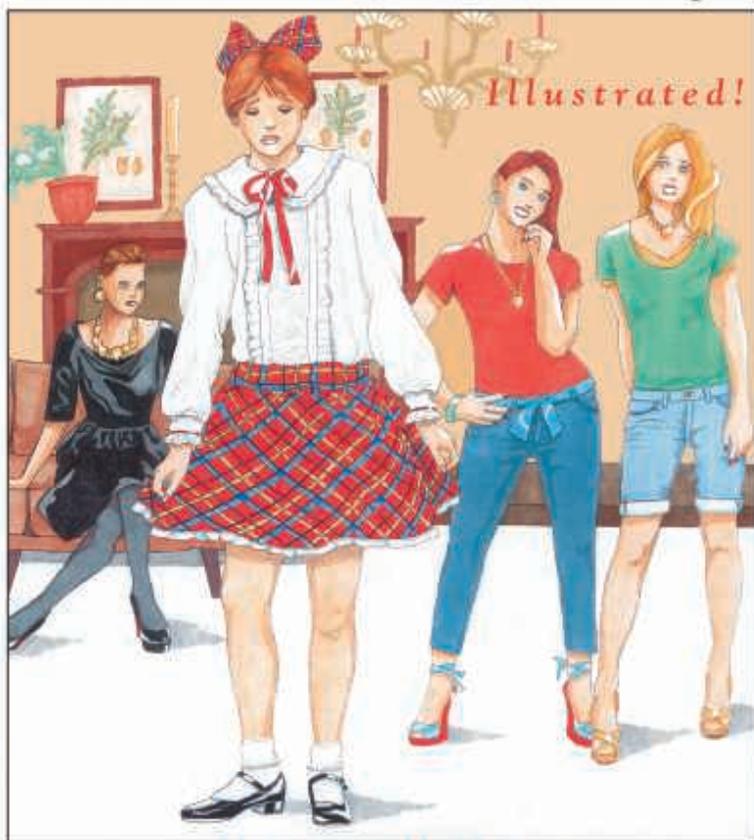


Sissy In Kilts & Petticoats.

Book 1

In **Book 1** a rebellious young male is sent to a distant aunt to be straightened out and educated. She declares he'll be treated the age he acts and is put in a childish bodice kilt and laughed at by her teenage daughters. He gradually becomes more sissified and turned into the oldest daughter's "groom." He's sent to beauticians' school, then mistaken for a maid he's turned into one, and then into a girl.



By Patricia Michelle

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Sissy In Kilts & Petticoats

**Rebellious Young Male Sent To England To Be Turned Into
A Sissy And Then A Little Girl.**

By Patricia Michelle

Chapter 1

Veronica Taylor was the lawyer my mother had put in charge of the trust fund she'd set up for my education. As I sat across from her I could tell she was furious. I was nineteen years old and had just been thrown out of college for the second time.

Once again a sorority girl had claimed I'd been sexually harassing her. I called it simply trying "to put the make on her." What really set me off is when I proposed

we go back to my place “and get it on.” She just laughed in my face and said, “With you little boy? Are you even out of diapers?”

“Oh, I’ll show you something that will make your heart stop, babe,” I said, jamming my crotch into hers.

“Get lost shrimp,” she said, easily yanking my arm painfully behind me and shoving me out of the room.

The next day I got thrown out.

There was a reason why I was trying to nail every hot-tie on campus. A shrink would describe me as having “a Napoleon Complex.” Fancy words to describe a guy barely five foot two with a baby face that left me looking more like I belonged in junior high, not college. A shrink would say I was trying to prove my manhood over and over.

And why not, I might have been short but as far as I was concerned my cock was definitely not proportionate to my height. And the girls, few as they were, that I did get it on with were shocked and, and smugly I thought, left highly satisfied. Needless to say here I was, once again, being berated by the woman who controlled the purse strings in my life.

“I’m not releasing another nickel just to have you throw it away. I’ve decided to send you to my aunt in England for a year or so. I’ve instructed Aunt Olivia to straighten you out and once she does see that you’re properly educated. If you refuse to go all the money stops, permanently,” she proclaimed.

She really didn’t give me any choice, so a week later I arrived at her aunt’s, who was obviously extremely wealthy. If her house wasn’t a castle it was close to it. When I met her I was immediately intimidated. She was a tall woman, elegantly dressed and towered over me in her heels by a good foot. She regarded me coldly while intro-

ducing her son, Leslie. Who, of all things, was dressed in a kilt and looked quite juvenile. When I asked his age she said, "How a boy acts is all that's important and that all boys in her house were treated the age they acted."

Which should have given me a hint of what was to come. In the morning my clothes were gone and in their place was a kilted outfit.



Chapter-2 "I'm not wearing a kilt!" Big Mistake.

"No way!" I thought to myself as a stern, forbidding woman, severely dressed and even more imposing than Aunt Olivia entered and informed me that she was my governess.

"Why aren't you up and dressed?" she demanded to know.

"I'm not wearing a damn kilt, where are my own clothes?" I belligerently hollered.

"These are the clothes the Mistress has ordered you dressed in. Now get out of bed."

"I told you..." I started to say when she yanked the covers off me and dragged me by the ear to a straight-backed chair. After seating herself she effortlessly put me over her knees and while holding me down produced a mean looking, wooden cane and began applying it to my rear end. God it hurt and I was soon begging, then pleading with her to stop. Which she paid not the least attention to. Stopping only when I was a sobbing, blubbing wreck. I offered no resistance as I was led by the ear into the bathroom and stripped naked. She then applied a foul smelling cream over my entire body from the neck down including my crotch. It quickly grew hot and I felt a burning sensation. My god, I wondered, what the hell was this stuff? I soon found out when she dumped me into a girlishly smelling bubble bath and began vigorously scrubbing me with the stiffest brush until I swear my whole body was pink. When I stepped out of the tub I discovered all my hair was gone! I looked like a little boy and most humiliating there wasn't a hair around my penis and balls.

Prodded back into the bedroom she menacingly said, "If you put up the least fuss or protest while I dress you, you'll find yourself back over my knees. Is that understood?"

"Y-Yes.." was all I got out before she slapped my face as hard as she could.

"That's 'Yes Governess,'" she demanded I say, and thoroughly cowed I did, not daring to utter even a sound as she dressed me in the most horrible outfit.

"N-Noo, oh please I can't be seen like this," I pleaded, for I was dressed identically to the Aunt's son, Leslie, in a kilt, fussy shirt with lace and all too short velvet jacket.

To my surprise she actually agreed. She stripped and redressed me in a retched variation of a kilt called a bodice kilt, which I learned was only worn by little boys. The kilt hung from a frilly bodice which she buttoned up the back, making it impossible for me to remove. It came barely to mid thigh and was fluffed out by something called a kilt liner, but to me looked just like a girl's petticoat. My shorts were removed and I was made to step into what she called "trews" but looked to me like a pair of girl's panties trimmed in lace. Leslie wore mid calf socks, but now I wore short, turned down anklets trimmed in lace. The, to me, sissy blouse had a ruffled collar with a big prissy bow in front. Leslie wore double t-strap shoes, I now wore shiny mary janes, the kind only little girls and boys wore.

Yet she wasn't finished with me. For ordered to sit and hold my head very still she combed, trimmed and restyled my hair. When she let me look in a mirror I was devastated as it was now styled just like a little boy's!

The final insult was the big bow she attached to the top of my head.

"It's your punishment bow, and you'll wear it every time you break a rule or don't act like I expect you to," she said. To my sorrow I was to find that I was to adhere to dozens of rules and for the least infraction she put it back on.

With cane in hand I was delivered to my aunt. My face burned red with shame as her teen age daughters, dressed in tight jeans, tops and heels, were there and couldn't stop laughing and jeering at me.

Chapter -3 Oh God, not a corset!

"While you're here boy you'll be treated and dressed the age you act. From the letters I've received from Ms. Taylor you're nothing but a disobedient, lazy, disrespectful child. So, I'd say, you're dressed quite appropriately," I was informed, then she added, "I've noticed what atrocious posture the boy has. Put him in one of Leslie's old corsets, I'm sure that will improve his posture considerably, don't you think girls?"

"Oh yes, nothing improved Leslie's posture more than when you put him in his corsets. He does carry on so whenever his governess decides it's time to tighten it, or put him in a new one. Always complaining that's it's too tight, but you've never fainted, as you keep saying you'll do, do you?" she asked her brother.

"N-No sister dear," he replied miserably. I couldn't believe that it had been decided that I too was to wear a corset and wondered how such a garment would feel. I had the worst foreboding as I looked at Leslie who's figure wasn't just slim it was quite girlish.

But, all too soon I was to find out fore after being dismissed and I was back in the hands of the feared woman, who was to be my governess, I was dragged back to the

bedroom and stripped down to my trews or, to me, panties.

I was led over to what she called a lacing bar and with cords fastened my wrist to opposite ends before hauling me up till I was barely standing on my tiptoes. A fearsome looking corset was wrapped around me extending from my armpits to part way down my hips really pushing them out. Then she started tightening the laces in back. Which at first felt snug, but then she took up the laces and started all over, really yanking on them.

When I dared protest how tight it was getting to my shock she stepped in front of me and slapped my face.

"I'll tell you when it's too tight, is that understood?" she demanded to know.

"Y-Yes governess," I quickly said, more afraid of her now than ever. Ignoring my previous protest, to my disbelief, she proceeded to tighten it even more, till I felt like I was crushed in a vise. Then I was redressed in the little boy's kilt, shoes and socks that I couldn't bear to think how juvenile they made me look.

Chapter-4 You'll be treated the age you act.

She then proceeded in inform me of how I was expected to act and what rules I must follow.

"However first you will learn how to stand," I as told

"Stand with feet together, hands folded in front of you, head bowed at all times in the presence of anyone older than you and girls of any age," she dictated. When I did she went on.

"Now you will learn how to curtsy."

I was so surprised I couldn't help blurting out, "Y-You want me t-to curtsy?" For which my face was slapped once again.

"Since a kilt is basically a skirt you'll naturally curtsy," she said, and after teaching me how to curtsy I cringed in shame at when I was expected to do so.

"You'll curtsy before and after you speak. You'll curtsy when introduced, when you enter or leave a room whether it is occupied or not. You'll curtsy whenever anyone tells you to do anything. You'll curtsy whenever anyone enters or leaves a room that you're in. And you'll stop and curtsy whenever you walk in front of anyone. Is that clear?" she demanded to know. Unfortunately I forgot to curtsy after I spoke.

"Bend over, lift your kilt up above your waist, bend over and grab your knees," she screamed at me, then proceeded to cane my poor behind several times.

"When you forget to curtsy you'll feel the cane four times. When you forget to curtsy properly you'll get two," she dictated, which was incentive enough to make absolutely certain I never forgot when to curtsy and to be very careful to do so exactly as demanded. However to make certain I learned she made me curtsy almost fifty times before she declared she was marginally satisfied.

"However you'll practice your curtsy every morning until you can do twenty in a row perfectly," I was told.

I found it unbearably humiliating. I was to put one foot precisely behind the other and as I curtsied raise it till only the toe touched. At the same time I was to daintily hold the edges of my kilt by just my thumb and forefinger, spread my kilt and liner and raise it until my panties were clearly displayed, while keeping my head bowed, eyes fixed to the toes of my shoes. I hated it, but what could I do?

After my legs were almost reduced to jelly after so many curtsies she informed me of how I would be expected to act, and, if anything, it was even more humiliating

“By your actions you’ve proved too immature to make any decisions, therefore all decisions will be made for you. You will not argue, contradict or question anything you are told, or told to do. If you do you’ll be punished. You will do absolutely nothing without permission. You will not sit or stand without permission. You are not to be caught doing anything you haven’t been given permission to do. If I tell you to stand and I leave for two hours you are not to have moved from that spot or so much as have moved one foot a fraction of an inch or even momentarily raise your head, am I clear,” she thundered.

Oh my god, I thought, but meekly said that it was.

“You are obviously too immature and irresponsible to have an opinion so you will never give one. Nobody is interested in what an immature, little boy has to say,” she harshly said.

“Along the same lines you are not to speak without permission, except when asked a question. If you wish to speak you will ask permission by raising your hand,” I was told. Imagine me, eighteen years old, having to raise my hand just to ask permission to speak like a little child did? It was just too horrible, I couldn’t believe how I would be expected to act. But, of course, it got worse.

I was expected to address the two daughters, aged fourteen and seventeen, as “Lady Elizabeth” and “Lady Alexandra” who was in college.

“In addition to addressing them properly they have full authority to punish you without having to get permission if you are not exceedingly polite, respectful, well-mannered or do not immediately do anything they

tell you do to," she added, which left me in total dread. Imagine, two girls, one four years younger than me, and the other two years younger having been granted permission to punish me! I remembered how they'd laugh and jeered at me when first introduced, now I was expected to do anything they told me to or what would they do, cane me? I just shuddered fearfully.

Miserably I found that she was far from finished with me. I was then taught how to walk, sit and bend. When I walked my hands were to be laced behind me. I was to place one foot precisely in front of the other and to walk more on my toes so I could do so quietly. She made me practice, like girls did, with a book on my head. I hated how I thought I must look, walking with dainty, mincing steps. I felt like a total sissy. Even more so when I was instructed in how I was to sit.

"When you're given permission to sit go to the chair you've been told to sit in. When you approach the chair first curtsy to it then pivot gracefully on your toes. When you sit do so on the lip of the seat. Once seated arrange your skirts evenly to either side. Knees together, ankles crossed right over left, then bring them under your seat until just the tip of your right toe is touching. Elbows in, hands folded nicely on your lap, head kept bowed and fixed on your hands. Once seated you will 'thank' the person who has permitted you to sit, if it is Lady Elizabeth, by saying, 'Thank you Lady Elizabeth for allowing me to sit.' You will also thank the person when allowed to stand. While sit-

ting you are not to annoy the adults or visitors, or bring attention to yourself, by

fidgeting or squirming in your seat. I don't want to see so much as a toe or finger move," she instructed, then made me practice over and over sitting just like the most

proper and prim little girl, only worse. Of course I was no longer in pants I was now in skirts.

From then on my days were spent endlessly practicing walking, sitting and curtsying.

Then to teach me the value of hard work, which I admit I sorely lacked, an awful, frilly pinafore was put on me and with Leslie we cleaned, dusted, and scrubbed for hours. Several times a week we were consigned to the laundry room where we might spend all day washing, ironing and folding.

Chapter-5 Teased by teenage girls.

Most humiliating was having to tidy up and clean Lady Elizabeth's or Lady Alexandra's room each morning. I had to make their beds for them, pick up and put away everything they'd thrown on the floor, I think purposefully. I dusted and vacuumed and put away their clothes and even their shoes. And all the time I had to act so respectfully and polite to them, never daring to contradict or question anything for I knew they were just looking for any excuse to punish me. Like the time I hung one of Lady Elizabeth's skirts with her pants.

"Oh my, you know where I expect my skirts to be. Very well, bend over, I don't think you'll forget again," she assured me, gleefully finding her cane and giving me four good ones. It was so unfair, but like the cowed, brow beaten person I'd become I had to "thank" her for punishing me and admit I deserved it before she'd allow me to stand and pull my skirts down.

Even when she couldn't find anything I'd done wrong she'd still taunt and goad me.

“My goodness, wouldn’t you make just the most perfect little, sissy housewife, wouldn’t you?” she demanded to know.

And, of course, hanging my head I’d meekly replied, “Yes L-Lady Elizabeth.”

When I wasn’t being worked to the bone my afternoons might be spent sitting, with Leslie, so correctly and sedately, not daring to move a muscle doing needlepoint or coloring or playing games meant for little children. All the while I could see the two daughters playing tennis, which I’d once so enjoyed, or out riding their horses. I was always dismayed when I saw them riding for when they were finished they’d bring their boots to us and demand that we clean and polish them. “And they’d better look like they’re brand new boys, or else.” Naturally we knew what “or else” meant.

The most humiliating was when they had their friends over. Lady Elizabeth, especially enjoyed ordering me around and when I’d meekly do her bidding she’d laugh and tauntingly say, “Wouldn’t he make a great maid?” And everybody would laugh with her.

When the governess allowed us outside for what she called, “supervised play” she’d have us swinging on swings, or on a teeter-totter, or jumping rope or playing hopscotch.

I always prayed the two daughters would be out with their friends for if they caught us jumping rope or playing hopscotch they’d laugh themselves silly, point and scream, “On my god, look they’re showing off their pantsies!”

After several months Leslie turned sixteen. He was so excited for he’d graduated to a grown up kilt. He no longer had to wear a pinafore, nor did he have to raise his hand, as I still did, to ask permission to speak. And while

I was put to bed at the early hour of eight o'clock, Leslie was now allowed to stay up till nine. More shameful was that he no longer had to play with me. I was crushed for nothing changed for me. Here I was nineteen years old still forced to wear my little boy's sissy kilt and still treated like one.

Chapter -6 Dealing with my filthy, disgusting habit.

However the most humiliating thing that occurred after I'd been there several months was one morning when the governess discovered I'd soiled my trews sometime during the night. I was mortified of what had happened, but even more so when dragged in front of Aunt Olivia who was informed of what I'd done.

Disgustedly she said, "Well, we can't have the boy developing such filthy, nasty habits obviously. You'll deal with him as you dealt with Leslie, of course."

That night standing naked I was ordered to spread my legs. "Don't so much as move a muscle boy while I tie this around your little thing," she ordered. I cringed when she took a length of pink ribbon, wrapped it tightly around my penis then tied it in a big bow. From then on, every morning, she closely inspected it to see if I'd tampered with it in any way. Then before dressing me she would yank my organs up between my legs and was told that if she ever saw them poking out I would deeply regret it. From then on I had to use the toilet sitting like a girl for I was expressly forbidden to even look at them let alone touch them.

If that wasn't humiliating enough what occurred every Friday at precisely eight o'clock in the evening was beyond mortifying. Remember I was eighteen and just a few months ago I'd spent my time trying to lay every hot

chick on campus. Yet every Friday night I stood in front of the governess with my panties down to my ankles and holding my skirts up to my waist. As I did she impersonally masturbated me while firmly holding my balls in her other hand and as she did so I was under strict orders not to move a muscle or to even utter a sound. If I did she'd painfully squeeze and twist my balls. Nor was she quick about it, often prolonging it by a half an hour or even more.

"You need to learn self discipline to control your childish, immature urges. Therefore your little dickie will not do spurties for me until I give you permission. When you feel you're about to do spurties you'll say, "Please governess, my little dickie is about to do spurties," she instructed me. God, how humiliating and insulting. I never thought of my cock as a little. I was proud of my cock, and actually thought it bigger than everyone else's on campus. Now, to her, I didn't have a cock but a little dickie as you might refer to a little boy's penis, and I had to ask permission "to do spurties."

The one time I just couldn't control myself and squirted without permission I learned never, ever to it again.

Furious with me she angrily said, "You were told not to do squirties without permission weren't you?"

"Y-Yes governess," I said shamefully, fearing the worst. Leaving me holding my skirts up she left momentarily then returned holding something behind her back and ordered me to close my eyes.

When I did I suddenly yelled in shock as she wrapped a freezing ice pack around my organs and held it there despite my pleading to take it away. When she did my punishment wasn't over. For she smacked my poor dickie with a ruler several times, each time saying,

“Bad boy, bad boy.”

I'd learned my lesson and there after would immediately call out that my little dickie was about to do squirties.

You can't imagine how hard, pardon the pun, it was to stand there not daring to move a muscle or to even utter a sound. It was pure torture, but she seemed totally indifferent to the excruciating torment she was putting me through. So every Friday as she held a panty wrapped around me I spurted forcefully into it with the express purpose of ridding me of my nasty, childish urges.

Chapter-7 I'm turned into a teen girl's groom.

I had fully expected that when I turned nineteen a few months after I'd been sent to England I'd be put into a grown-ups kilt and treated more as an adult as Leslie had been. However my birthday was not even brought up and I found myself treated no differently, nor any more grown-up and to my great distress still dressed in my childish, sissy attire.

It was at the beginning of summer that I sat daintily on a sofa in a ridiculously short skirt, red velvet, little boy's bolero jacket, the tightest white gloves, mid-calf white socks with lace trim, and red, patent leather "dress" shoes with dainty, sissy heels and floppy bows on each toe. On my head was a matching red bow as I was being punished by the fourteen year old daughter, Lady Alexandra, who had ordered me to polish all the shoes in her closet and had caned me because I'd missed polishing just one sole.

To my horror I heard Aunt Olivia say that she felt that since Elizabeth had turned eighteen that she was entitled to a groom and stating that I might make her an excellent

one. Feeling, I heard her say, that it would be an excellent test to see if I was developing a proper attitude, work ethic and discipline.

