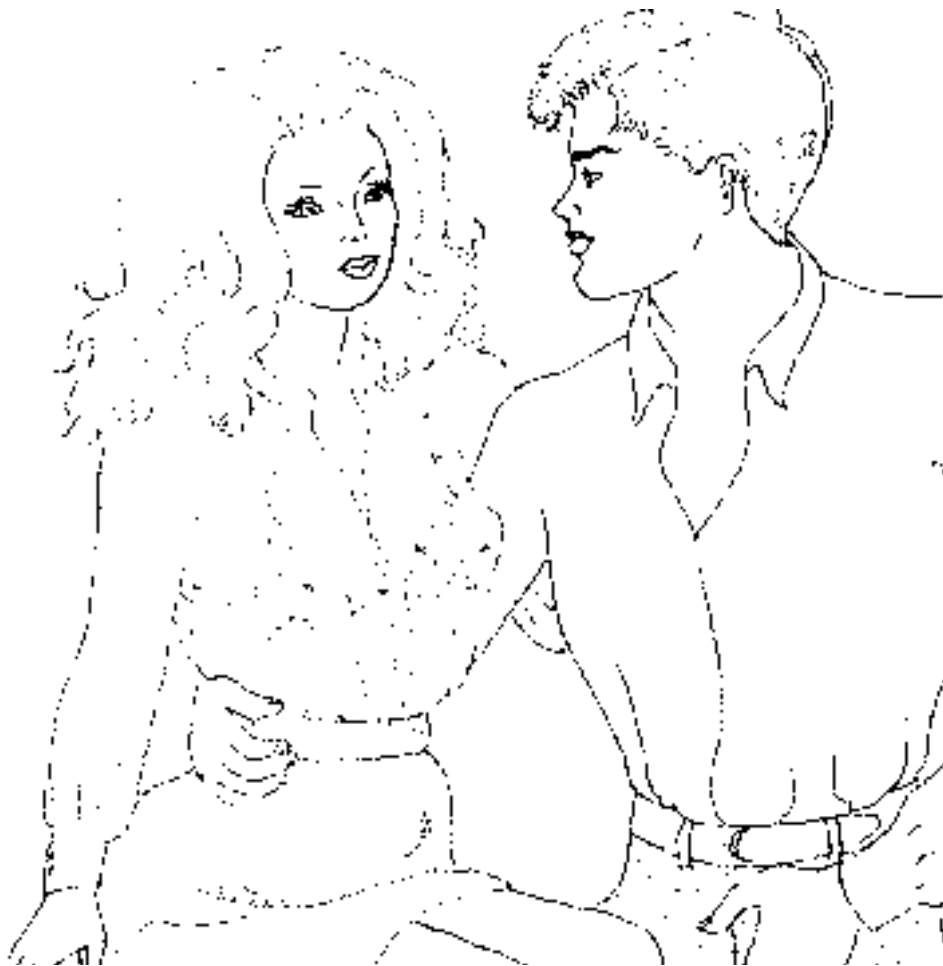


PETER WEARS PANTIES

By Deborah Leigh Johnson



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN ADULT TV NOVEL

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PETER WEARS PANTIES

By Deborah Leigh Johnson

Chapter One

Peter Brown, at the age of sixteen was a pretty normal youth, in almost all respects. He had an avid interest in almost all types of athletics. And, as would normally be expected, he was an avid competitor. He loved to face new challenges. He had also been able to develop a physical coordination that was rare for a boy of his age. In fact, he could even have been described as graceful, no matter what it was that he was endeavoring to attempt.

Everyone who got to know him, liked Peter. They liked him because he appeared to be a well balanced young person. They liked his strong competitive streak. As for Peter, well, he liked himself, mostly.

There were some things that he did not like about himself though. Almost no one knew about these things that he did not like about himself. These were closely guarded secrets of Peter's.

You see everyone that knew Peter, thought he was a girl.

It was precisely this very strong boyish nature that he had, that had been the cause of something arising in his life. It was, well in all honesty, something that he was very confused about.

Naturally, as it did not really fit in with his own ideas about himself, he considered that it was all his grandmother's fault. At least, that is what he thought to himself in the privacy of his own mind.

He would, of course, never voice this opinion, lest he suffer the consequences of being too outspoken. He'd already learned his lessons about being too outspoken, very, very well. He did not want the lessons repeated for any reason what—so—ever.

Peter had been living with his grandmother now, for almost two whole years. She was his father's mother. He had had a very happy home life, till a drunk driver had taken his parent's lives, almost two years earlier. That was why he was now living with his grandmother.

He missed his parents terribly. But, he had pretty much adjusted to not having them around any more. He had had no choice in the matter, really.

Peter had been born later on in his parent's lives, as his mother and father were in their forties when he had been conceived. As a result, they had doted on him. And as one might expect of an only child born to a relatively well off mature couple, they had spoiled him.

In actual fact, he now readily admitted to himself, he had developed into a real self-centered and spoiled little brat. But that was all before he had come to live with his grandmother, that is.

She, of course, had recognized the character flaw in her only living relative almost immediately. She had fixed that pretty quick though. But we shall learn more about how she did that, later on in this story.

When Peter had first come to live with his grandmother, he had loved it. she had this huge old rambling farm house, that was almost like an Elizabethan mansion, really. There were over 700 acres of woods, gravel pits and old abandoned barns all over the huge unkempt property, to capture his imagination for days and days on end. His grandmother had decided to give him complete freedom to roam about the estate.

He'd arrived at his grandmother's home on the second day after his parents had been killed. This was in early April. As Peter was used to spending most of his time alone, and as he seemed to prefer to wander about the estate alone, his grandmother did not express her concerns to him, but let him pretty well do as he wished. She hoped that the abandoned farm would do much to help him adjust to the loss of his parents by giving him many new things to explore, and otherwise occupy his mind.

Her reasoning seemed to be solid, and she saw that Peter had gradually seemed to be able to accept the loss of his parents. By the time they had reached the middle of August, his grandmother had thought that he had pretty well adjusted to the loss of his parents. Now she felt that it was time to start some character training in the rather brash young man.

Peter's grandmother knew all about the complex nature of the character training of young gentlemen. Her mother, a very old school type from England, had taught her very well. She'd seen the results of her patient training culminate in the numerous not to mention very profitable successes that her now deceased son had been able to enjoy in his life, before it was taken away from him at such an early age.

Peter's grandmother had loved her son and had been very proud of his accomplishments. She knew that in part, she was greatly responsible for developing his personality, so that he had the drive and the self discipline to pursue his dreams. She missed him terribly. She longingly wished that it was possible for her to share her grief with the little brat that had been foisted on her. But, she understood that he was just not that kind of person yet.

She knew how to change that though.

She'd always felt that her son would have outlived her. All of her own plans had been based on the premise. She knew that she could trust her son not to squander away the family wealth that had taken generations to accumulate.

Her son had turned out to be the kind of man who would build on what was already established. Now, if she were to pass on, the entire estate would fall into the undisciplined hands of that young whelp who charged about the house as though all things were set in order for his personal fulfillment. She genuinely feared what that young man might come to, if all this was his to do with as he saw fit. she knew that it would not take long for him to lose it all.

Now, the task of retraining her grandson had fallen onto her shoulders. She was resigned to the fact that it would still be a while before she would be able to share her despondency and her grief with him, her only family now. But, she was determined that she was going to curb his delinquent character. She loved him, and would not allow him to grow up in the way he was going. She was rueful as she remembered the old adage. "If you do not change the direction your are going in, you will get to where you are going." This was a true philosophy, and she wanted to spare her grandson what she perceived to be his certain future.

It was pretty obvious to her, that her own son had not carried on the training that he had received at his mother's hands for so many of his formative years. She could not understand, why Peter's mother had not at least endeavored to train the boy properly.

Nearly heartbroken that her life had taken this turn at her age, she was resigned however to the fact that this boy would have to come under the very strict discipline that had turned out generations and generations of gentlemen throughout Europe, for centuries. She was more than a little concerned about what kind of life he would lead, about what he would be like, if he were to grow up and if he continued to act like he did now. she knew only too well that it could happen. She'd met men who had never outgrown that petulant 'me' centered stage. They acted just like small children. Peter seemed to be still at this stage right now. Men like that made her stomach crawl.

Because she loved Peter, she was determined that she was not going to allow that to happen to him. He was going to come into a rather large sum of money when she died, and if he did not have the proper character formation to be able to deal with all the multitude temptations that can face a rich young man, well, he'd lose it all very quickly. Of that, she was certain. She'd seen it happen over and over with her friend's children.

Generations of family building could be lost in a few years, in the hands of a foolish hedonistic young man. It would destroy him and he might never grow up if he were allowed to continue the way he was now.

As for Peter, he really liked his grandmother a lot. There was something kind of elegant about her that he did not see in more modern women very often. Of course, he did not think out those thoughts. He just knew that she was a very dignified and graceful old lady. she had some very old fashioned and antiquated ideas, he knew. But he really did like her. He also knew that she loved him. He was glad that he had been able to come to live with her. He'd rarely ever seen her, as his parents had lived in a large city on the other side of the country.

Peter also got a real charge out of living in a house that had a maid and a butler who also doubled as the chauffeur. The butler's name was James. James seemed to be, to the young boy, almost as old as his grandmother was. Peter knew that he was not though, as he'd overheard a conversation one day when Suzette, the maid was talking to James about his birthday. James had just turned 52. She had been teasing him about it.

As for Suzette, she was very pretty, in her early thirties. Peter thought that she was very, very sexy too. she had grown up in the house, as her mother had been his

grand—mother's companion and maid for most of her life. Suzette had told him that when she had returned from her teacher's college classes, where she had become a licensed teacher, she had accepted the job of replacing her aging mother 8 years earlier. Her mother had died shortly after that.

Suzette had made the decision to stay, because she had always loved the old lady, Peter's grandmother. She also admitted that she was being paid more than she could ever earn as a public school teacher. Since her only expenses were her clothes she ended up with more money after taxes than someone who earned much more.

Peter liked (loved) Suzette.

Suzette was perky and had sparkling mischievous black eyes and flashing white teeth. Suzette stood maybe 5'5" tall. She was very cute too.

Peter was just at that age when his hormones were starting to tell him the differences that were between boys and girls, and, he definitely had a very strong interest in the pretty and daintily feminine Suzette.

She knew the young boy was smitten with her, and she kind of teased him along, if the truth were to be known. She loved the way she could get reactions out of the lively boy, and she teased him a lot.

Peter spent a lot of time trying to see what was beneath those short flouncy skirts that Suzette wore most of the time. They were part of the uniform that she wore in the house, when she was on duty. He figured that that was just one of the old fashioned eccentricities that his grandmother insisted on in her home. He liked it. He liked it a lot. Seeing Suzette in various colored maid's uniforms always piqued his interest in her. she was all lady, and her femininity really appealed to the boy.

So much for the background of the story. I think that by now you have an idea of his circumstances.

Now we shall move on into it, okay?

By the time that early August had come around, Peter had explored all of the 700 plus acres. And by that time, he knew the layout of the land, so to speak. The only thing in his new world that had not yet been completely explored, was the ramshackle old house. He knew there must be wonderful secret places to search out in the huge old building.

He found that since he was now focusing his attention on the house, that there was more time to spend being around Suzette.

The beautiful woman absolutely fascinated him. she de—lighted in teasing him. It was usually her femininity that she teased him with, though he had not been able to define that for himself. He loved her for being the complete girl that she was. she was, he knew, completely feminine.

Peter was fascinated by her smell. He was enthralled by the soft rustling that her clothing always made. He loved the way her eyes sparkled all the time. she was always so soft and gentle with him. Peter knew that he could fall in love with Suzette. As it was, she knew that he was already smitten with her charms. She loved the way she

could make him react. Being the playful not to mention, mischievous sort that she was, she played him along too.

He knew that she had a guy she was seeing in town, sort of like a boyfriend, but nonetheless, he was fascinated by her. He hated the guy that she dated. He wondered if this was his first love. He knew that the more time he spent around her the more he thought about her.

He especially loved those times when she would sit close to him in the kitchen. He would smell her delicate perfume. He would hear the whispering rustle of her silk and satin clothing whenever she moved. He could feel her soft skin when she touched him. He could often catch glimpses of the delicate lace trimming of her underwear too. she fascinated him.

He had his first hard on, on just such an occasion. It had been the first time that it had ever happened to him, getting a hard on that is, and it had scared him. He remembered having heard guys talk about boners of course, but he had never really understood what they were saying before. Now he knew. He also knew that it was her femininity that had gotten him so cranked up.

But, Peter's life was about to take a very, very drastic change.

It was August 8th, when his grandmother told him what was going to happen. They were having supper in the formal dining room, as was the household habit. As usual, Suzette was serving. He was aware of the maid's every movement, as he ate. He had another boner, and it was causing him some pain. He did not know what to do about it.

They had just finished dessert, when his grandmother asked Suzette to give Peter a very large, and quite obviously old photo album, that was laying on the side board. Peter had noticed it when he first entered the room, but he had just figured that it was something his grandmother had been looking through.

His grandmother waited till the maid had set the large book on the table in front of him. she smiled at Suzette, then told Suzette to leave the room, as she wanted to talk to Peter for a bit, in private.

Peter sat and fidgeted, wondering what she was going to talk to him about. He hoped it would not take long. He had to go and get rid of his boner soon, before the pain got real bad. He had heard strange and awful stories about "Lover's Nuts," and he did not want to run the risk of getting them.

Peter did not have to wait very long to find out what was on his grandmother's mind. As soon as Suzette had left the room, his grandmother asked him to open the album and to look at all of the pictures. He did so, slowly turning the old brittle and yellowing pages. All of the pictures were in black and white, and somewhat faded. The greatest majority of them were of a rather pretty though delicate looking young girl. It was almost a pictorial history of the girl, whoever she was.

Peter somehow sensed that this was important, so he took his time turning each of the pages. He studied every picture. He somehow had the feeling that he should know who this girl was.

By the styles of the dresses that she was wearing and by the various hair styles that she wore, Peter had figured that the pictures must have been taken sometime around the late thirties to the early fifties.

The pictures progressed in a rather chronological order. They started out by showing a very pretty baby, all dressed up in frilly little dresses, ruffled sun bonnets and lace trimmed booties, playing with various dolls, or other girl's toys. They slowly progressed, recording the baby's growth till the pictures were showing a pretty young teenage girl in sun dresses with wide frilly shoulder straps. Her small budding breast were just barely discernible under the loose fitting styles of her big skirted dresses. She looked strangely familiar to Peter, somehow.

This process took quite a while, as there were about three or four hundred pictures in the big book. Also, as he looked at each one of the pictures, His grandmother wanted him to look carefully at each pictured he had to tell her which one he was looking at, at the time.

Peter's grandmother would often make little comments about what the circumstances of that particular picture were when it was taken. These comments usually brought a little smile to the corners of her lips.

Peter sensed that this was important to him in some way, but he could not figure it out. He quietly continued looking at the pictures, watching as the young girl grew up before his eyes.

In some of the pictures, there were also two adults. Peter was easily able to recognize his grandmother. She had been a very beautiful young woman. He could recognize her, though he knew that she must have been in her late teens or early twenties at the times that those pictures had been taken. He knew that his father was an only child, so he wondered who the little girl was in all the photos. He did not see any pictures of his father in the album. Peter figured that maybe the girl had died, when she was very young, maybe even before his dad had been born. His dad had never mentioned that he had a sister to Peter, though.

Peter's grandmother had certainly kept her good looks over the years. The man, he knew, must have been his grand—father. By the time he got to the end of the picture album, he was beginning to feel rather drowsy. In fact, the poor boy could hardly keep his eyes open.

“Now, young man, tell me, did you recognize who that pretty young lady was, in those photos?”

“Well, I recognized you and I recognized my grandfather. She did look kind of familiar somehow, but I do not think I ever met her. I didn't recognize the girl. was she my father's sister?”

“Oh, you have met her all right.” Peter's grandmother gave a rather mischievous if not malicious little chuckle. “Those photos, dear boy, were all pictures of your father as he was growing up, from the time that he was a newborn right up to the age of fifteen. When he turned fifteen, we figured that he was mature enough to adapt to his more responsible role in life. That was when he got his very first pair of trousers. My, what a happy day that was for him. He was so proud of his first trousers.”

“Daddy? That..that pretty girl was my father?” Peter was astounded. Such a thought had never occurred to him. “But..but she was so pretty? It was really my dad?”

“Yes, that is right, Peter.”

“But..why? Why would he grow up as a girl?”

“Well, it does not happen very often in North America, but in most of Europe, in the better families, all the boys are dressed as girls, until they begin to display mature civilized behavior. Once that kind of maturity becomes evident, they are allowed to assume a gentleman's dress and a gentle—man's role in life. That is the way it has been for centuries past.

“In fact, one of the most recent very outstanding successes of just such a boy, was Sir Winston Churchill. There are many pictures of him dressed as a pretty little girl. You'd never think it from his pictures later on in life, but he was a very pretty little girl indeed.”

“Uh... why are you showing me these old pictures of my dad, all dressed up as a... as a girl, Grandma?”

Peter was getting drowsier and drowsier, yet he sensed something very foreboding was about to come his way. In vain, he struggled to focus his attention on his grandmother.

“Well... Peter, I have grown very concerned about you. I see a tendency in your character that will lead you into very serious trouble someday, if it is not curbed before it becomes too much ingrained in your nature. I believe that tendency needs to be dealt with severely, as it has already gotten a strong hold in your character.”

“Wha... what are you talking about? I'm just a normal guy.”

Peter was just incredulous. He was also getting sleepier and sleepier. He could hardly keep his eyes open. He struggled because he knew that this was important, somehow. He did not know why, he just knew that it was.

“Well, to put it in very blunt terms, young man... you are a spoiled little bugger, and I have just become sick of seeing you run around this house, acting as though you expected everyone and everything here to change, just to accommodate you and your whims of fancy.

“James and Suzette have had their fill of you. James has even put me on notice. He has told me that unless I do something about your disrespectful behavior, he will leave my employ. I can ill afford to lose such a valuable and trusted employee, and friend. So Peter, I've been thinking that it is time for you to change.

“However, the last straw, young man, came yesterday afternoon. I have no idea of what you were up to, but we know that you sneaked into Suzette's rooms, invading her privacy. We know that you went into her rooms, and that you were rooting through her bureaus. Well since you want so much to learn about feminine under clothing, you are going to get the chance to become very familiar with them indeed, I can assure you.

“I am very proud of your father, and the things he had been able to accomplished in his life. Your father would just never have conducted himself in the manner in which you have been conducting yourself since you arrived here. I am very convinced that that is because of his early childhood rearing.

“Consequently, young man, it is about time that you begin to learn the same disciplines that helped to contribute to your father, the things that helped him to become such a good man. So, until further notice young man, you are going to be known by everyone, as my granddaughter. You will wear only very pretty clothes, and you will learn how to behave yourself as becomes a proper young lady. If you do not submit and behave yourself properly, in the manner which is prescribed for you, you shall receive severe disciplines, until you have learned to curtail your obnoxious behavior.

“When I have become convinced that you have learned how to behave yourself in a manner that is docile and respectful towards your betters, you will be allowed to go back to being a boy, but not before that. And the one thing that you seem to lack most of at the present is a courteous demeanor. When I see a courteous demeanor become a part of your character, then and only then, shall your trousers be returned to you.

“Peter, I want you to have no doubts about this. At this very moment, James is placing all of your boyish clothing, excepting what you are wearing at the moment, into the trash incinerator. What you are wearing now will be incinerated before the evening is out, I can assure you.

“The quickest and surest way that I can think of to develop these characteristics in you, is to teach you how to behave like a young lady of good breeding. With most young boast abouts like yourself, much of your attitude comes from the freedom you have to wear trousers, in a male dominated world. You shall learn to respect the freedom accorded to you by trousers, and when you do, you shall have the kind of responsible character that is required.

“Peter, the equivalent name of your name, in French is Pierre. It sounds a bit like Peeair, with a slight rolling of the r's. The feminine equivalent of Pierre is very pretty. It is Pierrette. I think it is a name that will become you very nicely. From now on, you will only respond to that name. you will only be addressed by that name. If you do not respond to that name, you will be treated as though you are not even in the room. If that does not curb your attitude, then stronger measures shall be required.

“Your schooling will be continued here, at the family household, by Suzette who is a well qualified licensed instructor. We have made arrangements with the local school board, and they are willing to accommodate home schooling, provided you are able to pass the curriculum exams at the end of every semester. It is their understanding that you have been quite ill over the past few years, a mental disorder of some sort, and that you require a 'special education' in order that you may catch up with your peers after so many years in an asylum.

“You will pass those school board tests, and you will pass them with flying colors too, young lady, or else I guarantee that you will live to regret your actions.”

In his slowly dazed mind he wondered what she was talking about, He had already completed high school, and here she was talking about him being a school girl...

“Now, I notice that you are beginning to get heavy eyed. That is because we have given you some sleeping powders in your supper. You will be spending the next few weeks heavily sedated, as there are some things that we need to do to your body, that we do not want you to be able to resist. Also, some of the things we shall be doing, may prove to be painful to you.

“Though, I wonder if it would not be better for your psyche to know exactly what is being done to turn you into a young lady. At the end, we shall allow you to join our society, provided you behave yourself. You are just barely able to hear what I am saying now, so I shall stop. I will speak to you again in a few weeks, if all goes well. Good bye Peter, hello Pierrette.”

That was the last conscious memory that Peter had, till he awakened with a very groggy and fuzzy head weeks later. He knew that he had drifted in and out of consciousness, but nothing had really registered in his mind till they allowed the drugs to wear off.

Chapter Two

His first awareness was of an unbelievably tight constriction around his waist and chest. He was only able to take very light shallow breaths. Deeper breathing caused him pain. It felt like he could not bend his upper body.

He lay there for nearly half an hour as his head cleared. His mind began to remember that his name was Peter, he was fourteen, that his parents had recently died, and he was now living with his grandmother. He slowly recalled the last conversation that he had had with his grandmother.

He wondered what they had done to him when he had been unconscious

He knew that he was lying on a bed, a bed with soft satiny bed clothes on it, and that this was a room that he had not been in before. Peter's eyes roamed around, looking at whatever he could manage to focus on, without moving his head.

The ceiling was white and the walls were a pale pink. On the wall to the right, there was a large painting of two fluffy white kittens. On the wall to the left of his bed, there was a picture of a pretty ballerina in a dainty pose, perched on her toes, her arms stretched up over her head. He thought about the pose, and remembered that it was called a pirouette.

Pirouette?

An alarm sounded in his mind. That sounded like like.. Pierrette.

Fear washed over the boy. He grimaced as he tightly closed his eyes, trying to wipe away the strange thoughts that were forcing themselves into his mind. Yet, they were there. Now, he had to know.

He opened his eyes, and looked down towards his feet. He saw frilly pink lace on his chest. He also saw a pair of maidenly breasts that were rising and falling as he breathed. He slowly raised his right hand. He wanted to see if they really were breasts. His hand froze in mid air. It was not his hand that he saw. It felt like his hand, but it did not look like his hand.

The hand he saw, was on a graceful, thin and hairless forearm. The fingers were tipped in long oval shaped pink nails with white French tips. About the wrist was a delicate silver charm bracelet. About mid way between his elbow and his wrist, was a pink, lace trimmed cuff. It was obviously the sleeve of a girl's pretty pink dress. But... it was on his arm, not on a girl's arm.

So what he had remembered about his grandmother's last words was true. They had turned him into a girl. They had dressed him in a pretty teen—age girl's pretty party dress. The thought boggled his mind.

He was wearing a dress.

Tears burned at the backs of his eyes. He nearly cried.

Peter would have cried too, but he knew that that was what a girl would have done. He refused to act like... to do what a real girl would do. They could make him wear dresses, but he vowed that he would never ever start to act like a girl... no way. Hell would freeze over first.

Sighing at his exertion, he lowered the girlish hand to his chest. He could feel the heat of his hand on his new breasts, right through the material of "his" dress. He caught himself for thinking those words, "his dress." He did not know how they had managed to do it, but they had given him breasts, real ones. Somehow just knowing that he now had girl's tits increased his resolve to resist their efforts to turn him into a girl.

The heat and the pressure of his hand on his breast caused the nipple of his right tit to start to grow, and get quite hard. It almost hurt, it got so hard. He shuddered in fear, knowing that girl's nipples did that when guys touched their tits. He'd heard all about in from the older guys when he was still at school.

He let his hand gently move lower. He could not see what it was touching, but the soft fabric under his fingers assured him that he was indeed wearing a real dress. He could also feel something very hard and unyielding under the dress. He wondered what it was that they had put on him. Suddenly, he knew that he was wearing a corset. That was why he felt so constricted.

His fingers went almost fearfully, down to his crotch area. It did not feel like he had a cock there any more. It was flat. He wondered if they had cut it off and really turned him into a girl forever. The material under his fingers sort of slithered across whatever it was that he was wearing under the dress. He remembered that she had said that one day he could wear pants again, so they probably had not cut it off.

He breathed a sigh of relief.

Then, with a start, he knew why he felt the material of his dress slithering under his fingers. He knew that he was feeling himself in girl's panties. He panicked, horrified at the thought that he was wearing girl's panties.

Then calm and reason took over. why would they dress him up in a dress, if they did not also put a pair of girl's underwear on him. It would make no sense for them to put boy's underwear on him, if he was to wear a dress.

His fear that they had really turned him into a girl began to subside a bit, when he recalled that his grandmother had not said that they would turn him into a girl, but that he would only be dressed as one.

She had also only said that he would be a girl for a while, until he learned how to act the way she wanted him to act.

As he lay there, it gradually dawned on him, that if that was what his grandmother wanted, then he might be able to shorten this torture, if he was able to somehow really convince her that he had somehow had a great change of character. He wondered if he really could pull it off, by pretending to be a girl, like she wanted him to do.

But, that would mean that he would have to start acting like a girl acts, all the time. He would also have to do it in such a convincing fashion, that his grandmother would really believe that he had become a young lady, in effect. He would have to act like he was really happy to be a girl.

He feared that he might not be able to convince her of that.

What was worse, was the fear that he may start to like wearing girl's stuff, and being a girl all the time.

That would mean that he'd be a fairy for the rest of his life. Peter could imagine no worse fate than to be branded as a sissy by everyone who knew him. They were the lowest of the low. Everyone knew that.

But, what if that was what he was now?

The tears burned at the back of his eyes. He might have to be a girl from now on, but he would not willingly start acting like a little sissy fairy. No matter what they did to him, he did not want to act like a girl acts. If he acted like a girl...he'd have to act like he really did love wearing pretty dresses.

A picture flashed in his mind of him standing with Suzette, the maid, before a closet, trying to decide what dress he was to wear for the day. He pictured himself looking all pretty and dainty, just like Suzette.

Peter could never picture himself doing such a thing. He was no fairy. Even if it meant that they would keep him in dresses for years, he was not going to start to act like a sissy girl. He was not a girl, and he refused to act like one. He would not. His resolve became a steeled determination.

That little bit of rebellious thinking made him feel a little better. With great determination, he forced himself to sit up on the bed. It took a lot of effort, as his muscles had not been used for several days, and he was very weak. Exhausted as he was, he managed to get himself perched up. For the first time, he could see what it was that he was wearing.

His dress had a really full pink skirt that draped across his knees, his... his sheer pale pink nyloned... hairless knees. His shapely hairless legs looked like a girl's legs. He hated to admit it, but they looked so very sexy to him. He recalled his thoughts when he'd been secretly looking at Suzette's legs. Now, his legs looked just like hers did.

Once he managed to get onto his feet, he became aware that he was wearing high heeled shoes. They were more like boots than shoes, actually. They had buttons on the sides and went up to just above his ankles. They were tight, and he knew that he would never be able to remove them without some help from someone. He knew that he would need a button hook to be able to get them off, or to get them back on again.

They were pink smooth kid leather shoes. They made his feet arch delicately, making his toes point outward and downward. The heels were thin little things that almost looked like nails, about three or four inches long. He guessed that was what he had heard called spiked heels. He wondered if it would even be possible to walk on them.

One thing that he did like however, he grudgingly admitted to himself, was the feeling of the high insteps of the tight shoes, pushing up against his arches. It felt nice. His feet appeared absolutely small and dainty. Unlike heavy and bulky male shoes these shoes were amazingly light on his feet.

As he gained his strength back, Peter could not resist a perverse desire to find out what he had on under his dress. He knew they were panties, but he just had to see what they looked like... on him.

Feeling a bit guilty, he reached down to the hem of his dress and pulled the very loudly rustling taffeta garment up to his waist.

He saw that he was wearing a pink satin slip that seemed to have folds and folds of crinkly material to it. The hem of it was a bright white, very delicate lace. With a soft rustle, exactly like the kind of rustling noises that came from Suzette's pretty clothing, he raised the slip and exposed the lacy garters that held his nylons up. As the slip was raised, he could see the front panel of the pink satin panties that he was wearing. They had an inch of bright white delicate lace trim on them, just like his slip.

He looked, every inch, like a girl, with his flat pantied crotch, all covered in smooth glistening pink satin like that.

Feeling ashamed of himself, as if this examination of his delicate lingerie was somehow very naughty, he pushed his underwear back down over his nyloned legs.

After a few more moments, he was able to summon the determination to get up off the bed. Feeling embarrassed about the swishing sound that his clothing was making, he swung his legs over the side of the bed and moved forward, till his feet touched the floor.

Very gingerly, not knowing what to expect, he slowly raised himself up, placing his whole weight on his high heeled shoes. His skirt hems fell all the way to the floor. That surprised him. He was not only dressed up like a girl, but he was dressed up like a lady.

He had thought that the shoes would hurt his feet, as they had looked so small, compared to what he was used to. But, they did not. The sensation was like wearing figure skates. The strain was not in his feet, it was in his calves. He felt the tautness of his nylons all over his legs as he raised himself up to his feet, which caused his garter straps to tighten while he felt the corset tighten even more about his waist as his little breasts were pushed upwards. Rather than bang his wrist and hands against his now obvious hips he had to turn his arms and wrists forward to lift his hands in a dainty upwards sissy—like pose that caused him to shudder knowingly.

He grimaced hatefully at himself He reminded himself that he was not a girl and that this was being forced on him, as a punishment. Worse, it was a punishment for something that he could not even understand. As far as he knew, he had not done anything wrong, certainly not wrong enough to justify being turned into a girl for it.

He took one very careful step feeling the soft silken flow of his satin slip and the caress of his nylons brushing together. A shiver of delight touched his spine because he found that he actually liked the feeling of wearing the nylons and soft cool satins.

He found that if he was careful to take only very dainty little steps, and to grasp a handful of his skirts, that he was able to keep his balance and not trip. He also blushed as he realized that he would have to sway his wide hips and keep his arms up delicately at his sides, in order to be able to keep his balance and avoid his hands from hitting his swinging hips with each step . These high heels were going to force

him to make movements like swishy girls do when they walk. Otherwise, he knew, he'd be falling down on his face, with every step.

He gave up the concession, in his mind, and felt that it would be okay to walk in such a swishy manner, because he was being forced to do it. It would be different if he was putting these clothes on by himself not being forced, but he was forced into them. That was all there was to it. If he wanted to get anywhere, he would have to walk the way a girl would walk. That was all there was to it.

He was weak, and he was starving. He had to get to the kitchen to get something to eat. He could not isolate himself in this feminine bedroom forever.

On one of the walls, he noticed, there was a large floor to ceiling mirror. It looked like it might be a closet door.

He made his way over to it, very carefully. It was very difficult to walk in the high heels and the long skirts, on the plush carpeting. But, Pierrette managed to do it, without breaking her neck. It required that she take only very dainty mincing steps to do it, but she did it. she was strangely proud of this accomplishment, and had to remind herself that this was not an accomplishment that a boy should be proud of. Yet, she was proud nonetheless.

Six paces later, she stopped, and stared at her reflection. She was startled. He knew there was only one person in the room, and that he was looking at her. He was the person in the mirror. That person that he was seeing for the first time in her short life, was a pretty, delicate looking teen age girl, not the strange effeminate boy he felt that he was.

She did not see anyone in that mirror who even looked remotely like he had looked like weeks before. He saw a petite pretty girl in the mirror. She had a very tiny waist that was emphasized by a wide satin belt. she had breasts, with nipples that could be seen through the material of her dress. Her dress was kind of a formal gown, maybe like a prom gown or something. The skirt hung just an inch above the carpeting, and it swished around his legs with a soft whispering sound. It made his slip brush across his nyloned legs in the most delightful and sensuous way. From under her chin fell a froth of delicate lace. Her shoulders were slender. He knew he'd lost a lot of weight over the last weeks. But now he was positively delicate looking. He'd never been fleshy, but he had not been a skinny wimp either. Now he was positively tiny.

Now, he was more like a girl than he'd ever been as a boy.

He had thick hair that was light blonde now. It had been long dark brown hair. All the kids in his classroom had long hair, but now, it seemed thick and full of swirls and curls. It cascaded from the crown of his head and swirled in big curls around his neck and shoulders.

He now had naturally feminine arched eyebrows. His dark lashes were long and curled, seeming to stick straight out from his eye lids. He noted in wonder how thick his under lashes appeared as they completed the doe like look of his large eyes. He realized that his eyes appeared larger because his nose was now smaller, more feminine, while his cheeks seemed higher, fuller. He also had a real girl's pouty naturally pink lips. To his added surprise his skin was flawless without his old blemishes or any hint

of his emerging beard. By more careful examination he could detect a hint of eye liner shadow, foundation, blusher and lipstick. But these were subtle touches reserved for a teen age girl rather than child.

From the newly pierced holes in his ears, dangled delicate little strands of what looked like diamonds.

On his left wrist was a delicate silver wrist watch. The second hand was moving, so it was working. If it was set for the right time, it was 4:45. If it was p.m., that meant that supper would be served in fifteen minutes. A glance at the window showed that it was daylight outside, so it was probably in the p.m..

Peter was stunned by the reflection in the mirror. What angered him, though was that if he had not known that it was really him that he saw in the mirror, he would have been really turned on by the maiden reflected in the mirror. As it was, he felt a familiar sexual stirring in his loins, that was causing him some pain and considerable embarrassment. Whether he liked knowing that he was the girl or not, did change the fact that as a girl, he was very sexy looking and he was enamored with his own all too feminine image.

He was pleased with how he looked. He hated himself for thinking that he was one gorgeous piece of work. He was proud of his image. He was angry that he liked what he was seeing. Guilt ripped through his psyche. He was betraying his boyhood, and he liked the way he felt. He was beginning to feel girlish, and he felt feminine. He hated that, yet it was making a very painful erection somewhere beneath his panties.

He felt faint, and he knew that he would have to do something about getting some food into him. He had no choice. He would have to present himself to the others, looking the way he was. Hunger pangs were intensifying. But, all the others in the house would see him looking like a little pansy princess. He was torn.

He went to the door and tried the knob. It had occurred to him that he might be locked in. The doorknob turned in his hand and he pulled it open. They obviously felt secure in the knowledge that he wouldn't run away. Fearfully he held his breath in anticipation of being seen, and realizing that he was a prisoner of his new femininity and he wouldn't dare run away into the terror of being caught so very feminized.

When he stepped out into the hall way, he realized that he was in the part of the upstairs where his grandmother had her bedroom. It was on the other side of the house from where his room had been.

Peter found that it was much easier to walk on the hardwood floors than on the thick plush carpeting of his bedroom, but he still had to sway his hips and pose his arms in order to keep his balance if he wanted to be able to move about with any kind of acceptable speed. He felt like such a pansy walking in such a completely swishy way, but his high heels and the very tight constriction of the corseting gave him no alternative. He had to swish.

He realized with a wry smile that if his grandmother was trying to force him to act like a girl, she had known exactly how to do it all right. All she had had to do was put the right things on him, and, he would go swishing around like the best of the fairies.

As he walked, he knew that as long as he was wearing things like this, that he was completely vulnerable to almost anyone. Knowing that his clothing made him helpless, just like a girl was helpless, infuriated him. He'd never be able to take care of himself if he was threatened. Anyone could abuse him in anyway that they chose to, and he was utterly unable to defend himself or to even run away.

How would he ever be able to run on shoes like these?

He stopped in mid stride as a new thought struck him with the force of a 2 X 4 board, right square in the face. The thought that now crossed his mind was that when he looked like he did right now that no one would want to threaten him. He no longer lived in a boy's world where the name of the game was to compete and win, demonstrating that you were better than the next guy. This thought terrified him.

He had no idea of how to act now.

He had a very difficult time negotiating the stairs when he came to them. Many times he nearly fell over. On these heels, he had to grasp the stair banister with one hand, and gather up his skirts with the other, then take one step at a time in a very careful manner. He knew that he looked just like the ladies did in the movies, as they descended the staircases in their pretty formal gowns.

The only difference was, they had wanted to be seen looking like that, because it was normal for them. Peter had no choice about what he looked like. He had no choice about how he was acting. He had to walk like a lady, or fall down and break his neck. He thought once again, that his grandmother had surely known how to get him to walk in a mincing step, just like a real girl walks.

Peter would not admit it to himself, but from deep inside of him, was coming a strange shamefully perverse liking for the way he felt and looked. He knew it, yet he tried to deny it. He liked the humiliation of being made to behave like a young lady. He also liked knowing that he had no choice in the matter. That somehow seemed to make it all just a little more acceptable.

But, he liked the feeling of the clothing. He liked the feeling of mincing as he walked. He liked the feminine image he'd seen in the mirror. He liked knowing that she was really him. She was a pretty girl. He felt a very strange excitement to know that a boy could look like such a pretty girl. He actually liked feeling pretty and dainty. He hated the knowledge that he liked it, but he really did. He could not deny it to himself. But he also resolved to refuse to ever let any one else know about this perversion.

He did not know how he had done it, but he had made it to the bottom of the stairs without tripping and causing himself some serious damage. He turned and smelled the supper Suzette had prepared, as he made his way to the dining room. The odors teased at his nostrils and nearly drove him mad with hunger.

He stopped just outside of the room. He was so ashamed of the way he felt about the way that he looked, that he did not want to let any one else see him. He knew that that was foolish, because they had dressed him like this. They knew what he looked like. Yet, they did not know that he liked the way they had dressed him. They did not know that he liked feeling like a young lady. He had to keep that truth from them somehow.

If they knew, they might never ever let him go back to wearing pants again.

Chapter Three

He blushed furiously as he wondered how he was going to look Suzette in the eye now, now that he was wearing the same kind of underwear that he'd seen in her bureaux.

Would she make fun of him for being such a fairy? Would she laugh and remind him of what a brash young boy he had been at one time?

He could hardly bear the thought of facing her, now that he was just as emasculated as she was.

And, what about James?

James had probably been around when his father had grown up wearing dresses, but what would James think of Peter, the athlete, wearing frilly pink panties and a lace trimmed matching slip? Would he ridicule Peter every chance that he got? Would he continually remind Peter that he was not being allowed to be a boy any more? Would he criticize Peter for not trying harder to be a boy?

What if he found out that Peter was starting to like being a girl more than being a boy?

Would he make Peter do those kinds of things that real girls did for men?

Peter was at long last, regretting all the snide remarks he had made to James over the last few months. He knew it was impossible but he hoped that James would somehow forget the things Peter had said and done to him. He knew the chance was slim, but still, he hoped. James was the only other male in the house... And now, he was the only one who could wear pants and look like a male.

How could little Pierrette ever face the man now?

He shuddered with the dread of his unknown fate. He was even more fearful though, because he knew that he really liked the way his dress and his lingerie and his delicate high heeled shoes were making him feel.

Would James now only refer to him as a fairy?

How would he be able to deny such a horrible accusation?

Peter had no choice but to go in and face whatever was waiting for him. He just had to enter the dining room. He just had to get some food into his stomach. He had to face whatever was waiting for him in there. His hands trembled with weakness and his shame at his appearance. But the aromas of Suzette's preparations was driving him over the edge.

Gathering up whatever courage he was able to muster, Peter forced himself to take one step after the other, till he had passed through the archway, and had entered the dining room. He felt so utterly helpless and vulnerable standing there, wearing a dress, perched on his delicate high heeled shoes. He did not know what to do with his hands. He folded them at his front. He was not consciously aware of how feminine and lady-like his actions appeared.