

Cindy Sue

by: Julie

My name was Charley, and I lived with my mom and sister Patti, who is three years older than me.

It was 1962, and tomorrow was the last day of school. My friends followed me home to play in my large back yard; and then we broke up our playing to eat dinner before they came back later. My friend Paul announced the old witch down the street had yelled at him again as he drove by on his bike. She was an old lady that didn't like us kids, and often yelled at us; so after some discussions, we decided to play a prank on her. Paul and I shit in a paper bag, and then we were off to visit the witch. We twisted the top shut, squirted a little lighter fluid on it, and set it on fire on her porch ! We rang the doorbell, yelled fire, and ran behind a bush. We laughed in anticipation of her coming out and stomping on it; but then ... she didn't come out. We shouted fire again, but still nothing. And then for some reason the paint on the porch caught fire and started to spread. Well, we were a bit panicked ! Tommy grabbed a hose from the house next door, but the flames were already going up the side of the wall beside the door. Tommy was spraying the porch when we heard fire engines; and then the lady screamed from inside the house. We ran.

The next day when I came home from school, mom greeted me. The witch had figured out who it was; and I was in some serious trouble. She said the police were there; and they wanted to talk with me. Mom was angry and crying. I had been in some trouble before, but this was the last straw she said.

The short of it was Tommy and I were put on probation, got a fifty dollar fine, and we had to pay for the damage, three hundred and fourty dollars. Mom was FURIOUS ! We didn't have much money.

* * * * *

The next day, after lunch, (And a rather nice lunch I must say considering the trouble I was in.) I felt strangely tired. I went to lie down on the couch for a while.

When I woke up, I was in a strange room, in a strange bed. I couldn't move my hands ! I groggily looked down at the pink bedspread, and over at the starched white sheets and the lace trimmed pillow case. My head hurt, and seemed larger. I was disoriented. It was a little while before I realized my wrists were tied to the bed !

"Hey ! What the hell's going on ! Let me out of here !" I screamed.

My aunt walked in, ... followed by my sister and mother.

"What the *\$#@&*\$ is going ON ? Get me the *\$#@#*\$ out of this, ... you stupid *\$#@&*\$!" I screamed.

My mother started crying. My aunt went into the bath, and then came straight over to me. She had a small pink bar of soap in her hand.

"Untie me ! Get me the #@\$&*"

My aunt hated me ! She was always telling my mother that she was too lenient with me, and that I was an insolent brat, and out of control. I was cocky and fearless in the comfortable confines of my home and relationship with my mom; but now my courage was beginning to fail me in these unfamiliar surroundings. My aunt wasn't a large woman, but, in fact, a not unattractive, late thirtyish woman; But then I was a smallish boy. I knew her as a headstrong, tenacious woman, and not someone to mess with.

It took me by surprise when she pushed the bar of soap into my mouth in mid-expletive. She then grabbed a scarf from the nightstand, and tied it over my mouth. I was IRATE ! I struggled and tried to yell, but to no avail. My aunt sat on the bed next to me. She just sat, until I calmed enough to look at her. I didn't want to look. I didn't want her to see the fear in my eyes. It was ten minutes or more before my muffled ranting ran out of steam, and finally looked.

"Your mother tells me you think good manners are for sissies and sissy girls. Is that true ?"

I tried to scream curses at her, but it was all muffled.

"Well then, YOU are going to be the sissiest of girls !"

With that, she pulled the covers back to reveal the pink baby doll pajamas I was wearing. I couldn't believe it ! The sight of the pink girl's nightie was a shock that took the wind out of me.

"Now, ... it's time for your training."

My aunt untied one wrist while motioning for my mother to untie the other. They pulled me from the bed, and into the bath, where they pulled the nightie off. I looked down to see I was completely hairless, ... except for the small blonde hairs on my arms.

"Do you have to use the toilet ?" Aunt Mae questioned.

I shook my head defiantly. They pulled my hands behind me and tied my wrists together.

"Well then, we will have to help you."

She pulled a pink balloon thing with a long nozzle, and began filling it with soapy water.

They bent me over the tub. I tried screaming my protests, but it was useless. She pushed the tube into me. I stiffened, and tried squirming away. My aunt bent me over again. I felt the warm sudsy water fill me, and then they sat me on the toilet. She pushed my thing down between my legs unabashedly. She was cold and clinical.

"This little thing of yours has gotten you in SO much trouble ! ... We're going to correct that !"

I was shocked, scared, and so humiliated ! What were they doing to me ? But I still managed to hold back my tears. Tears were for girls.

"You better go while you can. You won't get another chance for a while."

She wiped my bottom, ... like a baby ! And then she placed a funny looking, thin elastic belt around my waist. My eyes got big, as my aunt pulled a white rectangle from a blue box, and started toward me. She shoved the soft, white, feminine pad between my legs, trapping my maleness in the cotton. ... My muffled screams at this indignity were ignored. She pulled up on the belt, and "it" slid deep into my crack ! I screamed protests, and pleaded, but it was all uselessly muted.

My aunt then produced a pair of filmy, frilly, white, nylon, lace trimmed panties. She placed my feet into them and pulled them up my legs. I was in such a state of shock, they were over my thighs before I realized what she had done.

I was in a cold sweat as they dragged me back into the bedroom. My sister's jaw dropped in shock and surprise; and then she started to giggle, and pointed and laughed. I looked down in mortified dismay at the outline of the belt and (ulp) feminine THING showing from under the thin panties. I t was obvious to my sister, who I loved to tease, I was wearing Kotex under the lace trimmed panties !

A pair of pink and white elasticized briefs were pulled on me; and then Aunt Mae held up a long, white corset with ribboned garters that dangled from the bottom. Mom held me tightly as I squirmed, trying to back away. It was placed around me, and then I was thrown across the bed; and my hands were pulled high in back, making it difficult to move, let alone struggle. I thought my arms were going to break ! The laces were pulled excruciatingly tight. Each time I exhaled, the corset was cinched tighter; and I was unable to thwart them by holding my breath. I was gasping from my struggles; and my breaths came faster after each tightening.

I was rather subdued, out of breath, and near tears when they pulled me upright again. They sat me on the edge of the bed, while they pulled filmy stockings up my legs, attaching them to the ribboned garters at the bottom of the corset. I was unable to struggle anymore. I could only try to catch my breath, choking on the dissolving soap as I watched, ... helplessly.

My wrists were untied, but held tightly by my mother and sister, while Aunt Mae slid something nylon and lace up her arms, along with a smallish white brassiere. She took hold of my wrists then, transferring the two of them up my arms, to my muffled squeals. Mom fastened the bra in back; and the delicate, lace trimmed nylon slid over my head in place. It covered the top of the bra with a band of lace, while the bottom band of lace settled around my waist. I looked down in revulsion at the two sets of sissy straps over my shoulder.

Mom and Patti then took hold of my wrists while Aunt Mae laid a pile of ruffles and lace at my feet. She placed my feet in them, and pulled the frilly petticoat up to my waist. It had a large satin ribbon bow that draped over the lacy ruffles. I stopped squirming, and stood trembling in shocked disbelief. I was now in a corset and bra with girlie nylon and lace underthings !

My aunt held up a frilly, shiny pink party dress. I turned my head in disgust. I looked at mom pleadingly; but she refused to look at me. Patti had an amused smirk on her face. Aunt Mae slid her hands backward through the sleeves and took hold of my wrists again. The dress was forced up my arms and over my head. The rustling of the dress was deafening ! My wrists were then retied in back.

I was feeling quite sick. I was a proudly masculine boy being forced into such sissy girl clothes ! The humiliation, constriction, and the soap I was forced to swallow was leaving me ill and deflated. It left me with little will or energy to fight them ... as my struggles so far had been completely ineffectual.

A pair of white shoes with a small heel and a strap over the instep were placed on my feet. They fluffed the dress and petticoat before placing me on a bench in front of the vanity. The petticoat and dress mounded over my lap.

It was only then that I saw my hair was in curlers ! No wonder my head hurt ! My aunt removed them, and began brushing my hair into soft curls. It was several shades lighter than the slick, dark brown "D A" I had last seen; and I was ashamed to see that it was long enough to be acceptable for a girl. I watched as she fixed it to suit her. She then picked up a pink satin ribbon. She started to pull it into my hair, and I went crazy ! Despite everything they had dressed me in, the thought of the shiny pink ribbon in my hair was just much too girlie too awful ! I shook my head and bellowed my disgust.

I was quickly pulled to my feet, my skirts lifted, and a hairbrush smacked my bottom. Even through the corset, it hurt. I was abruptly seated again, and my head yanked around. Aunt Mae tied the pink ribbon above my new bangs; and then my face was turned to the mirror for me to see. The last bit of denial of my fate dissolved at the girlish sight. The pink dress with the circle of white lace around my collar and short puffy sleeves, and a pink ribbon tied in a neat bow in my curled hair was TOO much ! I cried. It signaled my bitter defeat. ... I never cried.

It was several minutes later, after Aunt Mae and my mother dried my tears, that Aunt Mae turned my face to look at her.

"Are you ready to behave now ?"

I thought about stubbornly resisting; but I had swallowed enough soap. It was awful ! Besides, I was not only dressed in sissy girl clothes, but I had blubbered like a sissy girl. I nodded.

"You will speak only when spoken to, ... and then you will respond with yes Ma'am or no Ma'am, or yes Aunt Mae. Are we clear ?"

Her words were harsh and crisp, and left me stunned. ... I slowly nodded in submissive defeat again. ... I had been in fights, beaten to a bloody pulp, and wouldn't give my opponent the satisfaction of surrender. This was so much worse.

"Very well then."

She untied the scarf, and removed the soap from my mouth. I sputtered.

"Would you like to rinse your mouth out ?" She asked.

I nodded. Aunt Mae looked expectantly at me.

"Yes, Aunt Mae", I gasped.

They were words of capitulation.

I wobbled in the new shoes as she helped me into the bath. She held the glass of water for me; and then she helped me back into the bedroom. The dress and petticoat swished and hissed so girlishly !

"What are you doing ? Why are you doing this to me ? What is this ... THING you've put me in ? It hurts." I whined.

"I told you. We are going to teach you manners and civility. You think it's for sissies and girls, ... then that is what you are going to be ... the sissiest of girls !"

"But how ? I'm not I'm not a girl !" I protested.

"You are a miserable excuse for a boy, ... aren't you ? So you will learn to be a nice, sweet, respectful girl ! And you are wearing a corset ! And you will continue to wear your corset until you learn to behave, ... completely ! Now, ... do you think we can untie your hands ? Will you be good ? Will you be a good girl ?"

"But I'm not.... "

Her stern look and my sissified condition left me feeling weak, and her in complete control.

"Yes, Aunt Mae", I dutifully responded.

My resistance was obviously futile. I was quite uncomfortable enough without my hands being tied.

"Good", she replied, and smiled for the first time, ... a wry, triumphant smile.

I was untied; and I looked at my sore, red wrists and my pink fingernails. They had painted my fingernails a sissy pink !

She instructed me to scoop the dress as I sat. I turned red as I complied with the feminine gesture. She had me face sideways at her. She picked up a small tube, and began applying mascara. I glanced furtively over at the mirror as my lashes were coaxed longer and darker. A pink dress, a pink ribbon in my hair, and now makeup ugh ! This was followed by a tiny brush she ran along my eyelids. I instinctively pulled back in revulsion.

"Sit still !" She barked. If you make me smear your makeup you're going to be sorry !"

Blue eyeshadow came next, eyebrow pencil, then powder, ... and finally she held a tube of lipstick. The light, pinkish red dome pushed up as she twisted. I shuddered as she pressed it to my lips. She gripped my chin firmly, keeping my recoil in check. She turned my face to the mirror then. I was quite the sissy looking girl, with a pink hair ribbon, girlish looking eyes with long lashes, red pouty lips, and the pink dress with dainty looking lace around the collar and short puffy sleeves. I was mortified to see I looked just like some of the prettier sissy girls at school.

"Yes,very pretty !" Aunt Mae exclaimed. "Your new name is Cynthia, ... Cynthia Susan McClain."

"What do you think of your new daughter and sister ?" She asked, as she turned to my mother and sister.

They had stayed a couple of steps back, out of my aunt's way.

Mom was smiling. Patti let out a happy, girlish squeal. I felt queasy.

Aunt Mae picked up a bottle of perfume and sprayed my neck and wrist. I now smelled of flowers. I looked ... and smelled like a girl.

"Ok, stand up !" She ordered.

"Yes, you are a very pretty girl, A most feminine young lady, aren't you ? Now, .. tell us your name little girl."

My throat had a huge lump in it.

"Speak up, ... don't be shy !" She demanded in a threatening tone.

"Charl...."

Whack ! My upper thigh caught the brunt of the hairbrush this time, ... and it stung !

"Cynthia", I whimpered.

"You can do better than that ! Speak up young lady !"

"Uh ... Cynthia Susan McClain", I answered.

My eyes were welling up, and I blinked back tears. I could see my new, long lashes. I had never seen them without looking in the mirror before.

"That's right; and you are going to be a pretty, polite little girl, now aren't you ?"

I had never felt so helpless, or so humiliated.

"Yes, Aunt Mae", I answered.

"Good ! ... Let's go Cynthia, it's past lunch time."

I was helped downstairs. I teetered in the new shoes.

I finally recognized where I was. It was my aunt's house. She lived about a hundred and fifty miles away, out in the country. I also saw the time, I had been out for a whole day ! My hands shook. I was in serious trouble ! Here I was, trapped in girl clothes, isolated way out here !

A frilly, dainty apron was tied around me. It had a lace trimmed ruffle around the skirt, bib and straps. She made me help set the table, and then help make B L T's for lunch. I had always refused to do anything domestic, girl's work, at home.

The dress and petticoat rustled so girlishly ! I felt imprisoned in this house and in these sissy clothes ! The corset was SO tight, and so uncomfortable; and the frilly clothes and soap filled stomach left me feeling rather uneasy, queasy, and helplessly sissified ! I was trapped in a boy's worst nightmare !

My mother and sister tittered with amusement. They had been in the background, but seemed to be warming to my predicament. Patti had a wide smile that wouldn't stop.

She had patiently tied the apron in a neat bow in back, and had lingered, gently fingering the frills I now wore. They all watched as I fumbled with the dress and petticoat as I sat.

"Sit up, and keep your knees together, Cynthia, ... like a proper lady." Aunt Mae ordered.

"I'M WAITING for a reply !" She boomed.

"Uh ... yes Ma'am", I half whispered.

My mother and sister giggled.

I noticed my hands were trembling.

I didn't have much of an appetite. I only ate a small portion of my sandwich.

"Come on and eat ! You must be starved ! You haven't eaten since yesterday !" Aunt Mae remarked.

"I'm not very hungry. I can't eat with this so tight." I replied, as I pointed at my middle.

"Oh come now ! It's not so bad. Women and girls have worn corsets for years. I wore one when I was a young girl, ... like yourself." She giggled. "You've made fun of your sister about wearing a girdle. How do you like it ?"

I hung my head in silence.

"Take your vitamins ! If you're going to eat like that, you'll need your vitamins."

"Yes, Aunt Mae", I replied meekly.

There were five vitamin pills ! My aunt watched as I took them. I was shocked at how many there were, but too intimidated to protest.

I just sipped my glass of milk. I looked at the lipstick on the rim. I had eaten only a quarter of my sandwich, and drank half my milk, by the time they were finished.

I helped wred the table, and then the apron was removed; and we went into the living room. Patti sat next to me on the couch. She fussed with my dress, and examined my fingernails. I was in shock, and only half aware of what was happening. Aunt Mae came over with make up.

"You need to freshen your make up after you eat. Here Patti, why don't you help your sister."

Patti took the lipstick. I wanted to turn away, but a glance over at Aunt Mae changed my mind. Patti gleefully smoothed it over my lips, smiling cheshirely all the time. She then patted fresh powder on my face.

"I think I'm going to love having a sister, And so pretty too ! You look so pretty in lipstick ... and things." She giggled as she fluffed the dress, exposing the frilly petticoat briefly.

I hung my head as she finished. With the corset forcing my chest out, I looked as nearly endowed as my sister. Patti was a little self-conscious about her small chest; and I had teased her, sometimes nearly to tears.

Slowly my fate began to become clearer, as they talked, haltingly. I was going to live with my aunt for the time being In dresses as a girl ! Mom and Patti were going to stay for a week to see I was firmly entrenched in my new role, and then would be back to visit. It sounded like I was going to have to wear a dress and live as a girl for the whole summer ! They all remarked from time to time how pretty I looked, and that I, indeed, made a most acceptable, even attractive, girl. My aunt remarked what a bonus it was to find what a pretty girl I made. Aunt Mae was in complete charge; and she alone would decide how I was to be dressed, what I was to do, and for how long.

I sat in silence. I was in pain, and feeling sick and humiliated. It all came crashing in on me ! Here I was, an independent, proudly masculine boy in the frilliest, sissiest girl clothes... and unspeakable things ! Tears began sliding down my cheeks, and I cried ! I blubbered something about not being a girl, and wanting to go home. They responded by talking to me like I was a weak, homesick little GIRL !

"I'm not a DAMN, STUPID GIRL !" I finally bellowed.

Aunt Mae got up and disappeared upstairs, and then reappeared and yanked me from the couch. She tied my hands behind me again, and turned me around. I clenched my mouth shut when I saw the soap in her hand. She held my nose until I gasped for air, and the soap was forced into my mouth and the scarf held it in place again. I was beside myself with frustration ! I screamed and threw a tantrum; but with my hands tied, and my mouth full of soap, it wasn't much of a tantrum. Aunt Mae pulled me across her lap. My dress and petticoat flipped over my back.

I just cried ! The indignity of it all was just too much ! It was even worse when she started paddling me with the hairbrush. My bottom was sore when she finished, and sat me back on the couch..

I never realized how much you swallow when you cry. I was swallowing a lot of soap. I was miserable. My whole world, my being, had been stripped from me; and here I was, crying like some sissy, ... unable to fight her.

"You better start behaving young lady ! If you ever expect to get out of your corset you better find some manners ! I'm not going to have such vile language in my house, ... especially coming from a sissy little girl !" Aunt Mae scolded.

I was choking and gagging for some time before I regained some composure. I looked over to see that my mother and sister had been crying too. I looked over at my aunt, defeatedly.

"Are you going to behave like a good little girl ?" She questioned.

I cringed, but had little choice. I nodded.

"There will be no more outbursts, and no more filthy language ! You will obey your mother and me without question ?"

I reluctantly nodded again. I was getting kind of sick from the soap. It was getting a little mushy in my mouth. I couldn't stand it any longer.

She untied me, and took me upstairs where I was allowed to rinse again. She wiped my face. She smoothed and fussed with my dress, and then led me over to the vanity.

"Anymore rebelliousness by you and we will have to take that corset in a few more inches. Would you like that ?"

"No ! Aunt Mae !" I gasped.

Tighter ? It will cut me in half !

"Then you better be on your best behavior."

"Yes, Aunt Mae"

She sat me at the vanity.

"Just look what your crying has done to your makeup ! A pretty girl like yourself can't go around looking like that ! I want you to fix yourself !"

I looked at her. I didn't know anything about girl's makeup.

"I ... can't. I don't know how ?"

"Well, you have to learn sometime. Do the best you can."

She handed me the mascara, and watched. I took the tiny brush, dumbfounded, and then ran it over my lashes. When I set it down, she took a tissue and wiped my cheek a little. The eye shadow was completely gone; and I started it when mom and Patti walked

in. They both grinned at me putting on makeup. They tittered as I smoothed the red lipstick to my lips and pressed them together. I then patted on powder. It was such a huge concession to my helplessly girlie state.

"There, that wasn't so bad, and not bad for the first time. We will make a cute, prissy girl of you yet !" Aunt Mae remarked. "Now, it's time we start dinner. Cynthia, you go down and put on your pretty apron. Do you think you can do that ?"

"Yes, Aunt Mae", I whimpered.

"Proper little girls curtsy when addressing their elders. Let's see a proper curtsy."

I felt the weight of her abuse, and looked at her, puzzled. I didn't know how to do such a sissy thing !

"Patti, ... show your sister how to curtsy." She directed.

Patti was still smiling, and held her dress as she bent her knees with one foot behind the other. I looked over at my aunt glaring expectantly at me; and I copied my sister.

Mom and Patti giggled.

"There, that wasn't so difficult, was it ?"

"No, Aunt Mae", I replied through gritted teeth., and curtsied again.

I was learning. It was clear to me just how much trouble I was in. I was nearly certain there were no boy clothes in the house. There was no escape, not from way out here.

I was painfully aware of the corset as I descended the stairs. Each little jolt jabbed the stays into my ribs. I shuddered at the thought of it being tightened further. My waist had been cinched into a very small circle already !

I obediently picked up the apron, and tied a bow in back. With my small waist, there was plenty left to drape down the back. I was setting the table when they came in.

"When you are finished, you may help make salads." Aunt Mae directed.

"Yes, Aunt Mae", I dutifully responded, and added a curtsy.

Mom and Patti giggled.

"You see ? She's going to be a perfectly mannered little girl."

Mom looked at me in disbelief. ... I turned red, and blinked back tears.

"Please mom, I'll be good, I promise. Please, can't we go back home ?"

My mother just looked down at the floor.

"Your mother has given up on you ! You are mine until I say otherwise ! Now, stop your whining, and get back to your chores."

She looked at me with such rage filled intensity that my knees were knocking.

"Yes, Aunt Mae", I stammered. The curtsy was rather wobbly.

"And you're going to have to learn to tie better bows ! That is something a fumbling, lout of a boy would tie ! You will have to do much better than this !" She snipped, retying the apron.

"Yes Aunt Mae, ... thank you Aunt Mae", I stammered, adding another wobbly curtsy.

Mom and Patti were wide-eyed with amazement.

I squirmed, trying to find some relief from the corset as I chopped lettuce, and sliced tomatoes, cucumbers, and radishes. It was an effort to keep from crying. Crying only exacerbated my sissified state.

I didn't eat much dinner either.

"Ok Cindy, you may wred the table and do the dishes now. Patti has doing it all these years. It is your turn."

"Yes Ma'am", I whispered.

"You are forgetting something." Aunt Mae said as I went to get up.

I looked at her questioningly.

"Young ladies freshen their lipstick after eating."

"Yes, Ma'am", I squeaked.

Mom and Patti stared in disbelief; and Patti giggled as I smoothed the lipstick over my lips before clearing the table.

Patti came back from the living room to help me with the dishes. I think she just wanted to watch me. She couldn't believe what she was seeing.

I kind of flopped down on the couch when I came out to the living room, and the dress and petticoat were in disarray. I had temporarily forgotten about how I had to sit down in a dress.

Aunt Mae frowned. "That's NOT how a young lady sits !"

"... sorry Aunt Mae, I'll be more careful."

"And keep your knees together ! You must learn to sit and behave like a proper lady !"

"Yes, Aunt Mae", I replied.

I felt so intimidated and humiliated. I felt like a sissy !

Mom and Patti smiled in bewilderment. Aunt Mae had done in one day what they hadn't dreamed possible !

Aunt Mae brought out a camera, and posed me for pictures.

"She looks sweet now, ... but she will improve. Freshen your lipstick Cynthia. You want to look pretty for the camera."

I was doomed !

She took several pictures of me putting on lipstick and makeup, and then made me smile while in feminine poses.

I was still in pain. I didn't care if girls had worn these things ! I was very uncomfortable.

Aunt Mae brought out her needlepoint then, and began teaching me. I fumbled with it, as I had trouble getting my mind off my pain.

It was nine o'clock when she took me upstairs to get ready for bed. She removed my make up, and then helped me out of the dress. The sight of the frilly underclothes filled me with renewed embarrassment. She showed me how to hang up the dress, followed by the petticoat on a special hanger. I was then left to undress myself'

I removed the delicate camisole, and looked in the mirror. I sucked some air at the sickening sight of me with nylon stockings, held up by the ribboned covered garters dangling from the corset. I couldn't wait to get out of the corset, but only fumbled with the laces. I decided to remove the stockings then. Her words of caution about being careful of the delicate things rang in my ears as I slipped them off my smooth legs. I then reached around to tear at the corset again. It was tied high in back, and was difficult to reach. I looked in the mirror, but couldn't make out the knot. I wanted out of the tortuous corset so badly ! I thought my arms were going to break, as my sore fingers tore at the laces. I was about to explode from frustration when Aunt Mae came in.

"What's taking so long."

I can't get out of this thing ! Will you help me, ... please ?" I pleaded, on the verge of tears.

"Why, of course dear. You see, you can ask nicely, can't you ? Now you know, ... you are in this corset until I decide to LET you out ! And you will wear this corset until you learn to walk, talk, and act like a prim and very courteous little lady ! You are going to be my very special little sissy girl !"

She pulled on the laces as she tried to undo them, tightening the corset a bit more. I just knew I couldn't bear having this any tighter than it was. Finally, I felt the laces loosen, and my chest could expand to full volume again. She laid it back across the bench at the foot of the bed. I looked at the red marks on my torso, and began messaging the circulation back.

"Take off your other things and wash up, and don't forget to brush your hair."

My new found freedom returned a little of my defiant nature; but I wisely thought better of it. I went into the bath. I removed the brief, followed by the silky panties. A wave of humiliation ran through me. I pushed the belt and ... white feminine thing off. I was running a wash cloth over me when Aunt Mae came in. I hid myself behind the washcloth.

"Don't be silly ! We are all girls here, and family as well. Besides, your little thing is hardly worth the effort."

Her derogatory remarks hurt.

"For tonight, I think we will keep you in bed, so you better go to the toilet now. I see you didn't mess yourself today, ... good."

She produced a diaper and rubber pants, more humiliation. The pink baby dolls went on next.

I was sitting at the vanity when mom and Patti came in. They watched as I brushed my hair. My aunt made me replace the pink hair ribbon. They all smiled as I tied a neat bow in my hair. I tried several times before my aunt was satisfied with the bow. It seemed like ages since the tantrum I threw over the pink ribbon in my hair.

I heard Patti giggle and the word diaper as I crossed the room to the bed. One by one they kissed me goodnight. I was so tired, I didn't have time to cry before I fell asleep.

Aunt Mae woke me at six-thirty the next morning. She had me take a scented bubble bath with bath oil, and shampooed my hair. I tried to think of some escape, but there was none. I looked at my chest and stomach. I had some redness still, and some small

bruises from the corset; ... and I was going to have to wear it again, and for all day ! And she was threatening to make it tighter ! Waves of fear and dread swept over me.

Aunt Mae filled my bottom with soapy water again. It was degrading, but at least my hands weren't tied, so I could use the toilet by myself. She helped cover my body with lotion and powdered me from head to toe with a large ribboned powder puff. She watched as I put on the belt, ... and sanitary napkin.

"Why do I have to wear these ?" I asked timidly and red faced.

She looked a bit irritated at my question.

"You wouldn't want to mess your pretty panties, would you ? You will be wearing your corset; and it doesn't come off until bed time."

I moaned to myself. I wanted to resist, but I was helpless. I was surprised to find myself helping my Aunt fit myself with the female things. She had stripped me of my masculine self-respect so quickly ! I was afraid she would tighten the corset, or keep me in it longer, or who knows what else ! Look at what she had forced on me all ready !

She pulled up on the belt when all was in place, sending the end deep into my bottom again. I yelped. I wondered if girls wore them so tightly. She handed me a pair of lace trimmed, nylon panties, and I pulled them on, followed by the elastic brief. She led me into the bedroom, where she held up the corset for me.

"Please, Aunt Mae, don't make me wear that again. I'll be good, I promise.

"You are not getting out of it that easily ! You will wear it until I'm satisfied you will be a sweet, very polite, little lady, ... and not a second sooner ! ... Just think of all the girls that have worn them, ... all the weak, sissy girls ! They didn't snivel and cry about wearing a corset, ..'. just a contemptuous, conceited, weakling of a boy ! The sooner you learn to act The sooner you BECOME my little sissy girl, the sooner you will get out of wearing your corset."

She fastened me into the tortuous garment again; and I was back to short, shallow breaths, with my chest heaving at the top. I wanted to cry. She then slid a white cotton bra up my arms and fastened it in back, and then held out a pair of silky stockings that dangled so femininely from her hand. I had to draw them up my legs and attach the darker tops to the garters. She held open a frilly white petticoat, and I stepped into it. The ruffled lace tickled the tops of my feet. I gasped as she produced a second long petticoat, and helped me into it by pulling it over my head until it settled on top of the first. It had a large flounce with a big ribbon bow. A lacy camisole was pulled over my head then. I stood silently, allowing her to dress me in the frilly, lace trimmed underthings. Better this way, I thought, than how they did it yesterday. Aunt Mae helped me into a dress next, a long brocade print. It was kind of heavy. She placed white heels

with a strap on my feet. I stood, and the shoes disappeared. When I went to walk, my feet wouldn't move.

"Pick up your skirts." She said.

I grasped the skirt with the petticoats and lifted to allow me to walk, with some difficulty, over to the vanity. I looked down at the frothy lace around my ankles. The phrase "sissy girl" was brought quickly to mind.

"I ... I ... can't !" I cried. "I'm not a girl ! I can't do this. I can't wear these sissy...."

"You will ... and you ARE ! Now, stop your whining this instant. These are lovely clothes, and they are YOURS ! If you ever want out of that corset, you better start behaving ! Now, sit down !"

Tears began flowing down my cheeks.

"Stop your crying this instant ! We have to make up your face. ... You don't want your mother and sister thinking you're a baby with red swollen eyes from crying do you ?"

Crying in front of my aunt made me feel almost as bad the frilly clothing I was wearing.

She set my hair in curlers, and then made my face; and then she made me put the lipstick on, myself. I looked at the sissy in the mirror putting on her lipstick, and squirmed uncomfortably. She applied perfume to my neck and wrist.

I held the skirt and petticoats as we made our way downstairs. I was resigned as we left the bedroom. I would cooperate.

Mom and Patti gasped as we entered the kitchen.

"You make such a pretty girl !" Mom squealed. "... even in curlers ! Your dress is so pretty !"

"Lift it up ! Show them your petticoats." Aunt Mae directed.

Mom and Patti made a fuss over my sissy clothes.

The three of them looked quite pleased as we ate. They smiled often as they glanced my way. Patti wore a plain top and shorts ... and here I was ! I struggled to swallow the vitamins.

After breakfast I took up my skirt and petticoats; and we returned upstairs, where Aunt Mae took my hair down and brushed it out. The corset was already causing me some severe discomfort. I held me tongue.

"I want you to pay attention, because you will be doing this for yourself soon."

"Yes Ma'am", I sighed.

She handed me a white satin ribbon when she was done combing it to her satisfaction. I tied it in my hair without a whimper.

"I want to see a neat bow." She warned.

"Yes Ma'am", I replied sheepishly.

I then freshened my lipstick. Aunt Mae stood, smiling at my silent acquiescence.

When I stood up, she tied a white draw string purse around my wrist.

"This is for your lipstick, compact, and things. You will keep yourself looking fresh and pretty for me today, won't you Cynthia dear?"

"Yes, Aunt Mae", I answered disheartedly.

We returned downstairs. I felt frustrated and claustrophobic. This was a prison, ... a harsh feminine prison! The stairs were difficult in the long skirt, petticoats and heels. I didn't think I could have handled this yesterday.

Mom and Patti were in awe as I returned with my pink, feminine hands full of skirt. Patti began to giggle, and then mom. They were beside themselves, giggling like a couple of schoolgirls with their hands cupped over their mouth. I was the epitome of sissy femininity with the long skirt, frilly apron, make up, hair ribbon, and the froth of lace around my ankles. I was crimson with embarrassment.

At lunchtime, Aunt Mae had me push the purse back to my elbow so I could set the table and help prepare the food. It was a lot more work moving with the heavy skirts. They were like an anchor; and I felt like a servant girl.

Mom and Patti giggled again as I freshened my lipstick and powdered my nose after lunch. They couldn't seem to be able to stop as we sat in the living room.

Aunt Mae had me serve coffee and tea cake that afternoon. I made several trips while holding my skirts in one hand.

I winced at the pain and discomfort. I was hot, and found it hard to catch my breath. I felt so weak, and was getting dizzy. Tears started down my cheeks. ... I couldn't continue. I felt hollow. I hadn't eaten much. I put the pot down and struggled over to the couch, where I sat gasping for air.

"Our little girl is frailer than I thought." Aunt Mae remarked.

She held a glass of water to my lips. She then put a cool wash cloth over my forehead. I felt weak and woozy, like I was going to faint faint ? Oh my God ! She was making me feel so so .. girlish ... like such a ... weakling ... like a sissy !

"Yes, ... you are a delicate thing, now aren't you ?"

This wasn't fair ! I was a strong boy; but I wasn't used to these tight female garments !

"You just relax and get your strength. ..' such a pretty, frail, feminine little girl. Don't worry, we'll take care of you.

"Maybe we should loosen her corset." Mom remarked.

"No, ... she'll be all right. Just let her rest a while." Aunt Mae said.

I lay helpless to move on the couch. I wanted out of the horrid corset ! I couldn't breath ! Tears were streaming down my cheeks.

It was a few minutes before Aunt Mae noticed.

"Fix your face dear." She said.

I was to get no sympathy.

Close to dinner, Patti excused herself to use the bathroom.

"Aunt Mae, I have to use the bathroom." I whispered.

"You'll just have to hold it dear."

"No, .. I have to ... number two." I pleaded.

"You'll just have to hold it."

I still had to set the table. I moved slowly.

I didn't eat much dinner. Being in the corset was torture enough, but now I had stomach cramps. I could feel the end of the ... Kotex still up into my bottom. I couldn't even poo my pants... er...panties. The sudden thought of all the embarrassingly girly things I was wearing made me squirm. ... I made faces and was paralyzed for brief moments.

"What's wrong dear ?" Mom asked.

"She's just having menstrual cramps." Aunt Mae interjected.

Her explanation sent a shock through me. Mom looked at me, and then at my Aunt, looking bewildered. I brushed back a tear. Patti was breaking up with laughter. Mom looked at her.

"I'm sorry, it's just so funny ! And I can't help it. He deserves it ! I just love him in a pretty dress and done up with stockings, ribbons, and frilly undies ! He looks so pretty in lipstick, ... and such pretty ...long lashes. He's such a pretty G I R L ! He'll never be able to tease ME again!

"Patti I don't want you to refer to your sister as him again ! Cynthia is a pretty little girl now, and your sweet, little, ... and rather weak baby sister. Your monster of a brother is just a memory. You will address your sister as Cynthia.. or Cindy or Cindy Sue if you prefer, or even Sissy seeing she is your sister now."

She stifled her giggling and looked solemn.

"I'm sorry", she said.

"She'll be all right. She's just having some cramps." Aunt Mae stated.

Fix your make up dear " She directed.

It took several minutes to repair my eyes, and freshen my lipstick.

I never felt so helplessly weak in my life !

The cramps did go away after a while; but then they came back again that evening.

Aunt Mae took me upstairs around eight-thirty and helped me out of the clothes. It was a slow, arduous process, as each article had to be carefully folded. Finally ... relief came. The bruises were larger, and my torso was quite sore. For bed, she had me put on a fresh sanitary napkin instead of the diaper. I wore a bra, panties, and a long ivory nightie and robe set, with flowery embroidery and ribbons.

"Isn't this pretty ?" Aunt Mae asked.

I felt the presence of the pad and belt more without a girdle and corset.

Mom and Patti swooned over my pretty nightie.

"Oh Cindy, your nightie is so pretty ! What a sweet little girl and sister you make !"

"She is ADORABLE, isn't she ?" Mom chimed.

I saw my aunt look at me out of the corner of my eye.

"Thank you mother." I replied, and curtsied.

My sister hugged me, and mom cried. Women !

The nightie and robe did feel so silky and nice, surrounding me in slippery, sensuous coolness. It felt good, especially after the tight heavy clothes; but my ribs and torso still ached. I was so tired and weak ! As I sat swathed in luxurious, satiny nylon, I couldn't help the feeling of frail unmanliness that filled me.

* * * * *

The next morning, after once again being washed inside and out, I faced my aunt and the corset !

"Please, it hurts so much ! Do I have to wear it ? I PROMISE to be good ! I'll I ... uh .. I'll be a good ... girl !" I pleaded.

She smiled,and then she looked stern again.

"Yes, ... you must ! Girls go to great lengths and sacrifices to look pretty. You will learn to appreciate the effort we make. But you are learning. Maybe ' not too much longer." She said as she placed the corset around me once again and began tightening the laces.

She dressed me in a long, slinky, full slip, and then a pale blue, ankle length dress. The dress was a light crepe with a faint flower design with a satin ribbon sash that she tied in back. The ends of the sash draped down the back of the dress to my knees. A matching satin ribbon was tied in a bow around my neck, and then a blue ribbon and white lace barrette, the white heels, and the draw string purse completed my ensemble. It seemed so very light and airy after yesterday. My nyloned legs felt so silky under it. I wasn't sure if it was the new pair of nylons, the slip, or that I was able to think of something other than the pain and discomfort that allowed me to experience the silky sensation. It felt so nice as my legs slid over each other or were brushed by the cool nylon.

Mom and Patti swooned over me again. Patti just adored the dress.

I slipped into the frilly apron. Patti tied it for me.

"There you are ... Sissy." She giggled.

During lunch Aunt Mae informed me we were going into town, just the two of us. After I had freshened up after lunch, we went out to her car. I slipped into the front seat, careful of the long ribbons in back. Aunt Mae gave me a silky blue and cream scarf to protect my hair from the wind. I dutifully tied it over my head and under my chin.

"Now, I want you to always look your best, especially when you're out, so I want you to check your hair and make up often. I don't want to be telling you all the time, so when I open my purse that will be a signal for you."

"Yes Ma'am", I replied.

I didn't think all that much about being outside or going into town. No one knew me here. They wouldn't give a second look to me. I knew I looked the part. Besides, there was no thought of disobeying my Aunt Mae.

We primed in the car before getting out. I had always been impatient with my mother and sister, always waiting on them when we went anywhere. I was one of them now. I smoothed the dress and straightened the bow in back when I got out. Aunt Mae had me carry the scarf with me. It dangled from my hand as I held my skirt as we walked. I looked at my reflection in the storefront glass as we approached. God, I looked so feminine and girlishy pretty ! I got a good, long look at my reflection as I could only take small steps in the heels and long slim skirt.

We went into a women's department store; and there were a dozen or so women and girls there. They all stared at us as we walked in. They were all dressed very casually. I was quite the femme little girl in a long dressy dress, heels, make up, and polished nails with a silky scarf and purse dangling from my hand. She led me over to the lingerie case.

"Good afternoon Miss Collins." The clerk greeted, cheerily.

"Good afternoon Cora, ... this is my pretty little niece Cynthia."

"Why, .. yes she is ! You look very sweet dear, ... so dainty and feminine. That's a very pretty dress. It's nice to meet you Cynthia."

I was beet red !

"Thank you, ... it's nice to meet you." I replied.

I added the curtsy a little slow.

"She's just a doll, ... Mae." Cora squealed.

Aunt Mae beamed proudly.

We're looking for some nice things for Cindy today. We'd like to start with some pretty lingerie. She needs some panties and slips, and well just about everything."

Cora pulled some lacy pastel panties out, and laid them on the glass. I was still blushing profusely. Aunt Mae handed me a pair of pretty pair of white ones with pink flowers, and lace up the sides with white ribbon bows.

"What do you think of these ?

I was speechless. I was supposed to pick out pretty panties for myself ?

"..and these ?" She added, thrusting the lacy panties into my hands.

I was dumbfounded.

"Come on Cindy, .. what do you think ? They are for you !"

"She's such a shy, feminine girl." Aunt Mae explained.

"Oh yes, ... she's very sweet. I'd dearly love to have a little girl like her !" Cora gushed.

I picked out six pair, and Aunt Mae opened her purse. I dutifully freshened my lipstick and checked my make up. Cora smiled radiantly at me.

"Oh Mae, you can bring Cindy bye more often. She's so sweet !"

"Thank you, Cora", I replied, adding the curtsy.

"You have three boys, don't you Cora ?" Aunt Mae asked.

"Yes, ... and I'd dearly love a sweet, lovely girl like her. You can leave her here with me anytime !"

We moved down the counter, and we picked out bras for me, padded 32 A.

"Cindy needs a little help with her slim figure." Aunt Mae said.

"Sure, Mother Nature only needs a little prodding sweetie. I'm sure you will fill out real soon." Cora responded. "This one is very sweet." Cora said, as she stretched out the white bra with the padded pink and blue flowered cups with a pink ribbon bow in the middle.

They fussed and cooed over the pretty bras before Aunt Mae bought two of those and then three more. And then we moved on to girdles. I twisted the silky scarf in my hands, nervously. I was very much the embarrassed boy in the girl's lingerie department, despite how I looked. My aunt and Cora acted like they were really enjoying themselves. Cora was disbelieving when Aunt Mae helped pick out two firm control panty girdles. She tried feebly to talk her out of such heavy girdles for such a small girl, and kept looking me up and down. There was just one style in firm control in x small.

"Oh Cindy, aren't these just lovely ?" Aunt Mae asked, as Cora laid out several full slips on the glass case. "Isn't this the prettiest, most scrumptious lace ? ... And feel, aren't they dreamy ? They're such fine quality."

They picked out the prettiest, laciest slips, three full and two half slips. They looked so feminine as Cora poured the fluid nylon into tissue filled boxes; and I was going to be wearing them.

Next, we picked out some filmy nylon stockings. Aunt Mae and I slid our hands into the tops to find the right shade. There were many styles, shades and types of these simplest of garments, some had reinforced toes, some reinforced heel and toes, and there were mesh, plain knit, day sheer, dress sheer. The plain knit, dress sheer ones were exceptionally silky. I was confused with all the choices. Aunt Mae picked out eight pair, and then we moved on to dresses.

There was a pretty girl over looking at dresses. She smiled sweetly at me as we approached, and for one split second I felt like a boy again. She was about my size, a petite blonde with long hair swept off her face tied with a ribbon. She was about fourteen, and wore a plain white blouse, shorts, and tennis shoes. She smiled again as we went right up beside her.

"I love your dress ! It is darling. You look so pretty !"

"Thank you", I replied with a blushing smile. I instinctively looked down at the dress, and caught myself as I was about to curtsy. She wore little or no makeup, and yet she was strikingly pretty.

"Hi, you are very sweet, and a very pretty girl yourself. This is my niece, Cindy, and I'm Miss Collins."

"Yes, you're very pretty ... yourself." I finally stammered.

I blushed with embarrassment. We smiled at each other and exchanged pleasantries. We talked a little about my dress, and then some of the dresses on the rack. I was disappointed when she drifted away.

It all became a blur as we shopped for dresses, skirts, and blouses. Cora came over to help.

As we were looking at a particularly frilly yellow dress, I got stomach pains. I had to go !

"Something wrong dear ?" Cora asked.

"She's cramping I'm afraid." Aunt Mae explained.

"Oh ... yes, well, ... would you like to lie down ?'.. a glass of water maybe ?"

"Water would be nice." Aunt Mae replied.

Cora returned with the water.

"Take your Midol dear. It will make you feel better." My Aunt prodded.

I opened my draw string purse. There was Kotex right on top ! There was also a small bottle, and I took two tablets. Cora looked at me sympathetically.

"Thank you Ma'am", I said as I handed the glass back to her.

Cora beamed back at me.

"What a delightfully sweet girl you are ! I'd just LOVE a little girl like you !"

I blushed and curtsied.

"Thank you Ma'am" I replied.

"Oh Mae, she's precious ! ... It would be so nice to have such a pretty girl to dress in pretty dresses and ribbons. It is so much fun shopping for such a darling girl, isn't it ?"

Aunt Mae smiled brightly, glancing over at me, and nodding in agreement.

Cora fawned over us as we left. She kept praising me, saying she wished I was hers. I felt like I should warn her sons about their behavior.

We walked down the sidewalk of the plaza. I walked slowly, with my butt squeezed tight. It gave me an even more pronounced wiggle. I made quite the picture of girlish femininity in the long dress with the ribbons and silky scarf trailing out behind me in the gentle breezes. Someone whistled at us, and three boys turned to stare as we walked by.

A boy about sixteen held the door for us; and we walked into the drug store.

"Thank you young man", Aunt Mae said.

"Yes, thank you", I imitated, still blushing.

We were barely inside when Aunt Mae stopped and opened her purse. I dutifully opened my purse carefully, trying not to reveal the feminine pad inside. I removed my compact and freshened my lipstick, brushed my hair in place and adjusted the ribbon and lace barrette. Everyone in the store was staring at me, and I was crimson. The boy

that opened the door stood smiling, staring. There were two young girls that looked over a little disdainfully I thought.

We shopped for cosmetics, and then I found us in front of the feminine products. She picked up two boxes of Kotex before handing me one. She then handed me a sanitary belt. She handed me some money, and sent me up to the cash register. I was shaking and red with embarrassment. The young woman at the register smiled.

"I love your dress." She said.

"Thank you miss", I half whispered, red faced.

She only smiled, as she quickly put the feminine things into a bag.

I slipped the silky scarf over my head, and tied it under my chin as we left.

Aunt Mae looked at me with a very pleased look. She had really enjoyed the shopping trip.

Back at the house, I had to show everything to Mom and Patti. Mom blushed for me, and Patti was wide eyed, as I displayed all the lingerie, holding them up to me.

"Oh sis, I love your new bras and things !" Patti gushed. "They are so pretty, aren't they mother ?"

The tone in her voice betrayed her desire to go shopping for her own new things.

I looked at my aunt, and curtsied to my sister.

"Thank you, sis"

Patti continued to look enviously at all the pretty clothes, and mom quickly warmed, and examined them closely, smiling over at me. It wasn't long before it seemed like I wasn't a boy at all, just a daughter/niece/sister with lots of new pretty things. We spent the rest of the afternoon examining all the new purchases. I had cramps often.

"Show them what else you purchased today." Aunt Mae directed.

I reluctantly picked up the bag from the drug store. My hands trembled a bit as I pulled the box out, and then the belt. Mom and Patti gasped, and giggled nervously as they looked over at Aunt Mae.

"Yes, she must wear them for the time being. After all, she is cramping, the poor dear, ... aren't you ?"

"Yes, Aunt Mae", I grimaced but curtsied.

"Periods are such a bother, aren't they Cindy ? Would you like some more 'Midol' dear ?"

"No, Aunt Mae."

I was scarlet.

"Now, take your pretty things to your room, and put them neatly away."

"Yes, Aunt Mae."

I was carefully folding my new underthings when I noticed Patti watching from the doorway. I blushed.

"You have some lovely, wonderful lingerie. I love what pretty things you've gotten." She giggled.

She came over and began helping put them away, inspecting and sighing over them as she did.

"I love your new bras ... and things." She cooed softly, blushing a little. "Everything is so pretty and femme. What a delicate, feminine girl she is turning you into ! I love it ! I wish Aunt Mae would take me shopping !" She stated, holding some of the lacy, feminine things up to herself.

I grimaced at her words and from the cramp that came over me.

She took my arm; and we went down to dinner. We walked slowly, as I held my skirt with one hand and was careful in the heels. Patti smiled and giggled softly.

I ate little dinner. ... Afterwards, I was given more needlepoint and sewing lessons. The corset was hurting something terrible. Kotex or not, I felt something in my panties, and shriveled in fear. What would Aunt Mae do to me ?

The moment came, and we went upstairs. I was nearly in tears.

"What's the matter ?" Aunt Mae inquired.

I looked at her and started bawling.

"I messed my panties !" I cried.

"I see", she replied.

We went into the bath where she helped me out of my things. It took forever getting me out of the corset. My ribs and torso hurt something awful.

"It's not so bad, is it ?" Aunt Mae said.

The Kotex was quite brown, but the panties were only slightly soiled.

"That's what sanitary pads are for, for stopping messes."

She had me rinse the panties out and hang them up. I sat on the toilet, and was allowed to relieve myself. She wiped my bottom with a soapy wash cloth. I felt like such a baby. I was given another napkin to put on, and then a baby doll nightie.

I laid awake, my mind wandering. My body was so sore ! I didn't care if I did have to behave like a sissy girl, ... I couldn't take anymore of this. Then it occurred to me that she had bought me a couple of panty girdles. When will they replace the corset, I wondered, hopefully ? I reached under me and pulled the end of the Kotex out of my crack. Girls didn't have it so easy....

I bathed, shampooed, lotioned, and powdered. It hadn't taken her long to achieve my full cooperation. Her disciplinary measures were far too severe for me, ... and there was nowhere to run.

Aunt Mae came into the bath with the horrid corset and a medium sized box. She smiled as I cringed at the sight of it.

"You don't like wearing your corset, do you sweetie ?"

"No, Aunt Mae", I responded.

"Hmmm, Well until you learn to be the sissiest of girls, you will just have to wear it to remind you."

"Well I .. uh ... I'll be good. I promise." I squeaked.

"Oh ?.... Do you want to be a sweet, sissy girl ?"

Her question shook me to my bones.

"Uh I yes, Aunt Mae"

"Tell me then", she challenged, looking amused.

"I ... uh want to be a girl A pretty girl I like ..uh.."

"Yes ? Tell me !" She prodded.

"I like ... uh pretty dresses ... and pretty, frilly things."

"Y E S S S", she drawled.

"uh .. I like being pretty and looking pretty ... I ... <gulp> like being a girl.... a sissy girl."

"You don't want to be a stubborn, impudent, filthy, little shit of a boy anymore ?"

I shook my head, ... and trembled.

"No, Aunt Mae"

"Why not ?"

I could hear my Aunt often saying: "Boys are dirty, nasty, insolent little monsters."

"Boys are dirty and nasty. ... I want .. to .. be ... a soft ... sissy girl."

My eyes were welling up at my unmasculine surrender.

"You will do your best to be my sissiest of girls ? You will be sweet and feminine as the most delicate of girls in your ribbons and lace?"

<Ulp> ... "Yes, Aunt Mae", I whimpered.

"Tell me your name little girl."

"Cindy Sue McClain, Ma'am." I replied, and curtsied.

She smiled, ...and then opened the box to reveal a tape machine ! She had my humiliating confession for all of posterity !

"Very well, you don't have to wear your corset; but the first time you misbehave, or I have to remind you to fix your makeup or how to sit, or to properly arrange your pretty clothes, you will regret it, ... I promise ! That means I expect you to act like the sweetest of little girls."

"Now, your mother tells me you have a problem with soiling your underwear. Is that true ?

I didn't know what she was referring to, and looked at her blankly.

"She says you frequently have brown stains in your underwear. Does that sound familiar ?"

"Yes, Aunt Mae", I blushed.

"Well then, it is up to you. You don't have to douche or wear a feminine napkin all the time; but if I find your pretty panties soiled with that disgusting filth Well, ... you know what's going to happen, don't you Cynthia ?

"Yes ma'am", I replied.

I knew all too well what she would do.

"Ok then, it is up to you. There is your sanitary belt and feminine napkins, and there is your douche. You may use them or not; but you will always keep yourself clean, and smelling fresh and pretty. ... Am I making myself perfectly clear ?"

"Y ...y ..yes Aunt Mae." I answered with a nervous curtsy.

I was trembling. It was odd. ... I should be happy. I didn't have to wear that awful corset ! But then I thought about my cowardly defeat, as well as the responsibility she had given me. Mom had regularly scolded me about my dirty underwear. I looked over at the box of Kotex, and the pink balloon thing ! I thought about whether I should. But I knew I couldn't risk soiling my panties ! Her words haunted me. She said I was to be the sissiest of girls; and here I was contemplating wearing that VOLUNTARILY !

Well, I reasoned, if I douche I may still soil my panties, but the Kotex would be sure to prevent it. I couldn't believe I was doing it; but I picked up the box and removed a pad to put on while she watched. I was red-faced, but I couldn't risk her wrath, .. not now. I knew she would inspect my panties for the slightest smudge.

She smiled, and then escorted me as I walked to the dresser with the white cotton pad between my legs, and opened it. I looked in at the all the lacy, delicate lingerie. I carefully chose a pair of pink and white flower print panties with lace and ribbon bows at the legs. I then lifted a smooth white nylon slip with a dainty pink rose print and dainty lace at the top and hem with ribbon bows with a flower over the lace at the hem and in between the smooth cups. It made a slinky puddle on the dresser top as I set it down to open the second drawer to choose a bra. The bra was a stark white with lace edging on the cups and a ribbon bow in-between. Girl's white underthings seemed so glaringly white, like neon !Aunt Mae smiled as I put my arms through the straps and hooked the bra in back, ... as good as any ... (gulp) .. girl. I felt good as I lifted the white panty girdle, just knowing I was going to get to wear it instead of that stiff, tight corset. The new panty girdle looked and felt almost nice as I pulled it up my legs and over my hips, especially after wearing the corset. I could still actually move and breathe ! But slipping into the girdle felt even more sissified than the pretty panties for some reason. I then pulled out a pair of filmy nylons, and smoothed the silky stockings up my smooth, lotioned legs, and hooked them to the garters. I was thoroughly crimson in this most girlish chore as Aunt Mae watched. The dainty, flowered slip felt all silky and cool as it slipped over my head and settled next to my body. I ran my hand over the slippery, rippling, liquid like surface. I looked in the mirror. It was a beautiful slip. It had a window pane lace design on the skirt in the form of a large ribbon bow, and a smaller one just

under the darted cups. They had made such a fuss over it yesterday when I modeled it downstairs. I pulled up the lacy hem to look at my gartered stocking tops. It all looked so frilly and feminine; and here I was ... dressing myself. ... I was a such a sissy ! ... No, I couldn't think about that.

Aunt Mae smiled triumphantly as she left me to slip into my dress she had laid out for me. It was yellow with a lace trimmed collar, and lace trimmed, puffy, short, gathered sleeves, accented with ribbons and florets. The skirt was full, and it had a self-tie sash.

My ankle strap heels were the only things not new.

I went over to the vanity. Remembering her words to "make myself especially pretty", I brushed my hair, and tied a neat ribbon bow in it. ... I was putting make up on when all three came in. They looked very pleasantly surprised, even Aunt Mae.

"How are you doing ?" She asked with a smirk.

"Ok", I replied with a faint smile.

"Here, let me help, sis." Patti said, sitting down next to me.

She took the eye shadow wand from my hand, and finished turning my lids a baby blue. I looked at her. She looked rather pleased and amused.

"Mmm Cindy, ... that's pretty. You have a pretty name Cindy Sue." She squeaked. "It suits you. You are a pretty girl. ...'.. my pretty little sister, Cindy. I like your eye shadow. You have such nice, pretty blue eyes, ... and pretty lashes. You make a great looking girl."

She chattered on as girls frequently are prone to do. I glanced over at mom and Aunt Mae looking on with pleasant smiles. They were both wearing slacks, and plain tops. I looked at Patti. She wore a short skirt, man tailored blouse, socks, and tennis shoes. She wasn't wearing make up, not even lipstick. I, on the other hand, wore a frilly dress, heels, girdle, stockings, lacy lingerie, full make up, and a hair ribbon in my perfectly curled hair. And I had fitted myself with a feminine napkin to protect my pretty, pink panties. I suddenly remembered the women and girls I saw yesterday in casual clothes. The soft, delicate girl clothes I wore didn't seem like so much of a costume now without the corset. I was the sissiest of girls ! She had done this to me in just three short days.

We went down for breakfast. Patti and I walked arm in arm. She was taking to her new "sister". I set the table, after Patti helped me with the frilly apron.

"Your new 'daughter' Cindy dressed herself this morning, didn't you dear ?" Aunt Mae remarked as we sat down to eat.

"Yes ma'am", I replied.

"And you like being a sissy girl in your frilly dress and lacy underwear don't you sweetie ?"

"Yes, Aunt Mae"

"What else are you wearing ?"

"I ... uh ... I uh ... I'm wearing a a ...pad." I whispered, red faced.

"What was that dear ?" Aunt Mae questioned.

"My Kotex, Aunt Mae", I replied.

Mom gasped, and Patti's jaw dropped.

"And why are you wearing that dear? Did I tell you to ?" Aunt Mae quizzed.

"No Aunt Mae. ... To keep my panties clean."

"How do you like your nasty little ruffian now ?"

Mom looked at my aunt, and then at me, shaking her head.

I was hungry, and for the first time in the last few days I was able to eat; but Aunt Mae only allowed me an egg, a slice of toast, juice and milk, and the vitamins of course.

"Girls must watch what they eat." She said.

I cleared the dishes with a little help from Patti.

They were sitting around the table as I finished and removed my apron. I replenished my lipstick and powdered my nose.

"That's right, you want to look pretty, dear." Aunt Mae remarked.

"Yes ma'am", I replied, with a curtsy.

Mom and Patti just glowed at my submissive, girlish manners. I expertly colored my lips, and then we went into the living room. I was put to work on my needlepoint while they chatted.

When it was pointed out it was nearly lunch time, I went out to set the table. I helped prepare lunch, and then served and cleared the table by myself. I was allowed a scoop of tuna salad.

Patti came back to help me with the dishes. She whispered to me to fix my lipstick.

We were in the living room when I excused myself.

"Excuse me, I have to use the bathroom." I said, and curtsied.

Mom and Aunt Mae smiled delightfully. Patti looked perplexed.

"Very well Cindy. Don't forget to freshen up while you're there." Aunt Mae called. "And you might want to put on a fresh feminine napkin !"

"Yes, Aunt Mae", I acknowledged with another curtsy.

My mother covered her gaping mouth, and shook her head, incredulous. I was a bit incredulous trying to go to the bathroom in a dress with all the underthings. It was a chore.

We went upstairs late that afternoon to dress. Aunt Mae was taking us out to eat. I was pretty much ready. I primed and freshened my makeup, while they changed. Mom and Aunt Mae were going to wear dresses. Patti showed up at my doorway in a nice blouse and a blue flowered skirt. She smiled.

"Can I borrow some of your makeup ?" She asked, impishly.

I looked at her askew. Now, what did she think ? She could use it all for all I was concerned.

She picked up mascara from the vanity. She bent down to look in the mirror, but was soon sitting, putting on eye shadow, blusher, and checking out the lipsticks.

"What do you think ? Does this shade look good on me ?"

I nodded.

"How about this one ?"

"I like the redder shade for you." I replied.

"Because of you I'm going to have to start paying more attention to my looks. I can't have you looking so much prettier than me, can I ?" She giggled.

She fussed a little with her hair in the mirror.

" ' want me to brush your hair ?" I asked.

She smiled, looking a bit astonished.

"I'm going to have to take better care of my hair now too. Thanks to you ! What do you think ... bangs or no ?"

"Let's see", I said, combing her hair to one side, and then forward again.

"Bangs"

I glanced at the ribbon bow above my own bangs.

"Do you want to wear a hair ribbon ?" I inquired.

She smiled at me in the mirror, and nodded.

"I'm going to like having a little sister." She giggled.

I drew a blue satin ribbon around her hair, and tied a nice bow.

We went downstairs together. Mom smiled.

"You look delightful, girls."

Aunt Mae came over to look me over, and whispered in my ear as she smoothed a few small wrinkles.

"I want you to be on your very best feminine behavior, remember."

I nodded.

Mom and Aunt Mae smiled and whispered to each other as we made our way to the car. I felt a little exposed going outside for the first time in a short dress. The breezes went up my skirt, and lapped at my silky smooth legs. I felt ... vulnerable.

I sat in back with Patti, our skirts spread smoothly over our laps; and our shiny nyloned knees looking so similar. I looked at Patti; and it occurred to me we were dressed very similarly, right down to our skin.

I wasn't concerned about being out in public. I was happy to get out of helping with dinner and doing dishes.

When the car stopped, I slowly got out, smoothed my dress, freshened my lipstick, powdered my nose, and checked my hair and hair ribbon.

"Ok, ... I'm ready." I smiled.

Mom and Patti looked at me incredulously.

We went to a nice restaurant. Aunt Mae ordered a chicken dish with vegetables for me, and cautioned me to eat slowly and daintily, and watch my table manners. A week ago I would have gobbled the food and belched for spite. Now, I obeyed, and was the model of feminine etiquette.

"I have to go to the women's room." Patti stated halfway through the meal. "Cindy, would you like to come ?"

"Yes, why don't you go with your sister ?" Aunt Mae prodded.

I shrugged.

"Excuse me", I called as I got up. I didn't know why I was going. I didn't need to.

Patti took my arm, and we walked slowly.

"Do you have to go ?" She asked.

I shook my head.

"Well, you can comb your hair, and freshen your make up. Your nylons are a little loose too. You can fix them. I really LIKE having a little sis !

"I bet you are glad to be out of that corset, aren't you ?" She whispered.

The look of relief on my face said it all.

"Yes, well, ... I'm glad I didn't have to wear one. ...What do you think about wearing stockings, and a girdle and bra ? She giggled. "I never thought I'd be asking you that !"

"They are ok. They're not so bad. ...' a little strange."

"Aunt Mae bought you some very pretty, very feminine things. She can take ME shopping anytime. I love all your lingerie and dresses. ... How do you like wearing a dress ? ... And why do you have to be so small ? I'd love to borrow some of your new, pretty things. That is a darling little dress, by the way." Patti squealed with delight.

I looked down at the dress, and nodded.

"Yes, well, ... I never thought but Aunt Mae is crazy ! I'm stuck. I try not to think about it. Who knows what she will do if I cross her; and I can't think of wearing that corset again. My body is still sore."

"You won't tell anyone back home about this ... will you ?

I'd die ! ... ME ... in a .. a .. frilly dress and ... oh Patti !"

I blushed a deep crimson at what sissy, frilly things I was wearing, and the thought of my friends back home knowing.

"No, ... it's too bad though. I'd like you to be my little sis permanently !"

That wasn't something I wanted to hear right then; but after I thought about it, I decided she meant it as a compliment.

"All summer is going to be quite enough ! Boy ! .. There is no way out of this !" I whined.

Patti nodded.

"Then I'm just going to have to enjoy my sister while I can."

We went into the WOMEN's restroom. I primped in the mirror while I waited for Patti. She joined me at the mirror when she came out, and freshened her lipstick and powdered her nose, ... as I had done. She ran a comb through her hair, and took my hand.

"Let's go Cindy."

She stopped to give me a hug on the way back.

"I can't help it. I really do like you so much better this way ! You were such a brat, you know."

Patti smiled over at me often, and took my hand as we sat in the back seat of the car. She squeezed my hand, and gently pushed my knees together, to copy hers.

When we got home I noticed my girdle was beginning to chafe. It felt sort of comforting this morning, but was uncomfortable now.

Aunt Mae informed us we were all going to church in the morning. She helped lay out what I was to wear as I readied for bed. It was just eight o'clock when I undressed to slip into a silky nightie. Aunt Mae sat me at the vanity and proceeded to put cream on my face.

"You must watch out for your complexion now dear. You will have a face mask every Saturday."

She put this thick cream on my face. I looked ridiculous ! I remembered teasing and laughing at Patti when she had looked like this. She tried to avoid me seeing her this way.

Aunt Mae then called for Patti. She came in in her nightie and robe, and laughed when she saw me.

"You should have a mask too." Aunt Mae pronounced.

Patti didn't object, ... she smiled, and promptly sat down for Aunt Mae to put cream on her face. It wasn't a big deal for girls. She then said we should look after our nails. ... Patti and I helped each other file and polish our nails to their feminine best.

Mom got a laugh when we went downstairs.

It was eleven when we removed the cream before going to bed.

I was now looking at what my summer was going to be like, with all the feminine rituals and clothes. I was to be a prissy girl.

My Sunday dress was an off white, lacy dress with satin piping around the hem and short sleeves, with a white satin sash that tied in a large bow in back that I had Patti help me with. I wore a large lace bow in my hair, white gloves with a small bow at the wrist, and carried a white basket looking purse with a ribboned flower on top. Mom and Patti swooned when I came downstairs.

"Oh MY ! ... Why ... he's ... she's beautiful ! ... Oh honey ! You look so PRECIOUS ! Oh Mae, that dress is beautiful ! She's so DARLING ! Why couldn't you have been a girl ? ... You look positively SWEET ! That is just the perfect little dress for church !"

"Thank you mother", I said, holding the lacy skirt with one gloved hand and curtsying.

"Ooooh sweetie", Mom swooned.

"Yes, ... isn't she sissy sweet ?" Aunt Mae commented.

Patti stood smiling. She looked pretty herself in a pink, blue and white flowered dress with lace around the white collar, and the short, puffy sleeves; and it had rows of lace down the front. She had a pink satin sash that snapped together in back with a fixed bow. She wore white heels, similar to mine, except hers had a slightly smaller heel. She carried a small white purse, and wore a pink hair ribbon.

"You look pretty sis." I said.

She came over and hugged me.

" ' but not as pretty as you little sis."

Patti and I sat together in back on the way to church, with scarves over our heads to protect our hair.

We primped before getting out of the car when we arrived. Patti deftly slid out, while my dress went up when I slid, revealing lacy slip and stocking tops. I quickly pushed my dress down, and blushed. Mom smiled at me without saying anything.

We were stopped several times on our way in by Aunt Mae's friends. The women gushed over Patti and me, and our dresses. I curtsied when introduced, and the women swooned. Patti soon imitated me; and you could see mom swell with pride as the women heaped praises on her two pretty "daughters".

Patti and I were ushered down to Sunday school where there were about sixteen to twenty girls and boys our age. The boys and girls sat apart, not out of necessity, but out of shyness. The one exception was a boy who sat amongst the girls, probably with his girl friend. A boy sat next to me, as we were on the edge of the two groups. The boy sat to one side, avoiding the frilly skirt of my dress. I smiled. I had done that too; but there was no hope for me now. I looked down at my white-gloved hands, holding the sissy purse, in my lacy lap.

The teacher came over to us and asked who we were, and then introduced us to the room. We stood and curtsied. The boys giggled, and a few of the girls.

We went back upstairs for church services and rejoined mom and Aunt Mae. Mom looked smilingly over at us often during the service, and occasionally fussed with my dress and patted my lap.

Patti and I freshened our lipstick as we waited in line to be greeted by the minister. He gushed over us just as the women earlier had. Aunt Mae told him he would be seeing more of us.

Outside, some of the women we had met brought their friends over to meet us. They cooed with delight as we curtsied together. Mom looked like she was in seventh heaven.

Mom gushed about what a wonderful congregation it was on the way home., and remarked often about how pretty and sweet, and how proud she was of her "girls".

"I wish I had had two girls ! I really love this !"

Aunt Mae looked over at mom, smiling, and then at me.

Patti and I donned frilly aprons to help fix dinner. It was after two o'clock before we sat down to eat.

We did the dishes, and then talked in the living room for a while.

Mom then announced it was time for her and Patti to head home. They went upstairs to pack, while I was put to work on my needlepoint. Mom hugged me close when she came down.

"Oh baby, I don't want to leave you. ... I can't believe it ! Just a few days ago I could have kicked you out and kept on going, ... and now ... I just want to hold you and hug you. ... You are SO pretty and sweet !"

I was stunned, but kept my composure.

"Thank you mother", I answered, and curtsied.

"I just can't believe this is the same child ! ... How would you like staying a girl ?" Mom laughed as she kissed my cheek.

"Mae, ... I can't thank you enough. You've worked miracles. I know it was drastic, ... but I would have tried anything; ... and this has worked beyond my wildest dreams. I just wish I could stay now, or take Cindy with me."

"You're quite welcome sis. We should have done this a long time ago. Cindy will be fine here. You can come visit anytime. She will remain the sweet little girl she is right now."

We walked them out to the car. Patti and I hugged and kissed each other. Despite our past relationship, and my unmerciful harassment, Patti embraced me lovingly as her new sister. Mom kept hugging me, looking me up and down, and crying. She was in the car, and had to come out again to hug and kiss me goodbye. We stood and waved as they drove off. Now it was just Aunt Mae and me.

Sunday night was very quiet. I worked on my needlepoint. My pantygirdle became uncomfortable again. It wasn't bad for several hours, but then it was nothing like the corset.

Monday I wore a pink and yellow pastel blouse and a pink skirt. We did laundry after breakfast, and rinsed nylons and lingerie out in the sink upstairs. The stockings were rinsed with cream hair conditioner. Aunt Mae said it strengthened them and kept them silky. I had trouble with my bra straps falling, and it seemed to amuse my aunt.

We did ironing after lunch. Aunt Mae was very demanding. Not a wrinkle could be left. And I had to even iron our underthings ! Each delicate item was to be ironed smooth, including all lace and ribbon trim. Such sissy work, but I didn't complain. I knew better.

We cleaned and vacuumed the house on Tuesday. And then after lunch, we worked outside. About mid-afternoon she came out with soft drinks. We took a break, and then she handed me my needlepoint. She got her lawnmower out.

"Aunt Mae, I can do that." I called.

"Oh my no, feminine little girls can't be mowing lawns or working with machinery. Besides, ...' in nylons and heels ? No Cindy, just work on your needlepoint dear."

We freshened up for supper.

We were eating when she looked over at me.

"You know Cindy, you are not only a very pretty girl, .. you are very smart too, .. more than I would have given you credit for. I expected to have to keep you in a corset much longer, ... and maybe even resort to more drastic measures, but no ! You've made this much easier for the both of us; and I'm happy about that."

She kissed my cheek.

We sat on the couch together after dinner where we looked at dresses in a catalog.

"How would you like a couple of sundresses, ... and some flats, ... that's shoes without heels, dear, and some ankle socks ?"

"Yes, Auntie", I would like that.

She showed me what a sundress was in the catalog. They looked cool.

"You're stubborn sense of male pride and independence is what has gotten you into so much trouble. That is why you have to spend the summer as a girl this summer, to bring out your more gentle side. You will see that gentleness and femininity are good qualities, and that you will be rewarded for displaying them. If you will just show me just how lovely and feminine you can be the next couple of days, we'll get you those things when we go shopping this Friday. Would you like that ?"

"Yes, Aunt Mae, I would."

The idea of socks and flat shoes sounded appealing; but I wasn't sure just how more feminine and gentle I could be.

We picked out some pretty dresses, blouses, and skirts from the catalog, and then looked at some bras, girdles, and other foundation garments. I learned the difference between corselets, bustiers, all in ones, girdles, briefs, long line bras, bandeaus, and strapless. I gave her my full, girlish attention, pointing out some feminine detailing. We spent some time looking at frilly lingerie then, including pretty nighties; and I commented, girlishly, on the different types of lace. I paid particular attention to the girdles. I wondered if there was one that didn't chafe after hours of wear. I sold out any last semblance of my masculinity. Getting some more casual clothes was more

important. A week ago if I had made some girlish comment around my friends, I would have been ridiculed mercilessly. That world seemed so far away.

We baked cookies that afternoon.

That evening I felt a couple of waves of warmth ripple through me. I had never experienced anything like that before.

I was adjusting quickly. Frilly things always had revulsed me; but now I could see the beauty in them. I was feeling strangely, but after everything that had happened it was to be expected.

I carried my purse around everywhere Thursday, and replenished my lipstick often. I caught Aunt Mae smiling, and giggling occasionally.

I felt good when I awoke on Friday, hoping I would be getting some less formal girl clothes; and we would be going to town. I didn't mind. It was better than being in the house.

Cora was pleased to see us, and gushed over me again. Aunt Mae bought me two sundresses, a strapless bra, a pair of white strapped flats, and several pair of lace topped anklets. The bra was a well padded A cup, she couldn't find a strapless AA. We took our time looking at dresses and lingerie.

We rushed home to have time to freshen up before dinner; and mom and Patti would be arriving this evening.

I changed into the new pink sundress with bows on the shoulders. I spent some time freshening my make up. I wanted to look nice for them. I kind of liked their flattery over how pretty I looked. I was eager for them to arrive as I came downstairs. Aunt Mae sighed her approval.

I checked my appearance when they pulled in. I flicked a lock in place and quickly freshened my lipstick, and checked to see my bra straps were hidden under the straps of my sundress. Aunt Mae hugged me.

Patti was the first to greet me with a hug., and then mom. They both smiled as they stepped back to look me over.

"You are even prettier than I remembered." Mom cooed.

"And look, ... she has a new, pretty sundress ! Oh, I like it ! ... Oh, and ' lacy anklets. You look so CUTE !" Patti added.

Patti giggled and squealed with delight as she took my arm as we went inside.

We sat; and Patti asked what I had done all week as she looked me over.

Mom smiled over at us in wide-eyed amazement.

"Cindy and I baked cookies. Would you like some?" Aunt Mae offered.

Patti nodded. Mom was in wide-eyed shock still.

Patti checked out my sundress as we went into the kitchen. She lifted a bow strap and ran her hand along my bodice, and then placed the strap squarely over my bra strap again. She giggled.

"I love your new sundress, sis."

"Thank you, Aunt Mae bought me two. You'll have to see the other one." I blushed. I sounded so much like a prissy girl.

We returned with the cookies. Mom and Aunt Mae were busy chatting.

We talked in the living room for a while; and then Patti and I went upstairs where I showed her the other sundress. It was baby blue with spaghetti straps; and I showed her the strapless bra I needed to wear with it. We giggled and carried on like two sisters. We had never got along before; but then I thought girls were nothing but weak sissies, and had teased her a lot. Aunt Mae had changed my attitude. I was surprised Patti had no inclination to tease or ridicule me in my frilly clothes.

I wore the other sundress the next day. I wore a blue hair ribbon and blue ribbon choker with the blue dress. My bust was a little bigger, and I looked down the top of the dress to see the ribbon bow in the middle of my new bra.

Mom and Patti swooned when I appeared downstairs. I blushed, as mom pulled my top open to examine the bra I was wearing; and we were soon discussing the pretty feminine detailing like three females. Aunt Mae stood smiling at her handiwork.

Patti kept begging through breakfast and after to be taken shopping in town. She was anxious to see where all my pretty things were coming from. Aunt Mae agreed to take us after lunch, and reminded me to be on my very best feminine behavior while we were out.

Patti got just a little impatient with me as I went through my primping ritual as we got out of the car.

I showed her where we got the sundresses and Patti happily searched through the rack until she found one she loved. I knew from her enthusiasm mom would end up buying it for her. We had to browse and look at everything in the store; and Patti liked looking at

the pretty lingerie with me. I found I didn't even mind discussing the intimate delicacies with my sister.

We stopped by the grocery store for a few things, and Aunt Mae was stopped by a few of her women friends who made a fuss over Patti and I, her pretty "nieces". Aunt Mae asked how my supply of feminine napkins was holding up. I blushed when I told her I could use some more, and was instructed to take them from the shelf and put them in the cart. Patti blushed too.

Aunt Mae had a surprise for Patti when we got home. It was a pink sundress identical to mine; and Patti squealed with delight. She gave us each a new pair of identical frilly, pink panties and a pink ribbon and lace barrette for our hair. She sent us upstairs to change; and we returned looking like twins. Patti LOVED it! Mom had a smile that wouldn't quit. Patti and I were inseparable that evening; and sat together as we were lotioned, and cream put on our faces. Patti supervised as we shaved our legs and underarms, playing the role of big sister.

My nylons felt especially nice as I slid them up my legs in the morning.

Church was a repeat of last week; and mom was in heaven.

As we ate dinner that afternoon Patti asked if she could stay.

"Well, I don't know Patti." Mom replied. "You didn't bring enough clothes."

"Please, Aunt Mae, can't I stay?"

"Well ... I .."

"Please, Aunt Mae, can she stay?" I begged.

"How can I say no to that? Of course you can dear. I have to go back to work this week, so Cindy could use the company."

Patti squealed, and I rejoiced.

"But Cindy has to take care of the house. She has responsibilities. I don't want you to be playing and neglect your chores."

"No Auntie, I won't." I replied, and curtsied.

"How sweet", she said, and hugged the two of us.

"It looks like you have two wonderful little girls here." She said, turning to mom.

"Yes, It certainly does." Mom sighed.

Mom was in tears again as she left. I wasn't sure if they were happy or sad ones.

Patti and I chatted and played that evening; and we were both a little exuberant about our new relationship. Aunt Mae gave me my needlepoint about eight to settle us down. She gave one to Patti too; and I had to show her what to do.

We made breakfast together in the morning. I wore a pretty blouse and skirt. Patti wore her new sundress. We had plenty enough time to play, and still cleaned and cooked.

Patti was amazed at all we had to iron and how meticulously everything had to be folded and put away. Together we fawned over some of the pretty lingerie.

Aunt Mae brought home some more cosmetics for us.

"Patti, you can show your sister how to experiment with cosmetics. I'm sure you would enjoy that."

Patti smiled, and turned to look at me.

Tuesday, we played with make up, hairstyles, and clothes all afternoon, just like two normal teenage girls. Patti never let on I was anything more than her sister Cindy.

Thursday was a beautiful day, and we played outside all morning. I wore a flowered skirt and a thin, white, short sleeved blouse that Patti helped button up the back. Out in the bright sunlight, my bra became quite visible through my blouse, the metal slides on the straps, the lace edged cups, and even the ribbon bow with the embroidered flower. My face turned red when I noticed, and Patti giggled.

"It's ok sis. You look pretty. Your bra kinda show's with that blouse, doesn't it ? You'll get used to it. Girls don't mind showing a little lace, ... but that is pretty sheer." She giggled. "Boys would really notice you ! Good thing it's just us."

After lunch, we went upstairs to freshen up. Patti got a funny look on her face, and disappeared into the bath.

"My period started." She announced as she came out, ... and then giggled. "I don't believe it ! I think of you as a girl, ... just like my true sister. You just look so ... convincing as a girl !"

We both laughed a little. We went into the bedroom and experimented with make up again, ... and then we sifted through my dresses and blouses and skirts.

"What's it like ? Do you get cramps with your period ?" I asked.

It just popped into my head, and came out.

Patti looked at me kind of stunned for a second, and then replied. "Yes Sometimes, ... occasionally, but not often."

We started talking about periods, and how I was wearing a pad still; ... and how Aunt Mae had forced me to experience the discomfort of cramps, the mess, and all in the only way I could. Patti said Aunt Mae had come close to making me experience what a bad period felt like. I felt sorry for Patti and other girls. If I stayed out of that corset, I wouldn't have to experience it again.

"You are still wearing Kotex ?" Patti asked, blushing.

I nodded.

"I can't take any chances of soiling my panties. Aunt Mae would KILL me !

Patti nodded.

We talked a lot that afternoon. Mostly girl talk, and about girls.

We hurried to get dinner ready before Aunt Mae got home.

"Cindy Sue ! What are these dishes doing in the sink ?" She thundered.

"We thought we could do them after dinner." I meekly answered.

"You were playing, and forgot your responsibilities, didn't you ?"

I cowered in front of her.

"Yes, Aunt Mae"

"You know you're going to be punished, don't you ?"

"Yes, Aunt Mae"

"No, please Aunt Mae, it was my fault. Don't punish her." Patti begged.

Aunt Mae's jaw dropped; and she smiled thinly at Patti.

"I'm afraid I must. She has to do as she's told."

I ate dinner in fear, and had little appetite. What was she going to do ? I hoped I wasn't going to have to wear that awful corset again ! It still hung near the foot of my bed, in sight.

She took me upstairs after dinner. My knees were shaking.

"We will have to remind you of your feminine duties." She said.

"Yes ma'am", I answered, adding a shaky curtsy.

She smiled, and then stifled it.

"Bring me a sewing needle and a towel." She commanded.

Oh my God ! What was she going to do to me ? I slowly, meekly complied.

"As a reminder, you will have your ears pieced, and wear pretty earrings !"

"I went a little white. It was the "pierced" part.

Patti came in, and she squealed ! She approved !

It hurt !

I looked at the little gold flowers in my ears. Patti giggled, and inspected them close. She was thrilled about this !

"And for the next week you are back to frilly dresses with stockings and heels, no sundresses for you ! You will be the model of femininity with ribbons and curls. Anymore slipups and it will be back to the corset for you ! Do you understand ?"

"Yes, Aunt Mae"

"Please, Auntie, do my ears too ! I want pierced ears !" Patti begged.

Patti WANTED it done! I looked at my ears, and shook my head.

Aunt Mae smiled and motioned for Patti to come over. I watched. She was happy to get her ears pierced ! Soon, Patti was standing next to me with gold hearts in her ears, ... with a very happy smile. She looked at the two of us in the mirror and squealed with delight.

I wasn't so happy. I was dejected as we returned downstairs.

"What's the matter ?" Patti asked. "It's not so bad. You look so cute with your earrings."

"Easy for you, .. I'm not a girl. How am I going to explain this, ... a boy with earrings ?"

"Oh ... pish ! The holes will close soon after you remove them." Patti said.

I felt much better; ... except my lobes hurt. At least I didn't have to wear that corset.

Patti fussed with her ears and earrings all evening. She was delighted.

"Looks like we will have to go shopping for more earrings." Aunt Mae remarked, enjoying Patti's enthusiastic reaction.

Patti squealed.

I worked meticulously on my make up and on my selection of clothes in the morning. I would have to be careful to please Aunt Mae. I was putting on eye shadow when Patti came in.

"Aunt Mae has certainly turned you into a prissy girl !" She giggled.

I turned red.

"Just a couple more minutes, and I'll be ready."

Patti sat on the edge of my neatly made bed.

I finished, and stood, brushing and straightening my dress, and smoothed my stockings up, pulling on the garters.

"You make such a femme girl ! You are pretty."

I was crimson, but curtsied to her just the same.

"Thank you"

Patti was bubbling as we went down to breakfast; and we chatted happily as we prepared breakfast together. Patti was being helpful. Aunt Mae came into the kitchen and smiled at the two of us.

"You make such sweet sisters." She remarked.

Patti and I smiled back.

"Good morning Aunt Mae", we called.

"I want you girls to look real nice this evening for your mother." She said, before leaving for work.

"Yes, Aunt Mae, we will." We called.

"That's my girls." Aunt Mae replied, smiling.

We didn't have much to do in the way of chores, so we laughed and played most of the day. We had fun as sisters. That afternoon we put each other's hair up in curlers. Later, we took our hair down and brushed and combed our hair out and tied pretty ribbons in each other's hair. Patti's hair ribbon pulled her hair back to display her new earrings.

"Patti,... help me look pretty." I pleaded. "You heard Aunt Mae. I don't want to have to wear that horrid corset again."

Imagine, Me pleading with my sister to dress me in the frilliest girl clothes !

Patti smiled.

"Sure, boy, has she got you corraled. I didn't think I'd see the day anyone would get you in line !"

I hung my head sheepishly and shrugged.

"Don't worry, with such a pretty face and such lovely clothes and things, you'll look so sweet."

Patti wore stockings too, to make me feel better.

Aunt Mae was pleased when she arrived home.

"Hello Aunt Mae", we greeted, and curtsied together.

Mom arrived just as we were finishing dinner. Patti rushed out, while Aunt Mae had me primp before following. Patti chatted on incessantly about our week. Mom couldn't get a word in. She was astonished Patti and I got along so well. We never had before.

The days went by quickly with Patti's company; and with each passing day I found myself copying my big sister, and becoming more girlish. It started as a way of appeasing Aunt Mae and had turned into a way of life. It wasn't so bad as a girl I guess. I had become one of those flighty, giggling sissies. My wardrobe, manners, and attitude were a testament to it.

Aunt Mae bought us bathing suits, and took us to the nearby lake. I was a bit apprehensive; but I did what Aunt Mae told me. Our suits had a ruffle on the bra top, and a short skirt on the bottoms. It was sort of nice.

Around the fourth of July there was a street dance in town, and Aunt Mae took us.

Patti and I were talking in the back seat. She was anxious to dance with boys, ... I wasn't.

"Have you ever asked a girl to dance ?" Aunt Mae asked.

"Just once", I replied.

"And how was it ? Did she accept ?"

"No", I replied, and hung my head.

"It can be a little intimidating, can't it ?"

"Yes ma'am", I acknowledged.

"Well then , if a boy asks... you will accept."

I looked at her in horror.

"But I .. I don't know how."

"You were going to dance with that girl. ... So Patti, see to it that she accepts any invitations. Is that clear ?"

"Yes, Aunt Mae", Patti replied with a sly grin.

I immediately noticed most of the girls weren't as dressed up as we were. It wasn't that much of a surprise.

We were greeted with smiles from the boys, and some of the girls. Patti drooled over the boys as we surveyed the crowd. I glanced furtively, not wanting to make eye contact. Still, I could feel the boys looking us over. I knew what pretty girls we looked to be, dressed so pretty and feminine. I just knew we would attract their attention.

It was nearly an hour later though before two boys walked up to us. Considering how we were ogled when we arrived, I assumed they were shy and intimidated. I looked away, and they spoke to Patti first. They introduced themselves and Patti giggled at one boy's attempt at humor. They soon asked us to dance. It was a fast dance, so I only needed to worry about keeping my skirt down. We danced to two more songs, and luckily they weren't playing anything slow. I never did look into the boy's eyes. We weren't allowed to stay long, as Aunt Mae was picking us up at nine-thirty. Patti enjoyed herself, and gave my Aunt's number to one of the boys.

Patti teased me the next day about dancing with a boy; and how they had told her what a pretty girl I was.

That Sunday Aunt Mae had me wear the larger cupped strapless bra under my pink dress with the ruffled flounce at the bust. The effect was to make me look ... "mature". Patti's jaw dropped. At church and outside, I saw the boys looking longer than usual at me,... and my flounce.

Then in August, just a few days before the county fair, my chest began hurting. I didn't want to say anything. I didn't want to jeopardize not going to the fair. My chest seemed a little Chubby as well, with small lumps under my slightly enlarged, darker nipple area.

Then while on the rides, I noticed my chest "jiggled" just a bit. That evening I noticed my nipples seemed to be protruding more, and were slightly bigger around. The last day of the fair I mentioned it to Patti. I showed her, and her face brightened into a wide smile.

"I don't believe it. You are growing breasts."

"That's ridiculous ! That can't be !"

She went shouting for Mom and Aunt Mae.

Mom looked startled and puzzled. Aunt Mae looked amused.

"Yes, You are going to make a splendid little, feminine girl." She laughed.

I was at a loss. Mom and Patti looked puzzled, but pleasantly amused.

"Mae ... how ... what ... this ... it .. it can't be...." Mom stammered.

"Yes sis, I've been giving her something to soften her, ... to bring out her feminine side; and it has. You are going to have your wish. You are going to have two sweet girls, ... and no disrespectful, disruptive hoodlum.

Mom looked at Aunt Mae in shock and disbelief.

"I've been giving her female hormones. She won't be going back to being the little punk you knew. She's going to be much softer and gentle now. She's going to be a girl."

I was dazed. I looked down at the pubescent bumps, and worried how big they were going to get. How would I ever be a boy again..... with tits ? I felt a little sick. Was I looking at dresses, and ribbons, and lingerie and bras for always ? I was only a little distraught. It must have been the shock, because I wasn't throwing a fit or crying uncontrollably. The more I contemplated it, the less trepidation I had. Living as a girl wasn't so awful.

I awoke from my entranced train of thought as mom touched my swollen breasts, inspecting my little lumps.

"I thought Cindy was looking kind of ... different, ... soft and feminine looking, but Mae ! What are we going to... how do we explain this when he goes back to school ?"

"When SHE returns to school you mean. Well, ... I've considered that. She is known only as Cindy Sue here. I've enjoyed my nieces, and seeing my sister so frequently, ... why don't you move here, and the girls can go to school here ?"

"But my friends... ", Patti interjected. "I don't want to move."

"Patti, honey, ..Cindy can't attend school back home. You love your new little sister, don't you ?" Aunt Mae questioned.

"Oh yes ! I do love Cindy, ... very much."

"Ok then, it's not so much to ask to exchange your old brother for such a nice, sweet little sister, is it ?"

"Patti looked over at me, and a bright smile came to her face.

"No ... I ... uh .. guess not. Cindy and I can make new friends."

She hugged me.

"Well, ... how about you sis ? You'll have to leave your job and find something here."

"Yes, But I guess it's worth it. I couldn't go on as it was." She sighed. "And I do love what you've done. Cindy is such a sweet ...". " Now I have two daughters, ... two sweet, pretty girls, .. and no son, ... no more sassy little trouble maker. I think I'm going to like that a lot.

I sat looking at the fleshy bumps and enlarged nipples.... BREASTS, I thought.

"But ... uh ... how big will they grow ?" I questioned.

I could just see myself with two large mounds jutting out in front, and all the boys teasing and staring !

They all looked at me and giggled.

"I wouldn't worry Cindy." They probably aren't going to be any larger than your sister's here. You will probably be on the small side..... no bigger than a B cup." She laughed.

B cup, I thought. I'll be wearing a bra for now on ?

"I'm going to have to stay a girl ?"

"Yes, ... it certainly looks that way, doesn't it Cindy dear ?"

I was enrolled as Cindy Sue. Patti and I did make new friends, and had our new girl friends over.

I watched, as day by day my chest slowly grew, like two small water balloons swelling drop by drop, with my small, boyish nipples getting bigger and darker. By Thanksgiving I had developed into a full A cup, and still growing. Patti was starting to get jealous.

Next week we are having eight girls over for a slumber party. Patti and I made all the preparations.

Mom and Aunt Mae seem pleased and proud of the two of us, and our new living arrangement. And me ? Well, I don't have much choice but to be a girl ... sister ... daughter ... and niece. It's really not so bad. Everyone loves the sissiest of girls. This afternoon my aunt and mom are taking me shopping for new bras. My growing chest is spilling out of my old ones ...to the chagrin of my sister. I've grown to like shopping for pretty lingerie; and I'm the picture of mannered girlhood..... especially with that corset that still hangs in my bedroom.

THE END

© 2000

The above work is copyrighted material. Anyone wishing to copy, archive, or re-post this story must contact the author for permission.