

# Evelyn's Proper Education

Book Six



SPECIAL EDITION  
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Six Illustrations

## Elizabeth Anne Nelson



A "New Woman" Novel



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Love,

Ms. Chrissie  
*Editor in Chief*

# **EVELYN'S PROPER EDUCATION**

**by Elizabeth Ann Nelson**

## **BOOK 6: EVELYN'S SUITABLE CAREER**

It was several days after Evelyn had turned Mr. Rogers' evaluation into Mrs. Drover, who was pleased to hear how well Evelyn was performing, that Mr. Francis stopped Evelyn in the employee cafeteria.

“Evelyn, I was wondering if we could have a little chat?”

“Of course, sir,” Evelyn replied with an almost instinctive half curtsy which caused him to blush as he hurried to join Mr. Francis. Once they had cleared their trays and sat down to eat she asked, “How are the children?”

“Ah, that is what I want to talk to you about,” Mr. Francis noted setting his coffee cup aside before digging into his salad with a fork. “I am faced with a little problem it seems. My mother has a very bad case of

the flu and Dad is concerned that the children will get it too if we bring in a neighbor woman. I have asked your mother, and she will allow you to take vacation to help as will Mr. Rogers.”

“I am glad to help,” she responded wanting to help Mr. Francis and the children. “How shall I arrange things?”

“Well, if you don’t mind, I have arranged plane tickets for the both of us on a morning flight. I can pick you up at your mother’s home first, about seven, and then we can go to the airport from there. Mrs. Drover and Butch have both suggested that you might want to punch out after lunch so that you can get things together.”

“Why that would be very nice, Mr. Francis,” Evelyn agreed after a nice lunch with Mr. Francis where he discussed briefly his recent promotion to Vice President for Finance and the Drovers Corporation acquisition and merger with one of its major competitors based in Chicago, which would more than double the size of the corporation.

Evelyn called his step mother and Mr. Rogers to verify his leave. Evelyn then rushed home to pack, stopping enroute to buy a plant for Mr. Francis’ mother and little trinkets for the children.

When Mr. Francis arrived the next morning Evelyn was awaiting dressed in a white nylon and lace trimmed shirt blouse and a pink pants suit.

Within seconds Evelyn’s travel bag, suitcase, vanity case, and Mrs. Francis’ plant were secure in the trunk and they were off to the airport.

During the drive and wait for the plane Mr. Francis expressed how lovely Evelyn looked; how the children and his parents were awaiting for Evelyn’s arrival; and, the glowing reports he had heard from Mrs. Drover and Mr. Rogers on Evelyn’s progress at work.

On the plane, Mr. Francis and Evelyn chatted about the events in their lives since the death of Mr.

Francis' wife. Mr. Francis had sold his large home, since the children were living in Wisconsin with his mother, and now lived in a condominium near his office. He was lonely and missed his late wife and the children. He had even suggested that his parents retire from their farm and join him; but, they felt that it was too early to retire and they estimated that selling the farm in the current market could represent an economic loss.

When they reached O'Hare, outside of Chicago, they had a pleasant lunch before dark. Mr. Francis rented a car to drive to the farm. Once they were on the road Mr. Francis leaned back to relax enjoying the feel of the country drive. After awhile he glanced at Evelyn musing over how really beautiful the girl had become from the awkward high school girl who had once worked as a maid for his wife and children to the woman at his side; and then he remembered his conversation with Evelyn's step-mother.

"I spoke with your mother about you, last week after a staff meeting on the Donnelly National merger," he began feeling a bit uncomfortable, but feeling also that Mrs. Drover had been quite sincere in her request of him.

"I cannot say that either my late wife, or she, have been entirely fair to you. But, I do know that my wife loved you and was deeply dedicated to seeing to it that you were well trained, as Mrs. Drover wished. In your best interest."

"I understand, sir," Evelyn replied adjusting the purse in his lap.

"Your mother loves you a great deal. I know that she has taken a greater interest in you than she has her own natural daughters. As a result you have become a beautiful woman," he paused trying to order his thoughts.

"Your mother is very concerned about your future. She has known about you and Mr. Rogers for quite some time."

“Mr. Rogers and I?” Evelyn asked uncertainly remembering Butch’s suggestion that Mrs. Drover had observed that Evelyn and he should get married.

“Butch Rogers is a fine young man. Under your mother’s guidance he has shown a flare for sales and management. On his own he has obtained a college degree in night school. A very hard working young man, who will be an assistant vice president for one of our sales areas within a year. And, according to both Butch and your mother he is in love with you and wants to marry you.”

Evelyn looked down at his skirted lap and purse feeling the trap closing in. His mother had been preparing him to become a woman so that he could marry Butch. She had been planning this for years.

“I do not love Butch Rogers, Mr. Francis. I have told him so. And although I appreciate your interest and my mother’s plans for my future, I don’t intend to marry him.”

“I see,” Mr. Francis observed with a shrug. “You do know that your mother wants you to be happily married, so I am certain that she will not do anything to prevent your happiness and fulfillment as a woman.”

He paused in the traffic flow before entering the tollway.

“If you wish I will tell her what you have told me, I am sure that she will understand?”

“If you would,” Evelyn responded hoping that his mother would really be willing to abandon her plan to have Evelyn meet her ‘fulfillment’ as a woman by marrying Butch. But, for some reason, Evelyn had his doubts. All these years she had been preparing Evelyn to becoming a bride for Butch, a proper education for Evelyn. Inwardly Evelyn shuddered knowing that Butch would gladly marry the daughter of Mrs. Drover, it fitted Butch’s ambitious plans.

And, Evelyn saw that deep down inside of his own now womanly instincts that Butch was perhaps the

natural choice, for long ago they had been very close friends...

“I once liked Butch very much, we were...”

“Evelyn, perhaps you should think about this. It would be foolish to turn your back upon a secure future, one which you know in your heart would be the best for you. I am sure that your mother has your best interests at heart. And, as you say, Butch and you are at the least good friends,” he nodded to himself as if the matter were settled. “I will tell her that you are considering the idea.”

“If you think that would be best, Mr. Francis,” Evelyn responded surrendering himself to the fact that his stepmother had already demonstrated many times how well she could manage Evelyn’s future.

Looking out of the window at the passing countryside Evelyn wondered what it might be like to be Mrs. Butch Rogers, housewife. Resting back in the seat Evelyn wondered if it really would be so. ..

Two hours later they stopped for supper and Mr. Francis took some time to tell Evelyn about his own plans to relocate to Chicago once the merger was completed. In fact it was very likely that the Drover Corporation itself would relocate its headquarters to Chicago in order to more efficiently manage the newly merged giant which Mr. Francis had been so responsible for creating.

“Do you mean that mother plans to move with the corporation?”

“Maybe, Evelyn,” he responded paying for the check and helping Evelyn with his coat. “We must make tracks if we are to be at my parents before the children are put to bed. They are so looking forward to seeing you.”

Evelyn began to see better his mother’s plans. She had planned to have Evelyn married to Butch and then have Butch assigned to a district management position somewhere where the young couple could

start life anew. Where no one would know about Evelyn's past. Except, . . . Butch.

Evelyn stepped into the car deep in thought realizing how well his mother had planned the future. A future suitable for her stepdaughter, one which removed all traces of the past and totally denied him the rights he might have expected, as his father's son. A woman's fate...

There was now no doubt in Evelyn's mind, why his step mother had taken control of his father's empire, she was best suited for it...

Suddenly Evelyn's thoughts were interrupted by the car turning into a farm driveway to make its approach to a large white frame farm house surrounded by a lovely garden and beautiful shade trees.

"Ah, there they are."

Sammy and Sarah looked up from their play to suddenly began shouting:

"Grandma! Grandma! Evelyn's here! Evelyn's here!"

Evelyn left the car to accept their wildly happy hugs and kisses before he noticed little Carol standing shyly trying to remember Evelyn.

"Hi, you must be my little Carol," Evelyn announced to see the child smile happily and rushed to join the twins.

"How old are you now, Carol?"

"I'm five years old, and Sammy and Sarah are six," little Carol exclaimed, turning to see Mrs. Francis coming with the youngest twins in tow. "Susan and Sandra are three, just little babies."

"I can remember when you were just a little baby," Evelyn laughed accepting Mrs. Francis' hug and kiss of greeting. "It is so good to see you again, Mrs. Francis."

“Emma, call me Emma, child,” Mrs. Francis urged taking the path back to the house, “It is just wonderful of you to come and help out. The children do so need someone to be around and I am sure that they all love you dearly.”

“How has the farm been going, Dad?” Mr. Francis asked handing one of Evelyn’s bags to his father.

“Pretty dry this year, Samuel,” his father responded giving his son a wink, “Things must be going pretty well for you, escorting the president’s beautiful daughter half way across the country. Why Evelyn is a full grown woman now, hardly the slip of a girl I remember.”

“Ah, come on, dad,” Samuel laughed as they retreated upstairs with the luggage as Mrs. Francis took Evelyn and the children back to the kitchen to offer Evelyn a bite to eat while Evelyn turned her attention to the children and their myriad of questions.

“No thank you, Emma,” Evelyn noted picking up little Sandra to examine a little cut on her knee while the child prattled on about how Thomas, the family cat, had scratched her.

“Did you pull his tail?”

“A little,” the toddler admitted, to everybody’s laughter.

“I think that it is time for the children to go to bed,” Emma announced to loud protests, but soon order was restored and the two women set about to put the five little ones into their beds.

“Perhaps we might have a bit of coffee while I help you to unpack,” Emma offered leading the way to a bedroom next to the room shared by the toddlers.

“This will be your room, dearest, I’ll fetch the coffee things.”

“I..” Evelyn was about to protest over the fussing but Mrs. Francis had already vanished down the hall leaving Evelyn to himself. Seeing his bags on the old

colonial four poster he opened the dress bag and began to hang his things up in a nearby closet.

“Ah, you have already started,” Emma proclaimed with a sigh placing the tray on a nearby nightstand. “It is so nice to have another woman in the house. I swear I am too old, for toddlers.”

She laughed and began to carefully pack Evelyn’s lingerie into a dresser drawer.

“Samuel should really think about getting remarried instead of becoming president of Drover Corporation, The kids miss their father so. He should marry a healthy girl like you.”

“It seems that everyone is trying to get me married off today,” Evelyn laughed placing a sweater in a bureau drawer. “Your son and my mother want me to marry Butch Rogers, and, now you want me to marry your son. It’s all a bit much.”

“A bit much,” Emma mused placing a suitcase into the closet before pouring out a cup of coffee and taking her place in a rocking chair. “My late daughter-in-law told me all about you, Joan and I had few secrets from one another, very few, my dearest child.”

Evelyn poured himself a cup of coffee and sat upon the bed wondering how much Emma really knew about his past. It was strangely uncomfortable to think back upon his past, it was now so far away and in a moment she had brought it back. To those days when he served Samuel and his father as a cocktail waitress while Emma and Mrs. Francis watched over the children. Now, Samuel’s parents lived in the country with the their grandchildren.

“So then you can see why I think about marriage the way I do. It is all silly.”

“Silly?” Mrs. Francis nodded her head, “I must confess that was my first reaction. But, marriage is a natural career for a woman. And whatever you may have been as a rough motorcycle gang leader, you are now a full grown woman in every way.”

“Not every way,” Evelyn half whispered looking away out the window to avoid Mrs. Francis’ face, “Although my mother says that with an operation...”

“Perhaps to have babies, as Joan told me,” she interrupted, “But, you are more of a woman than most I know. In fact about one out of three women can’t even have babies. That is a silly way to judge yourself. Do you love this Butch?”

“No, we were very good friends.”

“And my Samuel?”

Evelyn looked at Mrs. Francis in surprise, “I have never really..”

“I can hardly believe that. He talks a great deal about you,” Emma stated after taking a sip from her cup.

“I can not believe that you would want me to marry your son,” Evelyn half protested from her personal confusion, “Or he would...”

“Why not, you are very well trained, as a homemaker,” Emma responded, “And the children adore you. And I would love to have you as a daughter-in-law. Why even Joan suggested that Samuel should marry you.”

“And Samuel?”

“What do men really know about such things,” Emma laughed, with a shrug. “You are perfect for each other. He needs a wife and you need the children.”

Evelyn looked at her to see if she was just teasing, but Mrs. Francis sat quietly as if she had decided the matter.

“And love?”

“It will find a way,” Emma stated with satisfaction. “Your mother and I are well aware of the fact that you

are now a woman, and that is enough to say that love will have its way with you."

"Ah, perhaps tomorrow," Evelyn laughed, wondering why everybody had suddenly decided that he should put on a bridal gown, "If I am to take care of the children tomorrow, I really should get some sleep."

"Of course, dearest. I really must speak to Samuel before he goes to bed tonight, now that we have decided things," and with this she arose to kiss Evelyn on the cheek and retreat with the coffee tray. "Good night, dearest."

Evelyn prepared for bed half wondering which of the two women would have their way. His mother or Mrs. Francis. Whatever happened he was destined to be a bride, if either had their way.

Smiling to himself he slipped into his nightgown and wondered what Butch or Samuel would think if they knew.

In the days that followed Emma did not again speak about her plans for Samuel and Evelyn; for once Evelyn took charge of the children and Samuel had returned to Chicago for work.

Emma's flu suddenly became much worse and the poor woman retreated to her bed leaving Evelyn totally in charge of the household.

Before the crack of dawn Evelyn awoke to the rooster crow to dress and retreat to the kitchen where he made breakfast for Mr. Francis, or Sam, as he preferred to be called.

After packing a farm lunch for him he brought a light breakfast up for Emma. Soon the toddlers were up followed by Sammy, Sarah, and Carol. Totally delighting in the whirlwind of dressing the children and the rushing of Sammy, Sarah, and Carol off to their school bus he returned to supervise little Susan and Sandra's play in the little play room by the kitchen while Evelyn then turned his attention to the house-

hold chores, pausing from time to time to look in on Emma; who, when not in bed watching television passed her time sewing.

Among Emma's sewing things Evelyn discovered that Emma was busily working on a special dress along with the regular clothes she made for the children and herself.

Whenever Evelyn entered the room while Emma was working on this dress, Emma quickly hid it and they both delighted in the little game for Evelyn knew very well that the little surprise was to be a present.

Within two weeks Emma was back up and around helping Evelyn with the chores but the family doctor wanted Evelyn to stay on for another week until all was certain that Emma would be well enough and a woman from the town would be flu free enough to help her out.

Evelyn and Emma shared the farm household almost as if they were mother and daughter with each day passing causing Evelyn to see Emma more and more in this light.

Evelyn also began to see in Sam the father that Evelyn would have wanted if he had really been born as a girl.

When Emma was freed from her bed the two women decided that Evelyn should be out and about the farm with visits to the Falls to do the farm shopping. And among his new chores was to bring out Sam his noon lunch so that he could have a warm meal and companionship while he took a break from the spring plowing...

Evelyn sat on the gate brace feeling the warm south winds as they played gently with his long flowing golden hair. Dressed in jeans and a loose pink shirt blouse he watched Sam dismount from the tractor and approach brushing the sweat from his brow as he removed his hat revealing his silver gray hair.

Evelyn gazed at Samuel's father and saw in his tall raw boned strength the image of the man approaching the fall of his life. Of course, Sam's face was darker by constant sun and exposure to the outdoors and his hands and arms revealed the physical labor of his lifestyle.

"Dam it girl, you should wear a hat," Sam swore jokingly as he sat solidly before the picnic spread that Evelyn had prepared for him under a large shade tree. His deep blue eyes studied Evelyn as Evelyn walked into the shade to join him.

"I think I am going to miss these picnics with you, girl. You're spoiling me. God knows that the minute you leave Emma is going to pack me box lunches again."

"Doesn't she bring you lunch, Sam," Evelyn asked pouring out a cup of coffee and taking a sandwich for himself.

"Before the kids came," Sam noted a bit wistfully as he took a sip from his own cup. "But, the kids keep her busy now. Why anyone would want to be a woman, I'll never know."

"It's not so bad," Evelyn laughed accepting his comment at face value.

He looked up at Evelyn with sudden concern, "I'm sorry, it just came out. I..."

"Listen, Mr. Francis, I really enjoy being a girl," Evelyn responded feeling the older man's discomfort.

Sam took a sandwich from the hamper and then settled his broad back against the tree.

"It appears that I have talked to everybody about you Emma, Samuel, the kids, my son's late wife, and even your step mother. Everybody but you, child, seems about time for that, don't you think?"

"If you want to, Sam.."



“I don’t know if anyone has told you, child, but you make one hell of a fine woman; about like Emma when she was your age. Fine breeding stock as they used to say back in the old country. As my father would say, educated, socialized, and skilled in the things that count for a woman. You only lack the most important part, a husband of your own and children to make you complete.”

“Like your son, Sam?”

“He’s asked?” Sam asked with a smile that told Evelyn the whole story. “Thought he could see a good thing.”

“Nope,” Evelyn said firmly, “Would you really approve?”

“Sure, at least I’d get a picnic most days then,” he laughed helping himself to a piece of angel food cake. “And the best angel food cake in the county. Yes, I would like a daughter like you. Why hasn’t he asked?”

Evelyn shrugged uncertainly, “Because I am what I am. Probably because we don’t love one another also.”

“Hmmm, my son’s too old, for you, eh?”

Evelyn suddenly laughed and kissed Sam, “No, darling, too young. I adore his father.”

Sam laughed to return the kiss before getting up.

“I’ll have to see what Emma wants, it’s about time I traded her in on the spring model.”

“You’d be trading down, Sam Francis,” Evelyn noted clearing up the picnic site as Sam returned to his plowing with a happy wave. Packing the hamper Evelyn headed back to the farm house.

Evelyn found Emma straightening up the living room.

"I have the Birthday Club coming over next week, so I thought that it was time to consider spring cleaning. Would you mind helping me?" Emma asked hopefully."

"I've already called your mother and she has agreed on another week. Then Samuel will take you to the airport next Sunday so you can go home."

"I'd love to, if it is alright with Mr. Rogers," Evelyn half protested already knowing that his stepmother's word was enough.

"I checked that base too. All he wanted to know was if my boy was staying here. Once he was sure Samuel wasn't, he seemed satisfied," Emma teased shifting an end table. "I think he is stuck on you, that's certain."

"So's Sam, I think," Evelyn laughed taking the hamper to the kitchen to be followed by Emma. "Even kissed me in the hay."

"Just spring," Emma noted, "Maybe I had better bring lunch out to him, a woman can't be too sure."

She helped unpack the hamper while they made plans for the upcoming spring cleaning.

The farm house was stripped of furnishings from attic to basement with everything cleaned and polished, until the home looked like new, all ready for the community women who came for the Birthday Club meeting.

Emma paused before Mrs. Dunn to offer her another cup of coffee while Evelyn busied himself passing around a tray of cookies among a group of women about his own age who were all curious about Evelyn's job and how Evelyn liked his little 'vacation' on the farm helping Mrs. Francis.

The chatter turned from Evelyn to children and the community assumption that Evelyn was Samuel's intended and how nice it would be for the children to have a mommy again.