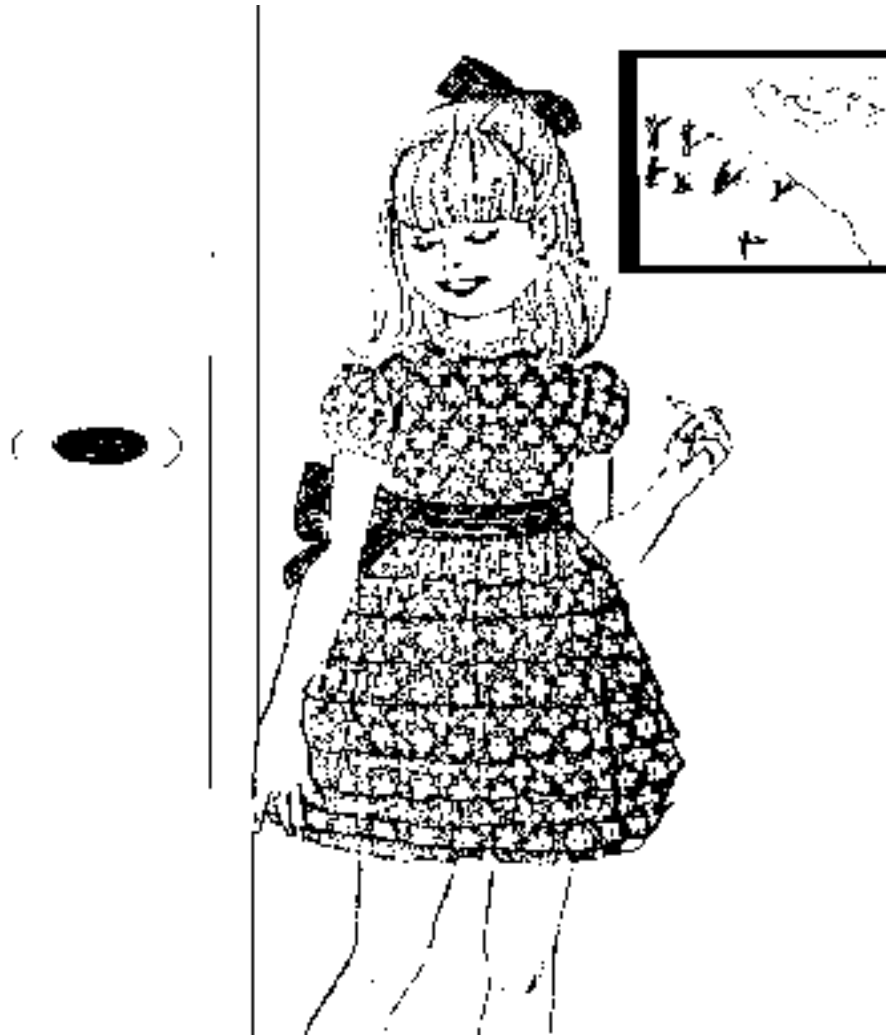


AMONG US GIRLS

By Elizabeth Anne Nelson



ILLUSTRATED BY BAL

A 'YOUNG ADULT' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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THE SCHOLARSHIP

By Elizabeth Anne Nelson

Maria Jean Nelson is a girl's name, but Maria Jean's mother wanted another girl, so she stuck him with this name despite her husband's mild displeasure. Despite the fact that his wife insisted that Maria was indeed a boy's name in Latin countries her husband felt, of course, that the boy would get a lot of teasing with a silly name like that. The argument was ended when her husband went off to war and didn't return; leaving her with two small children and a department store in the small city of Terrence, located in the Midwest..

Now, Maria was all boy, despite his name, and his older sister's mothering of her baby brother. It wasn't easy for him to take this treatment from a silly girl, only two years his senior. But, as a nine year old, he managed to steer clear of his sister's attentions and played with the guys in his gang.

Most of the guys in his gang were building coaster cars with old crates and wheels taken from wagons, baby carriages, and what have you. Using the house garage as a workshop, Maria built a real keen racer with his dad's tools from a plan he found in a boy's magazine. All he lacked was a set of ball bearing wheels mounted on axles. High overhead on the garage rafters was sis's doll carriage, which she hadn't used so far this year. He figured that he could use its wheels, which were rubber tired and all. With the doll buggy brake they were ideal for his racer.

He took the ladder and after some struggling he managed to take the buggy from its storage place. Removing chrome hub caps he began to probe for the cotter pin that held the ball bearing filled hub to its axle. Finally with a screw driver he managed to bend the cotter pin tips up enough to grab its head with his pliers.

“Say, what are you doing to my baby buggy!” a voice yelled from the door causing him to lose his grip on the cotter pin.

“Nothing,” he replied to his nosy sister, wondering why she was so upset. “I'll put it back together, I just want to use it's wheels for my racer.”

“You what!” she demanded before turning angrily with a little stamp of her foot and leaving him to his chore.

Mumbling to himself about nutty girls he tried again to grasp the cotter pin only to be pulled from his work by mom, who had parked her car in the drive to be intercepted by his sister, Alice.

“And what do you think you are doing to Alice's baby carriage?”

“Ah, mom, I was just borrowing the wheels,” he complained looking at the triumphant smugness on Alice's face, “Smarty panty!”

“That's enough from you. You put her doll buggy together and come right into the house!” With this mom released him and spun away, the sound of her high heeled authority clicking on the cement.

“That'll teach you,” Alice announced with proud bearing as she turned and followed her mother into the house leaving Maria to his troubled work. When the hubcap was replaced he went into the house to find sis, mom, and Mrs. Gales, their housekeeper, in the living room waiting for him. “Here he is.”

The women stopped talking and turned their attention towards Maria, who feared the worst, just by seeing their expressions.

“Why didn't you ask Alice if you could use her doll buggy?” Mrs. Gales asked with deep concern...

“Yes, and why didn't you at least ask Mrs. Gales, or myself?” his mother added.

Maria looked down at his toes and shrugged.

“Well,” his sister prodded, taking her lead for power from the adults. “You know I wouldn't let you. So you deliberately destroyed my buggy.”

“I didn't hurt your old buggy, I...”

“That's not answering my questions,” his mother insisted.

“Well, I guess I wasn't thinking,” he complained, shifting his feet. “She hasn't used it all year and I thought I could use it.”

“Do you want one of my dollies too?” Alice teased twisting his meaning. “If I knew you wanted to play with my buggy and dollies I would have gladly loaned it to you, baby dear.”

“Don't call me a baby,” he insisted angrily, “and I didn't want to use your dolls.”

“But, Maria,” his sister suggested, pronouncing his name as Marie-a, as she always did to tease him, “little girls always use dollies in their doll carriages.”

“Ah, come on,” he complained, looking at his mother in hopes that she would stop sis' teasing.

“I think Alice has discovered a punishment to fit the crime,” Mrs. Gales suggested, causing his mom to nod and Alice to smile in sheer gloating delight.

“Yes, it would be fitting,” Mrs. Nelson observed in agreement. “I must go to the store again to finish some business. I only came to pick up some papers. So, I wonder if you would take care of things here.” She arose and went to the desk to take some papers and noticed a camera. Picking up the camera, she looked at Alice and smiled handing it to her. “Be sure to get some pretty pictures to remind Maria of what happens to little boys who steal the wheels from their sister's baby doll carriage.”

With this she left.

“Say, what's this all about?” he asked, not liking the sound of this turn of events.

“Don't worry, Maria,” his sister giggled, checking the camera.

When Mrs. Gales returned from walking with Mrs. Nelson to the door she took Maria's hand. "Come along, we have a lot to do before your mommy returns."

"I don't want to," he yelled, not wanting anything to do with whatever they had in mind; knowing that if sis liked it was pretty awful.

"Really," Mrs. Gales noted with a stern look before suddenly picking him up bodily and carrying his protesting form up the stairs to Alice's room! Turning she dropped him on the bed and pushed Alice from the room, "you wait out there."

"But I want to take pictures," Alice protested in excuse.

"Later, dearest," Mrs. Gales answered closing and locking the door as Maria ran to the window and tried to open it thinking that he could escape unto the upstairs porch, but the window was locked tight. Meanwhile Mrs. Gales went into Alice's little bath room and turned on the tub setting some things by it. She then returned to Maria. "Undress."

But, when he made no motion to obey, she quickly caught his fleeing form and in a few seconds he was as naked as the day he was born. To add to his shame and fears, she took him into her arms, sat down holding him with one hand and a hair brush in the other, and gave him a spanking which quickly took all the fight out of him. She then marched his sobbing form into the bath room where she had him crawl into the bubble bath and hot water filled tub.

"Now take a bath," she ordered, handing him a bar of Alice's pink soap, a scrub brush, and a pink wash cloth. "I'm going to make things ready; and, when I return, I want you to shine like a baby, or I'll do the job on you myself."

When he was finished in the tub he arose just as Mrs. Gales entered carrying an armload of clothes, which she placed upon the bath room chair.

She dried him off.

"Well, let us see," she mused, checking him as if he were a five year old.

Taking a large box of bath powder she removed the puff and began to apply the fine white rose scented powder all over his form. Soon after she gave him a manicure; fixed his eyelashes with Vaseline and a curler; thinned his brows; took an electric curler to his long hair; forced his struggling body into a pair of polished cotton panties, which were white decorated with little flowers; helped his more docile form into a matching slip with a heart shaped lace bodice; dressed him in a pretty a-line frock of pale, blue cotton with puff sleeves and a lace Peter Pan collar; and, completing his dress with a pair of blue anklets and black patent leather Mary Janes.

"There, a lovely little eight year old girl."

"I'm nine," he protested, looking at the little girl reflected in the bath room mirror. She was very pretty, and Maria felt all the worse for that.

Mrs. Gale laughed in sheer teasing delight, and taking his hand led him from the bath room to let the anxious Alice into her own room.

"Oh, isn't she beautiful!" His sister walked around him taking a quick peek to be sure that he wore panties and slip. Quite pleased with her new sister, she added to

his complete shame by hugging and kissing him exclaiming, "Oh, you're just like a fairy princess. My own baby sister!"

"I'm not a baby, and I'm not your sister," he insisted.

"Of course," she countered with mock seriousness, looking at him hardly disguising her amusement. "You're a big boy all dressed up like a girl. A pretty baby girl. With dainty panties. And you wanted to play with my doll buggy, so I think you should, don't you, Mrs. Gales?"

"All little girls love to play with dollies," Mrs. Gales. teased, with matronly pleasure over how very pretty little Maria looked.

In a flurry of skirts Alice quickly opened her closet, and after a few seconds of digging around, she produced a large cardboard box, which she dragged into the bed room. Pulling apart the folds of cardboard, that closed the box, she took from the box a large wetty baby doll. "Hold baby, while I find her diapers and things for little mommy Maria."

Seeing Mrs. Gales' determined look, he swallowed hard and accepted the doll . One spanking was enough.

"Here we are," Alice exclaimed, producing an arm load of dolly clothes, a nursing bottle, and her baby buggy bed clothes.

"First, to have my baby sister dress her little dolly, while I take pictures," she announced, in anticipation of Maria's humiliation, placing the things in her arm on her pink bed spread. "I'll tell you what to do and you dress your baby dolly."

"No," he refused, only to receive a hard swat on the seat of his panties. Wincing, he placed the doll on the bed and followed his sister's rather teasing instructions as she took pictures using the little indoor flash. In a few moments the doll was dressed and she showed him how to carry his little baby and how to hold the nursing bottle, after having to fill it with water. While he carried his 'sweet little baby like a good mother', she led the way carrying



the camera and buggy clothes. At the kitchen door he froze in his tracks in sheer terror.

“No, please, someone...”

“Would only see a little girl playing with her dolly,” Mrs. Gales stated opening the door and pushing him outside after his sister, who guided him to the garage. “Now you play with your older sister and do just what she wants you to. And, if she isn't happy with her baby sister, all she has to do is say so, and you will live as a girl for the whole week and go everywhere with us. Do you understand, little girl?”

“Yes, Ma'am,” he whispered in awe mingled with fear. *A whole week as a girl!*

When Mrs. Gales returned to the house, Alice took him into the garage and pulled her baby carriage out into the front yard, knowing how very frightened he was of being caught in petticoats by his gang.

As he followed her instructions concerning making baby's carriage up, she took pictures before announcing that they were going for a stroll with the baby to the corner, across the street, and through Oak Park so that baby could have a pleasant afternoon stroll!

He would have protested, but he knew how useless it would be. He knew that she would delight in having him be her sister all week. So, meekly he followed her instructions and pushed the little buggy through the park feeling the gentle winds playing with his short skirts and hoping that nobody would see him, especially the guys in his gang!

And luck was with him, for the park was all but deserted, until a girl hailed Alice and joined them by the children's swings. It was Barbara Sellers, a girl in his class who got the giggles the moment she recognized Alice's little sister.

Maria wanted to run away, to cry, to do anything to escape their combined taunts and suggestions, even having him change the doll's wet diapers, while Alice took pictures of Barbara helping him. And Barbara took pictures of the two sisters playing with the doll and using the swing with Maria's skirts flying in the breeze to reveal his panties.

In time the ordeal was ended when Alice heard Mrs. Gales calling them home. Once home, Alice had a chance to show their mother how well Maria could care for his dolly and what a pretty little sister she had. With Alice he washed for supper and after dinner played with her doll until bedtime. when it was decided that he had learned his lesson...

Of course Maria heard all about what a sweet girl he had made from his sister, who made no effort to protect her brother when the kids around the neighborhood asked about his experience in skirts. The girls delighted in teasing him, whenever they saw him, as did the little boys. But his own gang accepted his version of the incident with good-natured kidding and in mutual agreement that they sure wouldn't want to go through such a horrible day.

It was about two weeks later, when Mrs. Gales went shopping, taking Alice to the afternoon show; while Maria stayed home in bed with a cold.

About an hour after they had left, he decided to see if there was any food downstairs; so, he put on his slippers and went to the kitchen, where he fixed up a couple of sandwiches. After his little snack he returned up the stairs, in the big lonely house, wondering what he should do.

Passing his sister's room he discovered the door was wide open and on her bed was a pretty pink organza party dress with a pink satin sash. A dress that mom had bought her for Janet's birthday party. Without thinking about it, he walked into her room and casually picked up the lovely dress holding it to his chest before her dressing mirror. Making a face by sticking out his tongue he mentally made fun of his sister's silly dresses and such thinking how awful it must be to be a girl. Returning the dress to her bed he noticed a pink satin and lace pile on the dressing bench and picked it up to see that it was a pair of panties. They were so very soft and slippery, and so very cool to his touch. Musing to himself he touched them to his cheek and wondered how it felt to wear such cool satiny dainties!

Shrugging he placed them where they were and returned to his own room where he listened to the radio, which only had music on, while trying to read one of his old comics. Which he had read a couple of times before.

Time seemed to hang motionless and his mind began to linger over the idea of those panties and that pretty dress. He thought that it might be fun to be a girl, and wear such pretty clothes. Not all the time, but just once in a while. To wear such pretty panties, just as long as mom, or especially, sis didn't catch him. But, the house was empty and he was sure he had lots of time. He could try them on and then undress.

She would never know the difference.

In a flash he jumped from his bed and went to Alice's room; where he slipped from his pajamas and put on the cool satin panties, looking at their glistening reflection in the mirror and feeling strangely thrilled. Almost happily, he slipped into her lacy, satin, bouffant petticoat, pink anklets, pink, satin, ballet shoes, and the organza dress to look at his girlish image in the dressing mirror. He did look like a girl.

A very beautiful little girl all dressed up for a party!

“Well, Well, if it isn't little satin panties herself!”

A camera flash!

Maria spun to see his sister in the doorway, looking at him with delighted eyes, resting her hands on her hips; so, she tossed her head giving him a saucy glance of triumphant superiority. About her neck was her camera!

“My, aren't we pretty,” she added, seeing him almost wilt, as she strolled into the room to calmly lift the front of her party dress to confirm her suspicion about the satin panties.

Releasing the skirts she placed one finger of one hand over that of her other hand's finger and brushed them together.

“Shame on you, baby brother. I must tell mommy about this.”

“Oh, please, sis, don't,” he managed to beg. “I'll do anything you want, but don't tell mom.”

Quickly he began to undress, as she smiled promising, "I'll not tell mother, if you'll do what I want you to do for a whole day; say, next Saturday?"

"Okay," he whispered, removing the dress and things before retreating to her bath room to put his pajamas on and take off the satin panties that were responsible for his newest shame.

"Remember next Saturday," she insisted picking up the pink panties he placed on the bench and waving them at him as he fled her room.

Saturday morning, when Maria awoke, he discovered Alice's dainty, satin panties draped on the back of the chair where he had thrown his own things the night before.

Pinned to the panties was a note; so, he got up and saw that the note contained the word 'remember', causing him to remember the foolish expedient promise he had made the week before. But, she had that picture of him in her party dress and he could guess that a week as a girl, or a week of spankings, or a worse punishment was in store for him if she ever showed the picture to mom or Mrs. Gales. Reluctantly he dressed and went down stairs to find his rather smug sister finishing her breakfast.

"Oh, look, my little sister's pictures are back," Alice exclaimed, as if waiting for him to sit down before she drew the photos from her jumper pocket, while their mom and Mrs. Gales came closer to see.

"Oh, isn't he just adorable dressing her dolly," his mother gushed handing the picture to Maria, who looked at it and tore it in half!

"What in heaven's name," Mrs. Gales exclaimed, looking at the boy.

"He tore up the picture," Alice complained bitterly in shocked frustration and near tears of great disappointment, for she planned to show it to her gang today.

"Young man, that was very rude," his mother warned, picking up the two halves of the picture. "I think we should have an enlargement of this made and hang it in Maria's room as a lesson to teach him not to destroy what isn't his."

Needless to say, he didn't tear the other pictures; hoping that she wouldn't carry through her threat.

When the picture viewing and breakfast was completed, Mrs. Gales and their mom prepared to leave for the long drive to the city where mom had some buying to do.

Both of them were given their weekly allowance and told to behave, but just before their mom and Mrs. Gales got into the car Alice asked, "Mother, what would happen to Maria if he promised to do something for me and he refused to do it?"

"Well, dearest, that depends," her mother answered looking at Mrs. Gales. "When did he do that?"

Maria almost died, signaling his desire to obey Alice.

"During the week he promised to work for me today in order to repay me for a favor," Alice explained.

"Is this true, Maria?"

"Yes, mother," he sighed.

“Well, that's that, you must do what she wants,” mother announced with a shrug.

“And if he doesn't, mom,” Alice asked plaintively. “He may run away or something to play with his stupid friends. And he promised?”

“Would he?” she asked looking towards Mrs. Gales for help.

“Last week he promised to do the lawn and he always found a way out of it until Alice did it for him, no doubt that was the favor,” Mrs. Gales replied, “perhaps that was the favor she did for him.”

“Yes, mother,” Alice lied with a sly smile towards Maria, who was beginning to see how really clever his sister was; because, she had begged to do the lawn for him, and then complained to Mrs. Gales about it. “And he promised.”

“Well, dearest, if he doesn't do as you wish, he will receive a spanking,” her mother replied, turning her attention to a very trapped young boy. “Do you have any questions, young man?”

“All day?” he pleaded in quivering tones.

“At least until we come home this evening,” Mrs. Gales added, as the car began to back down the driveway leaving Maria to the mercies of his overjoyed sister.

“Come on, slave,” Alice chortled, taking him by the hand, causing him to try to pull away; but, she was bigger and stronger and warned, “remember that spanking, baby dearest, if you're a bad little baby.”

Surrendering to her, he followed along meekly, as she led the way to her room.

Once inside of the room she locked the door and placed the key into her little combination piggy bank, shaped like a small office safe.

“What are you going to do to me?”

“Why dearest, little sister, we are going to have a dress up party. That's all. So relax and enjoy yourself as much as you were the afternoon I took this pretty picture,” she suggested handing him a picture, from her jumper pocket, that had been with the rest.

It was of him in the pretty party dress.

“I'm sure mom would love to see that pretty picture of my baby sister in my party dress.” She went to the closet and opened it saying; “But, I do think that that dress was too big for you. I have some of my dresses from last year in this clothing bag. Like that pretty dress you wore while playing with your little dolly. I'll get one while you go into the bathroom and take a little bath so that you'll smell all dainty. Be sure to use lots of my bubble bath.”

“But,” he began to protest, and then seeing the warning in her eyes, he shrugged and retreated to her bath room; where he undressed and took the desired bath using lots of bubble bath. He almost died when she entered the bathroom to place a white satin and lace panty on the bathroom chair.

She didn't try to look at him and left almost as quickly as she entered saying, “Maria, be sure to use the bath powder on the sink shelf.”

Stepping from the tub, after scrubbing himself, he dried himself before applying the white powder all over his form as Mrs. Gales had done.

With grim determination, he picked up the frilly panties feeling their softness in his hands and gulping down his embarrassment over the idea that Alice might see him dressed in such a dainty thing. Once its coolness was over his form he noted that its leg openings were trimmed with lace and that ruffles of lace adorned the seat in rumba fashion with a pert, little, pink, satin bow at each hip. They really were kind of pretty, but his reverie was ended by her insistent knock.

Timidly he opened the door to stand before her amused eyes.

"I thought you would love them," she giggled, walking behind him and brushing up the rumba ruffles. "Of, course, I'm much to old to wear such baby clothes. But, they fit you perfectly."

"Look, sis, I'll do what you say," he complained, as she took his hand and led him to her vanity seat. "But, can't you lay off on the kidding. It's bad enough as it is."

"Why, darling," she protested in mock concern that answered his plea all too well. "I'm only treating you like you want to be. You now my baby sister, and I'm helping mother to baby sit. So stop crying."

"Do you like being a girl?" he asked from his silence, as she began to fuss with his hair using her curling iron. "Ouch!"

"I'm sorry, dearest!" she exclaimed, kissing where the iron had touched. "Please sit still."

After a while she took her hair brush to his curls.

"I like being a girl very much, but sometimes I wish I was a boy. Boys can do more things when they are my age. They have more freedom and don't have to dress up so frilly whenever anything happens. I have to laugh when you complain about putting on your suit. Think of going through this every day, instead of just throwing your clothes on."

He nodded, agreeing with her completely.

"Haven't you ever wanted to be a little girl." she countered, standing back to look at her handiwork.

"No, except when I tried on your party dress. It was so pretty and I felt so very strange. I didn't want to, but I liked it."

"Especially the panties, I bet," she giggled, before growing serious seeing that she had really hurt him by the truth.

"I see," she murmured, quite thoughtfully, while attending to his long thick eye-lashes; thinking of her best friend, Della, who envied his eyelashes, when they talked about him as a girl. They really were quite pretty and the curler made them very feminine. "Well, then, why don't you just relax and have a good time being my sister, and I'll try not to tease you anymore. We'll just have lots of fun, and you'll be a girl. Okay?"

"Sure, sis," he answered with a shrug. "Why not."

After waiting for his nails to dry a soft, natural pink, she put the polish aside to help him into a pink cotton slip with organza petticoats over a parchment underskirt, that kept the slip quite bouffant.

Adjusting the lace-adorned bodice, she picked up a pink cotton blouse with a pink silken bow, that she tied into its fullness once the blouse was buttoned. Tenderly she arranged the blouse's wide lace collar before finishing with the collar artist's bow.

Helping him into a pair of pink anklets and black patent leather baby dolls, she lowered a dark red velveteen jumper over his form and zipped up its back.

"And a little bow for you hair," she suggested taking a pink hair ribbon from her vanity and pinning it in place. "You are really the most pretty girl in our block."

"Do you really think so," he asked absentmindedly, as he stood looking rather proudly at himself in the dressing mirror. "Do you think I could pass as a girl!"

"Why not," she answered, sitting on the bed and watching his preen himself before the mirror. "Mom and Mrs. Gales both think you make a lovely girl. And Barbara said that the only reason she knew it was you, was because, you looked too ill at ease to be a girl. She just guessed."

Smiling over her little half lie, she did know that he looked all too much like a girl, even when he was a boy. But, then she remembered her original plan for his day, so she arose and gathered his boy clothes and shoes, and before he knew, dumped them down her laundry chute. Opening her savings bank, she closed it after drawing out two keys, which she showed him.

"Say, that's my door key," he exclaimed.

"Yes," she agreed dropping it back into the locked safe. "I took the liberty of locking your room, when you were taking a bath."

Opening the door to her room she waited for him.

"Where are we going?" he asked suspiciously.

"Down stairs," she answered. Walking over to her closet she took her camera, and adjusted it to take a picture of him. before placing its cord about her neck. She then took a girl's game from a shelf and led the way downstairs. Placing the game on the library table she said, "you play here for a minute, while I straighten out my room."

"I guess so," he answered, as she took another picture of him sitting at the library table, to study her game which involved matching dresses with various characters by drawing cards. It was kind of simple minded; but, it passed the time.

And before he knew it a knock sounded on the front door!

In panic, he ran to the library door, to find it locked; and, soon it opened to reveal Barbara and Della, who ran to his completely embarrassed form and greeted him with giggling friendly acceptance, giving him a little hug.

"Oh, Maria, how pretty you look," Della exclaimed after kissing him!

"Just adorable enough to kiss," Barbara giggled, kissing him. She hugged him, causing his skirts to flounce out even more as she noted the rumba ruffled panties he

wore, and broke into helpless giggles exclaiming, "And just perfect in her satin panties!"

In a minute Alice joined them wearing a shorty coat and carrying a purse; while under her arm was a red shorty coat with matching purse.

"Come on, sis, it's time to go to the movie," she announced, handing the rather stunned Maria the red coat.

"Movie," he whispered in protest, looking at the girls about him. "I'm not going to a movie."

"Ah, come on," Della insisted, taking the coat from his fingers. And before he had a chance to struggle, he found the coat on and the purse strap over his arm; as the girls took him by their combined persuasion, and weight, to the front sidewalk. Where they were joined by a half dozen more girls from Alice's group of friends!

After making a fuss over her little sister's lovely clothes, they tired of this little game, by the time they reached downtown with their helpless captive. While they waited in line at the movie house, they talked about their plans for the summer and how happy they were that school was out; bringing Maria into their conversation, just as if `she' had always been one of their group.

He was glad to notice that the movie was a double feature girl's picture; because, he knew that his own gang wouldn't be caught dead there.

After the movie, they all trooped to the Pink Palace for sundaes and girl talk; making Alice promise to come to a pajamas party being held by Janet, the girl who was going to have the birthday party that Alice's dress was for. Alice promised to go if she could bring her baby sister and the girls all enthusiastically agreed that `she' must come by all means!

When Alice and Maria walked home, alone for the last block; he begged her not to make him go to the pajamas party, half hoping that she would make him go, for he liked being a girl, at least for a while.

She showed him her camera and promised that mom and Mrs. Gales would see all the pretty pictures she took that day if he didn't go with her to the pajamas party. She would take care of the arrangements; and, all he had to do was say that he was going to stay over with Bob, Janet's sister.

He hadn't thought of Bob! He now begged in earnest for her to reconsider, fearing the idea of being seen by his best friend, dressed as a little girl.

But, she only smiled; and, later that afternoon, when he was again in boys' clothes and the women returned, he was not at all surprised to hear Bob call and make arrangements for him to come over for the night. Since Bob asked Mrs. Gales' permission first; Maria could hardly back out, since she readily agreed knowing that Alice was going to the pajamas party.

After supper Alice, carrying a large box and her camera, went with Maria out of the house and across the street to Barbara to meet Barbara's parents, who were going out for the evening, at the front door.

After a brief exchange of greetings, the girls were left alone with Maria to take him up to Barbara's room; where his hair was restyled and he was redressed in the clothes that he had worn that afternoon, having still worn his satin panties under the rough boys clothing.

Dressed within a few short minutes he was helped into the short coat and was handed a little vanity case to carry with his red purse. He was told that the case contained his pajamas for the party and that Alice would open it when she arrived at Janet's.

At Janet's, Maria was faced with the ordeal of meeting Bob's parents. He learned at that moment that they had no idea that Mrs. Nelson had two little girls, and it was so nice to have Maria come to the pajamas party. And she must come to the birthday party next week, since all of Janet's friends would be there.

When Maria asked of Bob, Janet's mother smiled and said that he was over with Maria's brother at Paul Dolen's house, so that the girls would have lots of room to play and sleep. She asked casually what Maria's brother's name was, since Bob only called him Gene.

Alice noted that was his name, and taking Maria's hand, she joined the flock of giggling girls up stairs on the summer porch.

A roar of delight met Maria and Alice; and, soon Maria was the dainty model in a fashion show of the clothes he wore.

They all filled his ears with their giggling happiness.

It was not until he broke out in tears, over their hundreds of probing teasing words, which were, often as not, all too true,- that they realized that their game had been too close to home, as far as their little quarry was concerned, so they suddenly grew quite concerned over him and he felt like he had twenty mothers instead of twenty taunters.

And he knew not which was worse!

After a while Alice said that she thought it was time to change and all the girls went to various rooms, while Alice had Maria go into the bath room with her. Helping him to remove his dress and slip she insisted that he use the toilet, suggesting that it might be wise.

Once he finished this rather embarrassing chore, before his sister, she handed him a pair of cotton panties and had him remove his pretty satin panties in the shower closet to replace them with the thick cotton panties. When he stepped out of the shower, she handed him a pair of panties that were too much for even him.

They were large bloomer like panties made of bright pink satin cuffed with four tiers of white lace just above the knees, where the balloon like fullness began to gradually taper when it reached his waist, to look like lace trimmed baby pants!

"Do I have to wear these," he complained, seeing her pull the cuff of each bloomer leg up his thighs to make the panty look even more like baby pants in their plumpness.

"I'll die if they see me in these!"

“Why all little girls wear things like these to bed,” she stated tongue in cheek. “They are adorable. Aunt Bess bought them for me about three years ago, and I knew they would fit you perfectly.”

Looking at the blouse he swallowed hard, knowing all too well that if Aunt Bess had given him such a pair of pajamas he would have died of shame.

The blouse was of matching, bright, pink satin with large pinafore sleeves of ruffled white lace with lace trimmed puff sleeves under the butterfly sleeves. A pink bow adorned the wide lace collar, while the blouse itself flowed like a waistless baby dress to its ruffled white lace hems.

A pair of pink bootie like bath room slippers went on his dainty feet and a pink satin and white lace trimmed hair cover adorned his head to look every bit like a baby bonnet!

“I won't go,” he cried, looking at himself in the bath room door mirror next to Alice, who had quickly changed into a pair of blue lace trimmed pajamas...

“I won't, I won't, I won't!”

She merely opened the bath room door and the girls waiting outside, dressed in their pajamas, flooded into the bath room.

He was all but dragged into the hallway to the summer porch, while Janet fled laughing to her bed room to bring a large stuffed Raggedy-Anne doll, which she placed into Maria's hands.

The girls fussed over him until Janet's mother came upstairs with their night snack to look at him with delighted shock.

“Why, where in the world did you ever get such adorable baby dolls?”

“Our Aunt Bess gave them to her,” Alice chimed. “Mother thought that she should wear them to show them to the other girls. Aren't they too rad!”

“Why I think they are delightful for a little doll like your sister,” Janet's mother exclaimed, taking the trembling Maria's hands and having him stand up while she looked at the baby dolls closer. “Why they are hand sewn. Your aunt must have made them especially for you. Aren't they adorable darling?”

“Yes, Ma'am,” he sighed.

“Oh,” she countered, a bit disappointed. “Don't you love them?”

He shook his head, causing the girls to burst into gales of giggles and laughter, and Janet's mother to nod her understanding.

“I never cared much for frills myself, but they are really quite nice for little girls. Because they make little girls understand what it means to be a girl. It wouldn't hurt Janet to have some more feminine things. No girl should be a tomboy.”

“But, nothing like these, mommy, please.”

“Oh, heavens no,” her mother sighed, “you're not pretty enough for such dainties. In fact, I do believe that Maria is the prettiest girl I have ever seen.”

She released Maria's hand after giving her a little hug and kiss.

The rest of the party was an anticlimax after this. The girls talked about boys, records, and summer plans, until Janet's mother sent them all off to bed.

The next morning Alice had Maria sneak back into the house while the folks were at church and Maria was all too glad the whole affair was over.

But it wasn't...

It was Thursday the next week that mom called him into her bed room quite early in the morning. She had just completed dressing for work. Sitting on her bed, she motioned him to come before her, like she used to do when he was younger and she wanted to tell him something very important, or wanted to find out why he had been a bad boy the day before.

"I had a very strange conversation with Mrs. Teller, your friend Bob's mother. But, you know her, of course," she remarked, brushing back a loose curl from his forehead.

"My your hair is curly in the morning. Just like a little girl's."

He began to tremble inside, knowing full well that he had had an awful time each morning to comb the curls that the girls had put into his hair. Deep inside he feared the worse.

"She commented to me that she was so sorry not to have invited my lovely, dainty Maria, to her daughter's birthday party."

"Mother I..."

"Shhh," his mother cautioned, placing her finger to his lips. "I found out from her that you had such an adorable pair of baby dolls at her girl's pajamas party. I must see how they look on you. We certainly never were able to convince Alice to wear them."

She smiled to herself at the mere thought.

"Now why don't you tell me your version. I heard Alice's version last night, before she went rather tenderly to bed." She clapped her hands together. "And tell the truth."

He told her about his dressing up, pausing long enough to tell her that he really liked her pretty things; and, then catching himself, he told of the horrors of the day he went to the movie and the pajamas party. But he had to admit that he did have fun.

"Are you going to spank me now," he asked, when he completed his story. "I had to do it, or, she would have shown you the pictures."

"I must get those pictures for our scrapbook," Mrs. Nelson mused, glancing at the clock on her dresser. "Tell me one thing, did you like being a girl?"

"Sometimes," he admitted truthfully, with a blush.

"Well I think I know a punishment for you" she decided, standing up and straightening her dress. "I must go to the office. Be sure to be home at lunch time; because, I'll give you your punishment then."

After this dire promise, she left him alone to consider his fate.

When he walked down for breakfast, Mrs. Gales was eating with a very docile Alice, who had a pillow on her chair indicating all too well what mom meant by 'tenderly'.

"Well, little girl," Mrs. Gales greeted, "how are you this morning?"

"Okay, I guess," he suddenly laughed. Taking his seat, he jumped up and down, seeing Alice wince at the mere thought. "Mom has said that she was going to punish me this noon. I guess Alice already has had hers."

"Mustn't tease your older sister, it's not polite," Mrs. Gales reminded, placing a bowl of cereal before him. "I was wondering if you could do me a favor, now that Alice is so ill?"

"I guess so."

"Alice's new party dress must be fitted, and although you are a bit smaller, I do need a modeling dummy."

Alice laughed saying, "dummy."

"You're so smart," he countered. "A real smarty pants."

Mrs. Gales shook her head.

"That's enough of that both of you!" She took her place, admitting to herself that his comment was rather witty. "I wonder if you would help?"

"If she isn't there to kid me?"

"Certainly."

"I can model my own dresses, he's worn enough dresses."

"Shhh," Mrs. Gales warned, placing her finger to her lips. "You are to be seen and not heard; unless, you don't want to go to Janet's party."

Alice nodded and excused herself from the table to walk slowly to her room allowing Maria a twinge of sympathy for his poor sister, and an inner fear of his own dire fate.

After breakfast, Mrs. Gales went to Alice's room and took her birthday party dress and things downstairs to the sewing room where she had Maria strip to his undershirt and shorts before she fitted the panties to him.

"Did you have fun being a girl?" she asked, placing a couple of pins in the waist of the panties.

"It wasn't too bad; except the bit about those baby dolls," he acknowledged to her attempts to hide her amused concern. "Am I going to be spanked like Alice?"

"I think not," she answered, much to his relief. Helping him into the slip, she took a tape measure and began to insert pins into the hem measuring from the floor and his natural waistline. "Do you think you should be spanked?"

"I don't know?"

"I wonder if you have learned a very valuable lesson from this?"

"What?"

“Never pay a blackmailer,” she replied, adjusting the waist of the slip by taking a tuck in the back. “If you had told me the truth from the start she would have gotten a spanking.”

“But she caught me wearing this dress in her room and I was afraid that I would get a spanking.”

“So she blackmailed you to do more and more things. What if your mother decided to spank you for every offense?”

“I think I see what you mean,” he mused as she lowered the dress over his head. “She had more and more on me until I couldn't escape her plans. It was kind of like stepping into quicksand, like at the river.”

“Yes, dearest,” Mrs. Gales acknowledged. Measuring the hem of the dress she smiled. “I suppose you wouldn't want to be a girl anymore?”

“Not like that,” he answered a bit evasively. “It must be kind of stupid to be a girl. I mean, all that giggling and silly stuff.”

“Oh,” she asked tucking the waistline. “Don't you ever giggle?”

“Only when things are pretty silly,” he admitted honestly. “But they giggle all the time.”

“Sometimes, most things are pretty silly. But, girls don't think like boys do. They delight in emotions. And, they are really quite moody. It's not easy to be a girl, as you must know by now.”

“Oh, they have all kinds of fun. I had fun at the pajamas party, except for those baby dolls.” He shuddered at the memory.

“Mrs. Teller,” she paused to find the right words, “thought they really were quite lovely. You know most mothers like their little girls to wear such dainty things at times. I guess we don't think they should grow up too fast. A girl has so many responsibilities when she grows up that she should have a long happy childhood. And sometimes she should be kept childlike, in many ways, so that she can understand her own children. And her feeling for emotions makes it easier for her to feel her child's needs when the child is too young to talk.”

“I see,” he observed thoughtfully.

She then began to remove the party dress.

“Well, you can go off and play,” she suggested, after the clothes were removed. “And be sure to be in for lunch.”

“Yes, Ma'am,” he replied, redressing and going to his room where he found Alice.

“Maria, I'm sorry.”

“Oh, it's okay,” he answered with a shrug. “It was kind of fun.” Picking up his rubber wall ball he decided to go out and play bounce catch against the garage wall.

Leaving his sister he went out to play.

At lunch time mom arrived, carrying a large number of packages from her car into the house, after giving Maria a little kiss in greeting.

"I think you had better go in to see Mrs. Gales. It's time for your, ah, punishment."

Swallowing hard, he held the door for her, as she went into the house and up the stairs with her packages heading for Alice's room.

Maria went in and sat at the kitchen table to eat with Alice, who had recovered enough to be talking about Janet's birthday party and asking if her party dress was ready.

"Yes, dearest, I believe so," Mrs. Gales commented setting a place for her employer. "I was wondering, Alice, how would you punish Maria?"

"Why?" she asked looking at Mrs. Gales a bit confused. "He only did what he was told. It was all my fault. I planned it and he was trapped, poor thing."

"Poor thing, indeed," Mrs. Gales countered with a shake of her head. "He could have reported the whole affair to me."

"I guess he should have," she agreed as their mom came to the table. "But, it was all my fault."

"Very noble, dearest," mom said with a smile. "Let's hope that you will have learned your lesson when your punishment is completed."

"A spanking a day for a week," she mused with a shudder.

"Gee, that's kind of tough," Maria whispered.

"Do you think she should be punished less severely?"

"Sure, I guess so," he admitted. "But...it's not up to me."

Mrs. Gales nodded her agreement, but mom asked.

"What if we say that it was up to you? Do you think she should be punished, as you will be, without knowing what that would be? Instead of being spanked?"

He shrugged.

"Yes, or no?"

"I don't know. But maybe."

"What do you think, Alice?"

"Anything is better than a spanking a day," she answered.

"I wonder," Mrs. Gales noted smiling towards Mrs. Nelson.

"Very well. We shall see," Mrs. Nelson concluded. "I shall take care of Alice's punishment and you shall attend to Maria's, Mrs. Gales."

With this she arose from her finished meal and took Alice's hand, "come child."

"Are you ready, dearest," Mrs. Gales asked arising from the table.

"Yes, Ma'am."

Taking his hand she led him to her rooms next to the kitchen, and he looked at what was on her bed in wonderment.

For there was Alice's party dress!