

Femme in Training



Rachel Varga

An "Adult TV" Novel



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For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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FEMME IN TRAINING

by Rachel Varga

At nineteen, Shawn was just two and a half years out of high school. After his graduation with only mediocre grades, he realized he was not cut out to go to college. As he reflected on the last two years, he was grateful to his older sister, Janet. She had had the foresight to encourage him to enroll in a prestigious secretarial school. She also had the personal contacts to ensure he was accepted at the formerly all girl school.

Janet, who was three years older, had always looked out for her little brother. She had always been the ambitious, successful one. She graduated from college near the top of her class. A business major, Janet was now well on her way to making her first million. She was the major shareholder in her own corporation. Lady Love, Inc. manufactured and retailed it's own line of ladies fashions. With five retail outlets in New York and California it was doing a thriving business.

At the secretarial school Shawn had done very well. Much of the credit for his success though, must go to his tutor and mentor, Ms Jacqueline Thomas.

She was very strict, but loved her work of molding young people into productive human beings. She had helped Shawn over a number of rough spots during his years at the school. Under her firm guidance Shawn had learned well the secretarial trade. Her motto was practice makes perfect. And Shawn practiced endlessly.

In exchange for her close guidance, Shawn spent nearly every weekend cleaning her home, washing her clothes, and cooking for Ms Jacqueline (as she had given him permission to address her when in private). When not working weekends for Ms Jacqueline he was required to live in the school dorm.

Not surprising to Jacqueline, Shawn quickly became accustomed to the rigorous routine. He had never really minded housework, and cooking was a welcome break to the school's curriculum. Besides, Ms Jacqueline always said that a good secretary was obedient, submissive, and always on the lookout for ways to assist her boss.

Shawn realized that the domestic nature of his weekend work helped him to develop these qualities. He was grateful for the opportunity, as well as for the academic benefits of having his own tutor.

From the start Jacqueline insisted Shawn dress appropriately for his tasks in her home.

It started, the first time Shawn had prepared dinner.

Being just a little nervous, he had spattered sauce on his shirt and slacks.

Controlling her anger at his sloppiness, Ms Jacqueline immediately sent him to her room with orders to remove his dirty clothes. Retrieving the pinafore from the back of the kitchen door, she passed it through the bedroom door to Shawn with orders to put it on.

Hesitant, Shawn held the garment before him. It was a concoction of frills, ruffles, and lace. It had a high ruffled collar. Sleeveless, there were matching

ruffles at the shoulders and hem which came to just above his knees. At first he put it on backwards, with the buttons to the front.

“How silly you look,” giggled Ms Jacqueline as she entered the bedroom to see his silly mistake and confused embarrassment, “the buttons go to the back. Here let me help you.”

Shamed by his near nudity, and somewhat dismayed by Ms Jacqueline’s casual acceptance of it, Shawn quickly corrected his error.

As she buttoned him up the back, Ms Jacqueline instructed him.

“From now on, when you are working here in my house, you must wear clothing suitable to your tasks.”

Shawn would always remember his first birthday with Ms Jacqueline, which they had celebrated at her house. She had complimented him on the excellent dinner he had prepared and after cleaning up the dishes Shawn brought Ms Jacqueline a second cup of coffee while she was relaxing in the study by placing an array of pretty packages upon the coffee table to surprise him..

“Happy birthday, Shawn!” she greeted, handing him the gifts.

Without hesitation, Shawn flung himself on the couch with glee, carelessly letting the hem of his pinafore rise high on his thigh. He excitedly began ripping the pretty pink ribbon and wrapping paper.

To his astonishment he found the box contained three sets of matching underwear. Each set consisted of a lacy chemise and matching brassiere, half slip and the prettiest panties he had ever seen. There was one set in virgin white, another in the softest shade of pink, and the last was a pale pastel yellow.

“I thought it was about time you had something suitable to wear under your pretty pinafores, Shawn. I hope you like them.” Ms Jacqueline smiled.

Not knowing what to say, Shawn flustered. “Er...uh they’re very pretty Ms Jacqueline, they look awfully expensive.”

“I’m glad you like them Shawn. Now open your other gifts.”

The next box contained three pairs of extremely sheer nylons and three garter belts which exactly matched the lingerie he had just opened.

The last box, Shawn correctly guessed contained a pair of shoes. They were beautiful. Black patent leather pumps with a very narrow heel that Shawn guessed to be about four inches high.

“Those will look so much better than your silly loafers and socks when your wearing a pinnie, don’t you agree Shawn?” she asked with a knowing smile.

Once again lost for words Shawn stuttered, “I think they’re beautiful, Ms Jacqueline. But these are girls things. I would never wear anything like this!”

“Shawn, I feel it’s time we had a little talk. You know that I want you to do well in school and I want you to succeed in the business world after graduation. That’s the whole reason for your training. And I do mean training as opposed to learning. You must not only know the skills of the secretarial trade, you must change your lifestyle to become obedient, and ever eager to please.

“This is merely a matter of your accepting my authority to make the right decisions regarding your actions. During our relationship, in the interest of developing your ability to please others, I will offer you many chances to exercise your naturally submissive traits. When you fail to make the correct choice, the obedient one, then you are no longer capable of being trained by me. And our relationship will be terminated. Do you understand?”

“I will always do my best to please you Ms Jacqueline. Please forgive me.”

“You’re already forgiven, Shawn. Just remember always, when you are required to compromise yourself to the advantage of your superior, you must do so with joy, regardless of the consequences to yourself. I know you will find happiness in abandoning all concern for yourself as you develop a lovely submissive attitude.”

“Uh... aren’t the heels kind of high?”, he asked with acceptance.

“You’ll get used to them quickly, Shawn. Soon you’ll feel uncomfortable wearing anything else,” she announced with knowing authority as she secretly smiled. “Let’s see how your new things fit. You may use my front guest room to change. I have placed your new wardrobe there.”

Meekly he led the way to the front guest room only to notice that the mirrored closet was opened to reveal dresses, skirts, blouses and an array of other all too feminine belongings.

“But, Ms Jacqueline, these are ...” he began.

“No butts, Shawn. You look so silly with your unsightly male shoes and socks sticking out from the skirts of your pretty pinafore. Whenever you visit me you will be wearing these things. Go try on your pretty new things right now!”

Soon she followed the embarrassed Shawn guessing that he could not negotiate the buttons on the back of his pinafore. Seeing that she was right Jacqueline entered the room to find poor Shawn struggling and about to pop a button.

“You seem to be having some problems Shawn, let me get those buttons for you.”

As her nimble fingers undid the buttons, she continued:

“Eventually you’re going to have to learn how to dress and undress on your own Shawn. But, for now, I kind of enjoy helping you. It’s as if I am molding and developing you to become a more responsible and at-

tractive person. I know your going to like the silky soft feeling of your new things, and I think they will help remind you of your position and your responsibilities as a housekeeper and a secretary.”

Falling into the mood of her little talk, Shawn selected the pink ensemble.

Jacqueline smiled to herself as he modestly turned his back to slip on the lacy pink briefs revealing the fact that he had followed her standing instructions that he shave his body each morning with his daily scented bath. She could even smell the soft feminine scent of the toiletries

‘How sweet,’ she thought, ‘he has so much to learn and I’m going to enjoy teaching him.’

“The brassiere is next Shawn. Although you don’t yet need the support, it will help fill out the bodice of whatever dress or blouse your wearing and it will lend symmetry to your figure.”

As she slipped the satin shoulder straps up his arms and reached around back to fasten the bra, her own firm breasts pressed against Shawn’s chest.

“You’re going to be so pretty,” she softly whispered into his ear.

Her closeness. Her perfume. And her breath in Shawn’s ear were almost more than he could handle. He was mesmerized for just a moment as he felt her tummy pressing against his rigid excitement through her dress and the thin nylon of his pretty pink panties.

She said nothing about his hardness as she handed him the matching pink garter belt.

“You should always put on your garter belt and stockings before your panties.” she chided, “Now thread the straps through your panties and get your stockings on.”

She observed his embarrassed state with pleasure as he did surprisingly well with the stockings. She

knew the feelings of femininity he must have felt as he twisted to fasten the tabs to his stockings.

She held the chemise for him to stick his arms and head into. Shawn felt the softness envelope his upper body as Jacqueline adjusted the shoulder straps.

“And now step into your pretty petticoat Shawn.”

As he did so Jacqueline positioned his new shoes so that he could place his feet into them. The feeling of the slip swishing over his panties and nylons, the tightness of his brassiere, and the strain on his leg muscles from the high heels made him swoon.

“I’m happy to see you’re pleased with your presents, Shawn. You almost too pretty to cover up with a pinafore. But I’m afraid we must.” She smiled with approval as she held it out for his arms.

As she buttoned him up the back and tied the belt in a large fluffy bow, she whispered into his ear. “After all you wouldn’t want to be caught in your undies if someone should happen to drop in for a visit.”

Shawn tried not to think about her taunt as he tried to take a step in the high heels almost falling on his face if it were not for Jacqueline’s strong arms that saved him.

“Oh my Shawn, I’m afraid your going to need quite a bit of practice walking in your heels. First of all try to take shorter steps. Don’t try to stand on your tip toes. The heels look fragile, but they will support you. Try to relax your calf muscles and take a few short steps.”

She took his hand and led him to the living room.

“I think perhaps we need to have you wear some skirts that are not quite so full, Shawn. They will help you remember to maintain a shorter stride. I think it’s really cute the way your hips sway. Men so love to watch women walking in real heels. You’re going to grow to love your new shoes. Now let me watch you practice walking for a while.”

Poor Shawn tried not to think about the awful thought of men seeing him walk with wanton sway as he tried hard to please his mistress.

After about thirty minutes she began to coach him more.

“Keep your elbows in and your wrists turned forwards. Place one foot in front of the other trying to point your toes out with each step. That’s it! Your doing just fine. Keep up the good work.”

After another fifteen minutes Ms Jacqueline directed Shawn to go into the den to bring her a martini. With growing pleasure she watched his hips sway as he fetched her drink to return quickly. “Thank you, Shawn. Isn’t it nice this is only Friday and you’ll have all day tomorrow and Sunday to practice in your heels?”

“Yes Ma’am,” Shawn agreed uncertainly, unsure of his new found excitement while standing in front of the reclining Jacqueline.

“It’s nearly time for bed Shawn. I want you to select a night gown from your wardrobe and join me in my room ready for bed.”

As she casually reached under the skirt of her dress and lifted her hips from the couch, she removed her pantyhose and a beautiful pair of pale blue panties, and with amused eyes studying the feminized youth before her she suggested, “Be a dear and rinse my things out with your stockings and hang them in the shower. Run along now, I’ll be there as soon as I finish my drink.”

Shawn was so proud of himself. After much struggling, he found that he could reach the buttons of his pinafore by first untying the bow and then reaching over his shoulders to pull it up. After rinsing and hanging their things, Shawn went to his new wardrobe and selected a pink, waltz length nightgown with matching panties. He had just let it settle over his form and was straightening the hem when he

rushed to her bedroom obediently just as Ms Jacqueline entered.

“You have such nice taste Shawn, what a pretty gown. I think you enjoy being my little sissy.” She smiled her approval. “Now come here and help me out of this dress.”

Shawn blushing went to his mistress' aid. After unzipping the back he reached down to lift the hem over her head. Folding the dress over his arm he next eased the straps of Ms Jacqueline's full slip over her shoulders so she could step out. She was so beautiful. Shawn's member, which had been rigid all evening, throbbed as he hastened with renewed embarrassment to stand behind Ms Jacqueline to unfasten her brassiere.

“I'll have my light blue pajamas Shawn.”

He quickly retrieved them from the dresser and held the pants for her to step into. Next, he helped her into the top, his fingers trembling as he fastened the buttons over her firm, upturned breasts. Casually, she massaged her breasts and tweaked the nipples through the nylon as Shawn was finishing with the last button.

“Breasts are nice Shawn. The nipples are so sensitive.” She reached into the low cut bodice of his nightgown to roughly twist his own nipple, smiling with pleasure at his surprised reaction.

“Now into bed with you. We have a lot to do tomorrow. That's it, on your side now, I will be the spoon, you're the soup.”

Shawn felt her breasts crushed against his back. Lower down, her pelvis was firmly pressing his bottom. Ms Jacqueline's left hand snaked over his arm and into the bodice of his gown. As she gently toyed with his nipples she leaned to where her lips touched Shawn's ear.

“Sleep well, princess”, she breathed.

After an almost sleepless night for Shawn, Jacqueline was the first to awake. She smiled lovingly down on Shawn as he had just fallen into a deep slumber.

‘He looks so feminine in the lacy pink nightgown,’ she thought. ‘Today is going to be quite an experience for my little Shawn.’

“Rise and shine my little sweet” she softly whispered into his ear. “Today is going to be a new beginning for you.”

As Shawn groggily regained consciousness he was confused to be wearing a pretty nightgown. As the memories of the previous evening came flooding back to him he felt a growing firmness beneath his gown.

“Good morning, sleepyhead” smiled the beautiful Jacqueline, “Why don’t you go splash some water on your face and then fix us some coffee?”

Her words were less of a question than a polite command.

“And Shawn, don’t forget your slippers, the floors are chilly in the morning,” she reminded.

Jacqueline smiled as he hesitated only a moment before submissively stepping into the high heeled bedroom slippers. As she watched him sway tipsily out of the room she was delighted to observe that Shawn was trying hard to practice the things she had taught him the night before.

‘How sweet, my little Shawn, you’re going to be such a pleasure to teach.’

Ms Jacqueline was seated at her dressing table just finishing her face as Shawn brought a gleaming silver tray into her bedroom.

“How thoughtful!” she exclaimed, observing the dainty way Shawn had arranged the service with a white linen napkin and a single pink rose.

As he poured, Jacqueline spoke.

“Shawn, your legs look very nice in your new high heels. I’ve been thinking that since you will be wear-

ing them almost exclusively, it would be a good idea for you to remove that unsightly shaving stubble. Your girlish legs will look even nicer and you'll appreciate the feeling of your nylons on your smooth skin if before you take your shower this morning you massage this nice cream over your entire body. It will dissolve the hair and leave you with a soft glowing feeling."

She took the depilatory cream jar from the night stand where she had placed it the evening before.

"Now, make the bed and then hop along into your bathroom. I want you finished quickly so you can help me dress after I've enjoyed this delicious coffee."

Shawn hastened to make up the bed and was soon in the bathroom rubbing the pungent smelling cream all over himself.

"Let it set for about ten minutes before getting into the shower Shawn," Ms Jacqueline advised from her bedroom.

As he emerged from the shower and began patting his sensitized skin with a large fluffy towel, he marveled at how soft he felt all over until he realized that the cream had left him as hairless as a puerile child!

When he returned from the bathroom Jacqueline was waiting for him smiling broadly as she noticed he had wrapped the towel around himself enough to cover his now shamefully hairless body.

"Slip into your new underthings, Shawn, darling, and we'll find something pretty for you to wear."

From the top of his dresser, where he had laid them last night, he selected the pretty yellow panty and chemise vest set. Remembering Ms Jacqueline's instructions, he blushing secured a matching garter belt around his waist under the towel he was still wearing while Jacqueline watched with pleasure as he pulled his new nylons up his smooth, hairless legs.

Ms. Jacqueline was so right, marveled Shawn, shivering at the smoothness of his nylon covered legs as he pulled the pretty yellow panties into place. Turning his back in modesty, Shawn removed his towel as he reached for the brassiere. He slipped the straps up his now hairless arms and began fumbling with the snaps behind his back.

Jacqueline, realizing he must learn to dress himself, remained seated, watching with a tolerant smile as Shawn twisted first one way, and then the other until finally Shawn managed to close the snaps behind his back.

Anxious to cover the prominent bulge in his panties, he quickly stepped into the pretty half slip. It must have four inches of lace at the hem Shawn observed, smoothing the slip so that it fell to two inches above his knees. He pulled the lacy chemise over his head, tugged the satin shoulder straps into place over the straps of his bra, and smoothed the hem which fell just below the waistband of his slip and panties.

His senses were flooded with feminine feelings as Ms Jacqueline sprayed a generous amount of perfume behind each of his ears and on his wrists until he realized in surprise that it was the same scent that he had worn to school. Now, he knew why some of the girls seemed so amused when he sat next to them!

“Very pretty, Shawn,” she noted with a smile knowing that he had discovered the truth about the fragrance, but her words stilled any protests as she instructed him further. “Now step into your heels. Since you were such a good boy last night, you may select anything you like from your closet.”

Overcome by his feelings of feminine joy Shawn floated to his knees in front of his mistress and pressed his cheek firmly against Ms. Jacqueline’s tummy through the blue nylon of her pajamas.

“Oh, Ms Jacqueline!”, he began, “I feel so...”, but he did not have the words to describe his emotions.

“I know, Shawn”, she smiled down at him, holding his head against her firm tummy.

“Would you like me to choose something for you?” she asked.

“Mmmm, yes Ma’am” he respectfully whispered.

“Okay, but first sit down at the vanity, Shawn, we have to do something with your hair and face.”

Shawn’s sister had thankfully encouraged him to let his hair grow long. Light brown, almost blond, it now fell to just below his shoulders.

Ms Jacqueline was able to shape it into a feminine style. Then she applied light make-up to his already girlish face. For a finishing touch she added a pretty yellow satin bow. The ends of the wide ribbon trailed over his back providing a tickling reminder of his feminization.

“One of these days we’ll have to have your ears pierced, Shawn” commented Jacqueline as she snapped a dangling earring to each of his ears.

She smiled knowingly as Shawn, with a girlish tilt of his head, fingered the pretty jewelry trying not to think about her teasing promise.

“We have a busy day ahead of us Shawn”.

He rose to follow her as she proceeded to the closet nearly tripping for a moment as he forgot that he was wearing high heels.

Ms Jacqueline selected a pretty white cotton house dress causing Shawn to note that it had a very full skirt as he stepped into it, tucking down his pretty yellow slip. To save time, Ms Jacqueline zipped him up the back.

“Your so pretty Shawn, you really should have been a girl, you know?” she observed noting that the fullness of the skirt effectively concealed his turgid member bringing to her mind the thought, *‘We shall have to do something about that nasty thing.’*

Lost for words, Shawn simply blushed in acceptance of her compliment not realizing her further plans.

“Now help me out of these pajamas. Then I want you to help me in my bathroom before I take my shower.”

Seemingly unconcerned with her complete nudity, Ms. Jacqueline casually went to her bathroom sink and began preparing her toothbrush.

“Stand close behind me now, Shawn. I want you to support my breasts as I brush my teeth.” she directed.

Hesitantly, Shawn stepped behind his mistress to where he felt the warmth of her soft bottom pressing the firmness beneath his skirts. Ever so gently he cupped her breasts with his hands. He relished this task of being literally a human brassiere for his mistress.

“This is something you will do each morning, Shawn,” she said after rinsing her mouth. “Now run along and get me another cup of coffee while I take a quick shower.”

As Shawn busied himself in the kitchen, Jacqueline enjoyed her warm shower, reveling in her new found power over this pretty male. She had just finished drying as Shawn returned with the coffee service.

“Mmmm... that’s nice Shawn,” she said sipping her coffee. “And, please get me some underwear and my dark blue slacks. I’ll let you pick out my top.”

He selected a pretty beige pair of panties from her dresser along with a matching bra and some knee-highs while Jacqueline enjoyed watching as he teetered on his heels to her closet, his hips swaying pleasantly under his pretty skirts. With the slacks, he chose a light blue cotton top with a button-down collar.

‘Somewhat masculine,’ he thought to himself, *‘but it will go nicely with the pants.’*

Much to his surprised embarrassment he found himself facing her furry mound as he knelt to help her into the panties, yet he tried to control himself as he continued helping her dress while she spoke to him in a casual tolerant voice as if addressing a willful child.

“Shawn I’ve noticed your aroused state when you are serving me. This is something we will have to deal with. While you are in my house, I want you to think of yourself in feminine terms. *You must grow to accept your male member as a useless appendage,*” she stressed before continuing, “I believe this will help you in your studies as well, and even later in life as you enter upon a career. Your pretty things will help you remember to think and act as a young lady but you must also make an effort to adopt your mind to accept your feminine role. As we train you in the skills necessary to become a successful secretary I want you always to remember that we are training your mind as well. As you become more and more feminine you will find joy in pleasing others and submitting to their wishes. Do you understand?”

“Yes, ma’am” he heard himself say as without thought he found himself holding out his skirts as if in a small curtsy.

“That’s very sweet, Shawn, you should practice curtsying properly,” she noted encouragingly, “please bring me the newspaper in the living room and then go fix us some breakfast.”

“Yes, Ms Jacqueline”. As he left to do her bidding his curtsy was a submissive acknowledgment of his desire to please her.

His perfume, the tautness of his sheer nylons, the swishing of his pretty skirts, and the earrings dangling against his neck as he traipsed with a feminine gait in his high heels all fed fuel to the fire of his passions. As he worked in the kitchen his thoughts dwelled on Ms Jacqueline’s words. He realized that

he was quickly falling under her spell, though he didn't understand why these things were having such a turgid effect on him.

“Breakfast is ready, Ms Jacqueline,” he called hoping she would be pleased with his efforts.

Laying aside her newspaper, Jacqueline sauntered into the dining room. Noticing the single setting she gave permission for Shawn to join her.

He politely sat next to her, remembering to smooth and adjust his skirts as he did so.

“Aren't you hungry Shawn?” she asked, rather surprised and knowing he had such a restless night.

“Yes Ma'am. I am a little, but I think it would be good for me to lose just a few pounds.”

“How nice Shawn”, she smiled taking his hand in hers' with a light squeeze, “I'm glad to know you're becoming conscious of your truly feminine figure. While it will be relatively simple to reduce your waist, it may be a little more difficult to add curves in the right places.”

He blushed as he saw that she was looking at the bodice of his dress.

“Don't worry your pretty little head about it now though. I have a very close friend who is a doctor. I'm sure we'll figure something out.”

She continued as she enjoyed the delicious meal and the uncertain worried expression on his lovely face as he considered her plans for his future.

“By the way Shawn, did I tell you I have a date tonight with Professor Anderson. I think he is sooooo handsome. I've been hoping he would notice me for quite some time.”

She rambled on and on in her excitement completely unaware of the pain and hurt her words inflicted on Shawn. At last, looking up from her clean plate, she saw the tears beginning to form in his eyes.

“Oh Shawn” she smiled softly, not realizing before that he had such deep feelings for her. She placed her hand on his cheek and spoke in an effort to cheer him up yet advise him of her true expectations. “Just think Shawn, we’ll have so much fun getting me ready for tonight. I’ll even let you pick out my clothes. And you can do my hair and nails. Won’t you enjoy that?”

He tried hard to smile as a single tear escaped down his face.

“Yes Ma’am” he whispered, secretly wishing she could be as excited about him as she was about Prof. Anderson.

“Now, now, that’s quite enough,” she said through an understanding smile as she handed him her napkin. “Let’s be a dear girl and clear up these dishes. By the way you act one would think you were my lover instead of being a girl just like me. Come on we’ll work together, just like two sisters!”

Trying hard to smile, Shawn began to clear the table. He felt bad that he had put such a damper on her excitement. In reality, he knew she did not want to hurt him, she was merely sharing her excitement just as though he were a trusted girlfriend. Her words had conveyed the truth of her expectations for him, he was a mere girl. Trying to adopt a more sisterly outlook to please his mistress, Shawn smilingly suggested the Professor would like her black cocktail dress.

“And we can do your nails in a deep red! Won’t it be exciting,” he exclaimed trying to hide his disappointment. “And tomorrow I want to hear all about your date.”

Encouraged by his submissive change of mood, Ms Jacqueline renewed her conversation and her expressions of excitement to be going out with the handsome professor. The rest of the morning they worked together, just as two loving sisters.

Shawn slowly began to overcome his jealousy with the joy of sharing girlish feelings. After lunch, Shawn suggested he get started on her hair. The afternoon was filled with joy, excitement and feminine camaraderie. By six o'clock Shawn had helped his mistress become a vision of loveliness for her date with the dashing young professor.

Ms Jacqueline was just finishing her jewelry and Shawn was obediently shining her sexiest pair of high heels when the door bell rang.

“Quickly Shawn, go answer the door,” Jacqueline directed.

Almost forgotten in the excitement of the day, Shawn was suddenly aware of the feminine way he was dressed.

‘This is too much,’ he thought, ‘I just can’t let someone else see me dressed this way.’

“Please, Ms Jacqueline, I’d be too embarrassed to be seen by anyone in these clothes. What if he recognizes me?” Shawn begged in terror, assuming it was the professor at the door.

“My sweet little Shawn, you look absolutely lovely in your pretty dress, and you’ve been doing so well all day with your heels. No one would ever think you are anything other than the attractive young girl you appear to be. Just speak in a throaty voice like you have a cold. Now, I want you to go answer the door.”

Left little choice by her words, Shawn quickly peeked in the mirror, straightening his skirts and patting his hair. ‘I do make a rather attractive girl,’ he thought uncertainly with growing fears of discovery as he went to let the professor in.

He received the shock of his life as he opened the door!

Standing there with a huge grin on her face was Denise, the girl who sat behind him in dictation class.



“Good evening, Shawn. Aren’t you going to ask me in?” she inquired politely with amused tolerance of his trembling embarrassment over being seen dressed so by a classmate.

Shawn was not only surprised by seeing his extremely attractive classmate but even more so because she recognized him so readily.

“Please come in Denise,” Ms Jacqueline greeted happily seeing poor Shawn’s blushing shame as she entered the living room.

“Oh, Ms Jacqueline, you look positively radiant this evening,” exclaimed Denise. “Big date with the ‘Professor of Love’, huh?”

Returning her gaze to Shawn, Denise announced, “And I must observe that you look exceptionally pretty tonight in your lovely new clothes, Shawn, dearest.”

It was Ms Jacqueline who spoke first.

“Why thank you for the kind words, Denise. I’m afraid I must give most of the credit to our little Shawn though. He has been so helpful in getting me ready. He even selected my outfit, didn’t you Shawn?”

Lost completely for words, Shawn felt betrayed and angry.

“Oh Shawn, no wonder you seem to be upset. I forgot to tell you. I asked Denise to come over and sit up with you while I’m out. Now, be a good girl and thank Denise for the compliment on your pretty outfit and also for coming to stay with you.”

Overcome with a strong feeling of feminine submission to his mistress, Shawn did as he was told wondering why she felt that he needed a *‘sitter’*.

“Thank you, Denise,” he replied with a renewed blush.

“Ms Denise,” Jacqueline corrected firmly as if to remind him of his station.

Shawn's knees felt weak in the high heels he had been wearing all day.

"I'm sorry, Ms Denise," he corrected himself. It wasn't until afterward he realized that, with his skirts in hand, he had actually curtsied to his classmate.

"How sweet," Denise observed with smiling approval as she took the initiative by placing her hand on the small of his back, escorting him into the living room.

"We're going to have a wonderful time tonight while Ms Jacqueline is out with her guy."

Denise was so very attractive even in her blue jeans and sweat shirt causing Shawn to feel even more strange by wearing a dress in front of this beautiful person with whom he had occasionally flirted after their dictation class.

"Your legs are lovely in those heels, Shawn. I can't get over how pretty you are. And from the things Ms Jacqueline tells me about your housekeeping skills, your gonna make some lucky guy very happy."

Remembering his manners, Shawn blushed very deeply as he thanked, "*Ms Denise*", for the compliments.

"Shawn, go fix a drink for Denise. Vodka tonic, isn't it, honey?" Ms Jacqueline asked turning to Denise.

"Yes, Ma'am, that would be nice," she replied, still watching Shawn.

"And Shawn, I want you to obey Denise in every respect while I'm out. I have asked her to give me a full report on your behavior. When I return I want to hear only praise. Do you understand?"

Somewhat shy of disclosing his submissive nature to Denise, he hesitated for a moment.

“Yes Ma’am,” he agreed with a dutiful curtsy, much to his own continued embarrassment and Denise’s glowing smile of satisfaction.

As he returned with the drink, the door bell rang once more. Knowing it would fall on him to do so anyway, Shawn went to the door without argument.

“Good Evening, Sir,” he greeted in his throatiest voice. This time he was conscious of his actions as he executed a charming curtsy to the handsome professor. Leading the way back to the ladies poor Shawn announced Jacqueline’s guest.

As he entered, the professor complimented Ms. Jacqueline on her appearance and asked who the lovely person was that answered the door.

“Professor Anderson, meet Susan, my niece”, introduced Ms Jacqueline. “She’s staying with me for the weekend. Perhaps, even longer, as my maid on a work scholarship while attending secretarial school,” she added with a knowing smile towards Shawn.

“Pleased to meet you, sir,” was the curtsied response.

“Well,” said the handsome man. “The pleasure is all mine. I only wish we had more time to get acquainted, but the concert begins in just twenty minutes. Perhaps we can get together tomorrow.”

Saving poor Shawn from this man, who obviously was quite taken with Shawn’s beauty, and exposing a bit of jealousy herself, Ms Jacqueline quickly agreed that it was late and they really should be going.

The professor winked at Shawn as the *maid* held open the door for them, and poor Shawn blushed to the feel of the man’s strong hand as he passed close by to pat an all too feminine rear with masculine interest!

Ms Denise took in the whole scene with a knowing smile on her face.

“Come here Shawn, I want to hear all about your day”, directed Denise as she reclined on the large sofa.

Shawn was so happy to be off of his heels, he literally flung himself on the sofa, his skirts flying up to expose the lacy hem of his pretty yellow slip.

“No, no, sweet Shawn, I would like it better if you were here on the floor, close to me.”

Remembering Ms Jacqueline’s words and knowing deep down it was good practice for him to display feminine submission as frequently as possible, he rose from the sofa and, spreading his skirt in a pretty circle around him, floated to his knees in the spot Ms Denise had selected.

“That’s better,” she noted while smiling down at him, resting her hand on his prettily styled hair.

“Such a pretty ribbon, and I just love your earrings. Tell me Shawn, do you enjoy being a girl?” she asked, her fingers playing with the dangling earrings.

Shawn blushed deeply. Her question struck the very core of his manhood. He had never considered himself to be anything other than a healthy red-blooded American male. But now, as Denise toyed with the lovely, yet undeniably feminine adornments attached to his ears, he looked down at his smooth nyloned ankles with their high heels peeking from beneath his pretty skirts.

Denise continued to smile silently down at her charge realizing she had thrown his thoughts into a state of turmoil which dealt with his most basic value system. She knew that her question gave him the opportunity to enter more deeply into the world of feminine surrender by recanting his masculinity. It also gave him a chance to rebel by denying the joy he had experienced at the hands of his beloved Ms Jacqueline.

“I’m so confused, Ms Denise. You and Ms Jacqueline have a way of making me feel weak and girlish. I can’t deny I am beginning to feel very comfortable

and even experiencing a great deal of joy as I submit to your wishes. And I realize the more I learn to obey you the better secretary I will become. But sometimes I feel I should rebel and refuse to continue surrendering myself to you. I try so hard to suppress these rebellious feelings. I want very much to please Ms Jacqueline and make her happy.”

“That’s very nice, Shawn. And I think you do make her happy. I like you as a girl and I want you to continue to develop your obedient nature while you overcome your silly macho feelings. Now go freshen my drink and then fix us some snacks to nibble as we watch TV. You may fix yourself a glass of milk.”

Shawn felt so strange obeying his young classmate. He had thought of her as a peer. He felt he should at least be on an equal footing with her. But he remembered that Ms Jacqueline had placed her in charge. He quickly regained his feet, and with strong feelings of humility he executed a charming curtsy to the amused Denise before carrying out her instructions.

“You’re doing very well in your new heels Shawn”, she observed, taking pleasure in his swaying stride. Following him to the bar, she stood next to him placing her arm around his waist and resting her hand on his hip through the material of his thin dress and petticoat. Secretly he enjoyed the sensations as her hand lightly caressed him while Denise sensed his growing excitement as she caused his skirts to lightly rub against his panties, further reminding him of his feminine role.

“You have good taste in clothes Shawn. I really liked the dress you picked out for Ms Jacqueline to wear for the professor. I’m certain she’ll make a great impression. Don’t you think they make a lovely couple?”

How did this young woman know to ask such piercing questions? Didn’t she realize the strong feelings of affection he himself had for Ms Jacqueline? He wanted so badly to be in Professor Anderson’s

shoes right now. He should be the one to take Ms Jacqueline in his arms and ravish her with his kisses. He felt so weak once more as he felt Denise's hand on his hip.

"She seemed very taken with him," she continued with a knowing smile towards Shawn as he fought the tears from rising.

She accepted the drink guiding him with her hand to the kitchen.

"Yes, I think its good for Ms Jacqueline to have some companionship with a man. Especially such a strong, handsome and intelligent man like the professor."

Denise continued on the topic as Shawn busied himself with their snacks. As he worked at the counter Denise approached him from behind. She encircled his waist with her hands letting them rest on his tummy through his skirts and panties. The denim of her blue jeans pressed against his bottom. "Oooo, you're wearing a garter belt, Shawn. Isn't that a bit old fashioned?"

"It was a gift from Ms Jacqueline."

"Stockings too?"

"Yes." He blushed. The tightness of the garter belt and stockings invaded his consciousness.

As her hands continued their exploration she was shocked to discover his rigid member. "Oh my Shawn, you're so hard."

Though finished with his chore, Shawn remained facing the counter submitting to her ministrations in trembling realization that she was fully aware of the effect she was having on his feminized form. Remembering the times he had boldly flirted with her at the school, she delighted in the roles being reversed. Nibbling at his ear, she softly suggested that they go watch some TV.

“The men’s body building contest is on tonight Shawn. We girls can watch all those gorgeous hunks strut their stuff just for us!”

It didn’t really sound that appealing to him. However he made no objection to her selection of viewing for the evening.

Upon entering the living room she directed him to turn the TV to the proper channel and to seat himself once again submissively at her feet while the screen revealed to Shawn such spectacular specimens of masculinity, as he had never seen before causing him to realize how frail he was in comparison.

“Isn’t the one in the white satin briefs absolutely male,” she enthused as Shawn watched in disbelief trying to pull his eyes away from the all too obvious male briefs while Denise idly toyed with Shawn’s taunt nipples through his dress and brassiere noting with amusement the aroused state of his lap as his hands tried to conceal this shame.

“Can you imagine what it looks like, I’ll bet he is circumcised,” she giggled softly almost to herself while sharing her fascination with her all too feminine companion allowing her fingers to continue their play with the erect nipples to sustain Shawn’s high level of sexual excitement. “Wouldn’t you love to have a date with him? I’ll bet he would love to play with your little titties before he showed you what a real man is. Maybe the ‘Love Professor’ is showing Jacqueline what it is like to be with a man.”

Shawn found himself wondering what it would be like to have one of these ‘supermen’ doing to him the things that Denise was doing, and he tried not to think about her suggestions, or what Ms Jacqueline might be doing. As the camera swung in on the man’s white briefs to pan up his muscular chest poor Shawn closed his eyes in near feminine fears...

The evening flowed by as he watched each man flex his body in near perfection upon the wide screen until Shawn’s thoughts were in total confusion of femi-

nine desires and masculine response to each perfectly formed male before him.

“Its getting late, Shawn. Go get ready for bed and then come clean up these dishes,” Denise’s voice announced.

Still in his excited state, Shawn was quick to obey, fleeing the orgy of masculine prowess.

Hoping to impress Denise he chose a lacy, see-through nightie with matching panties and sleeping bra that Ms Jacqueline had indicated were his to wear. The gown, of pale green chiffon fell in wide folds to just above his knees. It accentuated rather than covered his bra and panties.

Quickly checking the mirror, he decided to leave the dangling earrings but opted to change the pretty yellow bow in his hair. He carefully replaced it with a pale green satin bow which matched his sleeping apparel. The two inch high bedroom slippers were so different from his high heels and he felt naked without the taunt nylons.

As he returned to the living room, Denise greeted him with a low whistle.

“Shawn, you look completely edible! Come closer and model for me.”

Demurely, Shawn grasped the voluminous skirts of his nightgown and did a slow pirouette for his guardian.

“So very nice Shawn. Go fix me a nightcap before you clean up the dishes.”

Feeling her eyes on his body Shawn hastened to obey. After giving the drink to Denise he quickly washed up the few dishes and returned to the living room.

“Shawn, go fetch me the pretty ribbon you used on your hair.”

Curiously, but without question, he did as directed.