

From Big Bully - to Little Girl

Maisie Webster was so excited! Her cousins, Julius and Augusta, whom she had never met, were coming to stay over with them for the summer. She would at last have playmates again.

Maisie was aware that the last few years had been difficult for her mother, especially since her father had left her for another woman. Mary Webster had had to rebuild her shattered life in a different town and to start over.

Maisie had had to start over too. When they moved to this town she lost the friends that she had made and had had difficulty making new ones, especially since mom had little money. The last year had been filled with loneliness for both mother and daughter.

Mary Webster's sister, on the other hand, had done well at school and had become an attorney and had then trumped her achievements by marrying a millionaire, with whom she had had her children, Julius and Augusta. Now she and her rich husband were off on a world cruise and asked her sister to look after her own offspring and had offered a generous stipend as an inducement, as well as an allowance for the children's upkeep.

Mary worked part time anyway and badly needed the money, so she agreed with alacrity. Julius and Augusta were dropped off at the house in a limousine. Although aged only ten, Julius wore a miniature version of a man's suit and had a swagger about him that suggested that he was in complete control of his world. He sniffed in disdain as his gaze took in the downtown neighbourhood "What a dump" he remarked "what possessed mom to send us here?".

Augusta was a year younger than her brother but looked much younger as she was dressed in a white little girl's frock, with matching gloves and hat, with frilly petticoats peeping out from beneath the hem of her dress. Unlike her brother, she was silent and subdued and stood behind him.

It was obvious from their behavior as to which of the siblings was dominant.

Mary welcomed them with a hug, which Julius shrugged off with disdain, but which Augusta accepted gracefully. Julius strode into the house, leaving Mary and Augusta to collect his luggage, and commented loudly on the house's poor décor before collapsing on a sofa and demanding something to drink after his long journey.

Augusta went to fetch him a drink, but Mary stopped her and went to fetch the drink herself. It was her job after all. She was not at all impressed with her nephew. He reminded her of her ex-husband. Selfish, arrogant and with a low opinion of girls and women. He seemed to expect his younger sister to run around after him.

Mary presented Maisie to her nephew and niece. Augusta greeted her with a hug and a kiss on the cheek, Julius pointedly ignored her and when Maisie suggested that the three of them play together, Julius retorted that he did not play with girls and stomped off to his room.

Maisie was upset and confused as to why her cousin would not play with her, but Augusta gave her a hug and said that she would gladly play with her, which lightened Maisie's spirits and the two girls went off to Maisie's bedroom.

For the next week, Julius behaved like he owned the place, demanding to be waited on hand and foot, and making himself quite insufferable. Mary did her best to keep her temper but it was becoming increasingly difficult and so she was glad when, one day, Julius said he was going out to play.

Then Mary saw the look of anguish on Augusta's face when she saw her brother march out of the door and guessed that Julius's entry into the wider world was not a good thing.

Then, inexplicably, Augusta broke down in tears. Mary took the sobbing girl into her arms and comforted her, asking her what the matter was. Eventually, and amid many tears, Mary got an account of how Julius had abused and bullied his younger, weaker sister for several months now, and even showed her the bruise marks on her body, inflicted by her brother's fist. Augusta seemed to be better now that she had confided in someone.

Mary ,however, was appalled. Angry at Julius for bullying such a sweet girl and angry at her sister and her husband because clearly they had brought Julius up badly and because their daughter did not feel confident enough to tell them of the abuse being visited upon her. It was not her place to punish Julius though. All she could do was keep an eye on him whilst he was here and talk to her sister upon her return.

When Julius did reappear, some three hours later, Mary's jaw dropped at the sight of him. In place of the swaggering boy in his suit stood a snivelling, dejected boy wearing a girl's white frock, frilly ankle socks and a pair of mary-janes with his face plastered with make up and ribbons tied in his hair. He had been made to push a girl's pink pram up to the house and a baby doll sat in the pram. Four girls of roughly his own age had escorted him and stood nearby.

"Julius?" Mary asked of the feminized boy "Is that you?". Mary had to resist the urge to burst out laughing for he looked ridiculous.

"Auntie Mary, please help me!" begged Julius "these horrid girls have taken my clothes and made me wear these things!".

One of the girls marched to Mary. Mary recognized her as Lucy Steele, one of the neighbourhood girls and, Mary remembered, a member of the local judo club.

"Mrs Webster" Lucy said "Your nephew gatecrashed our picnic and even tried to hit my sister when she asked him to leave. I..."

"Used your judo on him" Mary finished. Lucy nodded. "How come he's dressed like this?"

"Well, he was so horrible before I beat him and then such a crybaby afterwards that we decided that he shouldn't wear boys' things anymore and made him take off his clothes in the shed. Then I went into our house and brought him some of my things for him to wear, as you can see"

Mary had to contain her laughter. Julius had tried his bullying and had been beaten by a girl and forced to wear girls' clothing! It was hysterical.

Lucy continued “Then, once he had put on his dress and knickers, we decided that he looked like a very ugly boy so we got some of mom’s make up and put it on him and put bows in his hair to make him look prettier!”

Mary smirked. He was wearing girls’ knickers! This was priceless!

“Then we made him play with our dollies, as he was a girl now, and got him to push his pram and dolly up here” said Lucy “We made him promise to give us all of his clothes. Not just the ones he was wearing but all the ones he brought with him too. Isn’t that so, Julius?”

Pathetically, Julius looked pleadingly at Mary “Yes” he said, blubbing.

Mary thought for a moment. She could ask the girls to give Julius his clothes back. As an adult well known to the girls’ mothers, she was confident that they would do so without too much fuss.

However, Mary remembered the sobbing Augusta and Julius’s arrogant behavior since he had arrived here and quickly made up her mind.

“Augusta, please collect together all of your brother’s clothes and bring them to me so that I can give them to these girls, as Julius promised them”. Giggling at her brother’s plight, Augusta hastened to obey.

“No! Auntie please!” Julius begged.

“Be quiet, Julius, you made a promise, now you will have to keep it! Honestly, I am so ashamed of you. Trying to bully girls! Well, you’ve learnt the hard way that not all girls are weaker than you. Apologise to these girls for your appalling behavior!”

Julius turned around, his skirts swaying, and said to the girls “I’m sorry. Please don’t take my clothes!”. The four girls glanced away disdainfully.

Augusta appeared with a bundle of clothes and underwear. Mary took them from her and handed them to Lucy. Julius began weeping.

“Thanks Mrs Webster” said Lucy “Julius can keep the clothes he’s wearing now, and the pram and dolly, as a loan until the end of his holidays. If he looks after them he can have his old clothes back!” With a wave, the girls departed. Julius watched mournfully as his clothes receded into the distance.

Julius turned to his aunt “You’ll get me more clothes won’t you, Auntie? I don’t want to wear these things!”

A smile formed on Mary’s face “Oh, don’t worry Julius, we’ll get you more clothes, but for now you are grounded for the entire holiday and once we have removed your make up you are going straight to bed with no tea! Augusta, have you a set of pyjamas you can lend your brother please?”.

“Yes Auntie, I’ll go and get them now”.

“I’m not wearing girls’ pyjamas!” Julius said.

Mary shrugged “What else are you going to wear? The girl who beat you has all of your clothes, including your pyjamas, and in case you haven’t noticed you are the only male in this household. We ladies don’t wear male clothes and you can’t go around naked in front of us so you will have to wear a set of your sister’s jim-jams. Now, come inside and bring that with you” said Mary, indicating the pram.

Embarrassed, Julius steered the pram into the hall. Mary directed him to the bathroom where she proceeded to remove the heavy coating of make up from his face. Lord, the girls had really plastered it on! Mary also took out the hair bows.

“Now, Julius, go to your room and put these on” Mary ordered, handing him a pair of Augusta’s pyjamas. They were made entirely of silk, were pink in colour, with little red hearts all over, with lace edgings on the cuff, and trouser bottoms.

Julius looked at them in horror, but realized he had nothing else to wear, and disappeared into his room to change. Mary looked in a little later to see an embarrassed, tearful boy, in his sister’s pyjamas “Get into bed, Julius. Don’t worry we’ll buy you new clothes in the morning”. Julius looked relieved. Mary closed the door to his room and walked away, smiling to herself.

The following morning, as he had nothing else to wear, Julius had to put on the clothes that Lucy had lent to him. Cringing with embarrassment, he edged into the kitchen for his breakfast, for he was very hungry. His appearance in a frock caused the girls to have giggling fits. Blushing he sat down to his breakfast and wolfed it down before disappearing to his room again followed by howls of laughter from the three females of the household.

Mary entered Julius's room to find the boy sobbing on his bed. She had no sympathy for him, she decided. She dumped some clothes on his bed, some of Maisie's things, and ordered the boy to dry his eyes and put them on. Julius gratefully seized upon the clothes for amongst them was a pair of jeans! True, they had a large heart on one side of the jeans' bottoms but they were better than a dress. Mary had also included a pair of Maisie's white cotton knickers, much plainer than the frilly ones now adorning Julius's nether regions, and a blue sweater. He would have to continue to wear the ankle socks and mary-janes for his feet were much bigger than Maisie's and his sister's.

Julius threw off the clothes he currently wore and jumped into the new clothes. Only to find that the clothes did not fit him terribly well. As he was taller than Maisie, the arms of the sweater fell considerably short of his wrists and the jeans were cropped, showing off much of his calves. The jeans were also much tighter around his bottom.

"Not the best fit, but they'll have to do till we get you clothes in your own size" said Mary. "Come on, let's get into town and get you more things". When Julius appeared, dressed in Maisie's clothes, the girls went into giggles again. Julius started weeping again. Mary herded them all into the car, with Julius riding up front as befitted the elder child and the girls in the back.

The trip to town took fifteen minutes and Mary parked the car in the car park of the town's most expensive department store, Ellington Bros. Mary could afford to shop there now thanks to the generous allowance provided by her sister. The girls bounced out of the car. Julius, ashamed of his appearance, got out of the car shyly and with his head bowed down, and trailed behind, catching them up only when they got to the lift. His bizarre appearance invited stares and in one case a guffaw of laughter.

Once they were all aboard, Mary asked the lift attendant for the second floor, for Childrenswear. Julius sighed with relief, believing that his ordeal would soon be over. The party left the lift and, led by Mary, headed towards the Boyswear department. The boys' suits and blazers came into tantalizingly close view. Then, abruptly, Mary turned on her heel, away from Boyswear.

Julius became agitated "Auntie, Boyswear is HERE!" he shouted. Mary stopped in her tracks, turned around slowly to face the boy and said "I know that" she said "but who said we were going to Boyswear? Come along now". Julius became more and more agitated "You're going the wrong way!" he shouted. Mary turned towards him and seized his hand, dragging him along and bidding him to be quiet.

They arrived outside another department. Julius stopped resisting being dragged when he saw the sign "Girlswear". "What are we doing here?" he asked "I'm the one who needs more clothes!"

"Yes, and you're going to get them. Here" Mary pushed him inside a large room filled with girl mannequins wearing pretty dresses and shelves of shoes and counters filled with girls' underwear and other pretty knick-knacks.

A female assistant approached them with a welcoming smile and asked how she could be of assistance to them today.

"I wish to see some dresses, underwear and shoes"

"Very good ma'am" purred the assistant "and are these young ladies for whom you purchasing for today?" she asked, indicating Maisie and Augusta.

“No. They will be for this young boy here” said Mary, indicating Julius, who stood mute with his head down unable to believe what was happening.

The assistant shook her head “Ma’am perhaps I should point out that this is the Girlsweat department. Your attire needs for the young gentleman would surely be better served...”

“I am perfectly aware of where I am thank you and it is presumptuous for you to tell me how I should dress one who is in my charge. Now, are you going to serve me or should I ask to speak to your superior?”

The assistant considered this for a brief moment then said “I shall be pleased to serve you today madam” She looked at Julius “Given the size of the...boy...we’ll need to look at the larger sized apparel. I have some lovely items for you to see today. If you’d care to wait, I will bring them to you”.

Satisfied at getting her way, Mary merely nodded and the assistant scurried off towards the back of the department.

“Auntie please!” begged Julius “I don’t want to wear girls’ things! I’m a boy!”

“One more word out of you, young man and I will put you over my knee and spank you. You will wear what I tell you to wear”. The tone of Mary’s voice made Julius subside into silence.

His sister and cousin meantime, unaware of what Mary had in store for Julius, were in hysterics at the prospect of a boy being taken to a Girlsweat department and being bought clothes there.

The assistant returned, laden with frocks and underwear, which she dumped on the counter, whilst another assistant brought several boxes of shoes. The first assistant held up a frock, in a flowered pattern and with frills at the sleeves and hem.

“This is part of the Mona collection. A pretty frock that is ideal for summerwear. Perhaps your son would like to try it on?”

“He’s my nephew and no, he doesn’t want to try it on, but he’s going to anyway!”

“I see madam. There is a changing area just over here”

Mary guided a blushing nephew over to the changing cubicle and the assistant handed him the dress. “Get that on and be quick about it”. Reluctantly, Julius took the dress and entered the cubicle, emerging a minute or so later clad in the frock. It fit him well and the skirt of the garment fell to mid thigh. Julius kept his head down and was in misery.

Mary studied him, ordered him to walk up and down and decided to take the dress. A succession of other dresses followed, a flimsy white frock, an emerald green dress with a full skirt, a gingham dress with a short skirt and a red ballgown and a bright pink Prom dress and Julius was made to model them all.

Mary took all of the dresses she saw and asked for a couple more of the gingham and flimsy white frock. Mary looked at shoes and socks next and picked out more mary janes in Julius’s size and more lacy anklets. There were some high heels there but Mary had no interest in these.

The assistant hesitated but ploughed on “Now, madam, underwear”. She held up a pair of plain cotton knickers. “I think that these would be suitable”

But Mary was not satisfied “Is that all you have?”

The assistant was taken aback “No, of course not madam. We have more types in stock”.

“Then I want to see them please”

Reluctantly, the assistant called to another of her number who brought more underwear, noticeably more elaborate and frilly than the plain cotton knickers. With distaste, the assistant scooped up a pair of full white knickers, with lacy hems and rows of lace on the front and rear.

“That’s more like it” said Mary “I’ll take seven pairs of those”. She also picked out some pure silk and satin knickers and some princess slips and added those to her order.

The assistant finally concluded that if she could not dissuade this customer from buying inappropriate clothing for her young nephew, who was dying of embarrassment at having to model dresses and seeing the underwear that was being selected for him to wear, she may as well earn more commission, so she showed Mrs Webster some dainty hosiery, hats, gloves and nightwear and to her gratification the customer bought everything she showed her. It had been the best day of sales the assistant had ever had.

Mary directed the assistants to deliver her purchases to her home, save for the flowery frock, a pair of white frilly knickers and a pair of Mary Janes with matching anklets. These she handed to Augustus and ordered him to get changed into them.

But at this, Julius threw a tantrum, throwing the clothes on the floor and hurling abuse at Mary. Mary responded by grabbing the red faced boy, putting him over her knee and pulling down his jeans and knickers before proceeding to spank him on his bare bottom, as she would with a little girl. Julius squirmed and writhed and wailed with the pain and humiliation and was soon begging Mary to stop.

“Are you going to do as I say now?”. Julius reluctantly nodded. “Then pick up your clothes and get changed into them. Sullen but powerless, Julius picked up the frock, knickers, shoes and anklets and disappeared into the changing area, reappearing a few minutes later in the clothes he had been ordered to wear, red faced, with his head down.

He looked, Mary decided, quite ridiculously like a sulky boy made to wear the attire of a little girl, but the flowery frock and the frills and lace did also make him look quite sweet. His arms and stubby legs were almost entirely exposed. To a boy used to being able to hide his limbs underneath trousers and jackets, it must be both strange and embarrassing to suddenly have them exposed for all to see.

Mary had little sympathy for him. Let him, a bully who preyed only on girls and who had been beaten by one, see what it was like to have to dress like one.

Maisie and Augusta were laughing loudly at the sight of him.

Mary collected from the cubicle the clothes that Julius had been wearing up until now and held out her hand. "Take my hand please Julius". Julius replied "No! I'm not a little child!". "Do as I say, unless you want me to spank you again!". Julius slipped his clammy hand into Mary's by way of reply. He was, Mary realized, a typical bully, preying on the weak but at heart a coward who would submit to someone stronger than himself.

Mary led him along the corridors of the department store, past giggling girls and laughing boys and the amused glances of adults. Julius kept his head down, trying to avoid attention but aware that his appearance alone doomed his efforts to failure.

Finally, they reached the car. Julius made for the front seat but Mary said "No, Julius. You're riding in the back from now on". Julius looked confused "But..but...I'm the eldest". "Not any more. From now on you will be treated as the youngest child". Mary opened up the back door of the car "Get in. Unless you'd care for another spanking in public". A look of fear crossed Julius's face and he scrambled into the back. Mary closed the door on him and invited the girls to ride up front with her.

The van from Ellington Bros was already waiting for them when they arrived back at the house and Julius's new clothes were taken to his room. His dresses and nightgowns were hung in his wardrobe and his frilly underwear put in their drawers. Julius watched in stunned silence as all his male attire was replaced entirely by female apparel, aware that he would have to wear these things.

Once the men from the store had gone, Mary sat Julius and the girls down in the main sitting room. The girls were in fits of giggles and Julius was close to blubbing.

“As you can see, as punishment for his horrible behavior, and because he had to give his own clothes to a girl, Julius will spend the rest of the vacation dressed as a little girl and will be treated exactly as if he was one. Also, he is now the most junior child in this house and will be treated as such. He will go to bed earlier than everyone else and when I’m not around you girls will be in charge of him”

Julius’s face went white with horror at this news. He was going from being the alpha male to the most junior girl in the household. He would be subservient to people who were not only girls but younger than him.

Mary prepared a meal for the family. Julius was dismayed to find that his portion was not only a lot smaller than he usually received but was also smaller than that of everyone else. When he asked why his portion was so small he was told “Little girls don’t eat big portions. We don’t want you to be a pudding of a girl now do we?”, which provoked many giggles.

Julius turned his attention back to his plate and noticed something else “Why has my food been cut up?”. Mary smiled “Little girls like you need to have your food cut up for you. It’s too much effort for you to...”

Julius’s face went beetroot red and he jumped off his chair, causing his skirts to fly. He stamped his foot “I am not a little girl! You can’t treat me like this! You can’t!”

“Oh dear” said Mary, rising from her chair and grabbing the boy and proceeding to give him a spanking on his bare bottom in front of his sister and girl cousin. Julius wailed with pain and begged Mary to stop. Mary made him promise to do whatever she said from now on and the boy’s will have crumpled under the onslaught of Mary’s spanking.

“From now on, Julius, you will have to follow the rule that all little girls like you must follow – little girls are to be seen but not heard – so you are not to speak until spoken to. If you wish to speak you will have to raise your hand. Understood?”

Reluctantly, Julius nodded. Mary made him eat his food, all of it, and then said “Julius, you are to be sent to bed early as a punishment, but first we need to do something with your hair. Come along with me please” said Mary, holding out her hand.

She led the boy by the hand to his own bedroom and selected a pink cotton nightdress for him to wear, with cute bunnies printed all over it. She helped him pull off the clothes he was wearing and tossed them in the laundry basket and helped him into the nightdress, which was full length, and gave him a pair of pink fluffy slippers to wear on his feet. Mary smirked at Julius’s humiliation and then ordered him to wash and clean his teeth and then report to Mary in her bedroom.

Close to tears, the boy stomped off to the bathroom, passing his giggling sister and cousin along the way. A few minutes later, he nervously knocked on Mary’s door.

“Come on in, Are your teeth nice and clean? Let me see. Smile for me sweetie”

Julius blushed at being called sweetie and having to force himself to smile when he felt so ashamed and humiliated, but knew he had no choice. He forced himself to smile.

“Good girl. Now, come and sit here and I’ll fix your hair for you”. Julius wondered what was in store for him now. Had he not suffered enough? But he sat in the chair indicated by his aunt and realized that he was now seated in front of his aunt’s vanity table, filled with bottles and lipsticks and something else, a box-like object that was plugged into the mains and which contained tiny pink rollers. Julius shuddered as he realized what was about to happen to him.

Mary had seen him comprehend what was about to happen and patted his head “That’s right, Julius, all of those rollers are going to be put into your hair. You’ll have curls!”

Julius groaned. Curls! But there was nothing he could do about it but submit. He had to sit there, mute, since he had not been given permission to speak, as his aunt combed his hair and put the hot little rollers into it. Julius squealed in pain

at the heat of the rollers. Finally, an hour later, all of the rollers were in place and a plastic cap had been put over Julius' scalp to hold them there.

Julius must have guessed that he must look ridiculous thought Mary but when he was escorted back to his room by the hand his sister and cousin were waiting "Oh, doesn't he look adorable in his sweet nightdress and his hair in rollers. What a little cutie!" sang Maisie. "You do look very cute Julius" Augusta agreed. Mary ordered the girls out and ordered Julius into bed. A miserable and dejected Julius climbed into bed.

The following morning, Mary got Julius out of bed. Julius was whining that he had got little sleep because the rollers dug into his head, but Mary led him to her own vanity table and removed the cap and then the rollers from Julius's hair.

The transformation in Julius's appearance was quite startling. His auburn hair was now a mass of tight little curls and these immediately had the effect of making Julius's face appear more feminine and actually quite pretty. Tears rolled down Augustus's face as he saw himself in the mirror and the realization that he looked like a girl sank in.

But Mary was not going to go easy on him. After making him take a bath, she put him into a short white frock, with matching frilly knickers and marched him back to the vanity table for the final indignity. To Julius's horror, Mary produced white hair ribbons and proceeded to tie these into his hair. When she was finished, Julius looked like a sweet little girl, albeit an embarrassed and scowling one. That he clearly hated every minute of what he was being made to do made it all the more fun.

Julius was presented to his sister and cousin at breakfast and his appearance caused much mirth and teasing. The girls mocked him saying what a little sweetheart he looked. Julius sat down and ate his breakfast, thoroughly humiliated. Once breakfast was over, Mary announced that she would be going into town for a few hours to do some shopping and that she was leaving Maisie in charge whilst she was gone.

Julius trembled at this. He was being left in the charge, and at the mercy of two girls, one of whom he had bullied. He saw the amused glances of the girls, now aware that they had complete control over him. He begged Mary to take him with her but Mary shook her head “Maisie and Augusta will take care of you, won’t you girls? And if I hear of any disobedience or trouble from you I will spank you”.

Julius watched miserably as his protector left the house. Once the car was heard pulling away, the girls pounced on their helpless prey. “Ok, little Miss Julius, you have to do what we say now” said Augusta, loving the power she now had over her bully of a brother “and we say that as you are such a sweet little girl with your frilly undies and your curls and your cute ribbons, it’s time you started playing with dollies!”

A doll was thrust into Julius’s arms and he was made to dress and undress it, bath it, comb its hair and cuddle it. Julius was weeping with the shame of it and begging the girls to have pity on him but Maisie could not resist the temptation to humiliate him further.

She got on the phone to all of the other girls in the neighbourhood and invited them around to see something special. Within an hour, a dozen girls had arrived at the house to see what appeared to be a little girl playing with her dollies. The new arrivals were confused. What was so special about that?

Augusta ordered the little girl to stand up and hold out the skirts of her dress. The blushing Julius had no choice but to obey, exposing his frilly knickers in full to the girls.

The girls shrieked with laughter and fell about in hysterics at the sight of a boy’s genitalia and the fact that the boy in question was dressed and being made to behave as a little girl.

“As you can see girls, this is my brother, Julius. Pretty, isn’t he?”. A thoroughly ashamed Julius hurriedly pulled his skirt back into place and hung his head in shame.

When the girls recovered from their fits of laughter they remarked on how cute and sweet Julius looked and that perhaps he should join the Brownie pack or try out for the cheerleading squad as he would look adorable as a Brownie or as a Cheerleader. Gradually, the girls left once they had had their fun.

Mary returned from her shopping trip and was gratified to see Augustus playing quietly with his dolls and being gently supervised by the girls. "Have you been a good girl while I've been gone Julius?" Mary asked him. "Yes, Aunt Mary" Julius said in a small voice.

"Has he been a good girl Maisie?". Maisie giggled and replied "Oh, yes, he's been a very good girl and all the girls around here agree! They think he'd make a great Brownie!"

"Or a cheerleader!" said Augusta "He'd look so adorable in a short skirt, waving his pom poms!"

Mary laughed inwardly at the news that all of the neighbourhood girls had met Julius "Good. Well, now that all the girls know about him, I think it's time Julius took his dolls for a walk in their pram, don't you girls?"

"Oh yes. We'll come with you Julius!" the girls chorused together.

At this, Julius broke down in tears and began wailing that he hated being made to dress as a girl and to do girlish things. He begged Mary to let him be a boy again, on his knees and with his hands clasped together pleadingly.

Mary answered "I don't know, Julius. You weren't a very nice boy were you? Bullying your sister and trying to bully other girls and being generally unpleasant".

"I'm sorry! I promise I'll be as good but please let me be a boy again! Please!". He looked at Mary imploringly.

Mary turned to Maisie and Augusta "What do you think girls. Should we let him be a boy again?".

Maisie snorted "No. He looks better as a girl and is much better behaved"

Augusta said “Definitely not. I prefer him like this. A pretty little girl who does what she is told”

Mary said “Sorry Julius but we all agree that you’re staying as you are..”

But Julius had already flipped at this refusal. He pulled out his hair ribbons and pulled off his dress and kicked off his little girl mary janes “I am not a girl! I won’t be treated like this anymore! I hate you all! I want my boy’s things back!” he screamed.

“Oh dear, Julius is having another of his hissy fits” Mary said calmly. She walked over to the red faced, screaming boy, clad only in his knickers, grabbed him and put him over her knee and administered the spanking of his life. Mary continued to spank him on his bare bottom long after his snarls of defiance had turned into whimpering pleas for mercy.

Once she had finished, Julius had become entirely submissive and when ordered to put on his clothes again did so. His hair ribbons were put back into place.

Mary looked at the boy, who was thoroughly broken and dejected “Right Julius, now you will take your doll out in her pram with Maisie and Augusta”. Defeated, the boy reluctantly headed towards his doll’s pram and, escorted by his sister and cousin, began wheeling the perambulator out of the door, his face red.

Good thought Mary. He will have to learn that in spite of all his efforts at resistance, he cannot win and will have to do what he is told, no matter how humiliating.

Julius and the girls returned, Julius on the verge of tears and the girls laughing as they recounted the laughs and taunts Julius had received during the journey. Mary mused that in this neighbourhood, and possibly further, word would have spread and Julius would now be known as a sissy. Seeing the boy’s tearful face, Mary guessed that he was acutely aware of this too.

Mary fed Julius and the girls and put him to bed early as an additional punishment for his tantrum. To her surprise, Julius offered no resistance or even a protest. Mary sat up with the girls as they recalled the day’s events. The change in

Augusta was remarkable. She was brighter, happier and, Mary noted, gloating over her brother's fate "What a little sissy he is becoming!" said Maisie. Augusta looked thoughtful and whispered something into Maisie's ear "Oh yes! What a marvelous idea Augusta!"

Mary wondered what was afoot. "Aunt Mary" said Augusta "as Julius is becoming a girl, should he not have a girl's name?"

"And be referred to as her or she, as all girls are" chipped in Maisie.

Mary laughed "Yes, you're so right. What name did you have in mind for her?".

"Julia is the obvious choice, as it is the feminine version of Julius" said Augusta "My pretty little sister, Julia!"

Mary shrugged "Julia it is then. You can break the news to her tomorrow morning. Off to bed now girls!"

The following morning, when Julia was informed of her change of name and gender references there were tears but no further attempts at rebellion. Mary left Julia in the charge of the girls again while she went out.

When she returned, some hours later, she was astonished at the sight that awaited her. The house was full of laughing and screeching girls from the neighbourhood, who had either been invited by Maisie and Augusta, or had come of their own accord, and Julia was the subject of their attentions.

Julia had, apparently, been stripped naked, bathed, had sweet smelling talcum powder put liberally onto her body before being pinned into a nappy and having frilled rhumba panties put on her, followed by a baby's puffy and lacy pink frock, frilly petticoats, matching mittens and booties and a cute baby bonnet. Julia had a pacifier put into her mouth and had been made to crawl around just like a baby.

Julia looked very sweet and babylike in her new outfit, Mary reflected and considered adding nappies and babywear to Julia's wardrobe. Julia was blubbing with the shame of it. One of the girls appeared with a baby bottle full of milk and proceeded to feed the baby with it.

Maisie rushed up to her “Mom! Look what we’ve done to Julia! Doesn’t she make a cute baby girl?”. Mary laughed “Yes, she looks very sweet. She can stay dressed like that for the rest of the day!” Mary caught the look of horror on Julia’s face at these words.

Julia was thus treated exactly like a baby for the rest of the day, being bottle fed and spoon fed and made to crawl rather than walk. Julia though was strangely silent and docile, submitting to these new humiliations.

On the following day, Julia reverted to her “normal” clothes, normal that is, for a little girl and continued to be quiet and submissive. The girls, meantime, had had another bright idea and suggested that as Julia was the youngest girl, she should have the smallest room, the room now occupied by Augusta, and Augusta should have the bigger room.

Mary could see why Augusta was suggesting this. As well as gaining a larger room, the room Julia would have to occupy was decorated and furnished in a style more becoming for a girl rather than a boy. The room was painted cream white, with white elegant furniture, including a girl’s princess bed. Mary agreed to the transfer and so Julia took another step towards femininity.

As Mary carried Julia’s dresses and underwear into the feminine bedroom, she reflected how Julia must now be feeling. Once a boy, she had been made to dress as a little girl and even had her own feminine wardrobe of frilly clothes that belonged to her and was now to sleep in a girl’s bedroom. There was no escape from the relentless femininity that she had to experience all day, every day.

Julia though, seemed to becoming more accepting of her feminization. The change in “her” overnight was incredible. She was obedient, demure and was even comporting herself in a ladylike manner, quietly playing with her dollies. She looked to her aunt, sister and girl cousin for instruction.

Maisie and Augusta had decided to dress “the little lady” up in the bridesmaid’s dress that Maisie had been forced to wear a year ago at a family wedding. Mary recalled that Maisie had hated the pink, frilly, fussy dress, and the voluminous petticoats and bloomer underwear. Julia was now inserted into the hated dress,

underwear and accessories. The dress needed taking out a little for the new wearer was broader and taller than the previous one. Julia was made to wear matching high heels and was used as a guinea pig whilst Augusta and Maisie learnt how to apply make up to Julia's face. Julia did not resist these humiliations but did whine about how uncomfortable the dress and heels were, much to the amusement of the girls.

The finished product was unveiled to Mary some hours later. Mary was astonished at how elegant, pretty and ladylike Julia appeared, although she was miserable and close to tears. "You look so pretty Julia!". It was true. The full dress and petticoats served to give the wearer a female figure and with the tasteful application of make up, Julia's face looked feminine and delicate. A tiara, matching gloves and earrings and a necklace enhanced the effect.

It was hard to believe that twenty four hours earlier this same girl had been an adorable baby and some days before, a boy.

The girls applauded themselves quietly "What a pretty princess!" said Maisie, in wonder. Augusta was taking pictures of "the princess" with a camera. Julia was made to stay in her new outfit for the rest of the day and was whining about the discomfort. The girls' jeered at her. Julia was glad when her bedtime came and she was able to put off the dress.

The following day, Julia was made to take her dolly out in its pram. She was accompanied as always by her sister and cousin. The perambulation proceeded without incident until they approached some boys on bikes, loitering nearby.

"Hey look!" one of them shouted "It's sissy boy!". All of the boys laughed and jeered at Julia, whose face went red and who was on the verge of tears. One of the boys got off his bike "Alright you little sissy, give me your knickers!" the boy demanded. The other boys joined him, lurking menacingly "Yeah, give 'em up, sissy!" .

Julia looked panicked and didn't know what to do, but Augusta and Maisie gave each a look and stepped forward to protect Julia "Leave her alone" Augusta said. "Her? That's a sissy boy there! Just give us his knickers and we'll be on our way".

“We’ll do no such thing!” said Augusta bravely “You leave us alone you big bullies”. The leader of the boys stepped up to Augusta, seething with aggression “Oh, yeah and what are you gonna do, you’re a couple of girls against five boys and I can’t see sissy boy there wading in to protect you”.

Maisie and Augusta joined arms to form a barrier to defend Julia “Please, just leave us alone!” but the boys leader wasn’t listening and began to jostle the girls to attempt to get past them, causing them to squeal.

A new voice shouted “Leave them alone McCluskie or you’ll have us to deal with!”. Augusta and Maisie were relieved to see Lucy Steele and four other girls appear, with determined looks on their faces.

McCluskie stopped trying to push past Maisie and Augusta. He was weighing up the odds, five boys against seven girls and a helpless sissy boy, and Lucy Steele was good at Judo. He backed off “Sissy!” he shouted at Julia before returning to his bike and riding away, followed by his gang.

Lucy shouted after them “Leave them alone in future McCluskie or I’ll put you in a dress too!”.

“Thanks Lucy” said Maisie “I wasn’t sure what to do”

“Don’t mention it. We’re all girls here, we look out for each other against jerks like McCluskie. Hi Julia, don’t you look sweet today. Don’t worry about those nasty boys, we girls will look after you!”

Julia smiled and astonished everyone by walking up to Lucy and giving her a wet kiss on her cheek. Lucy blushed and then recovering from the surprise said “You little sweetheart, thank you! So, you’ve become a little girl on the inside too!”.

There was a ripple of applause from all the girls “Isn’t she sweet? What a little darling!” they chorused. Augusta was astonished to see her brother blush in delight and smile girlishly. Augusta smiled. Lucy was right, the transformation of Julius to Julia was complete and he was as much a girl on the inside as he appeared outwardly.

Bidding goodbye to their allies, Augusta led Maisie and Julia back to the house and told Mary what had happened. Julia sat down and began playing with her dolls. Mary looked at her, sweetly doing girlish things without even being asked and smiled at her creation. She, with some help from Lucy admittedly, had transformed a bully into a sweet little lady.

The next few weeks passed without incident. Julia continued her life as a little girl and kept taking her dolls out in their pram. McCluskie and his gang gave her a wide berth, taking Lucy's threat seriously. Julia had become a complete girl in personality, sweet natured, submissive, demure, affectionate towards Augusta, Maisie and Mary, who reciprocated in kind. The girls had long stopped trying to humiliate Julia – there was no longer any need now that she had accepted her new role – and instead showered affection upon her and looked after their little sister and girl cousin.

Then, six weeks after Julius and Augusta had arrived, Mary got a phone call from her sister, the first call in six weeks. It was clear how much she had thought of her children and Mary felt anger “Mary, it's Madeleine. How are Julius and Augusta?”. “They're just fine” Mary replied. A pause “And Julius, has he been behaving himself?”. “Well, he wasn't well behaved at first but he is now. He has become very considerate and obedient for the last few weeks” said Mary. “Really? I'm surprised to hear that. That boy has caused me and his father no end of grief let me tell you. His grades are terrible, we've had letter from his school about him bullying other boys and even being cheeky to the teachers. I'm at my wits end to know how to handle him, Mary”.

Spending some time with him and supervising him would be a good start thought Mary, but did not say it and said instead “I think you'll be pleasantly surprised when you see him, Madeleine. When are you coming back?”. “Tomorrow. We'll be round to pick the children up at noon sharp. How's Augusta by the way?”. “Augusta is just fine. She is a lovely girl and a credit to you” admitted Mary. “Good. I wish Julius was more like her. She applies herself at school and is getting excellent grades and is well liked by teachers and pupils alike. Well, I'd better go, Charles is calling me. See you tomorrow”. The phone went dead.

Mary considered what to do about her nephew. His parents would expect to see him in his boys clothes so Mary went around to Lucy's house with the clothes she had lent Julius all those weeks ago freshly laundered and exchanged them for Julius's clothes and took them back to the house.

She summoned Augusta, Maise and Julia (looking delightful in a gingham frock with the lace of her knickers peeping out beneath the hem and told them of the news adding "Julius will have to resume his normal clothes and stop being Julia. Here are your clothes...Julius....you can be a boy again"

But Julia was now as reluctant to put on male clothes as Julius had been to don female ones "I don't want to wear those Auntie" she said simply. "I'm sorry, Julius, but you have no choice. Your parents expect to see you as a boy". Julia began crying but took the clothes and disappeared upstairs with them.

An air of depression took hold of the ladies. Julia would be gone forever to make way for Julius.

The following day, Julius was wearing his boys' things, but looked as miserable as when Lucy had brought him back to the house all those weeks ago dressed as a girl. Madeleine and Charles arrived in their limousine and greeted their children warmly, but Mary took them aside and explained what had happened to Julius during those six weeks and telling them a few home truths about their parenting.

As Mary had anticipated, they were outraged, both at the criticism and of their boy being made to dress as a girl, although Madeleine conceded he probably deserved it when Mary told them about Julius's bullying of Augusta.

Meanwhile, Mary had become aware that Julius and the girls had crept upstairs. After a heated exchange with her sister and brother in law, things calmed down and although they weren't happy about what had happened they decided to let the matter drop. Preparing to leave for the long drive home, Madeleine called upstairs "Julius, Augusta, we're leaving now. Say goodbye to your cousin".

Mary saw Madeleine's jaw drop when Augusta came down the stairs, leading her brother by the hand. Julius was dressed in his gingham frock, mary-janes and with his hair in ribbons.

"Augusta, what is the meaning of this? Julius get into your normal clothes at once!"

But Julia shook her head "Julius has made a decision mother" said Augusta "He wants to be a girl and be called Julia, isn't that right Julia?"

"That's right, Gusta!" said Julia smiling. He gave her a kiss.

"See mother, how much nicer Julia is like this!" said Augusta "rather than the little monster she was as a boy".

Mary piped up "Julia found it difficult at first to adjust to her new life, but has since been a little angel. You'll have no problems with her like you did with Julius as long as you keep her in dresses"

"And I get two lovely daughters rather than one lovely daughter and an unruly son" conceded Madeleine.

"You can't seriously be considering this!" said Charles.

"Look how lovely the girls look and you said yourself Julius needed taking in hand. Well, he has been and the result is perfect. Better a pretty daughter who does as she is told than a nightmare of a son".

Charles subsided into silence. Mary guessed that there would be words later but that her sister would talk him round into accepting the arrangement.

"Come here Julia!" Madeleine said sweetly. The girl came into her arms affectionately "You are a charming little girl now and I'm going to buy you lots of lovely, pretty clothes and make you so happy!". Madeleine took the hand of both of her daughters and led them out to the limousine. Charles followed, less than pleased to lose a son and gain a daughter but knowing there was nothing he could do about it.

Mary and Maisie waved as the limousine pulled away and Mary reflected that it had been a good summer's work, taking a horrid bully boy and moulding him into a sweetheart of a little girl.

The End

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