

Tales Of Sissies In Petticoats

Volume 2

Useless Males Turned Into Petticoated Sissies.

By Patricia Michelle





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Sissy In Petticoats

By Patricia Michelle

Chapter -1 A step up.

Tara Jeffrys and I had been lovers secretly ever since we were roommates in college. After we graduated, despite having degrees, and to a great deal the faltering economy, we both ended up in demeaning secretarial positions. Me on the east coast, she on the west coast. We kept in touch with occasional emails and went our separate waFys. Increasingly I felt trapped and desperate dealing with asshole, macho type bosses.

I kept searching the various internet help wanted sites and eventually saw one I responded to, and it was in the same city. The ad was for an executive assistant, a real step up, at least from a lowly secretary. It could have been the photo I attached to my resume that got me the interview. I'd never included one before. The truth is besides my brains my second best asset was that I happened to be drop dead gorgeous.

Tom Brown owned his own software development company, something of a genius and he was loaded.

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When I walked into his office his mouth literally dropped to the floor. And with good reason. I was dressed in a charcoal grey, pin striped suit with a tight, pencil skirt well above my knees. The white satin blouse had a V neckline that amply showed off my sizable cleavage. I wore black leather gloves and black, patent leather four inch heels that made me an even six foot tall.

As he stood to greet me I was surprised at how short he was and that he had that Michael J. Fox little boy look that made him look years younger than his twenty-five actual years. Truth be told he barely looked out of junior high school.

He stammered a greeting and kept it up throughout the interview as I kept him nicely distracted by slowly crossing my legs, adjusting my skirt, leaning well forward as I made a point sticking my cleavage level with his face and speaking in a slow, sultry voice that I knew drove me nuts. It amused me no end that he could barely conduct a coherent conversation.

Finally, I thought to myself, I've got the upper hand on a guy. Before the interview was even half over I knew I had the job as his executive assistant. Knowing that when he proposed my salary I said, "Oh my no, I could never accept a salary that low." And named a figure eight grand higher. He buckled immediately and then again when I said I would need a company car and a monthly clothing allowance, "So I could always look my best for you."

Chuckling to myself, I knew precisely why he couldn't stand as the interview concluded.

Chapter -2 Fast forward five months.

By the end of the first month as his executive assistant it was obvious to him how efficient, thorough and smart I was. He called me a great asset and began giving me more and more responsibility and decision making on my own. Poor Tom, I also kept him in a babbling state whenever we were together, and more often than not couldn't bring himself to stand, staying behind his desk. Especially effective was bending over almost on top of him to hand him a note or report. My cleavage mere inches from his face. And the perfume I wore also, I could see, drove him crazy. One day when he asked

me what it was, I told him, in my breathiest voice, it was called Seduction. I swear he nearly started drooling.

To make a long story short five months later I proposed to him. I know he never dared think he was good enough to marry every man's fantasy woman, which is why I had to propose.

By the time we were married I had him eating out of my hand. He was so eager, like a needy puppy, to do anything for me or that I asked for, and, of course, I took full advantage of it. Obviously we lived in his home, a near mansion that he'd inherited. Which I spent tons of his money redecorating.

When I told him how much I loved foot massages he quickly became an expert. And while he was okay at licking my pussy he wasn't all that great. So when I sensitively said that it took me much longer than other women to become sexually stimulated he redoubled his efforts. Eagerly asking me after each romp, "Did I, you know, stimulate you better?" And I'd say, "Oh Tom you're getting so close to giving me a real orgasm."

Soon he was licking me to several orgasms but, giggling to myself, I'd always tell him how much better he was getting.

Chapter -3 A passionate reunion.

To my surprise I got a call from Tara one day. She was moving back to the east coast and wanted to get together for dinner. The minute we saw each other it was like being back in college. We didn't even finish dinner but nearly ran back to her hotel room. One night with her and I knew I'd found my life's soul mate, as did she.

Every day for the next week we spent making mad, passionate love and knew we wanted to spend the rest of our days with each other.

"Now that we've found each other what do we do about your husband?" She asked.

"I don't really know. There's no way I'm giving up the lifestyle I've grown accustomed to, or his money or the house. I just don't know," I admitted.

Chapter -4 The Plan, pierced ears.

It was Tara that came up with the plan and I couldn't help laughing my head off as she explained it.

"It will take some time and we have to be cautious and patient," She advised.

Which I was. The first thing was to get him out of the office. So one day I suggested why didn't he spend more time at home, he could work from there.

"If you name me vice president of operations I can handle all the areas you really hate dealing with," I said. Which was true. While he was somewhat of a genius when it came to developing software, he was a terrible decision maker when it came to management problems. He especially hated giving employee reviews.

As I thought, he agreed, actually looking relieved.

Next up was his hair. He wore his hair long, hippy style in a ponytail. When he remarked that it was time to get a haircut I immediately said, "Don't you dare. I think men with long hair are so sexy and masculine." So naturally he let it grow even longer.

Then on another day, when we were at a café having lunch I pointed to a non-existent guy and said, "Did you see that man with the pierced ears? I really find that so attractive."

I couldn't help chuckling to myself when he asked if I thought he'd look sexier with pierced ears?

"I think you'd really look so sexy. Especially if you had them pierced and you wore a pair of mine. A lot of men wear their wife's earrings to show their devotion and commitment to them," I said, trying to keep a straight face, not surprisingly he bought it.

Notice I didn't say, "pierced ear," but "pierced ears."

An hour later they were both pierced with gold studs in them. When we got home I presented him with a bigger pair of gold earrings surrounded with diamonds.

"I'm so please, they really look great on you," I gushed, lying through my teeth.

Chapter -5 You really have to do something about your hair.

A week later I said, "Tom, you really have to do something about your hair."

"My hair, what's wrong about it?" He asked, concerned.

"I really do like your ponytail, but you look like a hippie of twenty years ago. You need to wear it higher to really show it off. Then too you just don't spend enough time shampooing and brushing it. It looks really rather drab when it should really shine," I stated.

"Okay, what do I need to do?" He asked, of course.

"The first thing tomorrow I'm taking you to Betty, my beautician, and she's going to thoroughly shampoo, condition it and give you a perm to add body to it," I stated firmly.

"Y-You want me to get a perm, guys don't get perms do they?"

"The ones who take care of their hair do. Betty says she gives lots of men perms," I said. Not true, of course. But I'd let Betty in on our plan, which highly amused her, and she said she'd go along with it.

So the next day Tom sat in her chair getting his hair shampooed and conditioned. Then with Betty telling him how many men she gave perms to she began putting his into roller of various sizes.

As she did she remarked, with a wink to me, "What do you think if I added a little color and highlights? His blonde hair would really look so much more attractive."

"I think Betty is absolutely right. Your hair is rather a dull shade of blonde and could use a little color, what do you think?" I asked him.

"Well, if you both think so, go ahead," He naively agreed.

Out from the dryer she combed it out, brushing it up to a high ponytail, where girls wore theirs, but, of course, not men.

"This is where you should be wearing it," Betty declared, and giggling whispered to me, "Just like a little girl does."

Then she pretended to pick through a box of plastic hair slides until she selected the one we'd already agreed on. An overly large, shiny, bright red one.

After fastening his ponytail with it she declared, "It's absolutely the perfect color to set off your hair."

Turning him to the mirror Betty firmly said, "Now Tom, after all this attention I've given it I expect you to keep it looking as attractive as it does now. You're to brush it no less than a hundred times a day. And as a variation I could show you how to braid it."

"Oh my, I never thought of braiding it, which a lot of men do, even double braids, you know, like Willy Nelson does," I said, knowing it was one of his favorite singer.

"Well, if it's good enough for Willy I guess it's good even for me," He commented. I swear Betty and I nearly fell over laughing to each other, unseen by him, of course.

"I know, why don't we treat you to lunch on Saturday at our place as a reward for all the Great attention you've given to Tom's hair. Then you can show him how to braid his hair in a single braid and double braids," I offered as we'd already planned.

All this time he was looking in the mirror at his suddenly much blonder hair with a few highlights in it and his ponytail now high up on his head.

Uncertainly he asked how I thought it looked.

"Much more becoming and attractive, like a thousand percent better than when you came in," I said, which, naturally was enough to convince him.

Giggling to me Betty whispered, "All he needs now is some pink lipstick," and then with a twinkle in her eye she said, "Just agree with me."

"My goodness, your lips look awfully parched and dry," She declared.

"They are? Well what can I do?" He foolishly asked.

"I have just the solution. Pucker up and I'll apply this moisturizer," She instructed.

Instead of lipstick, which I expected, she picked up a small, pointed brush and began applying it to his lips. I couldn't help noticing that she was making the lower lip slightly more pouty, and making the upper lip a bit more pointy. And, to my amusement, what she was applying was just slightly pink. Then she brushed on what she called a sealer, that, in reality, was obviously lip gloss.

"There now, I want you to use this moisturizer at least three times a day to keep them from drying out," She ordered. Then giggling and whispering to me said, "What I brushed on is called Perma-Seal. It'll last for months. Each visit I'll add a little more until she, I mean he, has the cutest little girl's cupid lips."

"Oh, I'm sure I'll get around to that," I whispered back, then added, "Check out his nails."

"Let me see your hands Tom. Goodness, don't tell me bite your nails," She declared.

"Well yes, I can't help it, I do it when I get nervous," He admitted.

"Well, it makes your fingers look awful," Betty declared.

"I know, I just don't know how to stop," He said.

"I know precisely how to stop it. Put your right hand down on the table, fingers flat," She ordered. Grinning to me she produced a set of fingernail extensions. After roughing up his nails she applied glue and attached them to each finger. They were oval shaped and extended about an eighth of an inch past his fingertips. She then brushed on a high gloss, just slightly pinkish color to each. Then repeated with his other hand.

"You can try biting your nails all you want, but you won't put a dent in them. They're a very hardened plastic, the perfect cure for nail biters," Betty declared, then whispered to me, "The perfect little girl's nails, don't you think? All they needed was a little more pink."

"That's definitely in the cards," I chuckled.

Chapter -6 Step Two, You're going to need to tone down your masculinity.

Totally unaware of how girlish he was beginning to look Tara and I agreed it was time for Step Two.

"Would you mind terribly if my roommate from college, and my very best friend, came to stay with us for a couple of months or so?" I asked one day.

"She's just been through a horrible divorce. Her husband was a wife beater and even put her in the hospital a couple of times," Which wasn't true, Tara had never gotten married.

"Oh how terrible, of course not, she can stay as long as she likes," He said, not realizing that was our plan.

"The problem is, as you can imagine, just right now she hates all men, can't stand being around them and swears the next penis she sees she's going to cut off. She's seeing a shrink to help her deal with the traumatic effects," I lied.

"But how's she going to stand being around me, I mean I'm a man," He stated the obvious.

"Yes, that's the problem, but I think if you tone down your rugged, masculine look you might not intimidate her so much," I said, with the straightest face I could muster.

"Well, that makes sense, but how do I do that?" He asked, neatly falling into our carefully thought out trap.

Chapter -7 I think I have a solution.

A couple days later I said, "I think I know how to, ah, tone down that rugged, masculine image you project around Tara. Have you ever been up in your attic?"

I asked.

"The attic, well no, I've never had a reason to go up there," He admitted.

"Well, you know how much of an antique buff I am," I said, although in reality I hated antiques. "Anyway one day I went exploring hoping to find something up there I liked. What I found were some old trunks. One was marked, "Uncle Bruce." Did you know you had an Uncle Bruce?" And , of course, he didn't because Uncle Bruce didn't exist.

"No wonder, it appears he was on your mother's side. Apparently he was of Scottish descent because his trunk was filled with all kinds of Scottish clothes and outfits he must have worn all the time," I said, hiding my grin at the story we'd concocted.

"You mean like kilts and such?" He asked.

"Exactly, actually there are several complete kilt outfits, even down to shoes. I'm thinking you'd look a lot less intimidating if you wore a kilt instead of pants around her. To me I think men in kilts look quite attractive

and rugged but Tara hopefully not if you're not wearing pants, Illogically she may see you as a man wearing a skirt? Do you see my logic?" I asked.

"Well, I see your logic, but it will feel like a putdown thinking I'm a man wearing a skirt," He said, not liking that thought.

"Only to her. To me I'll see you as an attractive guy who is simply wearing a manly kilt. She make some derogatory remarks simply because of the state of mind she's in, which you should simply ignore," I suggested.

"Okay as long as you think I look attractive in a kilt that's really all that matters," He said not realizing what he was agreeing to.

Chapter -8 "Uncle Bruce's" chest.

We headed up to the attic and there was Uncle Bruce's trunk that we'd bought at an antique store.

Opening it there were several plastic clothing bags all marked as to the contents inside. Tara and I had the most hysterical time thinking up what each would contain and then buying what he'd naively assume was actual Scottish attire.

As we took each out I had to try desperately to keep a straight face.

Several were marked, "Casual." One was marked "Casual Dressy". Two were marked, "Dressy." Another indicated that it was for "Semi Formal" occasions. The next was marked, "Formal." And the last were "Relaxed," and "Play."

At the bottom there were eight pair of shoes in different colors and finishes, each with a tag corresponding to the different outfits. Next to them were an equal number of girl's purses, also in different colors, and like the shoes tagged for what outfits they were to be worn with.

Finally there was what appeared to be a very old book titled, "Traditional Scottish Men's Attire & Proper Kilt Etiquette." I swear Tara and I spent several evenings with a bottle of wine laughing as we wrote each page, especially when it came to, "Proper Kilt Etiquette."

We'd found an old book dated 1890 titled, "Proper Etiquette For Proper Girls." On the inside there was a blurb that stated, "Recommended etiquette for girls eight to twelve in age," and simply changed the heading to, "Proper Kilt Etiquette for men."

We used what appeared to be an old looking font and printed all the pages on paper that made them look weathered with age. Then we had it hard bound with a similar weathered look and beat it up a little to make it look more authentic.

“Are those purses?” He asked.

“Oh no, those are called sporrans. You’ve seen Scottish men, some of them with a purse like garment hanging in front from their belt. Although the book says that a lot of men preferred to drape them off their shoulder and when not needed didn’t wear them at all.” I stated, showing him the page marked, “Sporran styles and functions.” We had a lot of fun thinking that one up.

“I think I remember something like that, I never paid much attention to what Scottish men wore,” He admitted. Perfect was all I could think.

Chapter -9 How gullible can a guy be?

“So let’s lug this chest downstairs to the guest bedroom and hang everything up,” I said.

As we figured Tara and I expected he would question some of the garment as we took them out. Which were prepared for.

“Don’t these look a lot like panties?” He asked, for, of course, that’s exactly what they were.

“No, no those are called trews, Scottish underwear for men. Here look,” I said, turning to the page marked, “Trews for Men.”

Knowing which girl’s articles he rightly would question we took several black and white photos of the panties he’d end up wearing. We scratched and bent them to make them look old than added the photos to the appropriate.

“You see there are plain trews, which you’re holding. However, as you can see, they get more elaborate depending on how dressy the outfit and occasion is,” I said, pointing to a couple of photos of panties. Some trimmed in lace, another pair with two rows of ruffles and one pair with bows on each side.

I wasn't at all surprised that he actually bought it. Imagine a guy actually believing that the photos of frilly girl's panties were actually Scottish men's underwear.

Looking over some of the kilts laid out on the bed he remarked, "Don't some of these

Kilts look awfully short. I think I remember pictures with men in kilts like almost down to their knees. And aren't some of these socks awfully short too. Aren't they supposed to be longer?" He questioned.

Fully prepared I turned to a page showing photos of kilt in various lengths. All pictures of girl's plaid skirts of course. "See, up above it reads, 'Kilts are hemmed at various lengths from just above mid-thigh to just above the knees. The more dressy the kilt and occasion the longer the kilt becomes. Conversely the more casual the occasion the shorter you wear your kilt. Also note that some are different colors. Yellow, referred to as 'Scottish Mustard' is for the Sporty and more Casual Outfits. Red for Casual and Casual Dressy, Grey and Black for Semi formal and Formal occasions," I explained, grinning crazily to myself as he didn't question my explanation.

Tara and I couldn't help giggling as we shopped in boutiques for young girl's skirts we thought he'd look darling in.

Of course when he held up what would be his first petticoat he questioningly asked, "Isn't this what women wear under their skirts?"

"Actually what you're holding is called a kilt liner and its function is to keep your kilt from wrinkling and bunching up," I said, with the straightest face I could muster. And naturally there were photos showing several much more ""elaborate"" ones. The one marked ""Dressy"" we had laughed over as we added it to our shopping. It was ultra full, trimmed in lace, and edged in ruffles.

There were also gloves of various lengths from short, wrist length, buttoning gloves to up to the elbow gloves. The pair we liked best were little girl's wrist length, satin gloves trimmed in lace with each sporting a decorative bow.

Chapter –10 No, these are called Brogues.

What he picked up next we were sure he'd question. As it was a pair of red, patent leather girl's mary jane shoes with two instep straps.

When Tara and I went shopping for girl's shoes I picked up a pair of red, mary janes.

"We've just got to get him into these. But how do we explain that they're really Scottish men's shoes?" I wondered.

"With a devilish grin she said, "Leave that to me. I think I have an explanation that he'll actually buy."

So when he picked up the red, mary janes and asked, "Aren't these shoes that girls wear?" so I said what Tara had come up with. If he bought it he had to be the most gullible person on the planet.

"Yes, you're right. Girls wear what are called 'mary janes.' But these are called, ah, Brogues and all Scottish men wear them. The difference is the number of straps. Girl's mary janes all have just one strap. While Scottish Brogues all have two and usually more, depending on the occasion. See, this pair has two straps, an ankle strap and bows on the toes, and it's marked for dressy occasions. And this pair with four straps is marked for semi and formal occasions. While this pair with five straps and what's called a Scottish rosette on each toe is marked for formal events. Now up at the top under the heading, 'Traditional Scottish Men's Footwear and Legwear' (which Tara went into hysterics writing)

It reads, 'Scottish men's footwear come in various styles, finishes and colors. Scottish shoes come in various colors. Blue and red for casual, casual dressy and dressy occasions. Plaid and black for semi and formal events. Legwear varies in length depending on the occasion from ankle length to just over the knees" He couldn't actually be buying what admittedly a preposterous explanation, could he? I almost fell over when all he said was, "I see."

The next thing we expected him to question was that many of the shoes had higher heels.

"Yes, I noticed that too. Here's what it says, "The height of a Scots man's heels varies with the style of kilt and the occasion. With attire for relaxed and lounging outfits the heels are flat and rather than straps they have

quick tie ribbons. For casual occasions the heels range from half an inch to one inch what's called a Scots man's block heel. For dressy wear the heels range from one-and-a-half inches to two inches. And for semi formal and formal wear the heels range from two-and-a-half inches to two-and-three quarter inches.

It adds that, 'Scottish men were shorter in stature than their English foes so they adopted shoes with a higher heel,' I said with as straight a face as I could that was really hard to do. I waited for him to say that sounded crazy, unbelievably he actually bought it.

Chapter -11 Oh my goodness, this is not good.

"So let's get you in this outfit marked Casual and see how you look. Why don't you undress and start with putting on your, ah, trews?" I said, handing him a pair of plain, white, satin panties which I suddenly exclaimed, "Oh no!"

"W-What's wrong?" He asked.

"All that hair on your legs. There's no telling how Tara will react if she sees all that hair. You see that monster she married she described as hairy as a bear all over his body and she hated it," I stated.

"Well, I really wouldn't want to do anything to upset her, but what can I do?" He naturally asked.

"Okay, so I know this is really asking a lot, and I'll understand if you can't do it, but the only thing I can think of is to shave them.

"Shave my legs?" He said, cringing at the thought.

"Well swimmers share their whole bodies and nobody thinks anything of it, do they? And I'm only suggesting your legs, and maybe your arms," I said, pleadingly.

"Alright, I'll just have to pretend I'm a swimmer," He jokingly said.

So I shaved his legs for him and then his arms. Then to make it last longer I went over them with an extra strength tube of Nair. After which I wiped his legs and arms with baby oil so they shined just like little girl's legs did.

"Now, does that feel nice?" I asked.

"Sort of. I guess I'll just have to get used to how they feel," He replied.

Chapter -12 Oh boy, now Tom we can't have that.

Picking up the outfit marked Casual I said, "Lets try this one, although let's finish off this bottle of wine first." I said, handing him a glass of wine. The thing is I'd laced it with a healthy does of Viagra.

Which took effect within minutes of his putting on his very first of panties. The result, naturally, was a very prominent and stiff erection causing his panties to tent out quite noticeably.

Half kiddingly I remarked, "You must really like the feel of those trews."

"It's so weird, how did I suddenly get an erection," He wondered.

"Goodness, I forgot I should have told you to tuck before you put on your trews," I said, sounding absent minded.

"Tuck? What's tucked," He, of course asked.

"Let me find the page," I giggled to myself. "Ah, here it is. It says, "Prior to dressing in a kilt a man needs to tuck his 'unmentionables,' isn't that a quaint and old-fashioned, way of explaining up between his legs. He first spreads his legs and position his unmentionables tightly back between his legs. Which he then closes and dons his trews before completing his dressing. This positioning prevents the embarrassment of the tenting of his kilt. See there's even diagrams showing each step. Makes sense, doesn't it? I mean if you get an erection in public it will undoubtedly be quite visible, won't it?" I asked.

"I guess it does, how do I deal with this right now?" He asked, pointing to his erection.

"Oh, I know how to deal with it," I said, pulling down his panties and doing something he loved, but I hated doing. I sucked him off. Yuck!

"There, how's that for solving the problem? I asked.

"God, that was incredible," He gasped.

"Well now, let's get you properly tucked," I grinned to myself as he did without a hint of protest. Incredibly actually buying the reason to tuck his "unmentionables" up between his legs. I couldn't wait to tell Tara.

Chapter -13 Oh my, it's too small, now what?

With his panties on the kilt came next. But, he couldn't get the side buttons to meet.

"Now what do we do, it's too small," He stated the obvious. Of course it was too small because we purposely bought all his kilts, well skirts, too small.

"Wait a minute, I think I have a solution," I said, leaving the room and coming back a couple minutes later holding a garment he didn't recognize. When he asked what it was I said, "It's a stomach flattener. I wear it whenever I'm feeling bloated or have gained a couple pounds and don't want it to show,"

In reality it was an old fashioned, 50's styled white, spandex, waist nipper we'd found and was stiffly boned. It had no less than ten hooks and eyelets in front.

"Suck in your stomach and I'll fasten it for you," I instructed. As we'd figured I could only get the top and bottoms ones to hook.

"Take a deep breath, exhale and hold it," I ordered. Which he did several times before I got them all closed.

"Wow, it's really tight," He complained.

"Well, first let's see if the kilt fits now," I said, and naturally it was a perfect fit.

Tom, besides being short, was also slim with a twenty-eight inch waist. The waist cinch took it down to a more girlish twenty-five inches. Which we both decided was a good starting point to the completely girlish figure we set as a goal.

"Am I going to have to wear this all the time? It's not only tight but restrictive. I mean it's hard to bend with it on," He whined.

"Stop acting like a baby. Of course you'll have to wear it with your kilts. You'll just have to get used to it, won't you? Besides you could stand to lose a little weight anyway," I said, soundly quite peeved. He immediately capitulated. From past experience he knew when I sounded peeved, or upset with him he'd be in my dog house, and he never knew for how long.

"Tell you what, I'll put you on a diet which will help it fit better, what do you think?" I asked.

“If you think it will help it fit less tight go for it,” He naively agreed.

Besides getting his figure down to girlish proportions we agrees his weight needed to get to a more girlish weight. Currently he weighed 131. Our goal was a nicely dainty 110.

Chapter -14 His first “Casual” kilt.

I couldn’t help laughing to myself of course when I finally had him dressed in his very first kilt. Without him noticing I took several photos of him with my phone and sent them to Tara.

First a description of the plaid girl’s skirts that he assumed were actually kilts. We selected ones that were predominately red, but with broad yellow and blues stripes in them to match the red and blue shoes, purses and other accessories.

So there he stood in one of his casual kilts. The kilt barely came to mid-thigh with his petticoat underneath filling it out. His blouse had short sleeves with a peter pan collar. There were broad shoulder straps that fastened with big, shiny red buttons in the front and back. The wide, plaid tie was a childish one about half the length of a regular men’s tie. On his feet were red, double strap mary janes with turn down anklets with a red string drawstring threaded through the top and tied in a bow in front.

When he questioned what the drawstrings were for I said, with an absolutely straight face, “Years ago Scottish men’s sock were too bulky and to stop them from drooping and falling down they came up with having drawstrings at the tops to hold them up. They’re called, ‘flashes’ (an actual Scottish accessory) and they’ve simply kept the tradition,” wondering if he’d actually believe such a ridiculous explanation. Unbelievably he did, I couldn’t believe it.

“H-How do I look?” He asked, looking to me for approval for this was certainly not his normal attire. However, unknown to him, it was to become his normal attire.

I almost said, “adorable”, as he looked just like a juvenily dressed girl. Instead I said, “I think you look absolutely great. I’m frankly amazed at how attractive it looks on you.”

At this point he needed all the approval I could muster.

Chapter -15 Learning how to stand in a kilt.

“So now you have to learn how a Scottish man conducts himself while wearing a kilt. We’ll start with the proper way to stand,” I said, turning to the section marked, “Proper Etiquette and Posture When Wearing A Kilt.” I swear Tara and I spent several hilarious nights with a bottle of wine writing this section. Although, to be up front, we copied whole paragraphs from the 1890’s book on proper etiquette for proper girls age eight to twelve and incorporated them.

“To correctly show off your kilt stand with your arms behind you with fingers laced together. Ankle and heels together, keeping your legs straight at all times and not shifting from foot to foot as you stand, which will cause the kilt to hang at an awkward angle.

He assumed the most girlish posture not questioning the totally illogical reasoning.

Chapter -15 Learning to walk properly in a kilt.

Reading from the made up book I said, “While walking in a kilt keep your legs together to avoid your kilt immodestly showing. (which, of course, made no sense at all)

To show off your kilt to best advantage keep your elbows in and arms away from your kilt. As you walk the arms should remain still, which will aid in your balance.”

He quickly found out why he needed his arms held out for balance with the first steps he took. He slipped, slid and nearly fell.

“Wow, these really are slippery,” He remarked.

“Oh, I’m sure it’s just how they’re finished. The soles and heels look well polished. They actually look brand new, obviously Uncle Bruce never got a chance to wear them, so it’ll take a while to break them in. Until you break them in try taking shorter steps and remember to keep your legs together,” I said, watching amused as the shoes reduced his steps to very tentative, dainty, mincing steps and with keeping his legs together he was already almost perfectly mimicking how little girls walked. Which, of course, he was totally oblivious to.

There was naturally a good reason what he was slipping and sliding. First we bought all the girl's shoes with hard, wooden heels. Then Tara came up with the idea of coating the soles and heels of every pair of shoes with a clear, glossy finish. She actually put no less than four coats and each shoe, and then, devilishly, spraying the bottoms several times with Teflon.

Chapter -16 Learning how to sit in a kilt.

"Sitting in a kilt is slightly more involved and encompasses four steps. Step One, the Approach," I read, "When approaching the chair you intend to sit on you pivot on your right toe until facing the opposite direction. Step Two. As you bend to sit raise the back of your kilt and spread it evenly on the back of the chair. You don't want to actually sit on your kilt as otherwise you would undoubtedly wrinkle it. As you sit do so, for the same reason, on the front third of the chair.

Step Three. Once seated it's important to keep your knees tightly together at all times to avoid immodestly displaying your undergarments. When seated keep your feet flat on the floor and then slide them back until the toes of your shoes are even with your knees.

Step Four. After you're seated carefully arrange your kilt evenly on both sides. Then with elbows in fold your hands, left over right, on your lap just below your waist," I instructed, reading off what Tara had so much fun writing.

"So, let's practice shall we? I'll read out each step as you mimic it," I stated, watching, so amused, as he learned to sit just like a proper, little girl of a century ago. I couldn't resist sending photos to Tara.

Chapter -17 Practice makes the perfect little girl.

It was then on to bending. "Obviously you don't want to bend over as you normally do as you'd be immodestly showing off your trews in the back," I explained, although I nearly said, "panties."

"So you bend only from the knees keeping your knees together, back straight and with your left toe touching your right heel," I instructed.

Then I had him practice for the next half hour putting it all together. Standing, then walking across the room, stopping to bend properly to pick up a coin, then back to sit in a chair.

Naturally he made a lot of errors which I was sympathetic to. "Yes, it's a whole different way of doing things, but don't worry we'll practice a couple times a day and I'll remind you throughout the day when you're doing something wrong," I promised.

Chapter -18 Let's try on this outfit.

After I had him practice over and over I held up what we'd labeled Relaxed/Lounging wear. In our research on kilts we came across an old photo of a young boy in what was called a bodice kilt. Basically it was a short kilt attached to a white, sleeveless undergarment over which was normally worn a sailor's blouse. We both decided we had to get him into our version of a bodice kilt.

So we bought a girl's plain, white sating T-shirt in his size, found a plaid, pleated mini-skirt and sewed the two together taking in the sides to show off a more girlish figure and then adding a zipper in the back.

Unzipping it I pulled it over his head then zipped it up. Tara was right it produced a noticeably, figure hugging girlish figure. And the short skirt really showed off his now girlishly smooth legs.

"Since this is referred to as a kilt worn for relaxing in it's more like a T-shirt with a kilt attached, so you can wear it when you're just lounging around. And you'll notice you don't even need to wear socks," I pronounced, producing the shoes I couldn't wait to see his feet in. When we saw them in the window we both giggled thinking of him wearing them. They were red, patent leather with wide, ribbons crisscrossing several times up to the ankles where they wrapped around them a couple times before tying in floppy bows. Since I'd already described them when we were looking at the various shoes he appeared unconcerned with how completely girlish they looked. When he wasn't looking I sent Tara a photo of his feet in them. She texted back that she couldn't stop laughing.

"So, how does it feel, you look very comfortable in it," I said, encouragingly.

"You're right, its more like wearing a T-shirt, which you know I've always liked running around in," He remarked, blissfully in aware just how totally girlish he looked.

"Oh no!" I suddenly exclaimed.

"W-what, something's wrong," He asked, concerned.

"It's just that if you want to lounge around in this while Tara is here the underarm hair has to go. It's really sticking out," I declared, adding, "It's no big deal, you'll just look like swimmers do. Hold your arms up," I ordered, not asking if I could as I shaved them smooth.

Chapter -19 Just the right incentive.

It was five days before Betty was due for lunch. And each day I practiced him a good half hour twice a day. In between I corrected even the most minor error he made. I was always praising how much better he was getting acting more and more girlish, although I didn't mention the last part. And I rewarded his progress by letting him stick his organ in my pussy. Which I preferred to giving him blowjobs which I hated. Besides it was really a minor sacrifice as with a few thrusts he was finished.

He was always so grateful when I let him stick his thing in me that I sweetened the pot by saying, "If you make even more progress tomorrow, especially in how to properly walk and sit we could do this again." Naturally the following day he tried even harder to walk and sit just like a little girl.

Chapter -20 Learning how to braid.

I thought Betty was going to fall off her chair when he minced in, by now walking just like a little girl.

"I don't believe it, she's, I mean he's, just adorable," She whispered, giggling.

"Tom, you look really dynamite in that kilt," She enthused.

"You really think so?" He asked, hopefully, as I knew he had been nervous appearing in a kilt to someone other than me.

“Oh absolutely, and the red kilt goes so well with your complexion and hair color. And with your hair down it looks totally gorgeous,” She added, of his girl’s, flipped up page boy style.

After lunch she patiently taught him how to braid his hair in a single braid and then into double braids. She fastened the end with pink bows.

“There,” She proclaimed, with a wink to me, “Just like Willie Nelson. Now I want you to practice every day single and double braiding your hair until you can do both perfectly.”

Our next step was to get him exposed to more people than just Betty. And in this she was most helpful. One thing I didn’t mention is that Betty is gay. So over the next couple of weeks we’d have some of her gay friends over who thought turning a husband into a little girl was a real hoot.



Chapter -21 Tara arrives.

Once he was feeling more comfortable in his supposed kilts it was time for Tara to arrive.