

RIBBONS & BOWS

By Sofronia Anne Strong



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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RIBBONS AND BOWS

By Sofronia Anne Strong

Chapter 1

Lester Springford couldn't quite grasp what was happening to him. With his genitals safely secured between his legs in the grip of a white silk parenthesis called a gaff, he stared in disbelief as Marjorie Steadman zipped and hooked up the front of a foundation garment she had called a corselette. It was of stiff, polished cotton with lace over the cups of its brassiere section. It was boned vertically and it was these stays that contracted his middle, pinching in his waist as she pulled up the zipper. He could see also the crisscrossed satin panels that flattened his tummy. It extended down over his hips to his upper thighs. From its diagonal hem dangled several garters which he realized would be used to hold up his hose. A single stay up the center of his back threw his posterior outward and forced a smooth curvature of his spine, which arched gracefully upward. Lester gasped at the sight of his two huge new breasts; great mounds of lace formed by the huge mammary prostheses that were compressed beneath the cups of the brassiere and pressed against his own manly chest.

“Please, Marjorie, don't!” he whined.

“Don't what, my dear? Do you mean don't dress you in your new finery? Why ever not? You heard Judge Wheatley: ‘Whatever mode and fashion of gender specific female attire Miss Steadman and the other two victims shall select as suitable for the purpose of this sentence...’ I think this corselette is suited to our purposes very nicely. Is it really so embarrassing, Lester? Well, now that is our purpose isn't it?”

The girl had a mean smile on her face and her eyes twinkled with mischief. Her friend and fellow victim, Cynthia Waters, giggled behind his back, her hand covering her mouth. Being giggled at by girls while being transformed into a facsimile female was more than Lester could bear, something he hadn't imagined could happen to him. He closed his eyes and held his breath, but tears leaked from the corners of his eyes anyway. The two girls spoke soothingly and wiped his cheeks and reassured him that, while boys might not cry, girls did — a lot!

Lester had heard the judge perfectly well. It was just that he couldn't actually believe that the sentence was being carried out just as the judge had described it: To be attired in appropriate gender-specific female clothing until he had procured, in writing, a pardon from each of his three victims.

No one had ever heard of such a sentence, at least not until the Steadman's attorney, a strikingly beautiful woman who specialized in women's rights cases, had handed the judge a set of precedents from 18th and 19th century courts. They showed that there were several instances in which men had been ordered by courts to give up their rights as males and live as women. In New York in 1912, a survivor of the Titanic

disaster had posed as a woman in order to gain access to a lifeboat. A court subsequently declared him legally a female, and a combination of public outrage and power politics had resulted in his being made to come out as a debutante and live as a fashionable socialite.

The Springboards' attorney, a grizzled old family retainer specializing in trust law and estates, had counter-argued that these sorts of cases had usually been disputes over property rights, especially dowry disputes in which the husband was accused of illegally seizing land and goods rightfully belonging to his wife.

In two other cases which the prosecuting attorney cited the court actually sentenced boys to live as females as an alternative to imprisonment. These were rather celebrated cases and further popularized the practice, giving it the imprimatur of law. In the first, in Regency, England, a boy was pronounced a legal female and consigned to a guardian to be raised and educated as a girl as punishment for cowardice during a battle on his ship, a frigate in the royal navy. In the second, a court of common pleas sentenced a runaway apprentice from a draper's shop to be dressed as a girl to prevent his running away again.

The other five members of Lester's "Casanova Club" had already been placed on probation and sent home to their families. It was because he had been the ringleader and chief perpetrator, the only one to actually have been convicted of misconduct, that Lester sat in the courtroom and listened to Marjorie's attorney plead for 'petticoat punishment.' Lester had refused a plea bargain. He steadfastly maintained that he had done nothing wrong and his liaison with Marjorie had been consensual. His fellow miscreants, meanwhile, had ratted on him and copped a plea. He knew if he could have gotten the woman in a room alone she would soon enough have joined the other girls who had succumbed to his charm. In short, Lester was young and filled with a surfeit of vitamin T. He was stubborn and convinced that he would never be convicted; and if he were he would merely receive probation. He was, as his family and lawyer kept reminding him, being stupid.

He certainly felt that way as Marjorie rolled sheer black hose onto his legs and gartered them to the corselette. She dabbed at his teary eyes with a lace handkerchief.

"What ever has happened to our big, randy, irresistible stud, sweetcakes? Where is he now?" she asked. He would have torn off the wretched underthings into which she had fastened him if he could, but she had sewn the zipper talon on the corselette shut. He wanted to knock her down, pin her shoulders to the floor and rape her silly, but that desire was what had led to his present condition. All he could do was cry like a silly schoolgirl.

"Marjorie, please don't make me wear this stupid thing. It hurts! I mean, it's embarrassing... I'm going to make a public spectacle. Come on, Marjorie, please?"

"Sort of like when you forced yourself on me, dear? That hurt too, and it was completely embarrassing. Now you find out how humiliating it is to have the whole world pointing at you and laughing. Just the way it was for me when you bragged to every guy in school how you had seduced me. Oh, and call me Miss Marjorie or I'll put you in a miniskirt! Would you like a miniskirt to wear, darling? No? Well then, be nice."

Lester sighed and took a lace handkerchief from her to dab at his eyes. "Yes, Miss Marjorie, I'll be nice. I'll wear whatever you say."

"You don't have any choice do you?"

"No, I guess not."

"You guess not? What do you mean you guess not? You will wear what I give you to wear and you will thank me for it. I think the first requirement for gaining my pardon is going to be gratitude for all the care and effort I am putting into making you over into a beautiful girl. Now, ask me nicely for something really pretty to wear."

Lester winced. He would have slumped in his chair if the corselette had allowed it. Marjorie stood over him, her arms akimbo, glaring. He turned his head away, blushing. She seized his chin and forced his head back. "Well?"

"Yes, Miss Marjorie... You are very kind to find me such pretty things to wear. I mean, I am sure I would dress badly without your help, not being a girl. Please, may I have something very pretty and girlish to wear, Miss Marjorie?"

A broad smile broke across the girl's face. "Yes, I like the gratitude part, where you are ever so thankful for the frocks and other delicate finery I put you in. Now let's see, something pretty to wear. Well, sweetcakes, you will begin your pretty penance as a sweater girl. Cynthia, hand me that white V-neck with the long sleeves. Lester, put this on." She handed him a long, wide white petticoat with three layers of ruffles at its hem and a large black satin bow on the left side. He stepped gingerly into it as Marjorie retrieved from the closet a wide black cotton skirt with a row of large black buttons down its front. She thrust the skirt and sweater into his hands.

"There, just what you asked for, something really pretty to wear." The two girls fell into fits of giggles as poor Lester, blushing, donned the skirt and sweater. He realized he really was going to be made to live in female dress until he could convince Marjorie and Cynthia and Paula to grant him their pardon.

Turning to face the full length mirror, he teetered on the black leather pumps that covered his nylon clad feet. The heels were only an inch and a half high, but they felt like five inch spikes. They deprived Lester of the last bit of masculinity he possessed. Staring back at him from the glass was a perfect facsimile of a schoolgirl, or it would have been if it were not for Lester's unkempt hair and pasty complexion. He pointed an unmanicured finger at the black and white apparition in the mirror and began to stammer.

"It's... That's not real. I mean, no real girls look like that. You're supposed to make me look pretty. That isn't pretty... It's—"

"It's retro, silly. It all came from my Aunt Alexis' trunk in the attic. It's a 1950's coed get up. Say thank you, doll." The wind went out of Lester as he stared at the historically correct costume.

"Uh, oh, yes. Thank you, Miss Marjorie. I guess it is kind of pretty, in an antique way..."

"Well, forty years isn't quite antique. My mom's sister Alexis was a campus queen, a cheerleader, Phi Beta Kappa, Queen of Kappa Alpha Theta for 1949, and became a

fashion model in New York. She died having my cousin Charles, whom you know very well.”

“You mean Hat Trick Chuck who played for the Bruins?”

“That's him! He stored all of his mother's wardrobe in trunks upstairs along with photo albums of his famous mother. Welcome to the 1950's, Leslie-doll. It's poodle skirts, angora sweaters, Merry Widows, and strapless gowns for you, Sweetie. You are going to revive the New Look single-handedly. Oh boy are you going to get noticed.”

“Stared at, I should think,” chimed in Cynthia.

“Ogled? Yes, I do think ogled will be appropriate. We are going to give the world a look at the adorable Leslie Springford, fab retro fashion plate. Aren't you delighted, darling?”

Lester wilted. “Yes, Miss Marjorie, if you please.” He was going to say more but he was at a loss for words. Charlie Wesley, Marjorie's hockey playing uncle, had been a hero of his. Had he known he was Marjorie's uncle he might have been more respectful of Marjorie, but probably not. Hat Trick Chuck was known to be a notorious stud and womanizer, so he had been Lester's role model in more ways than one.

“Now then, sweet sissy, just set your petticoated little tush down here at the vanity, and lets do something about your face, hair and nails.” Two pairs of hands pressed his shoulders down as he sat. He wished desperately that he had not so stubbornly refused to wear short hair, not that any of his friends did any more. It hung to the middle of his shoulder blades. As Marjorie picked up a handful and began brushing it out, his blonde tresses shimmered in the light.

“It's a pony tail for the Leslie-doll, don't you think, Cindy? All tied up with a black satin bow. You do want a ponytail, don't you, darling? See, here's a photo of Aunt Alexis in the same outfit you have on, and she's wearing a pony tail. Isn't it just too terrific?”

“Yes, please,” he moaned. “I would like that very much and be most grateful, Miss Marjorie.” He blushed deeply as she pushed his head over the vanity sink and doused his locks with shampoo. He had begun to be aware that speaking his gratitude and begging to be dressed up prettily were the first two steps in getting his pants back. He had never seen a skirt and sweater combination of the type Marjorie had put him in. The white sweater with his two new pointed globes pushing it forward and the long, wide black skirt lofted on its petticoat were merely a hint of things to come. Marjorie had used the word ‘retro.’ To Lester it only meant something from an earlier time. He was not yet quite aware just how much he would stand out in the elegant styles of a period so recently passed.

As the dryer hummed, Lester sat in the drone and heat and helplessly watched Cynthia Waters lengthen his nails with acrylic extensions to an absurd length and then fill and enamel them to a bright crimson hue. Once he was out from under the dryer he was ordered to close his eyes as Marjorie made up his face in soft pastels. She turned his lashes into long black bushes, plucked his brows painfully, and colored his fulsome lips with the same shade of crimson as his nails. Finally she combed him out, gathered his long tresses in back and secured them at the back of his head. She then

tied a wide, black satin ribbon around the securing band and drew the pony tail out and dropped it. He noticed, to his horror, that she had curled it so that, as it fell away, it turned and bounced perkily with every movement of his head.

Marjorie propped up a photo of her aunt wearing the costume that Lester now wore. The only thing missing was a black and white scarf that Alexis wore about her neck. It had a black border on a white field. Scattered in the field in black was her monogram 'A.' Cindy reached in her purse and withdrew a flat white box which she handed to Lester. In it was a 24 inch square scarf with a black border and a white field. Scattered in the field were large black dots. In moments it had been folded, laid around his neck and caught with a silver ring which they slid up until the scarf was caught tightly around his neck with the ring just beneath his left ear. The points of the scarf lay on his left shoulder and the two ends of the scarf upon his right.

Marjorie and Cynthia stood him in front of the mirror once again and stood back to admire what they had wrought. Lester felt faint and somewhat nauseated as a wave of embarrassment shivered through him. "Now what do we do with him, Margie?"

"We take him out and show him to the whole world, Cindy, my dear. What have you to say for yourself now, Mr. Super Stud?"

"Thank you, Miss Marjorie." He was afraid to say anything else. Marjorie had made it clear as she zipped into his long corselette that if he were uncooperative or unappreciative she could find still more uncomfortable things for him to wear. Having his genitals bound between his legs and his torso zipped into the inflexible, stayed corselette was horrid enough. He had become round, wide-bottomed. narrow waisted and very chesty young lady.

Chapter 2

Lester Springford was not a typical juvenile delinquent. He belonged to a normal middle class family with two parents intact. His father, Walter, was an engineer who devised electrical devices for a corporation renowned for its ingenious patents. Antonia Neese Springford had been an honor student in music at the Academie de Musique de Suisse, where she played strings and became a fine watercolorist, proceeding to be hung in several of the nation's major museum collections. They lived a beneficent, if only slightly lavish suburban lifestyle filled with fine cars, luxurious boats and Walter's own private twin engine plane in which they could zip off to their time share vacation home. Lester had passed his private pilot's test on his sixteenth birthday and had an airline career in mind, until his world became buried beneath a flurry of petticoats.

Lester had a sister whose good looks combined the rugged handsomeness of Walter and the sultry beauty of Antonia. Lester was similarly blessed.

"Oh, my word," Patricia would coo as her brother appeared in his flowing black and gold nightgown and peignoir. "What an ever-living doll this brother creature has become. Mom, isn't he just the most gorgeous thing ever? Lord, I wish I had lashes like that, and his complexion. And that pony tail! I've never had the patience to care for such long hair. I guess it takes a sissy..."

“Please, Patricia, can't you see he is terribly distressed at having to appear this way? Can't you find it in your heart to be kind, dear? After all, he is your brother.”

“Oh, sure, my brother, the head man of the Casanova Club. Mother, for God's sake, he's a danger to every girl in town, him and his randy pals. Pardon me, but I just don't get it why we should be kind and let him off the hook! Squirm, you perfect sissy, just squirm in your satins and laces. I just hope you die of the whole thing, jerk!”

“That'll do, Patricia,” their father admonished. “I understand how you are pleased to see your brother humiliated for what he has done. However, I suggest that you be thankful that you have avoided trouble and try to be kind. If I am correct in recollection you narrowly avoided earning an “A” in your affair with Anthony Blake.” Patricia shrunk in her chair. It had been less than a year since the family had been required to buy Patricia an abortion on account of the high school quarterback's indiscretion with her.

“Yeah, Sister Pister, like being the quarterback's bimbo makes you better than me?”

“Silence! We have all sinned and are therefore in a poor position to cast stones,” Antonia commanded. The dishes on the breakfast table rattled as she brought down her fist. “What has gotten into this family? We used to be considered nice people and now our daughter has become a slut and our son under sentence for sexual misconduct. And the terms of the sentence are exceedingly embarrassing for us all. I can't see how we are ever going to live this down.”

“This too shall pass,” Walter decreed. “Patricia will remain grounded and chaperoned until she graduates and Lester will continue his lessons in femininity until he is pardoned. The least we can do is be kind to one another. Heaven knows no one else is being kind to us.”

Lester resisted. His whole upbringing had taught him to resist and to hang tough. The trouble was that none of his training had prepared him to submit to domination by girls. Girls, he understood, were to be passive and accept whatever came their way. He sat at the vanity mirror in his boudoir, late his bedroom, and looked at himself. With each passing week he became more effeminate, more delicate in appearance, more ladylike. It was not only humiliating, it was intolerable. Especially annoying were the ribbons and bows he wore. He could hear Judge Wheatley's words clearly:

“Affixed in his hair he is to wear three large silken hair ribbons, one in black, one in white and one red, representing each of the women he has offended. He may not remove these but will wear them until each pardons him by removing the bow herself.” It was the most ghastly stroke of all. The huge black bow tied his pony tail but the white one and the red one were affixed to the sides of his head and he dared not touch them. Even if he should succeed in getting Marjorie's pardon, he must procure the other two to be rid of the bows. It wouldn't help much to have Marjorie's pardon and get his pants back if he still had to wear the two satin hair ribbons. Lester still did not understand that there was no way he would be pardoned until he first admitted that what he had done to Marjorie was not consensual. The reality was that Marjorie had consented, enthusiastically, in fact, but having achieved her orgasm she suddenly demanded that Lester stop. Each was too stubborn and too guilty to admit anything. Nevertheless, he was still a boy in dresses, ribbons and bows.

Every week, on Friday, it was the same drill. The retro coed ensemble of black skirt and white sweater with its huge black and white scarf was de rigeur for Saturdays. He would appear in it on the Steadman doorstep, carrying his purse, and be admitted. He was then required to go to the study and there stand in the corner facing the wall until summoned. It made him feel like a four year old twit, as it was meant to make him feel.

Finally, after as long as one to two hours, he would hear Marjorie, or Cynthia, or Paula enter the room. "What do you want, you outrageous sissy?" one of them would ask.

"I want to beg your pardon, please Miss." This plea would be met with one of several responses.

"Not a chance, you jerk!" Go home and hide in the closet."

"Fix my hair and nails and we'll talk about, Leslie, dear."

"Pardon? Beg my pardon? You can beg my pardon forever. I'm never going to grant it." After a certain amount of this hectoring he would generally be taken to the bedroom where the begging drill began in earnest. Whichever of the girls had the drill required him to kneel before her and place his beribboned head in her lap. She would then tie his thumbs behind his back with a ribbon and command him to begin. He was then required to recite a litany of pleadings for forgiveness and pardon.

"Don't lie to me, you silly fruitcake," Marjorie would admonish him, slapping his buttocks with her hand, or pinching them. "Now pleasure me and I will consider your request." This meant he was to perform cunnilingus until she was satisfied. On occasion he was required to satisfy all three of them. Lester had no objection to oral sex, but bound, and on his knees, in female dress while being pinched and slapped was perfectly horrid.

After he had satisfied all the girls present his makeup was repaired and he was left kneeling, his thumbs bound, his head on the seat of the chaise lounge, pleading for release and begging to be pardoned. This particular Saturday, the first in a long series, found Lester with his head in Marjorie's lap.

"What do you want, silly, just tell me what you want," she demanded.

"I want your pardon, please, Miss Marjorie."

"And just what do you want to be pardoned for, dear heart?"

"For what I did, Miss Marjorie?"

"To whom? To whom did you do this thing and what was it that you did. You will have to be specific. I am not granting general pardons here."

"For what I did with you, Miss Marjorie."

"It is something you did to me, not with me."

"Please, Miss Marjorie." Lester squirmed, his powdered cheek brushing against the satin of her robe. "I beg your pardon, please. I did sex to you on Saturday, October 12." Both Cynthia and Paula burst into peels of laughter.

“You did sex to me? Oh, that's too marvelous. You did sex to me. What a way of putting it. What sort of sex did you do to me, you sniveling jerk? I want to hear all about it.” Lester choked up, unable to speak. She was leading him toward the one admission he could not let himself acknowledge. The girls eventually quieted down. Marjorie lifted Lester's petticoat and pinched his buns, hard enough to make him cringe and cry out.

“Not good enough, you sissy coward. I want to hear you admit that you took me against my will. You have been convicted of it and still you won't admit it Try me next Saturday, twit. In the meantime don't forget to be as pretty as you can. Here, let me adjust your hair ribbons.” She untied his thumbs but bade him kiss the hems of their skirts before he was allowed to go.

He had now been en femme for one week, all of it in his retro coed costume or his nightwear of black satin and gold lace. When he got home the next surprise awaited him.

“Hi, sis!” It was Patricia, she had taken to calling him sis. She knew how it galled him, even more than being referred to as “she” and called Leslie. “You had better get a move on. It's just over an hour before your date picks you up, and you aren't even dressed.” These words stopped Lester in his tracks.

“Date? What the hell are you talking about? Are you out of your alleged mind?”

Antonia stepped from the hall from the kitchen, removing her apron. “Your name is Miss Leslie Ann Springford. You are a nineteen year old girl and a very pretty one at that. Why don't you just accept these things as facts for the time being. The Steadmans have graciously invited us to the dinner dance at the country club tonight. At Marjorie's suggestion Ralph Gagnon has asked to be your escort. I know what dear friends you and Ralph are. As the affair is properly chaperoned I think you will be safe enough. Ralph was part of that gang of gang of predators that called themselves the Pussy Hunters or something...”

“The Pussy Posse, mom,” Patricia chimed in.

“The Casanova Club, if you have to call it anything. That's what we called ourselves,” Lester corrected.

“Whatever,” Antonia rejoined. “Anyway, you have a date and I should think you would be thrilled. Ralph is a very handsome fellow and is doing you a great kindness in escorting you to the country club, given your reputation.”

“Oh, tee-hee, poor girl hasn't a thing to wear,” tittered Patricia.

Antonia joined her in her laughter. “Oh, but you do, darling. I just picked up your formal from the Formal Princess Boutique. It is just too adorable! You are going to make a sensation, I am sure.” Antonia shoved a photo of Marjorie's Aunt Alexis at him. It showed the tall, elegant blonde model in a powder blue off-the-shoulder gown of tissue silk with a wide, ballerina length skirt floating on a sea of petticoats. “I picked up some satin pumps and had them died to match, dear. Now off to your bubble bath, little Miss, and don't forget your powder and perfume. Give us a shout when you are bathed and in your gaffe. We will help you dress and then you can help us. Run along now and get pretty.”

The thought of wearing an evening gown and being escorted by one of his best buddies was terrifying and disgusting. His life seemed to be getting more hideous at every turn.

Mom and Patricia had overlooked nothing. Zipped into a tight panty girdle, Lester was next hooked and zipped into something they called a "Merry Widow" by Warner's. It was a bustier, stayed vertically, strapless and zipped and hooked up the front. Mom explained it was necessary because the dress exposed one shoulder. His nylons were gartered to his panty girdle and layers of frilly petticoats fluttered from his waist to just above his ankles. As mother approached the blushing boy the dress also fluttered, so light and thin was the shimmering fabric. Lester teetered on three inch spikes, holding the bedpost to steady himself.

"Mom," he whined, "I'm gonna break an ankle here. I'll never make it in these things."

"Oh, pooh, of course you will. All the girls were wearing them. Stiletto heels first appeared when Alexis was in college."

Patricia cocked her pretty head. "Wow, girls sure knew how to dress back then. That dress is super chic. Leslie, you lucky chick. Mom, look how it's fitted around the torso, and it just flows like liquid with every movement he makes."

Antonia fluffed out the skirts and lay them lightly over the petticoat. "They really did, dear. Girls really dressed and acted like girls back then, before they got so concerned about their rights. All they had to do was be very pretty and stylish and it drove the boys wild. Frankly, I think the feminists have blown it" She handed Lester a pair of full length white satin gloves for him to put on.

"There, see how lucky you are, Leslie doll? You are just ravishing. I am sure you will have Ralph groping you behind the potted palms by the second dance. He has quite a reputation, Ralph does. Do you think you can handle him?" his sister asked.

"Shut up, twerp," he hollered. Four hands pushed him down onto the vanity stool.

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about our princess here, Patty. I think she can handle the boys well enough. As the former President or the Casanova Club he should understand their methods pretty well."

"If he doesn't fall off his heels and break his neck... Oh, I'm sorry, I'm not supposed to tease my big sissy, I mean, sister." Patricia dissolved in a peal of giggles.

"You will have to forgive her, Leslie. I think she is envious of your gown. Marjorie tells me Patricia has a crush on your Ralph Gagnon, but she can't go out unescorted. Do be a dear and keep an eye on her this evening. If she gets up to any hanky-panky with Ralph just let me know. We girls have to stick together," mom added.

Lester rather liked the idea that he had something on Patricia. He thought he could probably hand Ralph off to her and then get her in hot water by telling mom they were necking on the patio. This reverie was abruptly cut short by the feel of a hairbrush along the side of his head as. When she was finished he had a new evening coiffure. His sister had coiled the long pony tail on to the top of his head, pinned it there and

secured Marjorie's huge black satin ribbon bow to the front of the coil. She then affixed the red ribbon and the white one at the sides of the coil.

"How elegant, sis. Like Missy, Sissy Ribbons and Bows. Have you ever danced backwards in high heels? Just hang on to Ralph real tight and follow his lead. Got It?"

"That will do," Mother admonished. "Patricia go bathe and get dressed now. I think you will like what you find in your closet. I will send the lovely Leslie in to do your hair when you are ready. Now, Sweetie, just sit back and let Mommy make you a doll-face." Lester sighed and closed his eyes as his mother began to paddle foundation onto his exposed face.

"Do I have to do this, mom? I mean, do I have to go to this dumb dance, in this awful dress? Isn't there some way out, something I can do to make all this stop— OUCH!" Antonia had snatched a wayward eyebrow hair loose.

"Keep begging her pardon and in a couple of years the sentence runs out, you get your pants back and you are off to college."

"But Mom, that'll happen anyway even if I don't do anything."

"But you might just get her to take pity on you sooner if you try."

Lester sighed as he stared at the ceiling, the mascara brush lengthening his lashes markedly. It was hard to know which was worse, admitting guilt where none existed or facing the world in a blue silk off-the-shoulder evening gown.

Lester had seen Ralph Gagnon in a tuxedo before. He really did cut a fine figure. What Lester had not expected was to be handed a clear plastic box with a pink ribbon on it, containing a huge floral corsage. Lester blushed helplessly as Ralph tied it to his wrist with a white satin ribbon. It was a cluster of blue and white flowers with a gerbera at the center. Leslie dropped a pretty curtsey and thanked her escort as his lips brushed the glove on her extended hand. Mother, father and Patricia applauded the scene. Leslie nearly fainted from a mixture of embarrassment, surprise and narcissistic rapture.

Lester had stood staring long and hard at the beautiful young woman in the full length mirror on the back of the closet door. If he could just get rid of two of the demeaning hair ribbons, he thought, he really would be a wonderful looking girl. That thought frightened him, but this was the beginning of the narcissistic rapture. It was a feeling of euphoria that crept up on him at quiet moments like this one, when no one was watching, making fun of him, or instructing him. Somehow, at moments like this, he felt as though he were in love. He had that giddy light headed feeling, a desire to surrender, but to whom, or to what? Lester was falling in love with the girl in the mirror. Gasping, he raised his glove hands to his face. The ribbons and petals of the corsage fluttered before him. He didn't understand it, of course, but he sensed a desire to embrace, kiss and dance with the girl in the mirror, with Leslie, the pretty girl in the blue ball gown. This ambivalent set of feelings, the shame and humiliation of his penance, and the euphoria and joy of seeing himself dressed for the ball left our hero on very dangerous ground.

Minutes later he would find himself stepping smoothly, heel and toe, into the ballroom of the Women's City Club, clinging helplessly to Ralph Gagnon's arm, listening to

the announcer on the public address system intone his new name. "Miss Leslie Ann Springford and Mr. Ralph Gagnon." The entire room filled with elegant revelers turned to stare at the newest girl in town. There was a burst of applause. Leslie curtsied. She was utterly thrilled at the reception. It would have been an undiluted joy save for the three ghastly ribbons in his hair and what they stood for.

"Smile, follow my lead and be nice," Ralph whispered in Leslie's ear as he seized her in his strong grip and backed her onto the dance floor, waltzing. Leslie nearly fainted, gripped by a rising tide of narcissistic rapture. He felt like a girl attending her first ball. He WAS a girl attending her first ball. Ralph pressed against 'her' bosom, his strong right hand pressing firmly against Leslie's back. Leslie thought he might faint.

He had expected the evening to be a dreadful ordeal in which he would be teased for his ribbons and laughed at for his clumsy attempts at dancing as a girl, but he was delighted to discover it going otherwise. He was complimented repeatedly on his gown and asked where he had got it. His plan to pass Patricia off on Ralph after the first dance worked, but as Ralph and Patricia disappeared onto the patio deck other strong hands were extended until he had filled his whole dance card, including all the other members of the Casanova Club. Each was being made to dance with their former leader as a penance for having abandoned him. Leslie had no way of figuring it out, but he cut such an elegant and lovely figure in his blue gown and danced so adroitly, smiling the whole while, that he dominated the room with his grace and charm. He could see his mother in the card room, nodding her approval as he swept past, twirling and gliding with his skirts aloft.

The evening was a great success for them all. Leslie went to bed sometime after two a.m., astonished at how much joy the evening had given him. That thought frightened him as well.

Chapter 3

Leslie couldn't call what was happening to him a narcissistic euphoria. He had never heard of such a thing. He could hardly describe it, it was so unusual. Vaguely, he realized that it was somehow connected with the female attire. The purpose of this high styled, archaic female couture was to humiliate and embarrass, and it did. But when he was alone, especially with access to a mirror, the euphoria set in. He was repelled by the thought of being in love with himself. Dad had called that sort of thing pathological. What was worse, was that he was falling in love with the girl in the mirror and she didn't really exist. She was a facsimile girl, created by putting him in a retro wardrobe resurrected from the trunks of a dead fashion model from the 1950's. It all made Leslie's head swim. He had dreaded going to the ball for fear of being ridiculed at his efforts to make a presentable girl of himself, but he had succeeded in attaining the respect and approval of nearly everyone there. He had actually had a good time.

Saturdays continued to be wretched affairs. Marjorie would call in the morning with orders.

"Meet us at the coffee shop in the lower level of the mall at 10:30. Wear the blue silk surah coatdress and the navy pillbox hat. Don't forget to wear the gloves. Be

pretty, be nice and be on time, doll face boy.” Leslie come to understand this ensemble, the 1950's “New Look”, made him stand out in a place like the mall as conspicuously as a gorilla in a tea room. It was so stunning and so retro that it simply stopped everyone in their tracks. He might as well have appeared in a jockstrap and bowler hat for all the attention it drew.

“Yes, Miss Marjorie. Thank you Miss Marjorie. I'll be there, of course.” He sighed and hung up the phone. The previous Saturday he had been ordered to appear in the lobby of the post office in his black skirt and white sweater ensemble. Marjorie had ordered him to be there at 9:00 and wait for her. She kept him waiting in the lobby until after 12:00. When she finally rescued him he had to thank her for her kindness in doing so. Leslie was never sure just how long Marjorie might keep him waiting in some public venue, all dressed up in some very chic ensemble. When he was released on Saturday he received orders on what to wear to church the next morning. It was invariably elegant, chic and always involved a hat and gloves.

Leslie was not especially religious, but he did enjoy the activities at church, or at least he had until now. He liked the youth group and he liked the vicar, an attractive middle aged woman who treated all the boys and girls as though they were her own. Even now, Leslie enjoyed church. The service from the Book of Common Prayer always moved him and the sermons, blessedly short, stimulated him. It was also a chance to sit, or kneel quietly and meditate. Church seemed also to be another place where his bizarre, ultrachic retro ensembles were accepted without implied criticism. The vicar and the rector, both of whom were sympathetic to his suffering, always complimented him on his ensemble. The vicar, especially, remembered wearing the New Look herself and could comment knowledgeably on the origins of Leslie's wardrobe. “That sort of pleating and ruching on the skirt is pure Fath,” she commented. “In those days I had plenty of Fath, but had not yet found my Faith,” she smiled.

Leslie had a horrid Saturday on the seventh week of his penance. He had been ordered into a candy striped yellow and white dress with a peter pan collar, fitted bodice, puff sleeves and a flared skirt, riding atop the customary petticoat. Over this he wore a white cotton pinafore apron with ruffles along all of its edges. It tied in a large bow at the back. With it he wore white nylon hose and yellow patent pumps with a strap across the instep. He was close to tears as he tied the apron behind him. Patricia straightened the bow as mother nodded approvingly. Aunt Alexis had worn this costume while serving at the college hospital as a nursing assistant. Her sorority made this volunteer work part of their pledge program. Alexis' photo album contained a shot of the campus beauty in the outfit. She was smiling and holding up a bedpan. Leslie wondered at how similar he was in size to this lovely woman. Mother and Patricia had commented on how little alteration the old wardrobe required to fit Leslie.

There was nothing bizarre about the costume save for its being outdated and completely out of style for the present day. It just made Leslie so conspicuous, especially the outlandish ribbons he wore in his hair. Making Leslie conspicuous was just Marjorie's intent, of course.

A subtle game was playing itself out here. Marjorie was visibly upset at Leslie's success at the dance. As more people accepted Leslie's appearance and complimented him on it. or showed acceptance of his condition, Marjorie ratcheted up the methods she

used to embarrass him. This candy striped uniform was typical of her determination to make him blush with shame. Their first stop was at the Salon Exquise where the three girls had their hair and nails done. Leslie was stationed next to the door of the waiting room. He was also told to smile and curtsy to everyone who went in or out the door, opening it for them, acting as the door girl. He was also told to help each customer in or out of their coats, hanging them on the coat rack along the wall. All of the women who came and went knew who Leslie was and why he was wearing a dress and hair ribbons, except one out of town visitor, whose sister was happy to explain it all to her.

The three girls, done for the week, then walked up the street to the Rose Tea Room where they enjoyed a leisurely lunch. One again Leslie was consigned to the front door. The only positive thing about this experience was the several dollars in tips that were stuffed into the top of her pinafore. The worst moment was during luncheon when the woman who had explained Leslie to her sister came in. While the sister went to the powder room, the sister looked Leslie carefully up and down. The woman lifted Leslie's skirt and peeked at her petticoat, stood up the ruffle on her pinafore's shoulder straps and smiled at her.

"Aren't you just the prettiest thing I've ever seen. You know there are some boys who are just naturally so pretty one can't help but think they should have been born girls. A boy like you is lucky someone saw it and put you in dresses and tresses. I understand you are doing this under very unfortunate circumstances. but once you have procured your girl friend's pardon, I am sure you will be grateful that someone helped you discover your transvestitism. Transvestites are born to it and the sooner they discover that is what they are and learn to accept it, the happier they become. Call me for an appointment if you like." The woman stuck her card into the edge of Leslie's pinafore. Later Leslie had a chance to look at it:

Dr. Sally Whitcomb, Ph.D. LP

Practice limited to transgender clientele

Leslie hadn't heard that word either but he could deduce from the doctor's remarks that he must be "transgendered."

"Wow! Don't you make the very best sissy yet, you big jerk?" It was Andrea Dobson, who represented notch number seven on the confiscated knife handle that had convicted him. "With a little help you could be really pretty. I'm sending a real Victorian corset over to Marjorie's for you. She says she will have you model it for all of us, you sweet creep. Now curtsy once more Lezzz-lee, darling." These words were especially galling because he hadn't actually had relations with Andrea. He had put a mark on his knife and named it for her as a form of bragging about what he wanted to do. At his trial she testified that he had forced himself on her, but she had fought him off successfully. In the end she was one of nine who claimed to have been abused by the Pussy Posse, as the sensational press had called their club.

Leslie curtsied. The whole thing had got so blown out of proportion, so sensationalized. The more they had tried to deny that they had done anything criminal the worse it got. Lester had actual intercourse with only three girls, but he had foolishly claimed eleven. Every time one of the other guys claimed another conquest Lester had to raise the ante. Unlike the others, Lester had named names. He had been convicted of crimi-

nal sexual conduct with the three. The other eight had not complained. They had just testified against him.

After the three ladies had finished a leisurely tiffin, Leslie was dragged through the shops and boutiques of the local mall being used as a petticoated carryall as the girls piled their boxes and bags into his waiting arms. It ended back at Marjorie's, in her boudoir, with him on his knees, his thumbs tied behind him with a ribbon. Cynthia retied his hair ribbons as Leslie begged for the privilege of begging their pardons. It was not granted.

“Leslie, dear, I would like your permission to penetrate your body. Will that be acceptable to you?”

Leslie stiffened. “Penetrate? With what? You can't do that...”

Cynthia pushed down his shoulders as Paula lifted his petticoats, exposing his buttocks.

“Do I understand you correctly then, that you specifically refuse me permission to penetrate your rear orifice?”

“Oh, no please, you mustn't...”

“You are hardly in a position to refuse are you? I mean, I can't imagine granting my pardon to someone who opposes my wishes.”

“Oh no, please don't stick anything in me, Miss Marjorie. Oh, lord, help me...” His voice trailed off as he began to sob. Paula tied a black silk kerchief over his eyes.

Cynthia rubbed the lubricated tip of a rubber dildo against the flesh of his posterior. “How do you like being helpless and dominated? Scary, isn't? Now you know how I felt when you wouldn't stop when I asked you to.”

“Please stop!” Leslie was sobbing and pleading like a helpless girl as Cynthia spread his cheeks and Paula slid the long, lubricated rubber penis into his rectum. As soon as the ten inch rod was fully inserted the straps at its base were drawn around his waist and groin and it was locked into place with a tiny padlock. Leslie sobbed and pleaded to no avail.

“Did you stop when I withdrew my permission, you dreadful beast? Did you?”

Leslie writhed in a paroxysm of shame. “No, Miss Marjorie,” he gasped.

“Well, then, I shan't stop either. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.” Cynthia removed the blindfold and Marjorie released his shoulders.

“Oh God,” he wailed. “Oh, Miss Marjorie, please take it out. I can't go around with this thing in me. Oh, please, I beg your pardon, Miss Marjorie. I'll do anything...”

“You will do anything I say? Say you didn't stop when I asked. Say you sired our child. Say you forced me to submit. Admit it!”

He refused!

“You may go home now, sweet cakes,” Marjorie announced. “I'll see you in church tomorrow. Wear the fuscia ribbed silk faille suit with the pillbox hat and veil. Perhaps God has the key to that thing in your rear. Anyway, you can ask Her.” Cynthia and

Paula helped Leslie to his feet, the dildo penetrating still farther into his interior as he stood up. Marjorie untied his thumbs. He staggered the two blocks to his house, and there fell into a sobbing heap in his boudoir. It took the rest of the day and evening for Antonia to discover what distressed him so. She did not have a key, nor did Patricia. Antonia promised to speak to Marjorie's mother about the problem on Sunday. In the meantime, she said, he would just have to do the best he could. He quickly discovered that the dildo protruded from his anus just enough to prevent his sitting down.

On Sunday morning, dressed in Alexis' two piece suit of ribbed fuchsia silk faille, with a ruffled



peplum to its coat and a ruffle around the hem of its skirt, Leslie knelt throughout the entire service, blushing and grimacing behind the net veil of the matching hat. After the service he excused himself to the South transept where he knelt once again, seeking solace. Praying for deliverance he winced. The force of pressure was building up in his gut causing him some pain and griping. As he raised his head to look at the rose window he saw it suddenly illuminated and felt the euphoria wash over him.

“Oh, please, God,” he prayed. “Deliver me, please. Grant me her pardon, Lord.”

“Perhaps if you confess, my dear. Perhaps if you own up to your sins and sincerely acknowledge them, she will do so.” Leslie stiffened. He looked to his right. There kneel-

ing beside him was the kindly vicar. She was smiling sweetly at him. "Oh, Mrs. Jennings, you don't know what they have done to me."

"No, I don't, dear. Would you care to tell me?"

Leslie blushed. "No, I can't, ma'am. It's too awful to talk about."

"If you can't confess to me, my child, how can you expect my help?"

Leslie squirmed and grimaced. "They raped me, ma'am. I mean, then stuck this... ghastly thing up my rear against my will, and I can't get it off."

"Stay right here, dear. Let me see what I can do." She left him kneeling. The light in the Rose window intensified. Leslie had the powerful feeling of being in some kind of divine presence. He lost all sensation of the rod in his rear end. He breathed deeply and let the sense of euphoria wash over him. Once again he thought he heard the voice of God, but it was only the vicar once again.

"Go home, dear. The key has been found, but you must promise me that when you see Marjorie you will confess your guilt to her and acknowledge what you did to her. Unless you do, you will be searching for the key once again next week. Marjorie has made your confession a condition for her pardon. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Jennings. Oh, thank you ever so much. I will, I promise!" He stumbled out of the church, mincing along on the stiletto heels he wore, gasping with each step as the pressure in his gut built.

To his utter horror he discovered that the holder of the key was his sister, Patricia. "Unlock it, damn it!" he ordered her. Patricia pursed her crimson lips and dangled the key from a ribbon around her neck.

"Ask nicely, sissy bro," she taunted.

"Unlock it, I say. Don't mess with me. What did I ever do to you?" It was all bluff and bluster.

"Well, how about the time you locked me in the janitor closet so I missed cheerleader tryouts... So, on your knees and kiss the hem of my skirt and I'll forgive that, but you have to ask nicely and say please." The thought of making such an obeisance to his little sister was perfectly galling. However, the pain in his gut was becoming a steady, slow throbbing now. Leslie knelt, took the hem of his sister's skirt in his hands and kissed the soft material.

"For telling mom I was sneaking out at night, you may kiss my left shoe." Grimacing, Leslie complied. "And for lying to me about it, kiss the other one. This is too delicious. Now then, what was it you wanted?"

"Please Patricia, unlock this thing..."

"And just precisely where is this thing you want unlocked?"

"It's— it's— Aw, c'mon, Patricia, you know where it is!"

"Oh yes, Marjorie did say something about your having something up your ass. Let's have a look-see here. And it's Miss Patricia, if you please." She pulled up his skirt and slip to expose the tiny padlock that lay against his buttocks. "There, it's loose, you groveling snot. You're on your own now. So say thank you and run."