

Evelyn's Proper Education

Book Five

SPECIAL EDITION
RP CLASSIC
Six Illustrations

Elizabeth Anne Nelson



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Love,

Ms. Chrissie
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EVELYN'S PROPER EDUCATION

by Elizabeth Anne Nelson

BOOK FIVE: EVELYN FINDS A NEW BOSS

Evelyn Kay Peterson slowly stretched out in the cool luxury of pink, satin, sheets feeling, the sheer, silken, white nightgown slip smoothly over soft, pampered, feminine skin. Opening bright blue eyes and looking through long lashes Evelyn gazed at the pink and white femininity of the French Provincial bedroom, which was in reality Evelyn's prison.

Pushing back the satin-covered down-filled, comforter Evelyn plumped up a pillow and half sat up, allowing the satin sheets to drift about a feminine belly and all-too-slender waist revealing two full womanly breasts barely concealed by the sheer, white, silken gown. Evelyn reached up towards the pink satin and white lace trimmed canopy to reach out forward to bend and touch dainty toes feeling the fullness of his

breasts - Mrs. Francis' gift to remind lovely Evelyn that there was no escape from his mother's fantastic scheme to convert her wild stepson into a properly educated woman!

She had even adopted her own stepson (Evelyn Kay Drover) so that he would technically no longer be his father's son and inherit his estate, but from then on would be her daughter with her family name, Peterson.

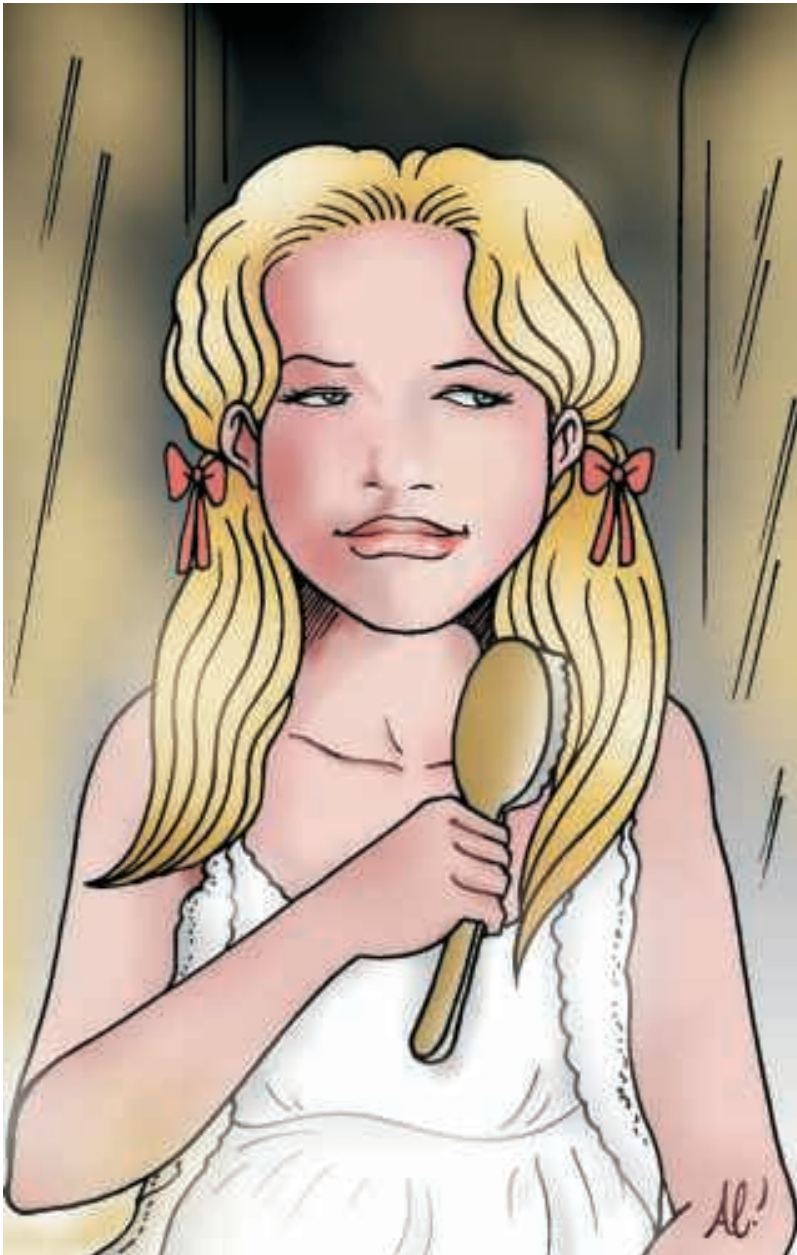
Releasing his golden hair so that it flowed across soft white shoulders he realized that today would mark another year of his new life as his adoptive mother's toy.

Stepping from the satin bed he retreated to his bathroom to prepare his feminine toilette knowing Mrs. Baxter expected Evelyn to help her in the kitchen with breakfast. In the past five years he had grown accustomed to doing such domestic chores for his stepmother's housekeeper.

And so he was not at all surprised when his mother informed him that this summer after high school graduation Miss Evelyn Kay Peterson would continue her education, as a maid on a full time basis for Mrs. Francis; so that Mrs. Francis could keep a constant eye upon his training in a proper career for a woman while he earned enough money for his living expenses and education.

Evelyn brushed out his golden hair to secure it with a baby pink bow behind each ear while he thought about his new body reflected in the dressing mirrors.

He knew that beneath the female pubic rested his male organs which were still able to provide moments of pleasure despite their diminutive size. However, his adopted mother had conditioned him so that a



swear word, a dirty picture, or even the sight of his little male organ caused him to feel utter disgust as if he were a very proper Victorian lady. Now, he no longer would/could fondle his boyish organs because were sealed within the special panty, provided by Dr. Burns (OB/GYN), that looked perfectly as if he had been born a female, while designed to masturbate him if he accepted either normal or anal intercourse as a *woman!*

This special panty, (which he could not remove), was, (like his beautiful C-cup breasts formed by implants), a punishment for trying to run away to regain his masculine life. For Evelyn never forgot his desire to become a man again, despite his mother's plans that someday he would beg her for surgery so that he could be a female.

Yet, this disturbing contradiction between apparent and real sex did not account for the past five years of constant association with the feminine psyche. For his mother had not only created a totally feminine lifestyle for him; she had also implanted a subliminal suggestion within his mind that the sexual fantasy of his masculine pleasures were really keyed to his desires to have a female orgasm. As a result his sexual fantasies were only keyed to Evelyn being a woman.

Thus, both his unconscious mind and real body were locked into the image and fantasy of being female, although his conscious mind knew the horrible truth of this sexual prison!

Evelyn knew by serving as a sexily dressed cocktail waitress for the men at Mrs. Francis' house during the Friday night game on TV, and by his dates with the youths in high school, that he liked to be a sex object to the masculine eye.

Yet, within this same thrill in being a sex object, there was that disturbing awareness of their bulging masculine virility being aroused by desire for this 'sex object' and Evelyn's all too fearful feelings of female vulnerability!

Perhaps that is what Mrs. Francis meant when she swore to make his very soul into that of a woman's. His masculine side told him that his feminine reality was that of a very beautiful girl, a girl beautiful enough to become Home Coming Queen. He not only loved the external woman he saw, he knew that in his heart he longed to be loved like a woman, yet he feared this even more because he knew that despite the fact that he was a man he would willingly accept a male for a lover to fulfill these female fantasies!

In this context Evelyn had been dating John Duggan, and had accepted his class ring as a token of future engagement! Evelyn could not understand his conflicting emotions and disturbing desires when he was with John. He knew that John was involved and committed to lovely Evelyn, but Evelyn was too awash with conflicting turbulent desires and fears to know what to do or how to resist John's masculine dominant needs to have Evelyn as his wife...

Trying not to think of John, Evelyn slipped into a pink, nylon, seamless, bra and panty brief before he found a lovely lace trimmed, pink, nylon slip to wear under the pink shirtwaist he had selected from the many dresses, which his step-mother permitted him to buy from his earnings, saying that a young lady should have many pretty things to wear, especially to please boys.

Evelyn checked the panty hose and then slipped into a pair of pink dancing pumps before taking one lingering look in the dressing room mirrors at the beautiful girl in pink.

Satisfied that he would pass Mrs. Baxter's inspection he quickly hurried to the kitchen.

"Good morning, Mrs. Baxter," Evelyn greeted with a half curtsy from habit taught by the thousands of curtsies he had made before her in past years.

"John is picking me up for class today. Do you think he will approve of this dress?"

"Boys don't think much about such things, they have other things on their minds," Mrs. Baxter laughed with a teasing delight seeing Mrs. Drover enter.

"Good morning, mother," Evelyn said going dutifully to her side to offer a daughterly hug and kiss.

"Barbara called last night to say that little Ray is doing better. She didn't want me to wake you, it was quite late, mother."

"Good, babies do get sick I guess," she sighed happy to hear that her youngest grandchild was well. Accepting a cup of coffee from Mrs. Baxter she sat at the kitchen table to watch with satisfaction as Evelyn quickly set about to prepare breakfast.

"Did I hear that John Duggan was taking you to school again?"

"Yes, mother," Evelyn replied turning a pan cake, "He wants to talk about our going to the graduation dance, I think."

"I see," Mrs. Drover noted stirring a spoon of sugar into her coffee. "His mother and I had an interesting chat a few days ago. She believes that John intends to propose to you."

Evelyn glanced at the class ring.

“If you want to marry the boy, we had better make a few arrangements with Dr. Thomas and Dr. Burns, so that you can be truly happy, dearest,” Mrs. Drover mused taking a sip of coffee.

“Not on your life, mother,” Evelyn laughed knowing full well what she was thinking.

“He is just my steady.”

“I’m glad to hear that,” Mrs. Drover stated, “You are too young to be married. The both of you.”

“How old were you when you first married, mother?”

“About twenty two, just after I graduated from Smith,” Mrs. Drover noted placing her cup down so that her stepdaughter could refill it. Smiling up at the lovely girl which she had so capably domesticated into a model young lady.

“I suppose that is a good age for a woman. She has completed her education and is quite suited for child-bearing. Childbearing, if you are older, is quite risky. Mrs. Francis married a bit late and I do believe that with her first twins, then Janet, and now two more on the way, she has taxed her body.”

She took a sip from her coffee to smile thoughtfully.

“Did you know that Dr. Thomas has discovered a doctor who has developed a new transplant technique to completely replace a female’s diseased regenerative organs so that she can have babies. It is really quite good. Dr. Thomas has discussed your problem with him and believes that once your tumors are removed it would be quite feasible to make you quite complete enough to please your husband’s desire for a son or daughter.”

With sudden nervousness Evelyn opened the silverware drawer to begin the task of setting the table, trying not to think about Mrs. Drover's revelation, or John's words about wanting a large family.

"If you ever do decide to marry someone, my dear, it will be essential that you fulfill your wifely obligations," Mrs. Drover noted with a pleased smile, "And I promise you that I shall make certain that you can."

She arose to place her cup at the head of the table as the other girls began to arrive to greet their mother, as their sister and Mrs. Baxter served the meal.

Three days later Mrs. Drover sat in the Drover's Point High School auditorium to watch Evelyn Kay Peterson as *she* walked across the platform to happily accept *her* high school diploma causing Mrs. Drover to smile in contentment that the first stage in her plan to find a suitable career for the *young woman* was complete.

"Good, morning, Mrs. Francis," Evelyn greeted with a lovely smile as he entered his mistress' bedroom after knocking, to curtsy, spreading the skirt of his pink maid's uniform.

Walking to the window he drew the curtains and set about to prepare her wardrobe for the day.

Mrs. Francis sat up in bed thinking about her little surprise for her servant girl.

She was quite pleased to hear from Mrs. Drover how willing Dr. Thomas was to help in their plan.

"Evelyn, dearest, I have decided that you shall spend most of your time as my personal maid, and

while I am at work you shall serve as a nursemaid, for the babies.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he replied, arranging her lingerie upon a hanger before a dressing room mirror.

“Would, you like to wear your blue linen suit today, ma’am?”

“Yes, that would be nice, dearest,” she replied stepping from her bed to retreat to her bathroom saying, “ I have to do my exercises this time each morning, my gynecologist recommends that I keep my shape.”

Mrs. Francis smiled to herself looking at her perfect size twelve form in the bathroom mirror as she removed her nightgown and donned a shower cap.

“I think that you should accompany me tomorrow morning so I can have someone to pace me. You may wear a body suit and leotards,”

Sitting upon the bathroom floor she quickly went through her exercises before arising to turn on the shower saying,

“A girl your age must be able to care for herself when she is expecting, and our gynecologist, Dr. Burns, says that my exercise routine is perfect for a pregnant woman, designed to both keep your figure while making it easier for natural childbirth.”

Evelyn hung up the blue suit dress by the lingerie guessing that a brief morning exercise session would be alright if it kept Mrs. Francis happy. Selecting a pair of white sandals for Mrs. Francis he placed them by the clothes.

When Mrs. Francis completed her shower she stood patiently while her pretty maid used large fluffy

towels to dry her before carefully applying a fragrant bath spray and powder.

“Thank you, dearest. You do have a gentle touch.”

Completing her after bath preparations she allowed her *girl* to dress her before she sat at her vanity table so that the *girl* could finish preparing her mistress for the day by applying make-up and arranging her hair.

“I do think that you should remain all year as my personal maid. As I have told your mother you are perfectly suited to be a ladies maid,” Mrs. Francis noted glancing at her watch.

“I must hurry dearest, our gynecologist, Dr. Burns, is expecting to see me.”

“Fetch me a coat, dearest.”

When she left Evelyn soon discovered himself taking care of Mrs. Francis’ toddler twins and infant son as their nursemaid during the day, while each morning and evening he attended to his mistress’ needs as her personal maid.

Miss Franks managed the housekeeping, except on her days off when Evelyn filled in on all the household chores.

Since he lived in as a servant girl he found little free time from his many duties except on maid’s day off’. On Friday nights Evelyn continued his duties as a cocktail waitress for Mr. Francis and the other men. Otherwise Evelyn found himself surrounded by the babies or at the beck and call of his mistress.

Perhaps it was his mother’s warning about his going steady with John Duggan, and her plans for Evelyn if he accepted an engagement ring, or maybe it was the reality of his new panty and his emotional

needs. Or, it could be his busy work schedule during the summer, but Evelyn found less and less social time to spend with John Duggan, whose sexual advances were growing too serious for Evelyn, who dreaded the awful consequences of a careless moment as much as any nubile girl might, if not more.

For these sexual desires and advances brought to mind an inner fear haunted by his stepmother's warning that if she found that Evelyn had submitted to a lover she would have Evelyn submit to an examination, and if one sperm cell was found in the panty in proof of such shameful carelessness, Evelyn would be required to reveal through nine months of growing humiliation before the whole town, the natural resultant 'pregnancy' that any sinful girl might be forced to endure. As proof to everyone of the consequences of her wanton sexuality!

Yes, Evelyn was all too aware of how Mrs. Drover would delight in extracting from that sinful girl the name of her lover. And how she might even force Evelyn to undergo an operation which would leave Evelyn with the choice of either becoming an unwed mother, or submitting to wifely vows to a shamefaced groom. And the wedding guests, who would know all too well the real reason for Evelyn's anxious promises of fidelity, displayed by her near full term appearance in a maternity bridal gown!

As the days of this new summer's experience passed by Evelyn tried to not to think of how he was now totally imprisoned within undeniable femaleness.

Another strange symptom of his new femaleness had to do with his breasts. For some strange reason they seemed to be easily aroused, particularly around the babies. Evelyn mentioned their fullness

and strange sensitivity to Dr. Burns, who appeared quite amused by Evelyn's concerns.

When Evelyn awoke one morning to discover that the bodice of his nightgown was damp; he sat up in startled surprise to examine each swollen teat which lactated, at the slightest touch. In total panic he again sought Dr. Burns to reveal this awful condition!

"Well, dearest," Dr. Burns noted taking the breast pump in her hand to milk the totally humiliated youth's right breast until the milk filled the pump's holding cup, "My guess is that we have to cut back on your hormonal treatment."

She handed the pump to her nurse and shrugged casually over Evelyn's distraught condition.

"Please have the milk analyzed, nurse," Dr. Burns instructed turning back to Evelyn when the amused nurse withdrew, "You may dress, dearest. But, I suggest that until this condition is corrected you should start wearing maternity nursing bras. They are best suited to protect your clothes from lactation."

"How. . .how. . .long..will. . ."

"Oh, a few weeks perhaps," she stated with a shrug making a note in her case folder for Evelyn while the badly shaken Evelyn dressed using some cotton batten to absorb the all-too-sensitive flow from each fully swollen teat. By the time Evelyn was dressed the nurse returned to hand a slip of paper to the doctor.

"Well, well," Dr. Burns mused to herself before that half giggling nurse, who hastily withdrew, "I have some mothers who would be quite delighted to see such a lab report. It appears that if you should decide to become a mother, your breasts are capable of producing a very rich milk to nurse plump, healthy ba-

bies. In fact I am half tempted to ask your mother to loan you out as a wet nurse.”

“Oh, God, please don’t, Doctor Burns,” Evelyn pleaded knowing all-too-well what her response might be.

“Well, I do have some mothers who do need a nurser desperately, like your current mistress, Mrs. Francis. Yes, indeed you would be a godsend.”

“A godsend?” Evelyn asked in curious interest, mixed with a growing awareness that he was again the possible victim of a calculated plot rather than a creature subjected to an accidental overdose of hormones. “Why do you say that, Dr. Burns?”

Dr. Burns smiled and placed the lab report into Evelyn’s folder, “Mrs. Francis could certainly use a wet nurse with three infants in her household and twins on the way. Five babies will require more motherly nurturing than one woman could be expected to provide.”

Almost as if on cue Mrs. Francis entered the examination room in a rush of excitement, “What is this fantastic story that your nurse told me? Evelyn is letting down mother’s milk like a prime Guernsey?”

“Well, hardly,” Dr. Burns laughed in delighted amusement to Evelyn’s obvious embarrassment as Mrs. Francis beamed in bemused satisfaction revealing to the hapless youth the obvious truth of their complicity.

“She is remarkably rich in her production and I do believe that any baby would find udder delight in nursing from her.”

“How udderly sweet,” Mrs. Francis chortled joining in with the pun at her nurse maid’s expense.