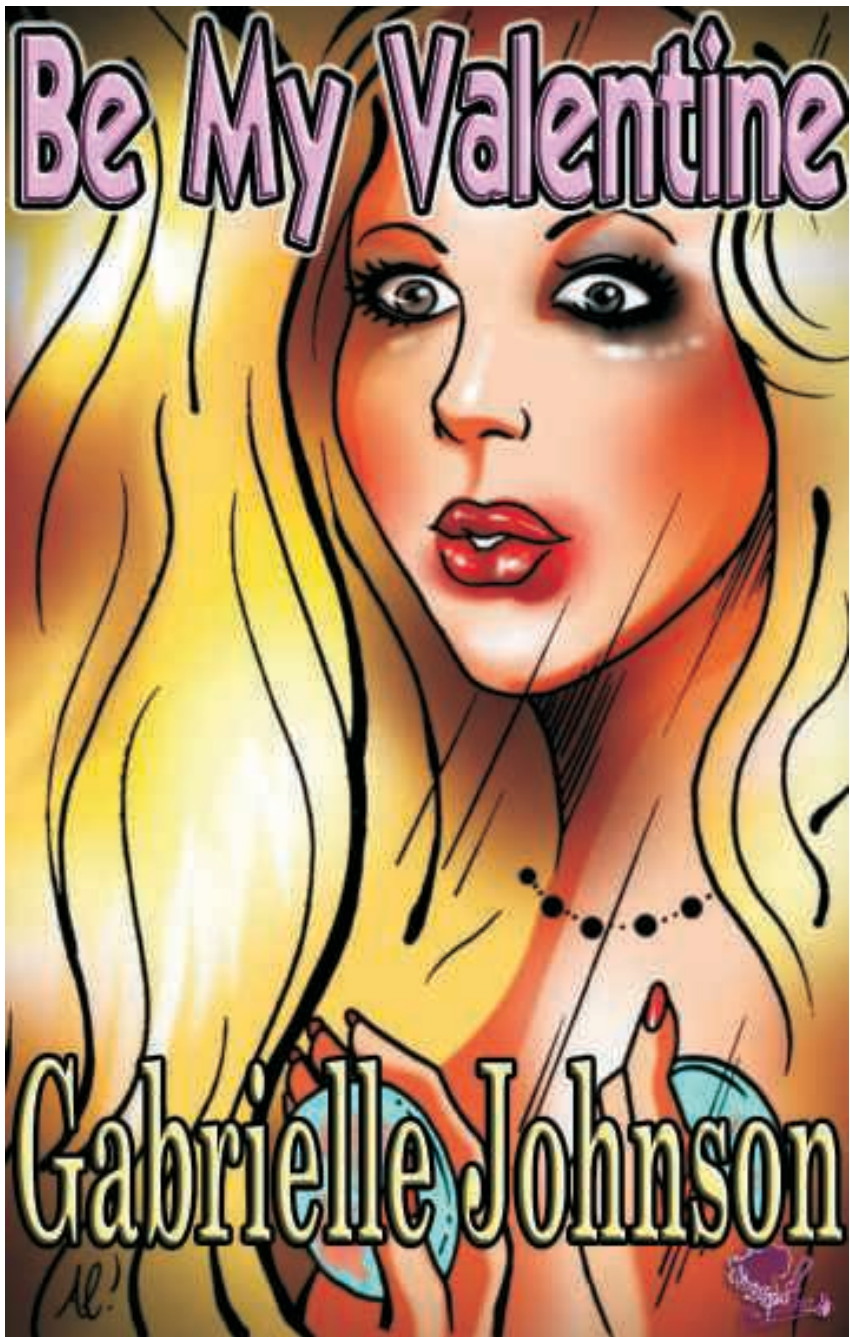


Be My Valentine

Gabrielle Johnson





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BE MY VALENTINE

by **Gabrielle Johnson**

“You’re not still doing that, are you?” my sister, Carole, asked me. I looked up at her from the Valentine’s Day card I was writing. She was smiling at me and shaking her head.

“You were the one who told me to keep it up until he caught on,” I said to her.

“Oh, Richard,” Carole laughed at me. “That was years ago, before I even left grade school. You’ve kept it up for over ten years, haven’t you?”

I blushed a little at the reprimand. “He still doesn’t know,” I said to her. “And it is kind of funny, isn’t it? I don’t really think it’s St Valentine’s Day until I’ve written and posted a card to Isaac!”

Carole giggled as she picked up the card I was writing. “Be my Valentine’,” she read. “You still choose a

card with the same words we put on the original that we made together?"

"Of course!" I said. It was getting harder to find a 'good' card with just those three words on it.

"Oh, and you still use that loopy handwriting you put on the first card!" exclaimed Carole, glancing at the name and address on the envelope I'd already written for Isaac Holman. "Are you still writing the same message?"

"From someone who loves you still," I said to my sister. "I added the 'still' after three or four years! And I do change it a bit, here and there."

"And he hasn't cottoned on yet that it was us, teasing him?" Carole asked.

"Mom caught him once, standing behind her at the post office, staring at the letter in her hand that you wrote about being asked to join your sorority," I said to her. "She said that it was funny, the way he was tracing out letters like you'd written them on the back of his hand. You remember the silly application you had to send, the one with teddy bears all over the envelope? You wrote the address in pink felt? If it's anyone, I think Isaac's suspicious of you!"

"But I'm never home!" protested Carole. "Do you still send him the card through the mail? From downtown?"

"Of course!" I laughed. "Which is why I have to get it off today, so he can get it in time. Do you want to write the card this year ... or do you want to change the message?"

"Oh, no, darling," my sister drawled at me. "Ike's your Valentine now, Richard. I've got my Gordon, mmm, and my Steve, and, my Kevin. That's enough for me to send cards to!" She took out a bunch of cards then from her voluminous 'purse'.

“And Andrew, Todd, Fernando, Lennie,” I began, reciting the names of just a few of the boys Carole had brought home for a weekend, driving Mom to distraction during the last year of Carole’s undergraduate studies.

“History,” said Carole grandly. “Look, I’m going downtown; so, I’ll post your Valentines for you. You’re sending some to your girl friend, aren’t you?”

I shook my head. “Not this year,” I said to her, trying to be nonchalant. The laughter in her eyes told me that I wasn’t fooling my sister at all. “Too busy, and I want to graduate college early, like my sister.”

Carole gave me a knowing smile. I tried not to blush but I don’t think I succeeded. I didn’t have a girl friend or any girl seriously interested in me. She’d told me repeatedly to get away from our local university and join her across the state at her massive facility.

I’d have liked to go away to college but Mom couldn’t afford it. And I couldn’t earn enough when I was in high school, or since, to afford the living expenses of being away from home. Lord knows, Carole’s chipping away at Mom’s resources had led to what we were enduring now, Mom not being home, as she worked full-time as a caregiver for some decrepit old man.

“At least, it keeps you and your sister in college,” Mom had said when I’d protested. “So, don’t complain, Richard. And look out for your sister when she’s here. She’ll have my room all to herself while I sleep up at Lodge House. Why don’t you take her out, over to Preston?” That was the little university I went to, following computer and business studies, as if they were going to do me any good. Well, everyone else was doing the same courses, weren’t they?

'I love you still, my darling Ike-y,' I wrote on the card, making the 'Ys' and 'Gs' loop spectacularly below the line while the 'Ls', the 'Ds' and the 'Ks' loop almost to the top of the page. All the 'I-s', capital and small, had stylized hearts above them with 'Ike' on one end of the Cupid's arrow that pierced them and 'me' on the other.

"... and I always will," read Carole aloud as she looked over my shoulder. "Oh, he's got to know it's you, Richard. He must. I don't think there's anyone else here in town who was in class with him when we started teasing him for what he said. You know, about me being the last girl in school he'd ever send a Valentine to."

"Skank," I said to my sister, whose eyes went wider in surprise and disgust. "That's what you said he called you, the last skank. That's why you wanted him all hot and bothered by his secret admirer and why you wanted me to do it again when it worked so well the first time."

Carole's face crinkled into another smile. "Yeah," she said slowly. "I think Ike-y asked every girl in school if she'd sent him that letter. And he tried to find out who writes just like you do, my darling brother. But all of us girls had pink felts in our school supplies. I think it drove him mad trying to find out who sent him the birthday and Christmas cards. You've kept that up as well, haven't you?"

"Sometimes, if I think of it," I admitted. Well, that wasn't true. I did it all the time for Ike Holman. Well, he'd sneered at me too, all the way through school, when he was there, hadn't he? And who had been my computer mentor first term in university but 'Mr' Holman, who'd remarked that he was babysitting

Carole Jordan's 'gay, little brother' when I heard him talking about me.

I'd almost stopped sending the cards when Ike had been working with me and two other kids. I was doing really well in IT assignments because of his help. I thought he appreciated the extras I always did, when he asked us as a group to do them. I thought he knew that Ted and George sloughed off and copied from me all the time. But he didn't. He even recommended Ted for a higher course mark than me.

So, no, I wasn't going to stop sending cards to 'Ike-y Poo'. In fact, I kept thinking up ways to spice up what I was doing. I copied what a lot of girls were writing in cards to their boy friends. I thought of ways of making it more embarrassing to him, such as sending him cards, care of his mother, I'd seen his father's obituary in the papers, or to his girl friends, if I could find out who was his current squeeze. But I hadn't actually done that yet.

"I'm going to a Valentine's party at Kevin Osgood's," Carole said to me with a smile as she gathered up the card and envelope for Ike along with her own. "It's why I'm home, darling Richie, as Kevin works with Capital Finance downtown and wants me to work under him there." The way that she said it and her leering smile left me in no doubt about Kevin's intentions for my sister and, probably, hers for him.

"Why don't you go to the Valentine's I saw advertised all over the entrances to Preston when I drove in along the Boulevard?" Carole smirked at me. "It's your kind of party, isn't it?"

"It's a cheap, gay party," I scoffed, hating the barb she slipped at me. "All the boys have to wear a girl's dress or skirt, over their hiked up jeans or shorts, and

the girls are there in blazers and ties, over their dresses. Valentine's not a serious party at Preston."

"Oh, but Opposites Attract," laughed Carole, stating the name of the party the social committee, whoever they were, had thought up. "Right up your alley, darling brother!"

Carole often called me 'gay'; but I'd given up hitting out or snapping at her when she did. I wasn't and didn't care what she said. Nowadays, I didn't see her often enough for it to make any kind of difference in my life.

"Want me to do your makeup before I leave?" asked Carole with one of her putdown smiles but I didn't rise to the bait.

"It's not that gay," I said to her. "You just put a dress over your shirt. It's Preston's idea of being really out there!"

"You could borrow my underwear," snickered Carole, as 'the hits just kept on coming'.

"No," I ignored her as best I could. "Ike's something with the students' council and will go, probably, with one of his mother's dresses over his t-shirt. And the girls will be all over him as they always are."

"Ooo, jealous, are we?" asked a laughing Carole. "You know Ike's loaded, don't you, since his dad died and his mother's pretty well bedridden. Kevin was telling me that Ike has this great sports car that I had to see. Kevin invited him to his party. Sees him as a client, I think."

I sighed, not interested at all, waiting for a lecture on social networking if I was going to stay in town when I graduated in two years.

"Okay, see you later, darling brother. I've got the card to post to your lover!" laughed my sister, on her way out.

"You're going to the turnabout party, are you, Rich?" Ted asked me, not using the proper name, 'Opposites Attract', as I approached Preston on Saturday night, the dress of Mom's I'd lifted from her bedroom in the shopping bag I carried.

"Don't know," I said with a shrug. "Something to do on Valentine's, you know."

"The girls just want to put the boys down," said Ted, turning away from me to say something to George or Roger.

"Well, look at him," scoffed George. Yes, it was Ike, with some of his grad friends, and a bunch of half-drunk girls, heading across Preston Boulevard to the main gates of the college.

Just as I'd told my sister, the boys weren't exactly making any effort to be girls, nor the girls to be boys. I could see that Ike was wearing his summer shorts under his mother's apron dress. He must have chosen to put it on because it showed off his muscles. The other guys crossed the street in their gray or black socks and hiking boots, aprons swishing around them. Looking for traffic, Ike Holman spotted me.

"Well, if it isn't Carole's little sister," Ike sneered, reaching out and taking the bag I was carrying right out of my hand.

"Hey!" I objected, flushing as the guys with me, Ted, George and Roger, began to laugh just as much as the guys and girls with Ike.

"Jeez, Mr Jordan," sneered Ike even more as he held up my mom's gingham top and put it against me. "This is supposed to be a dance for the hippest kids in school not for little old ladies!"

"I should have brought 'her' one of my eighth grade school dresses," said Lindsay Jefferson, wiggling over and slipping her arm through Ike's. "She'd have looked really pretty in it!" The smirk she was giving me showed the limit of her wit, I thought, trying to think of an appropriate rejoinder about the mustache on her upper lip, as if she really had one.

But Lindsay wasn't finished. "It would only just have covered her panties and the top of her girly thighs," she went, bending her wrist limply and exaggerating the gayness of her voice, as if I ever spoke like that.

I grabbed at the dress Ike was holding, just as if I was a little kid being teased by his older brother. Ike lifted it up high where I couldn't reach it, even when I jumped. All the guys were laughing at me.

"Ah, let's stop this," said Ike suddenly. He released himself from Lindsay's grip. "Here, Ted, you can be Cinderella and go to the ball," he went on, tossing him my mother's dress and taking my arm roughly. "I want to talk to Richie, anyway."

"I, I've got to put that back," I gasped at Ike, who peeled off the apron dress he had on. There he was, in shorts and tee-shirt, looking like he did on the basketball court.

"Here, George," Ike went on, ignoring me, gripping my arm as I tried to break away, handing Ike's mother's dress to a leering George. "You can be one of the Ugly Sisters. You and your friend there," he meant Roger, I guess. "Put that around both you and go to Valentine's as the Ugly Siamese Sisters. You'll probably get in free."

Lindsay and a couple of the girls in ties and blazers stayed on the sidewalk next to us. She pouted at Ike as if she wanted him to hurry. Most of the crowd, includ-

ing Ted and those I'd been with, danced across the street, heading to the 'Opposites Attract', Valentine's Day dance.

"Aren't you coming with us, Isaac?" asked Lindsay coyly, totally ignoring me as she always did. "You promised me the first dance!"

"Something came up," Ike said with one of his charming smiles. "I have to talk to Richie about his sister and the job she's after. I'll meet you inside, Lyn. I promise you the first dance as soon as I come in."

Lindsay flounced off, pouting even more, as Ike waved cheerily to her before pulling on my arm and walking me back down the street, away from Preston University.

A strange foreboding overcame me. "My mother's dress!" I squeaked.

"Wrong," said Ike harshly as he shoved me along the vacated sidewalk to where his Jaguar sports car was parked in the students' parking lot. Some other kids getting out of another car, the boys hauling girl's dresses over their heads, called to us, well, called to Ike, but he just waved, opened his car and thrust me into the front seat.

"Hey! What you doing?" I blurted at him as Ike, big, muscular and furious, almost hurled himself into the low-slung car beside me.

"It was so-o-o-o nice to know that you still, still, love me so," snarled Ike as I felt icy water running through my veins, "and you always will."

A bolt of lightning hit me, terrifying me, as Ike stated what the girl who was supposed to have written a Valentine's card to him had written. I tried to protest, ask him what he meant, but Ike was glowering at the traffic and going on about me mixing up the enve-

lopes, putting my card to 'darling Kevin' in his envelope.

"So, I charge over to Osgoods'," Ike snarls, "and what card do you think Kevin and his parents are all laughing about. And what does Kevin say? Oh yes, he thanks me. I'd brought him the card he really wanted, from Carole Jordan. How did it ever end up with me, he wants to know, while the pretty, sexy card, addressed to me, ended up with him?"

I stared at Ike as he turned his Jag into the parking lot behind the apartment building where I lived.

"They were all admiring the girlie writing," said Ike, "and the pink envelope it was in that should have come to me. That's when your sister arrived and was all over Kevin, laughing about the card she'd sent him! No, we didn't tell her about the mix-up in the envelopes.

"So now, you little, you little bastard, I'm going to make you pay for all the jokes you've been playing on me for ten years. For ten years!!" His voice roared in my ears, frightening me to death. I fumbled with the door but Ike grabbed my arm and hauled me back into the car, pulling me within inches of his seething, furious face.

"L-Let me go," I managed to squeak. Ike stared down at me and the funniest of smiles spread over his face.

"You sound like a frightened, little schoolgirl," Ike said, his lip curling. "But that's what you are, aren't you, Richie darling?"

I gasped as he sounded just like my sister. He must have heard her saying that about me at school to her friends. I know that they called me that at times. "You're gay, aren't you?" Ike went on furiously. "That's why you've been doing this to me, all these

years. What are you, in love with me, you effing freak?"

"No! No!" I squeaked again, trying to pull myself free from Ike's unrelenting grip on my arm. "It, it was what you said about Carole!"

Ike frowned as the words poured out of me, how he'd called her a 'skank', how she was the one who wanted to get even with him; how she'd asked me to do the cards because I could disguise my handwriting better than she could.

"But she hasn't been here for years!" snarled Ike. "If you hadn't mixed up her card to Kevin Osgood with the one you meant for me, I wouldn't know that the girl who loved me so, remember your last Christmas card to me, was you!" Oh, how I was blushing as I'd sent Ike one with a cute schoolgirl, sitting on Santa's lap, asking Santa for the 'perfect boy' as her gift. I'd written 'Ike-y Poo' on the photograph the girl, labeled 'me', was holding to her breast.

Santa was promising the little girl, well developed for her age, that he'd definitely try, that he knew a boy who wanted a girl 'just like her'.

"Oh, I hate these adult cards," my mom had said when she saw it in my hand in the store. "They take away from the Spirit of Christmas, don't they? Everything is all about sex, isn't it?"

"Mom, she's just a little girl," I'd protested, spoiling my words with my blushing face.

"With those legs and that bust," my mother had harrumphed. "That's an adult card, Richard, and everything that's wrong with Christmas."

I'd snuck back later. Mom was right. There was a section for adult Christmas cards in the store. Someone must have left that one out 'by mistake', when they decided not to buy it. Of course, I not only bought

it, I sent it to Ike and the little girl was named 'me'. I'd been the one to write that, thinking how funny it would be. 'She' wanted Ike in her stockings, yes, I made the word 'plural' to give Ike a jolt, for her Christmas gift.

"You remember your last Christmas card," said Ike, smiling a really funny smile as he partly let me go, "and the one you sent me for my birthday, and last year's Valentine, with the photograph in it!"

"That wasn't me!" I gasped as I thought of the photo I'd sent of the blonde girl in the French maid's costume. It was part of some play that Carole had been acting in or producing or something. It had been a stunning picture and her face had been hidden. Oh, yes, I'd labeled her as 'me', as well, as the girl wanting to serve him in any way that he wanted her.

I finally jumped out of the car and ran into the building where our apartment, mum's and mine, was located. I ran up the stairs and had my key in the lock when I heard Ike vaulting up the stairs behind me.

I fought and tried to hold him out but he was far too strong. Grinning, Ike entered my home, closing my door from the inside, locking me in with him, my key disappearing into his pants' pocket.

"So, now what?" I asked him, the fear building inside me. "You can beat me up all you want ..."

"Beat you up? Beat up a girl?" asked Ike softly, scaring me even more with the way he was looking at me than what he was saying. "Gosh, Mr Jordan, what kind of man do you think that I am, beating up on women? Beating up my own, long-time, girl friend."

"Look, Ike, Isaac," I added the last as he frowned at me and the way I was shaking in fright in front of him, backing off to the bedrooms. "I, I'm sorry for what I, I did. It, it won't ever happen again ..."

Ike's next words stunned me to the core. "Oh, but my darling Valentina, I want it to happen again ... and again ... in the worst way, and I know that you do as well, my lovely, little schoolgirl," he said, advancing slowly after me.

I fled into my bedroom, my heart beating ten thousand beats to the second. I pushed my bed against my bedroom door. I blocked it further with my chest of drawers and everything I had with any weight to it, including me, sitting on it.

I sat on my bed, trembling. And nothing happened. At any moment, I expected my door to be splintered into sections.

But nothing happened. I don't know how long I stayed there, shivering in fear, anticipating what the wild beast, that's what I imagined Ike would be, would do to me once he got into my safest place, and took his revenge on me, "his loving, little schoolgirl" I'd written that, for kidding him on his sexuality.

It was darker when I pulled back the bed and chest of drawers and opened the door myself. The living room was empty. Relief flowed over me, until I heard a click and the door to Mum's room, where Carole was now staying, opened.

"Oh, good," said Ike, my relief turning instantly to terror, even as he sounded unbelievably reasonable. "You've decided to come out at last, my darling Valentina. We'll miss the party if we don't hurry."

"Miss ...?" I croaked, backing away.

"Yes," said Ike with that funny smile again on his face. "You have to change, of course, as you'll be going with me as my Valentina, and no, this isn't an Opposites Attract dance. You, my darling, won't believe what we found in Carole's closet. Look, isn't this sweet?"

We found? Who was the 'we'? Ike swung a French maid's costume; the very one Carole had once worn for her play, and for a Halloween, in front of me. She'd looked so sexy in it in that I'd had to put the photo of her wearing it into Ike's card, her soft, rounded tush filling most of the picture.

"It will fit you perfectly, darling," Ike said. "You'll make all my birthday dreams come true as you promised, won't you, darling Tina!"

"There is no effing way ..." I started to say as Carole came out of her room.

"She's going to need a lot of help," Carole said, smiling at me, holding all kinds of girls' makeup tubes and containers in her hands.

"What are you doing here?" I gasped. "And with him?"

"Oh, Ike called and told me all what my gay little brother was doing tonight," said Carole, smiling even more broadly. "Dressing up like a girl, were we? Taking one of Mom's dresses to college? And sending Kevin the wrong card from me!"

"You did that!" I yelled at her. "And the turnabout party's just something for us to do on Halloween at Preston! Everyone's doing it tonight."

"All the losers who don't have anything else to do," said my sister with a funny smile.

"Hey!" said Ike with a laugh. "I was headed to the same losers' party as your gay brother!"

"Not now," said Carole. "So why don't you get dressed in a proper costume and I'll help your Valentine girl here to get ready for you!"

"You're going to need my help," said Ike.

He was right. I'd never have become 'Tina' if he hadn't forced me. I'd never have had my legs made

hairless in the shower without Ike holding me as my sister, my own sister, betrayed me by smearing the liquids and lotions all over me. I yelled and kicked but that only made both of them laugh at me.

My male clothes were torn from me, literally, my jeans ruined. I was skinned of everything in front of another boy. My sister should have been too old to see me, as well, in the nude. But it didn't bother her. She was actually telling Ike what to do as she, a pinafore over her evening dress, soaked me and washed away all the hair I had on my body, even from under my arms and the few strays I had on my chest.

Carole was the one to put the first panties on me, high-cut, dark-green, frilly, girlish panties over the pantyhose she'd pulled over my smooth legs. "Just tights like I wear in winter," Carole had laughed at me, her intensely madeup eyes sparkling.

I knew that was a lie. The things that stroked my legs were so thin, and had black, flowery patterns and seams as part of them. "I'm not dressing as a girl!" I screamed as Ike actually slapped my tush.

"Don't speak like that to your sister, Tina," Ike said into my ear. "Sisters shouldn't talk like that to one another!"

That caused Carole to giggle, of course, and to start calling me 'Tina' as well. I tried to get free but the two of them, one holding me, and the other tugging on things, put me in a woman's tight waist cinch, a bra and then the frilly mass that were the real panties of Carole's former costume. They were going to be visible to anyone looking at me, I could see in fear, as the 'dress' was so very short!

"If Tina yells again, I'm going to gag her," Ike said seriously to my sister as I told them what a pair of a-holes they were. I swore that I wasn't going any-

where in that costume, the little dress that Ike was manipulating over my head as I tried desperately to keep him from doing it.

"Tie up her hands and legs," said my sister. "Then, we can get her ready properly!"

That was a challenge. I kicked my sister, hard, but they did tie me up, laughing as they told me how cute and adorable I was going to look as a girl. I started to swear at them; and so Carole proposed that I be gagged as well.

Yes, I was gagged, some strange kind of ball in my mouth. I didn't know that Carole had such a thing as that. I would have called her a sadist if I could have said anything but all I could do was to grunt as my ankles were tied to bed posts. I was spread out over the bed, my wrists shackled to the top.

"I can't go out with someone behaving like this," I heard Ike say to my sister. "We can't go to Kevin's with her, looking like she does. Everyone will know what I'm doing, taking another guy to a Halloween Party."

"You've dragged me into this now," Carole hissed, as I thought for a moment that I'd get out of this charade they were putting me through in the French maid's dress.

"I'll do my part," Carole stated firmly to Ike, making cold shivers run through me, "as I promised. I'll make Richard into a pretty girl. No-one will think he's my gay brother."

Hey! I tried to scream; me a pretty girl! Are you both out of your everloving minds?

"He'll love it; so you go and get changed," my giggling sister said, quite aware I'm sure how awful I felt. "Go on, become Robin Hood or a pirate, whatever you want! When you come back, I promise you my gay

brother is going to be the cutest girl named Tina, the most adorable, girlie French maid that ever entered Kevin's house!"

"This I have to see!" laughed Ike at me, squirming on the bed in the frilly panties and other femmy stuff.

I pleaded with Carole, squirming all over the bed. I begged her with noises, but no words, to release me and not to do more that she was doing to me. She used all of the makeup and lotions on me that she had had in her hands, and more.

I couldn't understand it! My sister was trying to make me look like a girl for Valentine's Day, in a slutty costume and makeup that she used to wear. Oh, I felt so humiliated as she wouldn't stop what she was doing to me.

Carole packed the bra on my chest with these wobbly, watery packs that made my chest stand out, just as if I had real breasts. She pulled the frilly neckline of the maid's outfit tight about me, the frills making it look as if I really had a girl's chest.

Oh, was I ever going to get her for this when I got free. "Hold your head still," she kept saying to me as I wouldn't. Carole held me and did something stupid to me. I shouted, well, I screamed inside, when she tugged on the hair of my eyebrows. I must look like Daffy Duck or Bugs Bunny, I was certain, when she held my jaw, my, was my sister strong, and painted my lips with a girl's lipstick.

We never did that at the 'Opposites Attract' dances, I wanted to tell her. The dress we'd wear over our outer clothes was just to make the 'fancy dress' part of

the advertizing true. We didn't have to look like girls. We didn't wear makeup and girls' underwear!

"You know you really want to be a girl," my sister said with her usual smirk as she worked on me to make me that. "Mom says you like to look at girlie mags. I should always knock before I enter your room."

"It's nothing like you think!" I said heatedly as she started trying clip-on earrings on me. Well, it was really a lot like she thought. So, I have a vivid imagination. I could even imagine what it would be like to be that foxy girl, sitting on Santa's knee, and luring Ike Holman to come and take her. Gosh, Ike would have been so rough with me, I mean, with 'her'. And no, that slip of the tongue didn't mean anything!

Ike could have told her that boys looking at girlie mags wasn't unusual. But he didn't say a word when he came back in his Robin Hood outfit, looking gayer than me, even if I wasn't able to tear off the frilly, female clothing that Carole had tightened about me. I was never going to go outside with such frilly panties, exposing on my tush.

"She doesn't really look so good," said Ike as he just stood there.

Carole didn't say anything as she just moved the manacles on my wrists so that I could sit up. Oh, effing turdles, I could feel the embarrassing frillies all about me and could see my legs, in girlie stockings! Gosh, how the hem of the skirt, the frilly, frilly hem, tickled my stockinged thighs. That's how short the maid's costume was.

And it was all frilly, and so femininely ticklish! It wasn't a nice, feathery tickle! It was a girlish feeling of femmy clothing on my smooth, nyloned legs, well, my

thighs, as the skirt was just so short, not really covering the stupid, overly frilly panties they'd put on me.

It did look as if I had girls' legs. No wonder they felt that way as well, all silky and weird. And Carole hadn't had to put that frilly garter on my thigh, either, had she? It was tight and made me feel so silly, stupid, and yes, sissy-ish, gay and effeminate! This was the way that a boy felt in a girl's clothes, I guessed!

It wasn't like anything I'd imagined. I'd never imagined all the sensations, most so shameful inside me. Oh, was I ever going to get her when I could! If she thought she could do this to me just because of a Valentine's card, she didn't know ...

"See now," said Carole from somewhere behind me, pulling things over my head, covering my hair and then plopping a full head of girlish hair over me. "With the hair, Ike, pinned down," she was doing that as she said it, "and these long dangling earrings to peep out below the hairline ..." I would have squealed if I could have at the sharp snaps of something at my ears. Oh, earrings! Of course, what else would a boy dressed as a maid wear to go out to a dance?!!

"And this cute locket necklace," went on my sister as she added that around my neck from behind me. "See! What do you think now, Isaac, my man? Isn't she a pretty outstanding girl for you to be taking to Kevin Osgood's party?"

"Oh, she's terrific!" said Ike Holman, his eyes flickering as he laughed at me, shaking in the manacles as my sister pinned the wig tightly to me. As I shook my head, I could feel the hair swishing at my neck. Whatever did I look like in this so femmy outfit that my sister, my own sister, had fitted to me? Oh, it raised goose bumps all over me, especially as the earrings jiggled as well, against me.

"When we take off the gag, expect an explosion," Carole warned Ike. Yes, warn him, I thought, as I was going to let the two of them know that they'd had their fun with me and it was now over. "But I do have to do her lips properly. It's why she looks a little weird now with her mouth like that."

"You bastards!" was the gentlest of the things I said to my sister in the vituperative tirade that I let loose on them. Ike Holman laughed at all the F-words I used and told me not to be so unladylike. That made Carole laugh as Ike held my head. She did something with what seemed to be a pencil before covering my lips again with a glossy lipstick.

"I've put one of these in her purse," Carole went on, ignoring me completely. "If you let her drink, or let all your friends kiss her, she'll need to replenish her makeup. Ask any of the other girls to do it for Tina! I know they'll love to!"

"I'm not a her!" I screamed but they were still ignoring me. I was getting very tired with all the struggling I'd been doing.

"I can't ask anyone," Ike said seriously as I launched into another invective, still spicing everything with the f-word, as I let him know that his revenge on me was over. I shuddered as I knew he would take my picture and put it on YouTube or Facebook and I would be laughed at wherever I went. I bet that that was what he wanted.

Oh, I'd be tracking him down then to catch him when he was drunk or something and boy, would I get my revenge! I'd get some bum off the street to kiss Ike and fondle him. Yes, I'd be there to record it and put that on the same channel as he did with whatever picture he was taking of me with his cellphone.

"I can't involve another girl, not with the way Tina is behaving," Ike said. "I mean, she looks all right, like a girl ..."

That was when my wrist manacles were released. I was pulled to my feet, my ankles still bound together. I think I let out a shriek that would have pleased a female opera singer as Carole swung open her closet door and I got to see myself in her long mirror.

Only it wasn't me at all. I batted my hands at Carole as she sprayed me, the girl in the mirror, with some really femmy perfume, putting it all over me, even onto my legs and stockings. But that wasn't what was upsetting me. It was how I looked. I didn't look like me. I looked like her, Carole, as she had done when she wore this outfit. I remembered because I had teased her so much and fluffed the frilly panties about her thighs until she had got Mum to step in and stop me.

Look at me, I said to myself, staring at 'her', me, in the mirror. I was bound everywhere in whatever Carole had done to me. I could scarcely breathe but my chest didn't tell me why. It was bouncing in front of me as if I was a girl with breasts! And the waist I had! That was why I couldn't breathe. That corset, waist cinch, whatever it was that Carole had tugged about me, was positively hurting me.

I was 'Tina', a girl with such a thin waist! Oh, and my legs in the panty hose and garters, squirming in distress with the way I was feeling! Carole had said this was the most feminine outfit she'd ever worn!

I knew why as now it was on me, the 'girl' she made bounce out of the door of her bedroom, wiggling 'her', my, tush, as Carole said she'd done, had to do, when she wore the frilly panties that I had on now. She pushed me against 'Robin Hood', who was taking me out as 'her', Tina, the French maid.

The mirror showed that I looked like Carole. My lips were so red and shiny and long hair was bouncing around my neck. I couldn't shake it off. When I stopped, panting in pain, I still looked like I was a girl. I jumped, despite the shackles on my ankles as Carole goosed my frilly panties in the same way that I'd goosed them when she'd worn them.

"Stop!" I wailed at her. "You don't know how that feels!"

"Of course I do!" laughed my sister, exaggerating her feminine tones as she teased me. "I remember exactly how girlie I felt when I was wearing that little skirt. It flared out more at the back for me as I have more than my gay brother has to put in it. But I loved the shortness of the skirt. Don't you, Tina darling?"

"And I had my boobs bound up as tightly as I did yours, as well, but I didn't need a waist cinch as you do. Oh, your hair is so pretty! And your earrings are so darling! I think we should change. I'll go to the party as the French maid and you can go as Mae West!"

"I don't want to go anywhere at all!" I screamed at my sister, almost falling over as I tried to grab her. I felt so weird in the girlie clothing and shaking wig at my neck. "I think that I'm going to throw up all over myself, the way I'm feeling. I'm really sick, Carole!"

I did feel hot. Yes, chills were running through me. Oh, if only I could just convince them I was sick, they wouldn't dare to take me anywhere, would they?

"I can't take her anywhere the way that she is," complained Ike, buying into my story, avoiding my attempt to kick him as he unshackled my ankles and stroked my bare legs, well, the stockings on my smooth, girlish legs. "Maybe, this wasn't such a good idea if she's sick ..."