

Dear Charles

By
Bea

Charles darling? What on earth took you so long in answering the door? That was disgraceful!

Yes. Yes, I KNOW you couldn't see me through the viewer - I intentionally stayed out of range to see what you would do. Are you going to tell me that you won't answer the door unless you can see who is standing here?

Ridiculous! Here, take my coat and hang it up. No, I'll take my handbag with me. Bring my drink into the den please - and I hope you'll be quicker than you were in opening the door for me. Make sure that you are properly dressed when you come back. Get along now!

* * *

That's a little better Charles. Thank you. Mmm! That is good!

Did I have a nice day? Thank you for asking dear. Yes, I guess it was okay. Though I'll admit that I felt a little testy when you took so long to answer the door.

Charles darling? Please don't be repeating this same old song and dance. I don't care what other men do - or don't do. Are you going to continue with this silly argument? Remember the last time you got me aggravated?

Well then! Turn around and let me see. Yes! That's a much better bow on your apron! Very pretty Charles. But ray dear? I think your mob cap needs to be adjusted just a little. Come here, and I'll do it for you. Yes.

Much better! Your curls look cute, peeking down from your cap. Did you use the electric curling iron like I showed you? Very good!

Okay then. You've dusted, vacuumed, scrubbed the kitchen floor and set the table for dinner? Good. What time did you leave work? Right after lunch? A little early was it not dear? And did you get Dorothy's okay?



Illustration by: Teeje

What do you mean -"No? Correct me if I'm wrong, but didn't I instruct you last week that from then on, any time you had to leave the office early for housework you would ask Dorothy for permission?

"I'm perfectly aware that she is your secretary. But I'm also perfectly aware that you signed over all ownership in the company to me - so that makes ME your boss, does it not?

"Don't babble dear. I AM your boss - and perfectly aware that I can delegate my authority to any one I wish, and in matters of this nature, I want you to report to Dorothy. As a matter of fact? You have left me no choice. I feel that I should demonstrate that authority right now. Now go and get me the phone. Dial in to the office and get Dorothy on the line. Once you have her, tell her I wish to speak to her, then give me the phone. Think you can do that darling?

"Thank you dear.

"Hello, Dorothy? I understand that Charles left early today? He tells me that you were not asked for permission? Well, yes, I had told him to do just that. No dear, it is not your fault in any way. If any fault is to be handed out, I'm afraid that I should be given most of it as I did not make my wishes crystal clear."

"Oh, thank you. But now, I'd like you to type up a memo over my signature? Just a short one, notifying all of the ladies in there that you are, as of tomorrow morning, the office manager. You may sign it for me."

"Now Dorothy! Don't be shy! I've known for quite some time that you are effectively the head of the company. What would Charles have done without you? You deserve the promotion. Your thanks are not required. You worked for this and it is only right and fair that you get it. Charles? Of course he will continue working there. He is now your employee. Of course you can take his office! No, I can't think of any reason why you should give him your desk. He doesn't have the skills to be your secretary, and you'll need one right away, I'd imagine. Put him out in the main office amongst the girls. Use him in any way you see fit. In fact, I just had an idea? Just a suggestion though, you don't need to use it if you think of anything else?



Illustration by: Teeje

“Quite simple actually. That new office girl you have - what's her name again? Janis? Well why don't you assign Charles to work under her for a while? She seems quite mature for being such a young girl - and giving her someone to supervise will be good training for her. You agree? Wonderful! Well keep in touch Dorothy. I'll want to know how Charles is doing under your supervision. Of course you may! I was probably the first to see that Charles needs a firm hand and any discipline you may want to exert will be fine by me! Bye.

“Why the glum look Charles? Could that possibly be tears I see in your eyes? Tell Mummy what's wrong. Come on now. Come and sit on my lap. There! Comfy? Lay your head on my shoulder. Oh, you ARE crying! What's the matter dear?

“Well Charles dear. I DID tell you to start checking in with Dorothy, didn't I?

“Of course it made it look as if she was your boss rather than the other way around - but that's what I wanted - and if you'd behaved properly? Done what you were told? It would have simply been between you and Dorothy. Now all the girls in the office will know. But that's YOUR fault now, isn't it? If you'd just done as you were told, you wouldn't be in this pickle, would you?

“And, what's this about Janis? You told me what?

“Oh! I *did* forget, didn't I? She's the girl you wanted me to fire because she was snapping your garter belt straps, isn't she? Did she snap them again today?

“Well, maybe that's a sign that she has forgotten that you're wearing garter belts and nylon stockings under your pants. But hasn't she snapped your bra straps too? What do you mean, she doesn't know about your bra and camisoles - and panties?

“Oh, you sly little devil! Wearing your jacket all the time! Yes, I see. That would stop your bra and camisole straps from being seen under your shirt, wouldn't it?

“But Charles darling! There just are some girls who delight in snapping another girl's bra straps or panty elastic. It's a fact of life. I don't see why you can't just accept it!

“Okay. Technically speaking, you're not a girl of course - that's true. But if you're going to be walking about in lingerie all the time, what can you expect?

“Well dear? Of course I know it isn't *your* choice. I know that it's me that makes you wear the pretty undies. That reminds me. Tomorrow? Stop wearing those silly men's socks over your nylons. It's a ridiculous thing for you to do - and I can't believe that it's good for your feet.

“Yes, yes! I know that there's the chance that your nylons will be noticed - but that's all right, don't you think? You have quite nicely shaped feet. Why wouldn't you want to show them off a little?

“Oh Charles darling. You're such a little doofus! Now go and look me out my gray silk lounging pajamas and robe. Then run my bath please. A little more bubbles tonight if you don't mind. Up with you dear! Work to be done!

* * *

“Mmm! This is so decadent - having one's husband on his knees bathing you -just as if he were a ladies maid! Your hands are so soft - though dear? It may be time that you had a manicure - but when you do? Make sure you use the same polish on your fingers that you use on your toes. Mmmm! I must admit it. I get so sexy when I boss you about. Don't know why, I just do. I'm SO glad I found out that you have this tremendous NEED to be dominated. Bless the day that you hired me for the office. I just couldn't figure you out - you were so sweet! And your pretty fiancé? What was her name again - Priscilla? Yes that's right. My rival for your affections! But she didn't know how to treat you properly, did she? I did, didn't I?

Remember how I asked you for a date? Then took you home - and kissed you goodnight? It was so funny. I mean, I'm a submissive type myself - though compared to you, I'm probably a macho, ravening, domme I guess.

How did I know how to treat you? Easy. I could see that you weren't very aggressive. Saw that our date wasn't going very well. Simply decided to treat you the way I'd want a girl to treat me. And now, we're married - and I'm so happy. But now darling? Enough of this idle chit chat. Why don't you just help me out of this bathtub then go and mince your way down to the kitchen and make sure that dinner will be ready for eight o'clock? I'm expecting company.

Set another place at the table? Why on earth would I want you to do that?

Oh, I'm sorry! No dear - you won't be eating with us - you'll be too busy making sure that dinner is perfect - and serving me and Monica. So after you've finished drying and powdering me, you can run along. I can dress myself.

* * *

Well! Wasn't that an interesting evening! What did you think of Monica? Isn't she just dreamy? So charismatic! Such a leader! That time when she kissed me - when we were on the couch - remember? I thought I was going to cream myself! Almost had an orgasm right there and then.

I must admit that I was kinda hurt when she said I wasn't training you properly - though I have to admit that she was correct - I really had never thought of having you curtsy! You should have SEEN your face when she told you! I thought I was going to pee myself! But I must admit it - you learned quickly - you were curtseying very prettily before the evening was over. I think you impressed her. Do you know something? You blush SO prettily! I couldn't believe how fiery red you became when she suggested that I put you in a uniform!

Now please don't start acting up with ME dear! If you feel that way, why didn't you tell HER?

That's better! And now? I think you should say that you're sorry-and curtsy. YES! Curtsy tome while you apologize! Yes, RIGHT NOW!

Very good darling! Now why don't you get me ready for bed? I think I'll let you brush my hair again tonight. It relaxes me so nicely.

* * *

Yes darling, I'll take a refill on the coffee. Thanks. Dishes all done? Kitchen tidied up? All ready for work then. Charles? Lift your pant leg a little, would you please? Yes - very good. See? I told you that you'd look much better without those ugly socks you were wearing. These dark blue nylons go very well with your pants.

Of course you can ask me something darling. What is it?

I wish you hadn't asked me that darling. You want me to go back on my promise to Dorothy? You know how I feel about going back on my word. No, sorry. I want you to work with Janis today -that is, if Dorothy doesn't have anything else for you to do. And while we're on this subject?

Well darling, it was you that brought the subject up in the first place - wasn't it?

Of course I'm right. Now just listen! This is important! When Dorothy makes the announcement to the girls? I want you to stand there with her and look HAPPY! And even more important? Make sure that you be helpful around the office after that -I want to find out that you merge in very well with the women. Show that you fully approve of your demotion become one of the girls, so to speak.

Yes, that's all. Off with you. Have a nice day at the office. Now come and give mummy a kiss.

Mmmm! You're so soft and warm - and you blush so nicely! Now I think on it? I've got some blusher almost exactly that shade! Maybe let you try it sometimes?

Oh Charles! That's an even DEEPER shade - amn'tl turning into such a tease! Bye Darling!

* * *

Good evening Charles! That was much better time in answering the door! But m'dear, didn't you just forget something that we talked about last night?"

Much better! It shows how much respect you have for me when you drop the occasional curtsy! No dear, you don't have to do it all the time -I mean, how do you think I'd feel if you forgot and did it in front of your friends? They'd think I was married to SUCH a sissy! But I must say that you look quite different - Is that one of the new aprons and caps I bought for you? Very nice dear! Lovely and fresh looking!

But let me look at you dear. There's something wrong, isn't there? Have you been crying?

Well, of COURSE I'm interested! What on earth would make you think otherwise! But be a little darling and make mummy a drink please? I'll have it

in the den. Then you can tell me ALL about it.

* * *

Charles darling? This is a very large drink, is it not? You're not trying to soften me up by any chance, are you?

Naughty naughty! You're blushing again dear! Getting all feminine and devious are we - my little Mata Hari?

So? Am I going to find out the reason for the tears?

That's all right. We've no company coming tonight - so take all the time you want. But Charles dear? I want you to stand in front of me here, then cross your hands over your apron - and keep them still while you tell me. Yes. Just like that. Okay sweetheart, I'm listening.

Mmm! Are you finished? This is very interesting. Where shall I start? Well, to begin with, you seem to have taken your demotion very badly dear.

All right! You said you *were finished*. Now let me say MY piece please! As I was saying, you seem to have taken your demotion badly. So now they consider you the office girl. Big deal! Would you be as offended if they called you the office BOY?

Well, for your information? When I visited the office this afternoon, you certainly didn't look like any BOY I'd ever seen - office or any other kind. Serving up tea and coffee to the women - and that little frilled apron that Janis had loaned you? I must admit that you looked cute in it - think I'll buy you some like it for around the house. But I'm being distracted. You tell me that you were crying because they're treating you like a new office 'girl'?

You're upset by this? Why should you be upset? Don't you see? Treating you like a girl is a compliment! Not an insult!

Darling? It's time you understood. You're not a man any more - if you ever were. Look at it this way. I'm a soft, feminine, submissive, woman - true?

Well not with you silly - that would be far too demeaning. But wouldn't you say that Monica is a woman? A strong, forceful, dynamic, woman? One stronger than me?

Fine! Now here is Monica - a woman. Stronger than me - another woman - and I am stronger than you. You're weaker than me. Do as you're

told. So if I want to dress you in women's pretty clothes, do women's work around the house - and now have you do women's work in the office? It's no insult dear - I'm trying to *upgrade* you! But you're obviously not mature enough to have a woman's status right away - so I thought I'd start you out where every woman has to start - by being a *girl* first! Janis will be a great role model for you, trust me! She's young and pretty. Okay, she's bossy - I could see that. Enjoys having someone to do as she tells them - but that's alright darling because, let's face it - you DO enjoy being told what to do, don't you?

And? Now that I think on it. I noticed that you weren't wearing your jacket. Did anyone say anything about your undies?

So Janis snapped your bra strap a few times? Well, you must have expected that, surely? But I'm truly glad that you're over that little hurdle now. Once you took that jacket off? Any of the girls that didn't think you were a sissy, probably know better now.

Oh Charles! I'm not really laughing AT you - well, maybe just a little. You don't *really* think that any of the ladies in the office still consider you a man? If they ever did, that is.

I bought you a few little presents last week. Now you can use them. They're up in the spare bedroom closet. Three or four parcels - tied with pretty pink ribbons. Why don't you go and bring them here, I want to see you open them.

(Yawn) I must admit it Charles. You look SO pretty in that teal nightdress and peignoir! Mind you, I thought the light blue set would be more suitable - being far more feminine, but I think that the teal color suits you better. Yes. Keep on brushing my hair. I'll let you know when to stop.

Did you put your new undies away? Good! I must admit it - you are getting quite a collection! Lots of girls would probably give their eye teeth for it!

Talking of girls? What do you think of your lipstick and blusher? You look SO sexy! As a matter of fact? Go get me that spritzer bottle on my dressing table. Make you smell nice for bed.

There! Don't you smell nice now? As a matter of fact? I think I'll let you sleep in mummy's bed tonight. Won't that be nice?

Yes, put the perfume away - and hop into bed! That's a girl!

You're blushing again darling! So I called you a girl? You're in a pretty nightgown, wearing lipstick and blush, smell of nice perfume? Look like a girl, smell like a girl - and once I get into bed beside you - you're going to *act* like a girl. MY girl! No? Well, let me get my robe off and get in there - and we'll see what we shall see, huh?

Good morning pretty Charles! Time to get up dear! You've got mummy's breakfast to make! But before you go and do that? Freshen up your lipstick - it's all mussed! No need to look ashamed dear. You were a nice girl for mummy last night - and we both enjoyed it - at least I did. And if the happy little squeals you gave out when I gave you that spanking as foreplay are considered? I think you enjoyed it too! Wasn't it fun? Slithering about over my knee, being play-spanked for being a naughty **girl**? Yessss! We'll have to do that more often I think. But know what? You're getting me all sexy again, you saucy little thing. So sleepy eyed and pretty. Nice pouty lips just begging for a kiss. Yes! Put your soft white arms around my neck. That's it. Mummy's girl? Of course you are! But today? Think I'll buy you some nice breast forms for you to wear at night. Get you a nice lacy sleeping bra! Bet you'll just love it when I caress you then!

* * *

Thank you dear! What a pretty curtsy! Yes, please hang my coat up, then bring my drink into the den - and you can tell me what happened today. Just LOVE that polish on your fingernails, and you look so nice! Did you put on your lipstick and blush just for me? And - OOOOH! You've had your ears pierced - and your eyebrows shaped. How nice! You know, it's getting harder and harder for me to imagine you as a man? But you must have had an exciting day, huh? Well get my drink, then you can tell me all about it!

* * *

So? Janis took you shopping?

Yes. I must admit that I was somewhat aware of this in advance - but only after making ABSOLUTELY sure that Dorothy approved. I felt that it was high time you were introduced into the delight of just shopping, the way that girls do - felt that Janis would be the perfect guide for you. Was she?

Good. Am I sensing something here?

Bossy, was she? Well truthfully, that's about what I expected. Okay, so what did you two get up to, huh? Look at lingerie? Try some shoes on? I hope you bought some - oh yes! I can see that you're wearing a pair! Wonderful! How high a heel?

Well, that's not bad - and you seem to be walking in them okay. Didn't give you any trouble wearing your first high heels?

You know, that's funny? I've heard that some sissy men take to high heels as if born to it! Think that may explain why? Charles dear! You're blushing again! Anyhow, don't let me interrupt. Where'd you have lunch?

Oh, at the Beauty Salon? While you and Janis were having your Bikini Wax jobs? Yes! She was so thrilled when I told her I'd pay for hers if she kept you company. Stung, did it, dear Charles? Well, Monica demands it of me - so I don't see why I shouldn't demand it of you. Give you another look at what us girls learn to go through for our men. You'll learn, trust me. Isn't that funny? I'm YOUR man! ME! But just wait until you put your nightie on tonight - it'll be worth it!

So? What else did you and Janis do that was exciting?

You're KIDDING! Had you sit at a cosmetic counter and get made up? Oh Charles, how *could* you? *In public*? Bet you felt like a proper little sissy, didn't you? Of COURSE you did! Silly me!

But, tell you what? Why don't you give me the details of your day over dinner? You can eat with me-just informal, okay? So, why don't you get moving dear? I'm a little peckish. Think I want an early night, tonight. Big day tomorrow. Well, I'll tell you all about it later.

* * *

You know, that third glass of wine with dinner really bombed me - especially on top of my pie-dinner drink. Then my bath - Mmmm! Now you're brushing my hair-I just feel so decadent-so loose! I now I see you in that pale blue nightgown and negligee? I think I may have been right after all - it's far more feminine, but it suits you now. You wearing that new perfume you bought today - like I asked you?

Yes, I thought so. But Charles darling? That brings up a point. You

know that I like you being feminine and pretty, don't you?

Don't look so downcast about it Charles - that's getting rather old now.

You're forgiven. I'm just trying to say that it's about time that you started doing things on a more voluntary basis - stop waiting to be TOLD what to do! Use a little *initiative*! I know that this must be difficult for you - but you know? Even in just the few days you've spent under Janis? I see a difference.

Well, for one thing, you're walking much better. Not an exaggerated swish like a lot of sissies use - just a nice ladylike way of walking. Another thing? Your hand movements are more feminine - at least they appear to be - so you're gradually taking on a very nice female persona. I'm expecting great things from you!

You're welcome. But dear? Must I point out to you that girls differ in one major respect from men?

Vive le difference! My goodness Charles - a flash of humor? No silly, it's not the gender aspect I'm talking about at all. Women - and sissies - wear dresses, skirts, and blouses. Men don't.

Well? Aren't you going to say anything?

Of course I understand that you enjoy being dominated - and it turns you on when I make you behave - and dress - in a feminine manner. I mean, how could I possibly have missed the tent in front of your nightdress after I put your breast forms on tonight? And seeing them under the material of your nightgown? They appear to be real. Actually? I think getting you a C cup was probably overdoing it - but they DO bob around nicely, just like the real thing.

But I'm allowing myself to get distracted. Going back to what I was saying? It's time that YOU understood something dear. You are here to please ME. Not the other way around, and it would please me somewhat if you understood that - and acted on it, that's all!

Okay - as I always say - A word to the wise is sufficient. I hope that you're wise enough to listen.