

Silk & Satin Sissy

Part 2



Shelley Isis

An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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SILK & SATIN SISSY 2

By Shelley Isis

Had it not been for Mrs. VanBeau and Suzette, Shelley might have spent a lonely evening at home sulking for his fiancée. The two women saw to it that once Shelley completed his evening chores, he was assigned to give both of them an extended foot massage in the confines of their respective bedrooms.

It was the first time Suzette was granted this privilege and she reveled in the pleasure of having this submissive sissy massaging the feet of the house servant. She made sure that Shelley gave numerous kisses on her instep, heel, and arch. She even insisted he suck each of her large toes, just as he had learned to do with his plugs.

Suzette tried hard to confine her mounting excitement. How she would love to strap on her personal dildo and thoroughly ream this pansy - just as she had done several years ago to Francine. How that sissy squealed as she screwed her conquered little French fairy. From that moment Francine would

never again even think of defying an order from Suzette, or any other person.

‘Just once,’ she wished. ‘Just once. If only I could enjoy a similar session with Michelle.’

But Suzette was astute and knew not to take a privilege not yet given by Madam VanBeau - or Alicia.

But, there was one thing that an amused Alicia had suggested to Suzette. Quite casually Suzette stood up, with an always dutiful Shelley still kneeling before her, while she stretched and reached down to release the crotch of the black satin teddy. Smiling down at poor Shelley, knowing by his blush that he had seen her female muff, she sat down in the easy chair to place her long legs upon his shoulders.

“While your mistress enjoys the largess of her lover, I think that she would be pleased to know that you are being instructed in the art of making lesbian love,” she announced by gently bending his golden head down between her thighs. “Since a woman like you does not have a little male toy, she must learn how to arouse and make love with another woman by using her tongue and lips.

“First, little girl, you should know that the little bud above your vagina is like a little pleasure center that is aroused by a male’s organ by friction. So you can see that Mark’s huge toy is really nothing but a hose being thrust in and out in order to fulfill his needs while your Alicia cries out for its blessed friction against her swelling bud. But a woman’s tongue can more accurately probe and lick her little bulb until it swells with the flush of her desires. See if your dainty tongue can reach my little bud, my little lesbian?”

Meekly, he pressed his mouth against her sexual lips as his pink tongue parted them and sought out

the little bud, until he could feel the press of her thighs and hear her growing moans of pleasure...

The little sissy was beginning to learn, at last, how his Alicia had planned for him to satisfy her needs as a lesbian might, since he could not ever again expect to do it as a man!

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Alicia was so eager to get into Mark's house, he couldn't get his front door open fast enough. Once inside, she threw her arms around her lover and, again, kissed him passionately.

Mark slid his hands under the trench coat and was surprised to meet the creamy flesh of her beautiful buttocks.

"Darling, I want to undress you," she suggested playfully. "Indulge me by not touching me just yet."

Mark chuckled but figured he would allow his sweet package her wish.

Alicia first took off his suit coat and then removed his necktie. She undid his belt and ever-so-slowly began to undo the buttons on his custom-made shirt. She began by placing a kiss on his neck and, with each button, placed a kiss on his body - the top of his furry chest, its middle, the top of his abdomen, a gentle tongue probe in his navel, and finally the very top of his groin.

Not touching this ravishing beauty demanded great discipline on Mark's part.

Alicia knelt, still wearing her trench coat, to removed his shoes and socks. Very slowly, she removed his trousers and placed them, folded, on top of his jacket. It was impossible to miss the swelling mass within the confines of his satin and silk briefs. Alicia

then slid those from his hips, careful not to come in contact with his magnificent growing manhood. She led him to his easy chair and said, "Please sit, Darling."

Naked, he sat dubious as to what would happen next.

Alicia stood in front of her lover and slowly undid the belt to her coat. When she slid the garment over her bare shoulders, Mark simply said, "You're absolutely unbelievable," as his warrior stood at stiff attention.

"First, my Love, I want to show you how much I missed you," Alicia promised, kneeling between his outstretched thighs.

She delicately took his outstretched lance in both her hands and placed a single kiss on top of its velvety knob-leaving her lipstick print clearly visible. Then, Alicia placed a series of loving kisses along his lengthy shaft and on each of his full warm globes before returning to its head. Ever-so-slowly she engulfed her quivering mouth over his manhood and began to take him in as deeply as she could.

Her lips formed a perfect O each time she let him withdraw-slowly sliding from her creamy moistened lips. When her lips met the base of the mushroomed head, she again took him in as deeply as she could.

Mark stared down at his precious beauty and sucked the air between his teeth as he saw how adoringly she performed her task while her silken hair cascaded over his thighs and hips. Mark wanted this moment to last as long as possible, yet did not want to have his lover perform such an unselfish task without return.

When she placed a hand under the base of his scrotum, he felt the rush of semen surge through his powerful rod. Alicia knew she would not be able to take all her virile brute had to offer, yet even Mark was truly impressed with her skills.

He caressed her hair and her upper back as he joyously spasmed, showering her with his manly affection.

Alicia gulped down each of his creamy salvos as they spurted into her oral receptacle. She loved the taste of Mark; a bit salty, but virile and delicious. She felt a wonderful sense of power within her each time Mark ejaculated inside any part of her body. It was almost as if this mighty hunk was giving her a part of himself - which, of course, he was.

As Mark's emotions subsided, Alicia licked the last few drops from the slit of his studly knob. She kissed the inside of his thighs as Mark caressed her golden locks. Alicia was continually amazed at this male's mighty erection. Even after such a discharge, his organ remained fully erect in throbbing expectancy. It seemed that when he was with her, he was always in this state. So unlike her wimpy fiancé, who was so shy in her presence that he couldn't even get it up. After only a moment, Mark drew Alicia to her feet and pulled her head to his while he remained sitting. He kissed her deeply as she felt his hand caress her leg then slide its way up her thigh. When he reached her crotch, he skillfully unsnapped the three dainty clasps that held her garment in place and exposed her furry, excited muff.

Alicia moaned lustfully as she felt his middle finger enter her, causing her to know that Mark was merely checking to see if she was ready as he found her very moist, almost dripping with passion. Alicia quickly removed her garments, tossing them to the side.

With his knees together, he had Alicia straddle his thighs, facing him, while she shivered with excitement, knowing the moment to come. Mark had done this to her before.

Slowly, she lowered herself to his lap as he aimed his scepter at her opening. As always, it found its target and Alicia let out a series of moans when she felt her lover's shaft penetrate her as its mass seemed to take her clitoris inside along with its thrusting eagerness. God, how she loved this feeling as her clitoris responded to each, ever deeper, plunge.

They spent countless minutes caressing each other. Alicia ran her tapered fingers through the furry mass of Mark's chest while Mark caressed her back and fondled her breasts. Alicia experienced a series of joyous spasms as Mark subtly thrust his hips while rubbing her extended, excited nipples between his thumbs and forefingers. They stared into each other's eyes like the reunited lovers they were.

Mark then placed both hands under her fanny and effortlessly stood up. Alicia wrapped her shapely ankles around the small of his back and interlocked her fingers around his thick muscled neck. While standing, Mark quickened his thrusts while he massaged her ass-cheeks.

"Oh, My Master! How I adore you," Alicia cried out as she felt a mighty orgasm well up deep within her. Her screams were muffled by the confines of Mark's home. He rode her. Tonight he was her stallion.

After that session, they snuggled in the warmth of Mark's bed praising each other's skill as a lover, and the synergy they generated when united.

"Darling, you seemed especially eager tonight. Hasn't your fiancé been taking care of you while I was

gone?” Mark teased with a deep masculine laugh, suspecting the truth.

“Oh, Mark, you know that little Shelley is not a real man,” Alicia confessed to Mark. She told him of Shelley’s two failed attempts as a lover. She told him how Shelley had been dressing full-time as a maid in preparation for the Costume Ball. “Frankly, Mark dearest, he is an absolute jewel as a maid. And after my marriage, Shelley’s role will be more that of a wife and sister to me. Certainly not as a real man, or a husband.”

“Did you tell him about us?”

“Yes, my love. He was shocked at first, even cried a bit. But, finally he submitted and said that it was okay. He acknowledged my need for a real man and suggested that he might even ask you to make love to me.”

Mark laughed while Alicia continued, “Mark, after tonight I decided that Shelley will be denied any further attempts at making love with me. There really is nothing manly about him. We did find a gentler, more feminine way for him to bring me satisfaction, but I will never allow him to be the aggressor.”

“He sounds like quite the sissy. I’m anxious to meet him, or her,” Mark responded with laughing appreciation of her plans for little Shelley.

“I’m afraid he is. But, he has learned his domestic chores quite well and is a perfect lady’s maid,” she agreed with an amused thought as she kissed Mark. “Perhaps, when you come over, I’ll have my maid turn down the bed for us and stand obediently nearby to follow our every wish.”

“Yes,” Mark noted, contemplating the prospects. “Are you sure that he is mature enough to watch how a real man makes love to a woman.”

“Now, Darling, he’s very sensitive, but he knows his proper place as my maid. And, if you wish...”

Mark rolled onto Alicia and gave her a look that she immediately recognized, causing her to lose her train of thought.

“Oh, my darling man. I can’t believe you’re ready to do it again. You really are incredible,” she gasped as they found themselves, once again, in perfect union.

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The following morning, Shelley and Suzette were serving breakfast to Mrs. VanBeau when Alicia walked through the door looking absolutely radiant.

“Alicia, I didn’t know it was raining,” Mrs. VanBeau chuckled while staring at the trench coat Alicia wore. “And where did you get those precious roses?”

Shelley’s heart sank when he saw Alicia looking like she did some twelve hours prior. Meekly, he began to set a place for her.

“They are lovely, Mother. A little gift from Mark,” she agreed with a delighted smile as she took her place at the table to hand the roses to Shelley, who accepted them with a curtsy as she continued, “Of course, Mark gave me a much bigger gift later.”

Mother and daughter shared knowing laughter.

“God, I’m famished. I just wonder if a poor girl can gain any weight after a night with a restless man. Why, Mark just wouldn’t let me sleep, but I feel absolutely wonderfully filled with his love.” She looked up

at Shelley who had set the roses aside to nervously pour her coffee while trying not to listen to her shameful happiness. “Now, Michelle, be a dear and put these roses in a vase. Then bring them to my room and place them on my bureau. I want them to be the first thing I see in the morning and the last as night. When I’m alone, that is,” she concluded with a chuckle while giving a wink to her mother, as they watched their maid swish away carrying the lovely roses like a bridal bouquet into the kitchen.

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The following day, Sunday, Shelley accompanied Alicia and Mrs. VanBeau to church services. He wore a beautiful dress of soft organza, petal pink high-heeled shoes decorated with pink daisy-shaped bows, matching lace gloves, and a beautiful wide-brimmed straw hat decorated with flowers and a veil. Alicia wore a strapless, flowered summer dress with a matching bolero jacket for modesty while Mrs. VanBeau wore a pleated, eggshell, wool skirt with a royal blue silk blouse.

They were a stunning trio and, following the services, several members asked Mrs. VanBeau who the pretty girl was.

Mrs. VanBeau merely said ‘she’ was a visiting member of the family, who was working as a lady’s maid for her daughter.

Once they arrived home, Suzette had Shelley change immediately into his maid’s uniform, since they had much to do with guests coming for dinner.

“Who’s coming, Mistress Suzette?” Shelley inquired with a look of concern.

“Masters Mark and Carlos will be joining your fiancée and Madam VanBeau this evening,” Suzette casually informed him.

Shelley wanted to just curl up and die. On one hand, he did not want to see Mr. Manley - his fiancée’s lover. He would just die if Mr. Manley saw how he dressed. On the other hand, he wanted to seem perhaps just one more time, Carlos Sanchez. He seemed so nice the last time he came over. Hopefully, he would not find out that Shelley was really a boy.

“Come, come, Michelle. We have much to do and a full dinner to prepare for the women of the house and their gentlemen callers.”

After an afternoon of light housework, table setting, and advanced dinner preparations, Suzette saw to it that the nervous Shelley looked as beautiful as possible.

While Suzette wore a black full-skirted velvet maid’s uniform that came modestly just above her knees, she chose a pure white satin uniform for Shelley that was trimmed in soft pink and was very short, coming barely below his thighs. Underneath he wore a bouffant slip, in the softest shade of pink, while multi-layered, pale pink, petticoats flared out, causing the uniform’s skirt to lay almost horizontally. With a pink ruffled white apron to adorn the uniform she selected a maid’s white cap with pink ruffles for Shelley’s golden curls.

Both maids looked beautiful in their own way.

Suzette dark and mysterious in black velvet and patent leather spikes.

Shelley looked like a fair maiden, almost like a ballerina in a beautiful tutu. He, too, wore spiked pumps - only his were a pale pink to match the trim

of his outfit. He knew he would have to be careful not to show his ruffled panties, because the ladies thought it quite naughty; he knew that his flirty short skirts and layered petticoats almost bounced like a ballerina's tutu with each mincing step.

Alicia and Mrs. VanBeau looked gorgeous. Both wore elegant black cocktail dresses highlighting their shapely figures with full bosoms. They waited, anxiously, in the living room for their guests to arrive.

Shelley felt a thousand butterflies in his tummy when the doorbell chimed. He and Suzette greeted their guests with curtsies. Both men looked handsome in their dark, well-tailored, suits.

Mark was certain that the fluff in white had to be the effeminate Shelley. This maid intentionally averted eye contact with him. In addition, the maid in black looked far too strong and confident to ever be the sissy he heard so much about.

Once again, Carlos took Shelley's slender fingers and kissed the back of his hand, causing Shelley to blush deeply as the `maid' sensed Mark's amused masculine tolerance of Carlos' advances towards the little fairy maid.

"I hope we'll have some time to talk later this evening," Carlos suggested, with a piercing smile into the eyes of this delicious creature, to accept `her' blush as shy agreement.

Both men were led into the living room and Shelley felt a quick pang of jealousy at the passionate embrace and deep kiss Alicia gave to Mark.

Carlos was quick to notice this, as well. The grape vine at Silk and Satin buzzed with rumors of the burgeoning romance between Mark Manley and Alicia VanBeau. Carlos could see why.