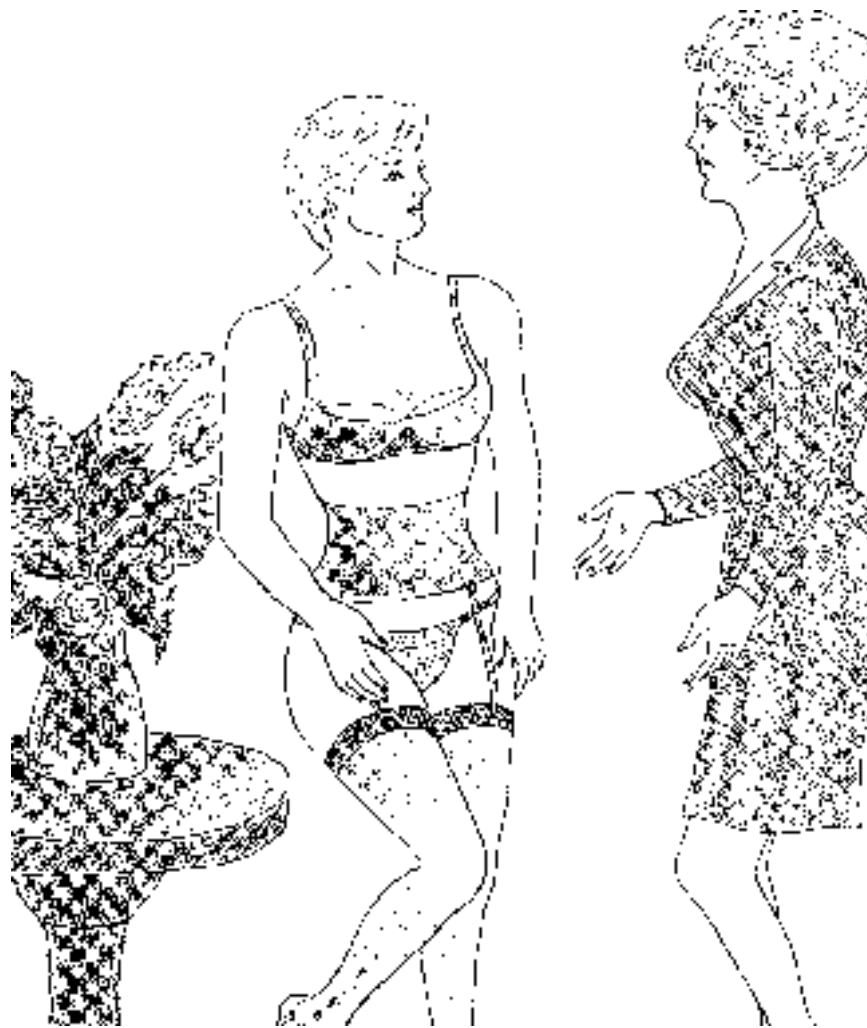


PAY THE PIPER

By Cheryl Lynn



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A NEW WOMAN NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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PAY THE PIPER

By Cheryl Lynn

Georgeanne

The crickets chirped and harped. The tree frogs croaked in resonate melody. The late spring rains had ceased for the night and a big yellow moon just cleared the horizon. George carefully crept up to the window sill and slowly rose on his tip toes. His head just barely cleared the sill and he had to step up onto a covering bush's branches in order to get the view that he so desperately desired.

The soft glow of subdued light reflected off of George's face as he was finally able to get a good look into the room. Seated on a bright yellow satin covered vanity stool, was Malinda.

Malinda was sitting on the stool brushing her long brown hair. She was only dressed in her white bra and bikini panties with little pink flowers printed on them. Her arms upraised, hands delicately arched as they pulled hair up and away from her head and quickly rolled the tresses onto large foam covered rollers.

George took in every detail as he concentrated on the young girl sitting before him. He noticed the way the crack of her rounded ass showed just above the edge of her panties, the fullness of the bra cups or at least what he could see of them. The trim narrow waist, the dark birthmark just above her right hip. Everything was noted in his mind and filed for later reference. He was more than glad that he was able to sneak out of the house. Even if he got caught when he got home, this would have been worth the cost.

Malinda moved slightly on the stool and picked up a small jar. She removed the chromed top and dipped a finger tip in and applied the moisturizer to her face. As she massaged the lotion into her skin, she glanced at a flicker in her mirror. For just a single moment she paused and stared at the mirror.

Malinda got up off the stool and stretched. She presented George with a full side body view. To further titillate him she turned facing the window and reaching around undid her bra. As it fluttered to the floor, she turned and walked into her closet.

George let out an audible gasp, but not so loud as it could have been heard very far away. Wide eyed he just stared at the young girl as she first stretched; then, unclasped her bra. He could not believe his eyes.

“Holy Shit!” he mumbled, “wait till I tell the guys about this. They'll go bonkers. Absolutely bonkers!”

Thinking that he had pushed his luck just about as far as he could for one night, George jumped down from the bush and headed for his house next door. He did not

see Malinda standing in the window with a puzzled look on her face. If he had he might not have been so carefree as he almost skipped home.

Carefully George looked through his kitchen window to see where his mother was.

“*Good, she's not here,*” he thought. Quietly, he opened the screen door and turned the knob. The squeak of the door was drowned out by the noise coming from the television. George made a bee line to his room.

“Safe!” he said softly as he shut his own bedroom door. It did not take him long to get out of his clothing and into his pj's.

Forty—five minutes later when his mother came to his room, George was fast asleep. George's mother walked into the room, picking up her only child's clothing as she went. Pausing a moment to bend over and kiss her son on the forehead, she then picked up his trousers.

“Ummm, now how in the world did he manage to get his pant's legs all wet?” she mumbled as she stood and walked out of the room.

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The clang, bang and general racket caused by over a hundred children getting their lunches in the high school cafeteria faded into the background as George and his friends settled down to their regular table in the far corner.

“Hey, Dude, get real! You feeding us a line, man? You really did not peek into Malinda's bedroom, did you?” David asked him.

“No! It's true every word of it, I swear! How else would I know about her birthmark? Huh? You tell me!” George replied.

“Come on George, tell us again, huh, will you?” James demanded. “Did she have, like, really big tits? Did, did you see **IT!**”

“Huh? Oh, yeah! Er, ah, Yeah! Sure! Anyway, David doesn't believe me. So why should I tell you all anything else? Man, if you could have only seen what I've seen you'd. Well, you are probably too young to understand anyway. 'Specially you, David!”

“I am not. I'm almost as old as you are runt!” David countered referring to George's small stature, a real sore point for the tenth grader. “I just don't believe you did what you said you did, that's all. How can we believe you are telling us the truth? Like, you tell me how?”

“Well, I don't have pictures if that's what you mean. I did see her, you know. I mean she has that funny bell shaped birthmark. I did see that. I wouldn't make up anything like that!” George replied, ignoring David's insult.

“Well, if you are as sharp as you say and it was as easy as you said it was; then, I want pictures! Yeah! Pictures, man. Get us some pictures and we just might believe you,” David demanded.

“Yeah! Pictures,” chimed all the rest.

“Pictures? Uhhh, I don't know about that. I mean she'd see the flash and all that.”

“Well if and I mean IF she put on the show that you said she did for you, she wouldn't mind you taking pictures. Now would she!” David pressed. “No pictures, no more bull shit from you. OK!”

“OK, OK,” he replied. “I'll get your pictures.”

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRingggggggg!

The bell rang putting an end to any further discussion until after school. By the last bell, they were busily discussing the coming of summer vacation.

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That night Malinda's mother found her child flung across her bed crying her eyes out. “What's the matter darling,” She asked.

“Oh, Mamma, I just heard that everyone in school knows about my birthmark. Someone's been telling everyone in school about it. I was wondering why the boys were saying ”ding dong dingy dong,” to me in the hallway. Somebody saw me and told the guys....ahhh...sniffle...sob...I...I think that it was that noisy neighbor of ours George. I, I thought that I saw him ...sniffle...in my mirror last night, but when, when I went to check no one was there. You know, like I told you last night. Sob...sob..sniffle..but today. Oh! Today! Everyone's talking like, like I did something with one of the boys. Ohhhhh, Mamma!”

“There there dear. Now don't you fret. I have always told you that the truth will win out.

“You just stop that crying, right this minute. Here blow your nose. There that's my girl. Now I don't want you to worry, Mommy is going to take care of everything. There, there baby, don't worry now and dry your tears.

“I'll see that no one else will say naughty things about you and we'll punish whoever did this to you. I promise. I'll go and have a talk with George's mother in the morning. Now you get ready for bed, and don't think another thing about this.

“We'll get it taken care of.”

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While George was attending school, Malinda's mother was visiting her neighbor.

“That's right Helen,” she was saying. “Malinda thought that she saw something in her mirror and while she cannot prove anything, she believes that your son George was peeping in her window. When she came to me, I walked outside and saw where someone had been standing in the bushes by her window. I also saw a trail in the wet grass that pointed in this direction, but it was too dark for me to really follow.

“So I wanted to talk to you about this. As you are aware there have been a number of complaints around the neighborhood about peeping Tom's. Well, you know that Betsy's father went out with his .357 when she told him someone was out there. Now, all I could think of when my child told me about someone leering at her as she undressed was getting the little stinker. I wouldn't blame Betsy's father if he had shot the pervert, but that was before I thought that it might be your George.”

“Donna, do you really think that my George could be doing something, something so disgusting as that? He has been more than a handful ever since I left his father, but this. Well, I am sure that you wouldn't be telling me this unless you had some very good reasons. Now that I think about it, when I picked up his jeans the other night, the cuffs were soaking wet. Oh, Dear! Donna you must be right. Wait until that little sneak gets home. I'm going to blister his behind.”

“No Helen, I've got a much better idea. Spanking is not going to make him stop. If you just spank or ground him for punishment, that will only repress his feelings for a short time. This problem he has goes deeper than it appears on the surface. We will have to change his basic innate thoughts and feelings if we want to cure him. I am sure that what I have in mind will cure George of his criminal behavior.”

“Criminal? I don't think he is that bad, but if we can keep him out of trouble and this out of the newspaper; then, but still, Donna. Aren't you just over reacting and besides maybe, we ought to consult with someone.”

“Helen, what did I just say. Looking at girls undressing through their window at night is illegal! It could even get him **killed!** What if Betsy's father caught him? My idea may be somewhat unorthodox but I can I assure you **it will work.**”

“Let me give it a try. We can keep this between ourselves and no one; especially the press, will have to know anything. Look, summer vacation starts next week and you have been wanting to get away to work out your personal problems. So what do you say. You go ahead and take the month off and away from here. I'll see to George and he can live with Malinda and I. I'll just need you to sign some papers and agree to some changes before you go. Give me until the end of the week and I'll have everything ready for you. And by the way, let's just keep this between us. Promise?”

“Oh, I don't know Donna. Exactly what do you have in mind? I really could use a few weeks to get my head on straight, true enough. But, err, well alright maybe you are right.”

“Yes that is what I'm trying to tell you. Here scoot your chair over here and we'll discuss it.”

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One evening just before the last day of school, George retrieved his instant camera from the closet and went out the kitchen door.

His mother looked up from the couch as she heard the door slam. Walking over to the phone she called Donna and told her to keep her eyes open, that George had just left. If Donna was right; then, let George's punishment begin.

The sun had just started to turn the sky rich dark reds and purples as he snuck up to Malinda's window. It was early, but maybe, just maybe she would be in her room. George was not overly happy about having to take pictures.

“Hell,” he thought, *“this could get me in real trouble, but the guys won't give up. If I don't get them their pictures by tomorrow, I'll never hear the end of it.”*

There was enough light for his camera and he did not want to use the flash. At least not unless he absolutely had to.

He was in luck. Malinda was not only in her room, but half naked to boot. George raised his camera and pressed the button. Whir, click. The sound of the camera seemed to scream in his ears, but Malinda did not seem to notice. The bush supporting most of his weight shifted a little as he tried to get a better angle for his next picture. Malinda was moving over to her vanity and George had a fantastic shot of Malinda's very feminine profile. As he moved his elbow to support the camera, he felt his foot kicked out from under him.

The next thing that he knew was spinning in a half—somersault and slamming hard into the ground. As his senses returned to him, he found himself looking up to see a very upset mother towering over him. Then to his horror two mothers, his and Malinda's.

“*Oh Shit,*” he thought.

George jumped up as his mother grabbed hold of his earlobe and pulled. Standing up, he could not look either mother in the eye. His head down cast, he tried to say he wasn't doing anything. He shuffled his feet and started to say something.

“Shut up, George,” his mother ordered. “Don't even think for a moment that you are going to talk your way out of this mess. You had better be very thankful that Donna and I were the ones to find you. Did you even think! Just what in the world did you think that you were doing? Never mind, you have been the neighborhood Peeping Tom and now you have been caught. Come on home. Your punishment will begin tomorrow afternoon. Right now we have some measuring to do.”

George did not know what to say.

“*Go home. She wasn't going to bust his ass right here and now. Wow, nothing, nada, they are letting me go for now. Heck! By tomorrow I'll have the old girl believing that Malinda made me do it and I'll never get punished,*” he thought.

A slight smile broke out on his face, but disappeared when he saw Malinda's mom picking up his camera and the pictures.

“You like taking pictures I see. Well we'll see just how much you like being photographed yourself,” she said to him.

George's mother tugged on his earlobe and they started home. When they got there George was taken straight to the bathroom and ordered to undress. As he stripped, his mother began filling the tub and getting stuff out of the linen closet.

Standing in his jockey shorts, George waited for his mother to leave.

Only she did not go. She stood in front of him, her arms crossed under her breasts, tapping her foot.

“Well,” she said frostily. “Are you going to do as I said or must I finish taking off your clothing.”

“MOM!” he said as if that was all that he had to say to get his point across.

To his surprise, she reached out and pulled his undershorts down below his knees and turning him around bent him over her knee to finish undressing him. Keeping

him pressed over her knee, she gave him three or four quick swats. They were not very hard and scared him more than hurt.

“Now you will do exactly as I say or,” she let the thought trail off. It's meaning all to clear to George.

While he stood with his hands covering his groin, Helen pulled on a pair of rubber gloves and picked up a bottle. Squirting some of the contents of the bottle into her gloved palm, she then began rubbing it all over her son.

He stood squirming by the tub. His mother had coated his entire body except for his head and face in a stinging gooey gunk. She had even, to his immense horror, spread that stuff on his groin. The fact that she reminded him that she had changed his diapers did not ease the embarrassment that he had felt. Now he was standing there waiting for her to finish turning off the water. The tub was full of flowery smelling bubbles, and if the cream on his skin wasn't beginning to burn so much he would have refused to get in.

“Now,” she said as she placed a flower covered nylon bathing bonnet over his long hair, “I want you to get in that tub and scrub and I mean scrub yourself clean. Otherwise I will do it. Do you understand?” With that she watched until he was in the water; then left him to himself.

“MOM!” the scream echoed down the hall. “MOM! Come here, QUICK!”

“What is the matter George?” she asked him. She had to suppress a laugh when she saw him standing there on the bath mat. Legs slightly spread, a look of total disbelief and horror on his face and a cute flower covered hair bonnet on his head. Hairless as the day he was born.

“*Oh, if I only had his camera?*” she thought. “*He is acting like I cut his thing off, for heaven's sake.*”

“Finish drying off, George and then come over here. It isn't like Malinda walked in on you or that you were permanently disfigured.”

George was upset. Although he wasn't sure if he was more upset with his mother's attitude or the fact that he no longer had any body hair. It seem like only yesterday that he actually begun growing his pubic hair, but it had been a sure sign of his masculinity and adulthood. Now it was gone and so was his manhood. Standing naked in front of his mother as she took a tape measurer to him, did not help either.

She was treating him like a little kid.

Finished with her measuring, she helped George to wrap the towel around his chest. Seating him on the stool in front of the sink, she then began shampooing his hair. He wore it on the long side and with the money situation since she had left her husband, it was even longer than normal. With his hair still wet, she placed another towel around his shoulders and gave it a quick trim. Making sure that the ends were at least even, she quickly made a straight cut along his forehead. Putting a hair dryer in his hand she left him to finish up.

The next morning he did not notice anything out of the ordinary as he got ready for school. This was the last day of school for the entire summer. That fact alone made

any previous thoughts of his capture and promised punishment disappear. Today was going to be a great day. Yes sir, a great day indeed.

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“That is right Helen,” Donna was saying, “you just bring him over to my shop at noon. I’ll take it from there. You just bring the paper work that will give me authority over him until you get back. Ummm, yes, that is correct. The legal guardianship does put me in total control. Err, that’s because if anything should happen and he needed hospitalization I would be able to authorize it. Yes, ah, see there should be no problems. That paper is just in case, you know. It’s just being careful. Now don’t you fret. Everything is going to be alright. I promise. George will never want to peep at girls again. You have my promise on that.”

“Uhuh! Yes, I have everything I need since you gave me those measurements. What did I need them for? Oh, nothing really. I just wanted to make sure that I have what he will need. No don’t think anything of it. I know how hard it is, monetarily that is. I went through a divorce myself. Now you drop him off here like we agreed and go on that vacation. You need it. Bye, I’ll see you in a month.”

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RRRRRRRRRRiiiiiiiiinnnnnnngggggggggg!

The final bell of the school year sounded throughout the building. It seemed like a million, zillion banshees had been released from behind all those closed doors.

George was surprised to see his mother waiting for him by the main entrance.

“I’ll see ya’ll,” he yelled to his friends as he ran towards his mother. They had been surprisingly nice to him even though he hadn’t brought them any pictures.

“Hey, Mom, what are all your bags doing in the car. We going some place?” he asked.

“No, dear. I am going somewhere and you are going to stay with Mrs. Earhard, Malinda’s mother for the next month or so. Yes, that is correct. You did hear me correctly. I am going on an extended vacation and you are going to stay at Malinda’s. No, you have absolutely no other choice. Absolutely not, you cannot stay with your father. By the way, Mrs. Earhard has total authority to do whatever she thinks is necessary regarding your comings and goings as well as your discipline. Is that understood. Good.”

“We are almost there. Yes, there is Donna. Remember to do as you are told and I will see you soon. Here go on, get out, first give me a kiss. Oh, hi there Donna. Here are the papers and I trust George will behave himself. Thanks, thanks a lot. Bye, bye George.”

A somewhat confused George stood for several moments watching his mother’s car disappear down the road.

“Boy, that was quick,” he thought. “Wonder what in the world this is all about and what the heck am I doing here?”

He looked around at the mall entrance like it was the first time in his life that he had ever seen one. Just like a country hick, he stood gawking with his mouth open, until Mrs. Earhard grabbed his hand and pulled him to the entrance.

"I still have a full days work ahead of me and you are going to be a very valuable assistant. I firmly believe that idle hands make for devil's play. I can assure you that you will have very little idle time while you stay with us. Come along now, we have a lot to do."

George was led over to a women's beauty salon. As it became evident that they were going to go in, she made sure that her grip on his hand was strong and firm. While he was somewhat afraid of entering the beauty shop, he wasn't overly worried.

"After all this was a woman's place. What the hell could they do to him here," he thought.

When he was taken into the back of the parlor and told, definitely not asked, to undress, he became very worried.

"What?" he asked somewhat stunned at the sheer audacity of the woman. *"Imagine demanding that I undress in front of a bunch of females. Shit! What the.."* he thought as he was grabbed and his clothing began to come off.

"If you do not do exactly as you are told as soon as you are told, my dear, you will regret it!" Malinda's mother instructed him. "Now let's see how you like this?" she said as she finished pulling off his jockey shorts and turned him full face into a crowd of women onlookers.

"Ahhhh! Nooooo! Hey, Stop! Stop!" he cried out trying frantically to cover himself with his hands.

The women's laughter filled his ears and his embarrassment was complete. He doubted if there was anything else that they could do to him to make matters any worse.

If he only knew.

"So how does it feel to be stared at, leered at, huh? Do you enjoy being looked at as much as you enjoyed looking?" Malinda's voice asked him.

He did not see her but he surely heard her.

Someone stepped out of the crowd of females and knelt down and took a flash picture of his naked form. The laughter filled the small room.

He turned even redder than he thought possible as a smiling Malinda stood up. As she walked over to him, she removed the instant picture and held it up for him to see.

"Alright! Alright! You've had your fun. So let me go and I won't ever do it again. I promise. Please just let me go and I'll never peek at you again," he begged.

"Oh, no, not so fast," Betsy said as she walked out from the crowd to be followed by other girls from his high school class. "We haven't even started yet. Have we girls? What's say we go ahead and get started?"

Without any further discussion, they led him over to a chair. They pulled a clear pink plastic apron over his head. He was placed securely in the chair. He was tilted

back and given a shampoo and rinse. Brought back upright, the technician began parting and putting segments of his now ash colored hair into prickly plastic rollers.

A tress of his hair was combed out, the end hooked to the small plastic points of the roller, and then tightly rolled against his scalp. Once they had finished rolling his hair, a permanent wave solution was poured on and allowed to set. The smell almost staggered him and made him feel ill, but no amount of protesting or argument made them stop. The neutralizer did not greatly ease the horrible stench.

He was miserable, he was naked, and he was totally helpless.

While he sat in the chair with his hair being worked on, a girl from his class sat down on his left side and another on his right. His fingers were placed in small bowls filled with a green liquid. When he tried to pull back, he was told to either keep still or he would be tied down. Not too long after that George sported bright pink, pointed finger nails. Soon his toe nails matched his fingers.

The ladies did not stop with his finger nails and hair as he had prayed they would. He was taken to another chair where a young woman dressed in a white nylon uniform that allowed her lacy camisole to show through, laid him back in a reclining chair. His face bathed in a bright light forced him to close his eyes, as she began working on his eyebrows. He squinted and tried to wiggle out from under the woman's firm hand as she used something on his brows that stung and pricked him.

He could not see the crowd of young women standing around the chair as the electrologist finished removing most of the hair from his brow. Where he once had very full brows only delicate thin feminine arches remained.

While he still lay reclined in the chair, someone else came over and sat down beside him. He felt his ear lobes being played with; then, felt a sharp "Ping". The process was repeated three more times.

His lobes stung and throbbed for a few minutes, but soon the slight pain faded. He wasn't sure exactly what had happened to him, but from the "Oh, how cute," "just precious," and "He's really going to love them" comments that came from the unseen crowd, he knew that he most definitely would not like whatever it was that they had done to him.

He guessed that his ears had been pierced, but that really did not worry him as much as all the other stuff they had and might do to him.

As he was allowed to get out of the chair, George was a little wobbly on his legs. The strain was beginning to get to him. They led him back to the stylist chair, and began removing his curlers. His hair was brushed and combed out, then a light coating of hair spray was applied. George wanted to look into a mirror to see just how much damage had been done to him, but they would not let him. All the nearby mirrors had been covered.

Finally, he was taken over to another recliner where a large framed woman in heavy makeup stood waiting. She gave him a glass of orange juice and a small pill to take.

"Take this pill, it will make things a whole lot easier. Now Miss Plain Jane, we are going to see what we can do to improve on what nature gave you. You are going to

have to be very still or you may just hurt yourself. Do you understand. No movement even if this stings a bit. Ok, first I am going to line your eyes. It will feel uncomfortable and even sting, but if you move I could accidentally put out your eye so stay still.”

The buzzing from the tool that she used to line his eyes filled his ears like the buzzing of angry bees, but it did not hurt that much. He was man enough not to cry and the threat to his eyesight kept him still, very still. When she had finished the light eyeliner she applied a set of upper and lower permanent eyelashes. Next the lady began working on his lips. It stung a heck of a lot more and George was getting real scared.

“*What were they doing to me,*” his worried mind asked.

George was still groggy as he got out of the chair. His eyelids and lips felt numb but pulsed with heat. He started to reach up and touch them, but the woman reached out and stopped him.

“Now don't you go and start touching or rubbing your lids or lips for at least twenty—four hours. I don't want to see you getting any problems. If they start to throb and hurt, just put a moist cold towel filled with ice cubes on them. Nothing else, understand?”

He was led into another room where Malinda, Betsy, and their mothers waited. He was still naked and reached out for the piece of clothing that Malinda held out to him.

That is until he saw what it was!

“No, no way, man! I'm not going to wear this. I want my own clothing back. Do you hear!”

“George or rather should I say Georgeanne because you certainly aren't a George from the looks of you, little girl,” Mrs. Earhard said. At that she grabbed his shoulders and turned him to face into a full length mirror. “Now be a good little girl and get dressed or you will be taken out into the mall naked. I hope you understand that I am not fooling around with you. You are being punished for your criminal peeping and perverted ways. When we are through with you, my dear, you will be cured. That I can promise. Now get dressed or be dragged through the mall as you are.”

George was stupefied. He was frozen where he stood, completely unable to move or utter a single word. Looking back at him in the mirror was a very pretty little girl. She looked to be about ten at the most, curly ash blond hair and with long bangs that reached to thin arched brows. The eyes were extremely large and expressive. The thick eyelashes emphasized them and the lips as well which were now full and inviting cupid's bows. In the young girl's ears were two pairs of earrings. The one on the outside edge was a golden teddy bear, the other a small gold hoop.

George did not know what to do or say. He knew beyond any doubt that the image he was looking at was his own, but the total unreality of it froze him to inaction. Automatically he reached out, took the latex panty girdle and began pulling it up his legs. He tucked his penis down and pressed his scrotum flat as he was told before pulling the yellow garment tightly up around his waist.

He stood quietly as Malinda pulled a frilly beige vest over his head. Next Betsy helped him pull on pink tights followed by a pair of bright white, satin, rumba styled panties. A pair of bright black patent leather maryjane shoes came next.

George was acting like a robot. His motions were mechanical and he performed as directed. The shock of seeing a little girl emerge from his masculine self like a butterfly from its cocoon was almost too much to bear.

Mrs. Earhard walked over to him and helped him into several pink stiffly starched net petticoats.

The mirror image spoke volumes to him. All horror stories.

Betsy's mom came over with his dress in her arms. It was a satin party dress from Mrs. Earhard's shop. It had lacy, see through, puffed sleeves with a thin bright pink satin ribbon threaded through the eyelet lace edging which formed bows at the top with streamers hanging down. The center of each bow was capped with a small rose embroidery. The neck line was scooped but filled with a transparent floral lace insert which rose up the neck in a high stiff lace collar. The collar, like the sleeves had a thin ribbon of pink satin laced through it with the bow holding the collar closed. The empire waist was nipped with a broad pink satin sash and the full skirt of white overlaid lace on white satin was hemmed in a broad, strip of ruffled lace. Once again threaded with bright pink satin ribbon.

The dress sat pertly on George's small frame and with the slightest movement rustled and swirled about him in a cloud of white and pink. There could be no disputing the little girl image projected in the mirror.

It was his own.

Next came a white straw hat with pink band and streamers hanging halfway down his back. White lace gloves and a small white straw purse with pearlized handle completed the picture perfect image.

George or rather Georgeanne was led past the delighted women and girls, who all admired Mrs. Earhard's 'new niece' noting how lucky the little girl was to have an aunt who owned a fashion store, and an older cousin who could help her with being a perfect young lady. Embarrassed, and near to tears from their amused interest in his new hairdo and lovely clothes he was half towed from the shop and into the bustling mall.

George was taken over to a group of young girls ranging in age from five to twelve. All were wearing new clothing and looking their best. Numerous mothers, some of whom looked familiar to him, stood around keeping quiet and order. They were in a curtained off area behind a raised platform. A small stairway led to a door at the top of the platform. They were in the major corridor just outside a main entrance to one of the major department stores. The sound of busy shoppers could be easily heard as they passed by outside the curtained area.

Mrs. Earhard left him with Malinda and Betsy after cautioning them to be careful and keep Georgeanne company because, "little children do have a tendency to stray if they are not watched closely."

“I think that she should practice like in charm school,” Betsy suggested, to Malinda's delighted approval.

Much to his chagrin the girls made Georgeanne walk up and down a narrow walkway they created using folding chairs. They also used the chairs to teach him how to sit, stand, and fold his hands while sitting.

“Swing your hips as you move and walk from your hips not your legs,” they ordered. “Your skirts should just brush the chairs but your body should not make contact at all. That's it, swing your hands from the shoulders. Keep the feet close together. One foot directly in front of the other, heel and toe, heel and toe like you are walking a plank. Come on Georgeanne get your hips to swivel and keep that head up straight. Walk proud. You are a pretty little girl.”

They let him sit and rest after spending about thirty minutes teaching him the basics. His relaxation did not last long as a troop of people walked past them and up onto the raised platform. After they went by, the girls made him get up once again and after a few passes through the chair lined path decided to teach him how to curtsy.

“Now Georgeanne, I do not want to have to say this again so pay attention. Don't look over at that door, look at me. I'm only going to show you once. If you do not do this correctly, then, I will spank you,” Malinda stated.

“Now, watch! See how I grab the hem of my skirt with the thumb and forefingers and the others gracefully held like so. The right foot goes back behind the left, see? Bend at the knee. Make sure that you keep you back straight and you head high but eye lowered. That's to show the proper respect and humility; yet, still maintain a semblance of self—respect. Now let's see you do it. Again, ok walk to the end of the path and turn, face me, and drop down into a cute curtsy; then, walk back here and do it again.”

Georgeanne was beginning to tire by the time Mrs. Earhard returned. Summoning them over near the stairway, she had Georgeanne stand beside her.

“In a moment we will walk out that door and I expect you to behave and not do something stupid,” she told him as she pointed to the door at the head of the stair.

For the first time George became aware of his immediate surroundings. The other girls, the sounds and noises coming from behind the doorway. To his chagrin, he realized that they were having a fashion show.

And still worse he was going to be in it.

All at once everything became very clear to him. The pill had fully worn off and for the first time he was left alone. As he stood there, he could feel every piece of his new clothing. Everything from the itch of the starched petticoats to the tightness of the lace collar around his throat. Even the swish and sway of his skirt was a new and novel feeling. A soft warm breeze was swirling about his legs to play with his dainty skirts. It brought the reality of his situation fully into focus.

He was going to be put on stage as a little girl in front of half the women and girls in town!

George thought of fleeing, but to where. Where in the world could he escape to dressed like he was and having no way to get very far even if he could. George understood that for now at least he had absolutely no choice whatsoever. He had to accept it. Maybe if he did just like he had been told he could make it. Just maybe no one would recognize who and what he was.

The more he thought of his predicament, the more nervous he became. The more nervous he became the more he wanted to run.

Finally, Mrs. Earhard saw that he was very nervous. She began calming him by telling him that if he did exactly as he was told he could pass as a little girl but he would have to do and say exactly what she told him to. She whispered in his ear and patted him on his pantied bottom as she stooped down beside him as if to remind him that she was perfectly capable of spanking him in public if he didn't behave.

Right on cue it seemed, a young lady opened the door above them and called everyone on up.

George was the tenth child in line as they filed on stage. The glaring lights momentarily blinded him, but the noise from the crowd filled his ears.

Each child began walking up the carpeted runway as the announcer began describing the clothing and something about each little girl. Her name, the fun things she liked to do, her favorite hobby, etc.

Finally it was George's turn.

The announcer began by saying, "Now for the highlight of our show today ladies and gentlemen, we have an exceptional model wearing a beautiful pink satin party dress any young lady would be proud to own. It is available at the Earhard Young Deb's Shop in the mall. Will you all please give a warm welcome to Mr. George Arnold as he models this stunning outfit. Mr. Arnold, as you all may have heard, was caught peeping into young lady's windows the other night and..."

"Georgeanne, What's the matter?" Malinda said as she poked him in the side with her elbow. "Come on wake up. You're up next."

George shook his head, startled that he had been day dreaming. He felt the weight of his curled hair bouncing with the twisting of his head and the pull of the clothing as it shifted as well.

"Man, how weird! Am I glad that nothing was really said. Damn! They won't will they? They did not tell anyone who I really am did they? If anyone I know saw me like this, Oh, Shit! Shit! Shit!"

George felt a hand pressed against his and all of a sudden they were walking hand in hand down the carpeted aisle. He looked up to see a smiling Mrs. Earhard towing him to the very front of the platform.

"Next we have Miss Georgeanne Arnold and Mrs. Donna Earhard. Georgeanne is wearing a beautiful party frock based upon a traditional classic pattern. The use of modern fabrics make this adorable outfit easy to clean and care for. Every Mother can enjoy dressing up her little sugar and spice doll in this party dress."