

# Schoolgirl Sissy Tales

Volume 1

**Tales of males schooled to be Sissies.**

Patricia Michelle

**Special Magazine Size Edition  
with over 30 Illustrations!**

“Camp Pansy” Where Sissies spend their summer being turned into Pansies.



Better known as “Poodle Skirt High.” Where boys go to be educated as proper Young Ladies.

The  
Peach Tree School for Young Ladies





Copyright © 2016

Published by Mags, Inc  
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address  
Mags, Inc.  
P.O. Box 5829  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413  
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

[www.magsinc.com](http://www.magsinc.com)

Patricia Michelle



**by Patricia Michelle**

### **Prologue**

Lexus Taylor didn't take crap from anyone. Especially her husband of two years, Brandon. Marrying him had been a simple power move on her part. At thirty-one she knew her days as a high paid, runway model were just about over.

Besides modeling she had a great fashion sense and as a past time designed outfits that were widely praised and quickly scooped up. When several people in the industry encouraged her to start her own line of clothing she knew that was her future.

High paid as she was she was dismayed at what just the startup costs were going to be. What she needed, she mused, was a rich, sugar daddy. And she found one.

Lexus was constantly invited to all manner of high class events. It was at a dinner party that she met Brandon Conners. Filthy rich, although not of his doing, inherited. It was plain to her that he was totally infatuated with her from

## Mags, Inc

the moment they met. She soon had him wrapped around her finger and married in three months.

He was a nice enough guy. Sort of a milk toast compared to her high energy,, dominating, self assured presence. She didn't love him, of course. But she was nice to him, even in bed, which was a supreme disappointment, although she never let on.

Her plan worked perfectly, and soon she had all the money she needed, and more, for her new endeavor.

The marriage went as she'd planned, at least for a while. But then Brandon, getting all full of himself, started acting as if he was actually the head of the house. Trying to give her orders. In public showing her off as if she was his trophy wife. Ordering her around and correcting her in front of her friends. Then taking to calling her his, "wifey."

It infuriated her and finally she'd had enough. Right in the middle of a dinner party she was giving for potential customers and friends he tried correcting her, saying, "Now, now honey bun, that's really all wrong."

Coldly and calmly Lexus said, "Will you excuse my husband and I for a few minutes?"

"What is it you want, we have.." he started to say in a huff when they got to their bedroom.

"So, you think you're the big man of the house, the one who wears the pants?" She asked.

"Well, I am your husband," he replied belligerently.

"Here's what I think of you as the man of the house," she stormed, and kicked him as hard she could with her sharply pointed toe right in the balls.

As he doubled over in pain she grabbed him by the ear, picked up a steel hairbrush, dragged him over her knees and blistered his ass until he was crying, kicking his feet and begging her to stop.

## Patricia Michelle

“From now on I wear the pants in this marriage, not you,” she thundered, yanking off his pants and briefs. Then she dragged him to the nearest corner ordering him to put his hands on his head. As he did she used one of her scarves to tightly bind his ankles together.

“You’ll stand in the corner until my guest leaves. I think I just proved you’re not the man you think you are, and I’m going to make sure you never forget it,” she swore.

### Chapter 1 “Please I don’t want to go to camp!”

Two years later Buffie, as she’d scornfully renamed him, stood begging in front of her. In his cute, pink, skin tight sailor shorts that showed off his unbearably tightly corseted sissy waist. The nearly sheer, sleeveless top with a huge bow that perfectly showed off his shameful bra. Three inch, high heeled mary janes and ruffled ankle socks perfectly displayed his hairless legs. His hair was in a cute, ponytail with a pink bow in it. And with his make up there was no mistaking him for other than the sissy she’d turned him into. Pink lipstick, long eyelashes, pink eyeshadow, rouged cheeks and dangling from his ears the largest, pink, earrings.

“Please Mr. Taylor, please don’t send me to summer camp,” he lisped pleadingly.

“It can’t be helped. I’ll be gone the whole summer. Business trips and then Tom and I are going to cruise the Greek islands. And Martha, who keeps you well supervised, I’ve given the summer off to go back to Mexico to visit her family. And The Sissy Day Care Center doesn’t board sissies. Besides, at summer camp, you won’t be a sissy you’ll be a Pansy, Pansy Buffie. You remember all the wonderful activities they had for all the Pansies. I’m sure you had a wonderful time,” She gloated.

“I did it, I hated it,” he protested, stamping his dainty feet.

“Oh, I’m sure you didn’t really hate it. You just needed a little time to adjust to their, well, unique environment. Now that you know what to expect I just know you’ll have an even greater time,” She giggled.

## Mags, Inc

“Now, one more protest and you won’t be able to sit down during the long drive, that’s a promise,” she warned Sissy buffi, who had a defeated look on his face as he trudged unwillingly to the car.

### **Chapter 2 The Sissy Day Care Center**

My name is Rita Morgan. My two best friends, Anita Brodley and Gillian Browner, and I had one thing in common. We’d all had marriages with physically abusive husbands. Over drinks our main topic was what do we do with them?

Divorce yes, of course. Take them for everything they had, which we got. But, we all agreed that was hardly enough. We wanted not only our revenge, but to humiliate them as much as we’d been.

Men who abused women, we agreed, weren’t real men at all, and we were just the ones to teach them that.

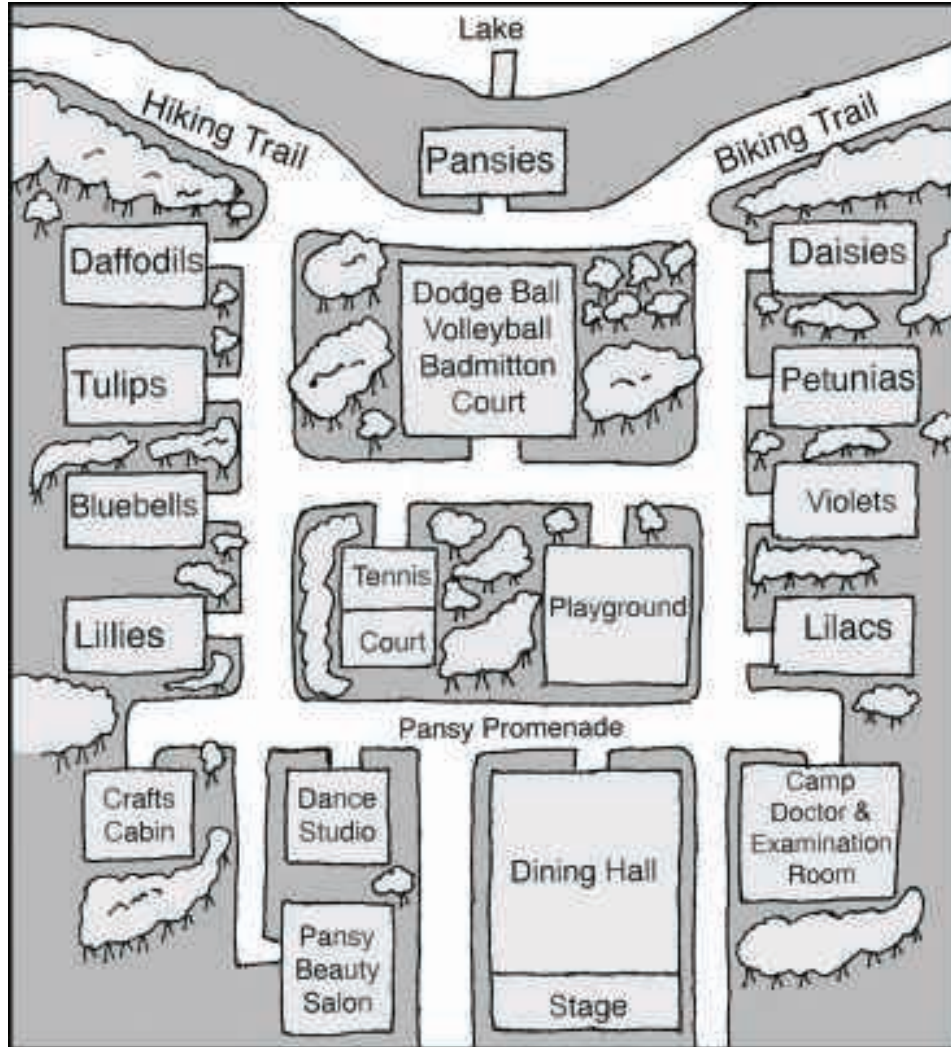
So, what we did was forcibly turn them into sissies. Feminized just enough so that everyone looking at them would laugh, point and giggle and humiliate them over and over.

The problem was what to do with them during the day. Which is when we came up with the “3Bs Sissy Day Care Center”. Setting up a website advertising our Day Care we were frankly stunned at the number of inquiries. In the first month alone we took in a dozen sissies from women who wanted a place “to park” their sissy during the day. Being assured that they would be treated appropriately as the sissies they were. We assured them that our primary philosophy was never to allow them to do anything that would remind them that they once thought they were actually a real man.

We treated all the sissies as immature, juvenile little children, which we considered their level of maturity. They hated it, naturally, which we felt was good for them and kept them in a proper state of mind, or else.

The women loved it when they came to pick up their sissies and they were sobbing with a very sore bottom.

Patricia Michelle



Mags, Inc

### Chapter 3 Camp Pansy

The idea for a summer camp for sissies arose from a couple of women. One asking if there was some way we could keep her sissy for a couple weeks while she went on vacation with her latest stud. For the same reason another woman asked if we could keep her sissy, "For like a month, maybe even two, just to get him out of my hair for the summer."

This is how it came to fruition. Anita has a twelve year old niece she'd picked up at the end of summer from a girl's camp called, "Camp Flowers For Girls." She said the girl loved it but it was too bad it was being put up for sale.

The next day the three of us went to take a look. Immediately we saw it's potential. It had nine cabins with names of flowers like Daffodil, Iris, Daisy Marigold and so on. All painted and decorate the color of the flower.

Within two week we were the new owners. The word "Pansy" caught our fancy, so we renamed it "Camp Pansy." An environment where sissies became Pansies with one goal To treat them as the Pansies we intended to make them.

Each cabin held eight Pansies. so we had space for 64 Pansies, with the Pansy cabin reserved for our naughtiest Pansies.

I have to tell you we had the most hysterical time coming up with the most humiliating uniforms for our Pansies. Not to be outdone we spent days on a curriculum and activities perfect for Pansies. Then is was on to a day by day schedule and then an hour by hour daily schedule.

I would play the part of the camp's Headmistress. Anita would be in overall charge of the Pansies on a daily basis, and Gillian, who was a registered nurse at one time, would be our camp Doctor. We decided that each cabin would have a head Pansy Counselor, a Pansy Counselor, and two assistant cabin counselors.

When we thought we were ready we couldn't believe the response we received. within a couple of weeks we'd signed up eighteen of our day care sissies. And within a month we not only had a full compliment of 64 pansies, but more than a dozen on a waiting list. All despite the outrageous fees we charged.



## Patricia Michelle

When it was Camp Flowers they charged \$850 for the three month summer. We charged \$6,000, plus \$2,000 for their uniforms. Not one woman blinked. They were all rich, and as one woman laughingly remarked, “Who cares what it costs, I have all his money which is paying for it.”

What was most amusing is that we’d contacted a local junior college and convinced them to give our cabin counselors credit for their summer work.

### Chapter 4 Check-in time

Anita, Gillian and I enjoyed greeting our Pansies in person. We loved the forlorn, defeated look on the ones returning for their second summer like Lexus Taylor’s Sissy Buffie. He reluctantly stumbled out of the car as she yanked on his leash.

“Hi Lewes, so you’re off to the Greek Islands with some new stud I understand,” I said.

“Oh God, yes. I can’t wait to drop Buffie off. I’m going in Tom’s private jet and as soon as we take off across the Atlantic he’ll be ripping my clothes off. We’ll undoubtedly fuck all the way across. Christ, he has to be hung like a moose,” she exclaimed, paying no attention to Buffie pathetic sobs.

“So, how has Buffie been since last summer? Any problem areas we’ll need to deal with?” I asked.

“No real complaints, Martha keeps him busy with his chores, sissy activities and basically out of my hair. The only thing is, well, his lockies are getting a little same old, same old. And you really need to work on his Ballet. He’s still so clumsy and can’t seem to stay on his toes for any length of time, especially when he tries to twirl. He usually ends up on the floor. It’s really embarrassing when it’s in front of my guest,” she proclaimed.

“As to the first, as he’s now classed as an intermediate Pansy his pleasers will be upgraded from two to four,” I stated, pleased with the pansies dismayed gasp.

## Mags, Inc

“I’m sure you’ll find him much more stimulating with four. As to the problems he’s having staying on his toes we have a special pair of training shoes that, I’m sure, will solve the matter, anything else we should know about,” I asked.

“Well there’s just one other thing, a bit of jealousy on my part, but those of us with sissies held our monthly, “show off your sissy” meeting the other week. One of the women, Arlene Simons, brought her sissy, Milk toast and I was so jealous, especially of it’s figure. Buffie is the same five foot,, five inches, yet compared to Milk toast he looks positively chubby. Isn’t there something you can do,” she asked.

“Well, let’s see, before you converted him into a sissy he measured 323033. After his first summer, with his booster shots, he measured 33A2835 and corseted four inches brought his waist down to twenty-four inches. Since then you’ve taken another inch off his waist. So, his current waist, with corset, is now twenty-three inches. If so he’s definitely on the chubby side,” I remarked.

“Is there anything you can do, compared to other sissies his figure is deplorable and so embarrassing,” she lamented.

“As a second year pansy naturally he’ll now be corseted five inches at all times, and six inches when we have him dressed up,” I stated, which, as expected, drew a mortified gasp from him, which I ignored.

“Then too I’m sure by summer’s end we’ll have his waist down to twenty-seven which, in his corset, will give him a more acceptable twenty-two inch waist. And as he’ll be getting his booster shots shortly his figure, at the minimum will be a delightful 33B2237 pansy figure,” I declared.

“Oh, oh no, pplease...” he moaned pleadingly, and while we both grinned at his reaction we simply paid no attention to him.

“Now, have you kept his little thimble in the special holder we sent you?” I asked.

“Absolutely, his tiny, little thing has been locked away for the past month. Not one stiffie or creamie,” she declared.