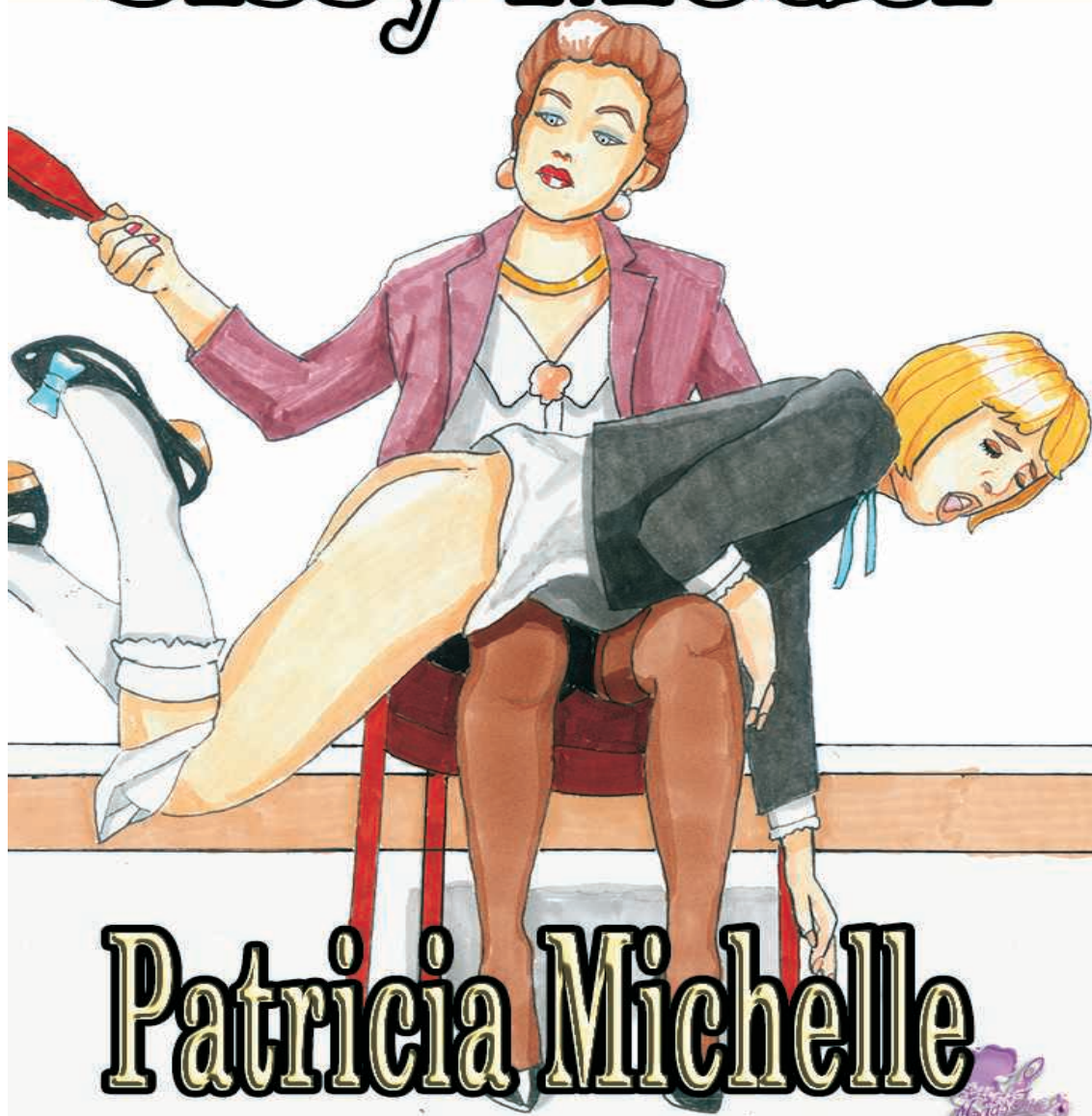


From Husband To Sissy Model



Patricia Michelle





Copyright © 2017

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

Patricia Michelle

From Husband To Sissy Model

By Patricia Michelle

Chapter-1 Why do you put up with him, I wouldn't.

In public Bob was getting worse and worse. We'd been married two years and it was quite clear who was the boss, at least at home. I was. However once outside, especially in front of others, he became dictatorial, bossing me around, contradicting me, and doing whatever he could to put me down..

It was not only embarrassing but humiliating, especially in front of my friends. There was a reason, actually several of them, for his actions. I wasn't tall, just five feet, four inches. Still Bob was three inches shorter. And at five feet, one inch very self-conscious of his height, even to wearing lifts in his shoes, and he never let me wear anything but flats when we went out..

If that wasn't enough to give him a Napoleon complex I was three years older. And a very successful interior designer, even though just in my mid-twenties. Bob, on the other hand had graduated with a teaching degree, but had never been able to land a permanent position. The best he'd ever done was some substitute teaching, and hadn't worked in almost a year.

Mags, Inc

Consequently the more successful I became as the breadwinner of the marriage the more intolerable he became.

There was one other thing that was a real sore spot, and absolutely grated on his nerves. He had those boyish good looks like Michael J. Fox, who if dressed like a teenager nobody would ever think he was a day older than he looked.

In this I actually did have to feel sorry for him. There was nothing he could do about it. If he shaved every other week he was lucky. Unfortunately women, like girls, can be thoughtlessly cruel. It started on our wedding day, overhearing one woman remark that, "Darlene must be robbing the cradle." And another who whispered too loud, "You really couldn't call him handsome, could you, he's more cute, or pretty, than anything."

"Like some of the boys in my eighth grade class, maybe seventh," her friend laughed.

Which was probably the reason he could never land a real job. Who would hire a high school teacher that looked younger than his students? I think he knew it but could never admit it.

Which brings us to a very momentous day for him. We were at a party and once again in front of my friends he'd put me down so that my best friend, Kate Peters, found me in the ladies room crying.

"Honest to god Darlene why do you put up with it? I wouldn't, not for a minute. What that puffed up ego of his needs is something that will give it a much needed battering. Something to knock him down a peg or two.."

"Or three," I said vengefully.

A bit later she came up to me with a twinkle in her eye. "I've got it. I know just what will crush that overbearing, macho ego of his. Bring him to lunch tomorrow. Cora will join us a bit later and don't act surprised at anything that goes on. Just go with it," she giggled.

Kate and I had been best friends since grade school, and that was also how long she'd known Bob.

Patricia Michelle

While I became an interior designer her interest in fashion eventually led her to open a very successful, and expensive, children's boutique called Little Darlings.

I'm glad I didn't know what she had up her sleeve because I would have laughed myself silly from the start.

Chapter 2- Knocking him down a peg, or two.

Sitting in the restaurant she started to tell us her problems of the day. "Starting with a real disaster. One of our boy models cancelled, leaving me without any boys."

Pretending to think about it for a minute she suddenly asked Bob, "When we were younger, like around fifth or sixth grade didn't your mother have you doing some modeling?"

"Yea, I didn't much like it, so I stopped doing it," he said. In reality it was undoubtedly because he never grew an inch taller.

"I know this is really an out of left field idea, but do you think Bob could take my missing models place?"

"W-What? Me model boy's clothes. That's nuts!" he said indignantly.

"Actually not so nuts. You really haven't grown much since then you know, and except for doing something with your waist and probably hair, you'd fit right into Kevin's outfits. It's just that I'm desperate, and it would pay \$25 an hour. I have a show this afternoon, and two this weekend. That's six hours, no probably seven," Kate said, winking at me.

"I told you, I'm not putting on, or modeling, any boy's clothes, god damn it," he nearly shouted.

Mags, Inc

Finally realizing what she had up her sleeve I put my hand over my mouth to keep from laughing, winked back at her, and in my angriest voice said, “If you’ll excuse us for a minute Kate my husband and I have something to talk about. Outside now!”

Outside on the street I cut him short saying, “This may offend your precious ego Mister, but you’re going to do my best friend a favor. She’s desperate...”

“I’m not...”

“Did you hear how much it pays? That’s \$325. I’m sick of you thinking you’re too good to take a lessor job. That’s more than you could earn substitute teaching for nearly a whole week,” I declared.

“I told you...”

“No, I’m telling you Bob. You either do this and start pulling your weight, or we go home, you pack everything you own, and I kick you out,” I flatly stated.

“Y-You’re n-not serious, a-are you?” he asked nervously.

“Here are the car keys. I’ll be back around three. Anything of yours still in the house I throw out. Oh yes, leave the car keys. It’s my car, not yours,” I nearly shouted at him.

O-Okay, I-I’ll do it,” he said, realizing I was dead serious. And by then I really was.

“And Saturday and Sunday as well?”

“Y-Yes...”

“And you’ll do whatever Kate asks you to do?” I demanded to know.

“Yes, I said I would.”

“Alright, this is how it’s going to be. When we go back in you’ll tell Kate you apologize. That you were just surprised, that’s all, and of course, you’ll do it.

Patricia Michelle

And Bob, you're going to sound eager, and you'd better be convincing. Actually, you know what?" I asked.

"Ah, n-no what?"

"I hope this absolutely crushes that overbearing ego of yours. I hope you absolutely hate it."

Back inside Kate acted so relieved and thankful. "You really don't mind doing for me really," she asked, trying hard to suppress a grin.

"N-No, really I don't. Anything I can do to, ah, help you out. It, it'll probably be fun," he struggled to get out.

"Well, just to make sure I'm not wrong about this, Cora Nichols, will be joining us shortly. She's a sort of image consultant I use. Advising our models on hair style, make-up and what clothes they'd look best in. I will introduce you simply as the boy who's going to take Kevin's place and ask her opinion if she thinks you'd work out or not. I won't tell her who you are, or your age. If she figures it out we'll just laugh it off as a joke, and forget about it. Agreed?" she asked, and in obvious relief he naively agreed.

Which is when I understood Kate's remark about bringing her friend in on it I just managed to stifle another laugh as Kate winked at me.

In her late thirties Cora was a tall, stunning woman. The first tweak at his ego came when Kate said, "This is Bobbie Connors, my friend's, ah, nephew. He'll be replacing Kevin who cancelled once again. I was just wondering how you think he would fit in."

Waiting several seconds, pretending to study his looks, with Bob sure that she'd ask what the joke was, she said, "Yes, I think he'd fit in nicely. Has he had any experience modeling?"

I picked up immediately that she was on purpose not addressing her questions to him. Exactly how you would talk to other adults about children in their presence.

Mags, Inc

“Yes some, although it’s been a couple of years. But Darlene said he’s a bright boy and could probably pick it up quickly again.”

“Well, if you plan to use him on a more regular basis you probably should enroll him in Ms. Martin’s modeling class. He could make quite a bit of money if he graduates from her class. Students of hers can make upwards of \$75 an hour, sometimes even more. Although naturally you’d want to handle whatever he makes for him. Children his age simply have no concept of money,” she stated, really laying it on thick.

“My goodness, that really is a lot of money,” I commented.

“Just where do you see Bobbie fitting in, Cora, and do you see any problems areas?” Kate asked.

“Definitely a different hair style. What he has is all wrong, much too grown up a style for a boy his age. Could you have him stand up for me, and then around?” she asked me, not him.

“Yes, of course. Bob, I mean Bobbie, please do what the nice lady asks. Stand up and then turn around for her,” I said, in my most condescending adult to child tone of voice. And was rewarded with a brief flash of anger which quickly disappeared when he saw the murderous look I gave him.

“Oh my, his figure. We’ll really have to do something about that Kate. It’s much too chubby for a boy model, isn’t it? And look at how he’s standing. No, no Bobbie. Please stand on both legs, heels and toes together. Hands laced in front of you. Now shoulders back more and try to stand more erectly. I think we’re really going to have to work on his posture. Now do you think you can remember how proper boys are supposed to stand, Bobbie?” she asked, talking to him as you would a child.

‘Y-Yes I c-can.’ He blushed

“Oh dear me. Wen you modeling today and anyone addresses you please try to answer, ‘Yes Ma’am or Sir.’ It’s much more polite, don’t you think?”

“Y-Yes Ma’am,” he managed to choke out.

Patricia Michelle

“I guess manners would have to be another area he’ll need work on. Now to answer your question I think initially he’ll work out well modeling your Little Lords & Lassies collection.”

When I asked what age range that was Cora smiled and said, “Why that’s the youngest teen collection. For boys and girls just into their teens, thirteen to fifteen. Oh my, look at the time. Just a couple hours till your show. If you want I’ll just take the boy with me and make as many changes as I can with him. I’m sure I can get rid of that ‘older’ look. Come along Bobbie, we’ll leave the adults to their lunch,” she said, and with that she held out her hand, obviously intending him to take it. Which, blushing shamefully, he did.

Before they left I leaned over and whispered, “If I hear even a hint that you’ve given Cora any trouble at all don’t bother coming home after the show. And I mean it, do you understand?”

“Y-Yes, I-I do,” he said fearfully.

Kate and I laughed so hard people started staring at us.

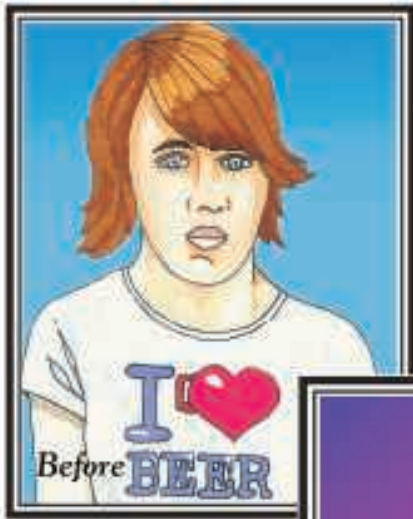
“Obviously you know what Cora’s going to do with him,” I said.

“Oh yes, but you couldn’t get it out of me for a million bucks,” she chuckled.

Chapter 3- From Bob to Bobbie.

But Kate did know, and had discussed it with Cora. Here’s what happened. Their first stop, as she related to me later, was to a beauty parlor. “I want you to go sit on in chair Bobbie. Once in it I want you to sit perfectly still. I don’t want to see any fidgeting, and do not annoy the girls with any idle chatter. Boys especially have a tendency to squirm and fidget. For those boys we have a belt that goes around the waist, and these for your hands,” she said, indicating two leather straps.

“Do you think they’ll be necessary, or do you think you can sit perfectly still?” she asked sternly.



Patricia Michelle

Of course he was horrified that they would actually strap him into the chair.

“N-no Ma’am,” he said, barely above a whisper.

“No what, Bobbie?” she demanded to know.

“No Ma’am. I-I’ll sit perfectly still.”

“I do hope so,” she said, and as she thought he was too shocked and humiliated to dare more or utter a word as they worked on him..

When I next saw him it was as he was walking down the runway in Kate’s boutique in front of about forty women.

“Oh my god,” was all I could say, then couldn’t help laughing.

“Adorable, isn’t he?” Kate giggled, and that he was.

“What did he do when he saw himself?” I asked.

“Nothing. Well, that’s not quite true. I thought he was going to cry, poor thing, but he didn’t.”

The biggest changes were his face and hair, which he wore a bit long. It had been light brown, now it was blonde and styled so perfectly in a Dutch boy’s bob with bangs.

“Per Cora’s instructions they permed his hair. It’ll be literally weeks before it starts wearing off,” she grinned.

“It’s perfect, but obviously you’ve done other things. He actually looks younger.”

“Oh yes. Well, for example, to bring out the wide eyed look all little boys have they added long, fluttering eye lashes and added some mascara. Then a slightly darker, natural colored eyeshadow. They plucked his eyebrows some to make them more expressive and childlike. Rouged his cheeks, and then I had them draw on a fuller, lower lip so it looks more pouty and then painted them a

Mags, Inc

slight pinkish color. Oh yes, you'll love this. This eyeshadow, mascara, rouge and lips they put on using dyes rather than make-up," she chuckled.

"You don't mean he can't wash it off?" I laughed.

"In months, maybe. As he'll all too soon find out," she said, and I couldn't wait till he discovered that.

"Obviously," I said, looking at him, "you managed to get his waist down to more boyish proportions."

"A firmly boned waist cinch took a couple inches off. However I have a better idea that will absolutely crush him," she grinned.

Chapter-4 From Bobbie to Chrissie

"Now ladies what our two adorable models, little Bobbie and our darling Angela, are wearing is from our casual Little Lords and Lassies line. Little Bobbie," she said, I'm sure on purpose emphasizing 'little,' is wearing the most darling pair of shiny, tan, corduroy shorts with an attached bib.

"Notice the shoulder straps which crisscross in back and button to the bib with accenting red buttons in front and matching belt. Under it is the cutest, short sleeved white shirt with a darling peter pan collar. The perfect touch, of course, for his feet are black and white saddle shoes and short, turn down anklets.

His partner's outfit was identical except for the skirt. She looked about eleven and so crushing for him, I hoped, for she was actually a bit taller and they were holding hands. He was trying hard to smile but I could see it was taking a real effort.

"L-Look what they did to me," he hollered when we got home.

"Why I don't know what you mean. I think you look darling and much better as a blonde," I giggled, then angrily added, "Don't you dare raise your

Patricia Michelle



Mags, Inc

voice to me. I've had it with your arrogant, overblown ego. Pretending to be so macho. You'll do no more dictating to me, do you hear?"

"Y-Yes, b-but what am I going to do? My hair and they did other things to my face," he said, "how am I going to live this down?"

"Well, what does it matter? You have no job, you just sit around anyway, so there's no real harm. And not another word about this, or I'll do as I planned. Throw you out, looking like you do," I flatly stated.

It was later that night that he discovered that none of it washed out. "What the hell, none of this comes out," he said in real alarm.

"Oh my, why I really don't know. I'll have to ask Kate or Cora about it tomorrow. Oh yes, another thing. I hate it when you swear. That'll stop immediately. Understood?" I demanded to know.

Still in shock he said, "Yes, okay."

Chapter-5 The lawn party and Bob becomes Chrissie.

The next day Kate had a lawn party showing at some rich woman's house. As soon as we got there Kate came over pretending to look distressed. "I'm afraid there might be a problem," she said, naming three women who knew Bob, who, needless to say, got very panicky.

"I don't think they'll recognize him, dressed as he is and with his new hairstyle and color. If you do run into them simply introduce him as your nephew who's visiting you. But it really would be best to change his name. What's his middle name?" she asked.

"Ah, well, it's Chris," I said.