

SAUCY TALES

By Saucy Susan



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A "NEW WOMAN NOVEL"

Copyright © 2000, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do *YOUR* part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

BOBBY LEARNS HIS LESSONS

By Saucy Susan

Mary Carter sat watching television one cool, brisk November night. Her seventeen year old son, Bobby was late again. Bobby was only eight years old when his father was killed in a plane crash. Mary tried her best to raise him properly but the boy's behavior and attitude had become very bad lately. He was hanging out with a gang of punks, skipping school, and basically treating her like dirt.

Suddenly, the front door slammed!

“Hey! I'm back and I'm starved. What's for fucking supper.”

“Look in the fridge. There's some of that ham left from last night. You can make yourself a sandwich.”

“Aw shit. I'll go out and get something,” he mused with a grin as he grabbed her purse, opened it and extracted a wad of bills. And before she could react he was gone, his exit echoed by the loud bang of the slamming front door.

A young looking forty-two years old, Mary was a rising CPA in a prominent firm and expected to make partner one day. During her professional career, which began when women started to assert themselves in male dominated fields such as high finance, she had experienced male chauvinism and sexual harassment at every turn. She hated men who viewed females as inferior and treated them with disrespect. She despised men who acted mach, who acted mean and tough. It only showed how weak they really were.

Now what really angered her was that her son was becoming like those men she had so despised.

Mary was in bed when she heard the door slam once again which announced Bobby's return. Turning on the lamp next to her bed, she arose and quickly put on a black, silk robe. Quietly stepping down the stairs she turned on the light in the living room and beheld her son, barely able to stand and obviously inebriated.

Before she, or her grinning son, could say anything he suddenly heaved, covered his mouth and ran upstairs. Following, she stood outside the bathroom door and heard him vomiting. Then he came out, staggered into his room and collapsed in bed, dead to the world in a drunken stupor.

Turning on the light in the bathroom she discovered that he had managed to throw up on the floor, the walls, the porcelain, on nearly everything but in the bowl!

Dutifully, she took to the chore of cleaning up the putrid, sickening mess.

When finally finished and back in bed, she had trouble getting to sleep due to the passionate anger she felt. Something had to be done with Bobby. She began to think about a suggestion made by her friend and fellow associate at the firm, Diane Thomas.

When Diane first suggested this plan of action a few weeks ago, which promised to correct Bobby's bad macho and chauvinistic behavior, Mary thought that it was a crazy idea. Now she was not so sure.

Maybe she ought to look into it.

Mary was dressed and ready to leave for the office when she opened the door to Bobby's room. She tried to wake him. He was dead to the world and he would not stir. She looked at her watch and knew she had to leave. Bobby had to be at school in an hour and a half. She had to leave now to be at the office on time. Noting that he of course had not done so, she pulled the stem to set his alarm clock to buzz in another half hour. Then she left him snoring away.

Hopefully he would get up and get to school ... hopefully.

That morning she was busy with studying and analyzing financial documents pertaining to an account she was working on. Though she was focused on the job at hand she was also watching the clock. At noon she was to have lunch with Diane Thomas and was eager to hear more about the organization Diane had briefly mentioned a few days ago.

Suddenly she was interrupted by the intercom speaker on her desk.

It was Ms. Lang, the pretty receptionist. "Ms. Carter. You have a call on line two."

"Thank you Jennifer," she sighed as she pushed the button on her phone and answered. "This is Mary Carter. Can I help You?"

"Mrs Carter. I'm terribly sorry to bother you like this. This, is Bob Jenkins, principal of Thomas Jefferson High. I was wondering if Bobby is home sick today. He never came to school and I just want to make sure that he isn't playing hookey."

Mary felt a flush of embarrassment and anger.

"Yes, Mr Jenkins, he is home sick today. He had a fever this morning, so I thought it best for him to stay home today."

After lying to the Bobby's principal she quickly called her home. No answer. He is either still passed out or he really is playing hookey, she surmised.

Hanging up the phone she saw it was almost noon. Almost time to meet Diane Thomas. She put away the documents, grabbed her purse and headed down the hall to Diane's office.

In a few moments they were sitting in a quaint Parisian restaurant a few blocks from the office.

After quickly eating her sandwich, Mary immediately began to question her friend, "Diane, last week you mentioned some sort of organization. What was the name of it? The Petticoat Club or something like that?"

"It's called Petticoats Anonymous, Mary."

"Well, I'm very interested in this organization. You told me a little about it, please tell me more."

“Well, as I told you before, we are an organization of women who perform ... what's the word I'm looking for ... THERAPY on macho males. Our methods are very effective in changing male behavior for the better. Usually the therapy lasts about two or three weeks and we will change the worst male brute into the most docile and loving puppy dog.”

“What exactly do you do?”

“Well, to put it very simply, we humiliate him until we break his spirit. Now what I am going to tell you must not be repeated.” The smartly dressed, raven haired woman then lowered her voice almost to a whisper, “what is the most humiliating experience for a real neanderthal male sexist? Well, his worst nightmare is to be forced by women to be a female himself. What we do, Mary is kidnap males. A gang of us will grab him and then carry him off to a remote estate outside of the city. There he is forced to ... well let's say learn about the femininity he so disrespects ... in a very personal way. It's called petticoat discipline.”

“Petticoat discipline?”

“Yes. It's a very old behavior modification method. Goes back at least to the Middle Ages, I would suspect. It used to be performed on young, pre-adolescent boys who were rude and disrespectful to their sisters and mothers. The female members of the family and maybe a neighbor woman or two would grab the miscreant boy, strip him and dress him up in girls clothing. He would then be paraded through the village for all to see and laugh at. It was a very effective means of dealing with unruly and nasty little boys.”

“And this petticoat discipline. This is what your ... your Petticoats Anonymous does today?” Mary asked quizzically.

“In effect, yes. Except we don't limit it to children. We perform petticoat discipline on males of all ages. In fact our last case was a man of seventy years of age. He was such a little sissy when we were done with him. His wife was quite delighted,” Diane giggled.

“This really does sound interesting,” Mary mused as she lit a cigarette.

“Have someone in mind? Diane asked with a coy smile.

“Yes, Diane. My seventeen year old son, Bobby. He is turning into a real delinquent.”

“Just say the word. We can start his petticoat discipline immediately.”

“Well, let me think about it. I'm not sure about this. But something's got to be done. Tell me more. You wouldn't hurt Bobby, would you?”

Diane lit a cigarette and smiled. “Well, his pride would sure take a beating. And he would surely be spanked.”

“That's good. He needs that,” Mary agreed emphatically, “I should have spanked him when he was smaller. Now he is too big to handle.”

“Too big for you ... one woman. But a group of us can handle him just fine. And we will do to him just what those ladies did to the unfortunate boys during the Middle

Ages. Force him into female clothes, and make him act the part of a girl. This is a humiliation that destroys the macho spirit and the change is for the better. Believe me.”

“Well, I will let you know if I want your organization to take Bobby. But I'm leaning toward doing it.” Mary smiled and asked, “You really gang up on men and overwhelm them? I love it.”

Diane simply smiled and then responded. “That is part of the humiliation. You see one adult male is usually stronger than a female but there are always more than enough of us to 'woman-handle' our subject if necessary. He can try to fight us for all he is worth but it is always futile. No matter how tough he thinks he is, he is hardly a match for our combined strength and weight. Once we grab him he is our plaything. As helpless as a newborn kitten, whether he likes it or not.”

Lighting a cigarette, Diane continued.

“What does a macho male think he has that gives him power over women? Physical size and strength, right. Well believe me when the collective size and strength of a group of women overwhelms his own, and subjects him to their will ... well let's just say that he is humiliated to the max. And the very foundation of his macho behavior is shaken.”

“So the ... the ... male is grabbed and taken to this estate,” Mary prodded, “then what do they do to him there?”

“Remember the story of petticoat discipline of boy children in the Middle Ages I told you? Well, we basically do the same thing. We strip him down and then dress him as a girl. Then we force him to behave like the girl he has become. At some point we will usually drag him, as a female, kicking and screaming into public places. In the end his macho spirit will be broken and he will be a new person.”

“My goodness,” Mary exclaimed, “This is the most incredible thing I've ever heard of.”

“Sounds incredible, I know, but it works. When we finally have broken his spirit, we bring him home, very much a FORMER sexist. His macho attitude and behavior gone forever.”

Mary, suddenly grabbed her friend's hand tightly and looked intently into her eyes. “Diane, would it be possible to ... to...”

“What is it, Mary. Tell me.”

“Oh, how I've always wanted a daughter. Someone with whom I could share secrets. To teach her the wiles and ways of womanhood. Oh, how many times I've dreamed that Bobby were a girl.”

Suddenly she became quite emotional but her voice lowered to a whisper.

“Can you make that boy of mine into a girl, not just for therapy, but for real? I ... Well ... I mean ... REALLY a girl.”

Diane smiled as she held her friend's hand.

“You have a choice. We can employ only petticoat discipline on the boy. The humiliation would certainly produce an attitude adjustment in that he would become more sensitive to women and their concerns, less macho.

“However, many of our female clients request that, as well as petticoat discipline we ... well lets say ... truly turn their men into women, permanently. If you really want that ... there is a clinic where the necessary surgery can be performed as well as hormonal treatments. All legalities are taken care of. You only have to say the word and we will have it done.”

Suddenly composing herself the boy's mother had second thoughts.

“My gosh, Diane. I really don't know. I don't think I would really go as far as to physically change his sex. That would be too extreme. I DO know something must be done with the boy. But, I'll have to think it over.”

“Take your time. No hurry. When you're ready just call me and we will arrange his kidnapping. We can petticoat discipline him, first, and if you later decide on the gender change, well, that can be done as well.”

“I'll really have to think about all of this, Diane. I'll let you know something soon.” Then, looking at her watch, Mary began to rise and took both checks from the table. “My word! It's time to get back to the office already. Lunch is on me.”

With that, both women hurried back to their office.

Later that afternoon Mary received another phone call.

“Mrs. Carter, this is Sargeant Willis at the police station.”

After the brief conversation, Mary slammed down the phone, grabbed her purse and coat and briskly hurried out of the office. Before she angrily pushed through the door and disappeared outside, she was heard to mutter, “Damn, that boy!!”

When she arrived at the police station Sargeant Willis was waiting with Bobby in his office.

Her son sat in a chair seemingly amused with himself. It seems that Bobby had been caught molesting a girl in the city park. A passer-by called the police.

“Since he isn't eighteen years old and still a minor we will just let him go in your custody. The girl's parents don't want to press charges against you. But, Mrs. Carter, though he is lucky this time, he has a very bad attitude about this whole thing. He is actually proud of it. He needs an attitude adjustment or one day he may wind up in prison.”

She thanked the sargeant and she and Bobby left the police station. On the way home Mary lost control of her temper. “Bobby, what am I going to do with you. She was a ten year old girl for God's sake!”

“Ah don't sweat it. She's just another cunt,” Bobby laughed.

In anger, Mary lashed out with her right arm slapping his face with her backhand. He was stunned for a moment but then just sat there with a disgusting sneer on his face. The rest of the way home she lectured, pleaded, threatened ... but to no avail. When they arrived at her house the car was as quiet as a graveyard.

But, Mary was thinking, and deciding what must be done.

That evening she had a long phone conversation with her afternoon lunchmate, Diane Thomas. When she finally hung up the phone Mary Carter seemed happier, almost joyful.

0-0-0

As Mary arrived home the following day she glanced at her slovenly son slouched in the recliner watching MTV.

“What's for supper?” he demanded.

Smiling she told him that she would cook him a steak dinner. She knew he would wait around for that, and she wanted him to be at home when .. !!!

As she put his meal on the table she looked at her watch. Almost Seven O'clock PM. She sat down and lit a cigarette and waited. Suddenly, at precisely seven, the phone buzzed.

Smiling and putting out her cigarette, she answered.

“Is he there?” replied Diane's voice on the other end.

“Yes he is,” Mary responded excitedly, and then asked, “Is everything ready?”

“Yes,” said the caller, “we just need Bobby.”

With a knowing smile the boy's mother held the phone with her arm extended outward toward the youth pigging out at the table.

“Bobby, it's for you,” she called out, her heart leaping with anticipation..

“Who is it?”

“Don't know. Some girl.”

Instantly the seventeen year old lad dropped his knife and fork and grabbed the phone.

Mary sat down with a smile and listened. It was a setup. Diane was to pretend to be a secret teenage admirer of Bobby's and would invite him to her estate for some fun while her parents were out of town. This was to lure the youth into the trap. Diane was evidently laying it on thick as Bobby lowered his voice and was obviously excited. Mary had to struggle to keep a straight face during this insanity.

Then he put down the phone for a moment and went for a pencil and paper to write down directions to the house where he expected to find this sexy babe, who so obviously craved his body.

The bait had worked.

Slamming down the phone and grabbing the directions he started for the door.

“Where are you going”, his mother called out in mock annoyance, “what about your steak dinner?”

Bobby didn't even answer her as he rushed out, slamming the front door behind him.

“Boy are men stupid,” she laughed.

After giving her son ample time to drive away in the old heap she had bought him last year, Mary Carter carefully cleaned up the kitchen, put on her coat, turned out the lights and drove away in her new BMW. The woman had given Bobby a very roundabout route to what was actually the estate of Petticoats Anonymous. Mary would beat him there by at least fifteen minutes.

As she drove along she began to wonder about what was to happen. She was beginning to experience cold feet. But she was desperate about her son.

Her husband, Bobby's father, was one of the most sexist men she had ever known. To tell the truth she was not unhappy to see him killed in that plane crash. At the time she could see the influence that Bobby's father was having on their son. Even at that young age Bobby was disrespectful to women and mean and condescending to girls. She hoped at the time of her husband's death she could reverse the process he had begun in Bobby's development. But that was not to be. The seed that had been sown in Bobby's childhood was flowering in all its ugliness.

'Whatever it takes to straighten him out,' she thought. 'It will be done!!!'

Arriving at the large house she was greeted by Diane who introduced six other women who were to participate in her son's petticoat discipline. They discussed the methods that Diane and her associates were to employ to reform his intolerable sexist attitude and behavior. When Bobby arrived he would be captured and humiliated through petticoat discipline until his sexist bigotry was reformed. Diane then brought up the issue of making the youth a "new woman" through the miracle of modern surgery.

"No ... No, I cannot go that far," Mary responded, "it would be too cruel."

It was decided to keep that option in reserve. To be implemented only as a last resort if he proved unrepentant and intractable.

Bobby slowly drove up to the iron gateway and stopped. Reading his directions he smiled.

This was definitely the place.

Driving through the entrance, he proceeded along a narrow paved drive until it curved sharply to the right. Into view suddenly loomed a huge two storied brick house.

Bobby whistled to himself, thinking, *'This babe's got money.'*

Parking his junky car he excitedly got out and his smallish five foot six frame hurried up the steps to the wide varanda. He suddenly remembered he had forgotten to bring a condom.

'Oh well,' he mused. 'If she gets pregnant its her problem not mine.'

At the door he saw a note, smelling of sweet perfume, which read:

DON'T BOTHER KNOCKING, YOU HUNK. JUST COME RIGHT IN. I'M WAITING!!!

Bobby, not needing any more encouragement opened the door and the fly entered the spider's web.

Inside was a large parlor with nice antique furnishings.

“Hey, Ruby!! I've got the big DICK OF DOOM hanging here, just for you.” *‘Did she say her name was Ruby?’* He wasn't sure but hell, it didn't matter. He listened only to hear silence. Then he saw another scented note. *‘Oh good, a game. Just don't make it last too long.’*

Grabbing the second note up from the coffee table Bobby grinned as he read:

THERE'S A HOT, TIGHT LITTLE OVEN WAITING FOR YOU TO SHOVE IN YOUR LOAF. JUST COME UP THE STAIRS TO THE LAST BEDROOM.

Bobby scrambled up the stairs and down the hallway to the last door he came to. He swung open the door and yelled, “GET READY BITCH, 'CAUSE I'M GOING TO FUCK YOUR LIGHTS OUT!!!”

There was nobody there.

This was obviously a girl's bedroom. Pink decor. Everything neat and tidy.

He opened the closet.. *‘Maybe the babe was waiting in there.’*

No, nothing but, dresses and other girl's clothing.

“LOOK, WHORE, THIS HAS STOPPED BEING FUNNY. SO WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU? COME OUT NOW, BEFORE I BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF YOU!!”

Then he heard someone approaching the room from the hallway. But his expression of glee turned to confused bewilderment.

“Mom!! ... What the fuck ... ” He didn't know whether to be angry or to laugh.

Looking at him seriously she spoke with a dominant bearing he had never heard.

“Bobby, there is no girl waiting to go to bed with you. That was a ruse to get you here. This house is a sort of clinic where patients receive psychological treatment. I have agreed to have you admitted here. This place specializes in treating sexism. The treatment you will receive will require you to dress and act as a girl. I have decided that you need this therapy, and you WILL have it. I have had you committed here until your sexist behavior and thinking have been reformed.”

“What the fuck is this all about? This is like the fucking twilight zone, man.”

“Now shut up and listen to me,” his mother angrily retorted. “I'll be damned if I'll let you grow up to be a sexist brute like your father was!!”

Then she calmed a bit and continued. Rising slowly but in a determined manner she walked to the door, opened it and signaled for someone to come in.

To his astonishment the room began to fill with women. He ceased his profane diatribe, now feeling a little nervous.

In all, seven strange women, his mother's age or somewhat older had crowded into the room. All appeared somewhat taller than he. His mother introduced them as Mrs. Smith or Jones or something, but he didn't catch the last names. He was too stunned at the realization of what was happening. They all were wearing black rubber raincoats and caps.

Bobby faced the eight women who blocked his access out of the bedroom. There was silence. Bobby then nervously spoke up.

“Now, wait a minute. I'm confused. Mom, I don't understand what's going on. What did you mean by what you were saying. Something about me acting like a girl? Wearing a girl's clothes. That's crazy. I mean like, this is a joke, right?”

“What I told you Bobby, is the truth. Reality. Now, listen and I'll explain it again. You are here for psychological therapy. In order to teach you proper respect for females, these ladies are going to turn you into a petite, charming, little teenage princess. It will be very humiliating to your male ego but you will be a nicer sweeter person for it. From now on your name will be Susan Carter. Is that clear?”

Now Bobby was furious. He began a tirade of profanity.

“You bitches are nuts. I'm not going to put on any fucking dress and if am not going to get any pussy here ... well, I've got things to do and places to go tonight. I'm not staying in this fucking nut house. Let me by or I'll kick the crap out of all of you.!!!”

After all these were just women.

As the tirade continued. Mary's friend, Diane Thomas, who was chosen by the others to be the leader of Bobby's session, smiled at this stupid macho kid. She had been involved in several episodes of petticoat dicipline. She had seen simular groups of women handle huge men with ease. She fondly recalled being a part of one group that easily subdued and “dressed” a famous football player against his will. He was rendered as helpless as an infant by their combined effort, his male strength no match for them. This frail little teen would be no problem.

“All right ladies,” Diane mused, “let's get Susan's clothes off and clean her up. Then we will get her ready for beddie bye.”

With that the women quickly surrounded the youth and to his utter shock, easily smothered his resistance. Though he pulled, pushed, kicked, twisted, and squirmed with all of his might, he was helpless. Even his mother had a piece of him. Free hands began removing his clothing. By deftly changing hands they stripped him while keeping him firmly, and helplessly imprisoned in their grasp. Soon the flustered boy was held squirming between the women in his birthday suit.

The ladies then began to drag him along toward the bathroom.

Now the teenager could see why they were wearing those raincoats and hats. They were going to put him under the shower. He kept trying to fight them. This was crazy. In his macho thinking, the very idea of women doing this to him was impossible, unthinkable. He tried to dig his heels into the floor but to no avail. Utterly unable to free himself or push his captors away, he was propelled across the floor.

Someone ran ahead and turned on the shower.

In he went, still grappling hopelessly.

They turned him around and pressed his back against the shower wall and then he felt at least four or five rags roughly scrubbing all over his body. He thought he felt someone break an egg on his head then realized it was shampoo. A hand began to roughly rub the lather into his scalp. His body now wet and slippery,

Bobby managed to free his arms a few times. Once he even got off a punch, square on the mouth of one of his captors. But it hardly phased her and his arm was quickly re-imprisoned.

Bobby was manfully trying to push his way out of the shower and push the women away from him. Soon the fatigue resulting from the useless struggle began to set in and breathing hard, he collapsed in exhaustion and would have fallen if not held by the women. They turned him around and pushed his frontside against the shower wall in order to scrub his backside before hauling him out of the shower and drying him.

In a moment he was spirited back into the bedroom, all the dirt and grime washed away and his skin squeaky clean. They sat his naked form on the bed.

Shocked by the reality of their overwhelming strength and his helplessness against it, he sat there dazed, not wanting to accept it.

“Here girl, put this on.” Diane was holding a pair of pink frilly, panties.

All eight of them stood in a semi-circle in front of him as he gazed at the panties and then at the women, totally flustered and on the verge of tears.

Reaching out a quivering hand the youth took the underclothing. After examining it for a moment his anger and frustration erupted in a temper tantrum and he threw the garment on the floor.

“No. I won't. I won't! I won't dress like a pansy!!!”

As the women moved to seize him once again, he jumped up and began to swing and punch for all he was worth. It was useless. His punches were blocked and he was quickly imprisoned by the steely grip of sixteen hands. After struggling for several minutes in a valiant but hopeless effort to free himself from the amused women, he was finally overwhelmed by the humiliation of it all and erupted into tears.

The panties and nightie were forced on his sobbing form. Then lipstick and eye-shadow transformed his masculine features into a strikingly feminine and angelic presence. They pulled the flustered boy to a mirror and released him from their grasp. He almost fainted at what he saw. Looking back at him in utter disbelief was a very beautiful teenage girl.

Looking around at his captors, he began to lose his composure again. Tears of helpless frustration continued to stream down his now made up face, smearing the mascara.

“Please, let me go,” he pleaded.

Never in his life did he think he would ever beg like this, especially to women!

But, here he was begging for his freedom from members of the weaker sex. He wished he could wake up. He fell to his knees, sobbing in utter defeat and humiliation. He felt extremely weak and helpless in their presence.

“I'll be good. I promise. I'll behave. PLEASE, MOM! Take me home. Don't let them have me!”

“NO, Bobby, I have decided that you are going to have this treatment. I know you all too well. If I give in and take you home tomorrow you will just be your same old macho self again. No, I am going to leave you here with these people. If you cooperate with them it will go much easier for you. But you ARE going to become a young lady with the help of these women. You are helpless to prevent that. So the more you cooperate the easier it will be for you. I love you, Bobby, and this is for your own good.”

“Her name is not Bobby,” interjected Diane, addressing the youth's mother, “it's Susan.”

Bobby could only look despondently down at the floor, his fate sealed.

“Mary, I think we need to teach this girl that it is unladylike, and therefore entirely unacceptable for her to behave the way she has tonight. The very idea of cursing like a sailor. And then trying to fight with her mistresses. In a proper young lady such behavior is not to be tolerated. She needs to know what to expect when she acts like such a disgusting tomboy. What she needs is a good spanking. OK ladies, get her in position.”

Suddenly, he felt himself lifted bodily, held aloft and face down, in their arms.

“Hey!! Put me down, Damn it! Let me loose!”

Now he was angry again and began to struggle. Again he shouted profanities at them, and kicked and bucked with all his might, trying to make them put him down. But, totally unable to free himself, he could only look down at the many pairs of nylon sheared legs of the women who were holding him, helpless as a kitten.

Then there was a slap and a sharp pain as someone's hand smacked his rear end. Then again. And again.

He was being spanked like an unruly child, and it hurt like hell. He continued to struggle, trying to free his arms in order to shield his behind, but that was impossible. He tried to squirm and twist his body so the slapping would not continue in the same, very sore area.

But to no avail.

SMACK!! SMACK!! SMACK!!

“OUCH!! Stop!! PLEASE!! IT HURTS!!”

The spanking lasted for only about a minute but by that time Bobby was screaming for mercy. He was placed again on his feet and the panties and nightie put back on his sobbing form. The tears flowed not just from the pain of the spanking, but also from his wounded pride.

“Now, let's get one thing straight,” Diane said in a commanding voice. “We outnumber you and we are in charge. We are going to make you into a girl. You can't stop it. Now are you going to stop all that silly and useless macho behavior, or do we have to pick you up and spank you again.”

As the boy stood there, surrounded by the ladies, his fists clenched and ready for violence, he faced the realization of his utter powerlessness against their combined strength and weight. This fact to him was ridiculous, absurd, unthinkable, and he

didn't want to accept it. Only moments before he would not have believed it. He stood there ready to attack them with his fists. Then the awareness of their greater physical strength unclouded his macho thinking. He was terrified of receiving another spanking, which more confrontation on his part would surely bring about. Totally flustered, he unclenched his fists and dropped his head in humiliation.

Covering his face in shame he erupted into more boo-hooing and heaving.

“Let me go. Please, let me go,” he pleaded.

Then a pair of hands lifted his chin and he looked up at his mother.

“I am going to leave you in the custody of these ladies. They are going to train you to be a girl. You are to be dressed in female clothing every day. You will learn to act like a proper little lady. They are more than capable of handling you as you have found out, so there is nothing you can do about it. You can't understand this, but it's all for your own good. When they bring you home, you will be changed for the better. Good bye, Susan.”

With that Mary dried his tears and turned to leave.

Bobby realized that he was to be a prisoner.

These women were going to make him become something he thought inferior and all his masculine toughness and muscle was no match for them.

“No please, don't leave me here. I promise I'll behave. Please, Mom, take me with you. ... Pleeeeeeze.”

Before she left the room Mary turned to see his terrified, and pleading eyes. For a moment she almost gave in and asked them to stop the petticoat discipline. But she realized that it must be done. Then she walked out of the room, down the stairs and out the front door. The women again seized the helpless boy as he tried to run after her. Even outside she could hear her son begging her to save him. Turning on the sound system of her BMW to drown out his cries she drove away leaving her son in the custody of Petticoats Anonymous.

After his mother's departure, the grinning women held the hapless youth between them, in silence, for several minutes.

Diane wanted him to feel their strength, to feel his inability to cope with them.

He was absolutely helpless and he knew it.

“Now, do you see your situation? Your male strength does you no good. We are many times stronger than you. We can beat you senseless, or spank you, or rape you or whatever we want. You were bigger and stronger than that little girl you molested. She was helpless against you. Well now, YOU are the helpless little girl, aren't you.”

“Please, let me go.”

Bobby hoped this was a nightmare and that he would soon wake. But their painful grasps on his limbs assured him it was no dream. Suddenly hands began to tickle him. He was quite ticklish and began laughing uncontrollably and fighting uselessly to stop them. After several minutes of this torture he collapsed from sheer exhaustion.

He felt himself lifted in their arms, carried and placed gently on the bed and tucked in. Then there was a sharp pain in his arm. A needle! He saw their grinning faces looking down at him and then...darkness.

As Bobby awoke the next morning he felt felt groggy. As he stretched his arms over his head he laughed to himself:

“Man, what a fuckin' nightmare.”

But when he opened his eyes and looked around him, he did not see the familiar surroundings of his own bedroom.

The wallpaper was pink with little yellow daisies. The curtains were lacy with a very feminine flowery design.

Sitting up suddenly he quickly threw over the pink satin covers to reveal the nightie he was wearing. Then it hit him. It was not a dream. As he sat up the soreness in his rear end proved this fact.

Jumping out of bed he ran to the door. Locked from the outside. Then to the window. Barred. Then to the other door. It opened into the bathroom where they had forcibly bathed him. Another barred window.

Returning to the bed, he sat and thought about his situation. He concluded that he could not fight these women and would have to go along with them until he found himself with an opportunity to escape.

Then the door opened.

“Well, I see our little girl is up already this morning.” It was Diane.

“Yes, Ma'am.” The words nearly choked him as he said them.

“Good, now lets see what she will wear today.”

The woman opened the closet he had seen last night and removed several items that made him bristle with both shame and anger. She laid upon the bed panties, a padded bra, a white blouse, a beige and white plaid, pleated skirt, knee length bobby socks, and a pair of pink loafers.

The door opened and the other six women entered. They all surrounded him and ignoring his pleas for privacy, took off the satin night clothes.

As he stood there naked before them he covered his crotch with his hands. “Get out of here. I'll put the dumb clothes on. You don't have to dress me for heaven's sake!!”

Diane simply laughed and said, “Why fourteen hands are much more efficient than two, Dear.”

They then overpowered the hapless youth and dressed him in the shameful attire.

He was then seated at the vanity where makeup was applied . Held in front of the mirror he saw a blond, sissy schoolgirl. He couldn't believe it was really him. There was a rush of anger and he almost lost his temper but wisely held his tongue. One spanking was enough.