

Feminine Surrender



Rachel Varga

An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Feminine Surrender

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 re-tailed 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 buts, 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 attractive 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. Your 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 wearing 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 blushingly 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!”