

Evelyn's Proper Education

Book One

SPECIAL EDITION
RP CLASSIC
Six Illustrations

Elizabeth Anne Nelson



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Love,

Ms. Chrissie
Editor in Chief

EVELYN'S PROPER EDUCATION

By Elizabeth Anne Nelson

BOOK ONE: EVELYN'S FANTASIES BECOMES A REALITY

The village of Drover's Point is not on many maps, yet it does exist on the banks of the Mississippi south of Saint Louis. It was built facing the river like most river towns with it's main street consisting of about thirty stores and other commercial buildings. The rest of the village stretched out in tree lined streets to the bluff which served as a foundation for Drover House, a great stately steamboat gothic built by Captain Evelyn Kay Drover when he settled the town as his ferry boat company's transshipment landing for the great overland trails leading to the American west.

Just north of the village spread the huge marshaling yards for the railroads that served Saint Louis and provided the people of Drover's Point with the jobs that kept the village alive.

Captain Drover had invested deeply in the building of the railroads and passed this growing wealth to his heirs.

Now, Robert E. Drover managed the Drover Corporation with sound business judgment leaving the management of his family to his loving wife, Susan, who raised his son, Evelyn Kay, as best as she could considering his wild ways as the leader of the Drover Wranglers.

The Drover Wranglers, in their western styled leather outfits, drove their machines through the village following the rugged image of the Wild Bunch, and other motorcycle gangs, leaving in their wake a wave of petty vandalism and terror. All under Evelyn's leadership. A leadership that led to Judge Benson's boy being killed in an accident, Dr. Thomas' wife having a miscarriage when she was chased off the streets by a stream of roaring bikes as they rushed by, and other similar incidents that unified the town in a common hatred of Evelyn Kay Drover.

Evelyn's father heard about his son's wild uncontrollable behavior, but he thought little of it. Boys will be boys. So the town just waited until it saw the youth go off to college shortly after his mother's death from cancer.

Many gave a sigh of relief to see Evelyn off to college, but they knew that in the summer he would return to marshall his gang and ride out into the streets again.

Robert E. Drover was glad to see that his son was finally accepted by a college. He did not have any particular plans for his own future until he met Mrs. Jane Ann Peterson, an attractive widow with six nearly grown daughters and the ability to take charge of Robert's life to the point where she became the second Mrs. Robert E. Drover and moved her family into the huge mansion on the bluff. Robert found his new wife to be wonderfully business minded and soon he shared with her his business plans seeing that she could not only manage her large family, but his business as well, when he left town to attend to various business conferences and deals.

The town of Drover's Point found that Mrs. Drover was determined to take her rightful place as the head of the town's Ladies Society and the like, while her daughters took various jobs.

Sarah, the eldest, assisted Mrs. Trent at the Point Beauty Salon.

Barbara worked at Little World Fashions using her skills as a seamstress to add darling little tailor made fashions.

Sandra served as a nurse at the Drover's Point Hospital.

Helen, took her place as a dance instructor at the Unger Dancing School.

While an equally talented Joan joined the staff of the Drover Music School.

Betty, the youngest at fifteen, stayed home to help Mrs. Baxter, their housekeeper, when she was not at school or helping out at the Bide-A-Wee Day School.

In short the town soon learned that the new Drover girls were perfectly charming young ladies who had all the virtues that the Drover boy did not.

Mrs. Drover met her stepson for the first time at the wedding and saw at once that he was as rude and uncontrollable as everyone had said he was.

This was a problem unlike any she had faced before, because she knew that Robert could see no fault in his son, and therefore she was rendered powerless to act to protect the town through controlling Evelyn, if he had not been in college she would have spent more time on the problem, but for then she would leave the youth alone and satisfy herself with managing her husband.

As the weeks passed she acquired his power of attorney to exercise control of matters in his absence and to maintain a life's estate relationship between husband, and wife to reduce the possibility of loss through heavy taxes if he were to die.

By then she knew that his will had left everything to the boy. So she talked Robert into writing a new will which provided for her during her life and her daughters until they were married. In the event of his death she would take control of the estate and manage it for Evelyn until he was twenty-five, or until the Board of Directors felt he was capable enough to run the business himself. But, it was her decision since she would become Chairman of the Board. Until then the youth had an allowance just like the girls, with the exception that the money was to be spent at Mrs. Drover's direction to be certain that Evelyn received a 'proper education'.

A month later Robert E. Drover, returning late at night from a meeting in the city crossed the rail yards

when a switching engine collided with his car to kill him instantly.

A broken hearted Mrs. Drover took charge of the business after the funeral, all too aware of her new responsibilities.

She had tried to bridge the gap between herself and her stepson during the funeral thinking that their shared grief would bring them closer together. But, she discovered that Evelyn had little interest in the passing of his father, other than the thought that he now was rich and free of any restraint.

At the reading of the will he suddenly discovered his stepmother's true power and accused her of trying to steal the wealth of the Drover's even to the point of asking the police to check out his father's accident because she may have murdered him!

With this he returned to college vowing to return at the end of the quarter in June to settle matters between himself and that 'greedy bitch'.

To complicate matters she discovered that he was flunking out of college. Needless to say, Mrs. Drover was at a loss as to what to do.

Of course the police could find no proof of the youth's charges, but the investigation was awkward. Judge Benson assured her that the will was unbreakable, and promised his full support in any action she might take against the youth. But, that was the problem, what was she to do?

And, then Mrs. Baxter found the books...

"I found this box when I cleaned up Evelyn's room this morning," Mrs. Baxter stated, indignantly plac-

ing the cardboard box on the study table where Mrs. Drover was doing her weekly letter writing.

“It is filled with the most awfully trashy books, absolutely filthy. May I throw them out with the rest of the dirt from his room?”

“I...,” Mrs. Drover began wondering what to do as she casually opened the box seeing Mrs. Baxter’s obvious disapproval.

“They are really very lewd, Mrs. Dover, not at all suitable. I almost threw up when I found, them.”

Mrs. Dover prepared herself for the worst as she ignored Mrs. Baxter’s well intentioned warnings and casually took the books one by one from the box to see on each cover various pictures of women dressed in high boots and little else, using whips or other torture devices on nakedly aroused men or women. Or men in similar costumes torturing helpless men, women, or boys.

Uncertainly she flipped the pages to see pictures of women wearing grotesque dildos sodomizing helpless males or other women. Or of men dressed in leather corsets, dresses and baby clothes complete with rubber panties being forced into degrading duties or humiliations. Books filled with all sorts of torture and sex scenes following the same bondage and punishment themes.

Unlike Mrs. Baxter, she was not made ill by the disgusting books. In fact she thought that they were a bit inventive and humorous in a pathetic sort of way.

“And you found these in his room?”



"Yes, ma'am," was the prompt reply from a very disturbed housekeeper, "Should I throw them away?"

"No, I shall look after them," Mrs. Drover responded thinking about the youth reading these awful books while he probably played with himself fantasizing how he was either the cruel mistress or the helpless victim. "How quaint."

"What?"

"Oh, I just had an amusing image," Mrs. Drover realized seeing that she had spoken out loud. "When does Evelyn return from college?"

"Two months, ma'am," Mrs. Baxter replied wondering why Mrs. Drover would ever want to keep those books.

Mrs. Drover placed the books back into the box holding one out to read for herself to see what he actually was fantasizing over. Taking the book, she asked her rather prim housekeeper to fetch her some coffee while she retreated to a nearby easy chair to read the book. Sipping her coffee she began to formulate a rather bizarre plan to solve the problem she had with Evelyn...

Soon she was at her phone calling various resource people to schedule appointments for, or locate information about, how she might implement her plans. By midnight she had acquired enough information to develop the basic strategies within her plan to start Evelyn's 'proper education'.

The next morning she explored the white, painted storage house, which at one time in it's history served as a slave barrack, but now served as a headquarters for the Wranglers when Evelyn was about.

Opening the entrance door she measured the distance to the main house deciding that it was possible to connect the two.

The main floor was a large open space arranged to store bikes where the gang could meet indoors out of the rain and tinker with their machines using the well equipped tool room next to a club room and bath.

Walking up the stairs she examined the five large bedrooms and bath that once served as servants quarters before making a little sketch in her notebook.

She went down to see the full basement with its stone foundation walls and iron barred windows which allowed little light from their deep window wells. Every few feet she saw fixed into the floor a rusted shackle ring. At one end of the room there was a huge water trough made of stone about five feet deep, four feet wide, and eight feet long with a little wooden platform along its rim. Looking up above it she could see the plumbing pipes for the house and she knew that it could be filled with water once the junk had been taken from it and it had been repaired. Smiling to herself she made some more sketches of the basement before she returned to the main house.

First she arranged to sell all the junk in the old house including his bikes and machine shop. Once it was completely cleaned she had the contractor view the house as she explained that she intended to transform it into a guest house complete with special recreational and practice rooms sound proofed for her 'musical daughters'.

Because she wanted it convenient to the house, she asked that he follow her sketch which provided a

three storied hallway between the two from basement to second floor.

In order to economize she thought that the guest house utility system should be linked with the main house for a more efficient system.

She then showed him her plans on her sketch pad and he agreed to have it finished, within four weeks as she required. She could see that he was a bit curious about some of the details in her plan, but he did not question her wishes since he could see that it was going to be a very lucrative job.

Determining that he was a discreet man she laid her plans for the a special room before him. His astonishment was only exceeded by his eager curiosity until she explained that the room was for Evelyn and she was prepared to pay well for his silence. To her surprise he readily agreed to her plan even making a few suggestions before he stated, that he would do the room himself for free, as a gift from him to Evelyn.

If the contractor's hatred of her stepson was any indication of the town's general feelings she knew that her plans for the youth would be quite well received once everybody saw the results. With the exception of Judge Benson and Dr. Thomas she had no intention to tell anyone about the means she was going to use to obtain those results and they, like the contractor, would only know a little bit of the plan.

Once the house was completed and furnished at her direction, she took her daughters and Mrs. Baxter on tour to explain to them just exactly what they were to do to assist in Evelyn's proper education. She was pleased to see that even Mrs. Baxter agreed with her plan once she had explained it fully and had let each one offer her own suggestions.

Of course she kept the knowledge of the 'special room' from them knowing that her plans for Evelyn in that room would be just between herself and the youth. It was her own special treatment room based on some of the ideas she had gleaned from the pornographic bondage books and the various professional and technical experts she had contacted.

And thus the girls each prepared for their own part in the plan by exploring with their peers all about Evelyn's life in Drover's Point and sharing what they learned about his past as well as their ideas as to what ought to be done with him, during each meal together throughout the next month, anticipating the arrival of Evelyn.

The unsuspecting Evelyn arrived at lunch time a month later to join Mrs. Dover and her daughters in the dining room. Taking a seat opposite of his step-mother at the end of the long table, he dug into the meal Mrs. Baxter placed before him ordering a beer. To his surprise Mrs. Baxter soon returned with a tall glass of cold beer to place before him doing her best to hide her disapproval.

"Now, she knows her fucking place in this house," he exclaimed taking a swig from the glass and leaning back from the table in his captain's chair, "Now, the way I see it, I am going to take over this pad, now that I'm going to quit that dumb college. It will make a great crash pad for the Wranglers. And therefore, you and your fucking daughters can buzz off. Unless they want to shack up with the guys."

He laughed and slapped the table with a loud bang.

"Or you can earn a good living as a madame with your girls as pros. I bet the old captain would under-

stand that, he built this place like a classy whore house alright.”

“I do wish, Evelyn, that you would watch your conversation around my daughters. Your language is most foul,” Mrs. Drover stated a bit impatiently. “As you are well aware, your share of the estate consists of an allowance, under my control to ensure that you receive a proper education until you are twenty five. I think...”

“Shit,” he swore leaning back further in his chair to brace his dirty boots upon the white linen covered table, “Who gives a fuck what you think, slut.”

“Now you can’ t talk to my mother,” Sandra shouted, angrily arising from her place at the table to be joined by Sarah, only to sit down when her mother signaled for her to do so. “Really, mother!”

“I do believe that Evelyn has every right to say what he wishes, for now,” Mrs. Drover cautioned seeing him finish the beer, “We must try to be fair to Evelyn, after all, his father...”

“Hell, he was a stupid asshole to fall for your crap, but not me I’m too smart to drive alone at night in a rail yard.”

“Mother,” Sandra protested only to see that her mother did not want her assistance.

“In short, young man, you are intent upon being a rather spoiled child, trying to shock his elders by using swear words he barely understands,” Mrs. Drover noted with a shrug. “There is nothing that I can say or do to help you change your behavior? You insist on your way, childlike, even at the possible risk of never being given a chance to run the corporation.”