

Mademoiselle's Replacement



Michelle Lange

A "Her TV" Novel



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Mademoiselle's Replacement

By Michelle Lange

CHAPTER ONE

Her name was Christine and today she was sixteen years old. She sat quietly, almost regally, on the large red Victorian velvet chair. She felt so pretty in her new white satin dress. Everything she wore was new except for her mother's sparkling diamond tiara; her governess, Mademoiselle Lefevre, allowed her to wear it for this special occasion. Soon some of her best friends would be arriving for her fourteenth birthday party but now she was reveling in the spotlight—a princess.

Her whole body was tingling under the soft caresses of her new clothing. Mlle. Lefevre had bought

her a full complement of adult women's panties, slips, brassieres, camisoles, sheer silk stockings and even several lace garter belts. All of the clothing came from Victoria's Secrets and was very adult, almost bordering on naughty.

She had marveled at how pretty she looked and felt in them and had even spent a long time admiring her body in front of the full-length mirror in her bedroom. It was really the first time that she had understood what the word "sexy" really meant and she loved it. She luxuriated in the sensuous feeling of the expensive silks that clung to her youthful lithe, developing body. She felt a warm glow encompass her.

Her body felt so alive since she slipped into her pretties. The garter belt that she wore for the very first time, made her feel delightfully naughty. She reveled in the feel of her low-cut brassiere that pushed her budding breasts up and cupped them so firmly. She loved the sheer translucent panties that showed even her youthful blond pubic patch.

Her face blushed as she noticed that the outline of her nipples could be readily seen pushing against her soft satin dress. The heat that enveloped her seemed to cause them to enlarge and harden and several times she squeezed them to heighten the pleasure.

Mademoiselle Yvette Lefevre had been her governess for almost two years now, while Christine's parents, Robert and Amelia Appleton, who were both high ranking diplomats with the United States, traveled abroad. From the first moment

both, governess and charge, had loved each other. Mademoiselle was brought over from Paris specifically to be governess for Christine. The two immediately developed a close relationship. Christine knew that she was special. Mademoiselle was forever referring to Christine using the proper terms of a superior. Terms such as “princess,” “young lady,” or “Miss Christine,” respectful terms that imparted confidence to the young lady.

Mademoiselle had brought along this young girl slowly into womanhood. She introduced her to the finer things; things that wealth, social standing and bearing allowed them. She opened up doors that were usually enjoyed later in life and had Christine experience and learn the true meaning of being a strong, adult woman of bearing.

For the moment Christine was alone in the solarium where the party would be held. The sunlight flooded in and seemed to highlight her. Mademoiselle had told her that she would present her special present to Christine so the young lady waited, waited patiently but regally, not knowing what to anticipate. Mademoiselle had never disappointed her and she never knew of a gift from her that wasn't perfect, loving, and charming.

Christine heard a small cough and she turned to the door and her breath, which was already raspy and hot, quickened even more. Mlle. Lefevre stood there. She was a vision of perfect beauty.

Christine understood immediately her governess' birthday gift. It was Mademoiselle herself; that

was the gift. The tall, stately, beautiful governess was dressed as a petticoated French maid.

She wore a short black formal satin French maid's uniform which was complimented by bright white lace trimmings surrounding her collar and sleeves. The hem of the pretty dress was short, very short, and was held up by several layers of pristine white lacy petticoats. A fluffy white lace maid's cap sat primly on the older woman's head. Mademoiselle wore the smallest, laciest, whitest apron that Christine had ever seen. It was crisscrossed in the back and tied into an enormous bow with long apron strings that hung out over her petticoats and halfway down her legs. Her long, sleek, well-shaped, attractive legs were encased in sheer black silk stockings. They seemed to rise forever until they were lost in the folds of her very short petticoats. Even though she was tall she wore 3-inch-high spiked black patent leather heels with three ankle straps.

The adult woman's face flushed a brilliant red with embarrassment at being so dressed in front of her young charge. But this is what she wanted, it was what she had dreamed about, fantasized about, since she met Christine. She was submitting to her own submissive tendencies. Mlle. Lefevre was offering herself to become her lady's maid.

Mlle. Lefevre minced gaily across the room, feeling her petticoats swaying delightfully and her large breasts jiggling seductively. She, realizing that the crotch of her pink silk ruffled panties was getting wetter and wetter with each step. The sunlight was bouncing brilliantly off the white trim-

ming as she scanned Christine's serene and confident face. She presented herself by curtsying respectfully. Christine's face was a mask of amusement, surprise, and satisfaction. The smiling and beautiful woman acknowledged the new order by saying, "Mistress Christine," as she submissively held her petticoats out and bowed low to the young lady, "I offer myself to you as your Lady's maid."

Christine experienced a strange feeling of *deja vu* as she drank in every sight, every feeling. What seemed liked an all encompassing heat flashed across her body as Mademoiselle stood before her in one of the sexiest, exciting French maid's uniforms imaginable. Christine had always loved the older woman but in a way much different than how she loved her parents; in a way that the young lady didn't understand but pleased in. Mademoiselle delicately lifted up her short petticoats and with a warm smile, tear filled, adoring eyes, dipped her body low in a warm, beautiful curtsy. The young lady was thrilled. She had never seen anything so nice. She especially loved the coy smile that appeared on her face.

Christine loved the uniform Mademoiselle wore and would wear in her presence from now on. Even though Mademoiselle had the monetary and legal responsibilities for Christine, she had always allowed the young lady to be the superior. Now their clothing would further announce the fact, for Christine loved the new Mlle. Lefevre. Mademoiselle would always wear short satin French maid uniforms while she cleaned the house and took care of her young charge.

Christine felt so alive and so strong as this adult woman demonstrated her loyalty, adoration and unsolicited code of obedience to her. Since Mlle. Lefevre's arrival two years ago she had introduced to Christine a whole new world of accepting what was good for her, demanding new and nicer things, luxuriating in expensive clothing and keeping up with the current fashions. She was taught proper etiquette and the ability to accept and move in an ever higher social class.

The door bell rang and Mademoiselle quickly looked at her young charge, smiled, curtsied, and minced over to the door to let Christine's young guests in.

CHAPTER TWO

Christine had just turned eighteen when her relationship with her lovely governess brought her to a new plateau of pleasure. Christine was lounging in a tub of hot, scented bubbles when Mademoiselle came mincing in. She looked so adorable in her cute little uniforms. Christine, even though Mademoiselle had been wearing them for over two years now, never tired at seeing her as she swished around and about doing her darling little duties. Today though, for some reason, the woman seemed different and Christine couldn't quite place why.

"Does Miss Christine wish for me to bathe her?" inquired the tall maid in a hot, breathless whisper.

Christine looked up at her, now aware that there was something different happening. "Yes Yvette," she said in a perplexed tone, "I'd like that." Chris-

tine had taken to calling her governess, now her maid, by her given name as it pleased her to establish her superiority, which also pleased her adorable maid.

Yvette's face was red and looked hot. Christine reached her hand out and touched it. It was hot. Suddenly Yvette started to cry and, with a hot gasp, she knelt beside the bathtub, grabbed Christine's hand and kissed it. Christine looked at her and all of a sudden understood why her maid seemed strange.

A sudden and devastating heat surged through the young lady's body as she became a woman. She involuntarily writhed in the hot bath water and sank a little lower gently spreading her legs. "Yes, my petite Yvette, you may wash me." Christine had never before addressed this woman in so personal a manner, using a possessive pronoun as well as the slightly derogatory adjective. The maid, Yvette, had never been required nor had she ever volunteered to perform such a personal act. Christine watched tears appear in Yvette's eyes and slowly run down her cheek. She handed her maid a cloth, seeing a sigh of relief course through the woman.

Yvette seemed to accept her new role with resignation and an odd excitement. "Yes Mistress Christine," she said addressing Christine in a new tone with a new title. "Mistress is beautiful," she announced as her hand slipped into the bath water between Christine's legs.

Christine closed her eyes and reveled in this new world of excitement and unbridled passion. She felt

the washcloth dance around her body in Christine's hands as it explored her young, lithe body. She never realized when the cloth was dropped from Yvette's hands as the talented and experienced woman explored and exploited the young lady's erotic spots. After a lifetime of pleasure that Christine had only fantasized about, she gasped out, "Enough Yvette, I want to get out of the bath."

Yvette assisted the naked girl to a standing position and, with a long spray hose, she rinsed the girl's ripe, lush body. She draped a large, warm, soft towel around her shoulders after assisting her mistress out of the bath tub and began to tenderly pat her dry.

Christine's still budding breasts glistened in the sunlight that flooded in through the window with large drops of water. Yvette bent her head down and gently and tenderly sucked in several drops from Christine's breasts. Christine stiffened from the electrical shock of her maid's hot tongue as it explored the virgin territory.

The older woman looked up expectantly into the eyes of the younger woman and saw the desire in her eyes. Her hot red lips settled over the ripe, lush, hardening nipples of her young mistress and began to suckle on it. Yvette cupped the girl's other breast, heard her passionate gasp and felt her body stiffen as she tried to absorb the new sensations that ravaged her. She began to pinch her nipple between thumb and forefinger.

Yvette slipped to her knees as she reluctantly let the nipple slip from her mouth. She said in a hoarse

voice, "Mistress is so lovely, so beautiful." Yvette reached out and slid her hand between Christine's legs. Christine gasped out in pleasure as Yvette's fingers lovingly touched and rubbed and squeezed her vulva, searching, desperately searching, for her love knob.

Christine raised Yvette's chin up and looked down at her, into the deep pool of green. She was naked and beautiful and she was in control as she led Yvette by the hand into her bedroom. The woman began to cry softly as Christine undressed her. Her cries turned to sobs then to soft moans of forbidden pleasures yet to come.

Christine lay down on the fresh black satin sheets, her white, inviting body a stark contrast as Yvette lay down on top of her. Both women were panting wildly as their rich full red lips met. Their hot, wet inviting mouths opened as they sought each other's tongues.

The sun settled from the rich afternoon sun to a spectacular sunset but neither woman saw it. Neither cared.

CHAPTER THREE

During the past several months John felt an uneasy and strange feeling developing between his girlfriend, Christine, and him. He didn't quite know why. It was just something that he felt in his gut. He had felt that their mutual respectful relationship was changing as Christine had been taking advantage of his quiet demeanor and soft, submis-

sive personality and had been quite demanding, almost to the point of being unreasonable.

John L. Kelly was 25 years old and a band member of a moderately successful local rock and roll group known as the "Deep Dish Apple Pies." He lived with his beautiful girl friend, Christine Appleton. They shared a large apartment in the friendly city of Boston with two other women, Mandi and Ebonee, both friends and former classmates of Christine.

Christine, a tall, beautiful, statuesque brunette, was a successful and well-known model. She was a full two inches taller than John and weighed approximately the same, although her body equaled her face in beauty. She was a confident and self-assured woman. Her friends and family could never understand why she had chosen John to be her beaux. They seem to come from different social groups. They were about the same size when she was barefooted, but where John had a soft muscled, unmasculine body, Christine had a full hour-glass figure that caused both men and women to turn their heads when she walked by.

The 3-bedroom apartment they shared with Christine's two large buxom but attractive girl friends was in the prestigious Beacon Hill section. Both Mandi and Ebonee, who had attended the all female Wellesley College with Christine, had noticed the not-so-subtle change in the odd relationship of their friend and her live-in boyfriend. They had backed off from mentioning it because they liked John. Both women were, quite frankly, embarrassed for him as Christine bossed him around

unmercifully and was equally surprised at how John quietly submitted to her orders.

The apartment that the three women leased was expensive but ideal for their lifestyle and professions. Each woman had her own large private bedroom. The common areas were also ideal as the kitchen, dining room, living room and two bathrooms were large and airy. There was also a small room next to Christine's bedroom that was used for storage.

In this section of Boston the monthly rent was in the stratosphere but the apartment and its prime location were worth it. Since money was tight for the women, even though they all came from wealthy parents, they had agreed to share the household duties on a weekly rotating basis. Each week one of them performed as housekeeper and cook. In that way, so the concept went, each woman would clean and cook for one week and be off the next two. Of course once John came to live with Christine, he helped a little when it was Christine's turn. He also contributed one quarter of the month's rent and helped with the food costs.

John was not able to fully understand this rather different Christine as she became quite bossy especially when it was her turn to clean. He, of course, realized that she detested doing domestic duties as her upbringing had been one where she had been catered to.

CHAPTER FOUR

Mandi Tremanth gazed out of the window at the bustling crowd that seemed to be in constant movement. She felt restless today and she didn't know why. "Oh well," she thought, "several more hours and I'll be home and in a hot bath." Mandi was a junior partner in a very exclusive women's boutique on the ritzy and trendy Newbury Street across from the famous Boston Public Gardens. She came from Alabama; the daughter of a wealthy and successful attorney. Mandi was brought up properly and that was how she held herself but she also recognized and knew personal pleasure. She was the same age as both Ebonee and Christine, 25, and a health and fitness addict, who seemed to always be jogging or working out or doing aerobics. Mandi loved life and loved her control of it. She enjoyed dating, dancing and dining. She loved being adored.

Two doors down from Mandi was her roommate, the tall, sturdy, mischievous and dark-skinned Ebonee, whose real name was Elina Woods. Ebonee ran an exclusive salon for women on the same expensive-to-shop street. She was from Chicago and had both the street smarts and survival instincts of someone raised in a ghetto. Her father and mother were active in the Chicago community because of their large real estate holdings. Ebonee enjoyed life and had a wonderful sense of humor. She liked her men big, black, and strong. She too was having a trying day and was looking forward to closing the shop.

All three women were not only tall, strong, full-figured and beautiful but they were all super

confident with themselves and their lifestyle. They were very fashion conscious and were considered to be quite chic.

John was quite handsome in a soft sort of a way; masculine but quite manly. He and his best two friends formed “the pies,” as they called their band, when they were in high school. They were very happy with the progress the band was making and had made it their full-time jobs. This afforded the more carefree John much time at home while his three ambitious female roommates worked full-time day jobs.

Christine was, by far, the most ambitious of them. Her parents were in the diplomatic corps and Christine fully intended on showing that she, too, would be successful. However Christine was a rather spoiled person having come from a well-to-do family which just added to her secure confident manner. She easily fit into the lifestyle of a model.

CHAPTER FIVE

Once, Christine confided in John that when she was young, both her mother and father had traveled extensively, leaving her alone with the housekeeper, Mlle. LeFevre, a French woman from Paris. During her adolescent years she had been doted on by this strong but rather submissive woman who treated the young girl as if she were a princess. Christine had loved her childhood. Mlle. LeFevre’s responsibilities also included Christine’s wardrobe and she had a very generous allowance for it.

As Christine entered womanhood it was Mlle. LeFevre who introduced her to expensive designer lingerie and equally expensive fashions. The older, French woman spent a considerable part of her salary on her own wardrobe which included several quite frilly satin maid's uniforms. Mlle. LeFevre explained it to Christine by telling her that she felt comfortable in a more submissive role. She wanted to give her young charge a taste of what high society offered and whenever she had girlfriends to the house, she insisted that they witness the unforgettable appearance of Christine being a debutante.

Christine loved the maid's uniforms and the way her maid would flutter around as she cleaned and served her. She especially loved it when the woman would serve her and her girlfriends. As the maid doted on her beautiful charge, the young lady reveled in the warm experience of being a princess.

Christine admitted loving to watch the woman as she floated around the house in a swirl of lacy petticoats and flashes of pink ruffled panties. She loved seeing Mademoiselle's blushing cheeks or hearing her tall heels clicking as she minced from room to room. In one of their cozy chats the woman had confessed that she loved the naughty feeling she had wearing her outfits. Christine loved the small confession and understood it. In fact she reveled in the knowledge and it became part of her own special fantasies.

Christine had a wonderful childhood and her transition from child to woman was nearly perfect; however, shortly before her seventeenth birthday, her idyllic world ended. Her lovely and gentle ser-

vant had to return to France upon the death of her father. Christine felt empty, as if something was missing from her life. She vowed to correct that.

John thought it to be a wonderful story and his heart went out to this beautiful woman for her loss. He was full of compassion and Christine knew it as she saw his eyes fill with tears. John was quite tender.

CHAPTER SIX

Because of his lifestyle, John had an excess of leisure time; one day several months previously, he explored a different way of life that he didn't understand but felt strongly about. John had always been excited with women's clothing. He came from a broken home and had been raised by his mother and two sisters. His fatherless life had become meaningful only when he began to experiment wearing his mother's and sister's clothing. The first time his body had touched silk hooked him completely.

He became a closet crossdresser and enjoyed it until he moved in with Christine. At first he tried to fight his life long addiction, but within weeks he had succumbed to the call of his roommate's sexy clothing. During the day, while the three women were away at work, he indulged himself with this clothing banquet. He was extremely careful but had become nervous and fearful about screwing up and any of them finding out, so after several weeks, he bought a very limited wardrobe of lingerie.

Living with Christine had taught John not to consider the cost when buying lingerie. Whatever the cost, designer lingerie was worth it. A new chapter in his life began the day he brought home his very first pair of E'glesis panties.

Within a month John had acquired an interesting but limited wardrobe of women's clothing. He kept them well-hidden in a suitcase upstairs in the attic of the condominium. After a lifetime of enjoying the feel of silk and satin, he chose his feminine wardrobe carefully and at considerable expense. He was finally truly happy. Living with three beautiful women had also conditioned him to their mannerisms, speech, movements and general attitude. He was a very good learner.

John was home alone, as usual on this Friday afternoon and was wearing a coordinated silk lingerie set of contrasting purples and violets. The set consisted of a fully padded brassiere, matching panty and contrasting garter belt. The set was a deep shade of purple; on the side panels were several pretty hand-painted violets. He was also wearing long, black, silk, seamed stockings and his own 3-inch-high, black patent leather pumps with a set of very sexy double ankle straps.

He had recently purchased a pair of lifelike silicone breast pads so he was extremely vulnerable. They were maddeningly expensive but were so real and lifelike. John enjoyed cupping and squeezing and pinching them as they gave him such forbidden pleasure. They soon became an extension of his body and when he pinched his nipples, he actu-

ally felt the warm sensations spread throughout his body.

He loved moments when he was alone with his passions when the sun flooded the room, making his skin feel so soft, so alive. He loved the tingle of the silk as it lightly floated around him. He enjoyed the feel of his bra, garter belt, and shoe straps as they pressured him. He reveled in the feel of his silk-encased legs. He adored looking down at his breasts, imagining them to be heaving with hot passion. He was in total rapture as he ran his fingers over them as he squeezed and cupped them, convinced himself that they were real, and were part of him. It was pure ecstasy as he writhed passionately on the top of the bed.

It was springtime and the bedroom windows were open. The soft, warm spring breeze easily entered the room and playfully ran over his silk-clad body. John was experiencing a tingling effect that bordered on rapture.

He writhed on the bed, passionately imagining that he was in bed with another person who was running their fingers over the sensitive spots of his soft, white body. His back arched up as he mentally and physically reached a crescendo of warmth, excitement, and forbidden pleasure. John soon became lost in his pleasure.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Christine pressed the elevator button marked seven. She was absolutely lovely in her favorite blue suit. She felt invulnerable and quite Teutonic, which was exactly the feeling she wanted. She was lost in her own fantasy, her most favorite fantasy. Only now she was going to live it.

She could envision herself lying in bed with the morning sun streaming through the open window when a gentle knock sounds on the door. She stretches and looks down at her toes and, with a stifled yawn, says, "Come in." The door opens and she smiles as a prettily-attired French maid enters the room carrying a bright, happy-looking breakfast tray with a steaming hot cup of coffee and a plate of equally hot food; a freshly squeezed glass of cold orange juice; the morning paper (dutifully ironed) and one red rose in a slender milk glass vase.

The maid literally dances into the room, her breasts jiggling seductively, her petticoats swaying delightfully and her soft sweet face smiling happily. The slightly blushing maid seems quite happy as she bids her mistress, in an enchanting, soft, sweet, lovely, melodic voice, "Good Morning, Miss Christine. It's a lovely day, made especially for you."

Christine smiles as her pretty little maid places the tray on her mistress's lap. She watches closely as the maid opens up the linen napkin and places it deftly on her lap. "What a wonderful way to start off each day," thinks Christine as she watches her young maid's face flush a pretty pink.

Christine's smile taunts the girl and she began to fidget in embarrassment. Christine envisions herself wiggling deep into the soft bed delighting in making her maid blush. "You look very sweet this morning," she tells the pretty little maid.

CHAPTER EIGHT

John was now lying in bed in a state of euphoria, running his hands over his body and thighs, rubbing himself into a state of wild passion. Soon he began to grab onto his throbbing manhood and pummel it wildly; suddenly, a stab of fear gripped his heart.

He thought he heard the front door open. He listened for a second, which cost him dearly. His head turned to the door and he was shocked to find his tall, beautiful girlfriend standing in the open doorway, smiling down at him. She wore a dark blue suit with a white lace blouse and was every bit as formidable looking as a German Mistress. The look on her face was one of stern, uncompromising control. Her red lips broke into a smile. "I thought so," she said with a mischievous smirk. "I wasn't sure until this past Saturday when I discovered your little secret hiding place and found the real you. So you like to wear pretty clothes like a little girl. Well, my dear little John-John, you're going to really like what I'm going to do next." With that, Christine's camera appeared in her hand and before John could move, she began snapping several pictures of him lying in bed wearing the lingerie of a woman.

The whirl of the Polaroid camera mixed with the loud giggles coming from John's girlfriend and,

strangely enough, another odd sound that he could not place. Everything was in slow motion as his mind refused to acknowledge the danger he was in. Then his mind opened slowly as he recognized the sound of his own voice softly crying out, "No, no...."

The pictures were extremely revealing as they showed him, an adult male, in his pretty lingerie with a huge excited hard-on. There could be no denying what he was or what he was doing or even who he was. He simply looked as if he was a male pervert jerking himself off.

The look on Christine's face was one of complete triumph as she walked over to the bed and handed the pictures to her blushing boy friend, one by one. John couldn't look at them and he quickly turned over on his stomach and buried his face into the pillow. He heard the gasp that escaped from his throat, heard the sobs as he fought desperately to swallow them. Finally he felt the wetness from his tears as they soaked his pillow.

CHAPTER NINE

Christine put the camera away and sat on the edge of the bed beside of him. She began to rub the back of his panties and gently squeezed his silk-clad derriere. She laughed and exclaimed, "See, my sweet little baby, doesn't it feel nice to have a woman know that you like to wear pretty little panties?" Christine's hands ran up his back and felt the back of his brassiere.

John sighed. It felt so good. He elicited a little whimper.



"Little John-John is going to be a good little boy, isn't he?" Christine cooed.

Poor John almost couldn't stand it as he kept his eyes closed tightly. He could feel the heat as his face flushed with shame and he felt the heat in his genital area as Christine pulled the strap of his bra up and allowed it to snap back.

John heard himself squeal with delight and pleasurable pain, a weak mouse-like squeal. He opened his eyes quickly. Did he squeal? Did Christine hear it? He knew immediately that he did squeal and that Christine did hear it.

Christine smiled, "Was that a little mouse I heard, a pretty little girl mouse?"

Another squeal escaped.

"Does my little John-John like wearing panties? Huh? Does my little baby like to wear a bra? You look terrific, honey." With that she, with comparative ease, flipped him over on his back. "Ohh, look at your tits. I bet you like having tits. Do you John-John? Do you like having tits? It's exciting to know that you're going to be so open and honest with me. We're going to have a lot of fun, aren't we?" Christine began to run her fingers over his breasts, "Nice tits, nice sissy tits."

Then, just as suddenly as she had appeared in front of him, this beautiful woman stopped what she was doing. "Stand up, John. We've got a lot of work to do before Mandi and Ebonee come home."

He got very scared. "Please," he began to whimper out an apology. Then her words reached his brain and he reeled as he asked weakly, "What do you mean? You're not going to tell Mandi and Ebonee, are you?"

She smiled and said, "Well, you don't think that I'm going to let you get away with being a little sissy, do you? You're going to have to earn the right to wear pretty feminine clothing and I'm the woman that's going to benefit from your little secret and train you to be the best little sissy in the whole world. As far as Mandi and Ebonee, go how can they not help knowing all about you?"

"Please," he stammered, "I'm really sorry for what I did. Let me change. I promise I'll never wear this stuff again."

Christine laughed, "Why, my little sissy sweetheart, of course you will. You're not only going to wear this 'stuff,' as you call it, but you're going to wear a lot more and do a lot more than you ever imagined. I thought about it and I've decided that I'm going to like owning a little sissy. Now get in the bathroom right now, we don't have much time left."

At first he tried to balk but he instantly found out that he really didn't have a choice as his tall girlfriend slapped him lightly across the cheek and followed it up with a soft backhand. "Get your ass in gear, little sissy, OR ELSE," she said in a frighteningly stern voice.

As she pushed him into the bathroom ,her thoughts ran back to her childhood. “Mademoiselle you’re back,” she thought with a delighted sneer.

CHAPTER TEN

In the bathroom she made him remove his pretty lingerie. By this time his eyes were watering freely and he was really worried. Opening up a jar of white creme she smoothed it all over his nearly hairless body except for his eyebrows, head and a small triangular patch of naturally soft and light pubic hair. She sat on the commode and asked John all kinds of personal questions. “How long have you been wearing sissy clothes?” “Did you ever wear any of my clothes?” “What about Mandi’s?” “Ebonee’s?”

“No!” he shouted too quickly.

She looked at him with a raised eyebrow and he panicked.

“Some,” he shyly admitted.

Under Christine’s onslaught, he confessed everything. What he had tried on? What did he like the best? How had he felt in each item? She was ruthless until she finally decided that she knew everything. John was quite confused but was less scared and even less embarrassed but he recognized that he was excited, although he didn’t show it.

After five minutes, his skin started to burn and in a soft, pitiful voice he told her so.