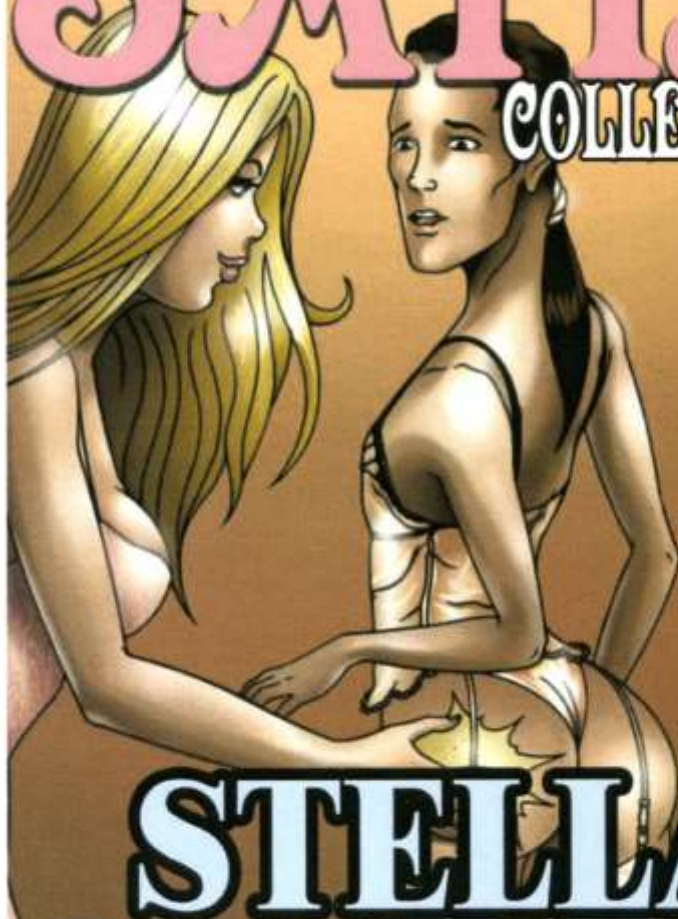


The  
**SATIN**  
COLLECTION



**STELLA**  
**SATIN**



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# LIFE WITH A PRINCESS

By Stella Satin

I couldn't believe it. I hadn't even untied the strings of my apron, was actually in the act of rinsing my hands under the kitchen tap when Pamela - I mean 'Princess'- came wandering in. She looked around the area, as if inspecting it. Obviously didn't see anything exciting, so smiled gently at me. Held out a bunch of yellow silken material.

"Missy?" She said, "There's a few buttons need tightening up on this blouse. Think you could take care of it?"

She was - is - a beautiful woman. About sizes with me, maybe a little taller. Has a beautiful complexion, cornflower blue eyes, lustrous blonde hair falling to her shoulders, a willowy figure, a good carriage, sulky pouty lips and a sexy expression at all times - what more could any man want in a wife?

I looked at her, a combination of exasperation and adoration coursing through my mind.

"Pamela? What are you doing? We just got back from our honeymoon this morning. I've done the unpacking. I've done the wash. I made the dinner. I did the clean-up. Now you're asking me to sew - is that it? Sew buttons on your blouse? I'm your husband! Not your bloody servant!"

A sort of puzzlement crossed her eyes. "But you're supposed to take care of me. Isn't that what you promised? Isn't that what you told Dorothy?"

"Of course that's what I promised." I remonstrated. "But I took on the obligations of a husband! You took on the obligations of a wife!"

"But Dorothy said .." She started.

"I don't care what your mother said." I said recklessly. "We have to establish a relationship - and that reminds me. I think you should start calling me 'Mike'."

Her puzzlement was replaced by a sort of surprised amusement. "But everybody calls you Missy. Why should I call you Mike? That's silly!"

I gritted my teeth. "My name is Michael Mitson. Always has been. Just because the people in your mother's office started calling me something based on my last name doesn't mean that you have to.."

"But your name isn't Michael Mitson anymore, is it? Didn't you change your name to mine when we got married?" She retorted with a little giggle. "Isn't your legal name now 'Mr. Pamela Laird?'"

She gave a little shrug of her shoulders and added. "Or would you rather be called Pamela?"

"This is silly!" I argued. "You may have a point. But you are Pamela. I'm Mike. We're married. I'm the husband, you're the wife!"

"Ok." She replied carelessly. "You're the husband. I'm the wife. If that's all you need to make you happy. Now? Will you tighten up the sewing on these buttons? This is one of my favorite blouses.."

"Sewing is a wife's job! Cooking is a wife's job! Looking after a husband is a wife's job! Don't you understand?" I interrupted, letting my aggravation show.

Another curious expression crossed her face. "You expect me to do my own sewing? And all that other kind of stuff?"

"Yes." I said patiently. "Just like all the other wives in the world."

She still seemed confused by all of this, as if it was something she'd never considered - or even heard of before.

"And you called me 'Pamela'" she added, as if remembering this suddenly.

"Isn't that your name?" I asked with a little sarcasm.

"Everybody calls me 'Princess'" she said.

"That's ridiculous!" I replied. "You can't have a husband going around calling you by the pet name your mother uses."

"Oh!" Was all she said, walking out of the kitchen, her blouse still in her hand.

I actually felt a little sorry for the poor dear, but thought that an introduction to the real aspects of married life was badly needed.

She didn't talk much to me that evening, and we didn't have sex again in bed. As we had been married for over two weeks by that time and hadn't consummated our marriage yet, it didn't come as much of a surprise. With all the traveling and clean-up I'd worked at that day, I was pretty tired though, so fell asleep before I'd time to think about it too much.

The following morning I left her sleeping as I got ready for work. I'd intended to leave her breakfast for her to make herself but relented - after

all, I had been quite firm the night before - so made the coffee just the way she liked it, poured her juice, prepared her cereal, and left her newspaper propped beside her place mat just the way she'd told me she liked it. I actually thought of asking her for some money to get my hair cut - it was actually getting far too long, even for my pony tail - but decided against it. She could get quite grumpy if awakened too early.

The girls at the office were all pleased to see me back, making sly remarks about how tired I looked around the eyes. Alice, the office girl, brought me my mug of coffee just the way I like it. I did say a little about how lovely Kauai had been but phones started ringing so we were all busily engaged when Dorothy came in.

My mother in law is a commanding presence. Tall, burnished copper hair, piercing blue eyes, immaculately made up and coifed at any given time, a deep contralto voice to complement her usual office attire of tailored, yet feminine, suits and blouses. A woman of great confidence - and one that terrifies the living shit out of me. I hid this fear, or so I thought, quite well.

"Hi Missy!" She called out as she came into the office. "Survived, did you?"

"Barely. Dorothy, barely." I joked back in the same tone.

She smiled a tight little smile, then went into her private office.

At that particular time, I held a sort of position in the office. It had never really been defined, but it had some power as the girls - Mary, Jan, Liz, and Gretch (short for Gretchen I think) who were the senior girls all deferred to my opinion in things great and small. These girls were all extremely competent and confident. Alice, the office girl, was younger. She was extremely feminine and the other girls teased her about this on an ongoing basis. Not meanly of course - more like older sisters giving the baby of the family a hard time.

Before I'd married Pamela (Princess) I'd worked there about six months. At first the relationship with the girls had been extremely formal. Everyone, except Dorothy of course, called me 'Mr. Mitson'. Where it had started, I'd no idea, but gradually, this had been changed to 'Mitson', then 'Mitsy' then, somehow or other, I'd discovered that they all were calling me 'Missy'. I'd wanted to comment on this a number of times, but never could seem to pick the right moment.

What made this feminine connotation of my name stand out was the fact that, in contrast, their names were all so short - and authoritative somehow. The only exception was Dorothy - which was the name that everyone used when speaking to, or of, her - and Alice, of course.

To tell the truth, I was shy of women. When Princess started coming around the office, I was amazed to discover first of all that she thought me 'cute'. Then, somehow, we seemed to have established an

'understanding'. I was confused, but what young man wants to admit that he's no idea why an attractive, rich, young woman is interested in him? We dated a few times, but it was more her taking me out than the other way around.

An interview with Dorothy established a prenuptial agreement - and somehow or other made it a fact that I took on Pamela's name as my own. (I don't know what cock and bull reason Dorothy came up with - but I gave in on that - as I gave in on other matters). The wedding was quiet and private. After the ceremony we flew to Kauai and spent two weeks lolling on the beach in front of Dorothy's house there - at least Pamel - I mean Princess - lolled about while I prepared meals and drinks. Now we were home, and I was rather pleased at the amount of backbone I'd started to show.

Sometime later, I was quite surprised to hear Liz say. "Well! Here's the bride herself! Hi Princess! You're looking nice and tanned."

Princess was pleased with the attention and preened in front of all the girls for a little while as they complimented her on her appearance and clothes - and her tan of course. She smiled distantly at me but, as I was on the phone at the time, just walked by me into Dorothy's office with a tiny wave. She was carrying a shopping bag. 'Spending money again' I thought. 'Have to get her out of that habit'.

I was still on the same phone call when Dorothy came out of her office.

"Missy! My office please! On the double!" She said loudly.

I gulped. She was mad about something. God! Was she ever. Quickly I terminated my conversation and scurried into her office, all of the girls averting their eyes as I did so.

"Shut the door Missy." She said kindly enough, "then come over and sit here."

I shut the door, confused. She sat in her normal big chair but instead of it being behind her desk, it was pulled out onto the carpeted area. Princess sat in the couch on the other side of the office. I was confused because there weren't any other chairs close to Dorothy. I smiled hesitantly.

"Where Dorothy? Where do you want me to sit?"

"Here!"

"But there isn't a chair.."

"On my lap silly! On my lap! Get your tush over here. We're going to have a little family discussion, and I want to keep it friendly. Ok?"

I certainly didn't want an unfriendly discussion with this woman, so walked to her and, gingerly, lowered myself onto her lap. She put an arm around my shoulders and pulled me back.

“Very good Missy! Now lean back into my shoulder. Cuddle in. There, that's it! Comfy?”

“Yes Dorothy.” I whispered.



She stiffened underneath me. “There! That's one thing we need to take care of immediately. We're all family now, the three of us, right?”

“Yes Dorothy. You're right..”

“So enough of this 'Dorothy' business. I want you to call me 'Mummy'.”