

Evelyn's Proper Education

Book Three



SPECIAL EDITION
RP CLASSIC
Six Illustrations

Elizabeth Anne Nelson



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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EVELYN'S PROPER EDUCATION

by Elizabeth Anne Nelson

BOOK THREE: EVELYN'S FEARFUL CHOICE

Evelyn stood silently, deep in his own thoughts, as the last matron in his stepmother's Ladies Society left him standing by his stepmother after congratulating Mrs. Drover on how well she had trained her stepson through her special education classes.

Looking down at his dainty, red, lace-trimmed white anklets, he saw reflected in the red patent leather mirror-like surface of his baby doll styled shoes the reflection of plump glistening white, plastic, baby panties adorned with dainty, red, lacy, rumba ruffles to match a red, lace-trimmed, white, nylon slip beneath his obviously toddler-styled, white, organza, A-line dress with puff sleeves and skirt trimmed with lace like the high lace collar.

Over the dress was a full skirted pinafore styled apron trimmed with red lace that was secured in back with a wide sash bow to match the red and white bows set at each side of his golden blond braided hair arranged in neat meeting loops.

In short, Evelyn was the perfect image of a little toddler girl, hardly changed by his five foot two inches of height, or the fact that he was a nineteen year old youth brought under the absolute petticoated dominance of his stepmother.

A year before he had been a wild youth looking forward to joining his motor cycle gang after failing his first year in college. His summer plans were unchanged by the recent death of his wealthy father, nor did he even consider that his stepmother might actually try to stop him from donning his leather gear and taking charge of the Drover Wranglers.

After all he was tough, the terror of Drover's Point, and neither his stepmother or her daughters could stop him.

In fact, when he discovered how she had taken complete control of the wealthy Drover estate he even accused his stepmother of murdering his father. He would not let her run his life until he was twenty-five, as his father's will had provided. Nor would he fall in with her plans to groom him as a future director of the Drover Corporation.

He had, other plans.... He was going to have lots of money and the best of the action.

"You were perfectly adorable, Evelyn," his stepmother noted with deep satisfaction taking his right hand with her left to pause to adjust his dainty skirts before raising them with her free hand to check the waist of his plump diapers with matronly concern for a toddler's tidiness. Patting the front of the pliant plastic covered diaper as if to be certain that he was dry, she noted his embarrassed blush with pleasure.

Accepting his submissively docile smile of childish submission of her needed attentions, she nodded her approval knowing that in the past year she and her daughters along with Mrs. Baxter, her housekeeper, had introduced the willful youth to a special education program which had reduced him to his present near infantile daintiness.

Each in turn had introduced him to the painful truth that he would have to be a perfect pupil.

Joan taught him how to speak and sing like a lovely child,.

Helen showed him how to move in feminine grace.

Sarah introduced him to childish beauty, while denuding his body of masculine hair until he was the image of a pre-pubic child.

Betty taught him, as did Mrs. Baxter, how to be a perfect domestic.

While Sandra took him to Dr. Thomas; who, (like many others in town for various reasons), hated him because his gang had caused his wife's miscarriage.

Dr. Thomas gradually regressed his body and deprived him of his masculinity until he was like a child again!

While Barbara showed him the delights of feminine fashions and her own skill in designing his toddler fashions, his stepmother trained him to be a secretary; since he had refused her earlier plans to make him an executive.

And when he attempted to escape this special education his stepmother placed him into a special immersion therapy where he actually believed that he was being forced to eat shit and garbage when he swore! And by the time he left this special treatment the mere mention of a swear word made him violently ill.

Through their instruction his will was broken until in order to escape a toddler's existence for seven more years he actually begged the Ladies Society to allow him to dress as a teen age girl!

"Before you go to your room with Mrs. Baxter," Mrs. Drover noted taking his hand and leading him into her private study. "I wish to tell you how very pleased I am with your conduct today, dearest."

"The ladies thought that you were perfectly charming in your party dress, and loved your little recital. They all were quite delighted with your song and the sweet lilt of your childish soprano voice. It is really perfectly suited for a little preschool child."

She saw his submissive smile thinking how very enchanting his lovely blue eyes were under his long golden lashes.

The women all stated that little Evelyn was absolutely beautiful, just a picture of his late mother.

"You have made a very wise choice," she continued taking a legal looking document from an envelope on her desk.

"Judge Benson has just sent me this court order based on your behavior during this past year. It does present me with a rather amusing choice, dearest"

Meekly he stood properly before her with his hands behind his back, palm to palm in childlike manner, looking all too amusing to her since the flounce of his skirts half pushed up by the hands in back revealed a hint of glossy baby panty in front.

As he wondered what the court order said, she handed it to him with a wry smile of anticipation. Quickly he unfolded the paper to see that it was indeed a signed formal court order made out by the man whose son had been killed in an accident during a Wrangler initiation.

Knowing that Judge Benson had sanctioned his special education program under his stepmother, he suspected the worst. His fears were confirmed as he read the paper:

'Whereas, Evelyn Kay Drover, has both publicly and privately demonstrated to all that he is unfit to conduct his own affairs as an adult, and is in fact found to be mentally an imbecile with the physical controls of a three year old, as demonstrated by the evidence in Court.'

'This Court places him in the charge of his legal guardian, Mrs. Jane Ann Peterson-Drover, stepmother, whom shall control all his estates and belongings, and shall have the clear responsibility for his care and management.'

'Furthermore, it is the determination of this Court that said legal guardian is instructed to arrange for the complete sexual sterilization of said imbecile to protect himself and society, prior to placing Evelyn Kay Drover into the care of a mental institution for the incurably retarded where he may receive proper care as a legal infant.'

In utter disbelief he looked at her seeing the monstrous power she now had over his destiny!

Mrs. Baxter silently took the Court order from his trembling fingers to read it for herself while her thoughtful eyes studied the diapered toddler before her.

"I have a dear cousin, who runs a little private sanitarium, where I can place you after Dr. Thomas has gelded you as smooth as a little harmless dolly," she noted taking the court orders from his trembling fingers noting the fear in his lovely eyes and feeling satisfied that he fully understood her.

"She has agreed to take you in charge, if I find it convenient. She promises me that after a few weeks of shock therapy and other valiant efforts to help our

poor baby to recover his mental powers your imaginative mind shall retain complete awareness of all about you, just as it can now. But, its communications to the outside world will be limited to the mental and physical maturation of an eighteen month old infant.

“You will then be isolated to the tender loving care of a mute nurse, who is actually a moron patient of her’s, to be certain that you are changed, fed, supervised in your infantile play, and cared for in every way until in a few years your total mind shall gradually regress to the blissful idiocy as an infant but a few days old.

“You will become an adorable baby dolly for your nurse to care for and I shall run your father’s estate as I see fit without concern for your twenty-fifth birthday; since, as a total imbecile, you shall never want for more than your baby world.”

She frowned in displeasure seeing his stunned lack of formal posture before her as she always required of her well disciplined child.

“Do stand straight, dearest, you forget your manners,” she insisted allowing her hand to lash out so that the edge of her palm slapped firmly with a sharp blow against the front of his diapered loins!

Beneath his plump glistening white plastic baby panties, adorned with dainty red lacy rumba ruffles, and diapering he wore a tight corset waist with a strap between his legs which forced his penis rearward over his scrotum, so that he was required to sit at his toilet like a nice little girl. The scrotum sac was stretched so that each testicle was presented through a little slit in the loin strap, to be held securely exposed like two little plump plums under the diapering where her hand struck!

“Aghh!” he screamed from the brutality of her blow upon his tender fruit feeling the numbing pains, which half doubled him up, before he quickly took

his proper position before her; feet together heel and toe, legs straight, fanny tucked in by tilting the pelvic forward, back straight with shoulders, head erect, with arms at the side firmly, and hands palm to palm primly before the small of his back resting upon his derriere.

Meekly he curtsied before her to stand obediently as a little girl should.

“I am sorry, mommy.”

“You are merely an infant,” she observed coldly as if to excuse his inattention. Yet, she knew that he had heard and understood the fearful truth of her plans for his proper education.

Taking the Court order from Mrs. Baxter she stuffed it into the envelope with satisfaction, before returning it to her study drawer.

Taking some other papers from her drawer she smiled, towards the trembling overgrown infant.

“As I observed, the judge’s order has presented to me a rather amusing choice. On one hand, I can send you away to become a little baby dolly in a mental hospital. To be abandoned to your peers so that I may be done with your education.”

“And, on the other hand, I could grant you your fondest wish, as you so eloquently presented it before the ladies of the Drover’s Point Ladies Society. And, allow you to become a lovely teenage girl.”

She took a pen from the desk and placed it upon the papers.

“Now, I think we shall leave the choice to you, dearest. Judge Benson has prepared these papers for your signature.”

Uncertainly he stepped forward to pick up the pen at her direction.

“You shall read each document aloud so that I will know that you understand completely the terms of your other choice from infantilism,” she stated handing him first another Court order; which, found that Evelyn Kay Drover, formerly classified as an imbecile, had been re-examined and determined to have the mental ability of normal fourteen year old child, and therefore ordered that the child be declared to be legally fourteen years old.

“Do you understand that in the eyes of the court I can now administer your estate until you are legally twenty five?” She asked glancing towards Mrs. Baxter, her housekeeper, who was in the room to serve as her witness.

“A period of eleven more years, if I wish to allow you this choice?”

“Yes, ma’am,” was his curtsied reply of submission as she took the Court order and handed to the child, (dressed in a white organza toddler’s dress), another document to read.

This was a petition, from Evelyn Kay Drover, asking the court for permission as a minor to have his sex changed to that of a girl!

“Well, dearest?” she asked seeing the disbelief in his eyes as he finished reading aloud the paper held in his dainty childish hands, while he trembled in knowing shame over the reality of this new ‘choice’.

“Oh, I think that is a wonderful idea,” Mrs. Baxter exclaimed with delight as she fussed with Evelyn’s hair bows and kissed his forehead noticing the sheer terror in his eyes.

“Why dearest, you would make an absolutely adorable little girl. All the ladies at the meeting thought so. Wouldn’t you just love to be a little girl?”

“No, ma’am,” he dared knowing that Mrs. Drover would have her wish and he would become a girl!

“You may sign where the X is and I promise you, that although you may live as a girl from now on, I will leave the actual decision, as to when you wish the operation to be performed, to you.”

“This merely permits us to allow you to have your fondest wish, should I permit you not to be castrated and put away as an infant, which is more suitable, judging by your current toddler lifestyle. Do you understand the petition before you, and my terms?”

“Yes, ma’am,” he replied weakly, seeing no other real alternative than to trust her and sign the document to cause Mrs. Baxter to smile happily as she took the document to witness his signature.

While both women nodded their satisfaction, Evelyn accepted the next document from his stepmother to read it aloud feeling all too conscious of his clear childish soprano voice.

This document requested the court for a legal name change from Evelyn Kay Drover to Evelyn Kay Peterson in accordance with the attached legal adoption by his stepmother of Evelyn Kay, to be her youngest daughter.

Reading the attached adoption papers aloud he realized that when he signed he would in effect no longer be his father’s son!

He would become his stepmother’s adopted daughter, and thereby surrender all rights to his father’s estate at age twenty-five except as he might acquire as her seventh and youngest daughter!

Uncertainly, he looked up from the paper to see her open the drawer to examine the document which would make him a perfect little baby girl for life!

Swallowing hard he signed the paper to be witnessed by Mrs. Baxter, as his adopted mother handed him the last document; which was a custody agreement that gave Mrs. Jane Ann Peterson-Drover

complete power of attorney over her adopted daughter until the child was either married or reached age twenty-five.

“Well, Miss Peterson, you do wish to be my daughter, don’t you?”

Seeing little choice he signed his consent as she indicated the proper place for his signature and that of Mrs. Baxter.

“Very well, dearest, I have the choice of filing these papers, or turning you over to Dr. Thomas to become a baby,” she noted placing the papers in a wall safe before turning towards the child.

“You may kiss your mommy and go with Mrs. Baxter to your room for your afternoon nap.”

Meekly he obeyed while she adjusted his dainty baby clothes before accepting his daintily curtsied withdrawal.

Evelyn noted that with the next week’s passing he still was dressed as a sweet toddler girl, and because of his past ‘accidents’ required to confess her need for potty control with each passing hour so that she would be properly toilet trained.

So when the next week began the same way he decided that Mrs. Drover had no real intention of putting him in teen age clothes, even if they were clothes more suited for a fourteen year old girl rather than a nineteen year old boy.

So, quite resigned to his awful fate, under the control of a pink toddler’s harness attached to a leash held by his sister, Sandra, dressed in her white nurse’s uniform, he entered the doctor’s office to take his weekly shots dressed in a lovely black velvet, baby styled, A-line, jumper over a white, satin blouse. Peeping from beneath the all too infantile skirts was the lace of his slip and the bloomer fullness of white, satin covered plastic panty and plump



diapering. About his neck hung a baby pacifier, while in his arms he cuddled Pooh Bear.

All eyes turned to focus upon this oversized baby girl as Sarah released the harness and ordered her charge to fix his drooping little anklets before he sat and awaited his turn.

Meekly, he set aside his teddy bear on an empty chair. He actually could see his panty in the mirror smoothness of his black patent leather baby dolls when he crouched to adjust his dainty lace trimmed anklets.

Once he had finished this little chore he reclaimed his Pooh Bear to crawl up into the chair treating the reception room full of awaiting patients a glimpse of his rumba lace diapering which caused a wave of delighted approval from the matrons, while their children giggled and shared in what they had seen before the matrons shushed them to assume a polite amused satisfaction over poor Evelyn's blushing shame.

"Ah, the doctor is expecting to see our darling little Evelyn," the receptionist announced as she took Evelyn by the hand to lead him to a waiting examination room. "You may undress our little one."

Mrs. Drover placed her packages she had brought from the house on the window sill while Sandra undressed the lovely child.

Awaiting Dr. Thomas' arrival they had undressed the child completely except for his little anklets and shoes ignoring his trembling shame and growing fears that they planned to castrate him!

"Ah, here is our little angel baby," Dr. Thomas mused entering the room with his nurse close behind carrying a surgical tray covered with a sterile cover, causing poor Evelyn to imagine that the doctor would geld him in the office while the women watched!