

# Papillon's House



*Be a tranny for a night*

**Philippa Peters**

An "Adult TV" Novel

## **Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers**

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# Papillon's House

By Philippa Peters

\*\*\*\*\*Just for the money\*\*\*\*\*

“You girls have been sampling my liquor!” roared Master John from the armchair. He rarely moved from it.

“Oh, no, master!” pleaded Alexandra, looking up at me. She was kneeling beside Master John’s armchair. Her eyes were sparkling as she pointed at me. “It was Michelle!” she said. “She said that it was all right! She tempted me!”

“Is that so, Michelle?” asked the Master. He lifted his hand and just uncurled one finger that gestured me closer to him.

I had to wiggle as I crossed the room. I hadn’t wiggled enough the first time I had served Master John. So, he often kept me walking and wiggling all night long until my feet in my high heels, and my calves, were almost ready to fall off me.

“Oh, no, Master John,” I said as I knelt beside him as well. “I would never, ever, touch anything of yours, save to clean it.”

“Well said, little girl,” said Master John, glaring then at Alexandra. He patted his thighs that were hard as a rock and which didn’t move as Alex lay across his lap. Alex’s skirt and petticoats, like mine, only just covered her panties as she lay there, exposing her beautifully shaped, feminine thighs in the white, frilly panties she wore, similar to those I was also exposing to our ‘lord and master’.

There was a sound like the crack of a starting pistol as Master John’s hand unerringly found the tender flesh of Alex’s buttocks. Alex squealed girlishly in distress as Master John held her head down with a massive hand. Crack! She received another pat on her shapely rear and squealed even more.

“Oh, no, Master John! Please, Master John!” Alexandra begged of our master but it was to no avail. She received to more smacks until she was sobbing like, well, like a little girl, as Master John released her.

“Bring me whiskey and water,” said Master John. I knew he was watching me intently as I swayed girlishly, in my turn, over to the drinks’ cabinet, took out the proper glass, filled it with the right amount of whiskey and then measured in the right amount of water, as well. I knew that I had to saunter provocatively past the master and place the napkin just so over his ample stomach. I kept my fingers on the very bottom of the glass as I set it gently beside my master, bending across him so that my frilly skirt rolled up over my back, my femmy buttocks and my frilled panties were exposed to him, just as Alexandra’s were.

I felt Master John's touch on my feminine, rounded derriere, that had taken no time at all to develop with the pills he'd made me take. Ooo, yes! My master caressed the straining panties, gently, with affection, about my tush. He tested the holding power of my garter belt and this time all the garters held. On my last girlie visit, I'd been across his lap after one of my garter belt attachments had come undone on my stocking. I'd had to lie, then, across the master's lap while he re-attached my garters and checked my panties out severely before I was punished with two smacks. He placed them so artfully that I was actually aroused by the smacks. And, of course, he fucked me then, harshly, as I was laid down and made to curl my tush for him so that he could penetrate me with his elongated manhood, as a master should to an erring little girl, me.

I read in a daily paper, after that, an article on spanking which mentioned that it was an arousing activity when done properly. I can attest to that as I hadn't been aroused so quickly before, in kissing Alexandra then as the Master made me do, nor had I been as aroused before in making love to her, as I was after I was so expertly spanked.

I received only a gentle smack this time, as the master could find no fault with me or my femininity. He had me kneel with my blubbering sister then. I had to console her and end her crying with soft kisses and caresses, just as the master ordered them.

I knelt opposite Alexandra in my black stockings and put my hands behind me. Alex was doing the same, lifting her head as I was. Then, we leaned towards each other. Our lipsticked mouths met softly, almost chastely, just the way that Master John wanted us to kiss. She fluttered her false eyelashes, and I fluttered mine. as our mouths stuck to one an-

other's. Yes, we had to lean our chests and our breasts together, letting them bounce off each other's as Master John wanted them to.

We had to get up then and sit in Master John's massive lap. We lay our blonde ringlets and curls against his face as we both kissed his mouth softly and at the same time.

"My darling little butterflies," said our master, his arms about us. He pressed us against him. We kissed his face with an equal, apparent, joy to that with which we had just kissed each other's mouths under Master John's strict supervision. Alexandra's madeup face was just inches from mine and her eyes were sparkling at me. I loved the thin line of her eyebrows and the eye shadow so skillfully applied about her eyes. I was her mirror image, of course, pressing my blonde ringlets and curls against our master's rough, shaved chin.

I felt his hand then lifting my bottom and my frilly panties onto his knee. I closed my eyes as if I was in, yes, apparent, ecstasy and let him caress my soft, hairless tush once again, hoping he would fuck me once more, right in front of Alexandra. Master John liked doing that to us as much as he enjoyed spanking us for our imaginary crimes. Poor Alexandra. One of her thin, black garters had twisted and so she was chastised for that.

She had to go and stand in a corner and take down her panties, leaving them at her ankles and exposing her long clitoris to the world, which was, just then, only Master John and myself. "Turn around, Miss Alexandra," said the master then. "We don't need to see your hairy, little maidenhood. You deserve a real lesson, you careless schoolgirl. I think that your sis-

ter should teach you to be the perfect, little virgin like she is. Assume the position, Missy!”

Alexandra had already turned. Now she bent over, her soft, fleshy tush exposed as her frilled petticoats and little dress were thrown over her back by her. This was the part that I didn't want to do though she had assured me that she was all right with it. I had come to not mind, no, I couldn't say 'like', because I didn't, the dressing up in the frilly, little girl's clothes. Yes, I was getting used to making up my face like a little girl's. I was used to having Master John spank and fondle me. No, I couldn't get used to him penetrating me. But that was what the biggest amount of money we girls would get, that night, would be for.

When the master had first put his hands inside my panties and explored what he found there, I'd nearly had a fit. Master John hadn't liked the way then, that I'd pulled back and wiggled away fearfully from him. He'd been very stern with me, 'masculine' he'd called it. But he had made Alexandra be the one then to take down my panties and expose me to him. Her soft fingers with their long, red fingernails had explored me as I had gasped and told her how much I enjoyed her doing what she was doing to me.

Alexandra had used her mouth on me at Master John's direction because I had been such a bad, little girl and so I was to be punished. I had to thank her for what she had done to me then even though I was livid with her for what she did so girlishly to me. Now it was my turn to do the same to her, I was beginning to be able to tell what The Lord and Master would want me to, but I knew that, this time, Alex wasn't going to be mad with me. In fact, I knew that she was going to like what I had to do to her.



Master John liked us in a tableau as he called it. He positioned me with infinite care, bringing Alexandra back from the wall and over to his armchair so that he could watch me insert my penis into Alexandra's pretty tush.

"Slowly, my girl, slowly," Master John said to me as his strong hand caressed me and made me grow against my will. Alexandra whimpered from down below as I entered her.

"Oh, please," she moaned in her little girl voice. "Do me, Michelle. Do me harder, Michelle. Harder!"

"No," insisted the master, smiling at me, holding my thin arm then and lifting my head. I was kissing him intently then, my mouth open to the master's tongue while I swayed my rustling dress over Alexandra. I was held back by the master's hands as I tickled Alexandra and only entered her slightly as she reached upwards with her tush and begged me to penetrate her firmly.

"Please, Michelle, please!" she squealed at me as I was controlled by Master John who made the naughty girl wait even longer than he had planned, the master confided in me, as she wasn't wiggly enough.

"When it's your turn, Michelle," Master John said to me as he finally began to lubricate her again and then me. He slotted us together as if we were toys, caressing my legs in the silky, black stockings I wore until I couldn't help it at all. I was pumping myself into Alexandra's soft, wiggly, moving, little tush as if I had never done it as feverishly as I did it then, before, when I'd fucked her on the Master's command.

"You, Michelle," The Master told me as he caressed my breasts so lovingly. "You must help your partner

much more than this naughty girl is doing. Side to side, you must go. You must clasp your punisher's hands and direct them up and down your stockings. Yes, Alexandra, that is how to do it, but so late, my girl. Now, sit up, and both of you pull up your panties and we shall conclude our little session."

Master John had said that we were his appetizers for the day. He had a more serious session planned at Papillon's after he got through with us. Ponderously, he got up as we did as we were told. I wiggled my derriere as I put my panties back into place, pulling them up tightly and looking over my shoulder into the mirror, hoisting my skirt, so that I could see that the thin, slender strap divided the soft, rounded orbs of my tush as the master liked to see.

Master John moved over to the bed which wasn't open. He lay on the top and we girls clambered on to the lower half looking up adoringly at the master. "You may play," he ordered us and so we did. Alexandra had licked her lips so that her lips slid over mine as we kissed passionately. We wiggled and fought for position of being the top and the bottom, our hands only allowed to be used for arousing each other with strokes and caresses.

Our legs intertwined, our stockings scraping over each other as we clung to each other. Master John moved us and stroked us as we played, as girls making love to each other, although we were not allowed to remove our clothing. The master clutched at our panties and caressed us as we giggled, squealed and gurgled on the bed for him. His hands clutched at and tightened my bra straps as he had Alexandra bury her head in my scented chest as I was kissing her lovely, energized, gyrating legs.

Master John stopped us before either of us could requite ourselves, leaving Alexandra quite stressed as she hadn't been allowed to climax at all as I had, inside her.

"I have a three o'clock," said Master John then as we stood in front of him as the naughty sissies, or sister maids, that we were. Master John used both terms to describe us. He was smiling, pleased with us, as he chucked each of us under the chin. We had to kiss him and thank him for the lesson before we skipped girlishly over to the desk and took the three envelopes there. There was one for Alexandra, one for Michelle and one for Papillon. It was her house and her service that had drawn us all there, after all.

"You will attend me on Friday," said Master John to both of us, having us twirl and dance over to him, bending over and letting him caress our tushes before we gave him a final, loving kiss. He smacked us both and we thanked him before dancing out of Papillon's front room and out into the hallway where Papillon was frowning and waiting for us, watch in hand.

"Master John is running late," Papillon said angrily. She was in her dominatrix uniform, black, tight leather dress, black, high-heeled boots and severely drawn back, long, black hair. For once, she wasn't wearing her glasses as she took the envelopes from Alexandra and me.

Papillon opened our envelopes and extracted one of the bills that Master John had paid us with. She said it was for the costumes and makeup that we had used. Since Master John was paying her anyway, I thought that it was wrong that she should be charging poor students like Alex and me for the services that drew Master John to her house.

“You girls can clean up in the basement,” Papillon said, handing us back our envelopes with our ‘fees’ inside. “Remember that Gary is still creeping around down there somewhere, hoping to get a peek at the two of you. So, put on a show for him.”

“Is he going to pay us?” I asked Papillon sassily, shaking my ringlets in a pout at her.

“The usual rates,” said Papillon with a smile. That meant nothing, of course, which I didn’t think was fair. Gary was paying her after all to creep around her dungeons and watch what everyone was doing. On an early afternoon, there really wasn’t anyone else but Alex and me in the house.

We clattered down the stairs in our high heels, into the mirrored area where our outside clothes were placed on the couches. I could look at the girls approaching and it was a little difficult to tell which of the blonde-haired cuties with the mussed-up makeup was me, and which was Alexandra.

Alex twirled around in the center of the floor, her little skirt flaring out and showing off her frillies and her panties like mine. “Gary!” she called. “I’m here. Come out, come out, wherever you are, and you can help me take off my stockings and my garter belt.”

We listened and we looked, but if Gary was there, we couldn’t see him. Alex turned on an easy listening station on the radio as she came over to me as I turned and let her undo the tight fastenings on the back of my dress. Then, I did the same for her. On the back desk were the head blocks for the wigs we had worn and a tray for our jewellery. A jar of makeup remover was also there, ready for us.

“That is what we pay Papillon for,” said Alex. “I wish that you wouldn’t be so disagreeable when she

takes the money from us. I told you that she would when I brought you into this. Be grateful for what you got already for an hour's work."

"Two, three, with all the preparation," I murmured to my friend.

Alex took off the blonde wig and put it onto the wig block. I hated looking at Alex like that with the little wig net to keep his hair in place on the head. I took off my wig as well and saw the second effeminate boy appearing in the mirrors as I slipped the earrings from my ears as well, the necklace and the bracelets from my arm. I mustn't forget the jewel adhered to my navel this time as I had a time before.

Alex had the hangers ready for our dresses. "This is the part you hate most," laughed Alex as I slid my dress over my arms and looked at myself in the mirrors, a boy in women's underclothing. "You think that you look like a man right now. Funny-looking man, I'd say."

I put the makeup remover on my face; and so I was blind. I couldn't speak for a little while. I got most of the stuff we put on our faces off me but I couldn't go anywhere when we left Papillon's for quite a while until I had had a very long shower and soaped away the last vestiges of eyeliner and mascara from my eyes as well as little spots I had missed. All the perfume on me, as well, took forever to take away. I was so glad that I didn't have a class or anything in the early evening. I had once been so embarrassed when I had gone to class and everyone had smelled *Erotica* on me.

"My girl friend sprayed me," I mumbled to Barry George who had laughed at me. "I should have show-

ered but I can't smell it, really." I could but there was no way that I was going to admit to it.

I had retreated to a far corner and tried to be inconspicuous but everyone who came in had seemed to stop and ask, "What's that fragrance in the air?" Some said it was nice and then one girl had recognized *Erotica* and, oh, the fun they all had had with me then.

Alex sat on the couch and crossed his legs, still in his stockings and panties, his bra still about his chest. He hadn't even taken off his high heels. He took off his wig net and ran his long fingernails through his hair, freeing up his dark hair. It was long for a man, short for a girl, but as he shook his head, he looked like a girl as he sat there in his makeup and earrings. He looked like his alter ego, Alexandra.

"So, you finally have had me at last," said Alex, maintaining his female voice and feminine gestures and rubbing his tush as if he had been hurt. "You know what this means for next time."

I shuddered. "There won't be a next time," I said as I undid my bra and pulled away the tape that I used to create the impression that I had cleavage and a woman's breasts. "If Master John wants to see you doing me," I couldn't bear to use the word that implied carnal relations between a man and a woman, "he'll have to pay me a lot more than the two hundred he's been paying me so far."

Alex shook his head and got to his high heels. He opened a bag and totally surprised me by taking out a straight skirt. "What?" he asked me as I stared at him as he began to put it on. "Haven't you ever seen a man in a skirt before?"

\*\*\*\*\* How'd you like another client? \*\*\*\*\*

I had seen a man in a skirt before. I saw Alex in one as he was getting ready to go out to what he said was a fancy-dress party. I knew he was lying, especially when this other boy came to our door and asked for Alexandra.

"I didn't know you had a boy friend," the guy had said to Alexandra as he put his arms about 'her' thin waist, 'her' wide, vinyl belt making 'her' shape appear to be like a woman's.

"Mike isn't my boy friend, silly," Alex had trilled then. "He's a roommate. I told you I had a male and a female roomie, I know I did."

The guy my roommate was going out with as a girl apologized then to 'her'. "I must have forgotten," he said as he leaned over Alexandra and lightly kissed 'her' on the lips. He looked around and frowned as he probably could see that my one-roomed apartment couldn't have accommodated two other people besides me.

I was waiting for 'Alexandra' the next morning when 'she' finally came yawning out of the bedroom, looking for all the world like my roommate, Alex Copley.

"You're a fag," I said to him.

Alex shrugged and staggered over to the coffee pot. "I don't call myself that," he said, shivering as he hugged his sweater about him. We kept the room at a low, low temperature deliberately. We tried in every way we could to save money. That's why we were together in this apartment that was really for one.

“What do you call yourself, gay?” I sneered at him. “You looked pretty happy when you came in last night.”

“I was wasted, wasn’t I?” grinned Alex at me then. “And to end all your speculations, Mike my boy, I’m not really any of the names you want to call me. What Susan introduced me to a year ago was cross-dressing. She has lovely parties over in Windsor,” that was the luxury apartment house for really rich students like Susan Dancey, “and I met Chris, the guy I went out with last night over there.”

“You’re a cross-dresser,” I said to Alex in disbelief. I knew he was a fag whatever he said to me. “You like dressing up like a girl.”

“Don’t knock it until you’ve tried it,” Alex said smugly to me. “Did you see where I put my purse when I came in last night?”

“Grrr,” I think I said to him. It was definitely a growl as I went to the coat rack where I had hung up the short woman’s coat Alex had worn to go out on his ‘date’. I was the neat freak of the two of us. I had to be as I lived in the main room and slept on the hide-a-bed. Alex had what was really a storage cupboard that we called the bedroom, his single bed filling up most of the space in there beside all the inbuilt shelves. Now, I finally understood why he had said that he would sleep in there. I knew why he wanted the privacy.

I reached down along the rack of shoes and produced the slim, black purse and brought it out to him. Alex had put on his sweater by then, his longish hair swept back from his face. I suppose he was rather girlish or a young, boyish-looking man. Both of us were as we had both started at university much



too young, at sixteen or so. It was such a struggle to get summer jobs at anything above a subsistence level. So, we had got together only because we could put up with things like a cold apartment, tiny rooms and small, food allotments twice a day, as the academic year stretched out before us.

“Oh, thank goodness,” said Alex then, a dimple in his cheek when he smiled. “I thought that I had lost it when I couldn’t find it in my bed. I was in a little bit of a panic.”

I knew that I should throw Alex out of our apartment. If I could, of course. He was the same size as me and he paid half the rent. I would never get anyone else who would be willing to sleep in a windowless cupboard, basically, I knew. I didn’t know anyone who would share the hide-a-bed or the couch, either. I know, I had searched and Alex Copley had been the only one to respond to all the posters I put out around campus.

I stood there mutely as all the girlish things fell out of the opened purse, earrings, a perfume bottle, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, a compact, a pair of women’s panties, for heaven’s sake, a hair brush and barettes and then, what Alex was looking for, a piece of paper.

“Oh, thank goodness,” said Alex again, smoothing the paper on the table beside his coffee. I could see that someone had written an address and a phone number on it. I could see a large P in front of what looked like a foreign name to me.

“What’s that?” I asked my roommate, trying to imagine him as a girl as I had seen him the night before. It was kind of easy when Alex ran his hand back over his long, dark hair.

“Money,” Alex said with a grin at me. “Money, rooms, money.”

“What are you going to do for it?” I asked him and Alex hesitated. He gave me a look then as if he knew why I asked him. Well, if there was a money-making scheme around, I did want to get in on it. I had barely forty dollars to last me the next two weeks for food and drink. Drink, well that could be water. It would be nice, though, to eat a hamburger that I hadn’t cooked myself for once.

“You saw how I was dressed last night?” asked Alex then and I grimaced.

Alex smiled. “At Susan’s last party, it was so funny that Chris kept coming on to me and didn’t know that I wasn’t a girl at all,” Alex said. “Chris didn’t like all the other transvestites, as he called them, at Susan’s party, and he asked me to split with him. I couldn’t, could I? I was in Susan’s dress and undies and I couldn’t just go off with him, not with everyone watching me to see what I was going to do.

“So, I had a good time with Chris, and when we came to the necking part of the party, I didn’t go with Susan, I went with him. And take that look off your face. It’s no different than kissing a girl who really wants you, kissing a boy. Susan went along with it in front of everyone but she was mad with me when everyone left. She almost didn’t lend me the hundred she said she would when I made it with her. She told me in future that I could make money the old-fashioned way as girls like me did, blowing old queens like the Drama Department that was at her party.”

“Where does Chris come into this story?” I asked Alex.

"I guess he pestered Susan for Alexandra's phone number," said Alex with a smug smile, "and she finally gave in. She thinks it's really funny that I should get a date when she didn't have one. She loaned me all this stuff," he indicated the contents of the purse, "and the dress and stuff and told me to have a good time. She even came down to *Golddiggers* to see Chris and me dancing and kissing. She introduced me to the guy she was with as well who couldn't take his eyes off me. This is his number. He wants to meet with me and play dress-up with me. No sex, he says, but he wants to see me dress myself and do what he calls a little canoodling with him. I have to meet him at this other address where he is going to pay me for spending the time with him. Two hundred dollars!"

Two hundred dollars! I know that my mouth must have fallen open at that. "So what does that make you then?" I asked my roommate waspishly as he began to put the things back into his purse from the table. I expected that he would say, hooker, prostitute or whore. I was thinking of all those words.

"Rich," was the word that Alex chose to use.

It was a very strained day for the two of us then. Alex put the dress he had worn into a clothing bag and hung it in the only place we had, near the front door. The high heels that he had worn and the purse he had carried were neatly stacked along the shoe rack as if I had done them himself. I tried to work on solving the equations we had been set in Mathematical Theory but Alex kept doing things like taking off the painted fingernails he had put on and then coating his own fairly long nails with a hardener.

I couldn't help it. "How much did that cost?" I asked him as he held his fingers wide apart as a

woman does to dry her fingernails after she has painted them.

“Enough,” said Alex with a grin again. “This isn’t freaking you out, is it, Mike?”

“Oh no,” I said sarcastically. “My roommate is a fruit, and I’m not freaking out at all as he is prettifying himself up, to go out on a date with a man for the second time in two days. No, whatever gave you the idea that I was freaking out?”

“I’m glad that I was wrong,” said Alex with an irrepressible grin. “You want to come with me, Mike? I’m sure the professor would cough up another hundred to see you making up like I’m going to be doing.”

“You have got to be kidding!” I told my roommate who shook his head at me.

“Look, Mike,” said my roommate. “I know what this looks like. I should have got you to come with me to one of Susan’s turnabout parties. You should have seen this female impersonator there. Honor White-man actually is a showgirl in Las Vegas, or so she said she was. She had real breasts and she went with every man in the room who would go with her.

“I think she blew twenty guys but she wouldn’t do me. She hugged me and said that we girls didn’t do such decadent things to each other. I should do what she did for the men in the room and soon I would earn the big bucks as she did. I think that she made over two thousand for that night at Susan’s party. She went off with some rich-guy friend of Susan’s and was going to give him a unique experience that he’d never forget. Susan didn’t like that, either, and said she wasn’t going to do it again, have professional female impersonators at her parties.”