

From Husband To Sissy Model.

Book #2

By Patricia Michelle

11 Full Color Illustrations!





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Chapter-39 Playing with children his own age.

After observing Chrissie for the next two weeks Sarah asked if she could have a talk with me.

“One of the things I’ve noticed, that I think is a concern, is that except for the other students in Ms. Martin’s classes he has virtually no contact with other little boys and girls his own age. And even in her classes there’s very little socializing as she permits no talking. So I thought I would make an effort, at least on weekends, to schedule his activities around other children his age. So that he becomes more adept at socializing, at least at his age level,” she said.

“Yes, I could see where that would prove very beneficial,” I said, giggling at the thought of Chrissie inter-acting with other children his supposed age. I was sure it would absolutely crush him. It was one thing, humiliating enough, to be forced to act like a little boy with adults, quite another matter to pretend he was the little boy he ap-

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peared to be with other children. It amused Kate and Cora no end when I told them what Sarah, in all earnestness, had planned. And Kate just couldn't help making his life more miserable.

It was the following day at dinner that I said to Chrissie, "Sarah has just the most wonderful news, don't you Sarah?" I asked, hiding a smile for I couldn't wait to see his expression.

"Well, I've called a few mothers and other governesses to see if they'd allow you to play with their little boys and girls our same age. And they all thought it a great idea. And Kate suggested a little girl named Rebecca Stone, who you'll eventually be modeling clothes with as soon as you graduate from Ms. Martin's classes. I talked to the girl's mother who thinks it's a wonderful idea. A perfect way of getting to know each other before you start modeling together. She's a bit young, just eleven, but I'm sure you'll get along just fine. Then, of course, there's little Paulie. Ms. Glen thinks he would benefit from some contact with children his own age. Isn't that exciting?" she asked.

I just couldn't help laughing to myself at Chrissie's reaction.

"P-Play w-with Paulie?" he cringed, "Oh y-yes that's r-really exciting," he said miserably.

"Perhaps if you're not busy over the weekends you could take Chrissie around to some of his new friends," she suggested, which, of course, I amusedly agreed to.

So over the next few weeks I delighted in taking little Chrissie on visits to his new circle of friends and watching him struggle so, poor thing, to act their age. Frankly there wasn't anything more hysterical than watching Chrissie in his sailor romper suit trying to jump rope, play hop-scotch and funniest of all seeing him try to roller skate, half terrified, trying desperately to keep his balance and not fall, with old fashioned skates with steel wheels strapped to his shoes.

Rebecca was a charming little girl who was, I thought, perfect for him. For at eleven she was actually an inch or two taller than Chrissie. And as Kate had mentioned they not only had matching blue eyes, but almost identical blonde hair. Even the girl's mother commented that they could almost be brother and sister. Which I already knew was Kate's plan.

Chapter-40 Chrissie's new home and new room.

It was a couple weeks later that he was surprised to find out that we were moving. My business was doing great and I could well afford a new house. At no time was the hopelessness of his situation brought home as when I announced to Sarah, pointedly ignoring him, that I'd not only bought a new house but that I had sold this one. Which brought a startled gasp from him, as I expected, and a sharp reminder from Sarah not to interrupt adults when they are speaking.

I was quite curious to see how he'd take this unexpected bit of news. Which was not well, for right after being corrected he blurted out, "Yes, b-but you can't..."

Which was as far as he got. "I really must apologize Ma'am. I simply don't know what's gotten into him. Apologize to your Aunt immediately and then go stand on your naughty boy time out stool in the corner, pants down, hands on your head. I'll decide later whether I will use the hairbrush or cane on you, depending on how still you stand. And one more sound and I'll give your mouth a most thorough soaping. Is that understood?" she demanded to know.

"Y-Yes governess," he replied in the frightened, cowed voice I so enjoyed hearing, as he went to stand in the corner.

I actually expected his outburst when he heard I'd sold this house. You see it was actually his house which I'd moved into. So there he stood in the corner, on his time out naughty boy stool, pants down, hands behind his head, not daring to utter a sound but close enough to hear us. And, naturally, I delighted in making it worse.

"I found a buyer for this house rather quickly, and I made a nice profit on it. And the new house you'll just love. I'll take you out and show it to you tomorrow, so you'll have to get a babysitter for Chrissie. Such grown up talk like buying and selling houses, mortgages and remodeling I'm sure is beyond his ability to comprehend," I stated, even though in reality he'd handled all the paperwork and remodeling on this house himself.

"Oh certainly Ma'am. I'm sure Alice would enjoy making some extra money babysitting Chrissie.

And I'm just dying to see the new house," she said excitedly.

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“Well then I’m sure you’ll also be excited to know that I not only want you to design and decorate the perfect room for little Chrissie, but your own room as well. The only thing I ask is that you create a very safe, worry free environment that insures Chrissie can be monitored at all times,” I directed.

“Actually there were a few modifications I was going to suggest be made to his current room, however we can just incorporate them into his new room.

When I asked what they were I was delighted to hear her say, “Well, of course, all the windows should have security bars on them. The door to his room should not be able to open from the inside, so that we know that once he’s put in his room I’ll know that’s where he is, regardless of where I am. Plus we should put cameras in each corner so I can be sure he’s doing as he’s been told to.”

Chapter-41 Chrissie’s new room.

When the remodeling was done and we finally moved in I couldn’t help but smile at the perfect room Sarah has created for little Chrissie. I just loved the crestfallen expression on his face when he saw his new room. The dominant color was baby blue with pink accents. The wallpaper had childish, nursery rhyme figures on it. The furniture was from Alice’s old room. All very dainty and delicate. The centerpiece was a canopy “youth bed.” Basically an overgrown crib with high side bars that slid up. The floors were all hardwood with a play area consisting of a small table and chair. Plus an area to practice his dancing. Off to one side was the bathroom. As promised the window were all barred, the door opened only from the outside, and in each corner was a camera to monitor him while he was in his room. If there ever was a room meant for a little, sissy boy this was it.

Chapter-42 Chrissie understands what a miserable excuse he’d been as a husband.

A few days after we’d settled in and we were having dinner Sarah casually mentioned that she hadn’t heard me speak of my husband.

“I was just wondering because I was looking forward to meeting him. If he’s away on a job somewhere?” she asked.

Pretending to flounder, and looking straight at Chrissie I said, “Why yes, he’s finally managed to get a temporary job way across the country. I’m afraid he won’t be back for several months Which, if I may be frank, I don’t really care if he comes back or not. It’s just that our marriage was having it’s troubles as all my friends knew. They’ve actually been pushing me to divorce him. Chrissie knows how awful, nasty and dictatorial he was to me, don’t you Chrissie?” I asked sternly.

“Y-Yes Aunt D-Darlene,” he said shamefully, hanging his head and slumping his shoulders.

“It’s simply something I could no longer tolerate. So good riddance I say. Actually my friends have been pushing me to go out with other men while he’s gone, just so I’ll see that there are men out there who will treat me with proper respect. They’ve been trying to fix me up with some real men for a couple weeks now,” I said, which brought a sudden gasp from Chrissie.

“Yes Chrissie, was there something you wanted to say?” I asked sweetly.

“N-No Aunt Darlene,” he replied with the most delightful, tortured sob, which Sarah, bless her, completely mistook.

“Oh my, for some reason all this talk of your husband seems to have upset Chrissie. My goodness was he that nasty and mean to your Aunt Darlene?” she asked innocently.

“Y-Yes he, he was,” was all he could miserably get out.

“Well honestly Ma’am, I would take up your friend’s suggestion. If he was that horrible and mean I think you really should go out with other men. Besides, since I’ve been here, you haven’t gone out at all except to work,” she commented, having no idea just how many real hunks were already in my life.

“If you think so too Sarah, perhaps I should. My goodness I haven’t let my hair down or had any fun since he left. I think I deserve to have a good time and some fun, don’t you, Chrissie?” I couldn’t help driving a nail into his over blown ego. Although there really wasn’t much of it left.

I almost had to laugh for what could he say but, “Yes A-Aunt Darlene, I-I think y-you should have a-a good time,” he sobbed out in defeat.

Chapter-43 Chrissie gets a dressing down.

It was a fateful day when Chrissie arrived at Kate's for his first time modeling, with Rebecca, outfits from the Little Prince and Princess collection. His first attire was a sailor's outfit. He'd worn sailor outfits before but none like this. I made sure I was there when he got his first look at himself in a mirror and I wasn't disappointed. He gasped and cringed when he saw himself. I had hoped he'd start crying, but was disappointed when he didn't. Still I couldn't have been more pleased. For Chrissie was wearing his first pair of bright red, satin, sailor pants that buttoned so childishly to his blouse by four buttons in front and in back. He was wearing his first pair of white, children's tights, and his first pair of two strap, bright red, patent leather mary janes. The short sleeves of his blouse were puffed with bright blue bands and edged in white lace. As was his sailor's collar with an overly large floppy red bow. On his hands were wrist length, white satin gloves. Even their schoolgirl hats with chin straps that buttoned were the same. And he was dressed identically to Rebecca except for her skirt and one-and-a-half inch heels. Which, to my amusement, actually made her look the older of the two.

What followed next neither of them liked. Put side by side in beautician's chairs they heard Cora tell the girls to give them identical hair styles she called, 'page boys.'

"It's the perfect children's style for either boy or girl their age. Lighten the boy's hair so it perfectly matches that of the girl's. Then I'm afraid you'll have to cut about two inches off Rebecca's hair so the length of their hair is the same," she ordered.

To which Rebecca bitterly protested. Turning to him she said, "Why couldn't your hair be longer? Now they have to cut my hair. I hate you!"

Chrissie, of course, was already obviously upset hearing that not only was he being given an identical hairstyle to the girls it was going to be colored so it perfectly matched hers.

When they were finished all the beauticians gathered around and "oohed" and "aahed."

“Why they look just like brother and sister, don’t they?” one remarked.

“I think that’s why Cora wanted identical looks as she and Kate think they’d be perfect for the Brother and Sister collection,” a second said.

“I think they look so alike they could actually be twins, couldn’t they?” yet a third remarked.

“They really could. It’s really difficult to tell them apart. Hopefully they’ll have the girl wearing a hair bow, if not it really would be difficult telling which is which, wouldn’t it,” the first declared, which quite alarmed Chrissie more than it did Rebecca.

Just then one of the beauticians came in, and looking at them, asked, “I really can’t tell which is the boy and which is the girl.”

“Will Rebecca please raise your hand so Maude can tell who is who,” Cora asked, hiding her big grin.

“Why that’s precisely what we’re hoping for. When they model the Brother & Sister collection they’ll be wearing identical outfits and we don’t want to audience to know who is who as at that age it’s quite normal to see little boys and girls dressed in many of the same outfits.

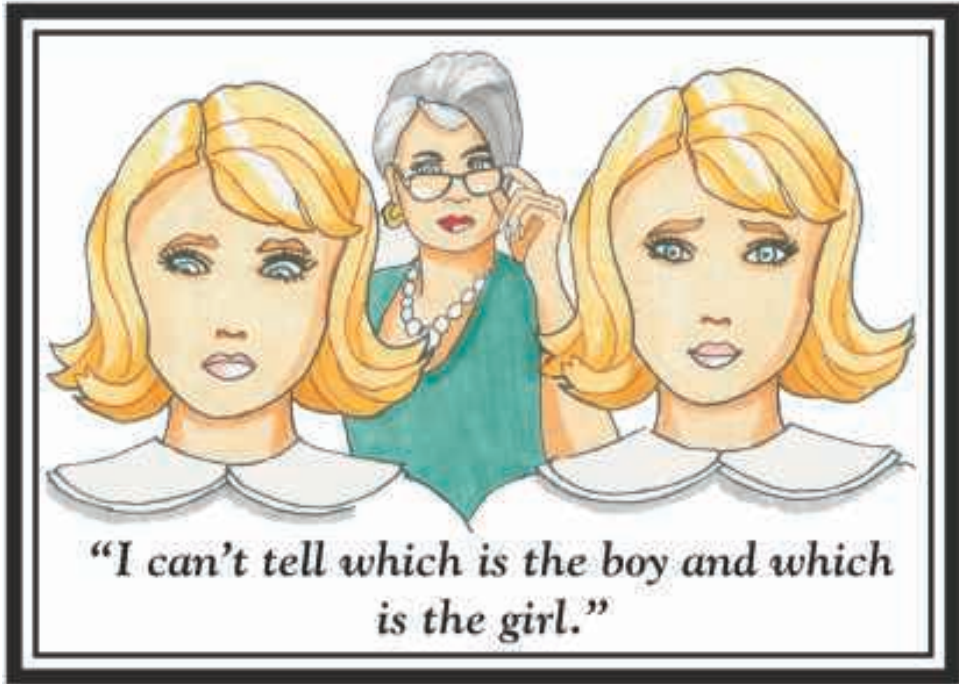
“Well, that’s true at their age mothers do tend to dress them up like little dolls, don’t they,” the woman casually remarked.

Which, I could see quite alarmed Chrissie. This was going to be all too amusing.

Chapter-44 Kate lays it on, thick.

When Cora came to get them she delightedly clapped her hands, “Why they look just perfect, don’t they? Well come along children. Rebecca, as you are more experienced and are the taller, you will always lead Chrissie by the hand wherever you go, walking slightly ahead of him,” she instructed, hiding a smile as she saw Chrissie looked so crushed learning that he was to be led about everywhere by an eleven year old girl.

The actual show was even harder on poor Chrissie as Kate truly drove home his little boy status announcing to the audience, “Now on the runway we have little Chrissie and Miss Rebecca modeling the



most adorable sailor outfits in our pre-teen, Little Prince and Princess collection. The outfits are suitable for children ages six to ten. Much of their attire is identical and has many advantages as with children of such a young age they can wear many of the same garments. As you can see they're both wearing identical girl's blouses, tights, the same

shoes, gloves and even their darling sailor hats buttoning under the chin.”

“And don’t they look so darling with matching page boy hair styles. Just the perfect style for children their age, don’t you think?” she asked, laughing to herself when she observed Chrissie’s crestfallen expression learning that not only was he dressed appropriately for a six year old, but much of what he was wearing were girl’s attire.

I was continually amazed that my ex-husband, as I now couldn’t help thinking of him, could actually walk down a runway in a room full of women dressed as a ten year old, at best, and do so without a puzzled look on any of their faces.

Kate and Cora had to laughingly remind me just how possible it was. “You keep forgetting he’s actually shorter than eleven year old Rebecca. And since we completed electrolysis he has the same peaches and cream complexion that all little boys have,” Cora grinned.

“And with the alterations Cora made to his eyes, the long, curled girlish eyelashes, and of course, his pouty, cupid’s lips the problem you’re having is you still see your husband, but you’re the only one,” Kate stated.

“Then there’s his figure. After months of dieting and breathless corseting his figure is almost as girlish as Rebecca’s and notice how it’s pushing his bottom out more and more. Which perfectly matches out future plans for him,” Cora stated, but when I asked all she’d say was, “It’ll be a real surprise.”

Chapter-45 Modeling Brother & Sister fashions, poor Chrissie!

If he was despondent over the Little Prince outfits he modeled it was obvious he was crushed to tears when Kate started them modeling the Brother/Sister fashions a couple weeks later.

Which I wouldn’t have missed for all the tea in China. So I sat with Kate and Cora in the fitting room when he first saw himself in a mirror.

Chapter-46 Chrissie in kilts, sort of.

When they modeled their first Brother & sister outfits I could see how crushed Chrissie was as Rebecca walked Chrissie down the runway as Kate described their outfits.

“Kilts, of course, are perfect attire for either boys or girls. However our Brother & sister kilts come in two different styles. The model on the right is wearing the more traditional kilt attire. While the model on the left wears the more youthful version of a bodice kilt. Which hangs from a sleeveless bodice, and as you can see are considerably shorter than the traditional kilt that falls to about two inches above the knees. Both outfits feature bishop collars with ruffled jabot bibs. As you can see the model on the right wears more grown up knee socks, while the one on the left wears the short, ankle length socks while both wear mary janes so suitable for children their age. And don’t you think braids on girls and boys of their age the absolute perfect touch?”

Oh My God this is just too amusing for words. Poor, Chrissie, he’s struggling so hard to smile. I can’t imagine Mr. Macho could feel any more humiliated,” I chuckled to Kate and Cora.

“Oh, just wait till next weeks show. If kilts don’t crush him just wait until he sees himself in what new addition I’ve made to the Brother/Sister collection, just for him,” Kate smiled with a wicked grin.

Chapter-47 I can’t believe what he’s modeling.

I couldn’t wait till the next fashion show. But despite my questioning both Kate and Cora they refused to even give me a hint of what he’d be wearing.

When the curtain parted and Kate announced her latest addition to the Brother & Sister Collection I almost fell out of my chair. I was laughing so hard in disbelief I drew a lot of stares from the women around me. For, of all things, Chrissie and Rebecca were dressed in completely matching smocks!

“Charming smocks are perfect attire for children of all ages. And are suitable for play, as you see them wearing, or dressy occasions. And as

it's a loose fitting garment the same smock can be worn for many years starting at around six or seven and up to ten. Their grey smocks, as you can see, have rounded collars supporting a loosely tied, red tie which perfectly matches their red tights. The fullness of their smocks is caused by the under liners, much like a petticoat which helps prevent wrinkling. On the more youthful version the hem falls just above mid-thigh while on the more grown up version the hem falls a couple inches above the knees. And for shoes of course patent leather Mary Janes suitable on both boys and girls of their age, and don't pigtailed with yellow bows seem to be the perfect style to go with their smocks," she gushed.

To the irritation of those around me I couldn't help giggling. Imagine my ex-husband, at least that's how I thought of him, in a smock AND in pigtailed. It was just too hysterical. Chrissie couldn't help seeing me as I was right up front and gave me the most forlorn, pleading look. In response I gave him a big thumbs up and clapped.

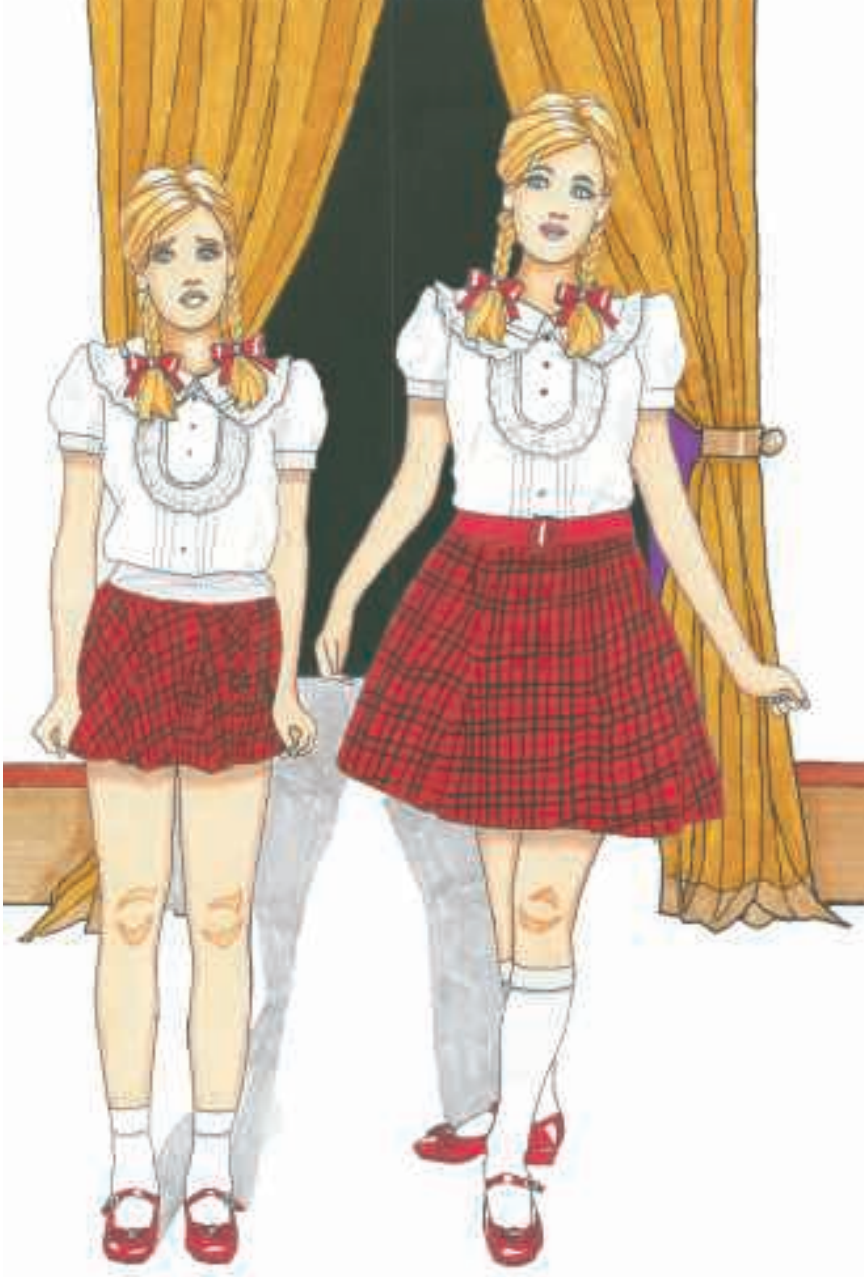
But what came next, I could see, totally crushed him.

"Now children, please raise your charming smocks and show off your darling undies for the ladies," she ordered. I think Chrissie was near tears as he raised his smock along with Rebecca to show off their white, short, bloomed pants. "At their age mixing and matching between boy and girl styles is quite common so I thought little girl's short, bloomers the perfect undergarments," she announced, although I didn't buy it for a minute. And Kate, later, admitted it was all her idea.

Cora later said pigtailed were her inspiration, saying you couldn't believe the tortured gasp Chrissie sobbed out when he saw himself.

After they made their turn and returned behind the curtain to be changed what they eventually appeared in, this time, made me gasp and before I could stop myself I exclaimed, "I can't believe it!"

Which earned me several annoyed stares from the women around me.



Chapter-48 Mistake identity.

My distraught sissie's identity crisis only deepened after the showing as the models were expected to mingle among the guests. Nor did Kate change what they were wearing. I suspect on purpose and I was so right.