

FEMININE VALUES

By Missy Sue



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHARRT

A YOUNG ADULT NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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“THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF TRADITIONAL FEMININE VALUES”

By Missy Sue

All the fourth grade girls were anxiously talking about it. It could have a tremendous impact on the rest of their lives. It was the annual lottery for the Society for the Preservation of Traditional Feminine Values, less familiarly known as “getting picked for the Sissy Squad.” In each fourth grade across the country, five girls would be picked for the “honor”.

The Society came into existence during the late 1990s as a conservative backlash to progressively aggressive feminism. The idea was to preserve the old norm of “sugar and spice” in young girls by ensuring that at least a minority of young ladies were raised as dainty and demure little females. These chosen girls would lead ultra—feminine lifestyles. They would be trained to be nurturing and submissive. Their sole purpose in life would be to bring grace and beauty to the world around them.

This year, the rules had been altered somewhat. Because of the bitter complaints of discrimination by some liberal factions, boys would also be made eligible for the Sissy Squad!

In theory, at least, a boy, any boy, could be assigned to a girl's life. However, no one really expected this to be carried out, even though it had become a distinct possibility.

“I better not get picked, that's all I can say!” Tonya Seevers grumbled.

“Yeah, you'd have to give up soccer and baseball,” Sarah Larsen hooted. “And I can just see you wearing frilly little dresses to school everyday!”

“They make you dress up like a three—year—old every day, just covered with ribbons and ruffles and lace,” Tammy Tyler groaned.

“Well, I think the clothes are just adorable,” Susie Kirk countered, “and I wouldn't mind getting picked at all!”

“I hope you get your wish,” Tammy said with a hint of sarcasm. “All I know is that my dear twin brother, Terry, will tease me to death if I were picked to be a sissy princess!”

“Well, maybe he'll be the one to get picked, and then you can be the one doing the teasing,” Tonya joked. “Oh, I can just see him all decked out in a pretty party dress!”

“He'd die of embarrassment,” Tammy giggled, “but they're not really going to make a boy change into a girl, are they?”

“It's impossible!” Susie declared.

"Oh, no, it's not!" Shannon Easton piped up. "I read a story about a boy during the Civil War who was forced to change into a girl."

"No way!" Tammy exploded.

"Way!" Shannon countered. "It is too true. There was this boy named 'Matthew' who was just a little older than us. He was picked to be a drummer boy for a regiment of Confederate soldiers. His Mother was completely against the whole thing, especially since she had just lost her husband to the war.

"The night before he was supposed to leave, she burned all his boys' clothes and substituted girls' dresses in their place. He was totally befuddled. She got help from his Aunt and a sympathetic neighbor lady. Together, the women bathed Matthew and dressed him like a little southern belle. With a bonnet and a wig on his head and an elaborate party dress on his body, he was the perfect picture of a little lady.

"He was made to take a basket of flower petals and join the other girls of the town as they bid farewell to their heroes who were marching off to war. Not wishing to be discovered wearing dresses, he played his part as well as he could, scattering the flower petals before the marching soldiers. Fearing that he would later run away, his Mother had him enrolled in an exclusive girls' finishing school. He was kept in the daintiest of dresses, and after years of feminine training, he couldn't go back to being a boy.

"As a young woman, he became a wonderful companion to his Mother. He brought her untold hours of delighted joy as they chatted about womanly things as they did their embroidery and knitting."

"You made that up!" Susie said accusingly.

"I swear, it's all true!" Shannon argued.

"Well, even if it is true, it happened a long time ago," Tammy stated, "and they're not really going to make a boy become a sissy today!"

"Well, it would be the only fair thing to do," Tonya declared.

Terrilynn

The packet from the Society's Selection Committee arrived just a little after 12:30. As fate would have it, Tonya had just come on duty as an office helper so the school secretary could take a lunch break. Tonya's main job was simply to answer the telephone and take any messages. Under no circumstances was she authorized to open any of the mail. But when she noticed that the large envelope from the Committee was only partially sealed, temptation got the better of her. She just had to see if her name was on the list.

Carefully, she opened the packet. Her heart was beating rapidly as she scanned the enclosed documents. Luck was with her, she had not been picked, but the following girls were on the list: Allsion Anderson, Lynn Dobbs, Susie Kirk, Marcie Potter, and, Tammy Tyler.

As expected, there were no boys. That's not fair!' Tonya thought Well, at least she wouldn't have to face the shame of sissification.

Allison, Susie, and Marcie would probably be happy about being picked.

But Lynn and Tammy wouldn't be such happy campers.

Suddenly, Tonya had a devilishly fiendish idea.

She would put a boy on the list while rescuing one of her best friends.

It would be quite simple, really.

All she had to do was to change the "a—m—m" in Tammy to "e—r—r," and then change the "F" under gender to an "M."

The birthday was the same since they were twins.

She couldn't wait to see Terry's face when he learned he had been "picked" for the "Sissy Squad!"

With her knowledge of office equipment, she quickly altered the documents and re-sealed the packet. Now Tammy would be the one doing the teasing while Terry would be the one done up like a living doll.

At 2:50, Mrs. Bracken, the school principal, read the end of the day announcements over the intercom just like she always did.

Everyone in Miss Farr's 4th grade was anxious with anticipation. The boys were giggling and some were discretely teasing the girls like Tonya who they knew were afraid of being picked for the "Sissy Squad."

"And will the following gir... er, fourth graders please report to the office?" Mrs. Bracken's voice announced.

The taunting and giggling abruptly stopped when she changed the word "girls" to "fourth graders."

Suddenly, the boys looked very nervous.

Mrs. Bracken's voice poured into the tension filled classroom once again. "They are: Allison Anderson, Lynn Dobbs, Susie Kirk, Marcie Potter... and, Terry Tyler..."

There was a stunned silence. All eyes shifted to poor Terry who sat in his seat with a dazed look on his face.

"That can't be right," he blurted out. "She must have meant Tammy, not me!"

Miss Farr buzzed the office over the intercom. "Excuse me, Mrs. Bracken, but was that last name on the list Terry or Tammy?"

Terry's heart sank when it was confirmed that he was the one who had been picked for the Sissy Squad, and not his sister.

"Boys are now eligible for selection," Miss Farr replied in her most sympathetic tones.

"But... but... what about football practice?" he stammered in a slightly whiny voice. "I'm the quarterback and I..

"I'm afraid, Terry, that your football playing days are over," Miss Farr stated firmly, but not unkindly. "Now, join the girl and go to the office. Perhaps, Tammy, you should go with them too."

As he walked by his best buddy, Billy Mills, he hung his head.

"I'll still be your friend," Billy whispered. "It'll be OK."

Tammy joined the small group, walking by her brother's side. As expected, all the other girls seemed really excited, except for Lynn Dobbs. She wasn't thrilled either at the prospect of being a member of the Sissy Squad.

In desperation, Terry turned to his sister.

"You've got to take my place!" he begged. "They probably meant to pick you anyway because you're the girl, not me!"

"You're a girl now," she replied smugly.

"They can't make a boy become a girl," he snapped back. "Mom will probably make you take my place."

"No way!" Tammy shot back. "No way!"

The new sissies met in the office with Mrs. Bracken. Their Mothers had been summoned to her office as well.

When Terry saw his Mother, he ran up to her.

"Mom, you gotta do something about this mix up!" he pleaded almost hysterically. "Make Tammy take my place."

"I'm afraid I can't do that," Mrs. Tyler replied softly. "You're the one who has been picked and there is no recourse."

"That's correct," Mrs. Bracken added. "We've had a lot of girls over the years who have objected to their selection, and all assignments are final. There is no appeal process. I might add that they all successfully made the transition, and I'm sure you will do so in time, even though you are a boy... or were."

Terry settled into shocked silence as Mrs. Bracken went over the guidelines for new inductees. He cringed when he heard about all the changes he would be expected to make.

His boy's life would come to an abrupt end. But the worst part of all was the fact that he would have to be dressed appropriately for his new sissy lifestyle. He looked up to see Tammy smirking as Mrs. Bracken described the dress code for the Sissy Squad. She hadn't worn such dainty costumes since her toddler days. He could just hear the teasing.

The meeting ended with each Mother being given a detailed information booklet and a money voucher with which to purchase a rather extensive wardrobe. Mrs. Bracken pointed out that the female members of the Society were to report the next day in their new "uniforms."

She then noted what it said on page 26 of the booklet;

Article XXIII — Any boy being selected for membership in the Society shall have a three day period in which to adjust to his new female status, after which he will be expected to dress and conduct himself with complete feminine grace.

Poor Terry was beside himself. This just couldn't be happening to him. They actually expected him to give up football for dolls and dresses.

As they drove away from the school, Mrs. Tyler tried her best to cheer up her dejected son.

"We'll just have to make the best of it," she stated. "Tammy and I will help you make this adjustment in any way we can, won't we, Dear?"

"You bet!" Tammy agreed enthusiastically. "I just can't wait to see you in a dress, especially the kind of dress you have to wear!"

"Stop that teasing this instant, young lady!" Mrs. Tyler admonished her gleeful daughter. "You're supposed to help Terry become a proper young lady, not tease him about it."

"Well, he used to tease me," she defended herself. "He even used to flip up my dresses to expose my fancy panties. Now he's the one who has to wear the sissy outfits!"

"Just watch your step or you'll end up being his identical twin," she warned.

Tammy kept quiet but she kept giving him sly little smiles that seemed to say loud and clear, "Ha ha, you're gonna be a girl!"

Terry almost began to cry when they pulled up in front of the Sugar and Spice Boutique. He had accompanied his Mother and sister there on a number of occasions. At those times, he had simply been the impatient brother forced to wait around in a dumb girls' clothing store.

Now he was an actual customer!

"Oh, please, can't we wait?" he begged. "Mrs. Bracken said I had three days. I don't want to go in there now."

"You might as well get it over with," his Mother said. "Waiting a few days won't change a thing, and it will just keep you from adjusting to your new role with the other girls who were chosen today. You have to wear dresses from now on, and you might as well get used to it!"

A tear trailed down his cheek as he reluctantly got out of the car and entered the store.

The Sugar and Spice Boutique specialized in more formal wear such as flower girl gowns and party dresses, but they also had a complete line of accessories from frilly undies to fancy footwear.

Terry was nearly overwhelmed by the utter femininity of the store, from the dainty displays of dresses to the pink pastel wallpaper and contrasting shag carpeting.

He caught sight of himself in a mirror as he passed by it. He was a boy in alien territory. He didn't look like he fit in with the surroundings, but his Mother seemed determined to change all that.

They were immediately greeted by a sales lady, Mrs. Waggoner, who knew them from past shopping expeditions for Tammy.

"Don't tell me, just let me guess," she chirped merrily. "It's that time of year, and I'll bet your daughter, Tammy, has been selected to be one of the 'Society Girls.'"

"You're almost right," Mrs. Tyler replied with a smile. "Actually, my son, Terry, here, was the one selected to be one of the 'Society girls!'"

"You mean one of the Sissy Squad," Tammy interjected.
sighed.

"Now, will he have to dress and behave just like the rest of the girls?" Mrs. Waggoner asked.

"That's why we're here," Tammy volunteered. "Terry needs a whole new wardrobe of pretty dresses."

"Oh, my!" Mrs. Waggoner exclaimed with an amused grin. "I had heard that boys were made eligible this year for the lottery, but I never dreamed that any boy would actually be chosen."

"Well, our Terry seems to have made history," his Mother

"And how do you feel about it?" Mrs. Waggoner asked the blushing boy.

"Mad! I don't want to wear no girls' clothes!" he replied in a sullen voice.

"Any girls' clothes," Mrs. Waggoner corrected in matronly tones. "It'll certainly be a big change for you. You'll have to wear our most feminine fashions, but I'm certain you'll get quite used to them, in time."

"Oh, I can't wait to see him," Tammy squealed in delight.

"I guess it'll be like having a sister for you," Mrs. Waggoner suggested in agreement.

"Yes, and I've always wanted a sister, a **little** sister," Tammy acknowledged, stressing the word little, to observe Terry's shudder of dismay. "but I never dreamed that Terry would turn into one for me!"

"All right, let's get down to business, you two," Mrs. Tyler countered sternly.

Mrs. Waggoner took some measurements and then Terry was led off to a dressing room.

With great reluctance, he parted with his boys' clothes. His underpants were surrendered under extreme protest. Never in his life had he felt so completely naked.

He ducked behind a screen when Mrs. Waggoner brought in an armful of dainty garments, which she laid out with great care.

"Let's start with these," she said.

His Mother selected a dainty pair of full bloomer styled pink satin panties all trimmed with white lace. She held them up so he could step into them. He gave her a last pleading look which she dismissed with a no nonsense glance.

As the cool slippery panties were drawn up into place, Terry shuddered from the emasculation he felt by the touch of the soft feminine bloomers. He couldn't believe the utter indignity of wearing girly—girl undies like his sister had worn years before.

Next, he was treated to a lacy camisole top that exactly matched his pretty new panties. It was bad, but nothing in comparison to the voluminous petticoats that came after it!

The petticoats were a frothy white wave of alternating layers of stiff taffeta and crisp netting. Little pink bows and delicate lace added to its little girl style.

When the petticoats were lowered down around Terry's body, they enveloped him like a puffy white cloud. The shoulder straps held it snugly in place. The bottom of the frothy lace barely ended at the top of his thighs, thus ensuring that his panties would be put on display with every careless move he made.

Another feature of his petticoats was the constant rustling sound they made as they swirled around him. This fru—fru was the sound of total femininity and he made it with every breath he took!

Terry was surveying the damage that the petticoats did to his masculine image when things got even worse. His first party dress arrived.

His sister brought it in to him.

She was grinning from ear to ear.

"Get her out of here!" he bellowed. "I don't want her to see me like this!" he said in a more pleading voice.

"Oh, don't be silly," Tammy replied. "Girls see each other in their pretty undies all the time!"

"I'm not a girl!" he declared.

"It won't be long now," Tammy laughed, shaking the dress teasingly in front of him. "This little dress will make you into Little Miss Muffett in no time at all!"

He gaped at the sight of the pink satin and white lace confection that she held up before him.

"I picked it out myself," she taunted.

"That will be quite enough!" Mrs. Tyler snapped to her exuberant daughter. "You're supposed to help your brother make the change to a girl, not tease him about it!"

"Do I have to wear dresses?" Terry asked hopefully. "Couldn't I wear something a little more grown—up, like Tammy does? She can wear jeans and pants. That's a baby's dress!"

"Honey, you have to wear this dress and others similar to it. No jeans or pants," his Mother explained soothingly. "You're supposed to be at your sweetest and most feminine, don't forget. Pure sugar and spice!"

She made him hold up his arms and the dress was lowered down around him in a whisper of rustling satin. Terry's arms were drawn into little short puffed sleeves that ended in a lace trimmed ruffle. Lace also adorned the rounded collar.

He was securely zipped into his new party dress and the sash was tied in a big bow behind him. He glanced down to see the shirring and embroidered flowers that now decorated his chest.

His Mother busied herself arranging the four ruffled tiers of his very full skirt over the puffy petticoats.

Terry was about ready to burst into tears with humiliation.

This task completed, she had him sit down so she could get his feet into little white anklets trimmed in lace and pert pink bows. Gleaming black patent leather party shoes completed his footwear.

"There, pretty as a picture!" Mrs. Tyler exclaimed as she made her son stand and complete a little twirl.

"OK," Terry sighed. "Now can I take this dumb dress off so we can get out of here?"

"We have a lot more shopping to do, and the dress is staying put," his Mother said sternly. "You'll be going home in that dress. Your days in pants are over forever."

"But I can't walk out of here like this!" he whined. "People will see me! I may be wearing a dress, but I still look like a boy!"

"Well, you wouldn't be the first boy to walk out of here in a dress," Mrs. Waggoner stated. "Actually, it's happened a number of times before."

"You're just saying that!" Terry retorted. "I'll bet I'm the only boy in the history of the world who has gotten changed into a girl!"

"I didn't say they all got changed into girls," Mrs. Waggoner replied. "All I said was that they left here in dresses. Last week, in fact, a Mother brought her six—year—old daughter and eight—year—old son into the store. The boy had acted up so badly during his little sister's birthday party, they were going to have another one, this time it was going to be an 'allgirl' party, and he was going to attend in appropriate attire!"

"We found pretty little matching, yellow taffeta, party dresses, all dainty and sweet, so he could pretend to be his sister's identical twin. After we got them all dressed up, they were made to walk out of the store hand in hand. And, I'll just bet he behaved himself for a change!" Mrs. Waggoner added as an afterthought.

Terry was nudged from the safety of the dressing room, his pink satin costume rustling loudly with each step.

Unfortunately, a couple of other little girls had entered the store with their Mothers. They interrupted their shopping when they caught sight of the frilly Terry.

"Oh, Mommy, look at that boy in the fancy pink party dress!" one little girl blurted out. "Doesn't he look like a big sissy? Why is he dressed like that?"

The Mother leaned down and whispered in her daughter's ear.

The excited little girl just nodded her head. She remained silent, but she kept staring at Terry like he was the eighth wonder of the world.

When Terry passed close to the other Mother and daughter, the girl said in a very sincere voice, "I think you look real cute in that dress. I think pink is your color."

Terry looked down in silent shame. He was blushing furiously.

"Well, what do you do, and say to her?" his Mother prodded him, showing him how a girl curtsies. "She paid you a very nice compliment."

"Thank you," he responded grudgingly with an awkward little curtsy that caused the girl and his sister to giggle while the matrons looked on with approval noticing how his blush brought lovely apple checked highlights to his face.

"Do you want to be a girl?" the little girl asked innocently, continuing the conversation.

"Noooo!" Terry whined helplessly. "This isn't my idea! I have to do it 'cause I got picked for the Sissy Squad. I'm the first boy ever to get picked."

"Oh, my!" the girl responded, and she scurried off to tell her Mother the news, leaving Terry to complete his shopping.

When all the packages had been gathered and it was time to leave the store, Terry once again pleaded to be allowed back in pants. For his trouble, he was ushered out the door in a flurry of skirts.

The beauty care products store was just a few doors down. To Terry, the short distance seemed like a couple of miles, but fortunately, the streets weren't very busy at all, and no one seemed to notice him in his pink satin dress.

Mrs. Tyler explained the situation to the sales lady while Terry stood with his head down and Tammy fussed with his dress in a sisterly fashion.

"I think I've got just the wig for you," the lady said after giving Terry a cursory inspection. "It will go perfectly with his dress, and once it's in place, no one will ever suspect that there is a boy underneath all those pretty clothes."

When she returned from the back room, she was carrying a blonde hair piece dripping with long, bouncy ringlets. It was a little girl style, to be sure.

Mrs. Tyler and Tammy were delighted with it, but poor Terry could only cringe as the lady fitted it to his head in expert fashion. The long curls fell to his shoulders and gently caressed his neck. Terry had to admit that it was sort of a nice sensation.

He was not allowed to look at himself in a mirror until the lady had finished arranging a big satin Goddy—Goody bow in place on the top of his new curls. When he was finally allowed a glimpse of his new self, Terry nearly fainted. He couldn't believe it was really him that he was looking at. A very frilly and bewildered large toedler girl stared back at him.

"Oh, no!" he gasped. "I'm a girl from head to toe!"

"Well, that's the whole idea, Silly," his Mother replied.

But still, somehow, he just hadn't expected... this! He didn't really believe that a boy could look like a real girl! He was wrong! There was absolutely no trace of a boy to be seen in the mirror. He looked one hundred percent female. And as if to pile insult upon insult the utter femininity of his image in the mirror made him look years younger, like a little pre-schooler going to a party.

And as he stood gazing at this girlish image, all done up in pink, he thought about how drastically his life had changed already. Suddenly he thought about all his buddies at football practice. They were out on the field at that very minute doing boy stuff while he was stuck wearing a dress and shopping with his Mother and sister.

What a cruel fate!

Even after being wigged and dressed like a girl, Terry was not allowed to escape to the safety of his home. While his Mother did more errands of her own, she sent her “two daughters” to Aunt Judy's Sweete Shoppe.

Normally, Terry loved the chance to get a hot fudge sundae, but today his appetite had vanished. People looked at him in his fancy rustling clothes as he and Tammy made their way into a booth. He had to get up and reseal himself twice as Tammy gave him instructions on how to manage his petticoats.

The waitress made a big fuss over him, and what a pretty little girl he was. It was sickening. She asked Tammy if her “little sister” were going to a birthday party.

Terry blushed at the notion of being a “little sister.” He had sunk pretty low in his estimation.

The waitress insisted on tying a frilly bib around his neck so he wouldn't dribble any ice cream on his pretty dress. The bib said, “BIRTHDAY GIRL” on the front in large pink letters.

“This is too much,” Terry sighed when the lady went back to get their sundaes.

“Well, it is like your birthday,” Tammy said. “You're a new—born girl.”

“I'm still not a girl,” he argued weakly. “You're the one who should be sitting here in this dumb dress, not me!”

“Well, you're the one who got picked,” she stated matter-of-factly. “So you are the one who will be wearing little sissy dresses, and not me! If the shoe had been on the other foot, you'd be teasing me like crazy. Tell you what, I won't tease you if you'll cut out your whining and complaining.”

A little while later, the ice cream had managed to dim Terry's problems a bit.

Just then, a group of boys walked in and settled into a booth across the narrow aisle from where Tammy and Terry were sitting.

Terry recognized them. They were from the fourth and fifth grade football team at Parkview Elementary School. Evidently their practice had ended.

These guys were his school's main rivals. He was suddenly very glad that his Mother had gotten the wig. If they recognized him as a boy in a dress, the taunting would be unmerciful! The boys seemed to ignore Tammy and Terry... at least for a while.

Terry kept his eyes forward, not daring a glance at them. Besides, it depressed him to see their boyish clothes while he was in his present condition.

Then one of them called over, “Hey, Little Miss Muffett, Bobbie here thinks you're cute. I think he wants to ask you out on a date.”

“Boys are such creeps!” Tammy announced, glaring at them.

“We weren't talking to you, Frog Face,” one of them countered. “He likes your cute friend there in the fancy outfit, not you.”

Terry suddenly had an overwhelming desire to be invisible. What humiliation! It was bad enough to be dressed up like the very large doll in sugar and spice, but now boys were flirting with him as though he were a real girl! He didn't know what to do now.

It got worse...

Cheered on by his buddies, the boy who had been doing the talking got up and slid into the booth next to Terry.

“What school do you go to, Beautiful?” he asked with a smug look of masculine self confidence as he winked towards his buddies.

“We go to Maplewood, now please leave us alone,” Tammy

“Is this your little sister?” he asked, ignoring her request.

“Yes, she's just turned seven so she's much too young for you guys. Please go away,” Tammy replied with growing urgency.

“We wouldn't dream of bothering your precious little sister,” the boy laughed, giving one of Terry's long curls a playful tug.

The wig slipped off Terry's head and into his lap.

“Hey! You're a boy!” the surprised boy gasped. He quickly grabbed the wig and tossed it over to his pals.

“Look at the big sissy!” another boy screeched.

“Yeah, they have real tough guys here in Maplewood,” another joked.

“They like to go home from school and dress up in their sisters' clothes.”

Terry was beyond embarrassment. He was sinking into stunned shock. He had passed his hundredth percentile on the 'humiliation chart'.

“Give him back his wig!” Tammy demanded.

But the boys were having too much fun with their little game of keep—away. They weren't about to let their victim off so easily. It wasn't everyday that you found such a big sissy to taunt.

Finally the waitress noticed what was going on and she intervened.

“All right! All right! You've had your laughs, now give the wig back. If a boy wants to play dress—up with his sister, that's his business. He's not hurting you any! Now give it back before I call the police.”

With a smirk, one of the boys tossed it back.

“Here's your pretty wiggy wig, Baby Doll,” he taunted.

“You'd better run home and play with your dolly like a good little fairy,” another commented sarcastically.

Terry grabbed his wig and bolted from the booth in a wild flurry of rustling skirts and petticoats.

“Oh, look! I can see his satin panties!” one of the boys called out.

“Oh, my God, he's even wearing girls' undies!” another

Tammy followed him, giving the tormentors an angry glare as she left. She caught up with her befuddled brother at the door, just in time to replace his wig. She noticed he had tears in his eyes.

“I don't want to be a girl,” he whined softly, “just look at

The traumatized Terry related his tale of shame to his Mother when he got back to the car. She gave him a sympathetic smile and said, “Boys will be boys, so you'd better get used to the way girls get teased.”

On the way home, Tammy brought up the idea of changing her brother's name.

“Now wait just a minute,” he screeched. “That's one thing that can be the same, no matter what! Terry can be a boy's name, or a girl's name too.”

“That's just it,” Tammy argued, “you shouldn't have a name that can be mistaken for a boy's name. It just doesn't go with your new sugar and spice image... You're all girl, now!”

In the end, it was decided to make him Terrilynn. He didn't really argue all that much. After all, if he were going to be stuck in dresses, it didn't really matter what they called him. Having a girl's name wasn't nearly as awful as wearing a girl's ward-robe!

That night, Terry fell asleep in a pale blue, baby doll pajamas set all trimmed with frothy lace. His mind was reeling with the events of the last twenty—four hours. He just couldn't believe the drastic changes in his life. He retreated into dreamland.

Mrs. Tyler woke her new daughter up a little earlier than usual. He would have some extra preparations to make as he made his debut on the Sissy Squad. His days of jumping into jeans and pulling on a sweat shirt were all done with!

A new, daintier ritual was about to start.

As a groggy Terry emerged from his troubled sleep, he was brought back to reality by one glance at his pretty pajamas. He remembered the ordeal that was facing him that day, and he shuddered with dread.

“Please be reasonable, Mom,” he begged in his most sincere tone of voice. “You just can't make me go to school wearing girls' clothes. I'm a boy, no matter what any piece of paper says. Everyone will laugh at me. I'll feel stupid wearing a dress in front of all the guys.”

“Once and for all, Terrilynn,” she replied firmly. “No matter what you once were, you are now a little girl and a member of the Society for the Preservation of Traditional Feminine Values. You can't change that, so you're just going to have to learn to live with it.”

First, he was made to bathe in a fragrant bubble bath that left him smelling like a flower garden on a summer's evening in June. His Mother made him sit very still as

she put a glossy pink polish on the nails of both his fingers and his toes. He was getting the treatment his sister usually got just before she went to a party of some sort.

After his nails were dry, he was done up in very fancy satin lingerie. A white panty and vest set with elaborate lace trim came first.

A very full petticoat came next. The bodice was white satin and generous with its lace trim. The skirts were ruffled layers of taffeta and netting that stood out stiffly in tutu—like fashion.

It rustled loudly as it was pulled into place. Even though he was inexperienced with feminine clothing, Terry knew the lace ruffles on the seat of his pretty panties would be put on display if he did any bending over at all. The petticoat was extra fancy because it would be faintly seen through the delicate pink, dotted Swiss, party dress with the tiers of ruffled skirts edged in lace that she had chosen for him to wear.

A pink satin sash was tied into a big pert bow behind him, just as if he were a big birthday package! For footwear, his Mother selected white anklets trimmed in pink lace, and shiny white patent leather party shoes with a single strap across his instep and bows on the back of each heel.

Paraded before the mirror, he surveyed the damage. He certainly looked like a big sissy all right, all pretty in delicate pink! As he stood gazing at his feminine image, the last remnants of his masculinity were erased as his Mother fitted the bouncy blonde curls of the wig to his head. This time two bobby pins were secured as little X's in his short hair to tie down the wig's inner lining at the front, back, and above each ear to make certain that the wig was firmly in place. The long locks gently caressed his neck with playful tickles. A big pink bow that matched the sash of his dress was carefully arranged in his feminine tresses.

Once again, he had been completely transformed into the utter epitome of: little girlhood!

The dejected boy was marched downstairs, his full skirts bouncing saucily at his side with each step he took.

Tammy was already in the kitchen fixing herself breakfast. Terry didn't like the idea of appearing before his sister dressed in girls' clothes, but he almost blew a gasket when he saw how she was dressed. She was wearing his Chicago Bears football jersey, his jeans, and his almost brand new Air Jordan basketball shoes!

She looked almost as boyish as he looked girlish.

"Who said you could wear my clothes?" he demanded angrily.

"Mom did, Little Miss Muffett," she retorted smugly.

Turning to his Mother, Terry whined, "Why are you letting her wear my stuff? It's bad enough for me to be stuck in this dress, but I can't stand seeing her wear my clothes. Besides, that's what I had planned to wear today."

"Now you just settle down, young man, er, I mean, young lady!" his Mother said adding with a knowing smile. "Terrilynn, didn't we just yesterday go out and spend a small fortune on a complete new wardrobe for you?"