

SHELLEY'S SISSIES

By Shelley Isis



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

Copyright © 2000, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do *YOUR* part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

MAID TO BE A SISSY

By **SHELLEY ISIS**

CHAPTER 1: WEEK 1

My name is Marilyn Keener and I am a professional house cleaner. Actually, I own a maid-service agency and have six other house-cleaning ladies in my employ. Since we are still a small business, I take on the wealthier, more exclusive clients while the rest of my staff share the more “middle-class” accounts.

I accepted the account of Mr. and Mrs. LaFille for that reason. She was an attorney and the principal in a very successful law firm which dealt primarily in handling the trusts and estates of very rich Metro-Phoenix residents. I found out that she was quite astute on investment counseling and did very well for her clients, and herself, too.

Mrs. LaFille answered the door that Saturday morning. She was strikingly beautiful with raven black hair and radiant eyes that were almost violet. She was tall, stately, and had the classical beauty of a young Joan Collins; being, I guessed, no more than her late twenties or early thirties.

She wore black silk hostess pants that flowed like a gentle breeze from her hips yet was tightly belted at the waist showing off a very trim figure. Her silk blouse contrasted in white and had full billowing sleeves tapering at the wrists and accented with genuine pearl buttons. Despite its fullness, there was no hiding a full voluptuous bosom. Her height was further emphasized with black patent high heel pumps. All-in-all she looked very casually elegant. She had a radiant smile and insisted that I call her Sheila as she shook my hand with beautifully manicured hands and nails.

She took me on a brief tour of their luxurious home in the wealthy suburb of Paradise Valley. It had almost 4,000 square feet and I knew it would take me almost a full day to clean despite the fact that Mr. and Mrs. LaFille lived by themselves and their delightful toy poodle “Muffin”.

Sheila informed me that it would not be necessary to clean any of the three guest bedrooms, as they were already quite clean, and I need only concentrate on the Master Bedroom, family room and Formal Living rooms (which needed only a slight dusting).

I was a bit surprised when I met her husband, Cecil. He was not at all what I expected after meeting such a striking and successful beauty like Sheila.

Cecil was in the Laundry Room, of all things, ironing.

I can almost swear that he blushed when he noticed that I was watching. I was shocked that such a wealthy man would engage in such a menial task.

Yet, I was quite tickled to see a domesticated husband sharing in household chores. Although handsome, in an almost delicate and pretty way, he was not as tall

as Sheila, even without her high heels. I guessed he was about five feet seven inches to her five ten in stockings.

He was wearing a pair of very short cut-off jeans and a cotton poet's shirt tucked into his very thin waist. He wore a pair of colorful thongs and the hair on his legs was quite light and sparse. He lacked much facial hair and, with his blond head of hair, looked quite young. As he reached to shake my hand I noticed his fingernails were coated with a clear protective enamel. His grip was not very firm and he appeared almost embarrassed to be seen ironing the silk sheets which apparently belonged on the king-sized master bed.

I later learned that Cecil was a clerk in the bank that handled Sheila's corporate account, which is how they met.

Clearly, she was the primary breadwinner in this household; so refreshing to see in this day and age.

Before beginning my cleaning, Sheila gave two instructions: first, any questions concerning supplies and the like should be directed to Cecil (and he was instructed to give me full cooperation, if needed) and; secondly, all other questions should be directed to Sheila who would be in the study taking care of the couple's monthly finances.

That first day took only about four hours of cleaning.

Since I bring my own supplies I had few questions to ask either Cecil, or Sheila.

She took care of her accounting and then lounged on their beautiful brocade living room sofa reading several periodicals, while Cecil spent all of his time ironing quite a bit of laundry. (I even noticed a basket full of intimate apparel and wondered if he would iron those, too.)

The last room I cleaned was the Master Bedroom. It was quite tastefully done and the bed was king-sized and covered with a beautiful silk comforter. Although I did not go into the walk-in closet I did clean the vanity area.

Signs of Mrs. LaFille were everywhere with a vast array of expensive French perfumes arranged on the vanity, but I did not see anything (colognes, shaving cream or the like) that might belong to Cecil.

I gave it no more thought as I dusted and vacuumed the large room as Muffin occasionally ventured in to sniff at my feet and become acquainted with me.

When I was done, Sheila did a brief inspection and gave me a glorious smile saying that I would work out just fine.

She also complimented me on owning my own business and said she wished many more women would exercise their inherent talents of leadership. She hoped that we could chat, sometime soon, on this very subject.

When I went to bid farewell to Cecil he was busily engaged in carefully ironing the pleats of a darling tennis dress. I inwardly smiled thinking that it would take him twice as long to iron that garment as it probably did for his wife to soil it while playing some tennis match.

CHAPTER 2: WEEK 2

This Saturday, I arrived promptly at 8 a.m. as Sheila had requested. As I rang the doorbell, I could hear Muffin barking while running to see who was invading her domain. Muffin became quiet when the door was opened and she saw it was me, after being hushed by Cecil, who answered the door.

Cecil gave me a bright warm smile and briefly met my eyes, revealing a hint of his obvious embarrassment over the image he presented to a relative stranger. Then he returned his eyes demurely downward inviting me in.

Today Cecil was wearing a tight pair of shiny neon pink lycra bike shorts. He wore an abbreviated matching tank top leaving his midriff bare. The top could have easily been mistaken for a sports bra which many women wear these days. His stomach was flat and hairless and quite thin. His arms, also bare and thin, lacked any muscle tone and were also hairless. His legs were slender, yet shapely, and bore the thin sparse hair that I noticed a week earlier. On his feet he wore a darling pair of pure white uni-sex tennis sneakers; the type a girl might certainly wear.

I couldn't help notice how smooth and flat his crotch was; not the slightest indication of a masculine bulge that most men would show while wearing such tight spandex; not that a real man would wear such an effeminate ensemble.

He actually blushed like a maiden when he noticed my surprised eyes as they rather casually studied the fit of his pretty neon ping bike shorts...

Even Cecil's cologne had a fragrant floral scent (almost like a bouquet of pansies) which I could not imagine a virile male wearing.

"Sheila would like you to join her for some coffee," Cecil said in his soft voice as he led me to the breakfast room.

Sheila stood when I entered the room and greeted me warmly with a hug. She was such a stunning woman. She wore a simple, yet elegant lavender silk kimono which accented her beautiful eyes and was offset by her radiant black hair. Her legs were quite bare wearing only matching high-heeled satin mules.

As we greeted with a hug, I suddenly found myself strangely attracted to this beautiful woman.

In my thirty-five years I never thought I had any physical attraction to members of my gender as I was happily married to my husband, William, for the past ten years.

Sheila invited me to sit and, turning to her husband said, "CeCe, do be a dear and bring Marilyn some coffee and one of your delicious Danish."

I found the nickname amusing. I'm sure it was an affectionate name for "Cecil", but the way it was pronounced ("SeeSee") it almost sounded like "sissy"; a name I thought aptly described such a delicate male.

Sheila engaged me in warm conversation asking me how my week was and if she thought I would enjoy being their weekly housekeeper. She was a warm, sincere, successful woman with much character and personality. How could I not like being asso-

ciated in any way with such a person, and I told her so. She gave a charming laugh and reached over to pat my hand.

When she did, I felt that strange warmth flow through my body; almost wishing her touch would remain.

Shortly, Cecil (or “CeCe” I should say) returned with the coffee and Danish. This time he wore the most darling sheer organza pinafore-like apron over his attire. He poured my coffee and served my Danish before turning and returning to the kitchen. As he was leaving, I noticed that as thin and frail a boy as he was, his buttocks was quite shapely and rounded, accented by the bow of the neatly tied apron.

I found myself staring and thinking that any woman would be proud to have such a shapely rear end.

As he departed for the kitchen I noticed that he took rather short strides; his hips swaying to-and-fro as the organza streamers of the bow tickled the backs of his bare knees.

My staring must have been obvious because when I returned my gaze to Sheila, she was looking at me with a knowing smile.

“CeCe is just perfect in the kitchen and I insist that he wear an apron to protect his attire. He loves to cook and prepare scrumptious meals, so I leave the kitchen chores completely to him. I'm not very good in the kitchen, I'm afraid. CeCe even has my evening dinner waiting for me when I return home since he is almost always home before I am. I just call him on my cellular phone when I leave the office and, viola, dinner is waiting when I get home, along with a chilled glass of fume blanc.”

How truly lucky this woman was. To have such charms, and such a domesticated spouse to boot.

We continued our conversation and Sheila informed me that she would be leaving for the gym for a few hours. She made it a point to exercise at least three times per week for at least two hours per session, working on weight training and some type of cardiovascular exercise like the stairs, or step-aerobics or the like.

As we continued our conversation, she whispered that she was thinking of having ‘CeCe’ quit his job at the bank.

“We certainly don't need his added income, little that it is, and it would give him the opportunity to take several classes to learn how to be more supportive of me and my career. I do feel that CeCe would be the perfect full time homemaker.

“Besides,” she continued, “I'm afraid CeCe has led a rather sheltered life. He lacks any competitive spirit that would challenge him to become anything more than a simple clerk.

“And, from time to time I have heard several unguarded remarks from various bank staff about poor CeCe's rather effeminate looks. In fact, one teller, not knowing that Cecil was my husband, suggested that the clerk that I had been talking to was either quite gay, or a transsexual! She further stated that she wouldn't be at all surprised if the little fairy didn't swish into work someday wearing a skirt! Poor little CeCe...”

Before finishing our coffee, Sheila asked if I would like to join her for lunch this coming Wednesday.

I knew I would be near her Scottsdale office so I readily accepted as she promised a delightful treat at a trendy restaurant in the fashionable Scottsdale Fashion Square Shopping Plaza.

Twenty minutes after I began my duties, Sheila stopped by on her way out to the gym. I was spellbound!

She wore white lycra leggings over which she wore a white gym suite belted at the waist with a lavender weight belt. Her glistening legs were in perfect proportion and her thighs had muscles which looked like they were sculpted by Michelangelo. Her bosom proudly rose from her chest in feminine splendor. She was muscular, yet so very feminine. Hard, yet so soft. This truly had to be the perfect womanly body up-staged only by her facial beauty.

There was no question in my mind that this woman was not only mentally superior to her spouse, she was physically superior to Cecil, as well. For the life of me, I could not comprehend her attraction to CeCe when she could clearly have any man of her choice.

In too short a time she was off to the gym and I was only left with her vision in my mind's eye as a pleasant diverging daydream as I continued my chores.

I vacuumed and dusted the other three bedrooms, two of which were nice and tastefully decorated and were located in the far east wing of the home. The third adjoined the Master Bedroom and was quite different than the rest. Without question, it was the most feminine bedroom I had ever seen.

The centerpiece was a beautiful canopy bed done in white with matching pink trim. Chiffon ruffles hung down the roof of the canopy and a multi-layered chiffon and organza sham framed the perimeter of the bottom of the bed. A beautifully rich comforter in white silk with soft pink embroidery seemed to float on the bed as did the two large silk-covered pillows trimmed with a flowered lace. The entire color scheme of the room was white with soft pink accents. Chiffon curtains framed the large arched windows tied off with puffy pink satin bows. A vanity table was set against the wall adjoining the Master Bedroom and was similarly skirted as was its chair which sported a thickly padded satin seat of pink. A full-sized lighted mirror hung tastefully above the vanity. Shelves of cherry white oak were displayed with a beautiful collection of dolls and fairy-tale books which told stories of princesses and delicate little girls.

I would have dismissed this room as perhaps belonging to a favorite visiting niece of Sheila's, as they had no children of their own, except that a delicate pink set of baby doll pajamas laying on the bed suggested that someone recently used this room.

Some time later I returned to the Master Bedroom to retrieve my duster and found Cecil pouring a bath in the large oval marble sunken basin.

"Oh, will you be taking a bath CeCe?" I inquired.

“Oh, no, Ma'am, Sheila likes to have a bath waiting when she returns from her workout,” came his eager reply as he added fragrant oils and even checked the water's temperature with a thermometer to be sure it was just right.

When I completed my tasks, Sheila had long returned from the gym and was lounging in the living room reading several financial magazines. I bid her farewell and she told me she was looking forward to our luncheon engagement this coming Wednesday.

She was casually attired in a full-length robe, but I would never forget the vision locked forever in my mind of her outstanding physique in her gym attire.

Muffin followed me as I went to bid farewell to Cecil.

Again, I found him in the laundry room tending to his weekly ironing duties. I was a bit surprised to find him carefully pressing delicate panties on the ironing board.

How rich, I thought, that Sheila would even insist that he press her panties.

Of course, what would happen if he refused?

CHAPTER THREE: WEEK THREE

As I drove to the LaFille residence on this bright Saturday morning I enjoyed the beauty of the Sonoran Desert as I always have in these many years I've lived in the “Valley of the Sun” - the name given to the Greater Phoenix area.

My thoughts also returned to this past Wednesday when Sheila treated me to lunch at a wonderful restaurant in the Scottsdale Fashion Square which specialized in Southwestern cuisine.

We deepened our blossoming friendship as she queried my past and I informed her of, my: ten year marriage; business earning almost as much as my husband William's marketing career; childless marriage due to my sterility; and, five-year business as a professional house cleaner.

Sheila even mentioned several significant referrals to her wealthy clients - something that would significantly increase the profitability of my business.

Sheila shared with me her past, how: she and her widowed mother raised and cared for her frail and sickly brother, who died at the age of twenty; her mother served as her mentor through college, law school and the bar; she built her formidable law practice making it what it is today; and, she loves her leadership role in the office and at home.

She spoke of Cecil and how, as a single child, he lost his father at the age of four and was raised solely by his mother until her untimely death in his early teens. Then he was raised by a strong and determined aunt, who Sheila admired.

Cecil's Aunt Barbara believed in strict discipline and also worked to protect Cecil. As a child he was frail and non-competitive so Aunt Barbara kept Cecil away from rowdy young boys and taught him many of the domestic skills he has today. Her own daughter, Leslie, was quite the tomboy so it was Cecil who helped her with so many domestic chores.

Before we parted Sheila gave me a warm hug and said she was looking forward to seeing me this Saturday (today). She also said that she and Cecil would be going to a Costume party at her girlfriend's home. She also asked me not to be too surprised should I see her help Cecil prepare for his costume late Saturday afternoon.

When I asked what he would be going as she replied, "As a Fairy Princess, naturally. Just wait 'til you see his beautiful costume."

-000-

As I pulled into their circular driveway I couldn't help smile while wondering how Cecil would look dressed as a girl. With his delicate features I imagined he could easily pull it off. Anyway, I hoped to see him in his fairy princess costume before I left for the day.

As usual, Muffin was barking at the door when I rang the bell. I could hear Sheila's voice telling me that the door was open and to come into the living room. Muffin followed me with her tail wagging as I entered the Formal Living room and I was a bit taken back by the sight that greeted me.

There was Sheila in her beautiful silk kimono sitting imperiously on her chaise lounge with her shapely legs crossed at the knees.

Cecil was humbly at her feet administering a pedicure while kneeling on a beautiful heart-shaped pink satin pillow which I recognized from the canopy bed in the feminine bedroom adjoining the Master Bedroom.

"Why come in Marilyn. My Darling little CeCe is giving me one of his fabulous pedicures and foot massages. I swear he spoils me so."

Cecil greeted me in the most demure way, barely raising his eyes to meet mine (when I noted just a hint of humiliation over being caught at such a feminine task), then resumed his highly submissive task, carefully applying a bright red polish on each of her toe nails. He had each toe meticulously separated with cotton balls and gingerly blew on her nails to help the polish dry.

He wore a full cotton apron for protection. Although this apron was not as feminine as the organza one he wore last week, this one still had ruffles covering the shoulder straps.

I noticed that he had waxed string loops in each of his ear lobes - apparently having just had his ears pierced.

When he looked up at me I swear that his eyebrows were even thinner than I had remembered, and they were arched in a decidedly feminine way.

As I chatted with Sheila I couldn't help but notice the subservience of Cecil. He was both arduous and obsequious with his task, almost constantly asking Sheila if each painted toenail was to her satisfaction. How meticulous.

Sheila said, quite seriously, that she would have CeCe give me a massage and pedicure some Saturday when I finished my tasks.

What an intriguing thought.

As CeCe finished his menial task I caught him almost unconsciously kiss the shiny toe of each black patent-leather pump as he placed them on Sheila's now dry nails.

I went about my chores seeing CeCe briefly early in the afternoon completing his weekly ironing and putting the final touches on Sheila's beautiful lingerie.

In mid-afternoon Sheila had a visitor and introduced me to her best Cecil's Aunt Barbara.

Although she was possibly in her fifties, she was quite a beautiful woman looking years younger. Her beauty was accented by her tasteful and feminine attire, a beautiful print dress that just seemed to flow around her.

After a moment of light conversation, Sheila announced that they would be in the bedroom adjoining the Master bedroom and to be sure to stop in before I left for home late that afternoon.

By five O'clock I had finished my tasks, but found no sign of CeCe nor Sheila. I was about ready to leave when I remembered that Sheila had said they would be in that most feminine of bedrooms adjoining the Master Suite.

When I entered the room I was momentarily stunned and left speechless by the sight that greeted me.

There was Cecil sitting at the satin and lace covered vanity receiving a complete makeover by Sheila and Barbara.

He was wearing the sheerest white negligee that barely concealed a delicate white lace bra and matching panties. His legs were completely hairless and were sheathed in a wispy pair of white silk stockings; their lace openings attached to a beribboned satin and lace garter belt.

His feet were perched in the daintiest pair of high heeled strap-in sandals in white satin through which the pearly pink polish of his toenails could be seen.

"Don't look so shocked, Marilyn," Sheila chuckled breaking my spell. "CeCe is going with me to a costume party as a debutante. Only, when he looks this pretty we call her Cecilia, or 'Sissy' for short."

I could not believe the transformation that was taking place. Here was an almost wimpy plain male being transformed into an extremely beautiful blonde - so very feminine.

In her ears were a precious pair of diamond pendants which occasionally swayed, kissing her ears as they did. Cecilia was in a trance, himself, with the way he stared at the delightful reflection in the mirror.

When they were through with the make-up Cecilia was ordered to stand with Barbara and Sheila helping the pretty blonde to her feet on what must have been four-inch heels. As instructed,

Cecilia moved gracefully to the center of the room taking short mincing steps in the high heels. Clearly, he had much practice for no one could have walked in those heels the way Cecilia did on their first effort.

Only two things gave away the secret of this charade.

First, I knew of Cecil's true identity and, secondly, a telltale bulge strained through the delicate panties betraying Sissy's obvious excitement.

“Normally, we would have Sissy wear a restraining device,” Sheila observed.

(“*Normally,*” I thought?)

“But, since she'll be petticoated Barbara and I decided to give her the secret thrill she so loves. Besides, Sissy's not quite as obvious as other boys,” Sheila kidded apparently referring to Cecil's modest equipment.

They helped Cecilia out of her negligee and produced a most beautiful ballet styled petticoat of lace and organza embellished with dainty pink satin ribbon bows. Holding it low for her, Cecilia was able to step her dainty feet through the waistband as Barbara raised it to the sissy's hips.

In all of my bewilderment I hardly noticed Sheila's costume. In all of her splendor there she was in the most gorgeous black satin Playboy Bunny costume showing off a drop-dead hourglass figure with her ample cleavage almost spilling over her bustier. A furry white bunny tail served as almost an exclamation point at the end of her perfect behind.

“I guess it's not hard to tell what I'm going as,” Sheila said standing on three-inch black satin pumps. Truly, she could walk away with “Playmate of the Year” if she so chose.

Barbara and Sheila then picked up a very feminine white lace gown and drew it over Cecilia's head, being careful not to muss the soft blond curls on her pretty head. The gown fairly floated over Cecilia's thin torso and was fluffed into place over the full petticoats.

A ringlet of Fairy Bride Kisses flowers were carefully arranged in Cecilia's crown of golden curls while tiny little crystal bells were fixed in each ear so that the actually jingled when she moved her lovely head.

Although his nails were neatly manicured, formal white satin elbow-length gloves were drawn over Cecilia's slender arms and Barbara topped that off with a golden bells bracelet she drew over the sissy's wrist.

A thin golden harness (much like a toddler's harness) was fitted about the bodice of Cecilia's gown, but instead of a leash the harness held two pair of gossamer wings that seemed to gently flap whenever the little sissy took a step, to complete the image of Cecilia, Sheila's little Fairy Princess.

-000-

When the two of them stood for a picture that Barbara wanted to take I couldn't believe how beautiful they both were - yet so different.

Sheila looked voluptuous and sultry in her Bunny costume with her sexy bosom thrusting out of her costume so sexily. She looked radiant and confident - so tall and

shapely with her jet black hair and her hypnotic violet eyes. She would surely cast a spell on every male she encountered this evening.

Cecilia also looked beautiful, but in a delicate and demure way. She (I simply cannot refer to such femininity in the male gender) almost looked like a shy maiden in white satin and lace. She looked fragile and dainty perched on her high-heeled sandals. Even though Cecilia was wearing four inch heels to Sheila's three-inches, Sheila was still a good six inches taller than her spouse.

Whereas Sheila looked strong and confident, Cecilia looked weak and vulnerable. Yet, she too would turn the head of every male exposed to her beauty.

I almost expected that each would leave on the arm of strong and handsome gentlemen when I realized that Cecilia was a "he" and married to Sheila.

Yes, "Sissy" fit perfectly.

CHAPTER FOUR:WEEK FOUR

A strange thrill rushed through my body as I drove over to the LaFille residence. I wondered what strange happenings would greet me this week.

Sheila asked me to join her for late afternoon cocktails this past Wednesday at a posh Scottsdale resort and I couldn't believe the things she told me took place last Saturday night. In her own words they were as follows:

“Oh, Marilyn, the Costume Party was a wonderful success. Sissy fooled almost everyone who believed he was a ”she“. The only ones that knew were myself, Susan, a handsome man named Tony that I'll tell you about in a few minutes, and one other person.

“A gentleman named Bruce wasted no time in cornering Sissy and it was crystal clear that he was very attracted to my pretty spouse. I kept one eye on the two of them for most of the evening.

“My other eye was devoted to Tony.

“Sissy had quite a difficult time moving about in her four-inch heels with her lovely wings flapping ever so prettily and her bouffant skirts swishing about her so.

“Bruce had no problem keeping up with her although, at first, Sissy was quite nervous and tried to stay away from him.

“At one point I saw that they were not inside Susan's home so I went onto the verandah and caught Sissy wrapped in the arms of Bruce who was kissing her deeply. Sissy wasn't even struggling although he later insisted that he had tried to resist, but Bruce was simply much stronger and overwhelming.

“I, almost reluctantly, chased Bruce away saying how he was fooled by my spouse masquerading as a debutante.

“I say `reluctantly' because Sissy deserved some `reward' for being so tempting. It would have served Cecilia right to learn the `rewards' a girl can receive if she plays the part of the temptress...”

“Bruce surprised me by saying that he had known of Sissy's true gender all evening, but still found her to be the most beautiful creature he'd ever met. He left shortly after that resolving that he would be persistent in taking Sissy out on a date.

“It's only been the second time that CeCe has been in the arms of another man.”

When my eyes widened in surprise Sheila said, “Oh, nothing happened that time, either, Marilyn, it was CeCe's Senior Prom.”

When my face read complete bewilderment Sheila finally confessed.

“Oh, my dear Marilyn, I guess I must confide to you that my darling CeCe is really my darling Sissy and has been since before our marriage.

“After his Mother died his Aunt Barbara was appointed his legal guardian and worked very hard to have CeCe lead a very loving and pampered, yet disciplined life. Because of his frailties he was often ill and bullied by other boys who called him a sissy, pantywaist, fairy and other such names. To protect him, Barbara kept him at

home after school dressed in a frilly pinafore teaching him many of the domestic skills he has today.

“She had only one child, a girl named Leslie, who stubbornly insisted on playing boyish games. Barbara had wanted a daughter to pamper and dress in frills. Soon, she began a game of dressing Cecil as a little girl claiming he could be the daughter she always wanted.

“Cecil adored his 'Aunty Barbara' and would do anything to please her so he readily went along with her game. It wasn't long before Cecil fell in love with his petticoats and frills and answered to 'Cecilia', or 'CeCe', as Barbara would often call him.

“His cousin Leslie would sometimes tease him, but even she realized that the more he took on a feminine persona, the more she would be left alone to pursue her tomboy ways.

“She decorated one of the rooms in her spacious home as feminine as possible and that became CeCe's special room.

“He took ballet lessons with other girls, read girlish novels and magazines and loved to go shopping with Aunty Barbara; helping her choose many stylish fashions.

“Of course, no girl would go to the Prom with Cecil so Leslie arranged a double-date. Barbara had a grand time preparing CeCe for her special date.

“Barbara assures me that retained his virginity that night although his escort became quite amorous - much to the amusement of Leslie who watched her sissy cousin be nearly ravished. She came to his rescue when the escort began a heavy petting session in the back seat of their car.

“As she helped Cecilia out of his gown in his special bedroom, he said how repulsed he was by the behavior of his escort, but Leslie and Barbara Barbara suspected otherwise as they removed his petticoat and found him in quite a state of excitement within the confines of his panties.

“It was Barbara who found him the job as a clerk at his bank, as she was one of the larger individual accounts.

“She concurred that he would wear male clothing on his exterior, but always insisted that he be in feminine attire underneath, returning to skirts and dresses when he arrived home at the end of the day.

“It was CeCe's shy retiring manner that attracted me. He reminded me of my dear departed brother with his delicate manner and, almost immediately, I wanted to take care of CeCe like I took care of my brother.

“Barbara liked me immediately. She knew that if he did not take up with another male, he would have to be subservient to a strong, confident woman.

“I guess I knew for a long time that I had to be the head of a household and, for this reason, CeCe and I are very compatible and although he'd do just about anything for me, he is somewhat lacking in the 'three S's'.”

When I looked bewildered and asked, “Three S's?”

Sheila let out the most charming giggle.

“Yes, Size, Skill and Stamina,” she blushed. “Although CeCe has learned many talents with his lips and tongue, I sometimes long for a real man. Oh, Marilyn, I sometimes feel ashamed but I feel I can confide in you. You've become such a dear friend.”

I reached over and squeezed her hand showing my support and understanding.

“Please continue, Sheila,” I coaxed.

“I even tease CeCe about it sometimes threatening to find a 'hunk' who will take care of my womanly wants.

“Even though he tries to act jealous, I know he is secretly excited. He has a strong masochistic streak, which I'm certain Barbara helped develop. Sometimes the more I taunt and dominate him, the more excited he gets - we often use it in our love making. There's no question that the frillier I dress him, added with my domination and discipline, is more than enough to send CeCe to the heights of his ecstasy.

“Oh, Marilyn, that's why I was so excited when Tony paid so much attention to me at the party. Is it wrong for me to feel this way? I guess I should tell you that Tony paid a great deal of attention to me at the party. I did find him very attractive. When he asked me to dance a slow dance with him he held me close and danced in a very sensuous way. I felt I was floating on a cloud in his strong arms. When the dance ended he kissed my bare shoulder and then my neck. When he found no resistance he gave me the deepest, sexiest kiss imaginable. I'm sure glad there was extra padding in the crotch of my costume to conceal my moist excitement.

“On the way home CeCe confronted me saying that he saw the kiss and complained. I slapped his bare knee and reminded him of his very visible 'love bites' that Bruce gave him and I continued to taunt him on the way home confessing that Tony was pushing all the right buttons. Although CeCe was pouting I, too, found him in a state of arousal when I took off his gown and petticoat.

“Marilyn, by now you've probably guessed that the bedroom next to the Master belongs to CeCe. It's very similar to the one Barbara created for him and even had the same decorator - a gift of Barbara's.

“What you probably don't know is that the mirror at my vanity is an electronically controlled two-way mirror. I sometimes taunt Cecil by tucking him into his canopy 'sissy sleeper' as I call it and have him watch me pleasure myself. I prepared CeCe for bed by pinning him into a very soft pink satin diaper covered with satin bloomers and the prettiest baby-doll nightie. Then I prepared myself for bed wearing my sexiest black lace teddie and crawling into my master bed armed with several of my 'love toys.'

“CeCe had to watch and listen as I pleased myself describing the wonderful feelings Tony gave me. When I reached the pinnacle of my pleasure I inadvertently shrieked Tony's name.

“I was feeling a tad guilty so I went to the adjoining room to cradle CeCe in my arms. How he loves to be cradled. He displayed his typical jealousy but there was no denying his excitement. It was over in a matter of seconds.

“When I mentioned the possibility of a double date with Tony and Bruce and reached inside his bloomers to see if he were dry, CeCe just squealed, 'Oh, no, Mommie,' arched his back and spewed his creamy excitement within the confines of his special satin diaper while I held him in my arms.

“Seconds later he fell asleep from his exciting evening.”

I had to confess that I was in quite a state of excitement from Sheila's detailed description. I assured her that her wants and needs with someone like Tony were perfectly normal, and that there would be nothing wrong with an occasional divergence, especially if CeCe were inadequate in those ways. I even suggested that she let him know since that was apparently a source of excitement for him.

Sheila hugged me for a prolonged time and then said, “It was Susan who not only invited Tony and Bruce, but told them everything. Apparently Bruce has dated several female impersonators and, provided that they look feminine, finds them quite exciting. He was certainly excited with 'Cecilia'. Susan said that he's called her several times wanting CeCe's phone number. She said that Tony is calling for me, as well. I can't tell you how tempted I am to go on just one date with him. He's so dreamy and masculine.

“Although Susan is gay, she understands me and keeps insisting that I date Tony. I just don't know.”

-000-

That night, my husband William was the beneficiary of my excitement.

He wondered what got into me to make me so amorous.

If only he knew!