

# Tales Of Sissies In Petticoats

Volume 1

Useless Males Turned Into Petticoated Sissies.

By Patricia Michelle





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# Auntie Always Wanted A Little Girl

**By Patricia Michelle**

## **Chapter-1 A harmless diversion?**

It wasn't until several months into our marriage that I discovered the seemingly macho guy I'd thought I'd married was a lot less than that. It seemed he loved dressing up like a girl of all things! Naively he actually managed to convince me it was just a harmless diversion which, for the sake of our marriage, I decided to tolerate it.

At first it was just panties and one of my frilly nighties. However it only got worse. He started wearing nylons and garter belts, then he started strutting around in an old pair of my heels. But the final straw was when he came to bed all decked out and wearing make up and then expected me to make love to him, not the reverse.

In tears I went to my closest confidant, my Aunt Julia. In her early seventies and wealthy beyond imagining. She lived in a virtual mansion and was surrounded with servants and maids.



"I told you I thought there was something odd, not right, about him. So what do you want to do?" She asked.

"I'll give him one last chance, no dressing up. Then I don't know what I'll do," I admitted.

"Well, if you can't cure him I think I know what will," She declared, with a twinkle in her eye.

So, putting my foot down lasted all of a couple of weeks. Then he was back at it again, trying to get into one of my cocktail dresses. Which he looked ridiculous in as I was a good five inches taller than him.

## **Chapter-2 Trust me, it'll cure him or kill him.**

"I don't know what you've got up your sleeve Aunt Julia, but he's all yours. I'm disgusted and fed up with it all," I told her over the phone.

"Just bring him over to lunch this Saturday, and I'll take it from there," She assured me.

Part way through lunch I was surprised that he suddenly nodded off.

"You can leave him with me now, Jill, I'll give you a call when I think she's ready to be presented," She smiled.

I didn't miss that she'd referred to him as "she" but although I tried to I couldn't get her to tell me what she meant or what she had planned.

Well, a month went by, and then two and by the end of three I was absolutely dying of curiosity when she finally called and said, "I think she's ready to be presented now."

## **Chapter-3 Oh my God!**

We were sitting in the living room when Lisa, one of her maids brought "her" in.

"Oh my God," was all I could gasp.



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“This is a distant niece of mine. The poor thing arrived at my doorsteps three months ago with no other place to go, having been, it seems, abandoned. Go over and present yourself to your Aunt Julia child.” She ordered.

I’ll admit I was totally speechless. For what Aunt Julia had done, you see, was turn my skirt loving husband into the most frilly looking little girl I think I’d ever seen.

He, or she, was dressed in the most childish little girl’s bright pink satin party dress. Well, if he wanted to get all dolled up and swishy he was certainly getting his fill. Just not the ones he so loved to parade around in.

The skirt was so short you could see, of all things, the toddler styled lace and ruffled bloomers he was wearing. And it stood almost straight out, like a ballerina’s, due to the layers of petticoats beneath it. It had short puffy sleeves fastened with bows, a wide, ruffled collar, a sash around the waist tied in a huge bow in back. His legs were childishly bare all the way down to her dainty, also ruffled, white ankle socks adorned with pink bows. And on his feet shiny, pink, patent leather baby doll shoes with instep straps and bows on each toes. That matched those on her wrist length, white gloves.

What I couldn’t believe were the earrings. Dangling jingle bells, of all things. Not only that there were bells on the toes of his shoes. Chuckling Aunt Julia explained later that they were Lisa’s idea to help her know where she was at all times. I thought they were hysterical.

However it was her face and hair that so startled me. I swear if I hadn’t known who Aunt Julia was presenting I honestly would never have known who the little girl was!

His lips that had been straight and thin were now the poutiest, pink, cupid’s lips. Her eyes looked twice as big due, as I looked closely, to the longest, curled, doll-like eyelashes, eyeliner, pale blue eye shadow and plucked, girlish eyebrows.

Then there was her hair. No longer a dangly, uncombed brown it was now the lightest, angel blonde and done up in an utterly girlishly style, if you can imagine it was in pigtails with floppy pink bows fastening them. Most hysterical were the tinkling bells on her obviously pierced ears. And it

actually looked as if he had nearly twice the hair he had when I last saw him. And I was right when Aunt Julia whispered, with a chuckle, "I had my beautician add extensions, permanently I might add."

He actually did look more like a doll I once had.

#### **Chapter-4 A sharp reminder.**

When he saw me he started towards me as fast as he could, crying, in a desperate, pleading voice, "J-Jill, look what she did to me, don't let..." which was as much as he got out when the maid yanked him by the ear sending him sprawling in a mass of petticoats.

"Lisa, perhaps it would be best to take the child into the other room and give her a sharp reminder of how we expect her to act, especially in front of company," Aunt Julia suggested.

Yes Ma'am, she obviously needs one," The maid agreed, yanking him by the ear out of the room. Even with the door closed we could hear the smack of a paddle accompanied with shrieks and sobs which seemed to go on and on.

#### **Chapter-5 A proper introduction.**

When "she" was finally brought back Aunt Julia sternly said, "Now would you like to go over to your aunty ill, properly introduce yourself, and tell her how old you are? Or would you like for Lisa to give you another spanking?"

So, pushed by the maid, she daintily minced over to me. And hanging her head, actually curtsied in front of me.

"Wello A-Athy Jill, my name is Wittle Mith P-Prudence, and I-I'm tenth years old, and, and I'm everth so absolutely thrilled to m-meeth you," She said, actually speaking with a little girl's lisp, between choking sobs. When she finished she curtsied again and folded her hands in front of her.



“Very good Prudence, your curtsies are getting so much better. You may sit now child, very quietly and still so you don’t disturb or annoy the grownups,” Aunt Julia directed, talking to her just as one would to a little girl.

### **Chapter-6 Isn’t she adorable?**

Then turning to me said, “Isn’t she absolutely the most adorable little girl? You know my biggest regret was never having a darling little girl that I could dress up and show off to everyone. But when she showed up so unexpectedly I thought she was a god send. Now I have the little girl I always wanted. Who I am determined to see become the daintiest, most well-mannered, precious and, of course, obedient little doll I could ever want. I’ve assigned Lisa as her nanny. She’ll see to it that, from the moment she gets little Prudence up, to when she puts her to bed at night, that she’ kept supervised every minute of the day. Being sure to praise her and give her cherished, little rewards, when she’s being a very good little girl. And, of course, disciplining her the very minute she fails to act exactly like the little girl that we expect her to.”

Oh my, I couldn’t help chuckling to myself over that. As I knew that after a couple of our visits Lisa had complained that Carl had tried to grope her. So she had no love at all for him. And now, of all things, she was her nanny. And to make it even more humiliating she was several years younger than he, or she, was,

I could see that she was scared of her nanny. And why not, the girl had just taken her into the next room and given her a good spanking. I only wished I could have been there.

### **Chapter-7 Not ready to be shown off yet.**

“Of course she’s hardly ready to be shown off to anyone but yourself. Her social grace certainly aren’t up to what we expect of a little girl. And Lisa has found her, at times, to be a most willful and obstinate child that, of course, she has every intention of breaking her of. Then too, despite Lisa



having to lace her as tight as the child can bear in a corset I'm sure you've noticed how chubby she still is," She remarked, with a smile.

"Well, yes, I really couldn't help but notice," I said, playing along.

"And, for a ten year old, you can see how ungainly she walks, almost like a boy, which Lisa is trying to break her of by having her wear taps on her shoes that forces her to concentrate and her every step, walking at all times on her toes like all little girls do, otherwise she'll slip and sometimes fall. If you can imagine " She said.

"Ah I wondered about the tapping I heard, she must have been, ah, quite the tomboy when she arrived. But it must be a bit of a trial teaching her to walk on her toes, as we know all graceful, little girls do," I said, laughing silently along.

"Oh yes, Ma'am, but when I find her not trying hard enough to walk daintily, mincing just on her toes I just spank the bottoms of her feet, don't I Prudence?" Lisa barked.

"Yeth Nanny," She replied miserably, jumping at her stern tone of voice.

Oh my, I thought, how the mighty have fallen. Looking over at him/her disgustedly I realized he certainly wasn't much of the man I thought I'd married, if he ever had been.

Now look at him, obediently sitting just like a little girl, too afraid to move a muscle. Her corset forcing her to sit so rigidly erect, barely on the edge of her seat, hands folded demurely in her lap, knees pressed tightly together, only the tips of her toes touching the floor, head bowed and not daring to look up. God, what a coward, too scared to dare put her dainty foot down and make even the slightly protest.

Aunt Julia couldn't help adding to her misery taking out a "Before" and then an "After" picture and after showing them to me, showed them to Prudence, who hand her head in shame and utter humiliation.

"Quite an improvement, wouldn't you say?" She asked, and grinning for all I was worth I had to agree with her.

## **Chapter-8 How far was Aunt Julia going to go?**

I couldn't help wondering just how far Aunt Julia was going to take this, but I soon found out. Poor little Prudence!

"When the poor child arrived I was sure she wasn't any older than nine or ten, even though she protested that she was much older and she was so confused. She kept trying to tell us that her name really wasn't Prudence, if you can imagine. Fortunately, after some searching, I found the hospital where she was born and got a duplicate of her birth certificate," she said, handing it to me with a devilish twinkle in her eye.

The birth certificate certainly did look authentic. "Why yes, it does state that her legal name is Prudence Monroe, so she must be related to you in some way, and that she just turned ten years old. I really can't understand why she was so confused. You did show her her birth certificate?" I asked, figuring out that money could buy anything even a real birth certificate.

"Of course, you're no longer confused as to your real name and age any longer, are you Prudence?" She asked in a gloatingly voice.

"N-No Aunthy Julia," She was forced to answer in a miserable tone of voice.

## **Chapter-9 A well-behaved child.**

"Well, shall we have dinner and we can continue our conversation about little Miss Prudence. I'm sure you still have a lot of questions," Aunt Julia suggested with a smile.

As we seated ourselves Prudence stood behind her chair then extended her arms as Lisa buttoned and tied the most outrageously frilly, white pinafore on her. Still she didn't sit, but instead raised her hand as a child is taught to if they wished to speak.

"Yes, Prudence was there something you wished to say, or ask?" Aunt Julia said.

After she curtsied she said, "Yeth Aunthy Julia, may I-little P-Prudence prethy please havth permission to sit?" Then curtsied again.

"Why yes, you have our permission to sit now," She said, and turning to me added, "One of the first things that little Prudence simply had to learn is that a well-behaved child her age must always ask for permission before she can be allowed to do anything. I think you've finally come to understand that, haven't you Prudence?"

"Yeth Aunthy Julia," She replied meekly, taking a quick look at me and seeing the scornful look on my face quickly looked down at her plate in despair, getting no sympathy from me, she certainly didn't deserve it.

Even when her dish was put in front of her she didn't touch it, being forced to ask permission to eat, then thanking her for allowing her to have her meal.

"As long as she's seated I think it's a good time to review what we call, "proper chair etiquette for little girls" which Lisa has been tutoring her in. Now then Prudence you already know to ask permission to be seated. Once seated are you ever allowed to leave your seat without first asking permission?" She quizzed her.

"N-No Aunthy Julia," She replied hanging her head even lower.

"Even if left seated all afternoon you wouldn't think to leave it, would you?"

"No Aunthy Julie.."

"When seated and there are visitors are you allowed to ask permission to leave your seat?" She sternly asked.

"No Aunthy Julia." She replied, withering under her interrogation.

"Are you allowed to ask permission to speak when anyone is in the room?"

"No Aunthy Julia I-I'm noth."



“And what must you not ever do when you are seated,?” She demanded to know.

“L-Little Prudence muth never fidget or squirm in mth seat,” She answered.

“Can you tell your aunty Jill why not?”

“”B-Becausth it will draw attention to little Prudence a-and adults find thith very annoying, Aunthy Julia,” She replied miserably.

God, how pathetic. Withering under Aunt Julia’s interrogation, talking down to her as if she were truly a little girl. And all she could do was to sit there cringing.

“Very good Prudence. Lisa please see that she has a spoon full of dessert for being such a good, little girl,” She said, condescendingly.

### **Chapter-9 Further plans for little, Miss Prudence.**

When I asked her what plans she had “for the child” her eyes lit up.

“Oh, I’ve employed the most competent teachers and instructors to come in and fill her days. In the mornings she has lessons in little girl charm, proper manners and etiquette, poise and posture, and walking, which, as you’ve seen she still has problems with. I’ve also found the best speech therapist to correct her speech so that she’ll eventually be able to speak like all little girls her age. If you can imagine she sometimes actually sounds like a boy, which we absolutely have to totally eliminate. The woman spends hours each week correcting her inflections, tone of voice, vocabulary and giving her phrases and responses to memorize so she won’t have to ever think of what to say on her own,” she said in a very determined voice, then added, “What’s fortunate is she’s still retained the delightful, childish lisp which we find so adorable,” She chuckled silently.

I had wondered about that and when we were alone I asked her how she had accomplished it.

“Actually it was quite simple. Lisa just glued a nickel to the bottom of her tongue for the past two-and-a-half months. Then as an experiment removed it a couple weeks ago and now she lips without an help,” She had giggled.

Back to her plans she continued, “I’ve also employed a dance instructor to give her ballet lessons as she’s so lacking in gracefulness, and tap to aid her co-ordination. Later, when she’s more accomplished we’ll enroll her in a dance academy for girls her age.”

I could see her trying to suppress her enjoyment at Prudence’s expense who looked shocked and dismayed at her last edit.

### **Chapter-10 Prudence is home schooled.**

“Then after lunch she has several hours of schooling which we can’t overlook. You may tell your aunty Jill what grade you’re in Prudence,” She directed.

Not having the courage to look at me she lisped, “I’m in the thrith grade Aunthy Jill.”

I couldn’t believe aunt Julia was actually making her go to school, and only in the third grade!

“Actually, being ten, she should be in the fourth grade, but in talk with Lisa and one of her teachers we all observed that she didn’t appear, well, overly bright. So we thought it best that she repeat all the classes a third grader normally takes,” She stated with a straight face. Which had to be so galling and humiliating with Prudence a college graduate and all.

“What, I understand, your dance teacher is disappointed in is your apparent lack of effort. Particularly staying up on your toes. If you don’t improve I’ll have Lisa hand her cane o the instructor. Do you understand?” She nearly thundered.

“Yeth Aunhy Julia, I-I’ll tryh harder,” She promised with fear in her voice.

“Now after her classes I have Lisa take her outside for a half hour of supervised playtime. I’ve had set up a wonderful, play area with swings, teeter tauter and even a sand box. Lisa always has her jump rope for a while and play hop-scotch as she feels both helps improve her co-ordination. The poor thing is at that clumsy, awkward stage that all little go through,” She remarked.

### **Chapter-11 Prudence is dressed down.**

When we’d finished dinner Aunt Julia said to Lisa, “You can take little Miss Prudence for her after dinner walk in the garden, then you can take her up to her room and let her watch one of her Shirley Temple movies. Oh yes, please let us know when you’re about to put the child on her potty.”

“P-Potty?” Was all I could blurt out in astonishment.

“Can you imagine a child her age was actually using a grownups toilet? Why I never heard of such a thing. Fortunately Lisa was kind enough to re-potty train her,” She said with a gloating smirk.

When Lisa called us we went upstairs and into the most lavishly appointed little girl’s room you could ever imagine. It was done in several shades of pink, the daintiest nursery furniture, book shelves lined with children’s books, toys and dolls, a rocking horse and even a baby bouncer swing. But what drew my attention was the white brass, canopied, over-sized what I believe is called a “youth bed” with high sliding, locking bars. Although to me it looked more like an over-sized crib for God’s sake!

Prudence was standing on a low pedestal in the center of the room dressed in the shortest, baby blue little girl’s dress. Her feet in matching blue mary janes and the frilliest of ruffled socks. as Lisa started undressing her.

“Obviously a child her age is much too young to be given the responsibility of actually dressing and undressing herself,” Aunt Julia explained with a satisfied expression.



Honestly I couldn't imagine anything more symbolic of being a helpless, little girl than not being considered old enough to dress and undress herself. But, of course, what followed proved me way wrong.

In moments Lisa had her down to just the frilliest girl's trainer bra, dainty bloomers, anklets and baby doll shoes and, to my astonishment she was obviously tightly laced in a corset of all things.

O-Oh plesse n-nanny d-don't p-plesse..." Prudence whimpered as her bloomers were being pulled down.

I couldn't believe what I saw, or didn't see. Had Aunt Julia gone that far? For what I saw was a perfectly formed little girl's mound with short, curly, blonde wisps of hair.

Leaning over and whispering Aunt Julia said with a satisfied

smile, "Don't be alarmed everything is still there, it's just nicely tucked away. We certainly didn't want anything, well, left over to remind her that she isn't truly a little girl."

Prudence looked devastated to be so displayed in front of me, but I really had no sympathy for her, after all she was now in the skirts she so loved.

### **Chapter-12 Potty time for Prudence.**

"Potty time now Prudence," Lisa announced.

"Oh please down't make me i-in front of..." She pleaded.

"oh my, are we going to become difficult? I'm sure your Aunty Jill would like to see how sweetly you can do your tinkles for her," Aunt Julia scolded her, and turning to me said, "I had thought little Prudence was better trained by now. She was very obstinate at first when Lisa put her on her potty. Stating, of all things, that she was too grown up for a potty. Perhaps Lisa you should fetch her paddle."

"Oth please no, little Prudence wi-will do her tinkles," She sobbed out miserably.

I'd been curious throughout to see when, or if, "she'd" tear her clothes off and scream that "enough was enough."

I could see now that the masquerade she'd made of being a man was all a deception. If I hadn't lost all respect for "her" by now this was the last straw. As far as I was concerned Aunt Julia could do whatever she wanted with little Prudence.

"You may potty sit now Prudence," Lisa ordered.

"Yeth nanny," She let out a sob and sat on a white, china potty that couldn't have been more than six inches off the floor. Placing her ankles behind the pegs, which forced her knees wide apart, she reached behind her and grasped the bar secured in back.

To my surprise she then attached her wrists to it.