

Sissy's
FIRST DRESS



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By

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Joyce took a sip of her drink and surveyed her husband over the rim. Thought for a few seconds before she spoke. “I may be thick darling, but can I try and state things in my own words and see if I understand what you’ve just told me?”

Bill nodded. He was still blushing from what he’d been talking about, and greatly embarrassed but, at the same time was extremely pleased that after almost two years of marriage he’d finally managed to bring a subject that was very near and dear to him out into the open for a frank discussion with his wife. He settled back into his chair with a sigh, panting a little - as if he’d run a distance - and waited for Joyce to show that she’d understood what he’d been asking of her.

She cocked her head. “You seem to be asking for some type of role reversal within our marriage. You feel that I should be the strong one in our relationship and that I should...” she searched for the right phrase, “...be the controlling spouse. Is that correct?”

He smiled shyly. “More or less. You see ...”

She held up her hand to halt him. “No darling. Please let me go on for a moment or two. My mind is on one track just now, and I don’t think it would be a good idea to let me get diverted. All right?”

“Of course darling,” he said meekly.

She nodded. “And you want this to be a permanent re-alignment. Just nod if that’s correct dear.”

He nodded.

“But you want this new arrangement to be hidden from our friends and relatives. In front of them we’re to behave just as we always have?”

He thought for a second before replying. “Yes darling. I thought it would be best - more for your sake than anything else.”

She looked at him blankly. “I don’t understand your thinking there, dear.”

His blush deepened a little. “Well, I’d say that most people guess that I’m the... the male component in our marriage at the moment. If we were to show them a... a...

different aspect? It might raise some questions, and I'm sure that, women being more perceptive than men, your friends would be all over you - and might give you a hard time about being married to... a... a..."

"A weakling?"

He bridled a little. "I was going to say 'henpecked husband'."

She shrugged and smiled. "Whatever." Took a sip of her drink. "So at home, or in private, I'm to be the boss. In public, I'd defer to you - just as I do at the moment?"

He felt that things weren't going quite the way he'd fantasized. But she didn't seem overly shocked or put out, so he nodded in agreement.

She nodded in turn. "But dear? What happens if, in private, I ask you to do something...?"

"TELL!" He interjected with just a trace of a hopeful grin on his lips.

"I stand corrected," she grinned back. "But what happens if I tell you to do something, in private - and you decide to disobey me. Is that the right term, 'disobey'?"

"Yes. I suppose it is. But I wouldn't dare disobey!" He said this, sincerity written all over his face, his tone brimming with honesty.

"But just suppose?" she pressed.

He was blushing furiously now. "Not that it'd ever come up - but I suppose you'd have to exert your authority." He gulped audibly as he finished saying this.

She leaned back in her chair. "Exert my authority? Now this sounds interesting. How, pray, would I do that?"

"I suppose you'd have to spank me," he said in a very small voice.

"Mmmm," she meditated. "I'm as big as you. Maybe even a bit bigger. Maybe even stronger. So it's physically possible I suppose. But what happens if I decide I want to spank you and you say that you won't get over my knees when I tell you to. What then? Am I supposed to force you?"

Though delighted with the pictures that this conjured

up in his mind, he felt a little slighted that she'd actually thought she might be physically stronger than he was. At the same time, he sensed that what gains he'd made in bringing this subject to the fore were gradually slipping from his grasp and made a frantic effort to regain lost ground. "Darling? That would NOT happen! I'd be very docile and obedient - so you'd never have any reason to spank me in the first place. And, if it came to that? I'd never be able to refuse a direct command from you. NEVER!"

"That be as it may," she replied after she pondered this. "But I wouldn't want to hurt you darling, and I..."

He exhaled noisily happily and interrupted her. "Oh, I'm sorry! Didn't explain myself properly. I wasn't meaning one of those physical spankings - more a ceremonial sort of thing - just to demonstrate who is boss."

A look of puzzlement showed on her face for a minute and she shook her head slightly. "Okay. I think I understand. Just little love taps on the backside. But the aprons you mentioned?" "Yes?"

"I suppose you meant those frilly ones you've bought me in the past, rather than the plain ones I do wear?"

His blush, which had diminished a little, fired up again. "Yes," he admitted.

A little aggravation showed on her face for the first time. "Bill? I know for a fact that you've heard me say often that those frilly type things are examples of females happily wearing the most blatant symbol of feminine subjugation - and yet you want to wear them around the house?"

He tried to meet her gaze, but his eyes fell. Again, he couldn't speak. Just nodded.

She smiled maternally at her abashed husband. "Darling? I don't know what's got into you, but this whole thing you're proposing is just far too silly for words. I have some respect for males - and you're my husband for goodness sake! You want me to boss you around while you wear frilly aprons? Put you over my knees and spank you if you're naughty?" She giggled disbelievingly. "Is this some kind of a test you've rigged up for me? You're perhaps recording this on a hidden tape recorder maybe, so you can tease me about it later on?" She shook her head. "No. Sorry. What you're asking

me to do is beyond my comprehension. Can't do that to you darling. Sorry."

She was so calm and dispassionate that he knew there was no sense in argument. He heaved a large internal sigh, and tried his best to work up a smile. Knew that she had missed one extremely important point. He had been absolutely correct in one thing when describing himself. He was a true subservient - submissive through and through. Took her decision as law. Absolute, unarguable law. Felt his eyes tear with disappointment, but managed to hide this from her.

She, on the other hand was also somewhat distracted. She had meant every word she had said, but at the same time, there had been this internal urge to giggle out loud in a sort of excited disbelief. She loved her husband - no doubt about it - and felt somewhat guilty about turning his ridiculous request down. Yet, at the same time, there had been a rising in her level of interest, a sort of increase in inner sexuality she'd never encountered before. Quickly, she started thinking about preparing dinner to get her mind onto a different topic.

* * *

It was about three weeks later. Joyce, who was a Mortgage broker and worked mainly from the house had an eleven o'clock meeting in one of the banks across town. Being a punctual sort, she had left early and was more than half way to her destination when her cell phone rang. She pulled off to the side of the road and answered it. Discovered that two of the other principal parties involved in her meeting had been forced to cancel and would like to re-schedule the meeting. Still on the phone, she looked through her organizer and made a notation against the next suitable date and time and confirmed it.

She was dressed in her 'Power Suit' - the dark gray skirt and jacket, dark hose and gray shoes, sparkling white blouse and her hair held in place with two gold barrettes - matching her earrings, chain, and bracelet.

Felt it was a mite early for lunch, but then thought she'd use up a little time by going home and pick up Bill, then take him to lunch. She was somewhat upset at the late cancellation of her meeting and thought that a nice meal with her husband might ease her out of her mood. She called home

on her phone, but surprisingly, no one answered. Didn't bother to leave a message on the answering machine. Made a U-turn and headed for home.

About forty five minutes later, she decided not to garage her car, intending to use it when they went out to eat. Not only that, the garage door opener had started making terrible squeaking noises when raising or lowering and she didn't want to listen to it. She therefore parked the car in the driveway and went in through the front door, calling out "Bill? My meeting got cancelled. Feel like a spot of lunch?"

He didn't reply and then she heard the sounds of music coming from their bedroom. Figured he might be in the shower, or getting dressed.

Bill was a self-employed house appraiser. For the first year of their marriage, they'd shared their house, using one of the rooms as an office. This had grown to be somewhat awkward and about ten months ago, they'd agreed that it might be better for them to have separate offices. During one of his appraisals, he'd run across a tiny one-bedroom house that was in a decent neighborhood, but selling for a very low price. They'd been able to afford it, so now, after converting it to an office, he worked primarily from there.

The bedroom door was partially opened so she simply pushed it open and walked into the bedroom. Stopped at what she saw in front of her. On the floor, Bill was dancing slowly to a samba beat coming from the radio, his back to the door. His right hand on his hip and his left held out gracefully, he was dancing very sensually, with his eyes shut. He'd obviously not heard her come into the house, nor was he aware that she was standing there staring at him. The music was quite loud and explained why he had not answered the phone when she'd rang just a short time before or heard her coming into the house.

What shocked her was the fact that he was wearing a full set of her matching lingerie, a periwinkle blue set that he'd bought her some time ago: Bra, along with a slip that came to his knees. She assumed he was wearing the matching panties and garter belt as she could see the panty line through the slip. He wasn't wearing any shoes, but she could see that he was wearing nylons. Another thing that shocked her was how graceful he was, moving seductively within his satin cocoon as

if born to it. Anger started to grow in her - a furious rage. She coughed - then coughed again louder as he didn't hear her at first. Then he did. His head whipped around, and his mouth opened in pure astonishment at seeing her. He stopped dancing, and his face turned red, then he slumped.

"I'm sorry," he said, and hung his head.

To her surprise, her rage subsided immediately and was replaced with a cold, sadistic, delight - a sensation she'd never felt in her life before. Without fully realizing what she was doing, she strolled over to him nonchalantly and took a hold of his shoulder. He looked up at her a sort of dread hope in his eyes, but she ignored him and, slowly turned him so that his back was to her. Slid her hand down his satin clad back until her hand rested on his buttocks. Gave him a couple of tender claps there, actually pleased at how soft and silky he felt.

"Stay there," she said and went over to her lingerie drawer. "Didn't expect me home so soon?" She asked conversationally as she searched, found, and withdrew three silk scarves.

"I thought I'd hear the garage door if I didn't hear you drive into the driveway," he explained weakly.

She nodded. "Makes sense - it's just that I thought I'd take you out to lunch because my meeting got cancelled. Didn't see much sense in putting the car in the garage."

She shut the drawer and walked back to him. "Put your hands together and hold them out in front of you dear."

"Whatever for?" he asked, but started to do as she'd told him.

She didn't answer, just stared at him intently until his hands were stuck well out in front of him. She wrapped one of the scarves tightly around both of his arms, then tied them together with a firm knot.

She then stepped back and admired her handiwork. He was trying to look directly at her, but couldn't. Kept dropping his eyes. "Never would have thought it, but my undies fit you very well," she mused as she took the other scarf in her hand and knelt down in front of him. Proceeded to wrap it around his legs, not quite as tightly as she'd tied his arms. Then she

tied it and stood up. Gave him a quick kiss on the lips. "Just stay there a minute darling, would you?" she said as she broke away. Then she laughed softly. "Silly me! You can't go anywhere, can you?"

She knew he was trying to give the appearance of being scared, but felt it was acting in large part. Grinned to herself and went searching for what she wanted. A few minutes later, she returned and put what she had found on a side table beside her easy chair. "What's that?" he asked nervously.

"Don't be asking silly questions. You know perfectly well what it is. Now come along to mummy, little Billie. You've been very naughty putting my clothes on without my permission, haven't you?"

"Aw c'mon Joyce. You know I didn't mean..."

His eyes grew large and impossibly round as she wrapped the third scarf around his face, effectively gagging him then knotted it in place. Then simply taking a hold of the scarf that held his arms together, she backed slowly over to the easy chair, with him taking mincing little steps to follow her, his eyes wide and staring. "Not acting so much now, the poor little dear," she thought to herself as she sat down on the chair, giving a stronger little tug which made him fall forward. She caught him and slowly arranged him so that he lay prone over her knees.

Again, she surveyed her husband, surprised by his pale creamy complexion and, especially, how round and soft his buttocks looked. Surprisingly he was definitely feminine with his soft little ass sitting there, just begging to be spanked. Maybe it was the way she'd distributed his weight she mused as she picked up the old table tennis paddle from the table where she'd placed it just a short time before.

He was squirming and making muffled noises through the scarf that gagged him. She wasn't sure if he was requesting permission to be heard, or pleading for mercy. Either way, she was pleasantly surprised that he had accepted her dominance over him so quickly. Also enjoyed the thought of either one being the case. There was a great deal of enjoyment in having - and applying - power, she thought as she raised the paddle.

Without conscious thought, she struck him far harder than she planned. Her mouth actually gaped open and her eyes widened with surprised delight when he let out a muffled scream and his backside bucked under her hand. She whacked him again. This time, she was ready for an even more violent reaction from him, but it didn't come. Slightly disappointed, she hit him again before she realized that he was now just lying there. Accepting his punishment, and weeping - like a woman she thought. A trace of compassion awoke in her, but there was more than a soupcon of contempt. "Oh. Poor Billie. Is mummy hurting you?" she asked kindly, desisting from striking him again and slowly pulling up his slip to reveal his lace edged panties. Already she could see his backside turning a fiery red. A muffled weeping noise came from him and his head nodded vigorously.

She now whacked him on his panties and another surprised, muffled howl came from him. She did it again and once more, he was lying there compliant his whole body trembling as he cried.

"Poor Billie!" she cooed, pulling down on his panty waistband to reveal his plump little backside, scarlet red by now. Let the waist band go with a snap and smiled at his gasp as it did so. More muffled noises came from him. She was certain he was pleading now. She smiled, tensed, and struck him on the bare backside. "Just one more!" she said, grinning, and applied another smack.

Gently then, she turned him over so that he was lying on his back. Pulled his panties back into position, then smoothed his slip downwards. Undid the scarf from around his face which helped to reveal that he had indeed been truly crying as his eyes were all swollen and red and his nose had been running. Gently, she took some facial tissue from a box on the table and gently dabbed at his face to clean it up.

"There dear. Was that a good spanking? Was that what you wanted?" she cooed.

He looked at her in disbelief - and started to cry again - big, hiccupping gulps and sobs. Couldn't speak, but shook his head from side to side. She gave him a loving smile then used fresh tissue to clean him up again.

"No?" she asked.

“You hurt me!” he sniffled indignantly.

She patted his cheek, actually getting a thrill from the way he flinched as she moved her hand towards him. “Dear, dear, Billie. Didn't you tell me that I should spank you if you were naughty or didn't do as you were told?”

His eyes blinked rapidly and he spoke in disconnected gasps with interspersed sobs. “Well. Yes. But don't you - remember that I said that all - you needed to do was just make it a - a - ceremonial kind of spanking. NOT one like that!” He was starting to wail again she noted, with a small thrill of pleasure running through her.

She gave him her most tender smile. “Of course I remember. But weren't you asking me to be the boss in the house?”

“Well, yes.”

“But if you tell me how I'm to spank you, wouldn't that mean that YOU were the boss?”

He stared at her, obviously dumbfounded by her translation of his own stated desires. His eyes widened with fear as she proceeded to wrap the scarf around his mouth again, knotting it once more. “Wh... Wha... What are you mmmfff?” He said, though with the scarf muffling his mouth, it was difficult to make out what he was saying, so she ignored him, knotted the scarf in position again, then simply rolled him over so that he was once more in the position necessary for a spanking. He kicked weakly and she paused briefly to enjoy the sight of the lace edging of his slip moving, and the plump hillocks of his backside sliding around under the satin of the slip. Took a contented sigh.

“Just consider that an intermission darling,” she told him as she started beating him with the paddle again.