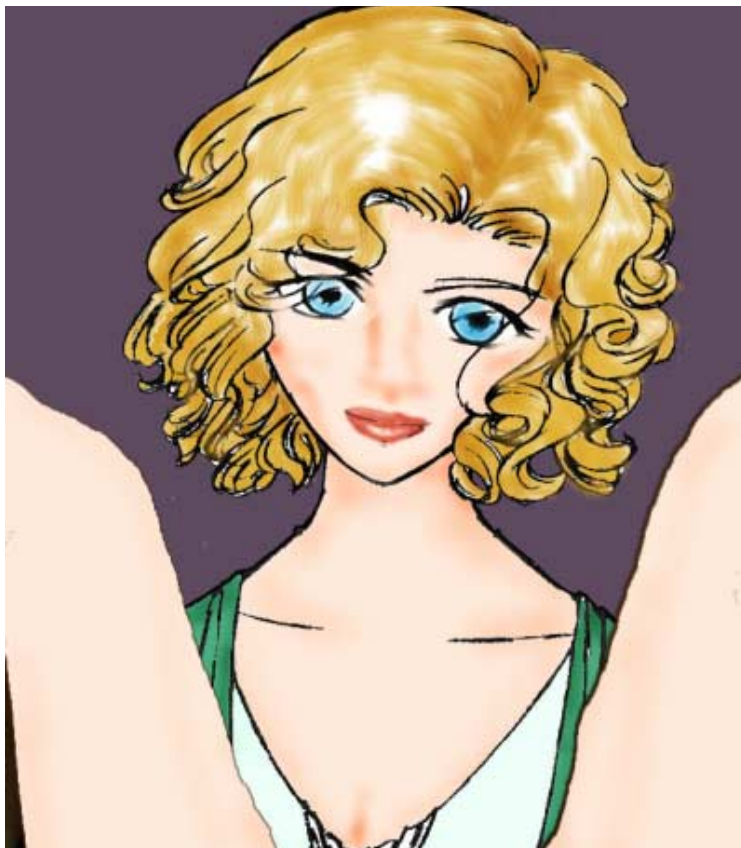




*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Catch Of The Year

Maureen Glasgow



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

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A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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# Catch of the Year

**By Maureen Glasgow**

It's not MY fault I'm weak! Good grief, we can't all be huge with bulging muscles! We can't ALL have dominant personalities! Sure, I was born a male – but what says that I should be expected to be master of all I survey? It just is not fair!

I guess I should have stood up for myself against Elizabeth, but she was the very first woman who had ever shown an interest in me, and I was flattered by the fact that she was a doctor: Dr. Elizabeth Bowles M.D. (A fact that my Mummy can't stop boasting about!). She also had a great deal of money, something that had been in short supply in my family for generations. Yes, we had enough to put me through a good college, but a degree in Liberal Arts is NOT conducive to any type of money-generating career, especially when one is rather inept in most fields, as I was.

Some fearsome HMO had gobbled our own family doctor up and a friend had recommended Elizabeth to Mummy. She came back from her first appointment absolutely raving about this new, forceful, doctor who gave no-nonsense advice and was adored by her staff and patients alike (all female, as I discovered later).

I had a dose of the sniffles a few weeks later and, at Mummy's insistence, I made an appointment to see Elizabeth.

The ladies in her outer office were all polite, but I had the feeling that smiles were being passed around behind my back. Some nurses actually came out and introduced themselves to me. They all professed to have met Mummy, but I didn't see how that could have been possible. In addition, they all seemed to have that same secretive air about them, almost as if they were laughing at some private joke – at MY expense. As is common, I had to fill out a mess of forms pertaining to my medical history, which also seemed to be a source of some amusement to the clerks and nurses who examined them.

Elizabeth was – is – large. No fat on her bones mind you, just a robust woman in glowing good health. She almost broke my hand when she shook it, introducing herself. She looked at my chart.

“Well, Jerry. Looks like you haven't had a complete physical in some time. True?”

“Haven't seen the need, Doctor,” I replied.

“Well, you understand that I'll need to give you a thorough examination if I take you on as a new patient?”

“I guess that makes sense,” I agreed.

“Good! No time like the present, I always say!” she boomed. “Nurse? Give Mr. Ellis a gown please. I'll be back in a jiffy!” She left me with the nurse.

The nurse was a stern looking woman, big busted and dressed totally in white, with everything starched to the extent that she practically crackled when she walked over to a closet and searched inside for a moment. “Here you are, Mr. Ellis. Please strip down and put this on. I'll be back in a moment.”

'This' was almost like these awful paper gowns you get in some places – you know, the kind that open down the back and that you have to keep closed with your hands? It did differ though in a couple of aspects. One, it was made of nylon – at least some sort of silky fabric. Two, it was pink. Three, it had some ribbon ties at the back. Another thing? My limited experience of these gowns was that they were sleeveless. This gown had sleeves that came down to the elbows and that were elasticized at the cuffs, almost like a woman's dress!

Somewhat embarrassed, I stripped down to my undershorts and put the gown on. I did have a little difficulty in tying myself in at the back, but was just finishing, when a knock came to the door and the nurse bustled back in.

“My my! Not changed yet! I'm sorry, sir; you'll have to take off your shoes and socks. Put these on instead if you don't mind.”

She was holding out a pair of sheer nylon socks and PINK slippers!

“Surely I don't...” I started.

“Doctor's orders, sir! Please don't be difficult! And, before you do that? Let me tidy you up a bit!”

And, before I knew it, she had laid the slippers and socks on top of the table and was untying, then re-tying, the ties at my back into pretty bows!

“Much better!” she said with a satisfied smirk. “But now that I think on it?”

And she was now shoving up the elastic cuffs on my gown sleeves, puffing them out in a decidedly girlish fashion! I automatically started to push them back down again, but she gave me such a glare that I desisted.

Once she saw that I would not interfere, she nodded abruptly. “And, of course, these will have to go, sir!” she muttered, reaching up under my gown and yanking my underpants down. “Doctor has a busy schedule! Patients must be ready for examination! Now, if you'll sit up here on the examination table?”

To my shame and horror, she put her hands on my sides and hoisted me up to sit on the table, almost as an adult would do with a child! I sat, docile as a little lamb, as she took my shoes and socks off – then replaced them with the sockettes and slippers. The slippers seemed to have a little heel to them, but I thought it better not to object. “Doctor will want to see your hair, I'm thinking,” she said as she removed the band that held my ponytail. She fanned my hair out around my face, and put my band in her uniform pocket.

“May I have my hair band please, Nurse?” I asked meekly.

“Of course you may!” she said sternly. “When doctor has finished her exam. Now, let me tidy you up a little.”

From nowhere, she produced a pocket comb and proceeded to comb my hair into a center part. “Much prettier!” she said with a lot of satisfaction.

Then she had me get down from the table and handed me a plastic glass with a paper napkin covering it. “A urine sample please, sir. And if you don't mind, would you please use the staff lounge? I'm afraid the plumbing in the gents' toilet has been giving us problems and the plumbers are due any minute. When you're finished, go to examination room number six. It's just along there at the end of the hall.”

I was very nervous about using the staff facilities but the thought of appearing the way I was dressed in front of some rough male plumbers kept me quiet and I stepped out into the hall. “Just down there on your left, sir” she said, turning in the other direction.

I don't know how many people worked in that office, but it seemed that every clerk and nurse passed me in the hall, smiling more openly now – in a sort of teasing way as I searched for the staff lounge. Practically bereft of speech, I finally found it, and walked into what was obviously a ladies lounge. Some of the nurses sat there chatting and sipping from coffee cups, some were applying makeup at a large mirror.

“Oh...oh, excuse me!” I stammered, turning to leave, but found my way blocked by two nurses coming in.

One of them took my arm. “Oh no, sir! It's perfectly all right! The gents' toilet is not working. Just use one of the stalls there. Perfectly all right!”

With the sounds of her stiff nylon uniform crackling about me, I was herded to a stall and ushered inside. And then I felt the total humiliation of not being able to go and the total absence of sound, as if everyone on the outside was listening. Finally, one voice asked, “Sir? Are you having difficulty going?”

Dry mouthed, I answered, “Yes. Maybe I'll try later.”

“Something that is sure to work, sir? Try sitting down. It'll be much easier.” (I could have sworn I heard a few poorly muffled giggles!)

And, in my little pink dress with the puffed sleeves and the pretty bows, my pink wooly slippers and my nylon sockets, I sat down like a woman in a ladies toilet and peed.

When I left the stall, there were a few smiles for me. One woman even clapped her hands softly and approvingly. All I wanted to do was get out of there, but I was pulled up short by one of the ladies calling out, “Sir? Sir! You should wash your hands.”

Humiliated beyond measure at such a social gaffe, I then had to go and stand amongst a number of women who were either washing their hands or touching up their lipstick. Finally, after washing and drying my hands, my brief journey into this feminine hell was over and I eagerly exited...to more disaster! I had forgotten the room number I was supposed to go to!

I searched my brain feverishly but the events of the last ten minutes or so had gotten me so emotionally distraught, that I couldn't think straight. Then a soft womanly hand was placed on my forearm and a kind voice asked, "Miss? You seem confused? Can I help you?"

It was a young, rather plump girl who was looking at me most kindly. I blushed at her obvious mistake, but didn't want to point it out. "I'm supposed to take this urine sample to an examination room, but I've forgotten the room number. I feel like such a ninny!"

She smiled sympathetically. "Happens all the time! If you'd follow me, we'll get it straightened out." With that, she took a gentle hold of my arm and led me around a maze of corridors and right back to the front desk! Through the opening, I could see directly into the waiting room where a number of patients, all women of course, were seated. Naturally, they could see me as well. The friendly young girl who was leading me spoke to the Receptionist. "This lady has forgotten her examination room. Could you help her?"

The receptionist didn't look up. "Of course! Your name, Miss?"

My face reddened. "Actually, I'm not a woman. My name is Ellis. *Mister* Ellis. Charles Ellis?"

The receptionist, an attractive woman in her mid-thirties finally looked up from her desk. She looked at me slowly from head to toe, then shrugged disdainfully. "Could have fooled me!" she snorted. Then she spoke into a microphone. "Nurse Grimsly? Nurse Grimsly? Your patient *MISTER* Ellis is looking for you at reception." Then she repeated the message. Naturally just about everyone's eyes were fixed on me with half-scornful/half-amused glances by the time my nurse re-appeared.

"Why, there you are!" she said. "I was wondering what was taking you so long. Here, why don't you give me your sample?"

I handed it over to her. "Thank you," she said. "Now, can you tell me what the problem is?"

"I forgot the room number I was to go to," I said.

She stared at me in a very reproving manner. "I DID tell you, did I not?"

I felt like a schoolgirl – schoolboy, I mean, in front of a headmistress.

"Yes, you did nurse. I'm sorry. Just forgot."

She reached forward and took hold of my earlobe with her right hand. She shook my ear gently. Then she spoke sweetly, but loud enough for everyone to hear. "Sweetie? You will have to learn to listen when I speak to you. Understand? If you don't, I'll just have to chastise you – and you wouldn't want that, would you?"

"Yes," I said weakly.

"Yes? You want me to chastise you? Put you over my knee?"

All the spectators were grinning now.

"I meant that I understood!" I explained softly.

"Oh! Well, that's good. If you'll go to room number six? Just down there at the end of the hall? I'll be back with you in just a moment. Think you can remember this time?"

"Yes, Nurse."

Still feeling embarrassed at the amount of attention I was getting from the staff people who passed me, I finally made it into the privacy of room number six. A few moments later, the door opened and Doctor Bowles walked in.

She saw me and looked confused. "Oh sorry!" she said, and left the room again. About thirty seconds later, she came back in.

"I'm very sorry, Jerry. I mistook you for someone else. Has Nurse Grimsly taken your blood pressure or temperature yet?"

"No doctor. But I've given her my urine sample."

She nodded. "Very good. Well, let me look at your medical history for a moment. She should be back any second."

Just as she finished speaking, a quiet knock on the door was followed by the nurse coming in. Doctor Bowles surprised me immediately.

"Nurse Grimsly!" she said with mock severity. "How come Mr. Ellis is wearing a ladies gown? Up to our old tricks again, are we?"

The nurse smirked. "Well doctor? I could see that giving him a man's might cause him some embarrassment – he's so tiny, and they're so big. That examination dress fits him so well! Don't you think he looks delightful? On top of that? Men's gowns are quite scarce around here."

The doctor grinned. "Of course. But when I came in here a minute or so ago I thought I was in the wrong room. I thought he was a woman!" She turned back to me. "Nurse here doesn't like men very much. I keep telling her and telling her that men are all right – as long as they know their place! But I hope you don't mind wearing that gown. You don't, do you? I'd really like to get on with the examination, and you look like such a good sport."

And, before I knew it, it seemed to be accepted that I had nothing against my feminine uniform, and the nurse was taking my blood pressure, which was deemed acceptable.

"Good!" the doctor said, removing the pressure cuff. "Now up on the table, Jerry. Lie on your side, please?"

And before I could react, the nurse had picked me up and sat me on the table, then lifted my legs and placed them so that I was lying on my side.

"She's light as a feather!" the nurse said cheerily, moving behind me. "Now, Miss? Relax please?"

"Nurse! Stop your fooling about!" the doctor said cheerily. "Show some respect for the male of the species."

“Oh, I'm SORRY, sir!” the madwoman giggled, opening the back of my gown, sticking something greasy in my anus – something cold and plastic entering me!

“Now, just stay still for a moment, please, while we check your temperature,” the doctor said.

“Oh, please!” I whimpered.

Nurse Grimsly lifted the hem of my dress up to reveal my bare buttocks. She spanked me lightly. “Now, now MISStEr Ellis. Be a brave little Snookums! It won't be long now!”

“Nurse! Would you stop fooling around with my patient? I'd like some readings taken! This is serious business!” Doctor Bowles said.

I'd have taken some consolation from what she said if she hadn't been giggling as she said it, while snapping a pair of protective gloves onto her hands.

“Well! I'm sure we all want to be *professional* about this, don't we, Miss Ellis?” the nurse said sarcastically, pulling the thermometer from out of my rectum, then easily flipping me over to lie on my back, my erection making a little tent at the front of my pink dress eminently visible.

“That's NOT professional!” Nurse Grimsly said sharply, flicking a hard fingernail across my penis – which died immediately. “There! But I'm glad to see that you're enjoying yourself, sir,” she said cloyingly.

Then she took hold of my ankles. “If you'd just scoot down the table a little, please?” and she pulled me along until my feet hung over the end, with the hem of my gown pushed away up. Then she let go, and I felt something being done at that end of the table. “Now, just put your feet in this stirrup. There! Perfect! Now the other one?” There was a sort of cranking sound, and I felt my self being elevated, backside first. “Doctor? I think she's ready for you now.”

And, flat on my back, my legs spread wide apart and my genitals unprotected, I looked up to see Doctor Bowles approach, and lean over me. “Now Sherry, this might be a little uncomfortable for you, but if you'll just relax...” As she said this, I could feel Nurse Grimsly start to lubricate my anus again.

“What are you doing?” I was starting to whimper.

“A prostate exam is mandatory. Just relax, darling. Don't cry. Nurse? The vaginal speculum, please”

“Not the anal speculum, Doctor?” the nurse said.

“No. The smallest vaginal speculum is more appropriate,” she said. “More intimate, don't you think?” she added, looking at me and smiling.

I couldn't see well, but she was handed what looked like an apparatus - a cold metallic looking thing – that had a strong resemblance to a duckbill. I wasn't overly surprised when I felt something icy cold enter my anus. Then there was a vague sort of ratcheting sensation and my backside started to widen!

“Just relax, darling!” I heard, then, “That's good! Nurse? The probe please!”



And something metallically slick was in my back passage, working its way inside me. I writhed in a mixture of shame, fear, and sexual longing.

"Don't think she cares for this too much, Doctor," I heard the nurse say.

"You know, I think you're right!" the doctor said – and the thing, whatever it was, was withdrawn! I gazed up helplessly. The doctor was peering down at me.

"Lock the speculum, Nurse," I heard her say, and there was a small click from the apparatus that was inserted in my anus.

"Locked in place, Doctor!" the nurse said out loud.

Then to my total disbelief, the doctor leaned over and slipped her left hand under my neck, then KISSED me, right on the lips! She raised herself a little. "You're so pretty," she cooed. One of her fingers ENTERED me! Then another! To my shame, I had another erection.

"I think that my patient is becoming emotionally involved, Nurse. Would you put a condom on that tiny little thing?" she said, then she started kissing me as I felt a condom being fitted onto my penis.

Dazed, I opened my eyes to see both women looking down on me, smiling calmly, as the doctor raped me with her fingers.

"I think you found a good one this time, Doctor," the nurse said.

"You were a BIG help, Grimmy. I won't forget it!" Doctor Bowles said. She leaned over me and kissed me firmly again, though this time, her tongue entered my mouth aggressively. Then her hand and her tongue became synchronized, slowly thrusting and retreating, thrusting and retreating. I squirmed and tried to get away from the insistent demands of the fingers and tongue, but finally lay there helpless, undulating slowly as pressure built up inside me. I ejaculated, totally powerless to stop the little whimpers I was making or the tears from coursing down my face.

"There there, dear. It's almost all over now. You were a good girl!" Doctor Bowles said. "Just a few things more!"

The 'few things' consisted of my musculature being measured (and snickered at) and comparisons to some of the smaller women amongst the staff in matters of strength – to none of which I was considered superior. To end this total horror, Nurse Grimsly cradled me in her arms, and carried me back down to the room in which I'd started my odyssey into hell. While doing so, she reminded me of how a doctor-patient relationship was strictly confidential. If I ever wished to divulge what had happened there that morning? Well, there were quite a few videos that she was SURE I would not wish to be distributed.

To make matters worse, she stood over me as I readied to get dressed in my own clothes. It was all there, with one exception. It seems that, somehow, my underpants had been lost, but she was just *positive* that I wouldn't mind wearing the pair of pink, satin, lace-trimmed panties she'd found. In fact, she was *so* sure that I would love them that she'd bet the doctor I'd wear them when I reported for my follow-up exam exactly one week from that day.

Feeling totally violated and dominated, I slid the feminine garment up my legs, strangely aroused by the feel of the material, and the fact that Nurse Grimsly held up the hem of my gown and watched my panties being put in place. "There! I thought you might just like those panties! They seem SO appropriate for you. You DO like them, don't you? Please say 'yes'? We really want you to have enjoyed your visit."

As she was saying this, she lifted the hem of my gown and gave me a slight spank on my buttocks – clearly as a warning.

"Oh yes, Nurse. They're lovely," I surrendered.

She embraced me lovingly. "Now don't forget to come for your follow-up next week,"

"Oh no, Nurse, I won't"

"And don't forget to wear your pretty panties."

"I'll try to remember," I conceded.

"Good! I'm sure we'll have even prettier ones lying around somewhere. You young girls are SO forgetful! But just in case, would you mind if I gave you a reminder?"

"No, Nurse. Of course not."

"Come over here, dear, and I'll give it to you."

She led me over to a chair, where she sat and easily draped me over her knees, face down. She lifted my dress to expose my panties and gave me a sharp SPANK there!

"OW!" I squealed.

"Are you going to be a good girl, or are you only going to TRY and remember to wear your panties?" SPANK!

"I'll be good!" I squalled.

"A good what?"

"Good girl," I whispered.

She made a quick motion and I was upright again.

"Think you'll remember now, Dearie?"

"Yes Nurse Grimsly"

"You're SO sweet! Would you like to do something that would please me, very much?"

"Oh yes, Nurse."

"From now on, when you're wearing a dress like you are now? Why don't you just call me 'Mistress' and maybe give me a little curtsy? Want to show me how prettily you can do that?"

Shaking with a combination of fear, embarrassment – and maybe a little sexual titillation? – I took the sides of my dress in my hands and bobbed a quick curtsy. "Yes, Mistress," I said in a little girl voice.

She started walking to the door. "You'll do. Very nicely, I think. You can get dressed now. Just let yourself out when you're finished. Don't forget to make your appointment at the front desk – one week from today. Same time!"

"Mistress?" I said, curtsying again.

"Yes, dear?"

"May I have my hair band please?"

She reached for her pocket where she'd put it, then stopped.

"No. I don't think so. Your hair is much prettier this way. As a matter of fact, I want you to have it in this style when you come back next week."

I didn't say anything, but my face must have reflected my fear. She took a step back towards me and shook her head.

"We keep bright, shiny, satin ribbons for little girls. I could maybe get some and do your hair in plaits for you to go home with. Bet you'd look nice in pigtails with bright red ribbons!"

"Oh no, mistress!" I yelped. "My hair is just fine. I really like it like this. I'll wear it this way for next week. Honest!"

She smiled and nodded approvingly. Then she left without another word.

I gave my face a quick wash at the sink, then got dressed as rapidly as I could. Hands shaking from fear that I'd meet Nurse Grimsly or Doctor Bowles again, I hurried back down to the front desk, feeling the little tugs of elastic at my panty legs, and my hair wafting softly about my face. The receptionist gave me a quizzical smile. "Do you need to make another appointment, MISster Ellis?"

"Yes. For one week from today. A follow-up, the doctor said," I answered.

She checked her appointment book. "No problem," she said and scribbled something on a card. "Here's a reminder for you? If you carry it in your purse or your handbag, you won't forget us."

Automatically, I took it. There it was, an appointment for Miss Sherry Ellis. I blushed furiously and thanked her.

"That's okay! See you next week, bright and early? Doctor gets upset when patients keep her waiting."

Speechless, I nodded and practically ran from there, heedless of the giggles and snickers from behind me.

A few days later, I came in from my afternoon stroll. Mummy was waiting with ill-concealed impatience. "I don't know why you persist in walking about outdoors when it's sunny! You have a lovely complexion and you'll just waste it if you get too much sun on your face!"

"Aw, Mummy!" I expostulated. "We go over this and over this..." I stopped as she was shaking her head impatiently.

"I don't wish to discuss your complexion at this time. There's something far more important to tell you!"

At my enquiring look she burst out, "I think you've made a conquest Jerry! And you said that nothing much happened at the doctor's office! You little minx! Trying to hide things from your Mummy?"

I shook my head. "I don't have any earthly idea of what you're talking about!"

"Oh no? You didn't know that Doctor Bowles was very impressed with you and wants to call on you? Didn't have a single clue, did you? You sly little thing. Why, what's the matter? You've gone very pale. You look faint! Sit down, darling! I know how excited you must be!"

I took her advice and sat down heavily into a chair. I couldn't help it; I actually put my hand up to my chest in the old-fashioned pose of a damsel in distress. I could feel the blood run from my face in a rush of fear, but at the same time, I felt my groin receive the blood and engorge itself!

"Wants to call on me?" I asked tremulously "When?"

Mummy smiled brightly. "*Told* you you'd made a conquest. You might have time for a shower and to freshen up. But I don't think so – you took too long on that walk!"

"*Might* have time for a shower? Oh, Mummy! What have you done?"

Mummy looked coy. "Think I'm letting a girlfriend like that get away? You haven't had too many, you know!"

"Mummy, when? What time!"

She looked at the grandfather clock. "In about a half-hour. We can have some civilized drinks, then an early dinner. Myrtle has been notified that we'll have a guest for dinner tonight."

"Oh, Mummy!" I groaned.

"Oh STOP it!" she commanded. "You act as if you were gay! I happen to know that you're not. Remember those magazines I found under your bed? That college girl who said you'd got her pregnant?"

"It wasn't me!" I protested.

"But you DID sleep with her, didn't you – so that was never in doubt, was it?" she snapped. "But let's not quarrel. Why don't you go freshen up? Your date will be here soon."

Dazed by this turn of events, I allowed myself to be bullied into freshening up and changing into fresh clothes. I just got downstairs when the doorbell rang.

"That'll be her now, I expect!" Mummy said excitedly. "Myrtle, I'll get the door!"

I was excited. Please don't think I wasn't. There was a strange sense of exhilaration in being the focus of an admirer's attention, but I felt that it wasn't a very manly outlook on the situation.

I heard the voices, and then they appeared. My Mummy and Elizabeth.

"Look at the lovely flowers that Elizabeth has brought!" Mummy said excitedly, waving a large bunch of flowers around. "Just let me go and find a vase for them!"

Elizabeth looked vital and exuberant, health and happiness just bursting out of her. She wore a purple silk jump suit with silver open-toed sandals and a simple silver band holding her hair in place. She was carrying three small gift-wrapped presents, in gold paper with pink satin bows. Frozen, I saw her eyes lock in on me and watched her as she covered

the distance between us in a few predatory strides. I had it in mind to struggle once I saw she was going to kiss me, but I stood helplessly as she laid her presents down on a chair, then enfolded me in a bear hug of an embrace, and kissed me forcibly on the lips.

“Sherry! So you forgive me then?” was the first thing she said when her lips left mine.

“Sherry? What *has* he been telling you? His name is Jerry,” Mummy said coming into the room.

Elizabeth kept her arm around me as she faced my mother.

“Oh, he told me *that*. It's just masculine names are so rough and I don't know – so...so...masculine?”

Mummy giggled along with her as Elizabeth continued. “I like my boyfriends to be sweet and soft and I must admit I was entranced when I met your son the other day. I would really like him to be my boyfriend. Please say 'yes,' Sherry?” And she kissed me firmly again.

I couldn't help it. I stood on tiptoe and wrapped my arms around her neck. I returned her kiss ardently.

“I think he's saying yes,” Mummy laughed.

“Mmmm!” Elizabeth said. Before I knew it, she swept me off my feet and carried me over to the chair where she'd put the presents. She pushed them over onto the floor, and then sat down with me in her lap! I had one arm around the back of her neck and she held my free arm with no effort.

“Elizabeth!” I panted. “This is a...”

“Sherry? I want to talk to your mother for a moment. Please be quiet!”

“But Elizabeth...”

“Sherry!”

“But...”

“Very well! If you're going to be a naughty little girl, I'm going to treat you like one!” she snapped. With that, she took my hand and put it up to my mouth. “Now? Suck your thumb and be quiet! One more word from you and I'll put you over my knee. Nod if you understand!”

My mother was watching with an amused smile on her face as, blushing furiously, I nodded and put my thumb in my mouth.

“Sherry?” Elizabeth said. “I told you to suck it, didn't I?”

I nodded again and began sucking. Elizabeth arranged me so that I was now laying further back in her arms, looking up at her

“That's a very effective treatment!” Mummy said admiringly.

Elizabeth chuckled. “Oh yes. I've used it on naughty boys a lot. Amazing how cute they become once they learn to do as I tell them.” She smiled at Mummy. “Have you ever spanked him? Sherry, I mean?”

Mummy thought for a moment. "Not too often, though now that I think on it, I had to put him over my knees about two weeks ago."

Elizabeth smiled down on me gently. "Sherry wath a bad widdle girl, was she?" she lisped mockingly.

Eyes filling with humiliation, I did as she wanted. I nodded gravely, sucking my thumb furiously.

She leaned over and kissed my brow. "That's all right, Sweetykins. Don't you cry. Just let the grownups talk." She turned her attention back to Mummy. "Can I ask what for?"

"Sure! He gets obnoxious every so often. I go out with a group of women on a regular thing – shopping for clothes at good sales, lunching, that sort of thing. Girl activities, you know?"

Elizabeth nodded. Mummy continued, "He just sneered at us – called us a bunch of silly women! And he started calling me 'Mom!' I just *hate* that expression! I warned him that I preferred to be called Mummy, but he just laughed."

Elizabeth leaned over. "Sherry? You have to learn that real women are not to be laughed at. You're nice and soft like a girl and weak like a girl – but you are NOT a girl and don't have the rights of a girl. So, if a woman tells you something, you had better treat her with respect! Now, are you going to be a good little girl? Elizabeth's got some presents for you! If you're going to be good, you can take your thumb out from your mouth."

I nodded, but kept sucking, looking up at her with a pleading expression.

"Very good! You can remove it now," she said, beaming at me.

I took it out carefully. "Thank you, Elizabeth," I said in a very small voice.

She reached down, lifted one of the presents and handed it to me. Before I could say anything though, Mummy interrupted. "Elizabeth, I was just wondering..."

"Yes?" Elizabeth responded.

"Well, you were asking for his forgiveness? That was very generous of you. What could you have possibly done?"

Elizabeth chuckled, smiled at me and pinched my cheek softly. "Comfy, Babykins?"

"Yes, Mummy," I whispered.

She looked back at Mummy (the real one). "I didn't find out until later, but Nurse Grimsly gave him a little spanking on his panties."

"His panties?" Mummy giggled. "I didn't know he was into lingerie now? And she *spanked* him?"

Elizabeth had the grace to look a little embarrassed. "It was part of Grimmy's little game. She's been good recently, and I wanted to reward her, so I gave him to her. She went a little overboard. You know how it is when you get a brand new, fresh, little sissy?"

Mummy amazed me. She nodded! "I can see the temptation. But I still don't see what you have to ask forgiveness for."