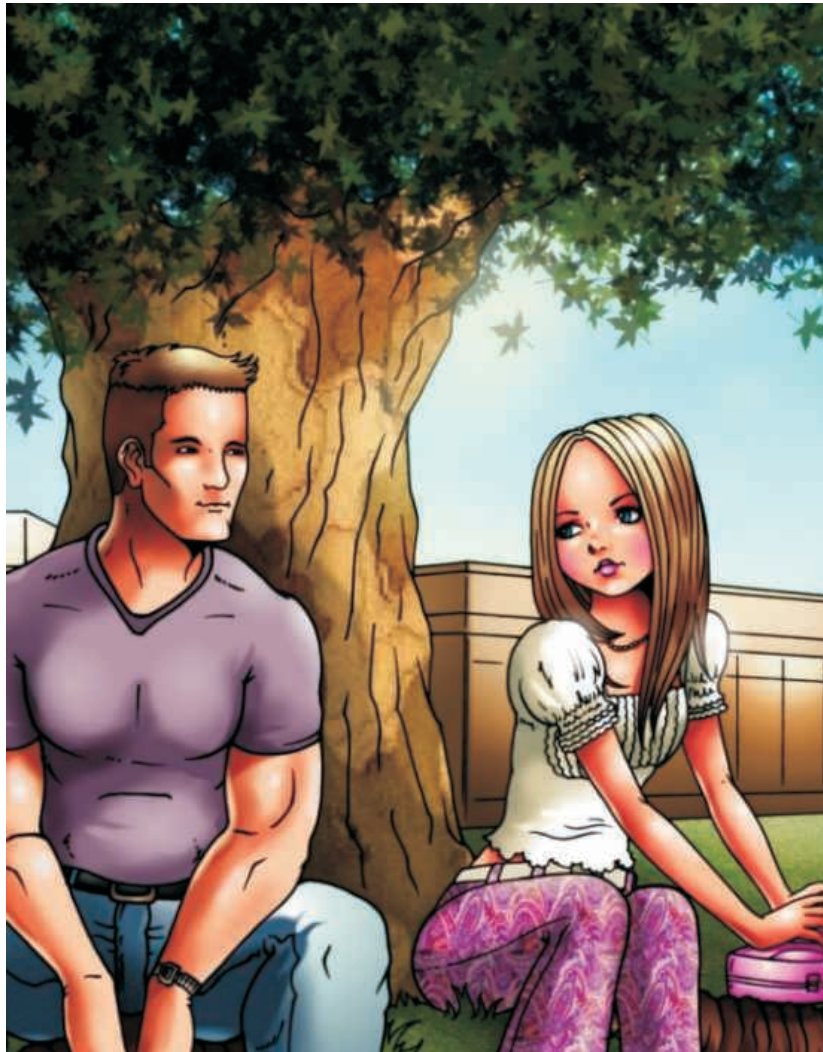




Reluctant Press presents:

SISSYHOOD

CHERYL LYNN



A 'YOUNG ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Sissyhood

By Cheryl Lynn

Sissyhood

Philip Campbell was a very successful real-estate developer. As a result, he was seldom home. His beautiful wife, Helen, stayed home and took care of their only child, Stacy Lee. Helen was a petite woman with hazel eyes and strawberry blonde hair. She was an outgoing and friendly woman who took her responsibilities as a mother and wife very seriously. She dressed impeccably at all times and had excellent taste. Helen made sure that she was home when her son arrived from school and insured he did his homework before allowing him to go out and play. When Philip was home, she spent as much time as she could with him. Helen knew it wouldn't be long before he flew off somewhere on another project.

Philip enjoyed being with his family but his first love was his business. He often thought that if it weren't for his wife's loving embrace, he could just as easily live on the road or in his office. As far as his son went, he really didn't give him much thought. In time, when he grew up and was ready, he'd teach the boy the family business. Until then, Philip just had too many responsibilities to pay Stacy much attention.

Stacy was a good kid making good grades in school. He pulled a few practical jokes on the school social worker but he wasn't the only one. He didn't participate in sports because he took after his mother.

He was slim, below average height and build for a boy his age. He had his mother's eyes and small frame. Other than having a slight gut from eating too much junk food, he was in good shape.

He was fairly popular and enjoyed a healthy social life. The only downside in his life was his girlish name. He hated being called Stacy. In his mind, no boy should have to answer to such a name. He was called Lee by everyone, including his mother. A minor incon-

venience was his birthday. Since he was born in September, he was a year older than the other kids in his class but was smaller than most of the other boys.

They were a normal family that did normal family things whenever Philip was home. Even when he was on one the road, their lives were just like most folks. The only thing setting them apart from the average family was the fact that they were wealthy. Philip's hard work had paid off and they lived without want. You would never know it from the way they acted, though. They were simple in their lifestyle and did not flaunt their wealth. If you didn't see their house and grounds or passed an eye over the way Helen dressed, you wouldn't know that they had wealth. Everything in their lives was normal until that day when Helen was killed in an automobile accident.

After her death, Philip hired a housekeeper to take care of the house and he buried himself in his work. He spent very little time at home and when he did, he usually went to bed drunk. About six months after his wife's death, Lee finally managed to get his Dad to listen to his complaints about the housekeeper.

Apparently she liked her gin a little bit and Lee pleaded with his Dad to get rid of her. His final argument was that in another few months he'd be old enough to join the army. Philip, after taking another sip of gin and tonic, agreed and told Lee he would take care of it. Philip only vaguely remembered the conversation the next day as he packed for another extended trip but a seed was planted.

Another six months went by, the housekeeper was still there and Lee was doing whatever he wanted. His grades slipped, his clothing became more ragged and he became self-centered. Lee, like most boys, hated to shop but the only way he could get new clothing was to do it himself. His mother used to take care of all that but as the housekeeper had said "That's not my job," he was left with little choice.

Like most boys, he waited until the clothing ripped away before going out to replace them. Like his clothing, his hygiene slacked off but not so much as to make him a total outcast. With his melancholy attitude and hygiene, many of his friends stopped including him in their plans. His hair hung well below his collar and was greasy and clumped. He hadn't been to a barber in over a year. His fingernails were a bit longer than the norm which added to his disheveled appearance. He became even more withdrawn and sad as time went by which pushed the dwindling number of his friends further away. He socialized less and less, becoming a loner by the end of the year.

About a month after the first anniversary of his mother's death, Philip showed up at the house with a woman. Her name was Daphne and she was a year or two younger than Philip. She was the exact opposite of his mother. Daphne was almost as tall as his father, with black hair cut in a short bob. She had intense black eyes and a rather large, thin, nose that dominated her face. Her lips were thin red strips that gave no hint of a smile. Her overall demeanor gave the impression that she would put up with no nonsense.

Where his mother was petite, she was plump with large breasts and derriere. Daphne should be described more as big-boned rather than fat. Lee was flabbergasted when his father introduced her as his new wife.

"You've got to be kidding me! He must have been drunk off his ass when he married her," were the first thoughts to pop into Lee's head as he shook her hand. It was a very firm and strong grip for a woman.

As Daphne was getting settled into her new home, Lee had a chance to talk alone with his father. "Dad, what's going on here? You never told me that you were thinking of getting married again."

"Well son, I met her in Vegas one evening and the next morning we were married. Since I'm not home that often and I remembered you complaining about the housekeeper, well, I just thought what the hell and brought her home. I figure she can keep an eye on you and we can get rid of the housekeeper. It won't hurt you and getting a divorce is out of the question. Just bear with me on this and I'm sure everything will be fine. She can't replace your Mom but I want you to mind her and do what she says. She is my wife now and you will just have to accept that, understand?" Philip told him.

"Dad you got drunk and married her when you weren't thinking straight. No court would hold you to that kind of marriage. Look, the housekeeper isn't that bad and you don't have to stay with this woman. Come on Dad, I don't need a new mother," Lee protested.

"What's this? You don't think I love your father. You think I took advantage of him? Listen Stacy, your father's told me all about you. While I'm not too fond of boys, I agreed to marry him. I'll admit that our courtship was not that long but I do love him and I will raise you as I think best. Isn't that right, darling?" Daphne said, walking into the room.

"Of course, dear. You are my wife and it is time for Stacy to accept that. I'm sorry, son, for springing this on you without any notice. That's life, so learn to deal with it. Like I said, Daphne is my wife and you will do what she tells you. You've been running around without adult supervision for way too long. You need the stability of a caring adult who will be there for you when you need it. I am going to have to leave first thing in the morning, so if you have any more to say, say it now," his father said sternly.

"But Dad, you just got here and I haven't had a chance to..." Lee began but was cut off.

"Stacy Lee, I don't really want to hear any more of your complaints or opinions on the matter of my marriage or Daphne. I have to get back to the project in Vegas by Saturday evening. That meeting can't wait just so you can argue with me. Daphne darling, be patient with him while I am gone. I'm sure once he gets to know you he'll, well, maybe not love you, but accept you. Damn! All this talking! I need another drink. Want one, Daphne?" With that, Philip's statement ended any further conversation.

Ooo

Lee had tears in his eyes as he watched his father go off in the limo. "Come along, Stacy, there is no time like the present to set the ground rules. You've been left entirely too long on your own and you obviously need discipline," Daphne said, grabbing his hand.

"Don't call me that! My name is Lee," he protested as he was dragged back into the house. He tried to pull his hand out of her grip but it was too strong. He tried digging his feet into the concrete but that didn't work either. Daphne was much stronger than Lee.

"My dear, your name is Stacy Lee, not just Lee and I will call you anything I please. This is Rule Number One: I am in charge here, not you. You will do what I tell you or face the consequences. That is Rule Number Two. Anything that I tell you to do, you will do promptly and willingly. That is Rule Number Three. There are no other rules. Do you understand or do we have to set an example right this minute?" Daphne said while slapping the back of his head with the mention of each rule.

She didn't slap him hard but enough to make his head nod forward a bit. She still maintained a strong grip on his hand. He tried to pull away but the firm grip held him fast.

"You can't tell me what to do! You're not my mother!" he screamed as he planted his feet and tried to jerk his hand free. All that did was make him fall into her as she pulled back.

Sliding an arm around his waist, she picked him up, screaming and kicking. Daphne carried him over to a nearby couch and placed him across the arm. Bending him over, she began to spank his upturned buttocks.

Hearing the commotion, the housekeeper entered the room. She smiled broadly at Lee's predicament, walked over to Daphne and handed her the large wooden spoon she had in her hand.

"Why thank you, Henrietta, this should do nicely," Daphne said as she resumed spanking Lee. He continued screaming and kicking but soon his screams turned to whimpers and his flailing became small kicks. Her hand didn't seem to tire as she continued to rain blows down upon him. When his whimpers became full-fledged tears and he was begging her to stop, the spanking ended. She shoved him to the floor.

"That was just for starters. If you would like some more, well, that can be easily arranged, Stacy. I have a nice hairbrush up in my room. Perhaps we should continue up there?" she said, looking down at him.

"No, no more," he managed before breaking out in a fresh torrent of tears.

"Well, we shall see. Henrietta, thank you but I don't believe that I will need your spoon any longer. Let me finish up with this little sissy cry baby and I will be back shortly. Fix me some tea if you would," she stated.

Henrietta took the spoon with a huge grin on her face, "Yes Ma'am. I'm more'n happy ta help in any ways I can," she said as she left for the kitchen.

"Dat evil boy gonna pay for throwin' such a snit. Suit him right for tryin' ta git me fired," she mumbled as she set about getting the tea ready.

As the housekeeper left, Daphne reached down and grabbed Lee by his right ear lobe and hauled him to his feet. "Come along you. I think it best if you spent the rest of the day in your room thinking about minding your manners. Stop that sniveling! You're acting like a two-year old. Throwing a tantrum at your age, then crying like a little sissy brat when you don't get your way. I'm going to cure you of that!" she said.

Lee kept up as best he could but couldn't stop crying as she pinched his ear and tugged him along. "Please Daphne, you're hurting me," he managed to blubber.

"Don't you *dare* call me Daphne!" she yelled. "Shit, you're such a wimp! I knew as soon as I met you that you were nothing more than a conniving undisciplined little snitch. You sure proved that when you tried to get your father to divorce me. You didn't even wait for his explanation or get to know me before you started undermining me. Well, your devilish plans were for naught and now you will do whatever I say. You certainly don't have my respect and you will *not* call me by my first name. You're sniveling just like a toddler, so unless I tell you otherwise, you can call me Mommy. I'm not thrilled with that, heaven forbid anyone think I'm your real Mother, but that is what you will call me from now on. Understood? I asked you if you understood me."

"Yes I, I understand," he stammered.

She slapped him across the face bringing a fresh flow of tears. "What do you call me?" she demanded.

"Mo, Mommy," he said between sobs.

"Your punishment isn't over yet but I'll think of something appropriate while you stew in your room. You take one step out of this room before I tell you and I will tan your miserable hide," she said, then turned and walked out the room.

Daphne entered the kitchen just as the teapot started whistling. Henrietta was standing by the table wearing a charcoal gray maid's dress with white bib cotton apron. She was a large fat black woman with a short Afro graying at the sides.

"My my, Miss Daphne, that boy sure did need that spankin'," she said with a broad smile.

"Oh that's alright, Henrietta. Feel free to offer any advice you think fitting. I don't like children all that much and boys even less. I swear that boy has already given me a migraine. If I had known that Stacy was going to be so much trouble, I might not have married that old codger in the first place," she said as she sat at the table.

"You know that he tried to get me fired for no good reason. He's acks worse than a spoilt little sissy girl. Jest meaner, that's all. Ya put him into his place," Henrietta replied while filling the tea cup.

"Maybe you're right, Henrietta but I think you can handle a sissy girl a lot easier than a spoiled boy any day of the week. Besides, a little girl smells like sugar and spice not wet puppy dog like Stacy. He really needs to learn proper hygiene," Daphne laughingly replied.

"Yes'um ma'am, Too bad Lee ain't a little girl. He sure do stink," Henrietta said as she went over to the sink.

"You know Henrietta, I think you just gave me a great idea. I think between the two of us, we should have no problems handling a sweet-smelling sissy, don't you? I think I will do a little shopping this afternoon," Daphne said.

Ooo

Later that afternoon, Daphne and Henrietta entered Lee's room, carrying several pink shopping bags. He was sitting at his computer playing war games when they entered with big smiles on their faces. Henrietta went over to his dresser and began pulling out all his underwear and undershirts and stuffing them into a black plastic trash bag.

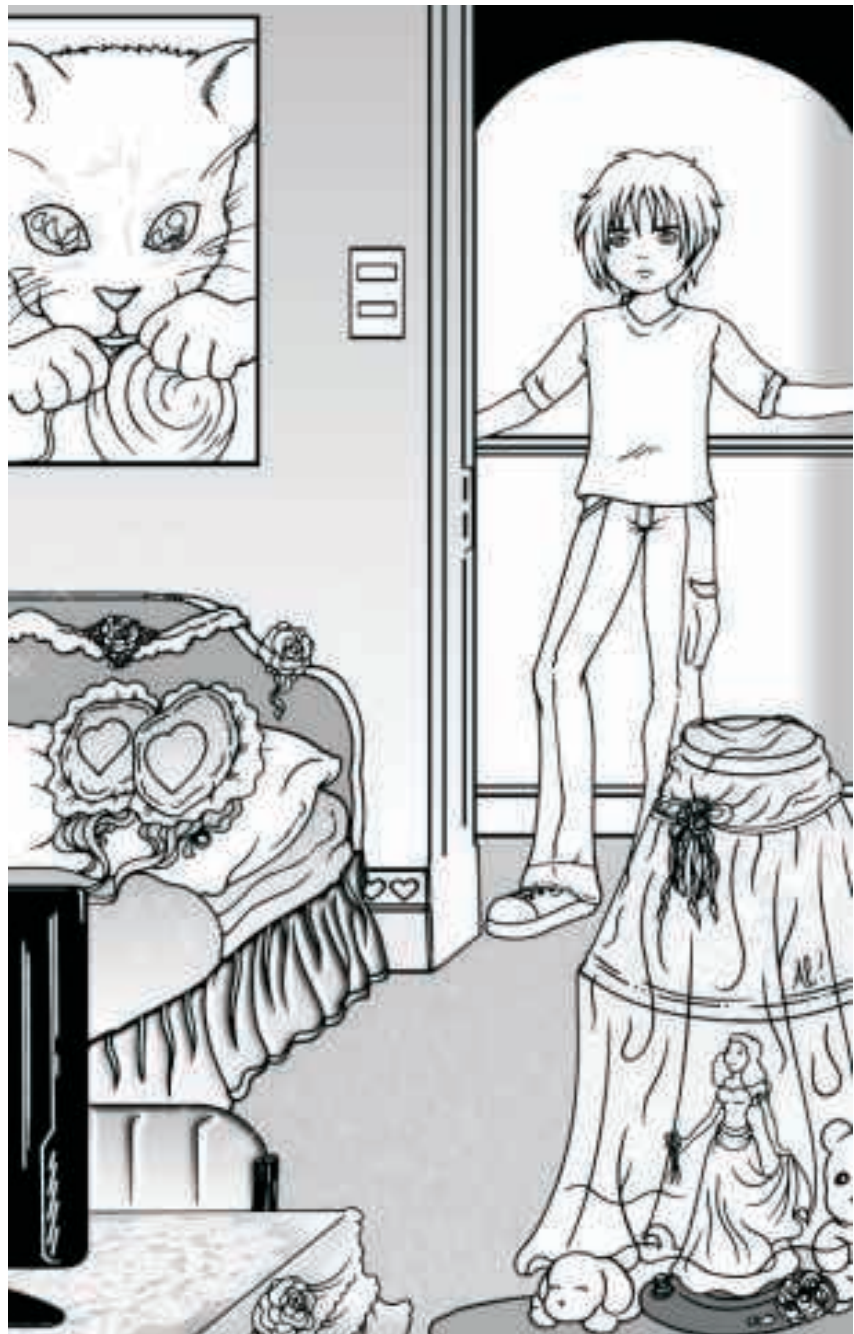
"Hey! What's going on? What are you doing taking my underwear?" he said as he stood up.

"What we are doing is replacing all your underthings with something more appropriate to the way you have been behaving. As long as you are doing nothing, dismantle that computer and move it into Henrietta's room. I'm taking your computer privileges away," Daphne stated.

"You can't do that! I do all my homework on that computer," Lee responded defensively.

"I can and I am. Besides that doesn't look like any homework I've ever seen. It looks like a violent game to me. I'll see about getting you a new one if you behave yourself. Now move that computer into Henrietta's room like I said," Daphne replied.

Reluctantly he did as he was told, occasionally glancing up to see the housekeeper emptying out his dresser drawers. By the time he was finished and made his way back to his room, the differences stood out in sharp contrast to what his room used to look like.



The desk where his computer had been now had a white lace doily sitting under a Cinderella lamp with its shade covered in a pale pink nylon scarf. On the bed, instead of his white sheets and blue cotton comforter, were pink sheets and a bright white satin pillow-y comforter. His pillows were covered in ruffled pink pillow shams. On the wall, next to his bed, was a tacked-up poster of a white fluffy big green-eyed cat batting at a pink ball of yarn.

"You've, you've got to be kidding me," he stammered.

"Not in the least, my dear. I do hope you like it. I'll be making more changes in the near future but this will have to do for now," she said.

"You, you can't do this to me! I'll call my father and he'll kick your ass right out of our house. I'm going to call him right now. You'll see what happens!" Lee screamed. His face was red with rage. He had never been this mad.

However the women were ready for his reaction. Henrietta, who was standing nearby, grabbed his arm and pulled it up in a half-nelson as she pushed him towards Daphne. Daphne stood holding a wooden hairbrush in her right hand and a smug smile on her lips. Lee was quickly bent over the bed and the brush started raining blows down on his butt. He was crying so hard that it was difficult for him to breathe as the blows rained down upon his butt and upper thighs. Daphne took her time, bringing the brush down firmly, covering every inch of his backside. Finally she let him slide to the floor.

"Let that be a lesson to you of what I am capable of if you defy me again. Now stay in your room until you are called down to dinner," she said as the two women left him in his misery.

Lee lay on his stomach crying into his new pink-covered pillow. He wanted to rub his sore and stinging behind but was afraid to touch it. He fell asleep and didn't waken until Henrietta shook his shoulder.

"Time to git up. Dinner's mostly ready but you're gettin' a bath first. I filled the tub fer ya. Miss Daphne says I needs to bathe ya. Don't give me no trouble and ya don't git your ass pounded agin', ya hear?" she told him.

He got up reluctantly and followed her into the bathroom. The air was filled with the aroma of flowers, lots and lots of flowers. The tub was brimming with multicolored bubbles.

"A bath, I haven't taken a bath since I was little. I can take a shower. Baths are for little kids and girls," he protested.

"Miss Daphne says you have to take a bath and I'm gonna give ya one. Git dem clothes off or I'll call her up here and I don think you want dat," she replied with a big grin that just dared him to protest any more.

While he was undressing, she pulled a plastic apron out of the closet, a pair of blue latex gloves and a shower cap. He tried to keep his back to her as he stepped out of his underwear but she made him turn around and face her. She had the biggest smile on her face he had ever seen.