the room carrying several leather straps. “You may secure him!”

Miss Lane instructed. I started to struggle; but they were too much for me and soon I found myself helplessly trussed up, even my head strapped to the back of the chair. I realized what they were up to and started to plead with them.

“Hold him!” Miss Lange ordered, and the Mistress thrust a hand over my mouth. In agony, I was forced to watch Miss Lane's preparations.

She took up a large darning needle, fitted into a cork so that only about a half inch of the pointed tip was showing, and with it a second cork. I struggled helplessly in my bonds, as she placed one of them behind my ear lobe, then thrust the needle thru it.

The pain was excruciating, bringing tears to my eyes. The other lobe was treated in the same fashion, and large gold rings were thrust thru the tender flesh and fastened together. “All ‘girls’ have their ears pierced,” Miss Lane remarked with a gay laugh, as the Mistress loosened my bonds. Now I was branded for life. The thought was demoralizing.



As the days passed, I became more and more accustomed to the confinement of my corset, and even

my feet complained less about being crushed into the stilt-heeled boots.

Some days were worse than others. Prolonged exposure to sissies and girl's clothes can change even a normal boy's body image.

Like wearing high heels and being told all day that they looked "marvelous". It was no longer a case of me trying to stand up in the highest heels. In them, I had to feel like a woman. My whole posture was changed and I virtually lived in them. The sensation of my heels clicking along the marble floors was commonplace.

It might seem silly to other boys my age but at times, it was unbelievable thrilling to wear what the beautiful women were wearing. My feet were adapting to the ultra-pointed and extreme slope of high heels.

As my confidence grew, I started picking out higher stilettos...just for the challenge.

Then too, my hair had started to grow out, so that my Mistress could curl it, and with all this I experienced, a change was coming over me. I seemed to be losing my power to mentally resist my enforced feminization.

As my confidence grew, I also advanced in learning the skills of grooming (manicure, hair-styles, make-up etc.) elocution (speech training), table etiquette, and social graces.

Little did I guess that the white pills I took each night were the cause of new my submissive nature. Perhaps if I had, the outcome might have been different. Then too, there was a physical change in my body.



In the brief moments when my corsets were being changed, I noticed that I was developing a girlish bust and that my hips were becoming more full and rounded. The hormone pills were also taking their toll of my maleness.

I had been at Miss Lane's for nearly six months, before my stepmother came to visit me, and I was summoned to Miss Lane's office to greet her. Her first words were, "Why Miss Lane, I declare you have accomplished simply wonders with my darling Gerald!"

Miss Lane corrected her, a remarking..." 'She' is known as 'Miss Alice' here. Yes 'she' is progressing nicely under our treatments and is very happy with 'her' change. Aren't you Alice?"

Her glance warned me not to blurt out the truth, and I meekly admitted that I was quite happy. She called me to her side, and unfastened my blouse. "And as you can see, there is improvement here..." she cupped the mounds in her hands as I crimsoned in shame. "And here," she continued, running her fingers over my girlish hips.

"Oh I'm so delighted! Soon I shall have the darling little girl I have always wanted!" She drew me into her arms and kissed me on the forehead. "Please mother, please take me home with you. I'll be your little girl if you want; but please take me with you."

She dabbed at my eyes with a lace hanky, saying..."There darling, it is much better that you remain here at Miss Lane's for a while longer." She released me and held me at arms length looking at every detail. My make-up was perfect, just enough to enhance the pretty innocence of my face. "Did you do our own hair?" she asked. My hair was curled and shined brightly and in a most feminine style.

I tried a last ditch effort. I very gingerly minced backwards and smiled sweetly. I asked mother, "Are those the new heels from Paris? I love them!"

"Why yes, darling," she smiled with a sort of motherly pride and beaming at her success. "Would you like me to get you a pair?"



"I'd love it," I lied. "When I get home, can I wear some of your outfits? You are so fashionable!"

"I can see you can wear them now without a hint of a wobble," she complimented, "but you still need some more time here. Nice try...."

With that, Miss Lane ordered me to return to my class. I did not see my hated stepmother again for nearly a year.

There were times when I felt my newly discovered feminine instincts pleasurable, such as the time a group of us were taken to a nearby School for Boys for a dance. Each of us to be daintily gowned in swishing formals.

The afternoon of the party, as Grace and I minced about the garden, she whispered, “Lucky you to be attending the dance tonight. I only wish I were going too!”

I gave her hand a little squeeze to assure her I shared her feelings. “I wish you were too, Grace. I’d feel so much more at ease, knowing you were hovering nearby.” She smiled up at me, and I know that she would have kissed me, if we had been alone.

As it was, she said, “Oh Alice, you’re so sweet and thoughtful!” That I would find it exciting to be gliding about a dance floor in the arms of a young man, brought a flush to my cheeks. Grace noticed it and teased, “Why Alice, you’re blushing!”

Dressing for the party was a delightful experience. I was laced to the last breathless inch, yet the discomfort. I experienced was eased by the knowledge that my waspish waist would be the envy of my companions. Of course I had hoped there would be dainty evening slippers with pointed toes and pencil thin high heels.

My hopes were dashed, as my Mistress produced a pair of the usual, knee-high, white patent boots. With slippers, I could have coyly intrigued my partner, by raising my skirts just enough to give him a glimpse of my dainty ankles.

My disappointment was soon forgotten as the crisp folds of a pink taffeta petticoat enveloped my head and

shoulders, to whisper excitingly as it slithered down about my person. When ordered to the dressing table, I sat there caressing the stiff silk with tingling fingers, as my makeup was applied.

I was happy that my hair had grown out as now it could be arranged in little ringlets with cute blue satin bows added for femininity. My gown was simply precious...delightfully stiff, pale blue taffeta, the bodice out to fit my nipped waist, and daringly low cut to seductively reveal the little valley between the mounds on my bosom. The billowing skirt nearly touched the floor and whispered musically with my every step.

My lovely white patent gloves were so tight, my Mistress had to kneed them over my arms; but they did make them appear so girlishly round and daintily feminine. I was delighted when she removed my sissy collar, replacing it with a wide band of black velvet ribbon.

With a nod of approval and a pat on my buttocks, she sent me scurrying off to join my fellow party-goers. It was exquisite ecstasy to swish along with my skirts caressing my ankles.

I swished into the drawing room to find my companions standing about in little groups, chatting with the unlucky girls, who would not be going with us. I spied Grace and hurried over to join her. "Oh Alice, how perfectly lovely you look," she exclaimed, taking my hands in hers and holding me off at arms length. I flushed with pride at her flattery. "And don't forget to be girlishly modest," she teased, bursting into a gay laugh.

"Grace, please!" I protested.

"Oh Alice, you'll simply adore the boys. They're so terribly cute!" a classmate tittered, as he joined us.

“You've been there before?” He shook his pretty little head, saying that he had learned about them from others who had attended.

Our conversation ended there, for a Mistress entered the room and announced...“Come ‘girls’ its time to leave!”

“Have a lovely evening,” Grace called after me as I swished out of the room with the others. Velvet cloaks were placed over our shoulders before we went out to the bus. “Remember ‘girls’ be careful not to trip over your skirts as you enter!” A Mistress cautioned. I experienced a little thrill, as I took my skirts in my fingers, daintily raising them as I entered, then placed them carefully about me before seating myself. I vaguely recalled how once I had promised myself that never would I become a simpering petticoat slave or be dominated by women, yet here were my thoughts turning to the delight I would find in gliding about a dance floor in the strong arms of a young man. It was all so frightfully disconcerting.

Upon our arrival, we were ushered into a powder room, where pert maids relieved us of our wraps, and we were given an opportunity to repair imaginary damage to our makeup. We vied with each other to make ourselves appear as charmingly feminine as possible.

My nerves were tingling with excitement as we entered onto the hallway to be claimed by our male partners for the evening. Our eyes glistened, our cheeks were aglow. I was flattered to offer my gloved hand to a handsome young man in faultless white tie and tails, and lowered my eyes in maidenly modesty under his searing glance.

“May I ask your name?” he inquired, offering me his arm and guiding me towards a room from which came the strains of a waltz.

When I told him it was ‘Alice’, he exclaimed...

“What a coincidence! I have a sister with the same name; but you are much prettier!” I rewarded him with a smile and allowed him to guide me onto the dance floor.

His arm slipped about my waist and we glided off. “You haven't been here before, have you?” he asked.

I told him it was my first visit, and he drew me a little closer, so that I had to tilt my face up to his. For a moment I was afraid that he was going to kiss me. I felt like giggling. The music stopped and he escorted me to a divan where I made much more frou-frou than was necessary in arranging my skirts.

I watched his expression thru half-lidded eyes, and gathered that my “swish” intrigued him. He excused himself to get me a glass of punch. The ‘girl’ next to me leaned over to whisper, “Aren’t the boys cute?” We both raised gloved hands to cover our giggles.

Later on, he suggested that, as it was quite stuffy inside, we should go for a breath of air on the terrace. I took his arm and minced along beside him. It was a beautiful moonlit evening, warm and with a gentle breeze whispering in the leaves. I found myself guided to a darkened nook, where he suggested that we sit and rest. I was quite thankful for my poor feet were complaining no end. Once again I made pretty frou-frou, and I noticed that his eyes lit up. His arm slipped about my waist and he drew me close to him.



“Please, you mustn’t!” I protested, recalling Grace’s warning. He laughed at my efforts and held me tighter in his arms, smothering my protest with his lips. My arms ranged about his neck, and I lay there in

submissive bliss, as he drank the dew from my lips. It was exquisitely thrilling. His hand stated to roam, and I struggled to free myself.

What if he should discover I was not a girl at all? The thought terrified me. I tried to cry out...his lips sealed it in my throat. Fortunately, another couple happened by before he discovered the truth, and I took advantage of the momentary respite to rise quickly to my feet. As we returned to the dance, he apologized for his actions. It was a wonderful evening and I hated to have to leave.

On the return trip to Miss Lane's, we cuddled close to one another, whispering our experiences, lest the Mistress overhear us. "I saw you slip out onto the terrace," my seatmate exclaimed. "Did he kiss you?"

I admitted that he had and started to titter.

"Was he fresh?"

"Maybe," I told him, leaving him to his own conclusion.

"Mine was," he confided. It was terrifically thrilling!" he giggled.

He went on to tell me all about his experience, and I suffered a tinge of regret that I had, perhaps, been too hasty in repelling my partner's advances.

As my Mistress readied me for the night, she asked if I had enjoyed myself, and I truthfully replied that I had been thrilled. She smiled knowingly as she massaged the cream into my girlish bosom. "Alice, you are blossoming into most attractive young lady. The men are going to just adore you."

I secretly wished there were more development to go along with my tiny waist and full rounded hips. And since I was 'living' in high-heeled shoes, I started realizing that they were no hampering me at all. My toes had grown to fit even the pointiest shoes stylishly!

It suddenly struck me that because I wore high stilettos every day; my high stilettos were my 'everyday wear' just like any lady.

There were other parties, each more intriguing than the last; but one was rather unusual. It was announced in class one morning that a selected group of us had been invited to attend a party given by a wealthy woman on a neighboring estate.

The names were read, and I was delighted to discover that both Grace and I were on the list. As we took our airing that afternoon, Grace whispered, "Oh Alice I do so hope we will be wearing formals and not these childish things," her fingers toyed with her short skirt.

"I hope so too," I exclaimed, "I adore the caress of petticoats about my ankles." She gave me a funny little look.

"Why Alice, I believe you adore your petticoats! Come now, 'fess' up! You do, don't you?"

I admitted sheepishly that I did, adding, "But I don't want to be changed like Percy!"

She gave my hand a little squeeze, repeating what she so often said, "I like you just the way you are!" It was true...the corsets, stilt-heels, gloves and petticoats had taken their toll of my masculine instincts, for even then I did not know what the pills they gave me each night, really contained.

My Mistress dressed me for the party, fitting me into a pair of flesh-colored, skin-tight, soft leather panties. She experienced no end of trouble in drawing them up into place. They erased any trace of masculinity. They had an open back, and this could mean but one thing...a spanking, or worse.



I recalled the experience of my companion on the bus after the dance. I dared not protest, lest I find my buttocks lined with red welts. She handed me a pair of thrilling pink taffeta long-legged panties...the legs ruffled with lace, and with cute pink ribbons to tie them

to my ankles. It afforded me exquisite pleasure to step into them and draw them on. My corset was considerably smaller than I usually wore, and when laced fit snugly under the globes on my bosom and nipped in my waist to swell out my hips. She added a corset cover to protect my sensitive bosom.

A crinoline was fitted to me and two billowing pink taffeta petticoats made exciting frou-frou as they slithered down into place. I just had to run my fingers over them to hear their thrilling music. My action was spied by my Mistress and afforded her much amusement.

I hastily lowered my eyes to hide my confusion, as she teased, “So at last Miss Alice you have to admit that you find your petticoats quite thrilling!” There was a teasing lilt in her tone as she added, “Frou-frou is so feminine, isn't it?”

She knew. So when she helped me pretty my face and arranged my coiffure, I had no hesitancy in making a lovely frou-frou with my petticoats. My gown was divine...blue taffeta as usual, the skirt sweeping the floor, the bodice clinging to my stays and cut low enough to reveal my girlish bust.

An edging of lace added to its seductiveness. When she sent me over to the mirror to view myself, I found an exquisitely gowned young lady smiling back at me. It was all so terribly exciting. I hurried down to the drawing room to find Grace. She wore a gown similar to mine; but of course pink taffeta. A Mistress arranged sweet black taffeta cloaks over our shoulders and off we swished.

As Grace and I minced into the drawing room, I spied Percy, looking daringly sweet in a cute pink taffeta dress with a wide baby-blue taffeta sash ribbon arranged about the nipped waist. His hair was arranged at the back of his neck and tied with a pretty bow.

“Oh there's Percy!” I exclaimed, urging Grace over to where he stood. “Oh Percy, how delightful to see you again!” I cried, extending my gloved hand.

He stared at me for a moment, then cried...“Gerald! Why I never would recognize you. And Grace! How are you my dears?”

We chatted gaily for a moment or two, then he whispered in a tone filled with regret, “I see you are wearing a blue hair ribbon. I thought from what your stepmother said, you were to be changed like me!” Grace spoke up...“I'm glad he's not! I want him to be just like he is!” She slipped her arm about my waist in an affectionate gesture, as she said it. He was about to reply, when his mother summoned him.

The guests started to arrive, women in gorgeous evening gowns, laden down with jewelry and men in faultless evening attire. They immediately began to single out partners from among us, the men offering their arms to the girls, the woman seeking out the petticoated boys, then disappearing into the hallway.

“They're coming,” Grace whispered, and I turned to see a couple approaching us. One, an oldish woman, whose overdone makeup spoiled the loveliness of her white satin gown. Her jewelry was dazzling. The other a sallow complexioned man in his forties.

He offered his hand to Grace and arm in arm they moved away.

“What is your name, my pretty one?” The woman asked, reaching out her gloved hand to pat my cheek.



“Alice,” I replied, modestly lowering my eyes.

“Indeed a very pretty name for a very pretty person,” she remarked, slipping her arm about my waist

and propelling me forward. "My what a pretty swishing your skirts make," she remarked, then added, "Swish is so feminine and fun, isn't it my pet?"

She knew I was in fact a boy and did this to tease me. As we approached a stairway leading to an upper floor, I hesitated a little. "Do we have to go up there?" I asked, a tinge of fear chilling my spine.

"Of course darling," she retorted, "I know a secluded spot where we can chat undisturbed." Her tone signified unpleasantness ahead for me. "Here we are!" she announced, pushing open a door leading from the wide hallway.

I stepped inside to find myself in an exquisitely appointed boudoir, silky and teasingly perfumed. I heard the door close behind me. Oh dear why had she brought me here? If only I dared flee back to the drawing room. I was terrified to be alone with this designing woman.

She took my hands in hers, holding me off at arm's length to survey me from head to foot. It was as though she were undressing me with her eyes. "You really are an adorable doll," she whispered, slipping her arms about my waist and drawing me close to her ample bosom. She put her hand under my chin and tilted my face up to hers and kissed me on the mouth. How different from Grace's sweet caresses. Soft warm dewy lips compared to this woman's, which were hard and dry.

She released me after a moment, and I wanted to wipe her caress from my mouth with the back of my hand, yet I did not dare. She took my arm and led me to a satin-cushioned chaise lounge, seating herself and drawing me down onto her lap. She didn't even let me smooth out my skirts. Oh dear! Miss Lane would be furious if my Mistress were to find a wrinkle in my skirts, when she undressed me that night. I almost wanted to cry. She drew me close, kissing me fondly, her

eyes lighting up with a strange gleam, a frightening gleam.

Her hand slipped down to toy with my skirts. The delightful rustling she created was accompanied by the little chills that ran up and down my spine. She started to gather my skirts in her fingers.

“Oh no! Please!” I cried, trying to push her hand away.

“So girlishly modest too!” she declared, bursting into peals of gay laughter. “Is this your first party here?” she asked, again placing her hand on my knee. I admitted that it was, and this seemed to amuse her all the more.

“Then my pretty petticoated doll, I shall be the first to initiate you into our select little group. How fortunate for me!” When I still tried to push away her hand, she remarked, “I see that I shall have to take care of those pretty little hands of yours!” She took a length of pink satin ribbon, and before I quite realized her intentions, she had drawn my arms behind my back and fastened my wrists together. Now she could work her will on me, and I was helpless to prevent her. I started to weep.

“There, there, no tears!” she whispered, dabbing at my eyes with a lace hankie. “Oh please, please don't hurt me,” I implored her.

“Hurt you? No darling, I only wish to see your pretty petticoats!” She took them in her fingers and tossed them to make exciting swish.



I felt somewhat relieved. "Little girls adore the pretty swish of their petticoats, don't they?" she teased, bringing a crimson flush to my cheeks. "But what

charms are we hiding under them?” she asked, flipping them up about my waist to expose my long-legged panties. “Long-legged panties are so much more thrilling to wear than horrid old trousers, aren't they?” she continued.

I thought that she was going to lower them; but to my relief she turned her attention elsewhere. Her fingers unhooked the top of my bodice and gently pulled it down to expose my maidenly bosom.

A strange ecstatic sensation spread over me...as I almost blanked out. Her roving hands covered my entire person, caressing, toying probing and even pinching...until I was in a state of nervous collapse.

As a final indignity, she raised my petticoats and forced me across her knees to spank me on the buttocks. It was far more humiliating than painful.

After helping me re-arrange my clothing, we returned to the drawing room. I found my companions standing in little huddles, looking very sheepish; their lovely gowns and coiffures in disarray. I eased over to Grace and asked if she were all right.

She lifted a tear stained face to mine and whispered, “Oh...he was horrid!” She refused to say more.

Our erstwhile partners assembled at the bar and their chattering and laughing grated on our frayed nerves. Percy came hurrying over to join us, exclaiming, “Oh isn't this the loveliest party!”

“No it isn't!” I retorted, and he shrank back at the vehemence of my tone. “I don't care what you think, I'm having a wonderful time,” he sniffed, mincing off.



A short time later, I heard a commotion in the direction of the bar, and turned to see Percy struggling in the arms of a group of jeering women. Only his face

was visible above them, and his expression was one of terror.

“NO! NO! PLEASE!” He screamed, and I caught a slight ripping sound, followed by the convulsive laughter of the women. “My dear, its really true!” one exclaimed in disbelief.

Moments later Percy fled from the room, sobbing into his hands. I was quite relieved when it came time to depart. On our return trip, Grace cuddled up close to me, and I put my arm about her narrow shoulders to comfort her. She still would not say more than her partner had been horrid. Soon she fell asleep.

Time passed swiftly, and with its passing I experienced a complete change. I no longer even thought about my determination to resist being feminized, rather I found it a delightful experience.

Grace had left the School some time ago, and I wondered if I would ever again kiss her pretty little mouth and feel her arms about my neck, her warm little body pressing against mine. Now boys and girls had been added to the School and I found it as exciting to tease them, as they had when I first came to class in petticoats. During the few times my stepmother came to visit me, I took pleasure in having Miss Lane remark on my tiny waist, my girlish bosom and my full, rounded hips.



Yes, everything masculine had been cleverly subjugated by swishing petticoats. Some of the boys came to their first class wearing a pink ribbon, and as time elapsed, they would disappear for a month or more,

to return looking as though they had been thru an ordeal. I often wondered just what did happen; but none would ever reveal his experiences.

Five years had passed since I first entered the gates of Miss Lane's School, when one morning I was summoned from class to go to Miss Lane's office. I found my stepmother there with her. "Alice, your stepmother has decided to take you home with her!" Miss Lane announced.

So this was why Miss Lane had summoned me. I was to exchange the strict routine of the School for more rigid, and more exotic training at the hands of my stepmother.

What would my father say, when he saw me as a demure, sweet young lady? Perhaps he would demand that I be allowed to return to clothing suited to my sex?

But then...did I wish to lay aside my pretty clothes? Then too, my ears were pierced, and my figure...with the mounds?

These thoughts flashed thru my mind as I stood submissively before them. Miss Lane brought a flush to my cheeks by reminding me that it was very unladylike to stare. I was obliged to stand there before them while they chatted about the delightful change, which the School had accomplished, my stepmother remarking on the fact that I now possessed a cute feminine figure. Finally, Miss Lane waved me out of the room, explaining that my Mistress would help me dress in my 'going-away' clothing.

I hurried to my room to find an exciting array of feminine frillies arranged on the bed. They seemed to beckon to me to be gathered up and held close to my bosom.

"Alice!" my Mistress scolded, "Put them down before you wrinkle them!" I was soundly slapped for not

remaining quiet, as she disrobed me. My usual corset was replaced with one of my stepmother's selection...pink satin, firmly boned and with a tiny nipped waist to give me a waspish, Victorian look. My petticoats were sweet, each with an elaborately frilled hem, two of crisp, swishing taffeta, the other of stiff white organdy. She enveloped me in them, and ordered me to the dressing table.

As she fussed with my coiffure, she whispered, "I shall miss my sweet little Alice. It has been such a pleasure to lace you into your corsets and watch you develop a delightfully girlish figure." I lowered my lashes and blushed with maidenly pride. It was nice to have her say such sweet things. Makeup completed, she arrayed me in a dainty white chiffon dress and tied a wide baby-blue sash ribbon about my waist. Being a girl could be rather exciting, I told myself, smiling at my reflection.

I sped back to Miss Lane's office, as fast as my stilt heels would allow, to show her my pretties. "Oh Miss Lane, isn't my dress just too sweet?" I exclaimed, in girlish ecstasy. She smiled knowingly, as much as to say..."Remember how you resisted being petticoated on your arrival here?"

Oh why did she have to ruin everything by reminding me that I was merely a petticoated boy?

A wave of shame flowed over me, as my stepmother announced that I would find a closet full of pretties when I reached home. The way she said it made me realize that she found having a petticoated by mincing about the house both amusing and delightful. I kissed Miss Lane goodbye and minced out of the office behind my stepmother.

A young lady in purple livery opened the door of the car as we approached. "Martha, this is Miss Alice!" my stepmother announced. The young woman

acknowledged the introduction with a slight nod of her head, seemingly accepting me as a pretty girl. I cast a last glance at the gray, forbidding buildings of the School, recalling the fear they had instilled in me, when I first came up the driveway...a thoroughly spirited boy, and the changes which had been forced on me. The iron gates clanged shut behind us.

On the way home, my stepmother questioned me at length about the routine of the School, explaining that a friend was seriously considering entering her fourteen-year-old son as a pupil. I felt rather sorry for him, as there his spirits would be crushed under the discipline of the high heel, the stay-lace and petticoats. In time, he too would leave...a simpering, smiling, demure Miss, like myself. But then was it not somehow delightful to experience the frills of one's lace trimmed drawers, tickling the inside of one's thighs, and feel the caress of skirts?

We were admitted by a trim little maid, whose eyes ran over my figure approvingly. I followed my stepmother into the drawing room, where I found father waiting for us. I simply flew into his arms, crying, "Oh father, its been such a long, long time!" I wept in sheer joy, throwing my arms about his neck and kissing him. Strangely he made no effort to embrace me. Was he angry? Was he shocked to find me a petticoated boy-girl? I looked up into his face. It was deeply lined, his hair white and unkempt. So different from the handsome man who was always so fastidious about his appearance. He simply breathed an aura of sadness. I felt heart-broken, crushed. What had this dreadful woman done to my father?



“Enough of this sentimentality! Alice stand aside!” she ordered sharply. She turned her attention to my father, ordering him to kneel and kiss her slipper. I

watched, horrified as he meekly knelt before her, taking the proffered slipper in his hands and kissing it.

She burst into gay laughter, giving him a shove that sent him sprawling. Could this be my father? Oh no! Surely he would not submit to such an indignity without the slightest protest. Yet no sound came from his lips, no trace of anger brought color to his pale cheeks. He slowly rose to his feet, a picture of abject submissiveness, his eyes dull and unblinking.

She turned to me saying...“Now Alice you may demonstrate your subservience to my will!” She pushed the pointed toe of a slipper forward. The tone she used made me shudder. It left no doubt as to my position in the household. Tears were streaming down my cheeks as I dropped to my knees before her and kissed the proffered slipper. “You will be wise to remember this moment!” She burst into a mocking laugh. A maid was summoned and instructed to show me to my room.

It was my former room; but how changed. Now an essentially feminine room, silken and perfumed, appointed in delicate pinks and blues. My feet sank into the thick carpet as I glimpsed each dainty detail...the canopied bed with its silken spread and silken, lace trimmed pillows; the fragile satin cushioned chairs; the dressing table with the cute, tiered skirt; the cheval mirror...everything to delight the heart of a young lady. The maid curtsied and swished out of the room, leaving me to myself. I remembered that my stepmother had mentioned a closet full of pretties, and with feminine inquisitiveness, I hurried over to it, and thru open the door.

There before me on hangers was a gorgeous array of pretty dresses, gowns, slippers, negligees...everything to fascinate a girl's heart. “Pretty, aren't they?” I heard a voice exclaim behind me, and whirling about I came face to face with a trimly uniformed maid.

She was smiling knowingly. "I'm Annette!" she announced, curtsying to me. "I am to be your personal maid," she continued. I wondered if she knew I was merely a petticoated boy.

"Shall I prepare Mademoiselle for tea?" she asked, mincing forward. I nodded and she began to remove my attire. "My what a lovely figure you have Miss Alice!" she exclaimed, running her fingers over my waist. She sat me down before the dressing table, fussing with my makeup, rearranging my coiffure, all the time chatting gaily, as I submitted to the ministrations of her small, capable hands. She selected a pale blue, satin dress with a matching taffeta petticoat. The bodice hugged my nipped waist, and daringly revealed my girlish bosom.

"Mademoiselle is so pretty, so charming!" she declared, as I swished out of the room to join my stepmother for tea. As I entered, I gasped in dismay, for, standing beside her, I saw my father...powdered, rouged, his lips ruby, gloved to the shoulder in white gloves, perched on stilt-heeled slippers and gowned in mauve taffeta. Oh no! She couldn't have done this to him! It was hateful enough for her to have had me effeminized...but father?

His eyes lowered and a crimson flush came to his cheeks. I burst into tears of anguish. "Alice! Stop sniffing and let us have no more of these sentimental scenes!" There was a note of finality in her tone. I dried my eyes with my lace hankie, and carefully avoided looking at father during the entire time I remained with them.



At long last, I was ordered to my room to dress for dinner. I wanted to dash out of the room to flee her hateful presence. Instead, I minced out as becomes a young lady, stopping to curtsy at the entrance. I heard

my stepmother remark... “Really my dear, its quite nice to have a pretty daughter mincing about, isn't it?” In my room, I threw myself down on the bed, burying my face in the silken pillows and weeping in shame.

I welcomed the hour when I should be allowed to retire, the thought that Annette would discover my real sex, even less shaming than being forced to listen to the remarks of my hateful stepmother. I sighed with relief as Annette removed my stays. Perhaps I would not have to wear a night corset, now that my waist had been slimmed down. Alas, My respite was brief, for she promptly laced me into a new one. Then she arrayed me in a lovely black chiffon nighty and helped me slip between the silken covers. I was somewhat relieved when she made no mention of the little cache sack that flattened and imprisoned my organs. I dropped off to sleep almost immediately.

The days passed swiftly, there being little change in my accustomed routine...sewing, reading music, languages, dancing lessons. The only real change came when my stepmother would entertain at tea, for then I would be paraded before them to model my pretty clothes and hear them make remarks about my tiny waist and lovely figure.

Did they know I was merely a petticoated boy? One distinct change was taking place. I had not taken any of the pills since leaving Miss Lane's, and this brought on a resurgence of rebellion against my petticoats and girl's life.



One afternoon, my stepmother announced that she was having a party for me and planned to invite a group of my former schoolmates. Of course my first question was to ask if Grace would be among them. She gave me an inquisitive little glance and nodded. It made me

terribly happy to contemplate being in her company once more, even though I was still petticoated.

The evening of the party finally came around, and I told Annette that I wanted to wear my prettiest gown and swishiest petticoats. "Oh Annette, I must look my loveliest tonight!" I confided in her.

"A handsome young man, perhaps?" she suggested with a knowing little smile.

"Don't be silly Annette!" I retorted, "No, it's a girl I knew at School, and of whom I am very fond." She shrugged her shoulders and started to dress me. She simply spent hours with my makeup and coiffure, adding two cute little pink bows to this for the most in femininity.

She selected a pale blue velvet gown, strapless with a daring low cut bodice trimmed with lace. The bodice was cut to fit my nipped waist, and the skirt simply flowed out from the hips. When she had kneaded shoulder-length, glistening white gloves to my arms, she sent me over to the mirror to view myself. "Oh Annette, you darling! Now I'm prettier than ever before!" I turned and gave her a kiss on the mouth.

Her eyes opened wide with surprise, as she whispered, "Why Miss Alice, you kissed like a boy!" Oh dear, there she had spoilt everything by reminding me I was merely a transvested boy. I felt like weeping; but I was determined not to allow anything to ruin my evening. I hurried from the room, followed by Annette's gay laughter.



I joined my stepmother in the drawing room, simply on pins and needles waiting for our guests. They came in chattering and giggling, beautifully gowned and coiffured. Each gave me a flitting kiss of welcome.

"Darling, you look ravishing!"

"What an adorable gown!"...and so on.

I bestowed my most charming smile on each of them; yet kept my eyes on the entrance, watching for Grace. There she was, looking very lovely in white taffeta gown, which set off her dark hair.

“Grace darling!” I cried, hurrying over to her. Our arms slipped about each other's waists and I kissed her tenderly. “Alice, you look perfectly lovely!” she exclaimed. I hastily lowered my eyes and blushed at her compliment.

We chatted for a moment or two, then Grace's expression became serious. “Oh Alice, did they?” Of course I knew to what she referred...had I been completely changed over? I shook my pretty head, and she sighed with relief.

“Oh darling, I'm so glad!” she whispered, and gave my hand a little squeeze. It held promise of delightful moments when we were by ourselves.

My stepmother called to me to join her, and as I turned reluctantly away from Grace, I saw an exquisite bit of femininity mincing daintily into the room. I was certain that I had not seen her at Miss Lane's, and wondered who she might be.

She was presented as Nickolette, the daughter of an old friend of my stepmother's. I left her to check with some of the others and hurried back to rejoin Grace. “Darling, wouldn't it be exciting to have a tea some afternoon, and each of us tell his or her story of their experiences since leaving Miss Lanes?” she suggested.

Arm in arm, we minced over to my stepmother and explained our idea. She appeared quite delighted, and promised to arrange for it as soon as it was convenient. It started a buzz of excited conversation.



“Girls!” my stepmother called, and when she had our attention, she announced that she had a surprise for us. As she spoke the doors leading to the dining room were opened, and a group of charming young men in

white ties and tails came into the room. We squealed with delight, as they advanced and selected their partners.

It was a wonderful evening, dancing, flirting, chattering, giggling and even allowing our partners to steal a kiss or two. As the guests departed, each told my stepmother that she simply must give another party for me, and coyly reminded her about the proposed tea. As Annette prepared me for bed, she insisted that I tell her everything about the party.

It was a few days after the dance that Annette came swishing into my room to tell me that my stepmother wished me to join her in the drawing room. I rose from my chaise lounge, carefully pressing out an imaginary wrinkle in my skirt, then mincing over to my cheval mirror for a quick glance. I pushed aside a wisp of hair that had become disarranged and went down to the drawing room.

Nickolette

I found my stepmother chatting with a rather attractive man of middle age. He rose to his feet as I curtsied to them.

"So this is your charming daughter 'Alice'!" he remarked, taking my gloved hand in his. "Indeed she is even prettier than you pictured her," he added. "She must have many male suitors?"

It brought a maidenly flush to my cheeks, and I quickly veiled my eyes with my lashes. There was something in the way he looked at me, which made me feel that my secret had been revealed.

She introduced him as Jules, a friend of long standing, and the father of Nickolette. I felt a little embarrassed when he held onto my hand, his eyes running over my figure. It somehow made me feel naked before him. When he released me, I sat down and folded

my hands demurely in my lap and not daring to look up, for I could feel his eyes still on me.

“You must let Alice dine with us some evening. It would be nice to have ‘the boys’ become better acquainted.”

It seemed to amuse them, for they both started to laugh. I wondered why. Shortly after she suggested that perhaps I had some house work to do, and that I should run along to my room, as they had so much to talk about. “Now Jules, do continue with your story,” I heard her say as I minced out of the room.

I would have stopped to eavesdrop, had not the parlor maid stepped into the hall, pushing a teacart before her. She paused to ask if I wished to have my tea in my room. I told her not to bother, and went on my way.

Reclining on my chaise lounge, I conjured up mental pictures of what Nickolette would be like.

Jules continued with Nickolette's story.

“It has been nearly a year now since my Nicholas became my Nickolette and has been in constant training. He is always referred to in the feminine gender now. It all came about because his sister June decided that she would like to study art in Paris and Rome. I gave my consent on one condition...that Nicholas take her place. You see, I had discovered that he had attended several fancy dress parties as a girl, and seemed to enjoy his petticoated experiences. I had heard of his other escapades of getting into his sister's things. I had known for some time that he would never admit the interest and enforced petticoating would be all the more thrilling with its sense of shame. A flood of his sister's tears finally swayed him. We agreed that she should have three years to complete her studies, while he would remain petticoated until her return.

“Nicholas has since found to his surprise that being a girl on a daily basis is not as much fun as he thought it would be. Instead of gadding about to dances, games and the like, his every movement is carefully controlled. He realizes that I expect him to look wonderful at all times, behave in a sweet and demure manner, to cater to and entertain several of my friends who are interested in his progress. He is to be a model of decorum...yes, merely a simpering, sweetly smiling Victorian Miss. You know, I’m finding the change quite fascinating.”

He hesitated a moment only to be urged to continue. “Of course it was necessary to employ a suitable governess, and I was indeed fortunate to hear of such a person from a friend. He assured me, that to his personal knowledge, she was experienced in subjecting young men to the discipline of the petticoat! “Her name wasn’t Jones by any chance, was it?” my stepmother inquired.

Jules replied in the negative. “I insisted that Nicholas be present during the interview and he winced when she remarked, ‘Of course you wish the emphasis placed on helplessness and femininity?’ I broke in to ask Nicholas what size shoes he wore. You see he has rather small hands and feet for a boy.

“Five!” he whispered, his cheeks going scarlet.

“Excellent!” she declared, “He will wear size four slippers with 4" heels to start with, and in six months he should be able to manage 5" heels very nicely.” A horrified expression crossed his features, and we both burst into laughter. “I presume you will leave the matter of suitable clothing in my hands?”

I told her that that would be quite satisfactory and further that she need spare no expense. “That is good! I know a discreet ‘dresser’ who will be pleased to see that ‘she’ has becoming ensembles.”

Poor Nicholas had heard enough and fled from the room. The matter of proper figure training was discussed."

Jules paused a moment to remark that I had a very lovely little figure and inquired about the measurement of my waist.

"A mere 20" Jules," my stepmother told him proudly.

His expression turned to surprise. "I would hope that Nickolette can also expect to be laced down to that figure?"

"She was first presented to me as Nickolette before dinner one evening, about a week later. I couldn't find a single trace of masculinity as she minced into the drawing room."

She wore an exquisite white satin gown, the bodice cut to fit smoothly over her daintily nipped in waist; her pretty, girlish face outlined by a dark 'Page Boy' wig; her arms gloved to the elbow in glistening white glaze; her dainty slippers peeping in and out from under her skirts with each little mincing step. They made charming frou-frou, as she awkwardly curtsied to me.

I had to laugh, bringing tears to her eyes and a scarlet flush to her cheeks. "Oh father, don't make me go thru with this! Please father, please!" Tears trickled down her cheeks making rivulets in her makeup.

"Nickolette, dry your eyes this minute! Goodness you're simply ruining your makeup!" Mademoiselle scolded. Her admonition only served to increase the flow, as she stood there, her expression one of outraged masculinity. She was ordered back to her room to have the damage repaired. Her shoulders heaved with sobs, as she buried her face in her hands and minced swishingly from the room.

As we waited for her return, Mademoiselle inquired if I had noticed the frou-frou Nickolette's skirts had

made. I nodded and she went on to explain that past experience had taught her that the sibilant rustle of taffeta had a subtle femininizing effect on the masculine instincts of petticoated boys.

When Nickolette returned, his makeup repaired, he looked very sheepish. Apparently Mademoiselle had many methods of conquering any revolt against forced petticoating. Until dinner was served, Nickolette was ordered to mince up and down before us, turning, twisting, modeling his ensemble. I almost laughed when he stopped before me and lifted his skirt to reveal his daintily slippered foot and slim, silk encased ankle. While we dined, Nickolette had to content himself with a sparse diet to reduce his weight.

As each day went on, he became more and more like a girl with bleaching creams, softening and whitening his skin, his eyebrows plucked to mere pencil thin lines, his fingernails carefully manicured and polished.

Mademoiselle even suggested that his ears should be pierced, and I remember her tearful protests, followed by little screams of pain, as the needle was thrust thru the tender lobes. Yes, with each day, Nickolette's training was showing distinct results.

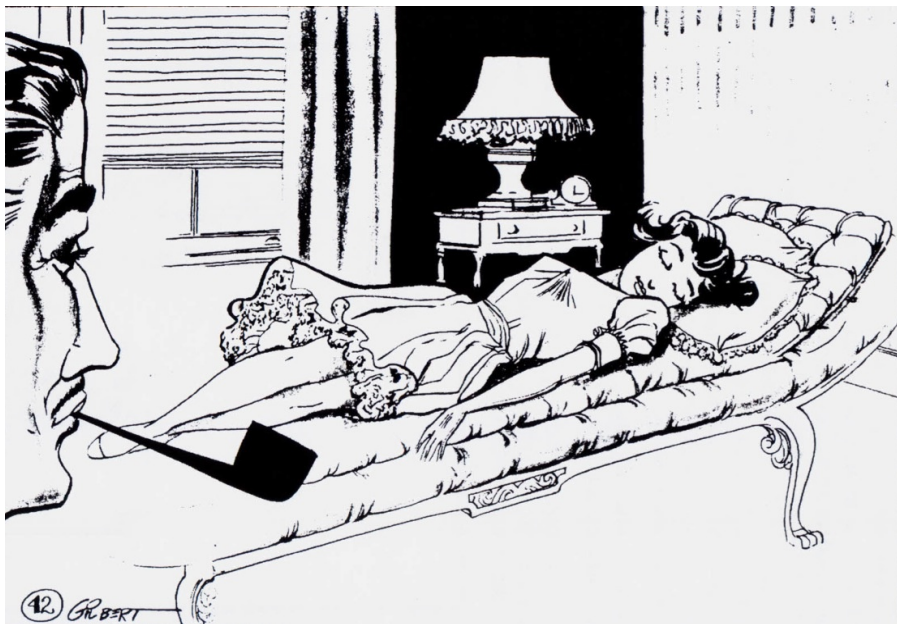
Jules told us, "Of course there were tearful protests against his forced feminization; but we overcame these by telling him that they would be relaxed within a month, as he had shown herself to be an expert impersonator at parties he had attended. At the end of each period, we always found some excuse to continue the strictness of his training, and he would submit meekly. Yet we were careful to keep alive the male sense of rebellion amidst the profusion of femininity with which he is surrounded. At the least sign of complete acquiescence to his new role, he was given a pill containing the male hormone, which rouses rebellion

and made him realize the exquisite shame of his position.”

My stepmother interrupted to ask where they could be obtained. Jules told her and then continued.

“Let me draw a word picture for you. It is late afternoon. I go up to Nickolette's suite to visit him. He has taken a pill the night before, and I wish to observe the results. I find him dozing on a satin cushioned chaise lounge in his silken, perfumed boudoir. His slim, girlishly graceful body relaxed in repose, his bosom gently rising and falling, his budding breasts provocatively outlined by the tight bodice of his pale blue taffeta tea gown. His slim, graceful limbs, encased in sheer silk, twitch. His skirt hitches up, revealing a froth of elaborately frilled petticoats. The lovely face is framed in a mass of silk and lace pillows, his dark locks spreading over them. The ruby red lips are parted slightly, revealing pearly white teeth. His gloved hands open and close as though he were having some exotic dream. Suddenly his long, silky eyelids flutter open, and a startled cry escapes from his lips. His little hands raise to his bosom in girlish fright.

“Oh father, you startled me!” he exclaims, sheepishly lowering his eyes, as a scarlet flush comes to his cheeks. He hastily rises and curtsies. The sibilant rustle of taffeta rends the quiet of the room. He is so completely feminine in his every movement, every gesture, every expression.



I seat myself on the cushions, taking his small hand in mine, and drawing him down beside me and ask, "And what was my pretty 'daughter' dreaming about? Perhaps in the embrace of some handsome young man?" The flush on his cheeks deepens and a pained expression flits across his pretty features. He looks up at me, whispering..."Oh father, I hate this being a girl!"

I shake my head, and he continues..."If you insist on my being petticoated, can't I at least go out to dances and things like other girls do? And father, please, please let me out of these hateful stays!"

His little hands press against his tiny waist. "No my dear, a girl you agreed to be and a girl you will remain until your time is up. However, we might be able to lessen your training a little, if you were to ask very nicely and in a daughterly way."

His arm slips about my neck and he lifts his face to kiss me in a daughterly fashion.



To me, it is like being kissed by a girl...to him, a boy in petticoats, kissing a man, even his father is abhorrent. I feel his lips go rigid in protest, then relax into trembling acquiescence. My fingers run down his

dress over his budding breasts, already so promising, and gather up his skirts to make pretty frou...frou with them. His expression changes to one of turmoil.

He lifts his pretty face to mine in anticipation of a caress. His eyes are pleading, as I gently release myself from his embrace, and rise to my feet. "There will be guests tonight," I tell him, "Special guests who are interested in your progress as a girl, and Mademoiselle will render a report on your behavior. If you warrant it, you will be suitably punished."

"Oh father," she whispers, lowering her eyes demurely.

We are seated in the drawing room, sipping cocktails, when Nickolette swishes into the room in a lovely cerise gown, the skirt billowed out with layers of petticoats, the bodice, strapless and cut to fit her nipped waist. She curtsies to us, then goes to each of my guests and kisses him. Later, she parades before us to model her pretty gown, and show us her froth of petticoats. We dine and wine, while Nickolette must content herself with a little bit of chicken breast and a glass of wine.

We retire to the drawing room, where Nickolette is to entertain us with a modernized version of "The Rape Of Lucretia". Mademoiselle has seen to it that she is letter perfect in her part. Unbeknown to her, one of the guests will play the part of the slave. Nickolette prepares herself, reclining gracefully on a chaise lounge. The slave appears, clad only in a loin cloth. He pleads on his knees for her to help him. At first, she remains haughty, disdainful. Then her expression changes to one of mischievousness, and she starts to tease him, pretending to offer her lips for his caress.



She pushes him away and laughs in his face. In desperation, he buries his face in her silken skirts. Her repeated teasing, rouse his passions to the fever pitch, and he seizes her in his arms, claspng her to him, despite her frantic struggles. Her little fists pound against his chest, as his leering lips come closer...closer... Her legs begin to thrash in a shower of petticoats. Her

cries are silenced with his lips, and she slowly relaxes in his arms to accept a female destiny.

As the applause fades, Nickolette is in tears as she rises from the couch, her first thought to hastily arrange her skirts, then mince hurriedly from the room.

There is a pause while brandy is served. Then Nickolette reappears, once more demure, shy, her makeup repaired, and wearing a new gown.

The guests congratulate Nickolette on the acting, so realistically, so thrillingly portrayed. She sits demurely with lowered lashes, her small hands folded in her lap, as we discuss her progress as a girl.

Mademoiselle is summoned to report. "Yes Nickolette is improving; but there is much to be desired. Any relaxation of discipline would be fatal."

Nickolette hears this and moans in anguish, tears filling her eyes, and she casts a pleading glance in my direction. She rises to her feet and hurries over to throw herself down before me, embracing my knees and forgetting her part as a girl and in a boy's voice and manner, bewails her lot. "I hate it all! I hate my petticoats! My corsets! My dreadful heels!"

We are astounded at this outburst, and a grim expression crosses Mademoiselle's face.

"You naughty girl!" she exclaims, yanking her to her feet and grabbing her wrists. There is a brief struggle, then a click, as a pair of handcuffs are locked about her wrists. Her rebellion subsides, and she becomes submissive, knowing that she will be severely punished for her outburst.

After giving her a little time to recover, a special training corset is produced and she is firmly laced into it. It stretches from her neck to her knees and imprisons her arms in special sockets. Rigidly laced, completely

helpless, she is placed on a trundle bed. “There you shall stay till morning!” she is told.

The following evening, a demure, subdued Nickolette is brought to me. Feminine and seductive, she expresses her sorrow for her rebellion.

I take her soft person in my arms and kiss her tenderly, telling her that, as a reward for her feminine display of modesty, I shall take her to New York for a weekend. “There my darling, you may attend a dance and glide about in the strong arms of handsome young men. They of course will try and you might even welcome their caresses. They will love feasting on your tiny waist and frilly petticoats. Yes, there will be many men who will pay you attention, dance with you and flirt with you!”

She hangs her head in blissful shame, her cheeks crimsoning; but I know as she snuggles against me, she is thrilled with the thought.

“How delightful!” my stepmother remarks. “And was the trip all that Nickolette had hoped for?”

Jules smiled, and explained that, as yet, they had not gone, and that perhaps she would allow me to accompany them. “I’m positive Nickolette would be thrilled to have a companion!” They burst into laughter.

I was summoned to the drawing room and asked if I would like to go. Of course I was thrilled. Jules outlined the shopping tours, dances, dinner parties and all. “Shall we say this weekend?” Jules suggested.



Annette packed for me, selecting my frilliest lingerie, my prettiest dresses for the street, teatime and formal wear...everything to make me my feminine prettiest. "Oh Annette I cried in ecstasy, "I'm simply

thrilled!" I threw my arms about her and kissed her pretty mouth.

She was horrid. "You should save your girlish embraces for the handsome young men," she kidded.

Oh why did she constantly remind me that I was merely a facsimile of a girl! When she had completed my packing, she took my luggage down to the car. After a lecture on proper maidenly behavior from my stepmother, I was whisked away to meet Nickolette.

I was admitted by a pretty maid who announced that Miss Nickolette was in the drawing room. Nickolette and Jules rose as I swished into the room.

"Oh Alice! How sweet you look!" she cried, hurrying forward to embrace me and give me a welcoming kiss.

"You girls always have to kiss when you meet, don't you?" Jules teased, bursting into a roar of laughter. The emphasis was placed on 'girls', bringing a rosy flush to our cheeks.

Nickolette excused herself to put on her bonnet and minced out of the room. "Come my dear, sit here beside me!" Jules suggested, making room for me on the divan. I arranged my skirts and lowered myself to cushions. "You have become a very attractive young lady Alice!" he whispered. "You will be like my daughter and I will buy Nickolette and you many pretty things...."

His arm slipped about my nipped waist, gently drawing me close to him. I hastily lowered my eyes in maidenly modesty, as his eyes ran over my figure. I remembered how he had held my hand in his when we had first met.

I was prepared for anything. He took my chin in his hand and tilted my face up to his, then kissed me full on the lips. It would have been quite thrilling if he had not known I was a petticoated boy. As it was, it was revolting to me.

I wanted to scream in protest as his hand wandered over my person; but I knew that would bring a thrashing from my stepmother. Fortunately I was saved ultimate shame by Nickolette's return. She gave me a knowing smile when she saw me in her father's arms. I hastily smoothed out my skirts with fingers trembling.

As we journeyed to the train station, Jules remarked..."I presume you young ladies would find it to your taste to share the same drawing room. You probably have so much to discuss." Nickolette sheepishly admitted it would be lovely.

As we waited for the train to pull in, Nickolette gave my hand a little squeeze, whispering..."Oh Alice isn't it just too exciting?" I think she would have kissed me, if we had not been in public. As soon as we were settled in our accommodations, Jules left for the Club car for a highball and smoke.

Nickolette slipped her arms about me. "Oh Alice, don't you find it thrilling to be a girl and wear such pretty clothes?"

I admitted, "After a few years at Miss Lane's, even the most masculine young man, would find being petticoated a delightful experience. If only I was not constantly being reminded that I am merely a petticoated boy."

Nickolette then confided to me about the special pills she had to take. "All the girls take them to not get pregnant. They make me feel more comfortable and less humiliated in my petticoats!"

"I don't think we can get pregnant," I said.



We quickly turned to more interesting subjects...the delight we would have shopping for exquisite bits of lingerie, trying on pretty dresses, coats, slippers, and picturing ourselves dancing with handsome young men.

We giggled and chattered like schoolgirls on an outing. "Now darling, you simply must show me all the pretty things you brought with you," she exclaimed. For an hour or more we 'Oh'd' and 'Ah'd' over each other's pretty clothes.

A knock came on the door and Jules announced it was time to dine. We minced down the aisle after him, feeling the eyes of our fellow passengers surveying us...the men taking in our pretty figures, the women our attire.

I overheard one woman remark..."My dear, they simply must be corseted. Just look at their nipped waists." I suppressed a giggle, as I wondered what she would have said, if she had known.

Jules ordered cocktails. I glimpsed admiring glances, as I peeked over the top of my glass. A second cocktail and we started to giggle.

After dining, Jules ushered us into the Club car to, as I suspected...'show us off.' As we arranged our skirts to sit down, he teasingly whispered, "The gentleman will be delighted to see your petticoat frills, girls!" There was a twinkle of amusement in his eyes.

Sometime later, he suggested that we probably would like to retire, as we had so much to look forward to the next day. We rose and each gave him a daughterly kiss, then hurried back to our accommodations.

There, we quickly undressed, donned our frilly nighties and crept between the sheets. We whispered for simply hours giggling about girlish fantasies that no boys should ever have.

It's weird how we both had wedding fantasies suddenly developing in our heads. I'm not going to lie to you. I started dreaming about a wedding dress as soon as my breasts developed.

Nickolette and I giggled about “our wedding” dresses but neither of us was sure being a wife would be in our future.

Though, technically, we couldn’t get legally married, we fantasied about what being a good wife would mean. Nickolette’s girlishness brought out feelings I knew I shouldn’t have.

In the city, Jules had made hotel reservations...a suite with a sitting room and two bedrooms. Nickolette and I were to share one. “Will you girls need a maid to lace your corsets?” He teased.

I replied, “We are quite capable ourselves.”

It would be a delightful experience to lace Nickolette. I knew she would in turn make sure I was firmly laced.

Precious time was wasted in unpacking. Finally, Jules excused himself and told us he would meet us for lunch. A final primping before the mirror and we were off on a shopping tour.

We had a positively thrilling morning touring the shops, examining exquisite bits of lingerie, trying on chic dresses, hats, coats, slippers...everything to bring joy to a feminine heart.

Nickolette shared my fondness for high heels. I had tried-on every one of her extensive collection which she had planned on adding to that day.

The sudden thrill of buying proper high stiletto heels had made me realize I was liberated! I could wear high heels! I could wear VERY, VERY high heels!



"We are lucky to be small," Nickolette said trying on a pair of designer 4 3/4" heels. "Even in these heels, the men are much bigger than us. Don't you just love showing off around masculine men in feisty heels?"

There was a look of total content to Nickolette's sweet young, innocent face. Did I have the same expression as I had no difficulty mincing about in high heels and the finest of dresses.

But like determined young ladies, we were intent on buying new outfits. The thought flashed that we had money and freedom. We could go buy male clothes and run away. But the evening sounded so fun and scrambling for a last minute escape wouldn't do. No, new dresses were our perfect option.

With our new skyscraper heels, we wanted dresses that would make us feel dainty and ladylike. I didn't mind wearing dresses. They are complex but all you need is a great pair of heels and you feel special. Just think about it. A dress is one garment; one powerful piece of clothing that creates a new world around you.

They show off the breasts and waistline and hips. The wrong dress can make the wearer look pregnant (Empire dresses that have a waist raised above the natural waistline, typically right below the bustline.)

A dress tells everyone, "I am a female." They can show off legs and ankles and without trying too hard, say, "I am a sexy female."

It was such fun to have the unsuspecting clerks fussing over us, and their delight when they discovered our nipped waists.

At lunch we were the center of attraction. Jules reminded us that we had been invited to spend the evening at a friend of his on Long Island... "And there will be handsome young men to dance with," he concluded with a teasing laugh.

He ruined everything by reminding us that they would be surprised, if they knew we were boys in petticoats.

After lunch, we went to matinee, selected by Jules. There were several Female Impersonators in the cast.

"They only have to wear their petticoats and dresses during the show," he teased. "You are much

more like real girls with many years of ultra-high heel-wearing ahead of you both.”

Jules laughed as we managed to somehow teeter the final blocks back to our hotel in our brand-new, stunningly lovely, but agonizingly unbroken in, 5-inch stiletto heels.

Once in front of the hotel, I had been longing for the wonderful moment get into the hotel room and kick-off my amazing shoes.

But Jules wanted us to walk the lobby and window shop the hotel stores so he could introduce us to everyone as his “daughters” and show off our lovely choice of stylish clothes.

“Impressed” was written all over the men’s faces. I knew Nickolette was feeling the same pain; our feet on fire with the intense toe-pressure. But neither of us showed any indication or pursued any relief before it was late and we had to get ready.

I couldn’t believe that Nickolette and I spent hours preparing for the evening. There was the long scented bath with heady perfumes, picking out our prettiest undies, and lacing each other to the last breathless inch.

And carefully getting into our billowing, swishing petticoats and formals we had purchased that morning.

I never felt more girlish than when I slipped a velvet wrap over my shoulders and minced after Jules and Nickolette into the elevator.

Our host greeted us effusively, demanding a kiss from each of us. I wondered if Jules had told him about our sex. I asked Nickolette, as we sat before the mirror in the powder room. She shook her pretty head and whispered, “Who cares. This is going to be a fascinating evening for us.”



She was so right. How exciting to find oneself being guided about the dance floor in the arms of a handsome, young man...each telling you how pretty you are, and insisting on your joining him for lunch at the earliest possible opportunity.

Their compliments worked. There were the walks in the garden, to be held in their strong arms, to be kissed tenderly and lingeringly.

"You taste good," my favorite young man said and I let him slip his hand down the bodice of my gown and he rolled my nipples between his fingers.

I closed my eyes savoring the sensation from his fingers. Suddenly I found myself caught in the man's embrace. I couldn't help but smile inwardly as he again placed his hands on the back of my head bringing my lips up to meet his.

I moaned in response. His touch had nearly driven me mad. I was like paralyzed as his tongue delved in and out of my painted lips.

I wanted to remember every detail of the experience as he played with the sensitive tips of my soft mounds. Was I glad to have them? I reflected on the pure desire of the moment before pulling away. I was afraid I would faint and needed to get to the ladies room right away.

"Will I see you again?" he questioned, as he walked me back.

All too soon the night was over, and we were back in the hotel. We chatted and giggled most of the night relating our experiences to each other.

On the trip home, I told Nickolette of the tea my stepmother planned to have for me, at which we 'girls' were to tell of our experiences in petticoats.

"Alice darling, you simply must invite me!" she cried.

"Of course you'll be there darling," I whispered, giving her little gloved hand an affectionate squeeze.

"Oh you're sweet!" she tittered.

THE END

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