

# Papillon's House

## Part 2



**Philippa Peters**

An "Adult TV" Novel



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

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# **PAPILLON'S HOUSE**

## **Part Two**

**By Philippa Peters**

**\*\*\*\*\*Fetish Night\*\*\*\*\***

I saw Alexandra's credit card bill which I opened before she got back from wherever she had gone on Saturday morning. She had maxed it out. Her purchases were from just about every women's boutique in town. My heart sank as I looked at it. I was not going to be seeing any of my 'freedom' money as I had been calling it to myself any time soon. At least, what she had 'borrowed' from me, I had hoped that she would have used to pay off her debts. But 'she', yes, I do have to call Alex that, as he was behaving so like a woman, had bought dresses, shoes and a woman's underwear, many times over, by the look at what I was reading.

Alexandra admitted as much when she came in. ‘She’ didn’t even complain that I had opened her mail. ‘I’ll set up more dates,’ she said brightly to me, dressed in my male ‘drag’, as she called my clothing now. ‘I’ll pay you back, Michelle. I really promise that I will.’

‘You’ll whore yourself around to pay me the money you stole from me,’ I said to her and enjoyed seeing the look on her heavily made-up, feminized face, and yes, the wince that she made.

‘I, I got the milk,’ Alexandra said defensively. ‘And you can get my share of whatever tips we make tonight at ‘Fetish Night!’”

‘You think that university students are going to be tipping anybody tonight, no matter what service they get?’ I asked her as she actually cried then. There was enough man in me to hate to see a ‘woman’ cry and, looking at Alexandra, that’s all I could see, a weepy woman.

‘You are going to come to the party, aren’t you?’ asked Alexandra anxiously then. I stared at her. She hadn’t seen me in any of her clothes in the last week since we had ‘entertained’ Ben and Frederick.

‘Oh, guess I have to go,’ I said sourly and I did. Well, I told myself, I needed the money which I really did. Alexandra had already said that we would be getting two hundred plus tips for being part of ‘Fetish Night’. Yes, I really did need that money, hers as well as mine, which she did owe me. It wasn’t me just talking to myself as I’d done so often before. I really did want money this time, just for food and drink, at the simplest level of all the stuff I needed to finish the year.

I wasn't going to let Alexandra know this time, either, where I was saving anything that I got. But this would be the last time I wore women's clothing, I swore that to myself. It would be the last time that I acted like a girl, I promised myself grimly. It would be the last time that I went out with a swishing fag like my roommate. And yes, I'd do whatever I had to do get the biggest tips, the most money that I could, from this very last 'fetish' night at Papillon's house.

We arrived early. Papillon was immediately angry with me, right away, because I didn't arrive in drag like Alexandra. "It's all right, My Lady," said Mistress Corinne pleasantly as I was prepared to leave right away. "I told Michelle when she called to just come as she is," Corinne went on with a smile, ushering both Alexandra and me into a room we hadn't been allowed into before where the dominatrices were also dressing and preparing for the evening. "I want to give her a totally new look tonight."

"We have to watch out, girls," said Mistress Crystal when Corinne told us to strip and to sit in front of the mirrors so that she could supervise us. "Trannies are taking over our profession as well."

As well as what, I wanted to ask her, as Crystal was smiling knowingly at me, my heart thudding, but Corinne, Papillon's favourite 'girl' lately, prevented me from running out right away, coming behind me as she ran her hands over my bare shoulders and back. "The trannies got a night off tonight," laughed Mistress Corinne to the other 'women' who were making up so severely in black lipstick and black nail polish. It made me think that this was Halloween and they were dressing as witches. "We are all girls here tonight," Corinne said meaningfully to the room. "All of us."

That made several of the ‘girls’ making up or standing to shape their leather dresses to them start to laugh. I felt a strange tremor pass through me when I looked at Mistress Janine who had turned to look at Alexandra and me with laughing eyes.

The black corsets shaped both Alexandra and me after Mistress Corinne put her stockinged knee in our backs and pulled the lacing so tight. My waist must have gone in six inches while my hips seemed to flare out a little. My chest, with the little pads inside the corset, pushed up and yes, as Alexandra had said, I had what seemed to be female breasts. Mine were just like hers but Alex was laughing and asking Janine to pull her up tighter as the blonde domina helped Corinne dress the two of us ‘girls’.

“Help these girls to tuck properly,” said Mistress Corinne to Janine who laughed as she picked up a roll of sticky tape. It screeched as Corinne pulled it out. I hadn’t had my genitals deliberately pushed up into me or my penis flattened back between my legs and taped into place, before, not the way that Corinne did it for me, then.

Alexandra had, apparently, as she danced as Janine finished with her before Corinne then inflicted the same torture on me. “How, how can you stand it like this?” I asked as the corset hurt me, the tape seemed to cut into me. I had meant it as a question to Alexandra.

“Oh, we all get used to it in time,” smirked Mistress Janine to me as I looked at her aghast. She burst out laughing then. “Just so that you know, Sweet Prudence, you and Suzie Boots are not the only transies,” that’s the way ‘she’ said it, “here tonight to party. There are three, no, four, and more, of us be-

sides you two beginners. You'll have to figure out who is who, though. I'm not going to tell you. And you call me Mistress Janine whenever you talk to me, little girl. Got that?"

I shivered. Who did she think that I was, telling me such a story? No, I thought anxiously. There wasn't a woman there at all on Fright Night, as I thought of this Fetish thing we men were pulling off on other men.

Mistress Janine tried to frown and look threateningly at me but she couldn't keep up her 'tough' look. "You look so weird," Janine went on then as I stood there in the tight, figure-making corset, my genitals hidden. I actually did look like a very short-haired girl. "I think you should put on your panties and stockings now."

The panties were bikini-style. "If this was a regular crowd," said Mistress Corinne, "your panties would be lined with bills. Our regulars like to reward us for special services that we allow them, usually for fondles and kisses after we have disciplined them. This student crowd isn't going to be like the regulars and we aren't going to treat them that way, either."

"How are we going to treat them?" I asked as I sat as Janine was pulling black, silky stockings over my legs. I felt so weird as I stood and had to get the seams straight down the backs of my legs and then attach them to the garter belt that I wore.

"We're going to teach them a lesson that they will never forget," said Madame Corinne, looking to Janine, who began to laugh again. "That's what we dominatrices do to our submissive men."





I recalled the first guy who'd been ordering Mistress Papillon about when he was reserving the club for a party. He was no submissive male, I thought with a shudder. He wasn't like me at all. I couldn't imagine him ever getting into a dress, like me. Well, I could, actually, as he was sure to be looking like a proper, real, guy in drag, really tough and not at all femmy, like me.

Mistress Corinne saw the skepticism in my feminized face and smiled at me as she turned my face to the mirror, my shoulders so bare and these womanly breasts bouncing and squirming on my chest. I felt like that on the inside, all bouncy and squirmy, and wishing that I was anywhere but where I was.

The makeup applied to me was just like the other women in the room. As Alexandra had had done before, I had this band tied about my head that drew my eyes and head back with my hair. I had my nose taped up and putty in my mouth to round out my cheeks. With the thick eyelashes on my upper and lower lids, and the heavy foundation and eye shadow, blusher and lipstick applied to me, I looked nothing like me, a real guy. Yes, I looked like a real girl, I thought, as embarrassment and dismay began to flood all over me.

The heavy earrings bobbed at my ears as the black, oriental wig was applied to me. "So, Sweet Prudence," said a smiling Mistress Corinne as she pinned my hair back so that my earrings glittered at my ears. "Is there any non-Michelle inside you now at all?"

"Oh no," I shuddered at her as she waited until I said it properly. "Oh no, Mistress Corinne," I added,

shuddering as I saw what kind of girl I had been turned into this time. I didn't look like a sweet, little girl as, across the room, I saw Alexandra swishing in her pretty dress and trying to be just that, a sweet, little doll of a girl.

“Suzie Boots gets her thigh-highs because she doesn't have as nice legs as Sweet Prudence does,” said Mistress Corinne. “She gets the micro-mini-skirt.” Mine was longer but was slit on the side and showed off my stocking tops when I moved, as Miss Corinne made me. I had a black velvet choker added to my throat and then had long, black evening gloves, as did ‘Suzie Boots’, Alexandra, who was grinning in excitement at me, Sweet Prudence, I'd learned my name for the evening. Her earrings were dancing like mine and Janine's. “You get the high heels,” Miss Corinne added. “Now let me see the wiggle every domina has to have when she walks.”

It took me a while, the most unbelievable feelings sweeping through me as I was lined up with the other girls and Mistress Corinne inspected the nine of us. What had Janine said? There were four other men in this lineup besides Alexandra and me? Huh, now I knew I was being put on again. The other ‘girls’, however, had hourglass figures, genuine breasts, and long, thick hair that looked like their own. There were redheads and blondes in the group that were dressed in similar style to me. They must all be feeling as uncomfortable as I did in a tight dress, its brushing against my stockings making me feel so weird.

I didn't feel like a man, like me, Mike Delaney, at all. I suppose I felt effeminate and more than a little queer as I had to swing my hips and talk in the affected, female tones that I had learned how to make with my voice. Yes, Master John had dedicated one,

whole session to getting me to speak more like a girl. My backside was sore now even when I thought about the ‘taps’ I’d been given whenever I made a mistake. Yes, Master John must have been prepping me for this ‘fetish night’. Oh, how I hoped that anyone who saw me that night would think of me as a girl. I had to be a girl, I thought, as we all jumped as the outside bell sounded and the first visitors for the night arrived.

The first thing that the gaping guys, who stared at us waiting to meet them, smiling as prettily as we could as we had been told, what the guys had to do was to sign the release forms that gave us permission, as Lady Papillon told them all severely, to treat them all as the lecherous, little swindlers that they all were. The guy I was simpering up to was named Miller and his Adam’s apple was bobbling in nervousness as he signed the form and handed it to me.

“You have a special fetish you wish to indulge?” I asked Miller archly, femininely, my voice soft and real, I was sure, a hand on my hip. I felt the excitement rising inside me which I saw mirrored on Alexandra’s pretty face as she flirted with another boy who was built like a linebacker. I felt just like a desirable woman as I took Miller’s hand and led the inarticulate fraternity boy down the steps into the first dungeon. It was so easy to manipulate Miller into the stocks that were in one gallery.

Gosh, Miller didn’t seem to know, as I hadn’t known, either, what it was that was going to happen to all the ‘men’ - oh, how I shuddered when I excluded myself from any thought that I was a man, at all. I was Miss Prudence, and soon, Miller, I had realized, and all his friends, were going to be ‘girls’ like me.

“Hey! Where are you going?” called Miller after me as I swished away then.

“Sweet Prudence,” said Mistress Corinne as I left the gallery. “We can’t have your boy friend making a racket and scaring away all the visitors tonight. Do you know how to apply a gag?” Poor Miller, he actually thought that I was returning to free him, not to push the gag into his mouth and to bind it to him, leaving his panic-stricken eyes to beg me to release him.

“Lance is here,” said Mistress Corinne then as we left our charges strapped down and silent in the dungeons. “You will have to be the bait for him, Sweet Prudence. He won’t be expecting what you will give him.”

Lance Brooking was the guy who had been so rude to Lady Papillon. He still was so arrogant. He sneered at the mistresses as we presented the release forms to the members of his party that the minivan driver had just delivered to the house. “You don’t have to worry about hurting me,” Lance said to me as I sa-shayed over to him with the form. “You’re the one whose ass is going to be hurting as soon as I get my hands on you.”

I was trembling all over as I saw the way that he was looking at me. “Walk this way then,” I murmured to him in my little girl voice as Mistress Corinne smiled at me and nodded.

“Hold the rail,” I said to Lance as he hauled me to him when we turned the corner into a narrow passage. Lance was more interested in kissing me and hugging me as Mistress Corinne had said he would

be. Crystal on one side and Andrea on the other had him manacled in no time.

“What the ...?” snarled the tall, handsome leader of the frat that was sponsoring the night. He rattled the chains that held him to the rails. I slipped out of his arms.

“Give him another kiss, Sweet Prudence,” said Mistress Crystal then. “This boy is going to need some encouragement as we teach him how to be a real man.”

I kissed Lance Brooking and his mouth opened as he tried to French kiss me. I shuddered as I thought about what I was doing with a man. He should have been able to see that I wasn't a woman, shouldn't he?

“Yes,” murmured Mistress Andrea then. “And the very best kind of man is a wo-man, isn't she?” She stressed the ‘man’ part of wo-man very heavily.

“This isn't my fetish!” snarled Lance angrily.

“No,” agreed Mistress Crystal then as I could see her smiling in the narrow, dark passage. “But it is ours.”

Lance began kicking and cursing then, only stopping and looking at us wild-eyed when Crystal swung the lash in her hand against the wall and the noise was like a bullet being fired and ricocheting across the room.

“Let me out of here!” screamed Lance but there was a parade coming down then to see him, led by Lady Papillon, Mistress Corinne, and, of all people,

Susan Dancey. So, there were real women here as well as girls like Alexandra and me.

Mistress Corinne had something like a shepherd's pole in her hands. Lance's foot was lifted and Crystal snapped another manacle from the rail onto Lance's leg. It was harder to do the other as he struggled and swore so. But finally he was pinned to the rails which the dominatrixes then lifted as the cursing, yelling Lance was carried into a long room.

"You don't have to stay for this part," said Mistress Corinne to me. "You'll find Dirk and several of his friends in the stocks room. "Mistress Janine and Mistress Laura do need your help in there unless you want to join the canine section with Suzie Boots."

"Canine?" I asked her, still trying to wiggle like the girl I was trying to be. "You mean caning?"

"No, Sweetie," said Mistress Corinne, pulling me to her again. Her soft lips on mine sent shivers right through me. "You should take a look in there before the night is over. The poodles are absolutely darling, especially when they're in heat."

I stumbled out of the dungeon cell in which Lance's voice was suddenly choked off. I trembled all over as I thought of what the canine room must be like. I was sure that my imagination was thinking much wilder and worse thoughts about what was going on there than what actually was.

Mistress Laura and Mistress Janine had a row of twelve men in the stocks, all gagged as I had gagged Miller. They had several 'real' girls helping them, I think, though I might have been wrong. But, I was sure that some of them I had seen with Susan

Dancey. They had removed all the clothing from the men in the stocks and were using huge scissors to cut free shirts and ties that couldn't be freed.

Miller gurgled at me in fright. "Do that again, mademoiselle," said Mistress Janine, slashing the air with her scissors, "and I will have a terrible accident on your body. You'll just have to pray that it will only be your body hair that you lose!"

"What, what's going on?" I anxiously asked Mistress Janine as she ordered the grinning girls with her to open the cases set behind the stocks.

"The fraternity paid us for a 'Fetish Night,'" said Mistress Janine. "They wanted to have the sorority girls they invited in the stocks and on the racks. We talked to the sorority and they paid us a little more to have the frat boys in the stocks. The girls were going to have to do a can-can in chains to get free while the boys tossed fruit and veggies at them. We'll be doing that, only the other way round (!), later on, when the frat has become a sexy sorority.

"These boys are going to prove, as well, that, whatever a girl can do, they can do it, too, far better. Yes, Gillian," Mistress Janine responded to a woman who looked as aghast as I felt of the talk of dressing boys in the bustiers and garter belts first and then the frilly panties. "If anyone tries to kick or punch you, girl, we'll lift the stocks up higher and fasten the men's cock rings to the chain hanging down. They won't kick for too long once you wind them up high enough! Yes, all my ladies, we are going to help the sorority to teach the new ladies we are going to create together, how to behave properly as all young, pretty ladies should!"