

# Schoolgirl Sissy Tales

Volume 2

Tales of males schooled to be Sissies.

By Patricia Michelle

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"The Margate Academy" Where boys may very well end up as girls.

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Patricia Michelle

# **The Margate Academy**

**Where Boys May End Up As Girls.**

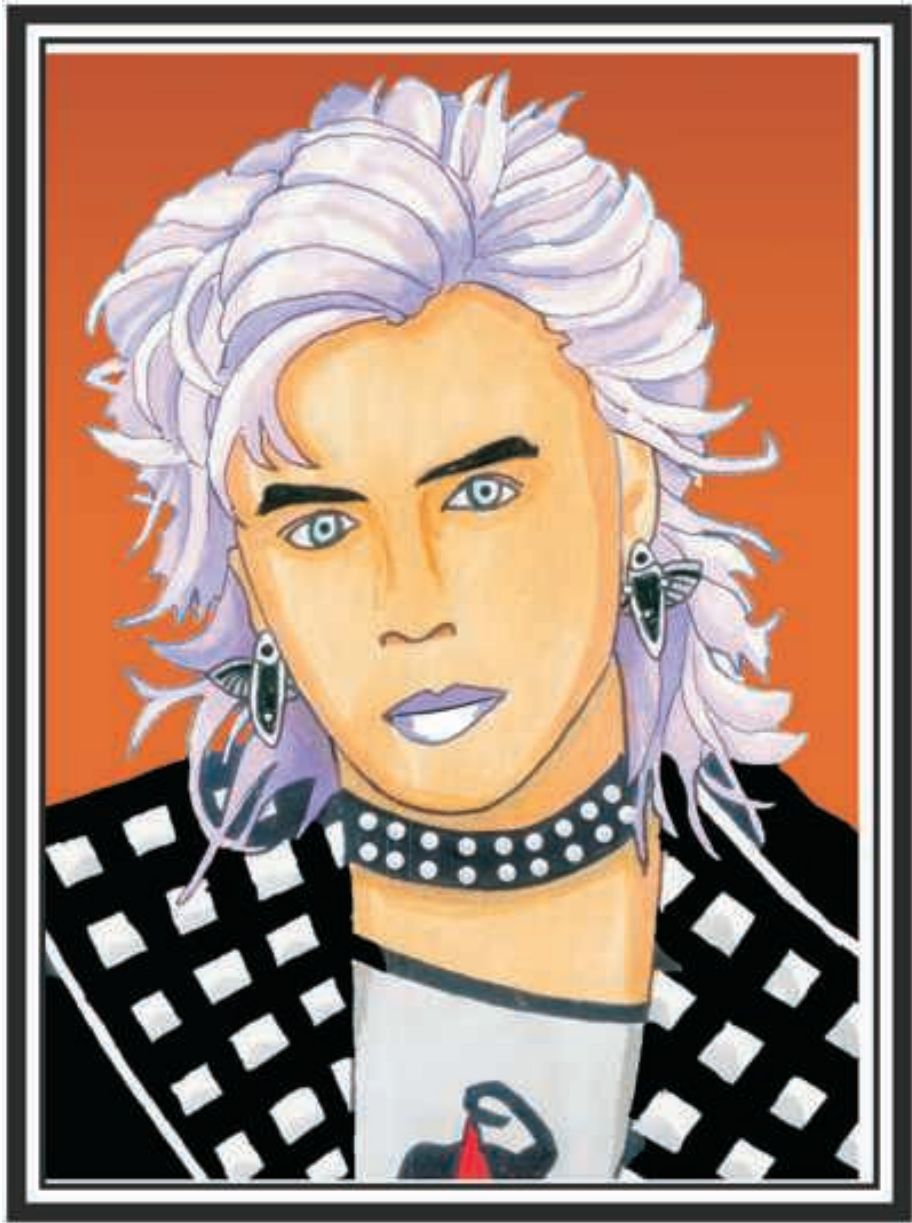
**by Patricia Michelle**

## **Chapter 1 I find a relative.**

My name is Kate Barrister. With the creation of the website ancestry.com I became fascinated with our families history. Imagine my surprise to find that I had a distant relative in England. Her name is Hilary. I emailed her and she was just as delighted as I was to find she had a relative in the States.

Not only that but we were almost the same age, with a twenty year old son. While I explained that, with both parents having died in a car accident, I had become the legal guardian of a much younger nineteen year old stepbrother. Who, I confided, was impossible to deal with. Thinking himself a heavy metal rocker he dressed in Goth attire, spiked his hair and colored it purple, and had even taken to using black makeup. He'd flunked out of school, the majority of the time I had no idea what he was into or where he was. All too often getting a call from the police who'd picked him up all drugged up and I'd have to go down and bail him out with the judge warning me that one more and it was jail. I told Hilary I was at my wits end, I simply didn't know what to do with him.

In response she invited me to visit her, and to make sure I brought my troublesome stepbrother. Mysteriously she assured me she had the perfect solution with how to deal with him.



## **Chapter 2 Hilary and I finally meet.**

I managed to get Fred on the plane only when I told him his favorite band was having a concert in London.

When we arrived I wanted him to join me on my visit to meet Hilary. To my disappointment he said he didn't want to meet some old bag relative and would run around London and go to the concert.

Hilary met me at my hotel and I could immediately see that besides being gorgeous she was obviously, by the way she was dressed and her jewels, very wealthy. Which was confirmed when she led me to a silver Bentley. Waiting for us was a tall, attractive, sturdily built girl.

My first surprise came Hilary introduced her.

"This is Colleen, and is my son, Victor's, governess," she explained. Why on earth did her twenty year old son have a governess, and one two years younger? I wondered, but didn't voice my thought.

It was a rather long drive to the northern part of England finally arriving on the coast at what looked to me like a castle although Hilary modestly referred to it as the

Barrington Manor.

When we got out it was actually a bit chilly even though it was still summer.

"You'll need a sweater I'm afraid. You can't imagine what the winters are like, absolutely brutal.

At the door we were met by two maids, who she introduced as Rebecca and Elisa. Now this is really wealth I couldn't help thinking.

Once inside I was introduced to her sixteen year old daughter, Chelsea. As beautiful as her mother.

"Has Victor been a good boy while I was away?" Hilary asked.

"Yes Ma'am, he's been a good boy for me coloring in his room as Colleen has given him permission to do," Elisa answered.

“Elisa is actually going nights to a domestics school to become a governess like Colleen. For experience she lets her supervise the boy when she is running errands and on her days off,” Hilary stated.

This, I thought, is certainly getting really odd. A twenty year old boy with a governess who is allowing a girl, who couldn't be more than seventeen supervise him when she's not around. And he was being allowed to color, like in a child's coloring book?

“As he's been a good boy, when you dress him up for dinner you may loosen his laces a bit. I'm sure he'll be excited to be introduced wearing pants,” Hilary instructed.

Frankly I was getting more and more perplexed. I had no idea what loosening his laces could possibly mean, and even stranger that he'd be excited wearing pants? Huh?

### **Chapter 3 My eyes deceive me.**

Hilary couldn't help noticing my puzzlement. In response she took our a photo and handed it to me. “This is Victor two years ago,” she said. The boy in the photo looked much the same as my wretched stepbrother. The exception being his punk hair was pink, his eyebrows and lips wer black and, like my wretched stepson he wore a disgusting dog collar..

“And you were able to, well, get him under control?” I asked, not believing it possible.

“Oh yes, you'll see,” she smiled.

It was about an hour later, as we were having drinks that we heard footsteps. Well, finally, I'm going to meet her boy, I imagined. But when I looked up I saw Colleen who had a wicked looking cane, of all things, in one hand, and I swear what I first thought was a young girl, although boyishly dressed. Looking closer I realized it was a boy rather girlish in appearance and dressed quite juvenile. Could this actually be her twenty year old son walking, or more mincing into the room.



For he was dressed in a pair of burgundy, satin shorts, not even reaching mid thigh. It was rather high waisted and showed off such a slender, almost girlish figure.

Broad shoulder straps fastened to it with shiny, black buttons, front and back. His short, white shirt, which at first I mistook for a blouse



that had a quite broad collar that was actually lace trimmed. In front was a bib, also ruffle trimmed. At the collar was what I could only describe as a big, floppy sissy bow.

His legs were childishly bare down to a pair of white, turn down anklets and on his feet childish, red, patent leather mary jane shoes.

But it was his face and hair that at first made me think I was looking at a girl. His brows were rather girlishly arched, his lips quite glossy and his lashes unusually long. While long hair is big with a lot of boys his hair was styled more girlish than anything with childish bangs, in a sort of page boy style.

“This is your Aunty Kate from America, please go over and introduce yourself,” Hilary ordered.

“Hello Aunty Kate. My name is Master Victor and I am ever so delighted to meet you,” he said, with, I didn’t believe it, a lisp sounding a bit too girlish for a boy, and did he actually just curtsy not only before but after he spoke?

“You may go and sit in your chair, quietly, and don’t let me see you fidgeting, as you do much too often. It’s very annoying and distracting to adults, understood?” She sternly asked.

“YYes Mummy,” he replied meekly, and all the time we sat there he didn’t so much as move a muscle.

When dinner was announced I couldn’t believe my ears when I heard Colleen say to the boy, “Go and fetch your pinnie now, Master Victor.” I was sure she couldn’t possibly mean an actual pinafore!

But she had, and as the boy stood with arms out she buttoned him into a really most frilly, childish pinafore.

Seeing my expression Hilary casually remarked, “The school where he attends requires that a pinafore be worn at all meals and during their playtime so they don’t dirty or soil their clothes.” Well fine, but he was a twenty year old boy wearing what amounted to a little girl’s pinafore. Just what kind of a school was he going to?



Throughout dinner he didn't utter a word unless asked a question, he ate quite daintily yet with his plate still full Colleen announced, "You're finished now Master Victor, put your knife and fork down and I'll take you up to your room, where you'll be allowed an hour to play before I dress you for bed."

Looking at my watch I saw it was only seven o'clock and she was putting him to bed for the night? And I'm sure I didn't hear right when I heard her say she was actually going to dress him for bed.

### **Chapter 4 Hilary reveals her secret.**

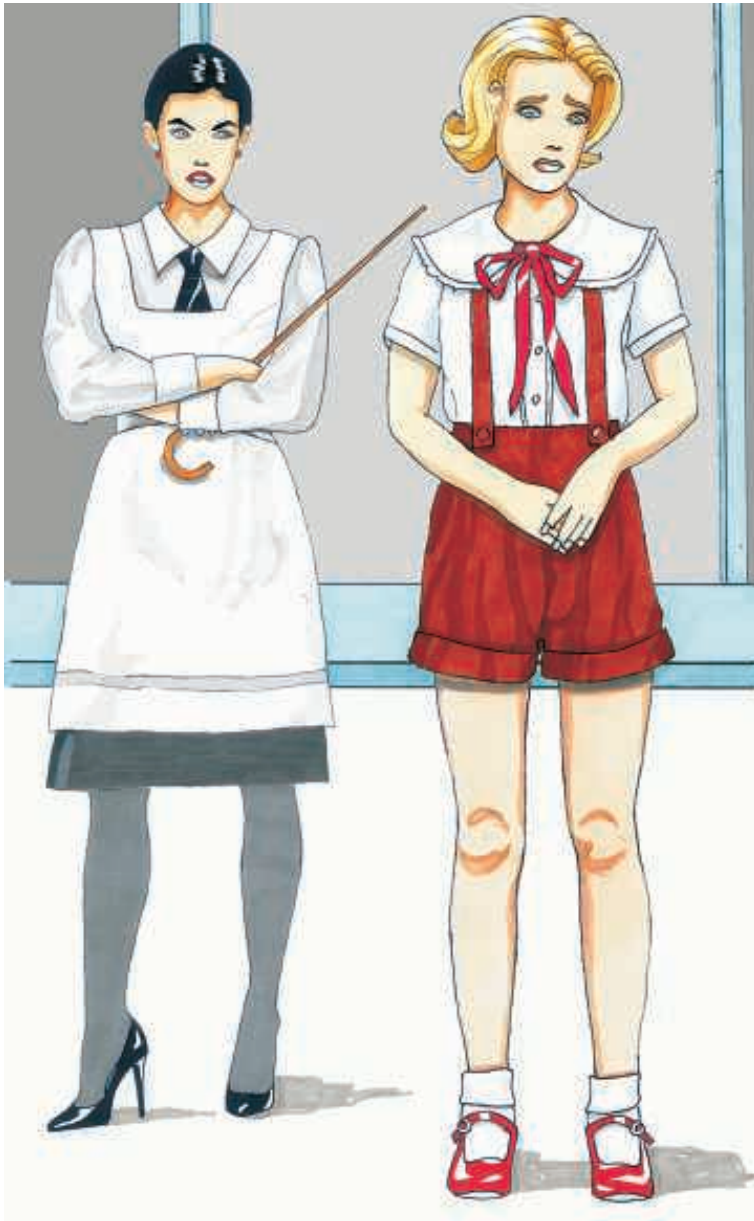
As soon as they left I turned to Hilary. "Alright spill it. How did you do it? What's a twenty year old boy doing having a governess, and one two years younger?"

God, he must hate that. And why is he dressed so juvenile? What did you mean when you told Colleen she could loosen his laces? As if he were wearing a corset? And did I hear her say she was going to dress him for bed, and is eight o'clock his normal bedtime? Most of all whatever did you mean when you said he'd be excited wearing pants, what else would he be wearing? And when you said pants I assumed you meant long pants, not the little boy pants he was wearing, and, for heavens sake, childish mary jane shoes and anklets. I am so totally confused," I admitted.

"Yes, I'm sure you are," she chuckled. "However it's really a two part answer. Now in the States boys receive certain privileges when they turn sixteen, like learning to drive, and being allowed to drink at eighteen. Then at twentyone they're considered an adult. do I have it right so far?" She asked.

"Well, yes, that pretty much sums it up," I agreed.

"But that's not the case at all here. Especially among the families who still go by the long held tradition that boys do not reach what's called, 'their majority.' And reaching one's majority has nothing to do with age. It does, however, have everything to do with how they act and conduct themselves. If they act like a responsible adult in all



manner, such as being responsible, respectful, polite, wellmannered, disciplined, have learned the value of hard work, and most importantly they're obedient then they're considered to have reached their majority as an adult. Until then they're not considered to be grown up and are still considered, and treated, in everyone's eyes, as still a child," She explained.

“So that’s why he’s dressed so juvenile?” I asked.

“Precisely. When his father passed away Victor got rebellious as you saw in the photo of how he looked two years ago. Mistakenly thinking he was grown up and could act as he damn well pleased. He needed to be reminded that he was far from grown up and was still considered, in my eyes, a child. So he’s kept dressed as one as a constant reminder. And to enforce that, like all children, at least in the upper class, he has a governess. Colleen is quite efficient in reminding him, You saw, I’m sure the cane she was holding. It doesn’t take very much acting up at all on his part for her to use it on his behind,” she assured me. Exactly what Fred definitely could use, I thought, a good caning.

“Yes, I could well imagine. Especially coming from a girl several years younger. That he must find especially humiliating,” I said.

“Exactly why I chose Colleen. Having to obey a girl, is one thing, much worse one that’s two years younger. It’s obvious it’s absolutely crushing to him,” She said, which I could well imagine.

“Now, as to your bewilderment when I told Colleen she could loosen his laces. He does, in fact, wear a corset. One specifically laced so tight it’s quite impossible for him to defy her or offer her the slightest resistance. At the Margate Academy a corset is mandatory for all boys,” She said, adding, “ And it’s the solution I strongly recommend for your stepbrother.”

“Well, it must be a most unusual school,” I remarked, which seemed an understatement.

## **Chapter 5 Shocked speechless.**

“Margate is what I’d call a throw back school for rebellious boys. Their secret, well let me ask you, what’s the most horrible thing that any boy would absolutely hate? She asked.

“Besides having to wear a corset I’m at a loss,” I admitted.

“Let me show you a picture of Victor in his school uniform a year ago,” She said, handing me a photo.

When I looked at it I was shocked. It was, without a doubt, the most horrible thing that any boy would absolutely hate. For I was looking at him dressed as a little girl. In the frilliest pink dress that any eight year old would die over with a short skirt that stood almost straight out due to the layers of petticoats that showed well below the hem. On his legs were ruffled anklets and the most girlish pink shoes. His hair had a huge bow in it with pink, dangling earrings.

“Dressed as a girl he’s called ‘Miss Victoria.’ The school makes the worst boys dress and act, I might add, like girls. They hate it, as you can imagine, but they either kill themselves trying to act like girls and those that don’t get demoted into even more girlish clothes. The perfect way to reform any boy,” She declared, and right then I decided Fred would be their newest student. I couldn’t wait to see him in a little girl’s dress.

“I need to see this school and get a better understanding of how it works,” I said.

“Of course, I’ll call Lillian Masters, the headmistress and set up an appointment,” She offered, then added, “If you decide to enroll him he can stay here with us.”

“Oh really, I couldn’t impose...”

“It’s really not a problem at all. I’ll have Colleen make Elisa his governess,” she chuckled.

I had this image of seventeen year old Elisa bending him over and giving him a good, thorough and well deserved caning.

## **Chapter 6 The Margate Academy**

Two day’s later Hilary drove me over to the school, only about ten kilometers away.

There I was ushered into the headmistresses office. Lillian Masters looked to be in her late 50's. Attractive, but had a no nonsense look about her.

After I explained the trouble I was having with my stepbrother she assured me he'd pose them little problem.

"We've had worse and managed to turn them around," She stated.

"By putting them in corsets, dressing them as girls and making them act like a girl," I said.

"Yes, precisely. Although we don't dress them as girls when they arrive. We give them a chance to knuckle under and do their best to reform and stay in pants. Each semester we only accept eight new students. When they arrive they're all dressed as you saw Victor. Still as boys but childishly so to remind them that they are far from grown up. Naturally they're outraged until they hear what will happen to half of them at the end of the first semester.

You can imagine their shock when I inform them that at the end of their first semester that half of them, the ones with the worst grades, will be dressed as girls and taught to act and conduct themselves as girls and take classes meant exclusively for girls. After the first semester, the half with the worst grades are then dressed as twelve year old girls. At the end of the second semester half are dressed as ten year old girls. And after that the worst half as eight year old girls. In each instance they must compete against each other to act as girlish as they possibly just to be promoted back to ten year olds and so on till they're finally back in short pants. Then to graduate to long pants and be considered to have reached their majority they have to go three semesters without being demoted.

Victor, for example has two more semesters then he'll graduate. It's really quite foolproof," she stated, and I couldn't disagree. Poor boys, oh no, poor Fred, or maybe he would end up as 'Miss Frederica.' That I couldn't wait to see.

## **Chapter 7 What makes Margate different.**

“Now what you need to know is that our goals here are quite different from other schools. In a sense this is the last resort to turn around hard core problem boys that are totally out of control, like your stepbrother. Trust me, when they eventually graduate they are very much changed. We will have removed all the traditional characteristics you find in today’s male. No inflated egos, or feelings of superiority no hint of an aggressive personality. They will have become quite docile and submissive, very obedient, never daring to question anything they’re told, or told to do. In effect they make a perfect house husband for a woman fed up with today’s macho man,” she stated.

“I’m not sure I understand the last part, a perfect house husband?” I asked.

“To be honest only the wealthier families can afford Margate, so the majority of our students represent a very wealthy catch. What better match than a submissive, docile husband who wouldn’t think of competing with his wife and assuredly knows his place in the marriage. While married as an independent, dominant woman still free live her own life as she sees fit while her stay at home husband thinks of nothing more than catering to her every wish and demand.

We actually have a waiting list of women and mothers, in particular, looking to match their daughter to one of our graduates. Hilary has said she’s already had several inquiries concerning Victor as a possible match for their daughters. Although she’s favoring an old friend matching him with her twentythree, very head strong, daughter, Claire. A brilliant computer expert travelling around the world on various projects. So, he’d make the perfect stay at home match. She’s taking her daughter, next week, to meet him to assess if she’d find him suitable to her images of what she wants in a husband,” she said.

## Chapter 8 Miss Geraldine.

As we were talking there was a knock on the door and when Lillian gave permission to enter in wobbled a boy in shoes with, I thought, about two inch heels and dressed in what amounted to a frilly, pink, little girls dress falling just above her knees. Her hair was girlishly styled in a flipped up page boy with a huge bow pinned to it. Behind “her” was a tall, young girl with a cane in one hand. What was really strange was a short chain connecting one shoe to the other limiting “her” step to no more than, say, five inches.

“Ah Constance, still having problems with Miss Geraldine, I assume?” Lillian asked.

“Yes Ma’am, she’s been caught several times trying to cut the laces of her corset and refuses to keep her heels on when we’re not looking. Plus she gave me a most nasty look when I kept correcting her curtsy,” she proclaimed.

“Unfortunately Miss Geraldine didn’t take us seriously when he arrived as Gerald. Charged with attempted rape and assaulting some poor girl. Thinking no girl could possibly resist him. So, Miss Geraldine, how do you like being a twelve year old girl?” She asked.

“Not very damn much,” she retorted angrily.

“Answer correctly or will we have to have a lesson with Mr. Cane?” Constance sternly asked.

Looking in fright at her menacing cane she stammered, “I’m so sorry headmistress, I absolutely adore being a girl.”

“Well, you have one month to show us how much you really do adore being a girl or you’ll undoubtedly be demoted, is that what you want?”

“Oh nno please...”

“Now then, as to you constantly removing your shoes when you think no one is looking, you’ve been told repeatedly not to do so, haven’t you?” Lillian asked.



“I can’t walk in these, they’re high heels for christsake and they hurt my feet,” she declared.

“But Miss Geraldine, all girls have to learn to walk in high heels. So Constance put her in shoes that lock on her feet,” she ordered. Shoes that locked? Was all I could wonder.

“Now as to you repeatedly trying to get out of your corset instead of lacing her to three inches lace her down another inch from now on and make sure you lock it on. As to the nasty look she gave you I think she could use some time in detention, after you give her mouth a good soaping. I’m thinking three hours in detention writing, ‘A good girl does not give her teachers nasty looks,’ three hundred times in the special chair we have for naughty girls,” she instructed.

“Yes Ma’am, it’s what I thought you’d decide,” Constance concurred.

When they left I couldn’t help saying, “He, I mean she, will never learn to walk in even two inch heels in just a month.”

“No, of course not. Miss Geraldine, we’ve already decided needs to be demoted to our littlest girl before he even starts to knuckle under,” she admitted.

““Now, do you have time for a tour and perhaps some lunch?” She asked, and dying of curiosity I agreed.

## **Chapter 9 The new students make over room.**

“First we’ll visit what we call our new student make over room. And we’re in luck as our final four boys just arrived today,” She said.

When we entered I was greeted with a sight I didn’t expect, it looked like a beauty parlor. With several girls attending to four boys sitting, unprotesting in beautician’s chairs.

“The first thing we do is give them what we tell them is a shot for the flu. In reality what it does is put them out like a light for several

hours so that we don't have to deal with any resistance on their part. Now in this chair Emily is removing all his hair from the ears down, including around his private parts. There's nothing more devastating for a boy who thinks he's grown up then to suddenly be childishly baby smooth everywhere," She assured me, and I could just imagine Fred's shocked reaction when he suddenly found himself without the manly hair he was so proud of.

"Now in this chair Julia has shampooed the boy's hair and is in the process of changing him from a brunette to a blonde. Whatever the color of a boy's hair we change it to the opposite for the shock value. And since he has short hair she's about to add extensions to just below chin length. In this chair Gloria is plucking this boys far too masculine eyebrows, then she'll add longer eyelashes and permanently glue a coin under the tip of his tongue," She explained.

"Which will cause him to lisp," I said, remembering Victor's rather girlish lisp.

"Exactly. What could be worse than to wake up suddenly with a childish lisp, the perfect reminder that, despite what he thinks, he's still a child and now he's speaking like one," She stated.

The next boy wasn't in a chair but, of all things, was fastened to a lacing bar as a girl was in the process of lacing him into a long, formidable looking corset.

"Mandy will tighten his corset, to start, down three inches. Sufficient to prevent any physical resistance on his part. The least exertion will obviously cause him to quickly lose his breath. Corsets are mandatory to make them easy to manage. But there are a couple other advantage to keeping them in corsets. Obviously it immediately corrects their posture. But they also restricts how much they're able to eat which results in a gradual weight loss which becomes significant by the time they graduate. Miss Geraldine, for example, who currently weights 135 pounds will probably graduate weighing not more than say 110 pounds, or less and with little muscle tone, if any. So that his future wife, who will greatly outweigh him, when she's displeased with him will have no problem dragging him by the ear over her lap for a good spanking." Lillian said.