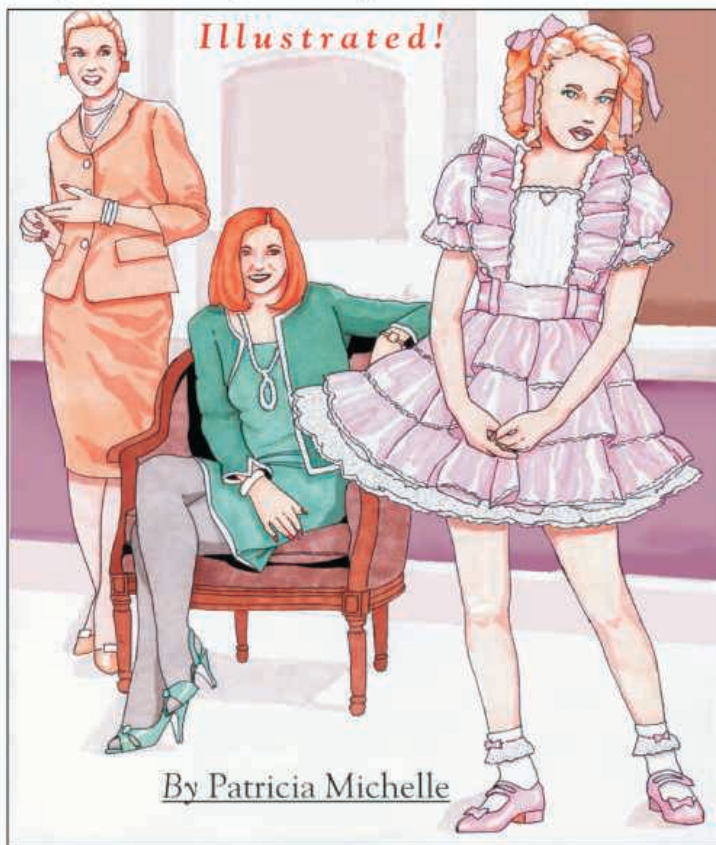


Poor Little Priscilla Ann.

The story of a college grad who has to dress as a girl to live in girl's only housing. It's disaster when they discover they have a roommate. Who's determined to change him into the daintiest, little girl, all with his girlfriends approval.



Copyright © 2012, Mags Inc./Reluctant Press

Mags, Inc/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 spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

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. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

Report stolen books by using the contact form at reluctantpress.com or call us at 800-359-2116

Thank you.

Poor Little Priscilla Ann

From College Grad To Dainty, Little Girl.

By Patricia Michelle

Chapter 1. Disaster

Gene and I both graduated from the university at the same time, and we both wanted to go on to graduate school. I was the lucky one, I got a fellowship, otherwise I would have been in the same boat Gene was in. He simply didn't have the funds for graduate school, and what money he had was running out.

We were both in love and couldn't bear the thought of being separated. Actually we were high school sweethearts and it never crossed our minds that one

day we wouldn't get married. I really had never dated anyone else, but, for some reason, every time marriage came up I'd have an excuse to put it off.

After graduating we both decided to take the big plunge and live together, which was exciting, but would also cut our costs. I heard that the school leased rent controlled apartments for graduate students and immediately signed us up for one for the next two years. It was four days before we were to move in that disaster struck. The building the apartment was in, I found out, was for women only.

"My god Sarah, what are we going to do?" Gene asked in shock, looking to me for a solution. Which he had always done since we started dating. Gene has always been quiet and shy. He was intelligent, thoughtful, funny, polite and respectful. All traits I really liked in him. Yet he lacked confidence and was very unsure of himself. A lot of it, I knew, had to do with his step-mother. A very domineering woman who showered affection on her two daughters, while being overly harsh and uncompromising with Gene. Making it quite clear to him that she had little use for boys and spanked him, or made him stand in the corner, like a child, at the drop of a hat, even when he was in high school.

I was just the opposite. As a child I was very bossy. In my teens being in charge just came natural. So in our relationship I easily slipped into being the decision-maker. Gene never argued and always deferred to me, although, at times, it irked me that he'd ask me to make the simplest decisions for him.

So when this unexpected disaster hit he naturally looked to me to solve it. I did arrive at a solution which I knew he wasn't going to like. I remembered back to a

Halloween costume party we went to. When he got back the pirate's costume he'd rented, he didn't think to try it on until a couple hours before the party. When he did it was way too small and the shop was closed. Going through my closet I found my old high school cheerleader's uniform.



In high school we were about the same height and while I'd shot up about half a foot, Gene never did grow another inch. I got him in it and the saddle shoes, borrowed a long, blonde wig, had him shave his legs, and did such a masterful make-up job on him that, to my surprise, he actually made an attractive girl, that for the party I named Jeannie. The party was a lot of fun. But there was only one unexpected thing that came up. Everyone there actually thought he was a girl, and friends that knew him had a hard time believing it was really Gene. It embarrassed him, but later we laughed it off.

"There's only one thing I can think of Gene. When we move in there has to be two girls. You fooled everyone at the Halloween party, you can do it again," I stated.

"B-but how can we do that? I mean I can't be a girl all the time," he protested.

"Of course not. You just have to enter and leave as one. We'll work something out, maybe you can change in the car, or something like that. But, short term, on Friday two girls have to move in. Unless between now and then you can think of something else. In the meantime we're going to have to do more than just shave your legs," I declared.

That Friday Gene was naturally a bundle of nerves as we moved in. I'd dressed him in a blouse, over-the-knee skirt, nylons and pumps with three inch heels. I'd made him up, I thought, pretty convincingly, and thankfully his hair was long so I put it in a sort of girlish pageboy. I'd padded his bra and taught him as much as I could about how to act.

The first crisis was the landlady, who came out to greet us. She really looked us over and Jeannie nearly

fainted. But finally she shook our hand and welcomed us. Then added the real bombshell when she said, "Perhaps your roommate can help you get situated, she moved in yesterday".

"Roommate? We have a roommate?" I exclaimed in absolute panic.

"Of course, it's a three room apartment which you'll be sharing with a very nice girl, her name is Olivia Waring. Come I'll introduce you."

And before we even had a chance to look at each other she was herding us inside and up the stairs into our new apartment.

The girl we were introduced to, how can I say this, well, she was stunning. Very tall, statuesque and had a commanding presence about her. She looked like a model and dressed like one. Even I was intimidated, but she greeted me warmly, and Gene, or Jeannie, but appeared to look him over very closely.

"I'm very pleased to meet you too. Is it Jeannie?" she asked.

"Y-yes..." was all he could stammer out.

It took several hours to get settled. After that, while Gene didn't want to I suggested we go out to the living room and get better acquainted with Olivia.

"We can't hide away in this room, that would be even more suspicious. Come on, let's get it over. You just sit there, I'll do all the talking and for goodness sake remember to keep your knees together," I said.

Well, it turned out that Olivia actually was a fashion model, which she did part time.

"My degree is in fashion design. I model on the side for the money. But what I really want to do is design

and merchandise my own fashion line. But, it's a business, so I'm going back to school to get a business degree," she said, then wanted to know all about us, forcing me to invent "Jeannie" as I went along.

When I paused she casually remarked, "My goodness, Jeannie certainly is the quiet one, I don't believe she's said a word."

"Oh, ah, well she's really quite shy at first," I scrambled.

"I see," she said with an amused smile.

Without thinking, I said, "I have a fellowship but Jeannie needs to find work to save up for grad school."

"Oh my, in this economy that's going to be tough. I imagine, Jeannie, that when you were growing up your mother taught you to sew?" she asked.

"Well, yes, my step-mother did," he said.

"Then I may have a possibility for you," was all she said.

"T-that would be great, thank you," he replied, obviously not knowing what she was talking about.

Discovered

As soon as my two roommates came in I knew that one of them wasn't a girl. I didn't say anything because the landlady was there, but I was also curious. It was obvious they were boyfriend and girlfriend. I wondered how long it would be before they said anything, if they ever would. As boyfriend and girlfriend they certainly were a contrast. Sarah was, I found out, five foot, ten inches, while "Jeannie" was at least five inches shorter. Sarah was bubbling over with confidence,

while the boy truly was shy and, I noticed, always followed her lead.

I wondered why such a confident, assertive girl like Sarah fell for such a guy. During a lunch we had I decided I was going to do Sarah a favor that I was sure she'd thank me for later.

"Have you ever thought about modeling?" I asked.

"Me, model? Oh I could never do that."

"Actually I think you could. You're only an inch shorter than me and with the right make-over, hair style, clothes and my help you could easily make \$100 to \$150 an hour."

"You're kidding, you make that much an hour? God, that would solve a lot of our problems. Do you think I could really model?"

"Yes, I definitely think you could," I declared.

When we got back I asked her to bring Jeannie out, who'd spent all her, or his, time hiding in their room.

"Why don't you sit down, we need to have a talk. Good, now just when was it you were going to get around to telling me that Jeannie is really a guy. I presume your boyfriend?" I asked, flooring them.

"Y-you know? How long h-have you known?" Sarah asked, then turned pale when I said, "Basically from the minute you were introduced."

"But how, I mean the landlady didn't appear to know."

"She would have realized it pretty soon, I'm sure. However to answer your question. Some immediate, obvious things, then more subtle things that eventually everyone would have seen, or picked up on. First off it

was obvious from the way he was wobbling that he'd never worn heels before, and instead of walking like a woman he was walking like he always did. You should never have put him in heels, or at least heels that high," I said.

"Yes, you're right. I made the mistake of thinking he'd look more convincing in heels, and it did just the opposite," Sarah said dejectedly.

"Second, he looked so self-conscious and nervous all it did was draw attention to himself. And all his gestures and posture were all wrong. I know you probably tried your best to teach him how to act, but he didn't know what to do with his hands, or how to stand, and half the time when he's sitting his knees are wide apart, like they are now," I pointed out.

"I know. I told him to be careful, but all we had was a couple of days."

"Well, I can correct how he sits right now so he'll stop embarrassing himself," I stated, making it a point to talk only to Sarah.

"I think you need to learn how to sit properly, don't you?" she asked.

"Y-yes I should," he blushed.

"Very well. First off stand facing the chair. Hold your skirts delicately with just your thumbs and forefingers, both heels up and pivot gracefully on your right toe. As you sit brush the back of your skirt, which all girls do to avoid wrinkling them. When you sit do so erectly on the front of the seat, knees together, cross your ankles right over left and then slide them under your seat. Arrange your skirts so that they are even on both sides, now elbows in, put your hands in your lap and lace your fingers together. As you sit do so quietly

without fidgeting, keep your head still, but better still look down at your hands so you're not always looking around, otherwise you'll only draw attention to yourself. Which I'm sure you don't want."

"N-no I really don't," he admitted.

"My goodness, I'd completely forgotten all the little things we do so naturally just when we sit," Sarah remarked.

"Fortunately I went to a finishing school where every little gesture was drilled into us, so I remember it all too well. Which is what Gene is going to have to learn if he has any hope of ever carrying off this masquerade," I dictated, and smiled when Sarah firmly agreed.

"Then, although it's just a little thing, her ears caught my attention and I couldn't help wondering why they weren't pierced. After all even young girls have their ears pierced."

"Oh my god, I completely forgot about that, but you're right of course."

"Another thing that was so obvious is her figure, or lack of it. All the curves are in the wrong places and any girl taking a close look would see that her breasts are fake." I stated.

"Oh, it's that obvious?" Sarah groaned.

"They should have at least a little bounce to them, his don't have any," I remarked, pleased to see that he was just crushed at my observations and critique. Too mortified to utter a word.

"Then I couldn't help noticing that you obviously didn't have time to plan ahead or thoroughly think this all out. Several times you called him Gene instead of

Jeannie. I couldn't help but wonder why you were both staying in the same room when there's a third bedroom. Or what men's clothes were doing in the closet. And worse, walking past the bathroom with the door not closed all the way and catching a glimpse of him holding his skirts up peeing," I said.

"Jesus, what if anyone else saw?" she exclaimed.

"Precisely my point, and we haven't even gotten to his voice. Hardly feminine and the vocabulary is all wrong."

"Can you help us, please Olivia, I'm afraid we could be in real trouble," she pleaded.

"I'm afraid you're right. If the landlady, or any of the other girls find out who he really is there's no doubt they'll throw you out of school, and myself as well," I stated.

"You? Why would they do that?"

"They'd never believe you lived here with me and I didn't know. They'll say I tried to cover it up when I should have immediately reported it."

"Oh no, oh Olivia I'm so sorry we got you into this. We were so stupid, please, we'll do anything if you can help us," she said miserably.

"I think I can, but I'm going to have to really think about how. In the meantime, Gene, or Jeannie, needs to move into the third bedroom. You need to box up all his clothes and get them out of here where nobody can see them. And keep him in his, I mean her, room until I can figure this out, and for gods sake get him to use the toilet sitting down," I instructed.

As they got up I could see he was too humiliated to say anything.

As we boxed up all his clothes I said, "God, I hope Olivia can help us, we've really made a mess of this, and we're really stuck."

"I do too, but I don't much like her," he said.

"What a horrible thing to say. You should be grateful to her that she didn't tell the school when she could have, and is actually willing to help us. If she can, Gene, you're going to do exactly as she tells you. I won't get thrown out of school just because your ego is acting up and your stupid pride is hurt," I said, in a tone of voice that he knew meant I was angry with him. When I was he never argued with me, he knew better.

"Y-yes you're right Sarah. I shouldn't have said that. I'm just so embarrassed."

"I know you are honey, but Olivia is just trying to help us."

"You're right. I'll do whatever she says."

"You promise?"

"Yes, I promise I will."

Chapter 2. Jeannie Becomes Priscilla Ann

Early evening I called them both out for dinner, for which I'd cooked spaghetti. When they went to sit down I said, "You'll remember to sit like you were taught?"

"Yes Olivia, I will," he blushed.

"And try not to fidget while we're sitting," I added.

When we were all at the table I took out a notebook. "I've made some notes on how we can deal with certain areas, address problems I mentioned, and some you obviously haven't thought about. What notes I've taken I feel pretty certain will clear up this mess. And they're not going to be easy on Jeannie, especially on his ego, which is bound to flare up. I want his assurance before I even make one suggestion that I'm not going to have a fight over everything on my hands. No arguing, no debating. I want that clear. And no half-hearted effort on his part. I want his, and your, full participation and his best effort," I said sternly.

"Gene, I mean Jeannie, has given me his solemn promise to do whatever you say," Sarah said.

"And that's a promise?" I asked him, just as sternly.

"Yes, I promise, a-and we're, I'm, really thankful for your help," he said naively.

"Very well, and I promise to hold you to that. Then the first thing we have to do is change his name. It's much too close to his real one, and it's more for your benefit, Sarah."

"Yes, I'd have to agree," she said.

"I've thought about just the right name which I think is 'Priscilla', to be exact, 'Priscilla Ann'," I said.

"Well that certainly is quite different. But isn't it, I mean, a bit girlish?" Sarah asked.

"Yes, and purposefully so, which I'll explain in a minute. So from now on her name is Priscilla Ann. And no more 'him' or 'he'. From now on it will be 'she' and 'her'. Priscilla Ann is a girl Sarah. That's how you must always address her, and that's how you must treat her as, as will I. It's for both your benefit. You can't one minute be treating her like a girl and the next like your

boyfriend. Which is going to be hard for you to remember to do. But, if you don't all the two of you will get is confused."

"You're right, this really isn't going to be easy."

"Now the next problem, the one, as I see it, that caused the biggest problem, was making the mistake of dressing her up, well, your age, and expecting her to act like a proper young woman. It would take years to teach her what you and I do naturally and without thinking, you see? We've had twenty some years of training essentially. We can't expect Priscilla Ann to even come close to mastering or mimicking us in a few weeks, and we don't really have that," I said.

"Good grief, you're absolutely right, but you must have a solution?" she asked hopefully.

"The only safe one is not to expect her to act your age, or as a young woman, but as a younger girl. At an age where no one would yet expect her act like a lady," I stated.

"Oh, I see, like a teenager. Do you think she really could?"

"Actually I do, but before I mention why I don't want to hear your ego flaring up Priscilla Ann," I warned.

"Well, first off, I'm sure you'll have to admit she really doesn't look her age, does she?" I asked.

"Oh my, you really hit on a sore spot. Yes, poor Gene, I mean Priscilla Ann, is painfully aware that she doesn't look her age. But, she knows it doesn't matter to me, don't you?" she asked.

"Y-yes I know," he said miserably.

“You can imagine how horrible she feels every time she has to prove she’s twenty-one,” Sarah said, just making it worse.

“Yes, I’m sure, but in this case it’s a big plus. And there is, along with that, her height. Which I’m sure is another sore point, but it’s perfect as a teenage girl, you see?”

“Well, you’re right. We were the exact same height in tenth grade, then I shot up like a weed. So, you think she can look younger so she won’t be expected to act like a grown woman. It makes sense, doesn’t it Priscilla Ann?” she asked.

“Yes, I guess it does,” he said in dismay, hearing us planning to turn him into a teen-ager, knowing, helplessly, that he’d promised to do what he was told.

“How much younger do you think?” Sarah asked.

“Well, the way I see it the younger the better. The younger we can make her the less she’ll be expected to act ladylike, wouldn’t you say?” I asked.

“Yes, makes sense to me,” she agreed.

“I have a friend who has a daughter who never throws anything away. She’s eighteen now and I’m sure she won’t mind us borrowing some of her younger outfits,” I said, which wasn’t true at all. Although I did have a friend who owned a children’s boutique. When she heard what I had planned she was intrigued and amused, telling me I could have the run of the store as long as she got to see “her” when I was finished.

“Having decided that we now have to decide who she is exactly,” I declared.

Sarah obviously didn't understand, so I explained it. "Since she's going to be younger naturally she won't be college age, so she can't be your girlfriend, right? Initially I thought she could be your younger sister, but then what if your mother, friends from home, or relatives come to visit? So, the best solution I could come up with is that she will be Priscilla Ann Waring, my younger sister who's staying with us for a while. Make sense?" I asked.

"Oh my yes, I never thought of mom, or friends coming to visit," she said, and turning to her boyfriend added, "It does make perfect sense. So, if anyone asks who will you be?"

"I-I'll be Olivia's younger sister," he almost sobbed out.

"Always remember to introduce yourself as Miss Priscilla Ann Waring, my young sister who's come to stay with me," I said.

"Now please quit fidgeting in your seat, and your ankles have come uncrossed. I also think that's enough to eat," I stated, and turning to Sarah added, "We're going to have to put her on a diet to get her weight down, she looks rather pudgy for a girl, especially her waist, don't you think?"

"I'd have to agree, but what can we do with her figure? As you said she has curves in all the wrong places," Sarah, bless her, said.

"Long term she can do exercises for her figure. Short term we can try a girdle, which will probably help some. But to immediately give it at least a somewhat acceptable girlish look the only thing I can think of is a corset," I stated.

"A-A corset? You want me to wear a corset?" he said, obviously shocked.

"I thought you promised no complaining, just minutes ago?" I asked sternly.

"Yes, but..."

"Priscilla Ann, I don't like the idea of you wearing a corset any more than you do. But, if Olivia thinks it's the only way to give you a girlish figure then that's what you'll wear," Sarah said sharply.

"Y-Yes, I-I'm sorry. I was just surprised," he said meekly.

"Good, I'm glad that's settled. It is settled isn't it Priscilla Ann?" I demanded to know, as if talking to a naughty child.

"Yes Olivia," he replied, cringing at how he was being talked down to.

"Now one of the most critical things you and I have to do Sarah is to come up with a believable background story," I said.

"I'm not sure I understand," she admitted.

"Well what is she going to say if someone asks her what school she goes to, what her favorite classes are, what she likes to do, her favorite TV shows, and books and colors. We absolutely can't introduce her to anyone until she knows how to answer a question, what to say, and just as importantly what not to say."

"Boy, this is getting complicated, but you're right. If she doesn't know what to say she's really going to attract attention. But, how can we come up with a background if we haven't decided on how old she is?" she asked, which quite pleased me, as she'd picked up on my leaving him completely out of the conversation.

"Well, what's the youngest she's been mistaken for?" I asked.

"Oh, most people think he's still in high school, don't they Priscilla Ann?"

"Y-Yes, I mean s-some people do," he admitted shamefully.

"So, sixteen, or seventeen. Well, at least that's a starting point," I declared, making it quite clear that he'd just been reduced in age at least to sixteen or seventeen, and, by his expression, obviously alarmed when I'd purposefully added that, "it was a starting point."

To drive the point home I said, "We'll know better just the right age for her once we get her back from the beauty appointment I have scheduled for her tomorrow and get her dressed I something more appropriate."

"B-Beauty appointment?" he stammered.

Ignoring him I said to Sarah, "I've set up a beauty appointment for her tomorrow, with my beautician. I explained the predicament you're in and she's willing to do her best, and I've sworn her to secrecy. I explained that her biggest challenge will be to alter her appearance as much as possible," I stated.

"Why do you want her to do that?" Sarah asked.

"Eventually she'll be trained enough so we can feel relatively safe taking her out. I mean we can't keep her hidden I her room forever, can we?" I asked, and, of course, Sarah agreed.

"What happens if you have her out and you run into friends or people you both know? If we don't no-

ticeably alter how she looks the resemblance to Gene will be immediately noticeable. You see the problem?"

"Oh god, and we'll never know when we'll run into somebody we know, will we Priscilla Ann?"

"No, y-you're right," he said, shuttering at the thought of being recognized dressed as a girl.

"So what do you suggest?" she asked.

"What will alter her appearance the most is her hair. A totally different color and style. Then Toni will do what she can with her facial features," I said, already knowing the perfect color to change his dark brown hair to, and the perfect style.

"Changing her appearance and putting her in more appropriate clothes is actually the easy part. Obviously how she acts in front of others will immediately give her away, especially how she walks and talks."

"Yes, I'm afraid you're right, although thankfully you've corrected how she's to sit, but how are we going to get her to act like a girl?" she asked.

"Fortunately I did a little research and found a set of video-tapes titled, 'Everything A Well-Mannered Girl Needs To Know.' It's really quite complete. Separate videos, and work books on Manners, Etiquette, Poise, Posture, Walking, Table Manners, Neatness & Grooming and Speech & Vocabulary. The store promised to get them for me by tomorrow. You can just write me a check, they are \$149," I said, and knowing he was almost out of funds found it amusing that he was going to be paying for tapes to teach him how to act like a girl.

"She can just watch and repeat, and practice, of course," I stated, not having the heart to tell him that

the tapes were marked for girls aged six to ten. I'd have to make sure he never saw the boxes they came in.

To add to his misery I said, "Of course we'll have to do something about her standing up when she's using the toilet. I think I have an idea, but I'll have to look into it," I said vaguely.

When Sarah asked when Priscilla Ann had her appointment I said, "Oh, bright and early tomorrow morning. While she's there I'll stop by my friend's and pick out some of her daughter's old outfits to try on her."

"Oh my, I have a meeting with my advisor tomorrow morning, then I'm meeting some friends. Could you take her?" she asked.

"Of course. Just be cautious when you meet your friends. Undoubtedly they'll ask about Gene, and you'll have to think of something," I said.

"Let's see, I can say he went back to his hometown for a job to save for graduate school," she ventured.

"Yes, I think that's perfect," I smiled.

"Oh please Sarah, isn't there any other way. This is terrible, I don't want to do it," he begged, back in my room.

"I'm sure you must be feeling horrible, but I'm out of ideas, haven't you had any?"

"N-No I just thought you'd think of something," he said lamely.

"I'm always the one who has to make all the tough decisions, aren't I?" she asked testily.

Y-Yes, I-I guess so," he replied meekly.

“Well, I haven’t thought of any other way out of this, although I’ll keep working on it, eventually I may think of something. However since I appear to be the decision-maker I’ve decided this is what you’re going to do. And I don’t want to hear any arguing like I heard out there whenever Olivia made a suggestion. You were barely civil to her. Tomorrow morning you’re going to apologize to her and promise her you’ll do whatever she says without complaint, understood,” she said sternly.

“Yes, I-I will,” he said miserably.

“I will hold you to that. Now I think it’s time for you to be in your room,” she said.

Chapter 3. Priscilla Ann’s Makeover.

I was so amused when Sarah said that Priscilla Ann had something to say to me, and he contritely apologized for his behavior the previous day and promised to do whatever I asked him to.

“I know how hard this must be on you Priscilla Ann, and it’ll probably get harder before it gets easier. But, for right now this really seems the only solution. Now, there’s no need to be nervous when I take you to the beauticians. Toni is a very nice lady and is sympathetic to the trouble you’ve gotten yourself into. But once we get things settled and you’ve learned how to act properly I’m sure it will all get easier for you,” I said assuredly, although, poor boy, or girl, the opposite was going to be more the truth.

At the beauty parlor, even though he was dressed as a boy, I introduced him to Toni as Priscilla Ann.



“My, you certainly have picked out a darling name, ah, for her. Now you just go into the next room sweetie, take off your clothes, put this on, come out, and get in this big chair for me,” she gushed, handing him a pink smock. When he was in her chair she handed him a doctored soda and busied herself shampooing his hair until he fell dead asleep. Then she, and her two assistants, went to work.