

CRUISING *and*  
POOR MICHAEL  
*Two Books in One*



STELLA SATIN

Cruising and Poor Michelle by Stella Satin

**CRUISING**  
**and**  
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**by**  
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## Cruising by Stella Satin

Eugenia Dobbs - her friend's call her 'Gene' was somewhat infatuated with David Ross from the moment she set eyes on him.

She - and her gang of four other ladies were assigned one of the better tables on this particular cruise on this very expensive shipping line. Seating eight per table, the assigned diners were: Louise, Evelyn, Karen, and Anne (her "pack" as she called them); a pair of elderly sisters, and David. Naturally, all of her friends were very interested in this, the only male at the table, but something was amiss. None of them were making a play for him. Neither was she, because, like her friends, she was puzzled.

As someone once said, the rich are very different from you and me. Eugenia was no exception. Her fortune was well over twenty million, and she had outlived three husbands to attain this level of wealth. She had been a relatively faithful wife to all three, but had gradually come to the conclusion that she preferred sexual liaisons with those of her own sex. But after seeing her third husband into his final resting place, even these couplings with delicious young women started to pall occasionally and she discovered a taste for passive, somewhat effete young men -discovering a huge sense of power by gradually overcoming and feminizing them.

Her 'pack' all had the same proclivities, though were probably not as aggressive as she. There was, all the same, a decided area of 'competition' between them - a good natured game at seeing who could come up with the best "trophy wife" (Yes. They actually called their 'converted' males by that designation amongst themselves.) Absolutely loved to parade their little pets around in front of the other (usually jealous) members of the pack. Once or twice they had all managed to acquire little sissies -and these had been *great* trips! The fun they'd had showing off their conquests in increasingly feminine roles and dress! This particular cruise wasn't looking too good though, there

weren't many good prospects.

All of these ladies were extremely well dressed at all times. Very sophisticated and very, very, confident. Predatory, sleek, and assured, they prowled - always searching for a young male they could tame and show off to the others. Imagine, if you will, a pride of female lions -with no males or cubs to fend for. Just themselves. If they had any weakness it was the fact that they were all extremely snobbish - with the possible exception of Louise, who was the only one amongst them who had actually inherited wealth

The problem with David was that he should have been at least 'rich'. Poor people did NOT, could NOT, afford the kind of expenditure necessary for the cabin / table that David was occupying.

The other puzzling aspect was that he was SO shy and diffident. Normally, people associated with this kind of money were not characterized by these personality attributes - but where had he come *from!* Not only that? His clothes and personal jewelry did not equate to his place at their table. His hair did not show the benefits of a personal hairdresser. Yet, at the same time, all of these ladies were well aware that some of the rich had idiosyncrasies that were hard to understand. Many acted like they were *poor!*

Gene could tell that her friends were sizing up this prize, and were just as curious as she. Sort of a pride of lionesses stalking around a piece of meat, wondering why it was there - and wondering why none of the other members of the pride were taking any bites. Not wanting to commit first and appearing foolish in front of the others. At dinner time the second night, an idea crossed her mind. Excusing herself from the table, she left the dining room and headed for the Chief Purser's office.

From previous cruises, she knew him, and was lucky enough to come across him before she came to his office. She smiled a great smile, and angled him into a small comer. He was immediately aware that something was up.

"Well! Hello Mrs. Dobbs! How lovely to have you back with us again. It's SUCH a pleasure!" He said this with genuine warmth, because although he was well aware of her and her friends games, no one ever seemed hurt by them - and he often benefited - like now, he thought, feeling the folded piece of currency discreetly touching his palm as they shook hands.

"Delighted to be back chief purser" she said. "This has to be my favorite cruise ship of all time! But I have a question for you?"

It took a small amount of obfuscation on her part, but she extracted the data she wanted from him in a surprisingly short time, discovering that the young man seated at her table was the winner of this cruise as a prize on a Television game show. She beamed at the news. The puzzle was solved! Back at the table, she proceeded to lay claim to her prey very quickly. Before the evening was over, she had seduced him.

Before the seduction, he surprised her. He was slight of build and very fair skinned. Pale blue eyes, and had a tendency to blush girlishly. She had been lucky enough to be seated beside him and, at one time, laid her hand on his arm. Even under the jacket he wore she swore she could feel how soft he was. She was entranced. Visualized him in all sorts of pretty clothes. How all her friends would be green with absolute jealousy when they saw her new trophy. Could she possibly bring him out to meet them wearing a dress and wearing makeup as well? What a triumph! None of her gang had ever done anything like that! Sure, Lisa had brought that waif out wearing makeup at that party last year. But a dress? What could she dress him in? Chiffon? Taffeta? Velvet and satin? She took a deep contented breath, imagining the reaction from her circle of friends.

But then came the surprise. She'd arranged to meet him at the Gala Ballroom Dance that was held in the main ballroom after dinner. Luckily, she didn't tell the girls because David surprised her by being an *excellent* dancer! Literally swept her off her feet! Strong. Confident.

Well versed in the intricacies of the samba, rumba, and -especially, the tango! She absolutely loved it! He was so commanding! So aggressive! She felt like a girl again!

Later, in her suite, she found out that he was malleable, just the way she liked her young men. Enthusiastically, she raved about his dancing -complaining about the fact that so few males danced well in these modern days - and the fact that she had to dance with her girlfriends regularly. Asked him if he would give her pointers as how to lead - as she had to perform the man's part so often?

He was very willing. A little perturbed to find that she wanted him to take the ladies part, while he explained the techniques of leading. It made too much sense though, and after she put some nice romantic music on, she took him in her arms and danced him.

Being a good dancer herself (and well accustomed to leading) she soon had him following her very nicely.

Jokingly, she argued with him about the relative ease and difficulty of the male and female roles in ballroom dancing. He maintained that the responsibility of the male to lead was of primary importance and that, as the woman only had to follow, her part was the lesser of the two. She argued that traveling 'backwards - and in high heels' - was the physically more demanding of the two functions.

Laughing, they agreed to let him try the lady's part, wearing a pair of her shoes - which fitted him quite well. Naturally, he found that he had to put on a pair of nylon knee-highs to protect the shoes. Surprisingly, to him, he was quickly proficient in the heels.

Of course, they were only two inch, but he had no problems. She smiled happily to herself because this was another good omen. She'd often noticed how quickly effete men took to women's high heels. After a few minutes, she suggested that the low heels were making it too easy for him - perhaps a little higher? It took him a little while to become accustomed to the new shoes, but soon he was floating in her

arms quite comfortably.

She started to get sexually aroused. By this time, he had taken his jacket off and the feel of his soft, pliant body through his shirt, and having him under her control as she led him around the floor of her cabin (actually a large suite) was enchanting to her. She slowed her dancing down, then stopped. Kissed him. Even in his heels he wasn't taller than her. His eyes were unfocused as he looked up at her face coming down on to his. His lips were soft, full, and yielding giving way immediately to her probing tongue.

She led him slowly to the bedroom, kissing him softly, whispering endearments in his ear, and slowly pushing him down onto the bed. Started undressing him - as he was doing to her. Then just as she was about to lay him on his back and mount him, he surprised her.

Later, she put it down to the 'girlish' feelings she'd had when he'd been dancing the male part, because for the first time in quite a few years, she suddenly found herself *under* a man! He wasn't overly well endowed in the genitals, nor was his technique anything to rave about, but he performed admirably enough she thought. She was also quite impressed with his quickness in taking the aggressive role.

Naturally, she didn't want him leaving her company feeling that he was the dominant male in the relationship. In the post-coital haze that followed their lovemaking, they chatted about his background, as she started to arouse him again. She was pleased to find out that though poor, his family had once had money - at least some. She smiled to herself when she discovered that he was an orphan - and had no siblings.

Lazily, she wrapped an arm around his shoulders and pulled him in towards her. He seemed to be acting adversely to her taking the aggressive role now, but that just made her smile all the more as she easily overcame his resistance, pulling him into her embrace for fondling and caressing. This time, she made him take a passive role, until he lay there, trembling underneath her as she inexorably climbed

on top of him, straddling him and looking down at his pale face - pretty in the half light, she thought. Then she mounted him, and controlled the pace of their lovemaking until they both shuddered to a standstill.

Over the next few days, she enjoyed the jealous attention of her friends as she effeminized him. In no hurry, she led him down the path into docile, feminine looks and behavior.

To begin with, she made sure he was in her cabin when her appointed hairdresser, Trudi, arrived to do her hair. Smiling apologetically, she asked David to forgive her for forgetting about the appointment, and pleaded with him - ever so nicely - to stay and keep her company. What could the poor man do?

Then. "Why not let Trudi see if she can do anything with your hair David? She's wonderful! And why not, if you're waiting for me anyhow? It'll be a nice reward for you being so good!"

And, side by side, with his aspiring mistress - In matching pale blue smocks (Trudi, who was well aware of Gene's proclivities, just *happened* to have a spare with her) he sat, and had his hair washed, then trimmed, then put up in rollers. (He protested at this but was told it was just to give his hair some body). Then, while he was waiting? What would be wrong with having a facial, just like Gene?

His face plastered in masque, he listened to Trudi lecture him about his nails, but assuring him that the false nails she glued on over his own would be easily removable and at least give him the semblance of a proper manicure. Naturally, the nails were discreetly oval and a little on the feminine side, but she used clear polish only. She was very complimentary about his soft white hands.

She lectured him some more about his feet as she gave him a pedicure. He thought it had to be his imagination, but when she had first started working on him, she had talked as a hairdresser to a client. Now, there seemed to be elements in her voice as she scolded him as if he'd been a naughty little girl. She applied a pink polish to his toes,



explaining that this particular type of polish was wonderful for dried nails like these -but she didn't have it in clear - and who would be noticing anyway?

Then, sitting under the dryer she provided, he was embarrassed when Anne and Evelyn dropped in for a visit. For some reason, Trudi had finished with Gene while he was still waiting to have his face masque removed and have his hair fixed. He found himself the center of attention as his masque was removed, Gene and her friends crowding around as Trudi began to reveal the results of her ministrations.

Once the masque was removed, Trudi massaged his face with a sweet smelling cream - a little overly perfumed he thought, but as Anne was very complimentary about the scent, and he didn't want to appear as if he was contradicting her.

"That's a very nice job Trudi." Gene commented, "But don't you think it's bleached some of his skin tone out?"

"Maybe a little," Trudi admitted "But that's easily taken care of."

To David's horror, she promptly stroked his cheekbones with a soft brush. "See!" she said triumphantly. "A little blush works wonders!" "Absolutely!" Gene agreed. "Don't you agree David?" "Well. Not really," David started to say, but was interrupted by Anne. "Oh David! Please don't start in with a bunch of macho nonsense!" she said. "Nobody will notice, for goodness sake! Why can't you accept the fact that you look good? Almost pretty?"

Totally intimidated by the women surrounding him, the young man wasn't even truly aware that he had entered the ranks of soon-to-be sissies. He didn't even complain when Trudi applied some lip salve - seemingly to moisturize his lips after they had been dried out by the masque. He did have red lips naturally, but this treatment just made them a little more prominent and gave them a pouting appearance.

He did raise a complaint when Trudi plucked some of his eyebrows, but she was so quick that it took him a moment or two to

figure out what she was doing so that, by the time he did manage to speak, she was just about finished with the task.

With the rollers taken out and his hair brushed out, David looked at his new reflection. He wasn't 'feminine' perhaps, but decidedly androgynous, with a porcelain sheen to his face and a cap of silky hair, with just a trace of a 'petal' cut. He was embarrassed some when Trudi showed him how to apply rollers to keep the hairdo - then gave him a bag with rollers and hairspray in it. He was even more embarrassed when Anne commented again on how pretty he was - even though she apologized immediately and corrected it to 'handsome'.

But an assumption was made by both Anne and Evelyn. Perfectly understandable considering that they were an audience to a young man being feminized by their friend Gene. They saw his docile acceptance of the hairdo, the makeup - good God, he was wearing a smock! Naturally, they came to the conclusion that he was already Gene's 'trophy bride' and treated him with the sort of arrogant condescension that was normal for them in similar circumstances. They left shortly thereafter and within hours, the other two of Gene's 'pack' were acting under the same misapprehension. This had major repercussions on what was to happen downstream.

The following day, Gene had David measured for two 'shirts'. In actuality, they were tuxedo shirts for ladies that, under a tux jacket would not be seen as anything different than a man would wear. The sleeves were a different matter though. They appeared to be a different material than the rest of the shirt and, in actuality, were a heavy gauge chiffon, bloused just a little. They weren't too obviously feminine, but Gene got a thrill from the idea and the pretty topaz cufflinks and matching studs she gave him to wear were noticed by more than one discerning woman.

Obviously a reader of this must ask - "What about David? Can anyone possibly be THAT spineless?"

The answer is that David was working on an agenda of his own.

A meek, docile man is what he was - and perfectly aware of his shortcomings. He was not an orphan - he had lied to Gene. He had both a mother and a sister living in Oregon, both of whom cared for him very much. A little too much he had thought before he left his home - tended to baby and, generally, overpower him with kindness - almost as if he were incapable of doing anything for himself.

His family had never had money - that was another fabrication. He had always known that the only chance he had of living any form of comfortable lifestyle depended on his becoming attached to a rich woman. He had spent a large part of his disposable income on learning how to dance properly. He wanted, desperately, to learn golf but just did not have the necessary finances. His luck on a TV game show had won him the cruise, but he was well aware of how short he was of the necessary clothes. When Gene showed an interest in him, what was he supposed to do? Refuse the clothes she, so obviously, wanted him to wear?

He felt strange in the increasingly feminine garments she was providing him but, at the same time, enjoyed the feeling of being under someone else's control. It had surprised him how quickly he had picked up the female role in his dancing but, again, there was a sexually pleasing aspect to it that made him increasingly subservient. One night in her cabin, she had him remove his jacket then replace his trousers with a pair of black velvet ladies pants on the pretext that she wanted to see how he'd look in velvet. As they danced that night, she held him in her arms, happily aware of how resplendent he was in his white, chiffon-sleeved blouse -and his black velvet pants dancing in the submissive role to her dominant lead.

At the dining table the other ladies accommodated this new relationship so that he now sat beside Gene, with Karen and Anne on one side of him and Louise and Evelyn on the other side of Gene - right in the middle of 'the girls' so to speak. The fact that he was now treated as THE girl by the women around him escaped his notice. Kinda enjoyed the warm, manicured hands, 'accidentally' brushing against his

thighs and over his privates - although he did blush a lot. Couldn't quite figure out why he got involved in 'girl talk' on a regular basis with one or two of the ladies - while the remainder of the group discussed sports , or other manly topics.

Karen and Evelyn gave up on their hunt for sissies and picked up a pair of girls, Tiffany and Melissa, instead. He, somehow, usually ended up with them. When they'd go to the bathroom, they started waiting for him to join them. Naturally, he didn't go into the Ladies with them-but he found that they'd get upset if he didn't wait for them - so he got into the habit of going to the toilet with the girls - and coming back with them. Who could blame many of the passengers for thinking he was a sissy?

He was aware of this to a certain extent but, in pursuing his own agenda had very little option. His introduction to Gene's pack in his female persona was orchestrated the evening of the Fancy Dress Gala. Gene was adamant - she was to be a 20's gangster. He was to be her flapper 'moll'. He did try and protest but was easily, though gently, bullied into it. "Oh everyone will be dressing up! What are you complaining about!" she kept persisting, until he finally succumbed.

Trudi's services were again purchased and this time, she was a little more forceful with him, demanding that she be given a free hand. She gave him a modified perm and dyed his hair blonde. Put him through the indignities of a Bikini wax job, a manicure, and pedicure. For the sake of 'realism' attached a pair of small, but noticeable, set of breast forms to his chest.

In his short dance dress with his stockings rolled down at the top, his long loop of pearls and long cigarette holder, his little clutch handbag, his dainty cloche hat - and his strappy heels, he looked every inch the flapper. What he was totally unprepared for, however, was the fact that Karen and Evelyn were gangsters like Gene - and Tiffany and Melissa were flappers - in almost identical outfits to his!