

DATA AND HIS DRESSES



Book Two

Shannon Q. Shannon



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DANA AND HIS DRESSES

Part 2

Shannon Q. Shannon

“Now, do you believe I love you and that I think you’re beautiful and desirable in your pretty dresses?” Jo asked as we lay cuddled close together on my bed after our lovemaking.

“Oh yes ...!” I gasped, still in a state of euphoria as she lovingly caressed my nylon clad thighs. I hadn’t had sex in so many months, and that was with the maid, Bridget, who did it more or less to save her job. Now, I had just engaged in sexual intercourse with a beautiful girl, who initiated the act. What could be better? We could do it again, that’s what!

“I’ve loved you from the moment I saw you in your lovely gown and heels last night,” she cooed. “And I will continue to love you as long as you remain sweet and feminine.”

"I don't understand," I queried in total confusion. "Y...you want me to wear dresses?"

"Yes. I love you in dresses, heels, and makeup, but I want you to remain completely masculine underneath. The mere thought of your manly genitals resting sedately in silk, satin, or nylon panties is a huge turn on for me. Also, in every relationship, there is a dominant and a passive partner. In ours, I will be the dominant, and you must learn to respond to my touch and never make aggressive moves of your own. To be assertive is a natural masculine characteristic, but in our lovemaking, I wish you to suppress your desires and remain passive and responsive."

"I'll try, if that's what you want," I answered. I didn't fully understand her meaning, but I was willing to try anything to continue having sex with her.

"Don't worry your pretty head!" Jo declared. "I'll teach you everything you need to know! Come now, we must put ourselves and your lovely room back in order and get back downstairs before mother and Nicole come looking for us." As we put on our clothes, Jo paid special attention to my panties and mused with a faraway look in her eyes, "We have to get rid of that awful gaffe thing."

I had never been so satiated, and for the first time, I felt natural and at ease in my sexy feminine ensemble. Was that because Jo had taken the lead in our lovemaking? Was I meant to wear dresses and assume a passive feminine role like Jo insisted? Whatever the reason, I was floating on air.

With me not feeling shamed to be wearing a dress for the first time, we diligently repaired our makeup, re-made the bed, and went downstairs in time to join the adults in a cup of tea. I say adults, but mother was only about two years older than Jo, and that made them more like sisters in age.

"Did you two have a nice visit?" mother asked with a bright smile as we traipsed into the room hand in hand with me walking easily and naturally on my stilt heels.

"Oh yes, Mother," I responded with a blush. "Very nice indeed!"

"Yes Nicole!" Jo gushed. "And Dana has agreed to be my special girlfriend! My only regret is that I have to leave for my senior year at college in three days, and I want to spend every possible moment with him before I leave."

"We would love to have you dear," mother said.

I looked forward to spending time with Jo, especially since our rendezvous in my bedroom.

"That would be wonderful, wouldn't it Dana darling?" Jo asked. Then, not waiting for an answer, "Maybe we could go to the movies, out to dinner, and maybe take a stroll in the park!"

"I don't see why not, sweetheart," Mother beamed. "I'm sure Dana would enjoy getting out with you."

"And, oh yes!" Jo cried. "We simply *must* have his photograph made! I can't go away without a large color portrait of my lovely girlfriend to keep by my bedside!"

As they departed, I thought Jo kissed me a bit too passionately, but mother said nothing.

The next morning at breakfast as I sat with mother in my usual nightgown and negligee, she said, "You have an appointment at the photographers at three o'clock this afternoon, darling. Hurry and get ready because we have to pick up Jo, shop for your gown, get to the hairdressers for an emergency appointment, and see to your dress and makeup. I'm sure you realize what a hectic day we have ahead of us!"

I knew better than to suggest that I could wear something from my current wardrobe, having learned that every *event* was a made to order excuse to buy a new dress or gown. "Yes, Mother," I answered, hurrying away without finishing my breakfast.

"I'll send Maria up to help you dear!" I heard her call out as I hurried along with my soft gown and negligee fluttering softly about my body. For some reason, I was excited about having my photograph made for Jo, even if I did have to buy a new dress and have my hair and makeup done.

After my bath, I told Maria that I wanted to select my dress for the day, and that I wanted her to make me as pretty as possible for my photograph.

Her eyes lit up brightly as though she were thinking, "So, you have come to like being a pretty girl. I declare, I never expected to see the day! Tell you what. Let's leave off your gaffe from now on." I couldn't help wondering if Jo had made that request.

For one of the few times since I had been made to wear dresses, I shuffled through the racks of dresses and skirts hanging in my closet. I eventually chose a mid-thigh length, lavender, silk crepe sarong dress that I had not worn before. "Except for the sleeves, this dress is fully lined, so I won't have to wear a slip with it," I said. "That means less to take off to try on dresses at the boutique."

"A very wise selection, Miss Dana," Maria beamed. "You really are learning the ins and outs of dressing as a girl!"

She watched and approved as I selected a very silky pale lavender bra, panties, and garter belt that perfectly matched my dress. Without hesitation, I slipped on pair of ultra-sheer nylons, attached them to the garter straps, and stepped into white pumps with my usual four-inch heels. For jewelry, I selected a gold

chain necklace, hoop earrings, and two matching bracelets.

When I put the dress on, I was shocked to see that the light wrap skirt separated to mid-thigh when I walked and even more when I sat. I didn't remember that from when I tried this dress on at the boutique because I wasn't paying much attention that day. I just wanted to end the whole embarrassing episode!

"Don't worry about your skirt, Miss Dana," Maria advised when she saw my concern. "It's supposed to separate that way, and it gives you another reason for not wearing a slip." she ended with a wink. Maria quickly applied my makeup and brushed my hair back into a ponytail, tying it with a large satin bow. "No use spending a lot of time on your hair since you have a hairdresser's appointment. Besides, you look beautiful as you are."

Despite myself, I beamed with pride at her compliment as I swished over to the mirror for a final look at myself. As I twisted and turned to review my reflection, I brushed an imaginary wrinkle from my skirt. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Maria beam with pride at my feminine gesture. Although I was acting a part, I found a subtle pleasure in my dress and heels.

Blair got an eye full of my nylon clad thighs when he helped me into the car. When I took my seat, I had trouble adjusting my flimsy split skirt, and there was nothing I could do to prevent his gawking stare.

All the way over to the Darby house where we were to pick up Jo, mother was high in her praise of my behavior and my selection of my ensemble for the day.

Like mother and Maria, Jo praised my appearance as she calmly greeted me with a kiss on the lips.

Along the way, mother and Jo excitedly gabbed on and on about my appearance and the events to come that day. As for me, thoughts of the previous day, with

Jo in my bed, kept assaulting my mind, and a pleasant smile crept over my features. "You're such a good influence for Dana, my dear," mother exclaimed, giving Jo's hand an affectionate squeeze. "Since he met you, his attitude toward his dresses has improved immensely!" Was my strategy to make her think I was beginning to fall in love with my enforced dresses and skirts working? I could only wait and hope!

Monique was busy when we arrived at La Flaire, so the three of us ambled over toward a rack of chic dresses to browse. On the way, I glanced into a huge mirror, and upon reviewing my reflection, I thought, "No matter how I feel, I have to admit that I really do look like a girl ... a *pretty* one!"

While Jo and mother perused the inventory, I noticed one of the clerks staring at me. I hastily lowered my eyes under her scrutiny, and when I peeked through my mascara covered lashes, I saw her whispering to another clerk while indicating me with a smile on her lips. She knew my secret and was confiding the awful truth to her friend. My cheeks inflamed as I hastily turned back toward mother.

"How do you think this would look on him, Jo?" mother asked, holding a gorgeous long black dress up to me.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, but did I hear you say that this lovely young lady is actually a boy?" an elegantly dressed woman, who was shopping nearby with a teenage girl, asked in a strange accent.

Hearing her words, my temples began throbbing, and my heart beat wildly. Oh why, why did terribly humiliating situations always arise in public? Despite my secret vow to convince mother that I had come to enjoy my dresses, my shame was almost too much to bear! Only by a supreme effort did I resist weeping in absolute shame.

My misery was complete as I heard mother reply in a somewhat deliberate voice, "Why yes! This is my stepson, and he is wearing girl's clothes to teach him respect and obedience." Her cool demeanor seemed to say, "So what!" or "What business is it of yours?"

"How perfectly delightful!" the woman exclaimed, obviously enjoying the spectacle. "Please let me introduce myself as I apologize for the intrusion. I am Lady Smythe, and this is my son, Judith," she said, indicating the young girl with her. "We recently moved here from England where, as you may have heard, this type of punishment is quite common for arrogant boys. It's called *Petticoat Punishment* in the UK where the concept originated centuries ago. You would be astounded by the number and identity of famous British noblemen in history who underwent petticoat punishment in their youth. Many of them still wear feminine lingerie under their manly trousers."

Hearing her words, mother immediately softened her attitude and appeared eager to hear more. She introduced us before turning to Judith saying, "You are a very attractive girl. Are all English boys as pretty as you?"

A rosy hue shaded Judith's cheek, but he did not reply.

Lady Smythe put her arm around her pretty son and said, "You must excuse Judith's shyness because, even after ten years in dresses, he is still embarrassed when he is identified as a boy to strangers."

The implication of this remark made us all exchange glances and scrutinize the feminine Judith who stood benignly beside his mother. His eyes were downcast, and he had a pretty rose flush on his face. He was a picture of demure femininity in a red minidress that revealed long slim nylon clad legs, and long straight blonde hair cascading well below his shoulders. Further, I noticed that his ears had been

double pierced. Each of his ears sported diamond studs above attractive dangling pendants that caressed his cheeks with every movement.

Mother was the first to recover her voice. "My dear! Do you mean that *she* is a boy too?"

"Yes," replied Lady Smythe proudly, smiling at Judith. "You are a boy, aren't you dear?"

"Yes Mumsie," Judith answered in a soft, sweet voice, turning even redder.

The shock of this revelation was almost too much for me. Here I was, a boy attired completely as a girl, and we meet an English lady who has kept her son in girl's clothes for ten years ... *ten* years! The impact of those two words struck me a stunning blow. What if Mother was guided by this chance meeting and decided to keep me in dresses for ten years. I would be *twenty-eight* years old! I couldn't bear the thought.

Mother and Lady Smythe were a flurry as they exchanged addresses and telephone numbers. Lady Smythe's suggestion that we meet for a conversation over tea very soon was graciously accepted. "This has been a lovely meeting, but really, we must hurry along," mother said as she extended her hand to me and purred, "You are a very pretty girl, Judith."

Turning red once again, he managed to stammer, "Thank you Ms. Fontaine.

Judith then gave me his dainty hand, smiled prettily, and spoke in a small voice, "I do hope we can have a chat soon, Dana."

'Oh dear,' I thought. 'If mother makes me wear dresses for ten years, will I become as completely feminine as this pretty darling?' I shuddered at the thought! As these questions flitted through my mind, I watched in total awe as Lady Smythe and Judith departed. At the door, Judith turned his pretty head, smiled, and waved his fingers at me in a very feminine manner.

"Come Dana!" mother declared sharply. "We have a lot to do to get ready for your photograph, and time is short. Hurry to the dressing room and try on this charming dress.

"Yes, Mother," I replied meekly. As we approached that fateful room where I had tried on and purchased my extensive feminine wardrobe, my steps faltered. Once again, I became very much aware of the fact that I was merely a boy in a dress, even though the other customers only gave me a cursory glance. In the dressing room, the dress mother selected that brought on our encounter with Lady Smythe and Judith proved to be a romantic, red velvet off-shoulder ensemble with an embarrassingly low-cut sweetheart neckline, fitted bodice, slim waist, and a fitted several inches above the knee length skirt.

"We'll have to get him a strapless bra to wear with this lovely creation," Jo said as she adjusted the bodice. "The straps of his bra are exposed?"

"May I suggest a bustier instead!" Monique, who entered without knocking, suggested. "It will give him a more pronounced bosom and add to the control of his corset."

"An excellent suggestion!" mother agreed. "Have some brought in while we help him out of his dress."

When Monique returned, the dress, as well as my bra and falsies, had been removed, and I stood in only my panties, garter belt, corset, nylons, and pumps.

"He doesn't fill out the front of that dress well enough," Jo said. "Do you suppose we could increase his bust size in some manner, Nicole?"

"I suppose a one size enlargement wouldn't be too crass," mother mused thoughtfully. "After all, he's been wearing this size since he started wearing dresses, and girls do grow, you know. Monique dear, bring in a bustier with a larger cup size and the appropriate prosthesis."

"I don't need to be bigger up here!" I exclaimed, raising my hands to my bare chest as Monique departed. "Besides, Maria said those ... those things are very expensive!"

"Don't worry your pretty head about money, darling," she answered. "No expense is too great where your beauty is concerned." What I was really concerned about was if she was buying me larger boobs, how much longer did she plan to keep me dressed as a girl?

With the larger cups and falsies, I did fill out the dress much better, but with the low-cut top, I expressed concern that their being false could be detected.

"That won't be a problem," Jo assured me. "Professional photographers are experts in creating the illusion of larger breasts with the clever use of makeup and padding. It's their job to present their subjects in their best light. When he's through, no one who sees your photograph will be the wiser, believe me!"

"That's right, sweetheart," mother assured. "Now let's get you some matching shoes. What do you have, Monique?"

"I recently received a supply of darling red suede pumps that will be perfect!" she said. "Just a minute, and I'll get a pair in his size."

The slippers *were* a perfect match for my new dress, and I had no trouble at all walking on the four-inch spikes. When I looked up, I had a faint smile on my lips, and Mother exclaimed, "They are very glamorous, aren't they? Of course, you may have them," she responded as if reading my thoughts.

After taking off my new dress, I had to try on and purchase several bras that fit my larger falsies. You see, Mother had decided that I looked so good with them that my breast size should be permanently increased. This meant I would have to come back for

more bras in a few days when we had more time. Did buying so many bras mean an extended time to my wearing dresses? Would this feminine ordeal never end?

“Hurry and dress, dear,” Mother prodded. “We’re due at the hairdressers in ten minutes, and you don’t want to be late after Liz went to so much trouble to rearrange her schedule for your emergency appointment.”

At the beauty salon, Liz was gracious and didn’t tease me as much as usual, although, she did make several comments about the way my sarong skirt separated when I lay back in her chair. Somehow, she incorporated a fall with my hair to give me the appearance of having shoulder length hair. I had to marvel at the finished product, and I could not deny that I now appeared to be a very attractive girl!

When we returned home, I was rushed to my room without lunch to get ready for my visit with the photographer. Maria recognized my larger breast size immediately upon removing my dress, as I was still wearing my bustier. “Oh Miss Dana!” she gushed. “You’re so glamorous and so *mature!*”

She quickly helped me into the red panties, garter belt, and half-slip that Mother bought to go with my new dress. My head was spinning as I sat at my vanity while she did my nails and makeup. I noticed she was applying heavier nighttime shades, and when I asked why, she answered, “The lights in the studio will be more like night lights, and you will look more glamorous in your photographs.” She also added a bit of shadow at the bodice of my slip to give the illusion of cleavage. If all girls and women were expert at this deception, what chance did men have?

“You are very beautiful, Miss Dana,” Blair gasped in disbelief as he helped me into the car for our trip to

the studio. Apparently, he couldn't believe the changes that had been forced on me over the last month. Still, I was perturbed by the way he leered at me, and I resolved to mention it to mother at a more appropriate time.

The photographer was very professional as he went about his task. From comments made by mother and Jo, he was aware of my true gender, but he made no derisive remarks or comments. He had me in various poses in several different settings, and after an hour of exhaustive gyrations, the session was over.

"I need to see the proofs tomorrow and prints of the selected poses the day after," Jo ordered.

"I'm sorry Miss, but that is quite impossible," he claimed.

"After that time, I will be away for three months, and I *must* have them before I leave!" Jo stated in a firm tone I had not heard from her before.

"But that kind of overtime would cost...," he began.

"Hang the cost!" Jo spat, cutting him off. Clearly agitated, she emphasized, "*Time*, not cost is the critical factor here. If you meet my schedule, I'll gladly pay your fee without question! In fact, I'll even add a *bonus* if you'll shut up and get to work!"

"Very well, Miss," he said, clearly shaken for the first time since we arrived. "I'll gear my people up to meet your plans. The proofs will be available for your perusal by noon tomorrow."

"Good!" Jo stated with finality. "I'll see you here at noon. *Sharp!*"

Two days later, Jo brought the prints by for us to see. All were 8"x10" and she had extras we could keep. There were several poses, but the centerpiece, the one she had enlarged for her bedside table, was ... was ... *breathhtaking!*

I didn't realize I could be so beautiful, and tears of dismay filled my eyes as I viewed this photo ... this indisputable proof of my femininity. The pose was showed the bodice of my low-cut dress to the top of my head and showed my exquisite makeup. My head was tilted back to allow my long dark tresses to caress my bare shoulder, my enhanced brown eyes looked softly into the camera, and my dark red lips appeared delicious and inviting. This feminine creature couldn't be me, the football hero. Oh, what had I allowed them to do to me?

"I'll treasure this always, Dana darling," Jo exclaimed as she kissed me full on the lips.

Mother was holding an 8 x 10 print of me holding my skirt high to adjust my nylons and crying softly. "Oh Dana," she sobbed. "You are so beautiful! You've made me so proud to have you for my son." There she went again, reminding me that I was a boy! How could she be so mean, especially at a time like *this*?

Jo and I spent our last afternoon together, quite a bit of time in my room making love, promising to text and IM every day and to remain true to each other until we met again in December.

The next day, Mother, Mrs. Darby, and I accompanied Jo to the airport for her departure for college. After several kisses, that I felt were not appropriate between girls in front of so many witnesses, and many tears, Jo boarded her airplane.

With Jo back at school, I hoped my punishment in dresses would be ending, but mother showed no inclination toward that end. As a result, I constantly found myself in one feminine ensemble or another. I continuing to practice feminine arts which included, but were not limited to, selecting my dresses, coordinating them with my undies and accessories, dressing and undressing myself, makeup application, hairdressing,

walking, talking, and sitting like a girl. For me ... a boy ... an athlete ... this was all very exasperating!

During this time, I mentioned the way Blair ogled me while helping me enter and exit the car.

“Oh my!” she exclaimed. “We certainly must do something about that. Do you have any suggestions?”

Not expecting to be asked, I relied on thoughts I had while Blair was teasing me and said, “If he was wearing something feminine, like a kilt maybe, he wouldn’t act so cynical when he assists me. I don’t suppose anything like that is possible though.”

“Perhaps not, but I’ll see what I can come up with in that regard,” mother pondered with a thoughtful sigh.

As time passed, I gradually became accustomed to my feminine apparel and no longer thought of it all the time. For the most part, I gradually learned to ignore the weight and jiggle of my simulated breasts, the tightness of my bra about my chest, the pull of my shoulder straps, and the unrelenting pressure of my corset. Still, despite my growing familiarity with my feminine clothing, whenever I was reminded of my predicament by a glance at my dress or skirt, a view of my long polished and manicured nails, a whiff of my delicate perfume, or the caress of my soft slip on my nylon clad thighs, I would blush and feel both resentment and embarrassment over my circumstance. Despite all efforts to the contrary, during these times, I would experience uncontrollable excitement in my panties since I no longer wore a gaffe. Was I beginning to enjoy my enforced feminine lifestyle like the boys in that damn book? I couldn’t admit that to myself, let alone mother or Maria!

One morning as mother and I walked out to the car for a trip to the beauty salon, I received a gigantic shock. Blair was holding the car door for us while wearing a knee length kilt with tiny pleats! He was also wearing a manly sporran, but that did nothing to

reduce his bright blush. Mother paid him no notice, but I knew he was wearing the kilt because of my suggestion whether he knew it or not. Every time he drove us after that, he was wearing his kilt as part of his uniform.

"I'm sorry for teasing you about your skirts, Miss Dana," Blair told me one morning as he helped me into the car for a trip to visit Judith without mother. "Your mother made kilts part of my uniform because I teased you."

"How do you like wearing skirts?" I asked.

"It's very embarrassing, but I think the worst part is the way the wool scratches my legs."

A week after Jo's return to school, my routine was broken by a call from Lady Smythe, who invited us to tea the following afternoon. "This will give you an excellent opportunity to visit with Judith, darling," mother purred as she informed me of the invitation. "He really is very sweet, isn't he?"

"Yes Mother," I answered obediently, while thinking that he should be after being petticoated for ten years. Again, I was finding myself in an ambiguous situation. Seeing Judith mincing about in his pretty dresses would be fascinating on the one hand. On the other, I would be humiliated to have to parade around on stilts before strangers while dressed like a live doll. Yet, I knew I would do it because I had no say in the matter. Mother made all the decisions for me.

One morning, I lay between my soft satin sheets with my head nestled in the mass of silken pillows thinking of the events of the day. I realized that two months had passed since I had been stripped of my coarse cotton boxer shorts and had them replaced with silky nylon panties. Mother was so thorough in her undertaking that nothing pertaining to my past boyish life remained. Gone were my clothes, books, trophies,

and posters, and anything having the faintest hint of my past masculinity. In their place were exquisitely feminine frills such as stylish dresses, soft lingerie, high heels, makeup, and jewelry. I scanned the room, and nothing of what was remained. Now, it was all silk, satin, nylon, lace, dainty furnishings, a cosmetic covered vanity, and here I was, clothed in a nylon nightgown lying between satin sheets. Yet, my hand told me that I was still a boy and that I had to fight this subtle camouflage of my true sex.

Worst of all, at times, my thoughts were completely feminine and out of character. I got out of bed, eased into my negligee and bedroom slippers and made my way to the bathroom as though that was the most natural thing in the world. Having no difficulty tying the pretty satin ribbon on my negligee, I thought, 'Even my fingers have responded to my feminine training, and I'm no longer all thumbs when dealing with delicate fabrics. What sort of life is this for a boy?'

Maria came in with my breakfast while I was sitting at the vanity in my nightgown and negligee applying my light morning makeup and brushing my hair. "You are to eat in your room and relax in your bed until noon, Miss Dana," she informed me.

Having a morning's respite from my usual feminine routine might sound pleasant, but I recognized the gesture as part of mother's plan to feminize me further. You see, the inactivity of lying sedately in bed, plus my weight loss from low food intake due to my tight corsets would melt away the hard muscles I developed as an athlete and make me soft like a girl. I knew I would have to eat heartily and exercise vigorously to regain my former masculine physique when I was eventually allowed to return to pants and my life as a boy. At noon, Maria brought me a small salad with a lemon dressing and a glass of grapefruit juice. 'Not much of a lunch for a growing boy,' I thought, daring

not voice my objections, lest I find myself across Maria's lap with my silken skirt at my waist, at football practice in a skirt, or sentenced to ten years in dresses like Judith!

When I returned to my bedroom after my bath, I thought, 'As long as there is no escape, I may as well get some pleasure from this pretending to be a girl!' With that in mind, I was very cooperative as Maria helped me dress for my outing at the Smythe residence. My change of attitude was immediately noticed as I saw a quizzical expression in her eyes. I could tell she wasn't quite sure if I was beginning to enjoy my feminine life or if I was pretending. I was amused by her confusion.

I stepped into my pink nylon panties with a smile, expertly fastened my matching bra, filled the now familiar B plus cups with my realistic falsies, clasped my garter belt about my waist, threaded the straps beneath my panties, and attached my sheer nylons to the dainty suspenders. Maria's face was a mass of bewilderment as I held out my arms for her to envelop me in a soft pink nylon slip. When my head emerged from the softness, I saw I was to wear three flouncy lace and net petticoats to make my skirt stand out, which was very unusual. "Why so many petticoats, Maria? I usually don't wear more than one if I wear them at all." I asked as she adjusted them about my waist.

"Ms. Fontaine' instructions," she answered, holding up a soft, pink silk dress with a fitted bodice that would show my enlarged *breasts* to advantage and a very full flowing above the knee length skirt to fit over my petticoats. After slipping into the dress and encasing my waist in a wide white leather belt, I stepped into white four-inch pumps, and guided over to my vanity.

"Since you're wearing a pink dress, we'll have to change your nail polish, Miss Dana," Maria informed. "We'll also use pinks for your makeup, blush, lipstick,

and eyeshadow." I don't know why she was going into her detailed accounting of the makeup ritual because I was thoroughly versed in the procedure after two months. Again, I didn't protest.

When Maria was satisfied with my hair and makeup, she adorned me with pearl cluster earrings, a triple strand pearl necklace, and a matching bracelet. Handing me a divine white leather clutch purse, she sent me downstairs. As I descended the stairs, I thought of my tall fragile heels, my soft undies, my pleasant perfume, and my pretty dress. I became quite excited in my panties. My thoughts turned to Judith prancing around in his silky dresses for the last ten years, and the tension became quite painful! Despite all my frills and soft lingerie, I knew I was a boy ... *all* boy!

Mother, seeing my exotic smile, misjudged the stimulus, and in more statement than question, said, "You are beginning to enjoy your pretty things, aren't you dear?"

This time, as Blair was holding the door in his kilt, I noticed that he was blushing unusually bright. I looked him over quickly to ascertain the reason for his increased embarrassment. Then, it hit me! He was no longer wearing his manly sporran, leaving his kilt to resemble a woman's skirt! Looking him full in the eye, I gave him the knowing smile I learned from watching mother and Maria.

When I mentioned the absence of Blair's sporran in the car, mother said he complained about the wool scratching his legs, so she exchanged a soft nylon half-slip for his sporran. He tried to negate the change of attire saying he could abide the scratching, but she was adamant on the issue.

As an afterthought, I said, "I think he should shave his legs and wear nylons as well for the way he treated me."



We arrived at the Smythe's and were admitted by a stately, very correct English butler who was wearing a kilt. "Madam is receiving in the library," he announced in a heavy accent. "Follow me please."

When we entered a spacious living room, Lady Smythe rose to greet us. "Nicole! I'm so pleased you could come and bring pretty Dana with you," she gushed while eyeing me from head to foot. "He is simply stunning today!" She extended a hand to me saying, "And how are you my darling?"

"Very well, thank you, Lady Smythe," I replied in a respectful tone.

She ran her eyes briefly over me again, and for a moment, I was very nervous, thinking something might be amiss. I was relieved to hear her say, "Indeed you are very beautiful, and my dear, your dress is simply divine. You are a very lucky boy indeed to be allowed to wear such lovely dresses and exquisite heels." As her compliments brought a rose flush to my cheeks, I longed to tell her that I much preferred coarse boy's clothes and heavy shoes, but I knew better than to induce a discussion on that subject at this time!

At that point, Judith rushed over, and before I realized what was happening, he kissed me lightly on the lips, saying, "Hello Dana. I'm really quite thrilled that you could join us this afternoon.

I jumped back, my eyes wide in horror!

"Don't act so surprised darling," mother laughed. "Don't you remember me telling you that young ladies greet one another with a polite kiss?"

"But ... but ... I'm not a young lady and ... he ... he's a *boy* like me!" I stammered with disgust filling my voice. "Even if we *are* wearing dresses!"

"You'll just have to get used to it because that's the way girl's meet," Lady Smythe mused. "But all that aside, come have a seat. Tea will be served presently."

I still didn't like what was happening, but I knew there nothing I could do to change my situation. Resigned to my fate, I obediently followed them to a long sofa and sat beside Judith, arranging my skirt as I did so. At that time, I had the opportunity to examine his attire more closely. He was wearing a full skirt and a blouse decorated with fall colors. His long-sleeved satin blouse was a mass of gold, red, orange, and yellow, while his skirt was a swirl of rust colored suede that covered a mass of petticoats like mine. Did I detect mother's devious hand in this? Two boys undergoing petticoat punishment, wearing these seldom worn items at the same time. The coincidence was just too fantastic to accept as such.

"Judith, how about taking Dana on a nice stroll in the garden," Lady Smythe suggested when we finished our refreshments. "The autumn weather is quite nice, and you'll have the opportunity for a girlish chat."

"How long have you been wearing dresses, Dana?" Judith asked as we walked along the path with our petticoats whispering musically in the soft breeze.

"Almost three months," I answered. "I guess that doesn't sound like very long to someone who has been dressing as a girl for ten years."

"No, I guess it doesn't, but you have to start somewhere."

"How did you come to dress as a girl?" I asked.

"I guess I've kind of been doing it all my life," he answered. "Mumsie was disappointed that I was a boy, and when I was little, she dressed me in silk and satin dresses and let my hair grow long so she could attach ribbons and curl it."

"What did your father think about all that?"

"He didn't like it one bit! He and Mumsie would get in terrible arguments over the way she dressed me, but when he was away, and that was most of the time, she

kept me in little girl frills. When he came home, she would always have me in boy's clothes, but as soon as he left, back into my dresses I would go. As I got older, Papa would do masculine things with me to make me strong and masculine."

"What kind of things?"

"Oh, he would take me to cricket matches or football games, and if my hair was too long for his taste, he would take me to his barber to have my curls sheared. Mumsie would, of course, hate his actions, and violent arguments would ensue."

"But when he would go away, Lady Smythe would put you back in dresses?" I asked.

"Yes."

"When your father returned, why didn't you tell him what she was doing?"

"I did once," he answered, casting his eyes downward. "But when he went away again, Mumsie was very angry and made me wear knickers and a silk vest underneath my clothes to school. After that, I had to be really careful to keep the other chaps from finding out what I was wearing. I was afraid to run and play rough with them lest something be revealed. As time passed, I was changed back and forth from girl's to boy's clothes, and their arguments got more and more violent. In fact, Papa died during one of those shouting matches. His last words before he had his fatal heart attack were 'I won't let you make a sissy out of my son!'"

"Wow!" I gasped.

"Yeah," he sighed. "That's when things really got weird! When Mumsie took me to the boutique to purchase my funeral clothes, I found I was to wear a dress, a *black* dress! I also ended up with my first black panties, slip, garter belt, dark nylons, and two-inch pumps. She bought me several black dresses to wear to the wake and for mourning. Also, because she deemed my

hair too short, she purchased a shoulder length blonde wig."

"How old were you?"

"I was barely eight at the time, but that didn't stop Mumsie! To the funeral, she insisted I wear black undies, black dress with the mid-thigh length pleated skirt, and of course dark nylons and heels. I also wore the wig and makeup, including a generous coat of red lipstick. When we viewed the body prior to the casket's closing, Mumsie demanded that I kiss Papa on the forehead, and afterward, I saw why! My lipstick left an imprint on him that would remain forever. All his battles to make a man of me had failed, *miserably* failed! Since the funeral, I have worn nothing but girl's clothes."

"Even to school?" I asked, astounded his story.

"Oh yes, even to school!"

"What did your friends say?"

"They said very little for the most part," he answered. "If you remember, in La Flaire, Mother said petticoat punishment was quite common in our country, and boys really have to watch themselves to avoid it. Sometimes, just teasing another boy in a dress is sufficient to land one in the same situation. Therefore, most boys treat you the same as if you were wearing pants. They are just thankful the same thing isn't happening to them."

"How did you come to be called Judith?"

"That was the name Mumsie had chosen if I had been born a girl," he admitted. "But when I turned out to be a boy, she had to yield to Papa, who named me Henry after his grandfather, the first Lord Smythe. After his death, Mumsie took me before a judge and had my name legally changed to Judith. The Lord Smythe line ends with me."

"After dressing as a girl for ten years, how do you feel?" I asked.