

Evelyn's Proper Education

Book Four



SPECIAL EDITION
RP CLASSIC
Six Illustrations

Elizabeth Anne Nelson



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Editor in Chief

EVELYN'S PROPER EDUCATION 4

By Elizabeth Anne Nelson

INTRODUCTION:

Evelyn Kay Drover was the most hated youth in Drover's Point. He led the Wranglers, a Wild Bunch type of high school motor cycle gang that terrorized the town through drugs, robbery, rape, and even murder! Although everyone feared the youth and his gang, his father's money and the fear of witnesses and victims kept him out of jail.

Evelyn's father marries Mrs. Jane Ann Peterson. The new Mrs. Drover quickly took charge of the household, as Evelyn's father sends him off to college. Mrs. Drover settles into the community with her six lovely daughters and soon becomes a leader in the Drover's Point Ladies Society while helping her husband to manage the Drover Corporation when he was away on business trips. Because of her obvious skills as a manager her husband's will provided that she would con-

trol the company until Evelyn's twenty fifth birthday. And during that time she would provide Evelyn with a 'proper education'. But, as she learns more about her step son, she realizes that soon he will become her problem; and, she has no idea what to do with him.

One day her rather prudish housekeeper, Mrs. Baxter, entered the living room looking very ill and quite distraught as she showed Mrs. Drover declaring that she found the 'absolutely filthy books which should be destroyed' while cleaning Evelyn's room.

Knowing that Evelyn's secret collection served his sexual fantasies Mrs. Drover decided to glance through the well worn books to judge for herself. As she read these books - (about the sexual domination of hapless males, forced into toddler clothes or sexy women's clothing to be subjected to bizarre humiliations designed to destroy their masculine identity until made into submissive sex objects) - a plan for his proper education formed in her mind.

When Evelyn returns to Drover's Point for his father's funeral he is not fully aware of the conditions in the will. Knowing that he is flunking out of college he plans to turn his family home into headquarters for his motorcycle buddies.

But his step mother has transformed the old slave barracks into a residence and classroom facility. Here Mrs. Drover and her six daughters, with the help of Mrs. Baxter, set about to reeducate Evelyn by using the various techniques suggested in the sex books until Evelyn's Fantasies Become Reality.(Book One) and he discovers himself to be a bizarre toddler as: Sarah, a beautician, denuded his body of masculine hair and applying her skills to change him into the pre-pubescent childish beauty; Barbara, a clerk and seamstress at Little World Fashion, provides him with his adorable toddler clothes while teaching him about fashions, clothes care, and sewing; Sandra, a nurse, was his nurse maid when he was led in public on a toddler harness while he carried his little favorite dolly and happily suckled his pacifier, or while teaching him about practical nursing; Helen, a dance instructor, showed

him how to move in feminine grace as she began his lessons in ballet and modern dance exercises; Joan, a musician, trained his voice until he could speak and sing in the sweet soprano of a child; Betty, a nursery day care center worker, taught him child care when she was not helping Mrs. Baxter to teach him how to be a homemaker; and, Mrs. Drover trained him how to be a secretary since he had shown no interest in running his late father's company.

When he tried to escape Mrs. Drover placed him into special immersion therapy in Evelyn's Punishment Room (Book 2) to subject his mind to special conditioning where the mere thought or mention of a swear word or the sight of a dirty picture from one of his books made him vomit! Yet, deep within this conditioning he also was convinced that he secretly wanted to be like one of the hapless victims in his fantasies. So he accepted the humiliation of being dressed like a toddler girl. However he so desperately wanted to escape this bizarre diapered world that he actually begged the matrons of the Drover's Point Ladies Society to allow him to be dressed as an older girl!

So, Mrs. Drover presents to him Evelyn's Fearful Choice (Book 3) wherein he must choose between life as a sexless infant in a sanitarium or living as her fourteen year old adopted daughter, (without any direct claim as heir to the Drover Estate), and signing an agreement for a sex change to be performed when he asked them to do it!

Thus, he accepts the latter choice and finds himself in a totally feminine world of luxury like a fairy princess where he continues Evelyn's Proper Education at home while joining in the world of his girlish peers after school. In fact, he finds that he has complete freedom to resume his auto-erotic pleasures. But, he discovers to his absolute horror and dismay that he has become as prudish as a very proper Victorian matron about those 'nasty tumors between his legs' and he can only find pleasure by escaping into the sexual fantasies of being a young girl masturbating herself!

BOOK 4: EVELYN BECOMES A SEX OBJECT

The summer days passed by very quickly for a very busy Evelyn and before he knew it the girls were already talking about fall clothes and school, which was but a week away.

Evelyn's fall clothes had already been selected, after a shopping tour of Barbara's shop, and Evelyn had already noticed that his step mother was talking to the girls about his coming class work.

He had just returned from his nurse maid duties and had offered to help Mrs. Baxter by setting the supper table when the front door bell rang.

"Be a dear, Evelyn, and see who is at the door. Your mother is busy with Barbara in the study."

"Yes, Mrs. Baxter," he agreed with a half curtsy before going to open the front door to reveal a white haired matron dressed in a dark blue-grey cotton summer suit dress, which suited her blue-grey framed glasses and hair.

"Good afternoon, ma'am."

"Is your mother home, dearest," the matron asked entering the house at Evelyn's curtsied greeting, showing pleasure over the child's rather Victorian politeness, and the fact that she was dressed in a lovely plum, taffeta, shirtwaist rather than jeans and tops like her rather self-centered rude peers. Although she spoiled her own children, she could appreciate a well mannered child when she saw one.

"Whom shall I say is calling?"

"I am Mrs. Glen, I spoke to her earlier this afternoon, and she suggested that I could call at six since you were having a late supper tonight."

"Yes, ma'am, mother is with Barbara in the study," he replied politely leading the matron to the front

room suggesting, "Would you like some coffee, Mrs. Glen, I am sure that mother will join you here."

"Thank you, dearest," she noted taking a seat at the couch. Placing her handbag and leather briefcase upon the shelf under the lamp table she watched Evelyn retreat after an instinctive half curtsy to return carrying a silver hostess tray complete with coffee service and cookies.

"Cream and sugar please," she noted as the girl deftly served her. "Are you Evelyn Kay Peterson, Mrs. Drover's youngest daughter, by adoption?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied keeping her company until Mrs. Drover came.

"I know Betty Drover. She graduated from Drover's Point High School last May. She must be eighteen. How old are you, dearest?"

"Just fifteen this July, Mrs. Glen," he replied seeing his step mother's arrival causing him to arise and curtsy.

"May I introduce you, Mrs. Glen, to my mother, Mrs. John Drover," he said with another dutifully polite curtsy.

The ladies exchanged greetings and Mrs. Drover allowed Evelyn to serve her coffee with satisfaction over the child's charming service and party manners, almost wishing her other six daughters were as well trained.

"May I be excused, mother," he asked with a half curtsy expecting to be dismissed so that the ladies could talk in private.

"I do think that you should stay, dear. Mrs. Glen claims that she wishes to talk about you. Although, I must confess that I do not know why," Mrs. Drover stated motioning Evelyn to a straight back chair. "You may sit there, Evelyn."

A bit nervously he took his place with prim grace as he arranged his lovely full skirt to hide the lacy hems of his lovely petticoats before folding his hands into his lap.

“I am the new vice principal at Drover’s Point High School. I am in charge of administration,” she began reaching down to take her briefcase from the lamp stand shelf to open it. “May I ask, Mrs. Drover, a few questions?”

“Why, of course.”

“I noticed in the newspaper that your daughter, Barbara, is getting married,” she continued after sipping her coffee to see Evelyn refill the cup promptly. “In the news article your daughters’ names and ages were indicated, among other details about them. You should be proud of your girls.”

“Why thank you, Mrs. Glen, I am quite proud of my girls.”

“Among the names was Evelyn’s, your recently adopted daughter...”

She turned her attention toward Evelyn.

“Evelyn, dear, where did you attend junior high? You are not registered at our local junior high or any private school.”

Evelyn looked in surprise at his mother wondering what to say!

“Evelyn attends a special education course of instruction at home,” Mrs. Drover replied, beginning to realize what had happened. “I am certain that Judge Benson can explain the matter to you....”

“We have already discussed the matter,” Mrs. Glen announced to Mrs. Drover’s surprise, “This morning I took the liberty of talking to the good judge. I understand about Evelyn’s special conditions. However that does not change the fact that your adopted

daughter is legally only fifteen. And, according to the State law, she is required to attend, public school.”

“Public school?”

“Or an accredited private school, if you prefer, Saint Catherine’s High School for Girls is quite good,” Mrs. Glen stated with a shrug taking a paper from her briefcase adding, “Judge Benson agrees that legally the child is required to attend a regular school, so he has signed this court order, at my request, which requires you to comply with the law.”

Mrs. Drover looked at her and the astonished Evelyn to take the order to read it carefully with deep concern until she suddenly smiled to herself and handed it back to Mrs. Glen agreeing, “My daughter will be in school next Monday, as required. I am sorry to have put you to such trouble.”

“I spoke to Mrs. Frank, our principal, and she was certain that Evelyn would adore attending school with her friends. She had been planning to chat with you.” She placed the order back on the coffee table for Mrs. Drover to keep and said almost apologetically, “If Evelyn is to be a perfectly normal little girl she must be with her peers at school. I know that she was once considered retarded, but your family physician states that the child, is a perfectly normal fifteen year old. Dr. Thomas was quite helpful.”

“I see,” Mrs. Drover replied smiling towards Evelyn with obvious amusement remembering her chat with Mrs. Frank at the Ladies Society meeting about her plans for Evelyn. All the ladies in their little discussion group had agreed that Evelyn should go to high school, with the other girls ‘his age’, but she had no idea that Mrs. Frank would actually force the issue through Mrs. Glen. It was just wonderful!

“I am ever so grateful for your kindness, my dear.”

Mrs. Glen waved her hand to dismiss the thought.

“Actually, Mrs. Drover, it was Mrs. Frank’s concern as well as my own, once I pointed out to her the fact that the child should be in school according to the law.”

She sorted through her briefcase to draw from it a large folder of materials.

“Of course, since the child has not been in school, except at home, it shall be necessary to test her to determine if she is capable of tenth grade school work among her peers. I have brought the testing materials and the necessary registration papers upon Mrs. Frank’s advice. Do you plan for the child to attend a four year college?”

Mrs. Drover shook her head a bit sadly before placing her coffee cup aside.

“Evelyn is not at all brilliant enough for the university.”

She smiled at Evelyn, who had quickly refilled the empty cup. “Are you, dearest?”

“If you say so, mother,” he replied politely to attend to Mrs. Glen’s coffee before returning to his seat realizing that in their presence they would consider it perfectly normal to talk about him as if he were an absent child, even if he could hear their words.

“I doubt if a girl as lovely as she is will ever require higher education,” Mrs. Glen noted organizing the folder after a sip of coffee.

“They all seem to be married by the time they finish high school.”

“Indeed yes,” Mrs. Drover agreed, “Of all my daughters she is the most domesticated in temperament, a natural homemaker.”

She shrugged as if a bit disappointed seeing Mrs. Glen’s nod of understanding.

“But, a girl must have some career training these days. Either to keep her busy until she marries, or to help in the family income during those first few years of marriage until her husband can support her properly when the children come.”

She took a cookie after a sip of coffee.

“Evelyn does so love children.”

Mrs. Glen nodded her understanding.

“What sort of career does she have in mind?”

“I think she might be a beautician, or a practical nurse,” Mrs. Drover commented placing the cup aside, “Of course, she might decide to put her talents as a dress designer to work. She really is quite good as a seamstress.”

She shrugged again.

“She could be a housekeeper or domestic. Or, she might come to work for the corporation as a secretary until she finds the right man.”

“I see,” Mrs. Glen mused, “We do have a course leading towards junior college level in those areas. Or she may attend a private business school or beauty school after she graduates.”

“Whatever seems best to you, Mrs. Glen,” Mrs. Drover agreed, “I am certain that you will do what is best for the child’s future once you have seen the results of her tests.”

“Quite so, Mrs. Drover. Now, where might I test the child?”

“Please feel free to use my study,” Mrs. Drover suggested. arising. “Would you like to stay for dinner and test her afterwards?”

“If I may,” Mrs. Glen responded.

“Of course. Evelyn, you may take the coffee service away and, tell Mrs. Baxter that we shall have one more guest for supper, and then you shall join Mrs. Glen in the study until supper so that you can start your tests to determine if you are intelligent enough to be in the tenth grade with your play mates.”

Meekly Evelyn curtsied and withdrew with a polite acceptance of her wishes, resolving to do his very best on the tests because he knew that his step-mother would put him in grade school if he failed badly!

Within a few minutes he was in the study where Mrs. Glen set him at once to the tests, an effort only briefly broken by supper with the rest of the ladies, who were delighted with the amusing news that Evelyn might be going to regular public school again, this time as a girl, if she passes her tests!

With supper complete Evelyn was returned to the testing, which ended with the announcement by Mrs. Glen that the results showed Evelyn to be capable of attending high school, but her mother was quite correct in her judgment that the child was not suited for higher education.

Thus Evelyn was left with a class schedule consisting of English, Civics, Business Math, Botany, Basic Business, and Physical Education for Girls.

Once Mrs. Glen left Mrs. Drover refused to accept Evelyn's protests pointing out that she had no choice but to send Evelyn to high school. Therefore, during school days she would be with her peers.

When school was over she would continue her hour of music lessons on Tuesdays and Thursdays; while, on Monday, Wednesdays, and Fridays she would have her ballet lessons. After her hour at the music school or dance class Evelyn would return home to help Mrs. Baxter prepare supper. Evelyn, after supper would retreat to do her homework until bedtime.

As in the previous year Evelyn would work for Mrs. Baxter on Saturday morning and Sunday afternoon, and on Saturday afternoons she could be with her peers while on Sunday mornings she would go to Sunday School,

In short Evelyn would be a normal schoolgirl.

And, so it was that on Monday morning little Evelyn awoke to see Mrs. Drover enter his room to help him dress for school.

“We must hurry, dearest, if you are to have a good breakfast and catch the bus on time,” Mrs. Drover announced taking a little white box from his lingerie chest.

“You shall need to wear your special panty if you are to attend physical education classes with the other girls.”

Smiling to herself she removed from the box a little flesh toned panty with its three shameful hoses which would leave Evelyn completely formed, as a young girl in a very special chastity belt.

Yet, to his mind, he really didn't think of himself as 'male', in a sexual context, despite the growths between his legs. Rather prudishly he tried to imagine himself a girl. It made his new life easier.

“I will select your clothes while you put on your panty and complete your toilette, dear.”

Evelyn carefully slipped the hoses in place discovering as he pulled the panty up to his waist that his stepmother had already carefully applied the special glue so that the panty would smoothly adhere to his skin leaving nothing to the eye but the soft curves of a young girl endowed with the light golden pubic hairs of her emerging sexuality about her all too female pudendum.

Uncomfortably he knew that she allowed him the fantasies of his maleness hidden beneath the special panty that every body accepted for reality. At least until that moment when he was to surrender to her desire that he undergo a change of sex. Until then he looked like a very nubile girl.

Once he completed his toilette he returned to the dressing room where she watched him with amused interest as he slipped into a pink, nylon, panty girdle before he adjusted about his waist a matching lace-cupped brassiere to gently gather each little breast so that it fitted its bounty into the bra cups.

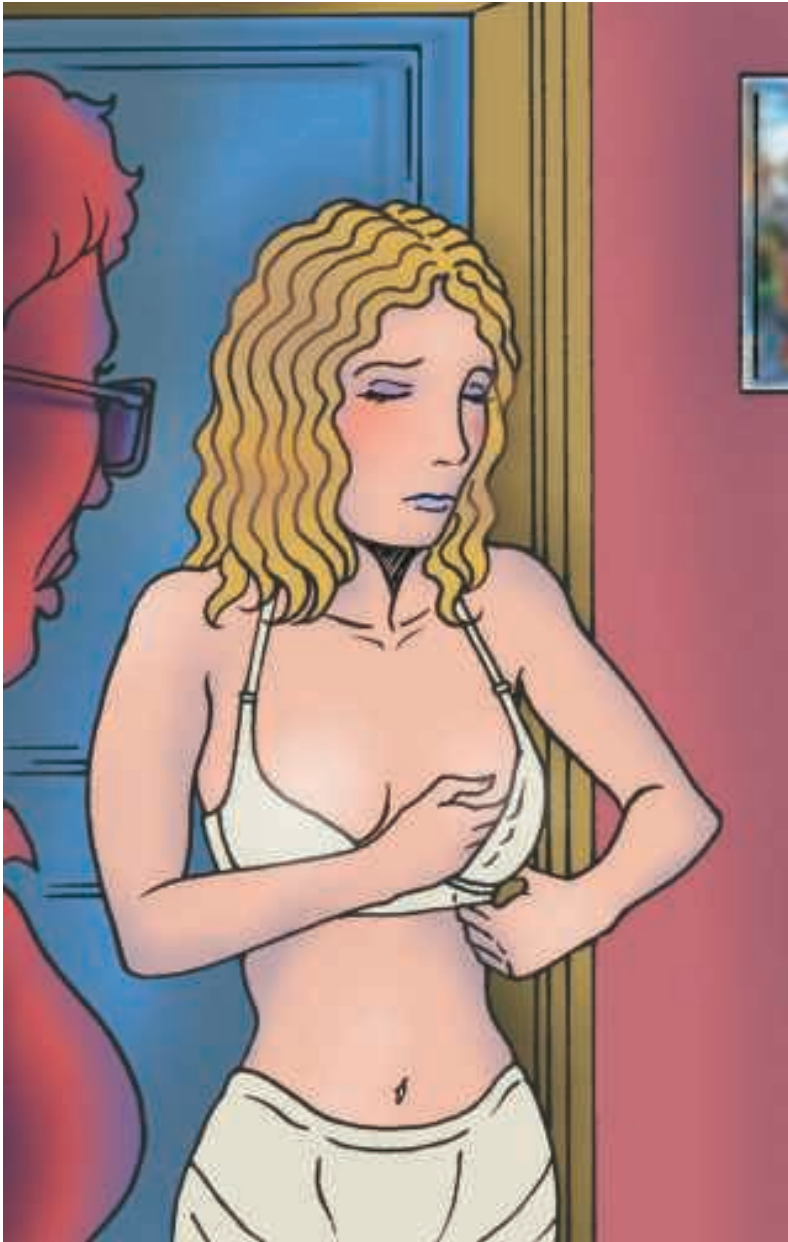
Trying not to think about how his lovely breasts had filled out in the past year he quickly put on a lace trimmed pink, nylon, slip, white knee stocking, pink, t-strap, dancing pumps, and a full skirted, princess styled, pink, shirtwaist with a wide, white, lace collar and a pink bow scarf to match the pink, silken, bow tie he used to create a free flowing pony tail of his cascading shoulder length golden hair.

Instinctively he checked the fit of his clothes in the dressing mirror seeing the beautiful blonde haired junior miss, who had already seen the intense stare of masculine interest during the summer months even if she had managed to avoid any dates despite the pleas of her friends.

“Come, dearest, you will be the loveliest girl in school today,” Mrs. Drover noted with amused approval seeing that her handiwork was really quite perfect.

“Your sisters are waiting to see our little high school girl.”

And soon Evelyn found himself seated, among his sisters while they all complemented their sister on her lovely school dress suggesting that the boys will positively drool over her while the girls would all die of envy. He was not at all certain that he wanted any boys drooling, and he knew for a fact that most of his



peers considered his clothes to be totally icky from childsville.

He took their teasing jokes with growing nervousness over the realization that he soon would be walking to the bus he had taken so many times before to enter Drover's Point High School again, but this time as a girl. As Miss Evelyn Kay Peterson!

With beating heart he finished breakfast hardly hearing the chatter of his half-teasing, half-pleased step sisters so filled with advice.

With polite 'good byes' he took a pink handbag and left the house promising Barbara that he would try out the bridesmaid's dress which she wanted him to wear at her wedding when he returned from school. Trying to think about the wedding instead of the other coming events of the day, he could feel the morning warmth of the Indian summer winds as they played with his golden hair and soft pink skirts, stirring up the soft feminine perfumes of Evelyn's cologne. Hearing the sound of his heels click along the sidewalk, he paused to look up the street to see a car slow down by the curve.

"Looking for a ride, pink lady," a young masculine voice asked from the red Mustang causing Evelyn to look over and see Bob Norton, a younger brother of Ed, who had been in his cycle gang. "The bus is a bit late and..."

"Oh, thank you," Evelyn replied, in his sweetest tones, "But, mother would skin me alive if I were to ride with you. She wants me to take the bus."

"Well, some other time, pink lady," he laughed with a shrug getting out of the way for the school bus as he drove off.

"Oh, Evelyn," Candy Blair called making room for Evelyn as he entered the bus exchanging greetings with the girls in the bus, who all knew that he was going to join them at school.

“That is a smooth dress. I wish I were a natural blonde like you so that I could have that pink and white look.”

“I’ve always thought that it would be nice to have jet black hair,” Evelyn laughed patting her hand, before answering some questions from Fran about Barbara’s wedding, which was scheduled for that Saturday.

Before he knew he was surrounded by girls walking into the high school building trying not to notice the staring boys, although their masculine interest gave Evelyn a strange uncertainty.

Walking with the girls he found himself entering room 315, his home room, where Mrs. Drake stood by the blackboard watching the girls as they entered.

Mrs. Drake studied each new sophomore girl thoughtfully, as they studied the class assignment sheets she handed them and went to their proper seat. Then she saw Evelyn sit into the seat she had assigned him to and she smiled realizing what a lovely transformation had been made in the rough insulting boy, who had once sat in her history classes.

“Good morning, Evelyn, dearest. That is a lovely dress you have on. You look adorable in pink, much prettier than I seem to remember.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Drake, ” he managed from his embarrassment, hearing a few giggles, as he took his place seeing her interest in his graceful movements and remembering the many times he had misbehaved in her classes.

“Now girls,” Mrs. Drake began explaining to them the various rules of the school and their class schedules before the half hour bell rang and they were released to their first hour.

As Evelyn moved to the door he heard Mrs. Drake say;

“If you need any help, Evelyn, dearest, please feel free to see me.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Drake,” he replied hearing some of the girls murmuring something about ‘teacher’s pet’.

Trying not to think about them or Mrs. Drake he walked into his first hour class. Business Math, under Mr. Huet, who looked over the girls as they entered his class thinking about what a waste of time it was to teach girls anything since they would soon marry and have kids anyway. Yet, they sure were pretty at this age even if they were barely out of the their cradles.

Looking over the girl in pink he smiled at her glancing at the name on his seating assignments as she carefully tucked her skirts and sat gracefully. Studying the beautiful girl very carefully he shrugged realizing to his utter surprise that this was the Evelyn, who had once sat dressed in leather jacket and jeans before him. A rather average math student, as he remembered, for a boy! And, they said that he had really been a girl all along. Well, he sure looked the part, a real doll and probably just as dumb. They all were.

After Business Math, Evelyn went to his class in Civics with Mrs. Banes, who was new to the school and thought nothing about Evelyn except that she was a very pretty girl.

Mrs. Haines, who had taught Evelyn English, studied the girl before her, seated in the front row where she could keep an eye on the child, and considered how sweet Evelyn looked. Evelyn had been her favorite as a youth, and during the summer she had seen the new Evelyn and discover that she was really very good with children, including her own little girl who stayed at the day school. A darling girl. She would have to take special care to see to it that Evelyn’s spelling was much better. It was so much more important for a girl than a boy. Especially if she

were to be a secretary, as Mrs. Drover had told her at the Ladies Society meeting.

At lunch time Evelyn joined the girls on their side of the cafeteria to be the center of attraction as they all talked about Barbara's wedding.

And then he found himself in Mrs. Greer's Botany class. Mrs. Greer had never cared for Evelyn, as a youth; and, it amused her to think that the youth before her was actually being forced into a life of petticoats. She had once spoken to Mrs. Drover, but she learned nothing of the truth. Yet, she delighted in the thought that Evelyn was actually being transformed into a girl against his will. Smiling at his pink skirted beauty she considered his once rough masculine manner and thought it an amusing change. Of course, she would do nothing to end his ordeal.

Basic Business was nothing more than beginning shorthand with Miss. Denton, who considered Evelyn to be just another girl in her class.

Mrs. Kane looked at the rows of girls before her in Physical Education class. Smiling to herself, she walked before the girls to stop before lovely Evelyn. She studied the adolescent girl's form as she stood before her dressed in leotard and tights for her modern dance class. Although she had seen Evelyn as a youth in gym class it was clear to her that Evelyn had always been a girl, no boy had a body like that! Moving on she looked at each girl in turn before she began her class.

Soon Evelyn found himself on his way to his music class and then home to help Mrs. Baxter, who had endless questions about the child's first day in high school.

And so it was that Evelyn began the school year to discover that in many ways his new high school was less difficult than before, since he had an easier class load. And now he was required to keep strict study hours under the watchful eyes. Therefore, his overall grade point average was much better than it had

been when he had been a boy. This pleased Mrs. Drover, and caused Evelyn to wonder if she hadn't been right about his capabilities.

But, in one way his new school life was much more difficult than he had ever imagined. For, as a very beautiful girl, he was soon faced with a real problem, boys!

Bob Norton's red Mustang paused at the front of Evelyn's house as Alice called from the back seat.

"Be a dear, Evelyn, and join us. Wasn't it ever so nice of Bob to give us a ride. You can sit up front, dearest, I know that Bob would like that. I half think that he offered us a ride in order to lure you."

Evelyn shrugged and pushed back his black pleated skirt as he took his place by swiveling into the bucket seat noticing that Bob had reached over to help secure the safety belt with a bright smile saying as he closed the clasp about Evelyn's slender waist:

"A girl should feel safe."

"Oh, Evelyn is a very careful girl," Alice laughed looking at Fran to change the subject, "Who are you going to vote for in the Home Coming Queen Contest?"

"I think you should be our queen," Bob said to his little captive, Evelyn, as he leaned back to start the car back into traffic toward school. "Would you come to the dance with me, Evelyn?"

"Why, I had other...."

"That is silly," Alice interrupted, "Of course she will go with you, Bob."

"Then it is settled," he laughed ignoring Evelyn's denial that he had other things to do. "I'll pick you up for the game. Alice is going to date Bill Roberts, and I am driving. Let's say about noon for the game and eight for the dance."