

DATA AND HIS DRESSES



Book One

Shannon Q. Shannon



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DANA AND HIS DRESSES

Shannon Q. Shannon

Book One

The last two months of my senior year of high school were spent living with Nicole, my father's young widow and my legal guardian by his will. I suspected that she married him for his money, but I knew why he married *her*! She was twenty-five and drop dead gorgeous. At eighteen, I was hot for her myself, even though we didn't get along very well. Despite that, I tried to hit on her a few times, but she shut me down cold every time.

After father died of a heart attack in bed with Nicole, she became a stickler for an orderly house and had a servant for every purpose, no matter how trivial. Thus, in accordance with her desires, everyone around her behaved in a proper, sedate manner ... that is, except for me. I played practical jokes on her maids and made sexual advances toward them. My most successful amorous encounters were with Bridget, the very sexy upstairs maid.

As a robust boy, I talked loudly, dashed about wildly, and rushed up and down steps two at a time. Therefore, my normal boyish antics caused many confrontations between Nicole and me. Our differences reached a higher plateau after my high school graduation. During the two months that followed, I lived a grand, carefree, yet defiant life as I cavorted about in a rather unbridled manner with my friends, both male and female, paying little heed to Nicole's criticisms. To my great disappointment, this adventure began to fade into oblivion as my companions began to migrate to college, got married, or became involved in regular jobs. Given Nicole's meticulous requirements, that was a major cause of our disputes.

For myself, I had no desire to attend college, and I certainly didn't want a job! I was offered a football scholarship at a small midwestern college, but I declined that as well. My logic was that Nicole had plenty of money, and I would inherit my share in three years. Thus, I decided to take advantage of Dad's fortune and live the life of a carefree playboy instead of working or attending college.

As my friends began to depart for college, jobs, or military service, I found myself more and more without companionship, male or female. The absence of friends gave me a wealth of time on my hands, and I became bored. That's when I turned toward Nicole

and her staff for amusement. For example, I wired smoke bombs to the spark plugs of her limousine and let air out of the tires just to annoy Blair, the chauffeur, a twenty-year-old with long red hair and without much ambition. Inside the house, two of the maids quit because of my antics, and I was held in low esteem by the rest of Nicole's staff. That is, all except for Bridget, who was secretly proving to be an excellent tutor in the sexual arts.

Nicole kept pressuring me to decide about my future, but I continued to put her off with one excuse or another. Finally, having had her fill of my antics, one morning in early August, she said, "Dana, as my stepchild, I love you dearly, but you are totally disruptive to my household. You seemingly go out of your way to infuriate me by disregarding my wishes, and my staff is on the verge of revolt because of your tasteless pranks. In addition to all that, you have made it abundantly clear that you have no interest whatsoever in pursuing worthwhile goals such as higher education or a rewarding career. You seem to enjoy harassing my staff, bounding about the house, and you have let your hair grow down on your neck. All these things are contrary to my expressed wishes, a fact of which you are fully aware."

"But Nicole ...," I began, sensing a determination in her voice that I had not heard before. "I ..."

"Therefore," she continued. "I have found a course of action that I believe will improve your attitude and curtail your rude behavior. This plan will not be easy on either of us as it will mean a drastic change in your lifestyle and your manner of dress. This course will continue until you have shown a serious desire to mend your ways and sincerely pursue your future by actions, not words."

“What do you mean Nicole?” I asked, having no notion what she was talking about, yet somehow fearing her determined voice. New clothes? I was used to wearing comfortable things like shorts or jeans, tee shirts, and sneakers. “Do you mean you want me to start wearing suits, blazers, ties, slacks, wingtip shoes, and fancy things like that?”

“Fancy things, yes, but not like that,” she answered, rising from her chair. “Come up to the celebrity guest room, and you’ll see.”

Upon entering the elaborately decorated guest room, we were greeted by a maid I had never seen before. She was about thirty, trim, athletic, well built, and quite attractive. Her uniform was a short sleeved black dress with a tight-fitting bodice and a straight skirt that fell to three inches above her knees, revealing attractive legs. Maybe this new domestic could teach me some things in the sack that Bridget didn’t know about!

“Dana,” Nicole said sweetly, bringing me out of my reverie, “this is Maria. She will be your personal maid as we endeavor to alter your lifestyle and mold you into a socially acceptable person. She will lend every possible assistance to prepare you for your new and exciting life. To your regret; however, she will be a stern taskmistress.”

“My own personal maid? WOW!” I gasped while wondering just how personal. At any rate, I looked forward to frequently cornering her in my room for frequent sexual encounters.

“Yes dear,” Nicole answered with a shrewd smile while indicating an array of feminine things on the bed. “Maria and I purchased some clothing for you based on the sizes of your current wardrobe, and I’m sure you’ll come to love them.”

"How do you like your pretty new things *Miss Dana*?" Maria asked, putting special emphasis on the *Miss*.

"What's going on here?" I demanded as I stared at the clothes.

"This is part of the wardrobe you'll need for your new life," Nicole replied. "Remember? I explained it to you downstairs, and you asked about fancy things."

"This can't be Nicole!" I screamed. "Those are girl's clothes, for Christ's sake!"

"Nevertheless, these and similar items are the clothes you'll wear for the foreseeable future," Nicole stated in a no-nonsense tone.

"Didn't you hear me?" I shouted again in case she hadn't heard me. "Those are *girl's* clothes! I won't wear them, and you can't make me! I'm a *boy*, and I won't stand for this!" Then, seeing the smiles on their faces, I spoke more calmly. "This is a joke, right? You're just saying that stuff to put a scare into me, aren't you?" I gasped, hoping against hope that it was true. Just in case she was serious, I added, "Okay, you win! I'll get a haircut and a job and think about college."

Maria dashed my hopes, saying, "This is certainly no joke, *Miss Dana*! As your mother said, these are the clothes you will wear as you begin your new life. Now, let's get started."

"Bring him down to the sitting room when he is properly dressed, Maria," Nicole instructed calmly as she turned and left the room.

"You're out of your mind!" I shouted. "Those are girl's clothes, and it's not right to expect me to wear them! What kind of boy do you think I am anyway?" That said, I headed for the door only to find myself fly-

ing headlong across the room into a lamp, sending the globe crashing to the floor in pieces.

"We can do this the easy way or the hard way *Miss Dana*," I heard Maria say as I struggled to my feet in a daze, trying to fathom what had happened. "It's all up to you, but in the end, you *will* wear your pretty clothes."

"This is insane!" I bellowed and charged her like a bull only to have her easily sidestep out of my way, and I crashed into an easy chair. The force of the impact drove the chair into the wall, shattering the plaster and jarring several pictures from their hangers. After several more charges, all ending in much the same way and with me in a puffing and sweating, and without laying a finger on Maria, she said, "I can do this all day if you wish to break more furniture *Miss Dana*, but don't you think we should get on with your mother's wishes before you break a bone or two?"

"She's not my mother, and you can't do this to me!" I insisted. "I was the star quarterback on the football team and one of the best athletes in my school. "You're just a ... a *woman!*"

"I may be only a woman, but I have a black belt in karate and a brown belt in judo," she stated calmly. "You don't have a chance against me, so why not be a good girl and undress while I draw your bath? You'll have to in the end, you know."

"But Maria I..." I started to protest, but never finished as I saw her advancing on me. What she said made perfect sense because she had proven without a doubt that I could not defeat her. "I always take showers," I said while lowering my head and sighing in resignation.

"That's a thing of the past," she stated in a no-nonsense tone. "Pretty young ladies, like you are soon to

become, adore the luxury of soaking in a nice warm tub." Then, seeing my imminent protest, she spat, "Not a word! If I hear a word of objection, I'll turn you over my knee and give you a sound spanking, so don't tempt me!"

After the demonstration she had just put on, I had no doubt that she could and would carry out her threat. Having no alternative, I undressed down to my briefs and walked toward the bathroom.

"Those too, Miss Dana," Maria said more sweetly than I thought necessary.

"Please Maria, I ... I ... can't! Not in front of you. It wouldn't be *decent!*" By then, I was crimson from head to foot. The thought of appearing nude before this pretty woman, in other than sexual encounter, was quite terrifying.

"Don't be so bashful, Miss Dana," she ordered. "I've seen naked little boys before. Anyway, as your personal maid, my seeing you nude will become a matter of routine. Quickly now, off with those disgusting things! We haven't all day!"

There was no escape, no refuge from Maria's piercing eyes as I slowly lowered my briefs and kicked them off. When I was completely naked, she held out a flimsy pink translucent negligee for me to slip into. As I pulled this soft feminine garment about me, I took solace in the fact that at least I was somewhat covered from her peering eyes.

"Always remember to wear your negligee to and from your bath and when lounging about in your room, Miss Dana," Maria instructed. "Proper young ladies doesn't parade about in the nude or scantily dressed ... not even in the sanctity of their own bedroom. Now, into the bath with you!"

"I'm not a proper young lady," I muttered as I padded out of the room, thoroughly shamed and crushed in spirit.

"Oh, you soon will be," Maria teased. "Just you wait and see."

Detecting a delicate fragrance emanating from the bath water, I shuddered to think what my friends would say if they knew I was about to bathe in femininely scented water. Oh, what a horrible thought! Still, somehow the tepid liquid soothed my jangled nerves, and I began to relax as I soaped myself with the perfumed suds. The thought that this would leave me with a feminine odor quickly brought me back to the realization of my strange predicament.

"When you finish bathing, call me before you get out of the tub," Maria said with a gay laugh. "I have to shave your legs."

"Shave my legs? You're not going to shave my legs!" I shouted and started to rise to my feet. "I won't stand for it!"

"Oh yes I am!" she exclaimed while simultaneously giving me a stinging slap to my face. "Maybe not before I give you a sound spanking, but I have every intention of shaving those pretty legs in accordance with your mother's instructions. If I were you *Miss Dana*, I would just relax and follow instructions!"

"Don't call me *Miss!*" I protested as she left the room. Apparently, I was also to be insulted and made to bathe in scented water, I had to suffer the utter indignity of having my legs shaved like a girl as well! To make matters worse, I dared not protest too much for fear that Maria would carry out her spanking threat. Finally, in almost a whisper, I called out, "Okay Maria, I'm ready."

Entering the bathroom with a pink lady's razor and a can of lather, Maria had me stand and hold on to the towel bar while she lathered my legs and removed the dark hair that I had come to cherish. As I stood naked before her, she gave me instructions on shaving my legs and pointed out trouble areas because, as she said, I would be responsible for performing that feminine task for myself in the future.

"The future?" I asked. "How long is this to last?"

"The duration of your punishment is not my concern," she answered in an indifferent tone. "That subject can only be discussed with your mother. My only function is to carry out her instructions and dress you as the pretty young lady you are about to become."

Her answer left me effectively in a stupor. I could only stand idly by while my masculine leg hair was removed. When she finished her task, she motioned for me to step onto the floor and dried me thoroughly with a fluffy pink towel. Taking a large gaily colored box of powder and a huge puff, she covered my entire body with fragrant powder. "Turn around!" she ordered as she dipped the puff into the box. "For goodness sake, hold your hands at your sides. I've been looking at that silly little thing for the past half hour while I shaved your legs! It's not as though I haven't seen it masculine genitals before. Besides, how do you expect me to powder you properly if you're all crouched over like that?" To make matters worse, she took a small perfume atomizer and sprayed me here and there ... even on my pubic area. I really smelled feminine as I slipped back into the soft folds of my negligee. "Just a minute, we have to install this first," she said.

This turned out to be a flesh-colored strap of some sort, the like of which I had never seen. "What's that?" I questioned.

“This is a gaffe, and it’s not too different from the supporters you wore while participating in sports,” Maria said as I stared at the item dangling limply in the air from her finger. “This one; however, will be quite uncomfortable, at least in the beginning. Its purpose is to pull back and hold your genitals between your legs to produce a smooth feminine front. You know, out of sight, out of mind, so to speak.”

I reluctantly opened my embarrassing negligee, baring myself before her once again, and followed her instructions. She worked the tight object up my legs to my hips, and before I realized what she was doing, she brazenly took my masculine attributes in hand, confined them in a small pouch, and pulled them back.

“What *is* that thing?” I gasped as I doubled over. “The pain ... I can’t stand the pain!”

“I warned you it would be uncomfortable at first,” she answered a bit tersely. “Don’t worry, you’ll soon get used to the distraction and learn to ignore it. Okay, I’ll tell you again, but you must learn to listen. This is a garment whose purpose is to pull back and hide your male equipment, so a bulge won’t show in your silky panties, nighties, or tight dresses and skirts, especially if you get *excited*. Come now, let’s get you dressed.” Maria picked up a pair of yellow nylon panties with wide bands of lace at the waist and leg openings and a satin bow in front. “Step into these and take off your negligee so I can show you how to fasten your bra, adjust the straps, and install the padding.”

Having never worn panties, I was surprised how soft and smooth they were as I adjusted them about my hips. While I ran my hands across my buttocks to smooth the silky fabric, a pleasant sensation shot through my groin, only to quickly subside under the relentless pressure of my *gaffe*. Maria noticed my

pained expression and smiled knowingly as I burned with humiliation.

My bra, as Maria cleverly proclaimed, was a perfect match for *my* panties. It was the exact color, and the cups and straps were covered with identical lace. After fastening the strap behind me, she produced two life-like replicas of a woman's breasts and deftly inserted them into the lacy cups. After adjusting the straps, she stated, "These beauties are the latest technology. They not only have the appearance of the real thing, but the feel, weight, and action as well. Believe me, they are not cheap! Your mother loves you very much, and she wants you to have the absolute best. Now, you have your own pretty breasts just like a real girl." She further informed me that I wore a B cup and would not appear to be overly endowed ... for now.

As I stared at the strange mounds on my chest, Maria produced another curious looking flesh colored garment, saying, "This is the modern version of the Victorian corset. It accomplishes the same thing as the old ones, but it is light and soft, like the panties you so lovingly caressed a moment ago."

I blushed again as she encased my middle in that innocent looking bit of fluff and tightened the laces. I was astounded by how quickly this soft bit of nothing became an instrument of torture. At Maria's able hands, my already trim waist was painfully compressed to twenty-eight inches, four less than normal. Placing my hands at my nipped waist, I couldn't comprehend how such soft fragile appearing fabric could hold me like steel. I gasped, "Please loosen the laces. I can't breathe!"

"Nonsense Miss Dana," she responded, making light of my request. "In no time at all, you'll be proud of your nice figure. All pretty girls are. Hurry along,

there's still lots to do to before we present you to your mother!"

'Present me to Nicole?' I thought. 'Yes, that's it!' Maria's comment brought the reality of my situation into focus. My genitals were tightly strapped back between my legs, my sides crushed as if in a vise, and despite my wishes to the contrary, I was to wear the remainder of the feminine clothes on the bed. Nicole wanted to shame me into making a decision about my future, and she planned to frighten me with the prospect of wearing girl's clothes unless I got on with it. 'Okay! Since I have no alternative, I'll pretend to go along with her and let Nicole have her fun. Then, this craziness will all be over, and I can get on with my life.'

In accordance with my plan, I made few complaints as Maria went about her task of dressing me as a girl. While she kneaded sheer nylons over my freshly shaved legs, I obediently fastened my garter belt around me and threaded the straps beneath my panties like she instructed. She then showed me how to tautly fasten the suspenders to the tops of my nylons. I obediently held out my arms while Maria draped a matching yellow slip over my head. I was astounded at the softness of this feminine garment as it drifted down over my body. It was the silkiest thing I had ever touched, and with my every movement, some part of my body was caressed by the sensuous material. The reaction deep within my gaffe was not unpleasant, believe me.

At long last, a yellow polyester dress was the only item remaining on the bed. "Your first dress is very special, so enjoy the moment, Miss Dana," Maria explained as she held it up before me.

"Just get on with it, but don't expect me to like it!" I cried in pain and discomfort on several fronts. The gaffe crushing my masculinity ... the corset was com-

pressing my sides ... my feet cramped in unfamiliar shoes ... and bra straps were digging into my shoulders from the weight of the inserts. I was also humiliated from being dressed as a girl. No small wonder my emotions got the best of me!

Her palm struck my cheek a stinging blow, and her face turned menacing as she spat, "Now, you listen to me! Young ladies take pride in knowing every detail of their ensembles, and since you are to be dressed as one, you will listen attentively as I describe your clothes and accessories. Later, I will expect you know every detail! Failure will result in a severe spanking on your pretty panties!"

I lowered my gaze as she described the dress as an elegant short sleeved silk design with a keyhole neckline, a fitted bodice with a back zip, and a sweeping mid-thigh length skirt. Imagine how I felt having to listen to all that, paying attention to every embarrassing detail before Maria lowered the humiliating garment over my head. I walked around the room in my two inch heels while trying to maintain my balance in my unfamiliar clothes and torturous stilt heels.

Maria said to preen before the full-length mirror to assure that my skirt hung properly, and my slip didn't show. As I stumbled about in the unaccustomed heels, one thought prevailed in my mind, 'Covering that soft slip did nothing to lessen the pleasant sensations it causes, and I feel a huge arousal in my gaffe as the slip caresses my freshly shaved nylon clad thighs.'

"Alright Miss Dana," Maria said, bringing me out of my stupor. "Come over to the vanity so I can do your makeup. We don't have all day."

"I have to wear makeup too?" I asked in disgust. "Lipstick?"

“You’ll soon learn that there’s a lot more to makeup than just lipstick,” Maria insisted. “No girl wants to be seen without her makeup, so you must learn.”

Totally defeated, I sat at the vanity and let Maria have her way once more. As she expertly applied different lotions, creams, and powders to my face, she chattered on about moisturizers, base, blush, mascara, lipstick, nail polish, perfume, daytime makeup, nighttime makeup, and on, and on. She said I would have to learn to do all this for myself, but in my confused state, I couldn’t remember the names of the stuff, much less how to put it on. Despite my apathy, when she was finished, I saw a pretty girl with perfect makeup and a longish boy haircut staring back at me.

As Nicole had said, my hair was long for a boy, but I was now learning that it was short for a girl. No matter though! Maria had expertly created curled bangs across my forehead and framed the remaining hair about my face. I was amazed at how girlish I looked ... me ... a football hero! How could I become the dainty bit of fluff that stared back through wide eyes? *How?*

“I agree that you are very pretty Miss Dana, but you simply can’t sit there all day admiring your beauty,” Maria cautioned. “Your mother is waiting for your debut, so let’s go!” I blushed at her statement because I *was* in total awe and disbelief of the feminine image she had created. As Maria took my hand and propelled me into the hall, several of the maids who I had made advances toward, saw me and laughed out loud at my degradation. Apparently, they knew what was being done to me and were waiting to see the finished product. My face was on fire as they observed my humiliation. “Be careful with your heels, and don’t trip as you descend the stairs, Miss Dana,” Maria warned as I trod along in my misery.

"Why Dana, you make a lovely girl!" Nicole exclaimed, clapping her hands in delight. "Doesn't he Maria?"

"Very pretty for a start, Ms. Fontaine," Maria answered.

'A start?' I recoiled in horror. What did she mean by that? I pulled away from Maria, ran to where Nicole sat and fell to my knees. "Nicole!" I begged. "Please don't do this terrible thing to me. I'm sorry for my past behavior, and I promise never to displease you again. Please! Let me out of these awful girl's clothes. Please oh *please!*" I tried for all I was worth to make my voice sound sincere and full of remorse.

She put her hand on my head and whispered, "There, there my pretty Dana, don't carry on so. When you prove to me that you mean all this by actions not words, I shall let you have your trousers back, but not a minute before. Come now, stand in front of me so I can see my gorgeous daughter."

As I stood, mortified to the point of death, she had me turn this way and that so she could inspect my ... oh how horrible ... *my dress!* After I was totally humiliated, I was told to walk about the room to further display my shameful clothes. With my every movement, I was aware of that damnable soft slip caressing my thighs. At least that part wasn't unpleasant, I had to admit, but I dared not reveal that embarrassing fact to Nicole or Maria.

"By the way Dana, did you happen to look in your closet at the pretty clothes you will be wearing in the days to come?" Nicole asked.

"Days to come?" I exclaimed. "Do you mean I'll have to wear these awful clothes for *days!*"

“Oh no,” she answered calmly, momentarily relieving my anxiety. “I believe we are talking weeks at a minimum, perhaps even months.”

“*Weeks ... months!*” I shouted. “Nicole I can’t dress like a girl for weeks and certainly not for *months!*”

“Of course, you can dear, and you *will!* Remember, I said you would dress this way until you show me that you really intend to reform. Also, for your information my pretty, while you were dressing in these lovely things, all the clothes in your room were removed and stored away. There they will stay until you demonstrate a willingness to mend your ways. If you are clear on this, let’s eat, as I believe lunch is ready.”

I was very dejected as I sat at the table. Being unable to concentrate on the food, my only thought was how horrible I would feel having to wear dresses for the next several weeks, *months*, or who knew how long? There had to be some way to get Nicole to change her mind. There just *had* to be! “Nicole, can’t we talk about this?” I asked anxiously.

“Oh yes, my pretty Dana, we will discuss this ... and in great *detail!*” she answered with a satirical inflection in her voice. “Only, I will talk, and you will listen!”

“Oh Nicole, why are you doing this awful thing to me?” I sobbed.

“That’s a fair question, although I don’t think it’s all that awful,” she answered calmly as she crossed her nylon clad legs and allowed her skirt to ride up to mid-thigh. “For the past several weeks, I have been conducting research into cures for headstrong, rebellious young men like you. In my investigation, I came across a book on the subject that was written in England more than a century ago. This fascinating text suggested that the most effective way to reform impetuous young boys was to force them to dress as girls for

a time. This practice is called petticoat punishment and was so effective that it became very widely used in England. In fact, it continues today in certain circles. The book further states that, without exception, every boy who was subjected to petticoat punishment became polite, obedient, and cooperative when allowed to return to pants. It went on to state that no matter how defiant these boys were when first required to dress as girls, many of them actually grew fond of their frillies and continued to wear them in secret for the remainder of their lives."

"Not me!" I declared emphatically. "I won't wear these hateful things one minute longer than you make me!" Then, thinking that I had already enjoyed the caress of my soft slip, I blushed brightly.

"We'll see about that," Nicole responded with a teasing smile. "Anyway, that's where I got the idea to dress you as a girl."

"But Nicole, I'm a boy, and, you have no right to make me wear girl's clothes," I protested.

"As your legal guardian, I have *every* right!" she declared, her eyes glowing with intensity and her skirt riding even higher. "Since your father's money has made me quite wealthy, I also have the means and the power! Therefore, you will wear whatever I decide is best for you whether you like it or not, and the sooner you accept that fact, the easier your life in skirts will be. One more thing, in the future, you will refer to me as *Mother*. Your habit of addressing me by my first name is inappropriate for a young girl and does not bestow the proper respect to which I am entitled."

"But Nicole, you're only a few years older than me, and no way are you old enough to be my mother!"

"Mother is a title of respect, not age," she said. "Failure to comply with this or my other directives

will only serve to prolong your time in dresses. Since you are a member of my family, you also are deserving of a title of respect, and for that reason, I have advised the servants that while you are dressed as a girl, you will be known as *Miss Dana*. Now, run along and tell Maria you're ready to start your lessons."

My afternoon was spent in a way that would disgust and humiliate any red-bloodied male! Under Maria's direction, I was taught to walk with short steps and placing one foot directly in front of the other with my wrists limp and hips swinging, not an easy task in my unaccustomed heels. She also showed me how to smooth my skirt beneath me when I sat and cautioned me to keep my knees together. Learning to walk and sit like a girl was very embarrassing and uncomfortable, and I felt like a complete sissy the entire time. Glancing at my reflection the full-length mirrors strategically placed about the room made me blush brightly! Only with the threat of another painful spanking did I make an honest effort to comply with her orders.

Finally, seeming somewhat satisfied with my progress, Maria showed me how to remove my makeup. This was one lesson I was eager to learn, but sad to say, it was only the beginning. When my face was clean, she again told me the names and purposes of the many cosmetics on the vanity and showed me how to apply them. This time, she suggested that I apply it myself. I was hesitant to try, but she insisted hands on practice was the best way to learn. Needless to say, I was extremely embarrassed to cover my face with these feminine cosmetics, but when I had to add lipstick, I was totally humiliated. Imagine, a normal boy, an athlete, having to put on *lipstick!*



I made a complete mess of the entire project, but Maria was patient and showed me how to correct my many mistakes. Under her direction, I repeated the process several times. Despite my reluctance to learn these feminine techniques, I found myself getting better with each try. At last, Maria put it on for me, naturally doing a much neater job, and said we should join my *mother* for dinner.

Dinner ... a welcome sound. Since I hadn't eaten all day, I was starved! At the table, I attacked my food with the vigor of any normal hungry boy, even taking seconds. The food was good, and only after wolfing down a large portion of desert, did I realize the folly of my actions. My sides expanded from the influx of food, but the unyielding fabric of my corset did not! "Oh Nicole!" I cried. "Tell Maria to loosen my ... my corset. It's way too tight!"

"I'll do no such thing young lady!" she declared in a stern voice. "You must learn to eat meager portions to attain a neat figure. Maybe a little discomfort is just the thing to teach you, so let's hear no more complaints! Besides, you addressed me rudely without my title of respect as you were instructed."

"I'm sorry, Nicole ... ah ... *Mother*," I quickly added while noting that calling her mother when she was only a few years older than me was strange and out of character. "I...I'll try to remember in the future."

"See that you do!" The unspoken threat of a longer sojourn in dresses was more than sufficient to quiet me despite the severe pain in my sides. I resolved to remember to call her mother in the future.

After dinner, my walking, sitting, and makeup practice continued until bedtime. When my makeup was finally removed for the last time, Maria taught me

how to cream my face for the night. Smoothing this lightly scented cream on my face to make it soft like a girl's was humiliating to say the least, but it was certainly in line with my experiences of that awful day. Maria helped me out of my dress and slip and told me to remove my nylons and garter belt. While I was following her instructions, she took a long pink nylon nightgown from a drawer. When I was stripped to my panties and corset, she held it out to me. Knowing better than to refuse, I raised my arms, and allowed her to guide it over my head.

As the silky garment fell over my body, I thought, 'This is a lot like the slip I was wearing. It's soft, and it caresses my body with every movement.' The matching negligee was so sheer that nothing of my gown was concealed. As I stepped into matching bedroom slippers, I wondered about the purpose of the negligee. Other than covering my bare arms and shoulders, I could see no function that it served. Finally, she pulled back the cover and allowed me to remove the negligee and slide between soft satin sheets. With an amused snicker that made my blood boil, she said, "Goodnight Miss Dana. Be a good girl now." With that, she turned and left me alone in my misery. I wanted to scream my protests, to jump out of bed and rip off my flimsy gown! Instead, I meekly allowed her to tuck me in between the satin sheets as one would a five-year-old.

Nicole came in a bit later and found me lying in a confused state with my head on a soft satin pillow and kissed me goodnight. On her way out, she paused and said, "Remember dear, your behavior alone will determine the length of your stay in dresses."

Wanting nothing more than to hasten the end of my tenure in dresses, I said, "Yes Nicole, I'll remember."