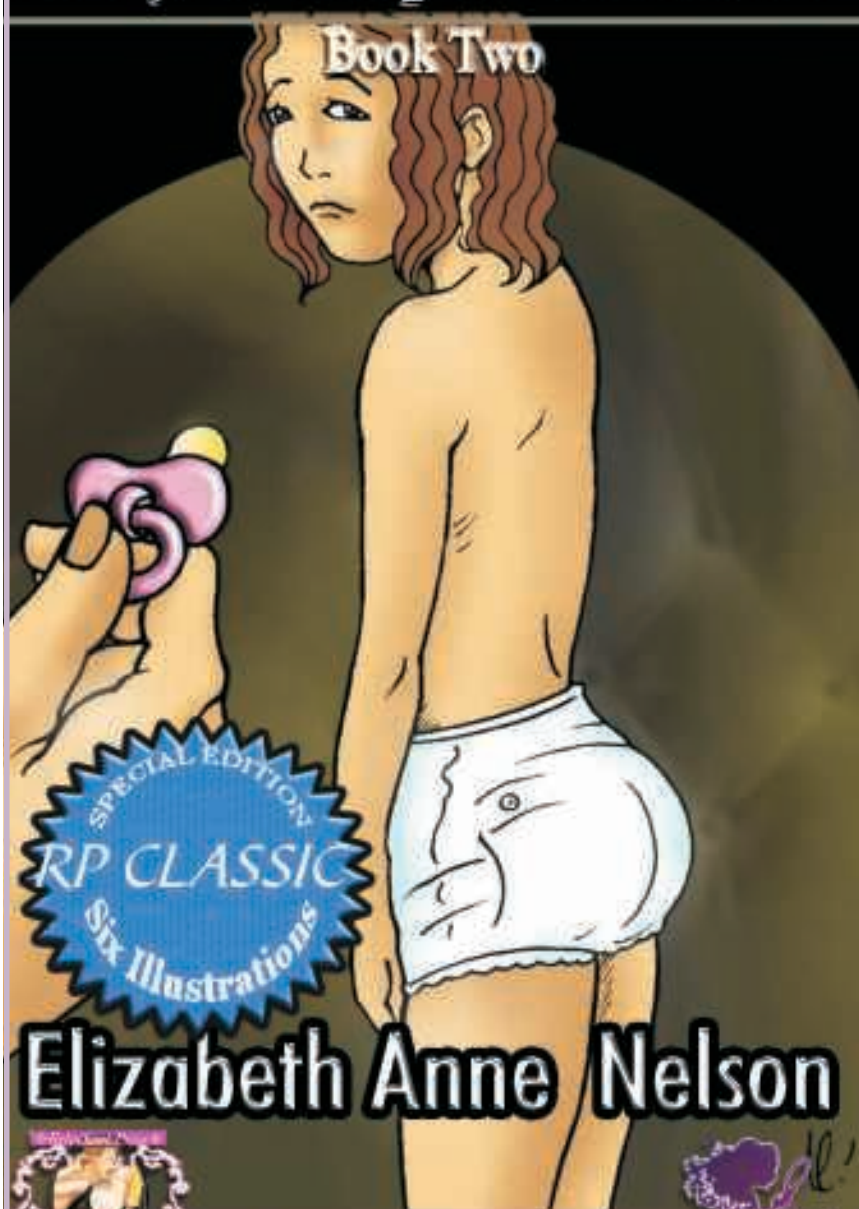


# Evelyn's Proper Education

Book Two



SPECIAL EDITION  
RP CLASSIC  
Six Illustrations

## Elizabeth Anne Nelson



A "New Woman" Novel



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

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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# **EVELYN'S PROPER EDUCATION**

**By Elizabeth Anne Nelson**

## **BOOK TWO: EVELYN'S PUNISHMENT ROOM**

Morning came suddenly with the sound of Mrs. Baxter, the housekeeper, lowering the crib railing, causing Evelyn to awaken abruptly to his surroundings to discover that he had been asleep with his lips freely enfolded about a nearly empty nursing bottle held in its crib warming holder for baby's night feeding!

“Are you dry, dearest?”

“Yes, ma'am,” he replied anxiously removing his mouth from the all too available nipple of the bottle of formula which someone during the night had substituted for the pacifier that his stepmother, Mrs. Drover, had provided when she put her toddler to

bed. He was suddenly realizing that he was actually in a crib dressed like a little toddler!

It had not been a dream. His stepmother had actually forced him into a bizarre toddler world where his education was designed for a girl taught by the women of the household. Completely dominated by his stepmother, stepsisters, and their housekeeper he discovered, to his horror, that in this special hell they had selected from his pornographic library various humiliations to train him away from being the once proud leader of a motorcycle gang.

Above his crib he could see the dangling baby mobile with its taunting penis shaped 'training' pacifier like the one used by the wife of *Baby Husband* to cure him of masculine pride. And beyond the mobile his reflection as a contented nursling in the ceiling mirror.

"Good," she noted unpinning the covers as the nurse, Sandra, one of his six stepsisters, entered the room carrying a tray to place upon the nursery high chair.

"Would you like to use your potty before breakfast?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Baxter," he replied while she undid the covers and helped him from the crib.

"Your Mommy thought that it might be best to toilet train you," she observed leading him to the bathroom where his potty training seat remained. She stood aside as he entered with a smile of expectation.

Evelyn fumbled about with the knit sleep suit before he realized that he was unable to undress himself. Meekly he curtsied.

"Yes, dearest?" she asked with amusement, "What is it child?"

"Can you help me with my sleeper, Mrs. Baxter? Please?" Evelyn asked shamefully knowing that they intended to deprive him of a child's privilege to dress and undress himself.

"Why, of course, dearest," she replied unzipping the sleeper to reveal his plump plastic panties.

“It would appear that you are as pure as your little diaper,” she noted examining the inner diaper when she picked it up from the floor where he had dropped it when he crawled onto the trainer seat. “A very sweet child.”

He blushed when he understood her true meaning, that his infantile sleep wear effectively prevented any nocturnal pleasures.

Finishing, he raised his hand and was pleased to see her hand him the toilet paper. When he was done with this chore she released the restrainer and led him naked to the nursery where he saw that Sandra had lowered the trapeze for his dressing.

“Come here, dearest,” Sandra called motioning him to the trapeze.

He was about to refuse, but Mrs. Baxter sensed his rebellious moment and seized his wrist and in minutes Sandra had completed a thorough examination of his testicles as Dr. Thomas had taught her and he was again secured in the waist corset, which was especially designed to train his figure into a narrow waist while a special crotch piece held his testicles high in front of his groin as his penis was forced between his legs into a rearward position that required him to sit at the toilet like a girl. Next she helped him into plump white plastic diaper filled panties covering his all too vulnerable testicles. Then she put on him a pair of white anklets and a pair of black patent leather baby dolls.

Mrs. Baxter released the child knowing that for the moment his rebellion had been crushed.

“I picked this especially for today,” Sandra announced happily unbuttoned the crotch of a child's white velvet toddler romper suit outfit.

Slipping it over his curler covered head she carefully arranged the needlepoint decorated, pale lavender, lace-ruffled trim of the wide, starched-white, cotton, puritan-styled collar exposing a matching lavender lace jabot from the neck, halfway to the waist. The velvet puff sleeves were trimmed with matching needlepoint lace-trimmed, pale lavender ruffles on white cotton cuffs. The smooth bodice

flowed to a wide lavender satin waist band above bloomer-plump short rompers with white cotton, lavender, lace-ruffled, leg opening cuffs that matched the cuffs of the sleeves and style of the collar. A line of five lavender pearl buttons from the leg cuff half way up to the hip on the out seams, were designed to open with the inseam snaps so that it would be easy to change the toddler's diapering.

While Sandra buttoned the insulting buttons, Mrs. Baxter first took a pacifier to clip one end of a thick, white, satin cord to its teething ring while using a larger diaper pin to pin it into his lacy jabot so that it would be available to her little toddler. She busied herself by removing the curlers and arranging his golden curls, forcing Evelyn to realize that his toddler curls, suit, and pacifier were copied from the costume worn by the hapless man forced to be a sissy in *Sissy Lover*.

Styled after the sort of costume that a toddler might wear to a party early in the century if he were not dressed in petticoats like his sister!

“Oh, what an adorable angel. If only Evelyn were three feet tall and four years old.”

“Oh, but our little darling is hardly four. Four year old's usually manage to stay dry during the day,” Mrs. Baxter laughed picking up his Pooh Bear...

“I think our little angel should be allowed to carry Poohy about today. I know that toddlers just love to cling to their favorite stuffed toy or dolly. You do want to carry Poohy, don't you, dearest?”

He knew all too well that his dress and everything they did was directed towards breaking down his masculine pride or directing him towards rebellion which might lead to what Mrs. Drover called a 'proper education'. Remembering, all too well the painful lessons of the previous day, where each mistake he made led to a brutal blow to his exposed testicles beneath his diapers, he exclaimed with childish enthusiasm in fear that such blows might turn him into a eunuch:

“Oh, can I take Poohy with me everywhere I go today. Please, Mrs. Baxter?”

“How charming,” Mrs. Baxter mused with pleasure. “I see that you are learning very quickly.”

“You most certainly may carry your little Poohy wherever you go today,” Sandra promised winking towards Mrs. Baxter before glancing at her watch. “I must go to work. I will be back at noon.”

Evelyn remembered to curtsy ‘good-bye’ to Sandra.

“Now crawl up into your high chair, dearest,” Mrs. Baxter ordered helping him into his plastic bib.

Once he was secured by the chair seat belt she lowered the food tray, taking Poohy to place before Evelyn some play school wooden blocks to play with, while she prepared breakfast.

“See if you can build a pretty little house for me.”

Meekly he arranged the blocks setting up the walls and a little doorway for the house trying not to think about what they were doing to him. He was putting the little green planks in place for the roof when Mrs. Baxter came to admire his little house before clearing the play things so that she could place before him a cup of orange juice, a matching baby-styled drinking cup of warm milk, and a large bowl filled with an oat meal-like mush with a serving spoon.

“Be sure to eat all your special mush. Like your formula, it is very special pabulum, just for our special little baby,” she stated handing him the spoon.

With each spoonful of the rich mush, which tasted a bit like oat meal mixed with vanilla pudding and milk, he found that the bowl seemed bottomless. It had to be at least a full quart. About three quarters of the way he gave up only to find out to his dismay that Mrs. Baxter intended to spoon feed him if he did not finish.

“Oh, doesn't our little baby like breakfast,” Joan asked entering the nursery to see Mrs. Baxter holding his nose and forcing down the last spoonful.

“Evelyn is just being finicky. Babies love being fed,” Mrs. Baxter noted setting the spoon aside to



wipe his lips and plastic bib before handing Joan his dishes.

“I will help Evelyn from the chair.”

“Did mother hire that nice looking Rogers boy as a junior executive?” Joan asked placing the dishes in the kitchenette sink to wash them while Mrs. Baxter helped Evelyn from the chair. “Wasn't he in that gang, the Wranglers?”

“Yes, he is going to work for her this summer as an intern,” Mrs. Baxter responded removing his bib as Evelyn realized that they were talking about Butch Rogers. “She plans to send him to college if he works out. A rough youth, but she feels that he has potential.”

“Is that..,” he began to see her stern look and fell silent.

“Little children should be seen, not heard,” Joan stated impatiently about his rude interruption of their adult conversation, patting the front of his rompers gently, before she added the insult of stuffing the pacifier that dangled about his neck into his mouth! “He is a handsome youth at least.”

“Oh, Mrs. Drover wanted to remind you girls that supper will be a bit late today,” Mrs. Baxter stated explaining various matters of interest to the women until they were done before she smiled at the toddler dutifully holding the pacifier between his lips and suckling on it as they expected. Removing the pacifier she stated, “You may go. And do take little Poohy with you, dearest.”

“Oh, thank you, Mrs. Baxter,” he replied with a curtsy seeing Joan's pleasure over his pretty suit. Fetching the large stuffed bear he greeted Joan with a dainty curtsy and offered her his other hand.

“You are simply delightful, little fairy dolly,” Joan exclaimed, taking his hand to lead him to the music room where she undid the bottom of the rompers and removed the diapers to attach a wire by pincers to his scrotum once he was secured to the ballet bar near the piano organ.

“On Tuesdays and Thursdays you will have your singing lessons just like the man in *TV In A Girl's Choir*. Now let us see if you really do have a clear soprano. You will sing this little melody,” she noted, ignoring the terror in his eyes as he remembered how they began his voice training the day before. Placing a little music stand before him she began playing the notes. “Mrs. Smith told me that you can read music and I know that before you quit your piano lessons you had seven years of lessons. A Mrs. Hatry said that you were really quite good.”

She ran through the melody seeing him read the score before him on the music stand. “Here is the introduction again.”

“The sweet roses bloom in the dale,” he began trying to reach the notes knowing that he had little choice.

“Well, dearest, we shall try again note by note using the same method we used yesterday,” she stated with a sigh.

“By Wednesday you should have a better idea of how your voice works. And then Thursday we shall start your formal training. But, for now, we shall see what we can do.”

“But, Miss. Joan, I may be able to speak in a childish voice, but to sustain a soprano for singing,” he protested, half expecting an awful shock; but, he merely saw her smile.

“Dearest angel, if the shocks don't help there is another way to make you a soprano,” she stated starting the melody again knowing that he understood her threat. She played the notes slowly correcting each one for tone and or pitch until he made the notes perfectly.

Within the hour he was able to sing the little song in a beautifully clear soprano, which she had him do for Mrs. Drover before she removed the wire and redressed the trembling child for his next class.

Mrs. Drover took him to the school building living room where she started his class on etiquette, explaining that as a child he should have perfect manners.

When the hour was over she had him sing the pretty song to her daughter, Barbara, after Evelyn introduced himself and the two ladies properly as a child might with dainty curtsies to delight Barbara, who fussed over his lovely romper suit with pleasure over how well it fitted the child.

Barbara then took the child in charge to lead him to the sewing room where she explained that on Tuesday and Thursday he would be learning various skills such as knitting, crochet, and embroidery to add to his clothes making ability. She started him by showing him how to fit fabric on an embroidery frame so that he could embroider a floral pattern on a pillow case.

When the hour was over she had him sing the little song to a delighted Sarah who took him to his hour under the electrolysis needle.

At the end of this hour he was led to the nursery and fed by Sandra, who then took him to another room that looked just like a hospital room where she explained that she would train him as a practical nurse using a life sized dummy as his patient.

After this hour he was released back to the care of Joan, who took him to the music room where she re-introduced him to where he left off in his piano lessons only to decide after hearing him practice that perhaps she had better start at the level two years back.

When she released him to Mrs. Dover for his secretarial training she watched him leave thinking of how very cute he looked from the rear in those bloomer-like rompers.

Mrs. Drover introduced him to the electric typewriter and had him practice an hour of touch typing before releasing him into the care of Betty.

During his next hour he donned a plastic pinafore apron and Betty showed him the basics of how to do the household laundry explaining the operation of the washers, dryers, mangle, steam press, and irons before explaining to him how to use the various household laundry chemicals.



At the end of this hour Mrs. Drover and Sandra arrived to take charge of Evelyn, who wondered what his next hour would be like.

Sandra, dressed in her starched, white, nurse's uniform allowed little Evelyn to pick up his Poohy Bear before she took his hand and led him back to the nursery while Mrs. Drover went to the main house foyer only to join them in the nursery carrying Sandra's blue cape and purse along with her own coat and purse.

"I think that Evelyn will enjoy going out for a car ride. Children so love to go and see new things."

Nervously he looked at the two women realizing that they actually intended to take him out of the house dressed as a little toddler in his white velvet and lace romper suit!

"You can't do it!" he screamed making a dash towards the bathroom hoping to lock himself in but Mrs. Drover grabbed his right wrist to half turn using her free left hand in a tight fist to hit him square in the testicles!

His outraged cries turned into agonizing screams as he fell to the white pile rug to roll in a fetal position.

Mrs. Drover went to his closet while Sandra waited until she thought that he could stand with assistance.

"Please don't make me go into town dressed like a little toddler boy. Please, Mommy!" he cried. "I promise to do anything you want, but please don't!"

"Why, child, I hadn't realized that you didn't like being a toddler," she laughed tauntingly taking from the closet a coat.

"This coat should be just perfect for a toddler who objects to being dressed like a little toddler boy."

As Sandra helped to hold the child Mrs. Drover helped him into the black velvet A line coat. She arranged his needlepoint, lavender lace-ruffled, white, puritan-styled collar to conceal the coat's V neck, us-

ing the lacy, lavender colored, ruffled jabot to fill the V.

Adjusting the full coat sleeves she turned him to face the mirror. She buttoned the four large white pearl buttons, revealing two rows of pretty buttons on the front of the toddler coat, causing Evelyn to realize to his horror that the fingertip length coat looked for all the world like a velvet toddler dress; while his white bloomer rompers became lavender lace-ruffled trimmed panties!

“Oh, no, Mrs. Drover,” he cried as an amused Sandra handed him his stuffed Poohy Bear and held him until Mrs. Drover put on her coat and gloves, before taking control of the lovely frightened child so that Sandra could put on her things, along with picking up a white, plastic, diaper bag from a nearby dresser.

“Just in case we have another accident, dearest,” Sandra warned with a little giggle, causing him to swallow hard and hold back in fear that they might actually plan such an awful fate for him in public.

“No, please, Miss Sandra?”

“Now, if you have any doubts put them at rest. I fully intend to spank you in public if you cause a scene,” Mrs. Drover stated firmly, taking the liberty of arranging the insulting pacifier pinned to his toddler suit outside of the coat to stick it between his lips before she took the child in tow, causing him to walk slowly by her side as Sandra took the other hand just in case the child misbehaved..

Although Evelyn was just over five foot tall and they were both at least six inches taller they had no desire to give the child a moment of freedom.

“You can sit in back with the child,” Mrs. Drover said, opening the driver's side door to get in as Sandra had him get in before her to slide to the opposite side of the car where, in frantic hope he tried the door to discover that it was safety locked from the front.

Sandra used her wrist to hit the child's testicles again and while he struggled with the agony she secured him in place with a child's safety harness designed for one too little to wear the standard seat belt.

“And here is little Poohy to hold on your lap,” she noted straightening the skirts of his coat after handing him his little toy. “Little girls learn to cover their knees as best they can to hide their dainty panties. And do suckle on your pacifier like a little baby so that we know that you do enjoy it like any happy infant would.”

He wanted to protest but the knowing pain reminded him all too well of their power to punish him at the slightest excuse so he sat silently holding his teddy bear as he suckled on the little nipple contentedly.

“The appointment is for four twenty,” Sandra noted glancing at her watch seeing the child's growing fear as the car moved towards River Front Street and the center of town.

“Don't fret, dearest, I am certain that Dr. Bower will not hurt you.”

“No, he has helped many little children so that they can have pretty teeth,” Mrs. Drover said swinging the car into a parking spot about a block away from Dr. Bower's office.

“And if you are very good, maybe he will give you a pretty balloon,” Sandra noted removing the teat of the pacifier from his lips to tuck the pacifier inside his coat 'dress' causing Evelyn much relief; because he absolutely feared that they would force him to continue suckling it right into the dentist's office so that everyone could see how very infantile he was!

Looking at his skirted lap uncertainly he asked, “Can I leave Poohy here, Miss. Sandra?”

“Oh, no, dearest,” she laughed as Mrs. Drover opened the door by his side and the laughing Sandra handed him the large stuffed toy bear.

His stepmother detached his pink, leather, toddler, safety harness from the seat belt clamps to clip in place a leash designed to control a toddler, like the one that the wife of *Baby Husband* used to lead her infant dressed husband with in public!

“You did want to carry him everywhere today. Maybe you can hold onto Poohy even when Dr. Bower

works on your teeth. And maybe Dr. Bower can clean Poohy's teeth also, wouldn't that be nice, Evelyn?" Sandra asked in tones reserved for a very small child expected to be enthusiastic over adult suggestions. "I think if you ask him nicely, like a sweet toddler would, he will be delighted. Don't you?"

"Yes, Miss. Sandra," he sighed in greater fear, realizing that they intended to lead him about on a harness and leash like a small dog, causing her to laugh again as she took the baby diaper bag from the car while he held onto his Poohy seeing the laughing amusement of passersby by over the sight of such a ridiculously huge toddler!

"Oh, what a darling dress," Mrs. Wright exclaimed shifting her shopping bag to greet Mrs. Drover; while her matronly eyes studied poor Evelyn's image in fascinated delight thinking how sweet her son's once feared former gang leader looked dressed as a baby girl held under firm control by a toddler's harness. "And this lovely little sugar fairy must be our little Evelyn."

"Remember your manners, dearest," Mrs. Drover gently chided patting the front of his skirt causing him to curtsy his "*good afternoon,*" to Mrs. Wright's further delight over how charming the once masculine youth's now childlike soprano suited his adorable dress.

"I think that she is just adorable. And baby harnesses are ever so practical for keeping simple minded infants from needlessly wandering away," Mrs. Wright stated casually, "And where is our little angel going today?"

"We must go to Dr. Bower, June, we are thinking of having Evelyn's teeth straightened. Poor child is as nervous as a baby can be. That is why Poohy bear is with us. Toddlers do need their little teddy bears for comfort don't they?"

"So I can see," Mrs. Wright noted with amused eyes upon the child's plump white rompers trimmed with pale lavender lace peeping from beneath the black velvet skirt. "Perfect, just perfectly darling. I must tell my son about little Evelyn. Be a good little girl, sweetheart."