

Cindy Marie's

House of Shame



*Chapter Four:
The New Girl*

Dear readers,

I wish to apologize for the long delay in uploading further installments to *'House of Shame'*. I lost my wife and partner of 44 years last year and it took its toll on my ability to continue writing. I am beginning to adjust to this dramatic change in my life now and hope to again be able to contribute additional chapters for your pleasure. Thank-you for your understanding and I hope you enjoy this installment.

Cindy Marie

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Chapter Four: The New Girl

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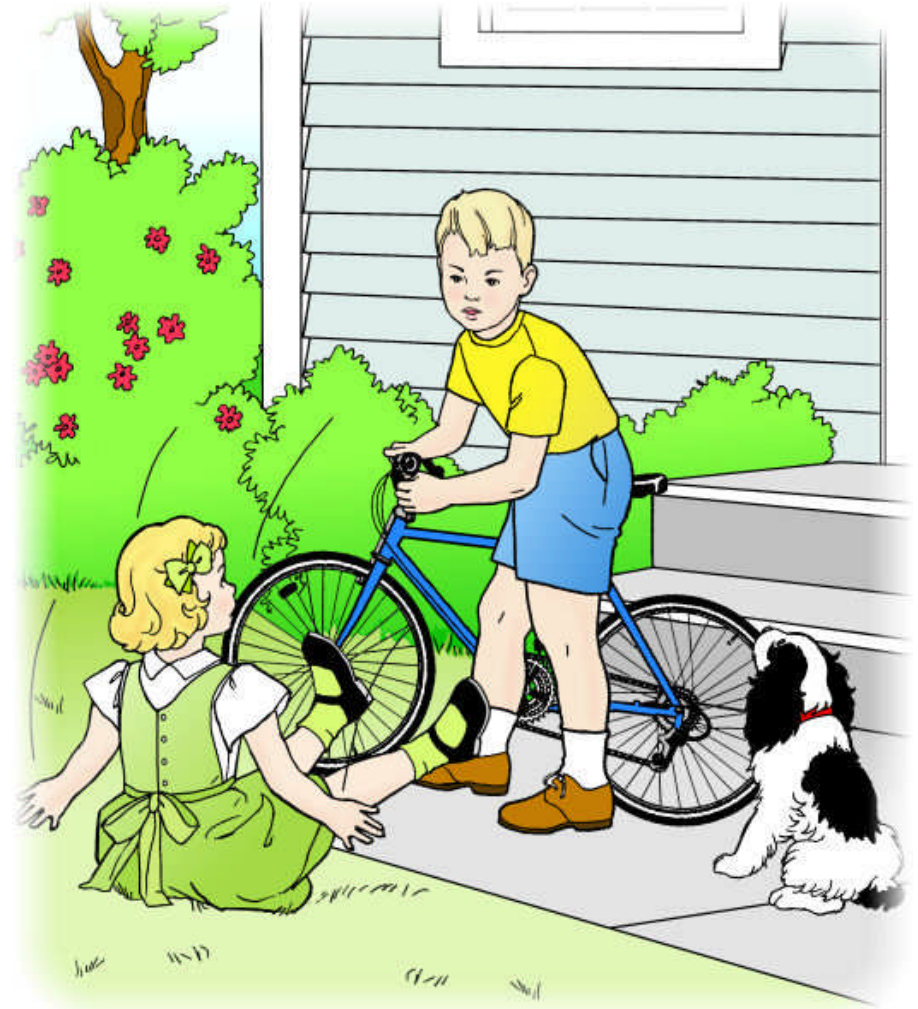
CHAPTER FOUR

The New Girl

It had been several months since I'd been subjected to Mrs. Brown's cruelty and even the other children had stopped teasing and calling me names. Life was returning to normal, that is until I received a bicycle from my mother for my birthday. I had just turned eight and after visiting my mother for the weekend, I'd talked her into letting me take my new bike back to the boarding house with me.

I enjoyed riding around while the other kids looked on with envy. For once I felt special and not inferior to everyone else. It wasn't but the second day when Carol started asking if she could ride my bike. I of course said no as she already had a bike and so many other toys she never shared with us boys. But she kept persisting until she grabbed my bike and tried to take it from me. I shouted for her to leave it alone as I shoved her away, causing her to stumble and fall.

Bursting into tears, she shouted, "I'm telling mom and you're going to be sorry." I immediately became scared as I said I was sorry but she wouldn't listen as she darted into the house. My heart started pounding as I tried to think of a better reason for having shoved her. Within minutes, I was called inside as tormenting memories of previous punishments flooded my thoughts. I started to cry as Mrs. Brown ordered me over to where she was sitting and asked if I had pushed Carol down. I was shaking now as I cried I didn't mean to. Before I could explain what happened, she



I shouted for her to leave it alone as I shoved her away, causing her to stumble and fall.

grabbed me and pulled me across her lap. I screamed as she started spanking me as hard as she could. Carol just stood there smiling, knowing she had brought this upon me. Mrs. Brown continued as she scolded me for hitting a girl. "Only sissies hit little girls.", she repeated over and over. Just then she stopped for a moment as an idea formed from what she'd just said. "Carol, seems we have a little sissy here who needs to learn a lesson in how to behave. I think we need to show him what happens to little sissy boys who hit girls. "Go bring me one of those old dresses of yours from the box in the hall closet. Oh yes! Also bring those Mary Jane shoes you were planning to throw away.

Those words immediately brought terror to my heart as I struggled to get up. Smack! Smack! "I'm not done with you yet, little sissy." she spouted as she resumed spanking. When Carol returned, I turned my head only to see her holding up a plaid dress she'd outgrown. "Is this o.k., mother?" "Yes. That will do nicely." Timmy had also joined her and was carrying the pair of shoes". I cried for her not to make me wear a dress only to have her continue scolding me for my bad behavior. Standing me back up, she quickly removed my shirt as I pleaded for forgiveness. Carol handed her the dress and it was obvious she was really enjoying every minute of my torment.

Resisting only brought threats of further spanking as I stood helplessly while she slipped the dress over my head and pulled it down. After straightening the skirt, she turned me around and fastened the buttons imprisoning me into my new found shame. "Now remove you're shorts and give them to me. Sissies don't wear boys pants." After changing my shoes, I was told to step back so she could

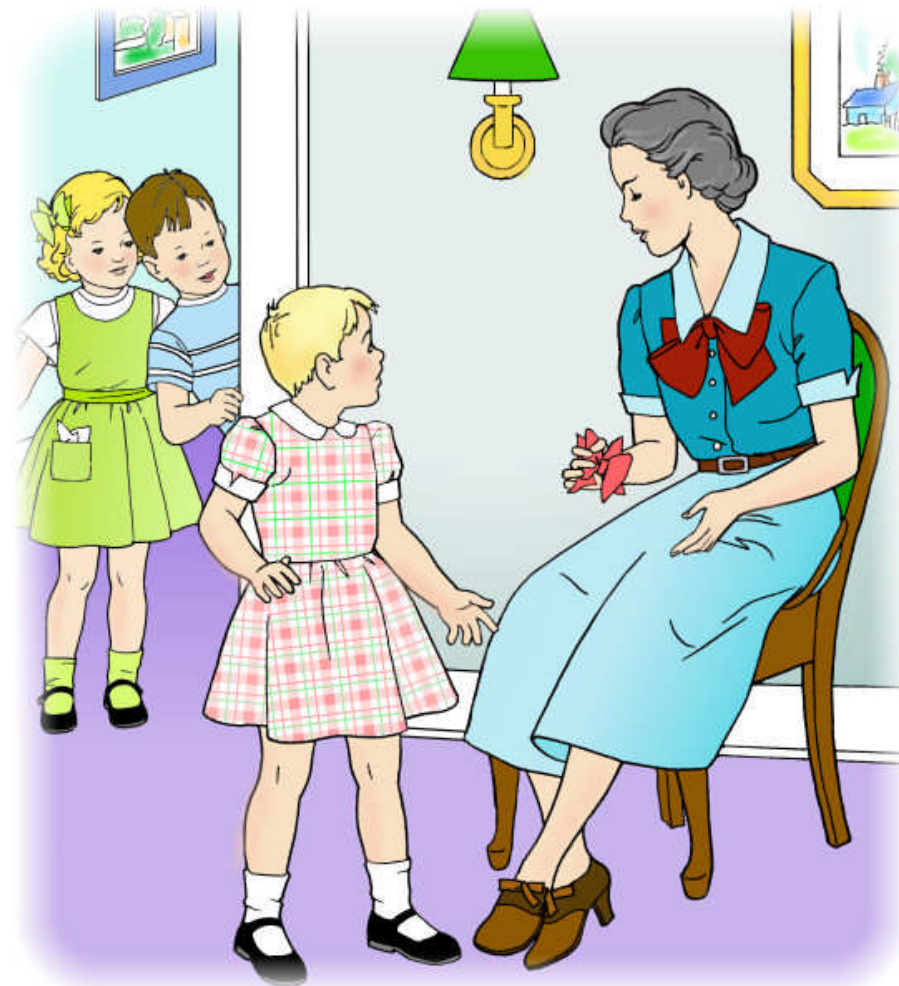


I burst into tears as I turned my head only to see Carol return holding up one of her dresses.

see how I looked. "Something is still missing", she noted. The others watched with curiosity as she reached into her sewing basket. "Ah! Here it is.", she announced as she pulled out a long red ribbon. I again burst into tears as she tied the ribbon into a bow and skillfully attached it to my hair while Carol and Timmy giggled with delight. I could do nothing but cry as I was again stood back for another inspection. "Yes! That's perfect. Now you look just like a sweet little girl. Turn around and show everyone what a cute sissy you make in your pretty dress."

I bawled as Carol and Timmy's giggle's turned to laughter. Mrs. Brown gave them plenty of time to enjoy themselves and even instructing them to tell me what a pretty little sissy girl I was. After what seemed an eternity, she ordered us back outside to play. I quickly turned and begged her to let me stay inside but she wouldn't hear of it as she took my hand and dragged me behind the others to the back door. "Now get yourself outside and play nice or you'll wear a dress all week. And you'd better not get your dress dirty if you don't want another spanking."

I held my tear drenched face down in tormenting shame as Mrs. Brown's strong hands guided me onto the back porch. Timmy could hardly wait to call David over to see my new clothes. When I heard the door close behind me and the click of the lock, I felt hopelessly trapped to everyone's torments. As they gathered around, the roar of laughter grew louder. "Mrs. Brown said to play nice with our new sissy playmate here.", shouted Timmy. He was really enjoying my humiliation as he nudged David and Carol to join in. Grabbing my arms, they pulled me into the yard while chanting for me to come show the neighbors my



I could do nothing but cry as she skillfully attached the ribbon into my hair.

pretty dress. I pleaded for them to stop but it only fed their excitement. Just then, Carol blurted out, "You make such a pretty little girl, I think I'll call you Cindy. David clapped with approval as he asked, "Where's your dolly, little girl? Carol, go get one of your dolls for little Cindy here." She squealed with delight as she ran into the house and within minutes returned toting one of her dolls. "Here's a pretty little baby doll for you to play with.", she chuckled as she held the doll out for me to take. When I refused, she threatened to tell her mother I was misbehaving again.

"You better take it if you don't want another spanking." Fearful of her threats, I took the doll and stuck it under my arm. "That's no way to hold you're baby. Now cradle her in you're arms like a good mommy.", she snapped. Helplessly, I cradled the doll while the boys burst into laughter. "Here! I also brought you a bottle so you can feed you're new baby. Stick the nipple in baby's mouth before she starts to cry." I was the one crying as I surrendered to her demands while she beamed with delight at her new found power over me.

I felt like a puppet as everyone took turns in demanding one girlish action after another. They had me curtsy several times and twirl around as though a ballerina. I was even made to put the small baby bottle in my own mouth as though I was the baby doll. In time, everyone got bored and began wandering off to play, only occasionally returning to make sure I was still holding my doll or to torment me into tears again. That's when David started to call me a little panty-waist sissy. I burst into renewed tears as he kept taunting about how pretty my panties must be. I could



**"Carol, go get one of you're dolls
for little Cindy here."**

only respond that he was a liar. "I'm not wearing panties.", I cried over and over until I lifted my skirt to prove it to him so he'd stop. Before I could realize the error of my actions, Carol ran into the house to tell her mother what I'd done. Within seconds, Mrs. Brown came rushing out and ordered me into the house.

I could feel my face turn white with fear as everyone froze in silence. I knew I was in real trouble now as I tried to tell her that David made me do it. Before I could finish explaining, her hand hit the back of my head, jarring my senses as she shouted, "Not another word. Now get yourself in the house right this instant." Just as I entered the doorway, I glanced back and saw the look of fear on everyone's faces. Slamming the door shut, Mrs. Brown looked hard at me and berated me for exposing myself. When I again tried to tell her what happened, she yanked my arm and told me to stop blaming the others for my actions. "I've had about all I can stand with your unruly behavior. Since you seem to enjoy showing everyone your underwear, lets see if you will be so eager when I'm finished with you. Now get yourself upstairs and be quick about it."

I couldn't stop crying as I darted for the stairs in terror at what she was planning. No sooner did we reach the top, she grabbed me and turned me around to face her. I was petrified as she bent over and reaching under my skirt, pulled my underpants down. "Step out of them.", she ordered as I blindly obeyed. Grabbing my arm, she dragged me into Carol's room and pulled me over to the bed. Before I could get my bearings, I found myself stretched across the bed face down. She quickly lifted my skirt up to expose my now bare bottom. Wack! Wack! Came her blows as I

screamed in pain while struggling to get free. I had never felt such pain before as I lost all thoughts except anticipating the next blow. Wack! Wack! They kept coming until my bottom was on fire. I screamed so loud my throat became dry but she just held me firmly in place as she continued until I fell limp with exhaustion. Standing me back up, she gave me another hard look as she again reminded me of my misdeeds. My head was spinning now as she walked across the room and began rummaging through Carol's dresser. Holding up a very frilly pair of panties, she announced, "These should do nicely." I began to shake wildly as I stared at the lace trimmed silk. "Please! No! I'm sorry. I'll behave from now on. I promise."

"Oh, I'm sure you will. That is unless you want everyone to see what pretty panties you're wearing. Now step into these unless you want another spanking." I stared down at the frilly underwear as I lifted my foot and guided it through the opening. Even though the silk felt cool, it still hurt as she slid the panties over my still burning bottom. I tried to rub it to ease the pain but she grabbed my hands and scolded me, saying that wasn't very lady like. Standing me in front of the mirror, she ordered me to lift my skirt so I could see how pretty they looked. I felt my face grow hot as I stared at a girl's most intimate garment hugging my most private body parts. I also felt a strange tingling sensation sweep over me as I caught sight of the small pink bows attached to the leg openings.

Flooded with shame, I released my skirt, letting it fall to hide my ultimate disgrace. "Alright little sissy, back outside with you and don't make me call you in again." Leading me down the stairs, I was soon standing on the back

porch with a red, tear drenched, face. It was obvious the other kids were scared as they kept their distance. I meekly sat down on the steps, my silk clad bottom still stinging from her wrath. Alone with my thoughts, I found myself looking down at my skirts and that strange feeling of calm again returned. I was mesmerized by the soft, colorful fabric of my skirt and the knowledge of my actually wearing girl's panties. Whenever I glanced over at the others, I was grateful they weren't teasing me anymore.

After lunch, I needed to use the bathroom and Mrs. Brown lead me to the bathroom. She showed me how to properly gather my skirts to sit down. I felt embarrassed having to pee while she watched. She then instructed me on wiping myself so as not to get my panties wet. That evening, as she removed my dress, she asked how I liked being a girl for the day. I said I didn't though I knew that wasn't completely true. Once in bed, all I could think of was my day dressed as a girl. I dreamed of being magically changed into a real girl forever and it felt wonderful.

That coming weekend, I asked my mother all kinds of questions about why boys and girls were so different. She said it was part of God's plan because we each have a different purpose in life and also to compliment each others needs. Sounded good, but when we'd watch a movie on TV, and a man cheated on his wife, my mom would say what a bum he was. However, when a woman cheated on her husband, she'd say what a bum he was for driving her to it. Men were always the bad guys and women were always the victim. Though I didn't realize it then, this was also having a strong influence on how I felt about my being a male and I vowed I would never be like other men.

The following week, I saw Mrs. Brown put one of her daughter's dresses away in a back room just off the parlor. I remember the dress was a red and white check pattern with red trim on the collar and puffy sleeves as was the sash that tied in the back. I was spellbound as I watched her close the drawer and go about her business. Images of the dress haunted me the rest of the day no matter how hard I tried not to think about it. I yearned to be able to wear it even if only for a moment.

By bedtime, I had become so obsessed with it, I couldn't sleep. My heart started to pound as I toyed with the idea of sneaking down stairs and trying it on. I fought to stay awake, waiting until everyone was sound asleep. When I thought all was safe I slowly slipped out of bed and tip toed down the hall. I could feel myself shaking from anticipation as I quietly descended the stairs, stopping with pounding heart whenever a step occasionally squeaked under foot. I gave a sigh of relief when I reached the bottom and rushed across the room in quest of my dream.

As I entered the back room, I was grateful to see the street light shining through the window. Though it gave a haunting feeling to the room, it also made my search easier as I quietly opened the dresser drawer. My hands shook nervously as I rummaged through the contents for my prize. Finding the dress, I held it up to the light. My heart stopping for just a second as I felt my whole body tighten with excitement. Quickly removing my T-shirt, I frantically struggled with the full skirt, trying to spread it over my head. Feelings of jubilation over powered my every sense as I imagined myself being magically turned into a real girl. Knowing I was doing something wrong only



**“So you like to wear dresses, do you.
Well, we can fix that.”**

added to my excitement. Then as the dress slipped down over my body, something truly incredible happened. It was as if the dress not only fit me but I fit the dress. A calm swept over me no words could ever describe. I just stood there, drenching in the moment as though God had come down and made my whole world change into something wonderful. I had to force myself to return to my task as I reached around and tried to tie the sash behind me. I felt intoxicated as I looked down at the fabric radiating from my waist. Spinning around, I watched with fascination as the skirt rose and spread out even further from my waist making it all the more bewitching. Sliding my hands down the skirt, I tried to save the memory of how wonderful it felt and of how pretty it made me feel.

Suddenly, there was a loud click and the room flooded with blinding light as my dreams scattered like so much angel dust. Frightened, I turned towards the door only to see my worst fear. There stood Mrs. Brown looking down at me with anger in her eyes. "What do you think you're doing in that dress?", she snapped. I was so scared I could only mumble, "I Just wanted to see what it felt like." Hanging my head, I again saw the skirt circling my legs as a strange surreal feeling overpowered me as though none of this was really happening. "So you liked being a sissy and enjoyed wearing a dress, did you? Well, we can fix that.", she added in a now gentler tone.

Her strong hands grabbed my shoulders and twirled me around to untie the sash I'd just fastened moments before. I was really scared as she scolded me for getting out of bed and sneaking around the house. Feeling her hands slip under the skirts, I wished I'd never left the safety of my bed.

As she lifting the dress off my body, I felt once again as though I was loosing something with wondrous power over my happiness. "Now get yourself back up stairs, little sissy.", she smiled as I reached for my T-shirt. "You won't be needing that.", she said as she took it from my hand and tossed it on a nearby table.

Just as we got to the top of the stairs, she told me to stand still as she entered Carol's room. I was shaking violently now, both from being cold standing there in just my under-pants and from the fear of what she had planned. When she returned, my worst fears were justified as I saw some of Carol's clothes in her hands. "Little girls don't wear dresses to bed. This is what they wear.", she informed me as she held up a nylon gown and some panties. Stepping back, I pleaded I wouldn't do it again but she just warned me to be still as she slipped the gown over my head. Kneeling down, she grabbed my underpants and yanked them to the floor.

"Here, put your panties on little sissy. You wanted to dress like a girl and so you shall." My head was spinning as I stepped into the silky fabric held before me. As she pulled them up, my body involuntarily quivered. "Now get yourself back to bed and don't you dare get back up until morning." Agonized by the thought of the other boys again seeing me dressed as a girl, I pleaded not to be sent back to bed dressed as I was. "Not another word. You're the one who wanted to dress as a girl so now you have your wish." Grabbing my shoulders, she led me down the hall and forced me into my room. Waking the others, she told them of my adventure and that since I wanted to dress like a girl, I was going to be treated as one. Though still half asleep, the boys started to laugh as I burst into tears.

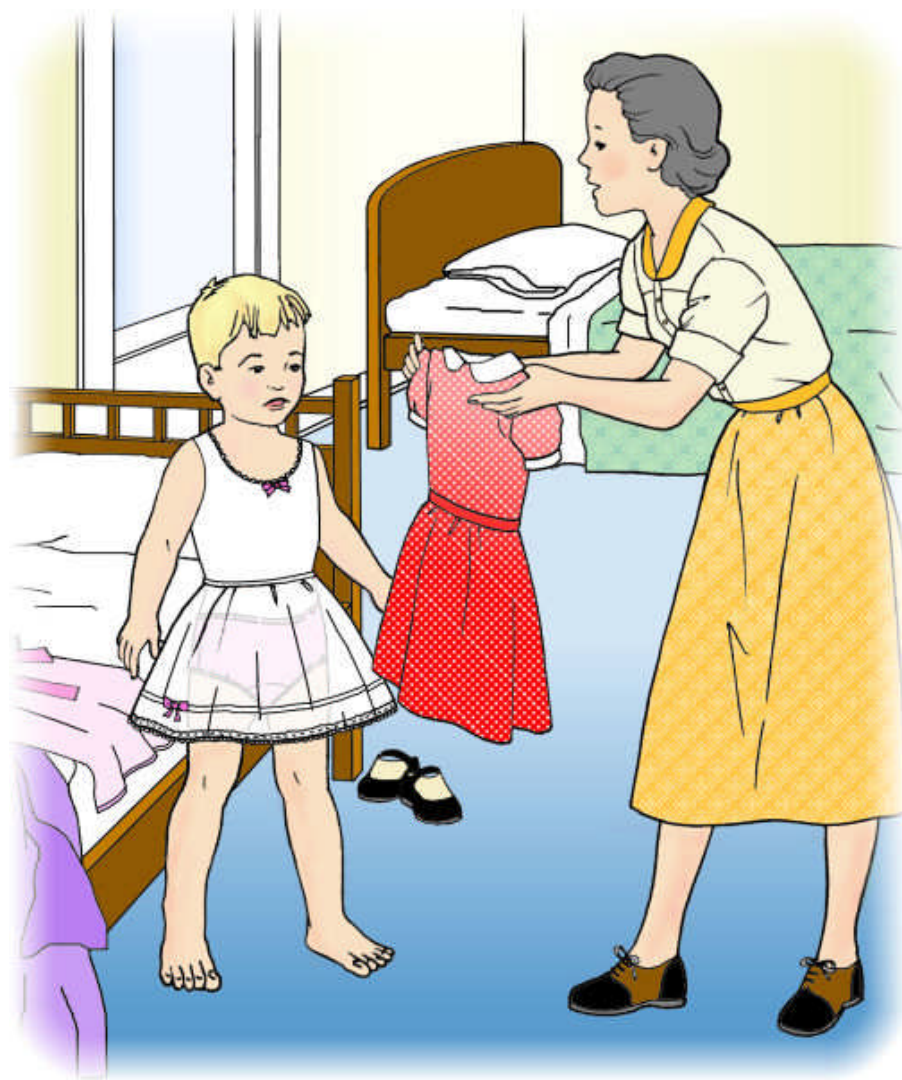


She told the others that since I wanted to dress like a girl, I was to be treated as one.

“Hi Cindy.”, chuckled David. “Oh! So you boys have picked a name for our little sissy. How cute. So Cindy it is. Now I think you all need to get back to sleep. There will be plenty of time to get acquainted in the morning.” Jumping into bed, I quickly pulled the covers up to hide my girlish attire. I was grateful when the lights went out and things settled down. Laying there in the darkness, I questioned what possessed me to do what I did. The teasing I was going to suffer made me wish I could turn the clock back and undo the mess I'd gotten myself into.

The next morning, I woke to giggles as I sat up and saw the boys had gathered around my bed. I started to cry as they repeatedly sang, “Cindy’s a sissy girl.” Just then Mrs. Brown entered and ordered them to settle down and get dressed for breakfast. I started to get up too but she stopped me and told me to remain in bed until she returned. I watched as the others dressed while glancing over at me and giggling. After they left the room, it seemed a long time passed as I waited nervously for Mrs. Brown to return. Just as I caught sight of her entering the doorway, my heart stopped and I burst into tears for draped across her arms was a complete outfit of Carol’s clothes.

Horrified by her intentions, I begged her not to make me wear a dress again. She again reminded me I brought this on myself as she spread the items across my bed. “Now get your gown off so I can get you properly dressed.” My eyes filled with tears as I watched her reclaim the first item of my transformation. “Hold you’re arms up so I can slip this on you. And you’d better stop whining or I’ll give you something to cry about.” I stood terrified as she slipped the camisole over my head. It just met the top of my panties



She took great pleasure in my agony as she showed me each item of my transformation before putting it on me.

and had lace trimming and a small pink bow just below the neck. I trembled slightly as the cool fabric contacted my chest. My heart was pounding as I watched her shake out a large fluffy skirt of some sort and held it out for me to step into. When she pulled it to my waist, an odd but pleasant sensation came over me as I saw the white netting swell out. It too was trimmed with lace and had pink satin ribbons running around in tiers. I felt both extreme shame and yet curiously intoxicated. She then held up the main item of my transformation. It was a beautiful red dress just covered with little white polka dots and big, puffy sleeves.

My heart raced wildly now as she lifted it over my head while telling me how cute I was going to look. The petticoats made the skirt stick out much further than the dress I tried on last night and made me feel awkward as she turned me around and buttoned it up. As she tied the sash, I started to experience the same magical calming effect I'd felt the night before. I was secretly starting to enjoy the excitement of what was happening and yet also felt somewhat guilty because I knew boys aren't suppose to feel this way. I must be sick or crazy for wanting to wear girl's clothes, I thought to myself as I stared down at the bright red skirt. I started to think maybe I really was a sissy boy for having these feelings.

My thoughts were interrupted as she ordered me to sit on the edge of the bed so she could put some matching socks on my feet. I couldn't see what she was doing as the full skirts nearly hid her from view. "Looks like these Mary Janes are going to be yours from now on.", she commented as I felt her slip them on my feet and buckled the clasps. "Now stand up and let me look at you.", she ordered.

She tugged at the sleeves and hem until she seemed satisfied. I again felt the rush of panic as I pleaded not to have the others see me. She warned me again not to give her any trouble as she took my hand and lead me down the hall. The skirts bouncing against my legs felt very strange but sensuous as I walked. They stood out so far, they made me feel somewhat clumsy. I had to squeeze them close to my body as we entered the doorway to Carol's bedroom.

I felt confused with mixed emotions of feeling like a beautiful little girl and a boy being humiliated all at the same time. "Come over here.", she ordered as I stepped closer. My eyes widened as I watched her reach over and pick up a tube of red lipstick. "This will make you look really cute.", she beamed as she put it to my quivering lips. Taking a hanky and wiping the tears from my eyes, she put a touch of rouge on my cheeks. "Now you're ready to show everyone how pretty you are.", she announced.

Standing me in front of the mirror, she asked me what I thought. My knees became weak as I stared in disbelief. The image staring back at me was that of a cute little girl wearing a pretty red dress. Mrs. Brown could see my spell-bound pleasure as she gave me time to take it all in. "All right, Cindy. Let's go show everyone what a pretty little girl you've become." Her tone clearly showed her pleasure as well. I struggled to descend the stairs, not being able to see where I was stepping because of the full skirts. Each step brought increased dread at the teasing I was about to suffer. As she guided me into the kitchen, I immediately dropped my head down as the roar of laughter ripped through my ears. All I wanted to do was turn and run but all I could do was helplessly endure the torments from my

peers. My face grew warm as I again felt tears roll down my cheeks. The laughter seemed to last forever as I numbly stared at the floor. Despite the harassing, seeing my skirts brought on strange sensations of my having been transformed into a real little girl. It felt magical as though my wish had been granted and this was the price I must pay for it. I raised my head and a slight smile crossed my lips as everyone stopped laughing and looked puzzled. Mrs. Brown ordered me to sit down while she got my breakfast. Having seen how Carol would spread her skirts to sit down, I did mine likewise as I slipped into my chair.

When everyone finished eating, they were ordered outside to play. Being late to the table, I was only half done but it didn't seem to matter as I was told to leave the table and join the others outside. I again pleaded to stay inside and to my surprise she said, "Very well. But if you stay inside, you are going to help me with the chores." I didn't care what I had to do just so long as I didn't have to endure the other boys cruel tormenting. "Come with me.", she said as she led me into the pantry. Giving me a towel, she told me I could dry the dishes as she wash them." She then put an apron on me while telling me I needed to protect my pretty dress. My whole world seemed surreal and unbalanced.

As I took each dish and wiped it dry, I became more relaxed and comfortable. Several times, Mrs. Brown glanced down at me and smiled as though knowing how I was feeling. "So why do you want to wear dresses?", she asked in breaking the silence. I was stunned at her question and didn't know what to say. "I-I- do-n't know.", was all I could reply. "Do you want to be a girl?", she continued with interest. That question hit a nerve but I could say nothing.



**"You can dry the dishes as I wash them.",
she directed as she handed me a towel.**

Just then, Carol came into the kitchen and seeing me drying the dishes, began to giggle. "Hi, Cindy. You look so adorable in that dress, and being so helpful and well behaved too. I think mommy should make you wear dresses all the time." Her words awakened panic as I glanced up at Mrs. Brown in fear of a response but she just smiled. After getting a couple of cookies, Carol left as quickly as she came. I was really terrified by what she said but gradually let it go since her mother didn't seem to notice.

After I finished drying the dishes, she said I could run along and play until lunch. I had calmed down now and was glad I would get to stay inside away from further torments from the other boys. As I entered the living room, I spotted Carol sitting on the couch reading something. I went to the far chair by the corner trying to keep my distance in fear of further teasing. It wasn't long before she came over and asked if I'd like to come play with her. I said no though surprised at how nicely she was acting. "Come on. I won't pick on you anymore, I promise. We can play some board games in my room so the boys won't bother you." She was so gentle and sweet, I felt strangely at ease and the thought of being away from the boys did sound good so I finally agreed.

As we walked across the room, I again became aware of my skirts as they bounced and brushed against my legs. I had some trouble climbing the stairs until she showed me how to lift my skirts. A strange feeling flowed through my body as I got to her room. A feeling something like I'd felt the night before when the checkered dress first slipped down over me. Everything started to take on a magical quality and I began to feel like I really was a girl.

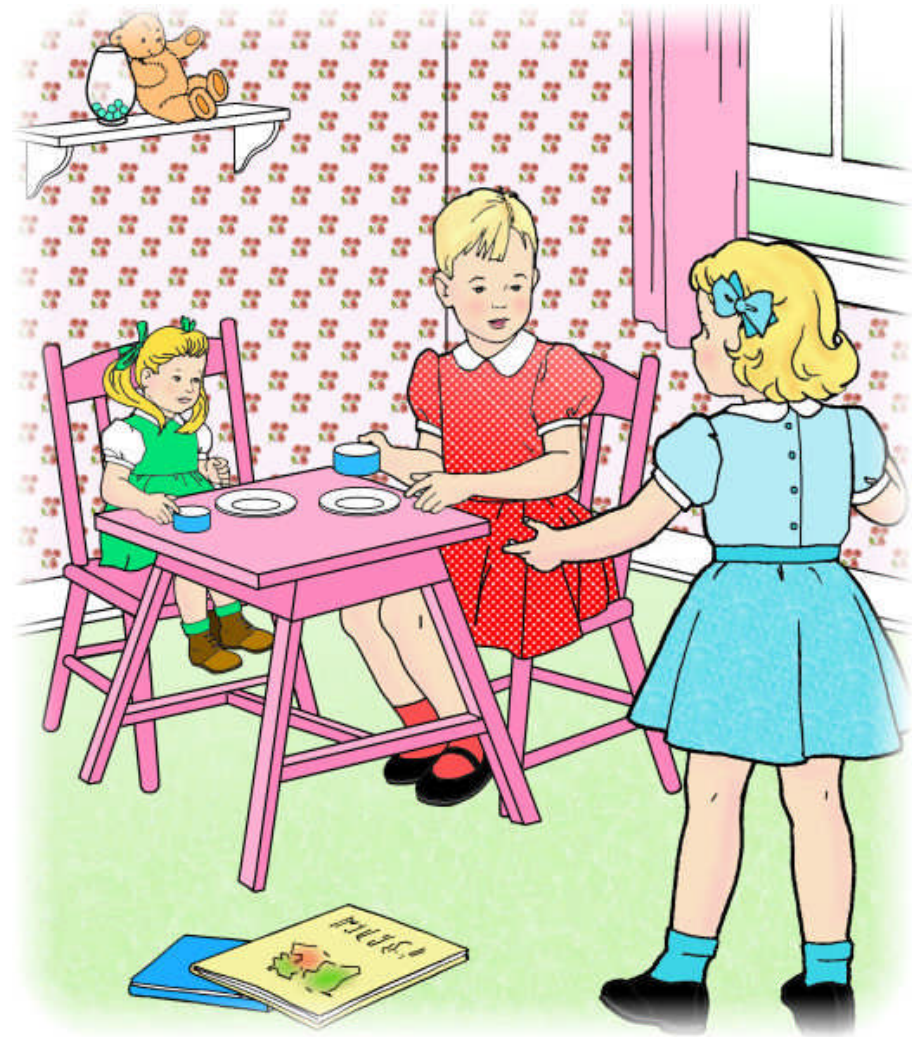


“You look so adorable in that dress. I think mommy should make you wear a dress every day.”

When I entered the room, I was struck with wonder at all the toys she had. There were stuffed animals on every shelf and she even had a little black cast iron stove. I was fascinated by it because it had little burners that lifted out and a wood burning door that opened just like a real stove. We boys were never allowed in her room and this made me feel even more that I was being accepted as a real girl. She brought out a Sorry game and we sat at a small table by the window. While I tried to concentrate on the game, I also kept reflecting at how I was dressed and how wonderful it made me feel. It was as if I'd been plucked from a horrible life I didn't want and transplanted into this heavenly dream world of pretty pastels and softness all around.

When the game finished, we played restaurant, setting some dolls up at the table and serving them food. I loved playing a waitress and a couple of times I became acutely aware I was actually acting like I was a real girl. Quite often, I would look down at how I was dressed only to feel a tingling excitement that this was all really happening. I think Carol noticed my pleasure as she told me several times what a wonderful girl I made. I would turn a crimson red every time and it tickled her.

Suddenly, she said, "I've an idea what we can do next. Let me fix you up like a model. It'll be such fun and you will be so beautiful." "I don't know. What if the others see me?", I responded with discomfort at the idea. "Oh! No one will see you. They aren't allowed in my room so you'll be safe. Come on. It'll be lots of fun." I finally agreed though a bit nervous. "Come sit over here while I get some makeup." I watched intently as she gathered several items from her vanity.



"It's your turn to be the waitress. I'll be the customer and you can wait on me."

“First, lets do you’re nails. What color would you like? I have red, orange and a real pretty pink.” I was stunned as I said I didn’t know. “Here, lets use the pink. It is my favorite.” As I sat there watching her delicately spread the polish on my nails, I felt so calm and at peace. “Give me you’re other hand and be careful not to touch anything until it dries.” A tingling sensation ran up my spine as I looked at my newly adorned hands. Even my heart started to beat a little faster with excitement as I blew on my fingers, trying to get them dry.

“Now let’s remove that red lipstick and redo you’re lips to match. Pucker you’re lips so I can put it on.” Next came some fresh rouge and even a little eye makeup. “Oh, yes! You really do look beautiful now.”, she exclaimed with excitement. “You look just like a princess. All we need now is to change you into a fancy princess dress and I have just the perfect one.” I started to feel ridiculous and began to think this was a mistake as she rushed to her closet. When she returned, she held up a flower girl dress she’d worn to a wedding a couple of years ago.

“This is too small for me now but it should fit you.” It was pure white chiffon and had a large gold ribbon in front. The long skirt sparkled with glitter scattered all over it. “I can’t wear that.”, I shouted as I stepped back. “Come on. No one will know and it will be such fun.” “But I can’t have you see me changing.”, I returned in hopes of discouraging the whole idea. “You can change in the bathroom and I’ll keep an eye out to warn you if anyone is coming. Come on. You know you want to try it on. I can tell from you’re expression you’d love to see how it feels.” She was right though I didn’t know it showed.

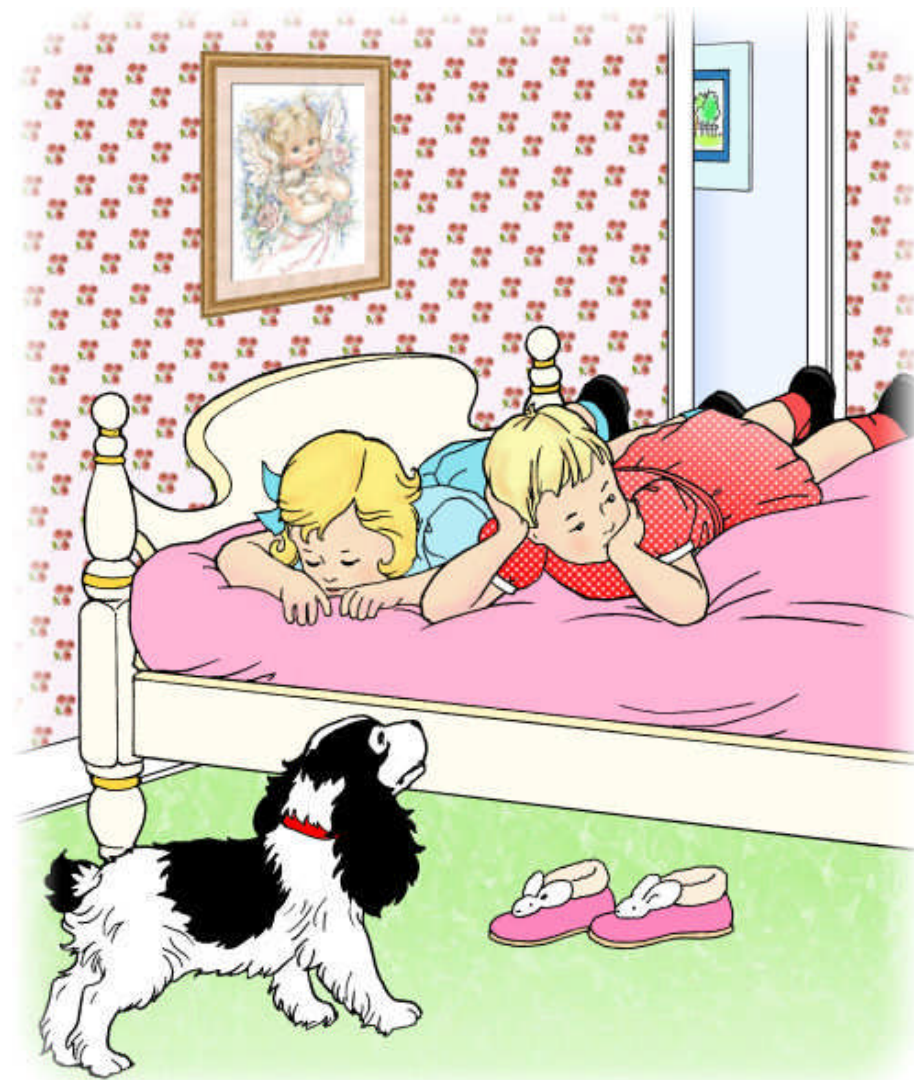


**I was so giddy I twirled like a ballerina.
I had never felt so wonderful in my whole life .**

“Here, let me undo you’re dress so you can get changed.” Reluctantly, I looked down the hall before slipping into the bathroom. Even though my dress was unfastened, I had to struggle to get it off. Grabbing the dreamy white gown, I slipped it over my head and pulled it into position. My heart was racing a mile a minute as I picked up the red dress and ran back into Carol’s room. “Oh, you look so adorable. Here, let me fasten you up so we can see how it fits.” I stood, mesmerized by the softness of the fabric as she zipped me up and tied the pink sash.

Removing a tiara from her closet, she slipped it over my head. “Come see how beautiful you look.” Taking my hand, she led me across the room and stood me in front of the mirror hanging on her closet door. I gasped in disbelief at my image. Mirrored before me was an adorable little girl princess draped in a beautiful sparkly gown. All kinds of sensations swept through my body as I felt dizzy with delight at how beautiful I looked. Impulsively, I started to twirl myself around as I watched my reflection. The feelings were nothing short of heaven itself.

While I stared at my reflection in wonderment, Carol put on a record and started to dance. “Come on Cindy. Dance with me.” I was so giddy I’d have done anything she asked as I joined in and twirled like a ballerina. The soft chiffon skirt felt heavenly against my legs as I swayed from side to side. I had never felt so wonderful in my life and became lost in the moment. For just a little while I had completely forgotten I was ever a boy. What had started out as a punishment was now the best experience I’d ever had. I can’t remember how long we danced but sheer exhaustion was the only thing that stopped us. Flopping onto the bed to



“I wish you could stay a girl so we could play together every day.”

catch my breath, I again began to worry about being discovered. "It's getting late and I need to change my clothes back before your mother finds out.", I stammered. Standing back up, Carol untied my sash and pulled the zipper down. I really hated having to change out of that dress but dared not push my luck. Grabbing the red dress, I rushed down the hall to the bathroom. It didn't take long to change back and a feeling of relief with it. Carol quickly buttoned me up and redid my sash. It really felt strange standing there while having her help me with my dress. It felt as though we were really sisters.

My head was still swimming as I fell back onto the bed with Carol falling right beside me. We didn't say a word for the longest as we turned our heads and stared into each others eyes. I felt her hand reach over and grab mine as we just rested. I was the first one to speak as I told her I really enjoyed playing with her. "I enjoy playing with you too. I wish you could stay a girl so we could play together every day." I started to cry at hearing her words and she leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. "That's alright Cindy. Please don't cry. Maybe we can do it again sometime." I couldn't believe how sweet she had become. Could it be that she actually saw me as a real girl?

After putting everything away, she suggested we play mommies. "I'll lend you one of my dolls.", she offered as she handed one to me. "Her name is Jodie and she is a famous actress. I have several outfits she can wear when going to her pageants." Taking the doll, I sat on the floor and tried to straighten her dress. "Here's another dress that should fit her. It's a really pretty pink and I have some little hair ribbons that match." Taking the dress, I tried to

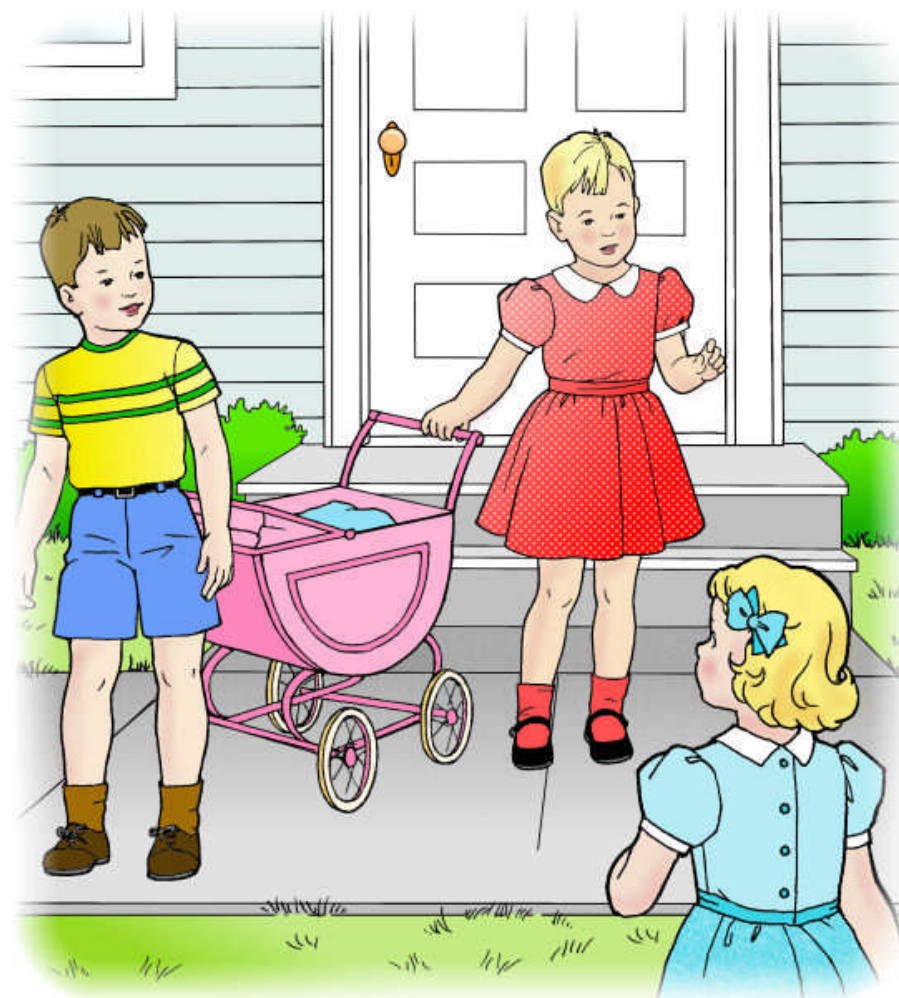


**"Here's a pretty dress that should fit her.
It's almost like the one you're wearing."**

swap the doll's outfits but was really clumsy as Carol gave me a hand. Getting another doll for herself, she sat down beside me and we fussed over their hair, trying different styles. I wasn't very good at it either but she taught me a few tricks until I got fairly good at making pony tails. While brushing the dolls hair, I secretly wished my hair was longer so I could wear pony tails too. It wasn't long before I needed to use the bathroom and I asked Carol if she'd keep an eye out for the boys while I go. We got up and Carol stood by her bedroom door while I slipped into the bathroom. It was a real struggle to hold up so many layers of petticoats but I managed.

What really felt strange was my renewed awareness of wearing panties as I pulled them down. I felt another chill run up my back once I'd finished and slipped them back up. Smoothing out my skirts, I returned to the safety of Carol's room. None too soon either as one of the boys was coming up the steps to also use the bathroom. I know he caught a glimpse of me before the door closed but nothing was said. Carol looked over and asked me to come sit down beside her on the bed. Gently taking my hand, she asked me why I wanted to be a girl. Nervously, I told her I didn't really know. "It just makes me feel happier and calmer inside." "Well I think you would have made a wonderful girl and I really enjoy our playing together."

Just then we heard her mother call us down for lunch. For me, that meant having to face the hateful boys again. Entering the kitchen, I was surprised when Carol changed seats and sat beside me. The boys grinned but didn't say a word. However, as soon as Mrs. Brown left the room, they started in tormenting me with sissy remarks and gestures.



**“Timmy! Leave Cindy alone. She’s my friend.
If you don’t, I’ll tell my mother and you’ll be sorry.”**

They were shocked, as was I, when Carol shouted, "Shut up and leave him alone or I'll tell my mother on you both." Leaning closer to me, she said, "Don't let them get to you. They're just a couple of jerks." Not expecting such a response, the boys just stared at the two of us in silent bewilderment. They looked worried as they were now matched two against two and Carol had her mother on her side.

They kept their distance the rest of the day which was just fine with me. Carol and I played all afternoon and even went outside for awhile. I felt so at ease now and at home with myself. I even dared to push Carol's dolls around in a carriage as I enjoyed my new found freedom. Though the end of the day would bring an end to my adventure, I would remember this day for the rest of my life.

Carol and I stayed friends for a long time after that day. I was never punished in a dress again but I did get to wear one occasionally when Carol and I played in her room. Carol would pick out a dress for me to wear and we would make believe we were sisters. Sadly, time changes everything and my visits to her room happened less and less until they eventually stopped. I was almost ten now and Carol had several friends from school she ran around with. The boys never accepted me back and returned to bullying me from time to time but I didn't care. Somewhere deep inside me, Cindy was still alive and that they can never take away.

