

Sissy In Kilts & Petticoats.

Book 2

In Book 2 the boy, now forced to masquerade as a girl is employed by a guest. He thinks as her maid, but she has her heart set on a darling niece. Sent to charm school and ballet class "she" becomes ultra girlish and younger and younger. Trying to escape her dreadful toddler status she's put into a baby harness.



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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.*

Book 2

By Patricia Michelle

Chapter-1 Unexpected sensations.

When I was gotten up I almost protested when I was put in a wretchedly perfumes bubble bath and not allowed to bathe myself, but fortunately shut my mouth just in time and submitted to being briskly scrubbed until she declared me, "squeaky clean."

It was as she was scrubbing me between my legs that I received a most unexpected shock. My pussy, I mean my dickie, started to get excited and very stiff. Oh god, this is great, I'm finally free of that damn ribbon, I thought. But then I got a worse thought. What if she discovers what's there? Still as she vigorously scrubbed I couldn't help but get more and more excited. And wasn't able to stop the moan of pleasure that escaped me.

"Oh my goodness, is your little flower getting all excited?" she asked.

"Oh, y-yes, Nanny," I moaned.

"Well, that certainly is unexpected," was all she said, while I was almost silently pleading with her not to take her hand away. But she did, leaving me gasping.

When my bath was finished I wasn't even allowed to dry myself. But, as she approached me with a big, fluffy towel she suddenly stopped.

"Oh my, you poor thing," she exclaimed.

"Is-Is something wrong Nanny?" I asked worriedly.

"Why you have almost no little boobies do you? A girl your age should be a little more, well, developed.

And just look at your bottom. Why it's almost flat, like a boys," she remarked. I wanted to tell her that's because I was a boy, but, of course, it was way to late to suddenly confess.

"Don't worry dear, I'm sure something can be done to speed things up," she assured me, something I really dreaded hearing. I didn't want boobies or a girlish bottom! I knew right then, I had to figure out how to escape, fast.

That thought I had to put aside as I hung from a lacing bar as she wrapped a new corset on me and began lacing me in. By the time she finished I honestly didn't think I

was able to breathe. But measuring my figure she sounded disappointed.

“Oh my, I was hoping for more. I was barely able to lace you down to twenty-one inches. Well, that will have to be at least a start,” I heard her say to herself. A start? My god, any tighter and I was certain I’d pass out!



As I stood naked in my corset on the stool waiting to be dressed I cringed when I saw the panties she'd selected. Oh please tell me, not those, I prayed, but they were. They were the most awful truly little girl's pink, satin panties. My whole bottom was nothing but row after row of lace ruffles with bows at the waist and legs, which were also ruffled. The bra was almost worse. You could only describe it as a little girl's sissy training bra as it too was ruffled, even the straps, with a big bow right in the middle.

But when she took out the dress she'd picked I almost started crying. I didn't think anything could be more frilly or juvenile than the dress she'd bought me, but sadly I was so wrong.

"I'm sure you wanted to be all dressed up for your Auntie and show her how sweet you look in one of your precious, new party dresses, don't you?" she asked.

Dying inside I never-the-less said as excitedly as I could, "Oh yes Nanny, I-I'd love to be all dressed up for m-my Auntie."

"And it's in your favorite color, pink. The Mistress was certain pink was your favorite color as she thinks you look so adorable in it. I do hope it's your favorite color."

What could I say. "Oh yes Nanny, pink is my most favorite color," I replied, although I hated pink.

"Oh, I'm so glad, as almost the entire wardrobe the Mistress picked out for you are all different shades of pink. And your room is all pink, just for you," she exclaimed.

When she finished dressing me I almost couldn't bring myself to look. When I did I nearly died, it was so much worse than I could ever imagine. Short as the skirt was it had four tiers of ruffles and with the wretched petticoats stood nearly straight out. The short, absurdly puffed

sleeves were fastened with bows. At the ruffled collar was an even larger bow, with two more bows at the waist and a huge one tied in back. On my feet were the most frilly little socks with two tiers of lace edged ruffles and pink bows. Then as I lifted first one foot and then the other she buckled my feet into I just managed to stifle a sob when I saw them. Shiny, pink with double straps and little girl sissy heels. But what made them so awful was that there was a bow not only on each strap but on each toe!

Declaring that all little girls wore gloves when they dressed up she buttoned my hands into short, white, lace trimmed, satin gloves, and even they had bows decorating them.

I couldn't believe I was going to be presented to Auntie Veronica like this. Surely she'd see how ridiculous I looked. That hope was dashed as I remembered she was the one who'd picked it out. Oh god, I thought, surely this couldn't get any worse.

Chapter-2 Potty trained.

But, of course, I was wrong. It suddenly got much, much worse when Nanny asked, "Now, before we go downstairs do you have to go potty?"

"D-do you mean do I have to pee, Nanny?" I asked.

"Oh my, such a vulgar word for a little girl. From now on when you have to go potty please ask by raising your hand and saying, 'Please Nanny, can I use my potty to do tinkles or poopies,'" she said, and then asked, "Do you have to do tinkles, Louisa?"

I truly didn't want to, but the fact was I did have to pee, so, my face turning red in shame I said, "Yes Nanny, can I d-do my tinkles?"

“Of course sweetie. You’ll find your potty under your bed,” she said, to my stunned shock. She couldn’t possibly mean for me to actually use a potty! But, sure enough under the bed was a white porcelain potty.

“I-I use a toilet, ah, to do tinkles, Nanny” I pleaded.

“A grown-ups toilet? What nonsense, why you’re a long ways before I can begin toilet training you. Apparently I’ll have to re-potty train you. Now take it out and put it in the middle of the room,” she ordered.

With all my heart I wanted to stamp my feet and scream, “Enough is enough!” but when she saw me hesitate I could see a suddenly forbidding expression and saw her reaching for the paddle. So, in defeat I did as ordered. And then it got so humiliating I just wanted to die.

“Hold your skirts up while I pull your panties down for you young lady. Now when I say, ‘You can potty sit for me now,’ you see the two pegs on each side? Place your feet behind them. Then put your arms behind you and hold onto the rod in back while I buckle you in,” she instructed, actually tightly buckling a leather strap around my waist.

“You may do your tinkles now, Louisa, she said, but I was so humiliated at the thought of peeing in front of a seventeen year old girl that I just couldn’t.

“There, there, I know you must be feeling a bit embarrassed using a potty again, so I’ll just sit and wait. Please inform me when you’re finished doing your tinkles,” she said.

Nothing happened for a good ten minutes, but I finally managed to let go.

“I-I’m finished doing my tinkles now, Nanny,” I shamefully announced.

“What a good girl!” she proclaimed, then said, “Now raise up just a bit and I’ll wipe your little flower for you, then I’ll let you up.”

Well, that did it. I just started sobbing, and totally mistaking why she sympathetically patted my cheek and said, “Don’t worry honey, the more you use your potty the easier it’ll get.”

I didn’t want it to get easier, damn-it. I was a twenty year old guy for Christ’s sake! I was just temporarily trapped into acting like a little girl until I made my escape. Oh please, don’t let it get any worse, I silently prayed. But, naturally, my prayers weren’t answered.

Chapter-3 Presented to Aunty.

Not to my surprise when Aunty Veronica saw me she jumped up and gave me the biggest hug.

“Oh my, don’t you look absolutely precious. Don’t you just love your new party dress, Louisa?” she asked so excitedly happy, that what I could I say? No, I hate it! You’ve made me into a stupid little girl! But instead, trying my best to sound as excited as she was I said, “Oh yes, Aunty Veronica, I absolutely love my new party dress. Thank you so much!”

After we sat at the dinner table she asked Nanny if she’d had any problems.

“Oh no, Louisa was a perfect doll. Although there are a couple of observations I feel I must make you aware of,” she said.

“Oh my, nothing serious I hope?” Aunty said.

“No Ma’am, however I couldn’t help noticing that the poor Louisa has almost no boobies at all. They don’t even fill her little girl’s trainer bra, and by now they should

have developed at least a little. And my other observation is the girl's bottom. Why it's nearly flat, like a boy's," she said, leaving me mortified.

"Well, I'm sure it's just a case of late development. Please bring both up when you take her to my doctors tomorrow," she said, and I suddenly got very scared.

"I-I'm going to a doctors, Aunty Veronica?"

"Why yes, I simply want to have her check you over, that's all."

"Then perhaps I should inform her of another occurrence that I found most unusual. As I was scrubbing her little flower, if you can believe, she got a most excited reaction." Oh god, I couldn't believe she was bringing this up!

"At her age, that is most unusual to say the least. It appears she's a late developer in some areas and over developed in another. Yes, please discuss it with my doctor. I'm sure she'll have some advise. Now don't you worry, Louisa. I'm sure doctor Jessup will know just how to treat you," she patted my hand trying to re-assure me. Which did nothing to re-assure me at all, I was panicked. Surely the doctor would discover who I really was.

"There was one other thing, Ma'am. Apparently someone foolishly was actually allowing her to use a grown-ups toilet for her tinkles and poopies. Imagine a girl her age allowed to use a grown-ups toilet. So, I'm afraid I'm simply going to have to re-potty train her," Nanny declared.

"Re-potty train her? I see," she said uncertainly. Well, now, finally she was going to declare how absurd potty training me was. Despite whatever age she thought I was.

Instead, to my dismay, all she said was, "Well, we shouldn't let little girls think they're grown up too soon,

can we? So, as she's in your complete care you just do what you think is best for her."

All I could think of was that I really had to get out of here as fast as I could before they really did turn me into a little girl. I consoled myself that just right now I was just pretending to be a little girl as there was nothing else to do until I'd planned my escape.

Yet as I sat there and listened, increasingly alarmed, to what Auntie Veronica had planned for me I realized that she had every intention of turning me into what her image of a little girl was. And it sounded absolutely horrible.

"Now I know you'll be excited to hear that your nanny and I have spent I don't know how many hours creating a schedule for you for every day of the week. You'll be doing and learning so many wonderful things perfectly suited to a girl your age. Oh, by the way what is your middle name?" she asked so unexpectedly that without thinking I said, "It's Martin, Auntie Veronica."

"Martin? I suppose that's a family name. but totally unsuitable for such a darling little girl. I think it should be, 'Marie.' Yes, Louisa Marie sounds so much better. And, to avoid unnecessary questions, you'll be introduced as my visiting niece. So when asked your name you'll say it's Louisa Marie Winters. Now, doesn't that sound so much better?" she asked.

"Oh yes, it, it really is so much better, Auntie Veronica," I said, wanting to throw-up.

"Now, in the morning when your nanny gets you up first she'll put you on your potty. Then you'll do exercises to improve your figure. After which she'll bathe and dress you in your schoolgirl's uniform and take you to breakfast. Then it's on to the little schoolroom I've set up just for you. Where you'll wait for your teacher. I'm sure you'll like Ms. Harris.

"Now after your lessons you'll change into your cute, little maids uniform and clean your room and do whatever chores I have for you. And then, and this is really exciting, we've enrolled you in Ms. Prindall's Tippy Toe School of Dance."

"I-I'm going to dance school?" I asked in disbelief.

"Oh yes, Ms. Prindall's is the finest dance school for girls in the city. You'll be taking ballet, of course, to improve your gracefulness and then tap dance. For which we've found the most adorable costumes. Of course your dance lessons will only be Monday, Wednesday and Fridays. Then on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturday morning you're really going to learn how to be the most perfect little girl. As you'll be attending Julia Preston's Precious Princess Charm School. Doesn't that sound so wonderful, Louisa Marie?" she asked.

No, I wanted to holler, it sounds absolutely horrible I almost blurted out. But, biting my lip I managed to say, "Oh that really sounds so wonderful, Aunty Veronica!"

"I just know Ms. Preston will remove all that tomboy in you once and for all. I understand her methods are a bit unorthodox, but you'll learn proper etiquette and manners, poise and posture, proper diction and vocabulary just to name a few. Then in the afternoon she takes all her little Princesses, "That's what she calls all her girls, on an excursion. It'll be so good for you. I know how shy you are and now you'll be spending time with other girls your own age."

Oh my god, how in the hell am I going to pull that off? I wondered. Surrounded by who knows how many girls I'll stick out like a sore thumb.

"Now when you come home you'll have your nap and after that your nanny will take you out to play for a little while. We've set up a wonderful, little playground for

you. Then you'll be dressed for dinner. After which you'll undoubtedly have homework to do. And if you've done all your homework correctly your nanny will allow you to sit at your play table and play games, or read and if you've been a really good girl she's said she'll allow you to watch TV, or even a movie. Now, doesn't that sound like the most exciting, fun filled days?" she asked.

"Oh yes, Aunty Veronica, it really sounds so exciting a-and lots of fun," I said with as much enthusiasm as I could muster, which was hard as it sounded just too dreadful for words.

After I'd been pottied and put to bed as Nanny was raising the side bars she said, "Now once I put you to bed Louisa Marie I don't expect you to get out of it for any reason, am I understood?"

"Yes Nanny, I promise," I said.

Chapter-4 Getting out of bed, a big mistake!

Laying wide awake, what else could one do, being put to bed at eight-thirty I let an hour go by then climbed out of bed. First testing the door, which to my chagrin, I found locked. Then I tried the windows, which I opened only to discover there were bars on the outside. The same in the bathroom. Damn, I thought, well obviously I wasn't going to sneak out of the room. I'll just have to wait for my chance, there'll have to be one.

When I was gotten up in the morning and was put on my potty I realized, to my dismay, that I really had to take shit.

"Do you have to do tinkles and poopies, Louisa Marie," she asked.

"Y-Yes Nanny," I cringed.

“Very well, do them and I don’t want to hear any childish sobs out of you,” she said sternly.

I tried so hard not to cry, it was so humiliating doing poopies in front of a seventeen year old girl while she stood over me waiting. Then having to lift up my bottom so she could wipe me.

Nanny seemed in a foul mood for some reason as she bathed and dressed me.

“Now then Louisa Marie, were you a good girl and stayed in bed all night?” she asked.

“Oh yes, Nanny, I did,” I lied.

“Let me show you something,” she said, turning on the tv and pushing play. And there I was scrambling out of bed, testing the doors and windows.

Oh my god, there was a camera some where.

“So, you not only disobeyed me you lied as well. Fetch the paddle and get over my knees this instant you bad, bad, little girl,” she ordered. When she saw me hesitate she said, “Since you seem reluctant to obey your Nanny instead of thirty you’ll get forty.”

That dissolved any hesitation I had and seconds later I was across her knees having my skirts pulled up and my panties pulled down.

“You will count each spank and say, ‘Louisa Marie was a bad, little girl.’ When I say I’m finished you’ll stand, curtsy and say, “Thank you for spanking me. I disobeyed my Nanny and deserved to be punished.”

She then blistered my poor rear end until I was screaming and begging her to stop. I couldn’t believe how much it hurt. It was the worst spanking I’d ever gotten.

When she finished she grabbed me by the ear yanked me into the bathroom and ordered me to open my mouth.

“This is for lying,” she declared, then shoved a huge, mushy bar of soap into it and began vigorously thrusting it in and out. I couldn’t believe she was washing my mouth out! I was soon gagging and retching with tears flowing down my cheeks.

After I had a mouth full, pardon the awful pun, I was yanked back into my room. Placing a chair facing a corner she barked, “Stand on the chair facing the corner, hands on your head. You’ll stand there until I’m ready to take you to the doctors. I’ll be monitoring you and if I see you put one hand down you’ll get thirty more with the paddle.”

I stood there for what must have been almost two hours. Tears were still pouring out from the terrible taste of the soap, and I desperately wanted to soothe my poor, battered bottom, but I didn’t dare. I was one chastised, miserable little girl. And all I had to look forward to was the disaster I was sure was looming when we got to the doctors.

Chapter-5 My visit to the doctors.

I was literally on pins and needles fearing the worst when we got to the doctors. Who, a bit to my relief, turned out to be a very good looking, friendly woman. I don’t know what I would have done if it had been a man. I died several deaths while Nanny explained about my under developed boobies and my unusually flat, boyish behind. Here it comes, I thought, when she asked Nanny to undress me.

In a panic I pleaded, “Please doctor, c-can I leave my panties on? I’m so embarrassed.”

To my great relief she said I could. Then proceeded to poke and prod my chest and rear end. Asked to bend over

I never expected to be suddenly jabbed in both cheeks with a needle.

“Well, that should help. Bring her back every two weeks and I’ll administer two more until we start seeing some improvement. Now I’ll give you some sensitizing cream to rub in every morning and evening on her boobies. But first sweetie here’s two pills I want you to take,” she ordered. I was, as you can imagine, quite fearful of what was in them, but saw no way of refusing. Giving Nanny a bottle she added, “ Give her two each morning with her breakfast.”

When Nanny then explained how sensitive my little flower was I found myself lying on the examination table with my feet strapped into stirrups and raised over my head. As the doctor manipulated my flower I couldn’t help but get excited as it was so much like how Miss Ann relieved me of my urges. So much so that, without thinking, I cried out, “Please doctor Louisa Marie’s, ah, flower is about to squirties!”

“Really, oh my. But thank you for warning me. However ‘squirties’ is not quite correct. Little girls say their flower is going to do ‘creamies.’ Do you think you can remember, honey?” she asked.

“Yes doctor, I will,” I promised. Christ, first I had a dick, then a dickie that did ‘squirties,’ then a pussy and now I had a little flower that did ‘creamies.’ Stupidly I found myself wondering how I was going to remember what it was that I actually had?

Just then she rubbed me exactly the wrong way, or the right way, and I couldn’t stop myself from spurting over and over in my panties.

“My goodness, did you have an accident sweetie?” the doctor asked.

“Y-Yes, doctor,” I admitted, still gasping.

“What happened?” Nanny asked.

“Well, it appears Louisa Marie did a creamie in her panties.”

“Is that bad, I mean a girl her age...”

“Oh my no. Nothing to be alarmed about. It is unusual, but not unheard of for a girl her age to have such an overly active, sensitive, little flower. However I am cross with you that you didn’t warn me,” she said, although she didn’t sound really mad.

“I-I’m sorry, doctor, I-I just couldn’t help it,” I admitted.

“Yes, well, that really is the only problem. Her little flower is going to be prone to become overly excited, and may even do a creamie, at the most unexpected times. So, what you’ll have to do on a weekly basis, say, every five days, is to relieve her of these unexpected urges she’ll undoubtedly be having. And to watch her at other times as well,” she said, as the two of them huddled in the corner too far away for me to hear. But, at that point I really didn’t care what they were saying as I was overjoyed that it appeared I’d escaped the doctor’s visit with my shameful secret intact.

Chapter-6 My first dance class.

After being redressed Nanny announced that it was almost time for my first dance lesson. I wasn’t as fearful as I’d been prior to the doctor’s visit. But I was sure I’d stand out and be laughed at when I got there as obviously I was too old and big to be in a girl’s dance class. Worse, of course, is that since I’d ruined my panties I’d be going with nothing under my too short skirt.

We were met at the dance school by the owner and teacher, Ms. Preston.