



Reluctant Press presents:

Sissy For My Aunts

Blind Ruth



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEXANDERSSON

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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SISSY FOR MY AUNTS

BY BLIND RUTH

INTRODUCTION - INSIGHT INTO THE LIFE OF SISSY BOYS

This book is composed of the secret diaries of aunts who have a preference for seeing nephews dressed in skirts, frocks and beautiful lingerie along with the secret diaries of these boys and their reaction to being sissies.

AUNT CECILIA'S DIARY

It has been over six weeks since Elizabeth-Jayne and I came back from our vacation to visit Aunt Matilda. I think it is fair to say we both enjoyed the vacation and how well Elizabeth-Jayne got on with Violet, Matilda's eldest daughter. This pleased both Matilda and myself. How well her other two daughters have grown since we first met! Little Holly looked *so* pretty in the beautiful dresses her mother had picked out for her during our stay. Holly received many hugs and kisses from her mother and myself during our stay. She just looked *so* lovely; little girls like that just deserve to be cuddled. From the sighs she gave I just know she was delighted with all the fuss her mother and I paid to her.

Matilda always said Holly would be the easiest of her boys to put in a dress, and so it seemed. It was her middle son Thelma that worried her. Thelma had no special girlfriend to play with, unlike Violet who bonded well with my Elizabeth-Jayne.

It reminded me of the first time I made contact with Aunt Matilda all those years ago. That contact was made through a well known woman's magazine. One day I read the following advertisement in the friendship column.

Mother with three *special* daughters seeks other mothers with same for mutual companionship and friendship between all. Vacations together at my home. Nice surroundings, friendly family.

Eldest daughter lonely looking for that *special* girlfriend, can you help? All correspondence answered. Reply: Box S D 100359

I answered. What had I to lose? I thought it was time Elizabeth-Jayne had the company of her own kind. It was a decision I was not to regret.

From the first, Elizabeth-Jayne and Aunt Matilda's eldest daughter Violet became very close *special* girlfriends. Aunt Matilda and myself also struck the right note from the first. Although Matilda and I were not related, Matilda insisted from the start that all her daughters call me Aunt; I told Elizabeth-Jayne to also call me Aunt.

Elizabeth-Jayne was a happy girl from the start. My late husband John, when we were going out together, told me of his desire to wear woman's clothes.

"I have to come clean before we marry, and you can accept me or reject me," he said.

About three months into our marriage, John said he really had to dress in women's clothes very soon, as he was getting depressed and agitated, not having wore a dress for some time.

I had never seen John dressed in women's clothes before and was curious to see him as such. It was quite a revelation.. John looked nothing like a man. I was impressed particularly at how he treated me. He was so soft and gentle to me, different from the authoritarian business manager he was in the company he worked for. He said that this display of femininity released the tension built up over the months of hard decisions at his work. He felt so at ease in the pretty women's clothes. As time went on, I treated John as a girlfriend whom I called Joanne.

In time, our son was born. John was pleased the day I told him to dress as Joanne and help nurse our son. This led John to suggest that we dress the baby in girls clothes, which we did. John Jr. became used to wearing girls clothes in his early years. We played it as a game and John Jr. took a delight in dressing in girls clothes in which John and I encouraged him.

When John Jr. was five, my husband took an illness from which he was to die. On his death bed, he told me that he wanted John Jr. to be brought up as a girl. He felt that John Jr. was not cut out to be a man, and that being brought up as a girl was best for him. He made me swear that I would bring our son up as such; this was his dying wish. As such, I faithfully upheld it to this day!.

Elizabeth-Jayne is now so deeply involved in her female side that all trace of the male she once was has long been eradicated. Elizabeth-Jayne knows that in time she will be made female in all ways. That is why she gets along so well with Violet who is going along the same path.

Now some information has come into my hands that may well solve Aunt Matilda's problem concerning her second daughter, Thelma.

My younger sister Susan, a widow, died three years ago. Her son was at present in an orphanage. The people at the orphanage knew Susan had a older sister but could not trace

her till now. This did not surprise me; Susan, when she heard I was bringing my son up as a girl, broke off all contact with me.

Now I, as his only relative, had access to Lanny.

I make no bones about it, I intend to make Lanny into a girl and a *special* girlfriend for Aunt Matilda's Thelma. It serves Susan right for snubbing me just because I brought up Elizabeth-Jayne as a girl. Revenge is sweet. Lana is a sweet name for my nephew; in time she will get used to it.

She will be a little sister for Elizabeth-Jayne, a new *special* girl welcomed into our family. Elizabeth, I am sure, will help me sissify Lana.

I hope Lana will be well sissified by the next time we go on vacation to Aunt Matilda and her girls. The orphanage has asked me to visit next week, which I surely will do. I have Lana's training programme all sorted out and will keep Matilda informed of every move.

Isn't Lana the sweetest thing you ever did see? I have just come back from our visit to the orphanage. The principal Miss Liddell explained that the orphanage likes to place the boys and girls in the care of relatives if they can be found, and are suitable people to take care of them. I of course said that I would be delighted to have little Lanny in my home. I almost called him Lana, so excited was I when I beheld that cherubic little face with his small nose and cupid lips, so girlish, with soft skin and curly hair. Put a frock on him with three layers of swirling petticoats underneath and who would ever know that he was a boy? And that was just what would be happening to him once I got my hands on him. I acted all prim and proper with Miss Liddell so that my sister's son should live in my house. I told her that after the death of my husband, I had gone abroad and only recently had come back and set up home. It was a pack of lies but it impressed Miss Liddell.

Miss Liddell explained that a lot of red tape would have to be sorted out, but that I should not worry. I would be made Lanny's guardian. She would put in a good word for me; in a few weeks, she would personally bring Lanny to my home. Till then, I contented myself in the knowledge that my sister Susan's son would be turned into a girl. If only she was here to see how pretty a girl her son would turn out to be! In the meanwhile, I bought a number of girls dresses and frocks and the prettiest girls underwear you ever did see. I got petticoats of silk and satin, and knickers of the same materials with the finest of lace trimmings round the legs. So gossamer thin were these knickers that I just knew little Lana's heart would skip a beat as the delicate flimsy material softly embraced her skin. I knew little Lana would be captured by the outstretched and waiting hands of girlhood, hands that were just looking for little boys such as he. Soon Thelma would have her special girlfriend!

LANNY'S DIARY

Life is so lonely here in the orphanage. I miss my Mommy but God came and took her away. Miss Liddell tells me I must not cry, she is doing her best to trace an aunt of mine. Funny, Mother never mentioned that I had any aunts but I do hope it is true.

Today, Miss Liddell called me into her office and said, "Great news, your long lost Aunt Cecilia has been found and very soon she will visit you."

Apparently, she is my mother's elder sister. I do seem to remember hearing the name Cecilia whispered in hush tones between my parents; however when I was spotted, the conversation ended.

No one ever explained who Cecelia was and eventually I forgot all about her. Miss Liddell said this aunt was keen to meet me. I looked forward to meeting her.

Today I met Aunt Cecelia for the first time, or so I thought till Aunt Cecelia said she first saw me as a baby. I not only discovered I had an aunt but also a girl cousin, Elizabeth-Jayne, Aunt Cecelia's daughter. They both greeted me with a kiss and a hug. Oh how nice it is to be with my own family again. Aunt Cecelia brought me a big box of chocolates. How nice that was of her. She talked of how she would love for me to come and stay with her and Elizabeth-Jayne. I must say I was enthralled by the thought. Not that there was anything wrong with the orphanage, it was just that I was so lonely.

Every so often, Aunt Cecelia would call me Lana. I expect it was a slip of the tongue. When both my aunt and cousin were gone, Miss Liddell asked me if I would like to stay with them, I had no hesitation in answering yes. Miss Liddell said she would see what could be done about that, I was *so* happy.

After a month, Miss Liddell informed me that it had been arranged for me to live with my aunt. Miss Liddell also said that she would have to take me there as it was a long journey for so young a person as myself. A lengthy train journey would be involved and thereafter a trip by boat to the island my aunt stayed on. Aunt Cecelia wrote many letters telling me how she wished I would stay with her and Elizabeth-Jayne.

She gave me breathtaking descriptions of the beauty of the island which only added to my desire to stay with her.

The day eventually came when I would depart with Miss Liddell to my aunt's home. I had packed two cases with all my worldly belongings. After a hearty breakfast, Miss Liddell and I set off early that morning with a long journey ahead. It was exciting to see the countryside as the train sped away. Late that day we arrived at the ferry to the island that Aunt Cecelia lived on. As we neared the island, I eagerly searched the assembled crowd on the harbour awaiting the arrival of the ferry. This was the last ferry of the day. Then I spotted Aunt Cecelia and cousin Elizabeth-Jayne. I enthusiastically waved my hand as if I had known them all my life.

As I departed the ferry, Aunt Cecelia and cousin Elizabeth hugged and kissed me. Aunt Cecelia had her Range Rover waiting for us. She lived some six miles from the harbour and cars were the only means of transport on the island.

Aunt Cecelia had a magnificent house made of granite; when the sun shone it gleamed like silver. The locals nicknamed her house "The Silver Palace." A room had been made up for Miss Liddell; she would be getting the morning ferry back.

Aunt Cecelia showed me my room, beautiful with lace curtains. There was a dressing table with hair brushes, which I must say puzzled me. That's for girls and I'm not a girl. Elizabeth-Jayne helped me unpack and as I put jackets and trousers, shirts into the wardrobes, I discovered girls dresses within.

"Silly me," exclaimed Elizabeth-Jayne, "I forgot to take out my skirts, Mother."

"So you did," Aunt Cecelia replied.

"There are so many here, Mother. Could we leave it till tomorrow? You don't mind, Lanny, do you?" Elizabeth asked me.

Well of course I didn't. We had just found each other, no use in falling out now.

Miss Liddell enquired about my education. Aunt Cecelia explained there was no school on the island and that she would have to teach me. Miss Liddell accepted that and updated Aunt Cecelia on my academic progress. Miss Liddell told Aunt Cecelia that I had to carry on with my violin lessons. This surprised Aunt but she said I would have to practice every day. She would see I did although she knew nothing about the violin. Elizabeth-Jayne confirmed to Aunt that she had seen my violin when she helped me unpack my cases.

The following morning after Miss Liddell left, Aunt Cecelia made clear to me that this was not a well-populated island. One might go for days without seeing another soul. so I would have to do many tasks around the house. Some I might consider girls' work; nevertheless I should not complain.

The first instance of this came the day it was my turn to wash the dishes. Aunt Cecelia insisted that I put on a pinafore to keep my clothes clean. It was one of Elizabeth-Jayne's old ones, she said, but to me it looked brand new. Elizabeth-Jayne commented how nice I looked in it. I blushed. I took a sly peek in the dining room mirror. What a sissy I looked, but as Aunt Cecelia said, there was no one here to see me. In time I forgot I was wearing a girl's pinafore. It just seemed natural when it came my turn to wash the dishes, to pick up the pinafore. Aunt Cecelia tied a big bow at the back.

Other things were girly, like the day I opened the drawers in the dressing table to get a pair of my boy's underpants. There was nothing but girls knickers in the drawer. I immediately took them to Aunt Cecelia.

"Elizabeth," she shouted. "What is the meaning of this?" Aunt said, showing the knickers.

"Oh Mama, I am such a silly girl. I put all Lanny underwear in the washing machine, then discovered my mistake. So I put some of my own knickers in Lanny's drawer. Oh, do forgive me Lanny."

"Don't let it happen again, Elizabeth-Jayne." Observing me, Aunt said, "Lana, I'm afraid you will have to wear Elizabeth's knickers till we sort all this out." I'm sure Aunt Cecelia gave a smile to Elizabeth-Jayne as both left my room.

As the weeks went on, Elizabeth-Jayne seemed to put more and more frilly, lacy, soft knickers in my drawers. Some were satin, some silk. I must say a delightful feeling coursed through my body as I slipped then on. The soft cuddly feel of the knickers against my hairless body was pure ecstasy to me. As I moved, the silk or satin caressed my skin. It was wonderful. Then the thought came to me that there were girls frocks within the wardrobe. Maybe they also would be nice to wear.

Elizabeth-Jayne would tell me of the wonderful feel of these gorgeous frocks as they swirled round her legs. She tried to persuade me to try one on which I thought was most bold of her. Elizabeth-Jayne would exit the room with skirts swirling and swaying round her curved body, saying as she left, "See all the fun you are missing, Lana?" Like Aunt Cecilia, she too was calling me Lana. I wondered why.

I must admit to a feeling of guilt should I be observed wearing any of her clothing. That however didn't stop my shaking hands from removing a sleeveless turtle neck jumper with beading trim and a georgette skirt with a elastic waist band in a pale green colour from the drawer.

I stretched the turtle neck jumper over my head. The jumper fitted tightly over my upper body. I followed by stepping into the georgette skirt; the stretching of the waist band made it a perfect fit. Have you ever had the feeling that something had been planned for you without you knowing it?. Well that was the feeling I had as the jumper and skirt fit so perfectly.

Like Elizabeth-Jayne, I walked around the room, making that skirt swirl round my legs. What a breathtaking sensation I felt as the luxurious material caressed my legs. I could not sway my hips like Elizabeth, but then I did not have the broad hips she had. This was not to be the last item of girls clothing I would wear. Such bliss, such paradise, awaited me.

ELIZABETH-JAYNE's DIARY

Dear Mama complimented me on how well I played my part in her plans to sissify Lana. A new dress was promised to me before our next visit to Aunt Matilda and dearest Violet. I put my arms round Mama's neck and kissed her, so excited was I at the prospect of a new dress. Mama always bought the most expensive and prettiest of finery for me. Would it be silk, satin or velvet? Mama would keep it a surprise, she liked to see my eyes sparkle as she slipped the finery over my body.

The knickers trick was done on purpose; it was all planned that I take Lana's underpants and replace them with the knickers Mama had bought for her. I disposed of Lana's underpants as there would be no future need for them. Mama said I acted *so* inoffensive and natural. Didn't Lana look so girlish when Mama tied that pinafore round him? The pinafore was so long that one could not see his trousers. Lana looked as if she had a skirt on, although she may not have realised it.

Mama said she wanted Lana sissified before our next visit to Aunt Matilda and that I must help all I can. That is why I keep praising the beautiful dresses, frocks and skirts in her wardrobe. One day soon she will be wearing them, I just know. Then I will be assisting her into the pretty dresses in that wardrobe, to giggles from Lana. She is going to make the perfect girlfriend for Thelma. Violet and myself will give every encouragement to them.

I do not hate Lana even after what Mama told me about her mother, that she would have nothing to do with us, just because mother put me in girls clothes. I like them. Besides, it was Father's death wish and I respected it. Father was *such* fun dressed up in women's clothes. I called him Aunty Joanne. Maybe he was right, I am much better as a girl. Aunt Matilda arranged for the first steps in that direction when she arranged for her daughter Violet and myself to visit Dr. Evonne Fredrick's. Dr. Fredrick had no hesitation in supplying hormones for both of us. I look in the mirror every day to see if there are any changes in my body, in particular my breasts.

Mama laughed, "It's a slow process darling, but in time you will see, mark my words."

Mama keeps me at my studies to gain a City and Guilds certificate in photography, something I am most interested in. Mama sent away for the course and bought me many things I would need, she even converted one of our rooms into a darkroom, complete with developer. I am forever taking photos I think during my next visit to Aunt Matilda's, I shall take portraits of Aunt Matilda, dear sweet Violet, Thelma, and pretty little Holly. Violet is taking business studies during our absence from each other. It was she who suggested that we go in business with each other after passing our exams. We sealed the deal with a kiss.

Violet and I write letters to each other nearly every day so she knows all about Lana and looks forward to meeting her. Violet said she would like me to send her photos of how Lana became a sissy step by step. Mama told Lana I was practicing my skills and would she help me? The first photo I took of Lana was in that red checked pinafore frilled with white lace. A proper little sissy she looked, although she never realised it.

Its happened! Now we are making progress. Soon we will have the little sissy in skirts all the time, and how beautiful she will look. I will be happily waiting to encase her body in satin petticoats.

With Mama's approval, the steps to sissify Lana were now in place.

I grabbed the little sissy and pulled her out of bed in her boy's pyjamas. I rubbed the taffeta dress against her soft skin, unbuttoning the pyjama top at the same time.

Lana was breathing heavily, a far away look on her face. "Open your eyes and touch the dress, Lana," I ordered.

This was the moment of truth! I had her in the palm of my hand. I gently placed that fine material in her fingers.

I sat her on the high backed satin-covered chair in front of dressing table mirror. Lana was still clutching the taffeta dress. Taking the dress. I placed it on her bed, followed by other items of girls intimate lingerie. I knew what I was looking for as I opened the drawers in the dressing table, The black lace garter belt with three garter tabs hanging from each side, the sheer black stockings were still in their unopened cellophane packet, alongside a pair of black satin knickers trimmed with white lace at the bottom. There was also a small black bra, to which I would add some of my own bra fillers. A nice shiny black satin

petticoat with lacy black edging round the hem and at the top above the breast area rounded out the ensemble.

Nothing was said as I rolled each stocking up her leg and snapped each of the three garter tabs hanging down each leg onto the stockings. I could feel Lana's legs tremble as I slowly pulled the stockings up them. I wanted her to feel the sensation of nylon softly rub her legs.

I followed this up by lifting the pair of black satin knickers off the bed and putting her legs into them. Motioning her to raise, I pulled them up to her waist. A bulge under the knickers reminded me that it would have to be taken care of.

With the small black bra in my hand, I fitted it round Lana, clipped it at her back, adjusted the shoulder straps. Then I removed the bra fillers from the table top and slipped one in each bra cup. The petticoat and dress still remained on the bed, but a lot of work had to be done before they decorated her pretty body.

I got to work with the creams and lotions from the makeup box I had brought back from my room. I could see the little sissy was loving all the fuss I was making over her as I massaged her face.

The foundation now prepared, I could proceed to paint a pretty picture on that face. I picked up the black eye brow pencil and lightly painted in her arched brows, then on her eyelids I put pale blue eye shadow. A chestnut brown soft Kohl pencil lined the inside of her upper and lower eyelids. A dark

brown mascara was applied to her eye lash, as I took the utmost care to separate each lash. This painstaking task took a lot of time, but seeing little Lana sissified was worth it all.

Rosy tones seemed right so to the plumpest part of her cheek it was applied, then blended along the cheekbone. Lip liner made the outline of a Cupid's bow lip, this only emphasized what Mama and I had seen that day at the orphanage. Taking a lip brush, I applied a deep red to her lips.

The makeup finished, I stepped back and admired my painted picture, pleased with myself. I wished I had my camera, but there would be other times to take a photo.

Lana squirmed and wriggled as I ran my hands down the outside of the shimmering petticoat, just the reaction I hoped for. I stopped to let Lana's moment of truth sink in. She was a sissy as her reactions to wearing her first petticoat demonstrated. I watching Lana face contort in ecstasy as the petticoat caressed her body. She would never stop wanting to wear these exciting girl's clothes again.

As I held the dress above her head, she eagerly had her hands into it and let me smooth it down her body.

Taking Lana by the hand, I sat her once more on the high-backed satin-covered seat before her dressing table. Lifting the brush and comb off the table top, I set to work on her hair. I took my time brushing and combing out Lana's hair and trying to style it the best I could. If I say so myself, I didn't do a bad job on the little sissy. Lana's hair was all fluffed out; she looked a perfect picture of a sissified boy.

The last item now a pair of girl's shoes, glossy flat black ones. I slipped each stocking-covered foot into a shoe, as I did so took a quick look up her skirt. Did I detect a little twitch under the material of her knickers? Maybe it was just my imagination.

My work was now at an end. Lana the sissy was now born! Taking her hand, I led her to the full-length mirror on the inside of the wardrobe. Look at yourself, Lana! Aren't you the most beautiful thing you ever saw? She cried and kissed me on the cheek. I gave her a kiss back.

I said, "I must take you to see Mama, dear sweet Lana. Mama will just love you for the sissy you are." I could see Lana was a bit apprehensive. Taking her by the hand, I led her out of the room towards the living room where Mama awaited us.

LANA's DIARY

Dear diary I am no longer Lanny. How did this change come about? It all started one morning when Elizabeth-Jayne came to my room. I was still in bed sleeping. I was awakened by her holding a black dress and telling me this was more suitable than the one I wore the other day. I was shocked and shaken; how did she find out? Before I knew it, she was rubbing this black dress against my body and calling me a little sissy. What is a sissy? If I did not know then, I certainly know now.

All those wonderful girls clothes that Elizabeth-Jayne festooned upon my body gave me feelings that I never knew existed. Elizabeth-Jayne lingered, opening the drawers in the dressing table; each drawer displayed the wonderful sight of girls finery.

Now a burden had been lifted off my shoulders, Elizabeth-Jayne had given me the green light. These drawers would be raided many times from now on. The magnificent petticoats, and dresses would slither over my body from now on.

Elizabeth-Jayne applied makeup and I watched in the dressing table mirror, as my appearance slowly changed. Oh what a lovely girl emerged! Elizabeth-Jayne said I was a beautiful sissy. I am beginning to like her more and more, even if she treats me roughly at times. Before I knew it, my steps were heading me towards the living room and Aunt Cecelia.

AUNT CECELIA's DIARY

Elizabeth-Jayne informed me of how the little sissy Lana had worn that dress. I know soon I shall see the little sissy.

Elizabeth-Jayne mentioned a few weeks ago she was worried about the development of her breasts. I told her not to worry. Still, as I inspect her every week for breast development, there seems no increase. I measure her each week and take notes. Maybe I should write to Dr. Evonne Fredrick and tell her. It will not only ease Elizabeth mind and my own. It could be that implants will be needed, but let us hear from Dr. Evonne first.

This island is isolated and so remote we do not even have phone lines. Still, that's the way I like it; when we go to visit Aunt Matilda, I catch up with the outside world. I keep Elizabeth hard at her studies for the City and Guild certificate. I know she and Violet get on well, and they have even talked about setting up together in business. Aunt Matilda and I will assist them all we can. I love my Elizabeth, she is all a mother could want in a

daughter, and I know she loves me. I hope to make Lana the sissy love me also. She will be like a second daughter that is always dressed in the prettiest of girls clothes.

Aunt Matilda's second daughter, Thelma, is also a bit of a sissy. Lana and her are well matched, they make a nice couple as they hold hands and giggle.

Do I hear footsteps approaching Yes, it's Elizabeth-Jayne holding hands with a now sissified Lana. Elizabeth shows her how to curstsey, then Lana makes a faltering effort. I embrace her and kiss her, she shivers in my arms. I look at Elizabeth with approval, Lana does not see me.

“Are you a sissy? Do you like wearing girls clothes, answer me truly.”

A whisper comes from her mouth. “Yes.”

I give her a long hug and kiss again.

“Your studies will have to change, Lana. The reading, writing and arithmetic will have to stop; you know enough of them already. As a sissy, you will have to learn makeup, hairstyling, cooking and the refined arts of sewing, needle work, embroidery, and dress making.

“You know, Lana, you have the delicate hands needed for the intricate work of embroidery.”

Lana giggled and blushed.

She knew she was my little sissy, and she loves it. Elizabeth came over and joined in giving her more kisses. Lana had probably never been kissed so much in her life.

“Tomorrow, you will embroider your name on that pinafore. What shall we put on it, Lana” I know! What about 'Lana the Sissy'? What do you say to that?” She just nodded her head.

Although I may not have liked the way Susan shunned me and Elizabeth-Jayne, I admit Susan was a beauty. Lana had the same looks now that he was sissified. It was my idea to make her as close in appearance as possible to sister Susan. That was why I would arrange with Aunt Matilda to start her on hormones at the next vacation. Before that, though, there was a lot to do in making her a sissy.

I had just finished it straightening after dinner when a knock came at the door. Elizabeth led Lana in. She was stimulated because Elizabeth said her Mama would be fitting a new dress on her.

“Lana, would you like to wear another beautiful dress for your Aunt Cecelia”

“Yes,” she answered thoughtfully. I gave her a hug and a kiss on the cheek. What a pretty sight came into view, with Lana in the black shimmering satin petticoat. It was my first sight of the little sissy in her lingerie, but not the last. I knew she would be eager for me to see her in lingerie She would be trained to be a show-off.

Lana certainly was a lovely spectacle, standing there in black bra, and black satin knickers, black nylon stockings. Perfect, she was just perfect. I watched her stockings stretch out as I asked her to turn and walk across the room back and forth. Lana was in heaven as the stockings contracted against her legs; that was why I made her walk back and forth.