

Silk & Satin Sissy

Part 1



Shelley Isis

A "Her TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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SILK & SATIN SISSY

By Shelley Isis

CHAPTER 1: THE AWAKENING

The morning sun was brilliant as Mrs. VanBeau approached the bedroom her future son-in-law was using. The totally feminine bedroom was a part of the second floor suite of rooms that belonged to her daughter, Alicia, who was away on a month-long photo shoot for the latest lingerie catalogue for Mrs. VanBeau's enterprise. Long before her husband passed away, Mrs. VanBeau began her successful chain of lingerie boutiques called "*Silk and Satin*". When the enterprise expanded to include mail order, business boomed.

As she opened the door to the dimly lit bedroom, the door's draft caused her full-length, silk peignoir to softly swirl around her well-trimmed ankles. Her heart began palpitating as she thought how well her plan was progressing.

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Prior to Alicia's departure, they all agreed that, since poor Shelley had lost his most recent job, it would be quite practical if he would move into his future mother-in-law's palatial home, where he might earn a little money for 'odd jobs' about her home (actually for a larger salary than his last job) while looking for a new job. Most specifically, he would spend the next month at Mrs. VanBeau's home to help her prepare for the upcoming Ladies' Society Costume Ball, which his future mother-in-law sponsored for charity.

With considerable cajoling, Shelley finally agreed to go as *Mary the Shepherdess*, a well-known collectors' doll, and hopefully win the prize for most original costume. Mrs. VanBeau's hidden agenda was to totally feminize the delicate Shelley and have him become an obedient homemaker for Alicia, just as Mrs. VanBeau had done to her late husband.

Mrs. VanBeau would never forget that moment when she and her daughter had first brought Shelley into the totally feminine, pink and white, satin and lace surroundings of his new bedroom, after he had agreed to move into her home and attend the Ladies' Society Costume Ball as a lovely doll.

She could hear the sharp intake of his breath and see how his eyes opened wide in startled, somewhat embarrassed, surprise as she looked down at him from her matronly height and gently took his hand into hers lest he flee in sheer panic. She noted with pleasure how her new maid, Suzette, had instinctively taken his other hand so that he was in their protective custody almost as if he were a small child instead of a real man.

"I..I..can't live here," poor Shelley managed to softly protest in awed tones of disbelief while his eyes took in the white and gold French Provincial furnish-

ings and the pale pink, French Provincial-style walls decorated with white and gold trimming that framed lovely Goody fashion prints from the turn of the century as well as the windows and doors. Pink satin trimmed with ruffled white lace drapes adorned the windows to blend with the deep, pink, pile rug and the pink satin and white lace bed spread and bed canopy. Above his head he could see, lighted by indirect lights built into a golden and white ceiling trim, a fresco-like painting of a Greek Goddess surrounded by fluttering angelic Cherubs... "It's a woman's room..."

"It is a lovely ladies' maid room. right next to your future wife's room," Mrs. VanBeau noted with a touch of mock disappointment over his desires to flee his new home. "We thought that it might help set the mood for your little charade at the Ladies' Society Costume Ball. Alicia and I want you to be perfect as our lovely dolly. You certainly do not want to look grotesque, or act like a bizarre drag queen, do you?"

Uncertain as to what he could say, he bowed his head, realizing that he had already abandoned his old apartment and had, in fact, agreed to the idea of working for his future mother-in-law and attend the Society Costume Ball.

"Yes, I can see that you agree. We all want you to be absolutely believable and perfectly beautiful at the Ball. And you do know that Alicia is counting on your total cooperation," she continued, as she released his hand and gave him a playful little kiss. "I promise that Suzette and I shall help you in every way to please my daughter." She paused to take his hand into hers again, feeling his little shiver of chagrin over how easily he had slipped into the role of being her childlike toy.

“In fact, I see no reason to delay your initiation into our little family. While Suzette prepares your bath, and I change into something more comfortable, I want you to undress,” she urged as Suzette half-curt-sied before going to a nearby closet to produce a pink satin, quilted robe to hand over to Mrs. VanBeau before she retreated into a nearby bathroom. “When you are undressed, you can slip this robe on for modesty, dearest.”

“But, I thought that I might unpack my things,” he half-complained, half-suggested, hoping that he could delay the rush of events.

“Dearest Shelley, Suzette can take care of your things while you take your first beauty bath. After all, as you shall learn, that is what maids are trained to do; to attend to their mistress’ every need.” She gave him a matronly hug and kiss before she left him in dazed dismay over how quickly she had dismissed his suggestion.

Hearing the sound of rushing bath water filling a tub in his private ladies’ maid’s bathroom nearby, Shelley quickly removed his clothes to drape them over a nearby, straightback chair positioned before a hutch bookcase and desk set. He just as quickly slipped on the cool, pink, quilted, satin, bathrobe, in fear that the sexy French uniformed maid might suddenly reappear. With a deep swallow of shame, he found his mind wandering back to those childhood days when he snuck into his mother’s room to delight in her dainty lingerie and he felt his quickly swelling sex as it rediscovered the pleasure of slippery satin.

Mrs. VanBeau could not but help see his almost maidenly blushing, as he struggled with his inner urges, and a fearful shame that she might discover his little throbbing secret, as she entered the bedroom dressed in a little, white, satin, shorty robe that

clung to her womanly form. It etched each curve in dazzling satin while she casually allowed it to open in front to reveal that she was wearing a matching white satin and lace bikini panty and demi-bra. With amused eyes she could see by his clutching of his own robe and the absolute wonderment of his wide-eyed stare at her, that she had his rapt attention.

“The bath is ready, Madam,” Suzette announced softly, as if not to break the sexual strain between her mistress and her quarry.

“Tonight, I will be your mother and give my little angelic dolly her first real beauty bath,” Mrs. VanBeau promised as she took Shelley’s trembling hand and led him like a docile child into the bathroom.

Suzette quietly collected his male clothes and retreated to dispose of them, like his other things, as her mistress had instructed.

After closing the mirrored bathroom door with one hand, Mrs. VanBeau casually enfolded little Shelley into her matronly body and held him close for a long deep French kiss while his struggles grew less and less. Her free hand gently undid his pink quilted satin robe until he realized in a near swoon for breath that he was totally naked with his little pulsing organ pressed against her naked thigh. Still holding on to one hand, she half-stepped back and picked up a lavender spray can with her free hand to aim its nozzle at his crotch and released a spurt of rich pink cream foam. She giggled in delighted amusement at the sight of his erect masculinity drowning in the heavy lather which soon was sprayed all over his trembling nakedness.

“What are you...” he tried to protest as she clung to his hand and set the spray can aside to pick up a pink plastic lady’s safety razor.

“Now, you just do what mommy wants you to do,” she half-warned and half-urged, holding him still as the foam dried before she handed him the razor. Crawl into the tub and shave your body until it is all pink and white like Mommy’s little dolly should be. And don’t worry, Mommy will help you with your back and those secret places that you might be too shy to do all by yourself.”

As he slipped into the warm, silky, soft water, he felt that the now dried foam was beginning to actually burn his skin and he realized that he had to use the razor to remove it all, no matter how humiliated he might feel. Quickly starting on his legs, he felt his masculine hair dissolve and vanish under the razor’s edge until the skin felt like smooth, slippery, satin to the touch. By the time that he began on his arms, he realized that she had slipped out of the little white satin shorty robe and she was very carefully shaving his back to a baby smoothness. Then, to his total dismay, he found himself kneeling in the tub as she actually enfolded his sexual organs in her hand to gently urge its responsive needs while she deftly shaved her way down his back between his legs, about a little puckered orifice. She finished up by allowing him to spurt forth into the water while the razor left his loins and sex organs as hairless as a baby boy’s!

“There, that is much more like my little sissy baby dolly should look,” she giggled as he helped him from the tub to release the drain and hand him a large, pink, fluffy bath towel to cover his shame. “You can dry yourself off and wipe out the tub before we check to see that you are completely dainty. Then you may fill the tub again and you can take a real bath while

your Mommy makes sure that you clean up behind your ears and those places that little children tend to neglect. Now, give Mommy a little kiss to show her how happy you are for her help, dearest.”

Too humiliated to protest, he meekly kissed her, feeling all too much like the preschool child being attended by his mother during his bath, yet secretly delighting in the sheer sensuality of her intimate attentions and matronly closeness.

As he finished wiping out the tub and began to fill it, Mrs. VanBeau remembered the wonderful times she had mothering her late husband. He too had blushed in shame, as poor Shelley did, when she made him passively accept her most intimately possessive amusements. With a knowing smile, she prepared his bath water with feminine scented bath beads and bubble bath before she carefully lifted his dishwater blond hair and shaved the nape of his neck to a feminine hairline. Removing his sideburns, she wrapped his head in a turban-like towel and allowed him to escape her attentions in the fragrant tub.

“Now, you just wash up and relax while your Mommy finds something for you to wear to bed. I’ll help you finish up when I return.” With this promise, she left him to his bathing. Minutes later, she returned, dressed in a pink, lace, baby-doll-style nightie to subject him to a motherly inspection of his ears and so forth before she helped him from the tub to drain it as she wiped him dry with a fluffy pink bath towel. After wiping his body down with a fragrant afterbath lotion, she applied a cool powder. “You smell absolutely lovely, and except for one *very little thing* you look like a perfectly dainty little girl,” she half-observed half-teased with a little frown. “But, first, before we take care of that *very little thing*, I think we shall do something about your shaggy hair

and unruly eyebrows. Then a little pedicure and manicure before my dolly can go to bed.”

Before he really could think of any protesting words or way of escape, she completed these tasks while he followed her wishes trying not to dwell upon the fact that she amused herself by leaving him totally naked, as a mother or nanny might as she attended her little pre-school child, ignoring any feelings of shame or needs for modesty that Shelley might have desired or desperately needed from being so exposed to the sight of her overwhelming female voluptuousness barely covered by her sheer nightie.

Seeing his *very little thing* springing to life on his all-too-prepubic looking loins in response to her physical charms, she laughed and patted it with the fluffy after bath powder puff saying, “Naughty little baby. Naughty, naughty!”

Poor Shelley quickly tried desperately to modestly cover his shame with his hands, trying not to think about the glistening pink sheen of his now oval shaped fingernails, or the fact that his hair was tightly rolled into curlers and covered with a bouffant, pink, satin bonnet.

“Does my naughty little dolly need to go chair-chair,” she teased with giggling delight to cause him to realize that he was in fact the image of a toddler trying to control himself long enough to reach the toilet! She lifted the toilet lid and half-lifted his naked form to the seat to await his response to her motherly expectations as she set about to straighten up the bath room while he blushing responded to her ‘toilet training’.

Soon she led him naked into his new bedroom to reveal that while he was being bathed and prepared,

Suzette had drawn back the covers of his feminine bed to reveal the gleaming coolness of satin sheets.

“Now, I know that naughty little boys might wet their bed when they spend their first night in a strange new home, because they are frightened by the bogey man and other night shadows when they are left alone. So tonight, your Mommy is going to let you sleep with her. You can even wear one of Alicia’s pajamas so that you can at least dream of being the little man of the house. Won’t that be nice?”

Rather than answer her taunting question, he meekly looked away towards the queen-sized bed and reluctantly accepted the pink silk pajamas Mrs. VanBeau had borrowed from the storage room that preserved her daughter’s teen-age wardrobe for some future donation to charity. Alicia had not worn the dainty night attire since she was sixteen. The top was trimmed with lace and ribbons, with sleeves that ended with flounces at the elasticized wrists. The bottoms fit loosely and ended with four inches of ecru lace. They were almost too large, as Shelley, at 5’ 4”, was seven inches shorter than his beautiful fiancée. When he slipped on the pink silken pajamas he could see in the vanity mirror before him nothing that gave any hint of his being ‘the little man of the house’.

Although she was tempted to add to his humiliation the requirement that he kneel by his bed and recite his prayers while she watched with motherly attention, she merely crawled into bed and urged him to join her.

“Now give Mommy a good night kiss and little hug and Mommy will see to it that you are all safe from the bogey man and have lovely, sweet dreams.”

Seeing no real escape from this new humiliation, Shelley dutifully crawled into the slippery, satin, cool

bed wondering at how wonderfully luxurious and delightfully feminine he felt as he hugged and kissed his future mother-in-law before he turned his back towards her in some effort to control his modesty and gradually drifted into a deep sleep.

About an hour later Mrs. VanBeau noted the nightstand clock with a wry little smile as she picked up a little satin-covered washcloth that Suzette had prepared for her. Very very gently she reached over and slipped her hand into the front of Shelley's pajamas bottoms to enfold his maleness in the satin-covered cloth.

"You are a sweet little girl who loves her pretty silk and satin things. Deep within, you want to always be a little girl surrounded by her pretty silk and satin clothes as they touch your ever-so-fragrant feminine skin. You love to caress yourself with satin, because it makes you feel so very female," Mrs. VanBeau softly whispered into his ear to feel his warm hand. It followed his unconscious thoughts to continue to caress his masculine response with the satin cloth while she guided his wet dream through the absolute wonderment of being totally enraptured by being so very feminine in a world of soft satins.

She removed the cloth and turned for a little cat-nap as the clock made its way through another ninety minutes, to about that time that a male has his next normal cyclic night erection. With a fresh cool satin cloth, she again guided his wet dream through the fantasy of his being a very sexy French maid, like Suzette, in her flirty short skirted satin and lace ruffled uniform. She minced about the house and her duties in dainty high heels to attract the eyes of handsome men, trying to conceal their obvious maleness that seemed to magically spring from open flies like great glistening red domed mushrooms needing to be dutifully kissed by her bright red lips.

Four more times she guided him through a fantasy world until Mrs. VanBeau arose to wish him lovely dreams to notice his flushed face as she told him how very sweet he looked.

Little did she realize that his emotions were mixed with thoughts of trying on his mother's lingerie when he was younger and trying, in vain on every occasion, to defend himself when other boys called him "sissy" due to his delicate features. As he rolled over onto his back, he unconsciously stroked his satin pajamas and dreamed on that his taunters had found him dressed in a soft pink satin dress quite content to accept the fact that he was a sissy...

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Later when Mrs. VanBeau approached the pink and white chiffon canopy bed, Shelley was in a restful slumber nestled like a delicate butterfly in a cocoon of pink satin sheets and comforter.

"Rise and shine, sweetheart. We have a big day ahead of us," Mrs. VanBeau greeted cheerfully as she kissed the forehead of her effeminate charge.

As Shelley rubbed his eyes, Mrs. VanBeau drew down the satin comforter and top sheet.

"Oh my, what's this?" she gasped in shocked motherly surprise. "Shelley, it looks like you had an accident during the night. You've made a mess of the sheets and your fiancé's darling pajamas. Did you play with yourself?"

"Why, n-n-no Mother VanBeau," poor Shelley protested with reddened face, trying to avoid her accusing eyes by lowering his head in shame, as he wondered at the soft ache in his groin.

“I hope not! Although, I can understand how you would find such sensuous material so exciting. I just cannot have you ruining these expensive sheets with such accidents. What would Alicia say?”

Shelley vaguely recalled the very strange dreams that excited him during the night. In an instant, he recalled a stage full of beautiful dancing ballerinas being lifted effortlessly by strong muscular male dancers. A lovely French maid was gently bending forward, to reveal layers of ruffled petticoats like a white cloud over shimmering white satin panties, as she puckered her sensual red lips to...

“I -I’m so sorry, Mother VanBeau,” Shelley exclaimed in stunned surprise over the pleasure he felt from recalling this exciting dream. Nervously, he swallowed as if to control the emotions he felt. “Please forgive me. And, please don’t tell Alicia. I don’t want her to know I slept in her things.”

“Well, tonight we’ll have to do something to avoid such messes in the future. As I told you last night, little boys spending their first night away from home do tend to have exciting dreams and such,” she noted with a pleased smile upon observing his acceptance of his situation. What she had planned (all along) was to swaddle her budding sissy in a diaper of soft pink satin to absorb his wet dreams. In order to taunt his all-too-sissy wet dreams, this would be covered with a special pair of toddler-style, plastic lined, pink lace and silk panties trimmed with ribbons and bows. Tonight, he would be ready for the beautiful chiffon and silk baby-doll nightie. *‘Yes, I might also instruct him on the skills of foot massage and pedicure.’*

Her plan was moving along nicely. She was well on her way to being successful in convincing Shelley that he should enjoy spending as much time as pos-

sible in feminine surroundings, wearing feminine clothing and performing girlish tasks.

“Well as a reminder to control such baby-like urges, you’ll launder your messy sheets and pajamas as well as assist Suzette with other laundry and chores. After all, you did promise to help,” she responded, amused by his shame over having worn and stained Alicia’s pajamas. “Later this afternoon, my seamstress will be here to do alterations on your costume. I understand it’s coming along marvelously and is quite a confection.”

“Mother VanBeau,” Shelley queried in growing concern over what was happening to his life. “If I’m going as a doll, what costumes will you and Alicia be wearing to the ball?”

“Well darling,” she began to answer with a satisfied smile over his acceptance of the idea of being a doll. “I’m still not sure what costume I’ll be wearing, but Alicia will be going as Jane.”

“Jane?” he asked uncertainly.

“Yes. As in Tarzan and Jane,” she responded casually.

“But, who will be going as Tarzan?” Shelley wondered aloud in a worried voice.

“I don’t believe you’ve met him, but his name is Mark Manley. He’s a male model who works with Alicia on photo shoots,” she countered matter-of-factly. “Here, let me show you their picture in our last catalogue.”

She arose and quickly left the room, only to return. Sitting next to him on the satin covered bed, she

placed her arm around his silken shoulder and turned the pages of the catalogue. "Here they are."

Shelley's eyes widened as he saw his beautiful fiancée in a full-color display.

Alicia was wearing a transparent snow white bra which barely contained her large voluptuous breasts. Her silk panties and garter belt were also a virginal white. Her long luscious legs were sheathed in sheer nylons ending in high-heeled slippers sporting marabou puffs. With the large satin-covered bed in the background, one could easily imagine that this was a special night, perhaps a wedding night.

Mark had his arm around Alicia in a loving embrace and was only wearing a tight pair of men's white briefs. Mark was clearly well over six feet in height. His physique was muscular and his chest displayed its dark hair in near perfect proportion as Shelley's eyes seemed to automatically followed the descending hairline to catch the visible outline at the juncture of Mark's briefs displaying what was clearly a well endowed 100% male, causing poor Shelley to unconsciously swallow as he wondered if Mark was circumcised!

His head dropped in fear that his future mother-in-law might read this awful thought as he asked nervously, "Are they together on this photo shoot?"

"Of course they are, Sweetheart," she replied, catching his nervous little swallow with knowing understanding, almost as if she could read his embarrassed thought. "Alicia and Mark are very close friends and have been for quite some time. Shelley, are you jealous? Well, if you are, you simply have to get used to the fact that your future spouse is extremely attractive and will always have men vying for

her attention. Alicia is confident that you'll be the perfect spouse for her and understand that her profession brings her into close contact with real hunks, er men, like Mark."

Shelley felt very weak and began to tremble, almost as if to cry causing Mrs. VanBeau to draw him into her large matronly bosom.

"Now, now, my pretty. If your marriage is to be successful, there are certain things you must accept. Someday I'll tell you all about my beloved spouse, God rest his soul. Lyn learned to become so supportive as my business grew. He knew, and learned to accept, his own limitations and secret needs." She leaned forward to kiss poor little Shelley to whisper, "Yes, Mark is..." leaving the thought to dangle in his startled mind as she continued aloud as if she had said nothing to the blushing young man in her arms. "There were many times when my womanly needs craved a real man. Lyn understood this and did not complain when a suitor would visit. In fact, Lyn learned to relate to my needs and there were many times when we would double date. But, that's another story.

"My dear child," she said caressing his shoulder, "Alicia is a lot like me. Many say she has all of my looks. She has my drive and motivation. And, clearly, she has womanly needs." As if to further drive in the spike she added, "Mark will make a perfect Tarzan, don't you think? Just like you will be the perfect little dolly."

Shelley's mind was totally shocked as she opened the centerfold of the catalogue to reveal Mark's glistening muscular physique, with each muscle straining from his body builder pose. Shelley's near-feminine eyes especially noted in awed expectations the muscular shaft and well-filled balls that stretched

the red thong-styled briefs he wore to the limit, leaving nothing to the imagination, except the absolutely female wonderment that if Mark was this well-endowed naturally when flaccid, how gigantic could it be when it was excited?

Poor Shelley began to weep in the realization that here was a real man as Mrs. VanBeau had suggested, not a little boy who dreamed of being a dolly..

'He's so soft and delicate,' she thought to herself as she cradled him in her arms. *'There's no question that he's much like my Lyn. He'll be the perfect sissy for Alicia. I have every intention of showing Alicia just how perfect he'll be when she returns.'*

"I must invite Mark over for dinner when they return from the shoot," she noted, giving the young man a little kiss before she released him and arose from the bed. "I have a feeling that you will be just as attracted to Mark's personality as my daughter is. "But for now, Shelley, let's get out of those soiled PJs. Take a nice bubble bath to wash away any shame. And Suzette will get you dressed for your busy day. She and I have selected a beautiful outfit for you to wear while you help her."

Shelley lifted his head and saw pink satin lingerie on the bureau. He noted a bra, ruffled panties, sheer white stockings and a pink satin waist cinch. He wondered if they were part of his ensemble for the day?

CHAPTER 2: DRESSED FOR SUCCESS

Shelley lost track of time as he luxuriated in the scented bath water. Mrs. VanBeau had selected Estee Lauder's *Beautiful* as the fragrance for Shelley to wear and he was truly beginning to enjoy the feminine scent. He loved the special bath gel in which he

was soaking. He did not realize that over twenty minutes had passed as his troubled mind tried to understand the new thoughts and emotions that seemed to have surfaced since his first night at Mrs. VanBeau's home.

Mrs. VanBeau entered the bathroom and brought Shelley back to reality as he was becoming increasingly aware of the true beauty of Mrs. VanBeau. He noticed immediately her business attire for the day. She wore a cream-colored, silk blouse with a loose fitting cowl neck. The sleeves billowed and tapered at the wrists, closing with three genuine pearls at each wrist. Her cashmere skirt was taupe-colored and ended just above her knees. A leather belt kept her waist trim and perfectly proportioned. Her shapely legs were perched on three-inch taupe leather pumps with matching bows on the instep.

Mrs. VanBeau was truly a beautiful woman. Although she was in her late forties, she was in magnificent shape - due in large part to her strict program of proper diet, aerobics and weight training. She was tall, like her daughter - almost 5'11". Her bosom was large, full, and firm. Her blonde hair was full and silky and kept in a stylish shoulder length.

Shelley could not deny that he found many things about Mrs. VanBeau exciting; her physical beauty, wardrobe, strength and, yes, even the way she took charge of him.

"Shelley, dearest," she spoke, "you simply must get dressed. I swear you'll become spoiled with such luxuries. And as every woman knows, you must work hard to earn such things."

Almost immediately, as if in response to her observation, Suzette appeared at the bathroom door carry-

ing a large bath towel and a jacket which matched the skirt Mrs. VanBeau was wearing.

“Mother VanBeau, please ask Suzette to leave,” Shelley exclaimed in surprise at the maid’s sudden appearance and her somewhat amused tolerance of him. “I’m too embarrassed to have her see me like this.”

“Nonsense, silly. You haven’t anything that Suzette hasn’t already seen.” Mrs. VanBeau leaned over the tub and cupped Shelley’s face in her hands. “I want you to listen to Suzette and do as she says. Do you understand that, Sweetheart?” she demanded as she placed a kiss on Shelley’s lips.

“Yes, Mother,” he sighed as he nearly swooned.

Perhaps it was her expensive perfume that excited him. Perhaps it was her sheer beauty, or the way she seemed to control him. Or perhaps it was the almost innocent way she brushed her tongue over Shelley’s lips with her kiss. Regardless, he was grateful for the bath full of bubbles to hide his excitement.

“Suzette, I’ll be back about 3:15. I leave little Shelley in your complete charge with the understanding that, since he agreed to our terms, you may punish our little one any way that seems appropriate to you,” Mrs. VanBeau announced matter-of-factly as Suzette helped her into her matching jacket. With a turn, she was gone, leaving poor Shelley to his fate as he wondered about the threat implied by her instructions to the maid.

“Hurry, little one,” Suzette insisted curtly. “We must get you dried, powdered, perfumed, styled and dressed to begin your first day.”



Shyly, Shelley arose from the tub, keeping his hands in front of his erection.

As she began toweling him, she observed his pinkish creamy smooth, hairless skin. She had to agree with her mistress that his features were, indeed, delicate and doll-like. Inevitably, once Suzette got to his lower portions, she noticed his turgid state.

“Mon Dieu,” she exclaimed in mock surprised horror. “What is this? Mademoiselle Shelley is excited, n’est pas?”

She giggled and extended her small finger next to his erection, as if to make a comparison that he could not escape.

“How petite,” she exclaimed in amused delight using that knowing tone of voice that adults reserve for little children. “Mademoiselle is smaller in a state of excitement than most men in a flaccid state. This could never satisfy a *real* woman and *certainly not your fiancée*. I hope you know other ways to pleasure a woman.”

“Suzette, please,” Shelley flustered in embarrassed protest, “I’ll not have you talking to me like this!”

It happened so quickly! Shelley did not even see Suzette swat his wet behind!

The stinging slap brought tears to his eyes and shocked him into the realization that she could just as easily subject him to the total humiliation of a spanking that would make it much easier to stand submissively before her for days than to attempt to sit in such agony.

What Shelley did not know was that in France, Suzette had trained a young lad of sixteen who was un-

dergoing petticoat punishment. Under her firm control, the lad lost all of his masculine desires. Among other feminine humiliations to train him properly, he even took ballet lessons with other girls, who did not know *she* was a *he*. She kept him under such control that by the time he was twenty-one, his only dream was to be a dutifully obedient and well-trained lady's maid.

"I will speak to you any way I choose, Sissy. I am in charge, and if you resist, you will be severely punished."

Shelley was unsure of himself and decided not to challenge. Perhaps he would talk to Mrs. VanBeau about this episode when she returned. But, his mind considered Mrs. VanBeau's instructions to her maid and he wondered what might happen if he did complain.

"In fact," she continued, "when I am with you I am to be addressed as 'Mistress Suzette' or 'Mistress'. Is that understood, sissy boy?"

He hung his head and replied, "Yes," only to feel another stinging, tear-swelling slap.

"Yes, what, my petite pansy?"

"Yes, *Mistress* Suzette," he quickly replied, stressing the word *Mistress* with frightened awe over her sudden power over his life. In trembling shame, he stood completely naked before her as she completed wiping him dry with a fluffy, pink bath towel before she applied *Beautiful* brand after-bath splash and dusting powder.

"Good, now go into your room so we can dress you."