

AUTHORITY
FIGURE



STELLA
SATIN

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By Stella Satin

“Oh Tiffany!” I breathed as she swept into the room, the dress I’d bought her floating about her like a sensuous cloud. “You look lovely!” Then as she advanced towards me I noticed the petulant pout on her lips. “What’s the matter, darling?” I asked nervously – my fiancé had been acting very strangely over the last few weeks.

I saw resolve firm up her face. “I’m sorry Michael! It’s just this damned dress!”

“The dress?” I asked, astonished. “It’s *beautiful!*”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah!” she sneered. “Of course it’s beautiful! Just like all of the other stuff you’ve

bought me! I feel like I'm being gift wrapped, just for you! I'm not a box of goddamn candy you know!"

"You're FAR sweeter than candy, darling!" I whispered in my most seductive, honeyed voice..

"Oh, knock it off for Chrissake! You think you're talking to some stupid bimbo?"

"I'm sorry dear," I mumbled. This was the worst mood I'd seen her in for a while. I tried to make amends. "Honest? I don't mean to hurt you."

Her lips relaxed a little. "Yeah, I don't really think that you do – you're just being the typical male I suppose. But I DO get fed up being treated like a piece of property you own. How would *you* like the shoe to be on the other foot? *Me* being the rich one – and making you dress in the clothes I wanted you to wear, huh? You'd find it pretty damn demeaning too, I bet."

Frankly, I found the idea rather appealing, but knew better than argue with her.

I'd met her at the tennis club about a year before and was immediately struck with her beauty and poise. She wasn't a member there at the time, just another girl's guest, but although I'm very shy around women, I'd pursued her – even surprising myself at my tenacity when she turned down my first few amateurish approaches to her. But I'd sensed some interest there so had persevered and finally she'd agreed to start dating me.

I *adored* her. No other way of describing my feelings. She was the prettiest, most feminine girl I'd ever known. Well? Let me revise that. Certainly she is pretty – and *looks* feminine but she'd gradually progressed from being a delightful, flirty, girl into someone a lot more demanding. I wasn't allowed to have sex with her of course, although once we were engaged she didn't mind giving me the occasional hand job, though she demanded that I not act too masculine – “NO PAWING!” she'd said – and it became a regular occurrence for her to pull me into an embrace and fondle me into ejaculating, kissing and caressing me while I was allowed to do nothing but lie there, my hands linked behind her neck (*non-possessively Michael!*). This docile, submissive behavior demanded of me bothered me at first but after a while she'd simply crook a finger at me and I'd happily position myself on her lap and twine my arms around her neck. Pout my lips for the kisses that were coming.

But, as I said, over the last few weeks she'd become grumpy and critical. Found fault with my barber and had started me going to her own hairdresser. Made me stop going to the gym. “You're getting SO macho!” she'd explained. “And I don't like the idea of your arms getting all muscled. “ I like them the way they are – nice and soft!” She talked a lot about how she just hated hairy men – and it wasn't long before I'd shaved under my arms and was using a depilatory on a regular basis. She'd also got mad at

me for getting sunburned one time. Provided me with her very own sun block and demanded that I wear a large straw hat any time we went outside. Gave me cleansing cream to apply to my face every night. Actually sneered at me when I'd protested that it was perfumed and asked why I couldn't use one created for men instead.

"Because, stupid! They've been making cosmetics for women for ages now. Men's cosmetic stuff? Just junk! Anyway, there's hardly any scent in that stuff I gave you at all. Now would you just do what you're told? Stop all of this macho posturing?"

Looking back? I'd probably got into the habit of buying ultra feminine clothes for her to reinforce my own position in the relationship, but this particular time was the first she'd complained about them.

"Well?" she asked in a demanding tone. "How would you like it?"

"Huh? Like what?" I mumbled, shaken out of my reverie.

"Damn MEN!" she snorted, then started peeling the dress off! "Michael? Get undressed!"

"Undressed?"

"Are you DEAF? Get your pants, shirt, socks and shoes off – now!"

"What for?" I asked meekly, though was already kicking off my shoes.

“You’ll see! Now just hurry up!” she commanded, standing in front of me wearing only her matching buttery lingerie – a satiny goddess in high heels.

I think I really knew what she had on her mind as I stood in front of her wearing only my undershorts, staring at the carpet in embarrassment. Tiffany’s taller than me to begin with and in her heels she towered over me now. Not only that? Where she was lithe and athletic, I was soft and slightly plump. We probably weighed almost the same, but the differences in our physiques made me blush.

I blushed even more when she opened up the dress and spread it out before me. “Step into this. C’MON!” she ordered. “See how YOU like it!”

“Aw c’mon Tiffany!” I said, conscious of the weak pleading in my voice, knowing full well that, if she persisted, I would be wearing the frilly confection in moments.

“*Behave!*” was all she said, and wiggled the dress opening invitingly in front of me, a confident smile starting to spread over her lips as she realized that I was too weak to rebel against her..

For some reason, I hugged myself with my arms as I daintily stepped into the opening in front of me.

“Stop that and put your arms through the sleeves!” Tiffany commanded, pulling the dress up so that I could do as I was told. “That’s better!” she

said, stepping behind me and starting to fasten me into the dress.

It took her a little while to complete the process but when she finished, she tugged at the dress material in a few places, then stood back and appraised me. "Not bad! Not bad at all!" she said. "I'd thought it might be a little big, but really? It looks cute on you. Now? Walk over to the far side of the room and then walk back! Get ON with it!" she added giving me a sharp slap on my backside.

Blushing furiously, I did as I was told, only when I got back, she made me do it again, ordering me to lift my eyes so that she could see them as I walked back towards her.

I was getting an impression of the scent she wore from the dress and could feel the soft material wafting around my bare legs as I came back the second time.

She smiled at me. "Like wearing a pretty dress?" she asked softly.

"Aw come ON, Tiffany!" I said.

"Yes or no?" she pressed.

"No. Of course not!" I managed.

"Very well then! Here's your ring," she said, pulling off the two carat flawless diamond she'd picked for her engagement ring and holding it out towards me!



I stared at her, panicked. Actually took the ring from her in a daze. "But what do you *expect* me to say darling? I'm a *guy!*" I managed.

"That's the problem! The *whole* problem! You have this whole possessive idea – like I'm some sort of doll to dress up and parade around all pretty just for you! But the minute I ask you to do the same thing for me? It's Oh NO! I'm a MAN!"

"But I'll do anything for you Tiffany – *anything!*" I pleaded.

She stared at me coldly. "Then will you wear that dress and stop complaining?"

I wilted. "For how long, Tiffany. Can I ask that?"

"No. Not only that? I'm going to treat you like the doll you so obviously want ME to be. Any objections?"

"Not if you'll agree to take your ring back. *Please* Tiffany?"

"Very well, my little dolly Michelle." She held out her hand towards me and, gratefully, I slipped the ring back on her finger, breathing a big sigh of relief as I did so.

"You don't mind me calling you Michelle, do you?" she smirked. "After all, *guys* called Michael *never* wear dresses. Isn't that right?"

I didn't answer her, but she didn't care. Led me to her bedroom where she made my face up, painted

my fingernails with bright red polish and moussed my hair into something faintly feminine. Then, calling me Dolly or Michelle, she made me watch as she changed into jeans and a knit top – not masculine by any means – but a damn sight more masculine than what I was wearing. Then she turned her radio on and got some romantic music then took me in her arms and danced with me – making me take the female part and still calling me Doll or Michelle and fondling my backside as if she was the man and I was the girl. She didn't hesitate to caress the front of the dress either – especially down below – I knew she could feel my erection through the gauzy material. Knew also that she was trying to get me to admit that I liked it – and that if I was stupid enough to do that, I stood a very good chance of losing her for good – knew she'd take that a criticism of her desire for freedom. Knew that I *had* to deny liking what she was doing – it was the only way I could show that I was taking what she'd said to heart.

After a while, she sat and had me sit on her knees, then lie back into her embrace, stroking my 'breasts' lightly or running her hand up inside my dress and touching my erection with feathery fingers. Finally, when I thought I'd burst from repressed sex, she finally cooed her question. "Okay Michelle? You really like this, don't you? Deep in your heart? Tell the truth now! I won't laugh at you or call you a sissy. Nothing like that! Now a simple yes or no. What's it going to be?"

“No! I don’t like this, it’s embarrassing!” I said with all the vehemence I could muster.

Her reaction amazed me! Disbelief was written all over her face – she was actually speechless! Dumb-founded!

“You . . . You . . . actually mean that?” she asked, her voice actually trembling with disappointment.

It was my turn to be confused. She seemed SO sincere – but she HAD to be acting! I knew it! I decided to act a little myself. “Why do you seem so surprised?” I asked haughtily. “For one thing, I’m a guy – like I’ve been saying – and guys don’t wear women’s clothes. For another? I can see your point! I can now understand how I’ve offended you by treating you like a possession. It’ll never happen again!”

Her mouth actually dropped open. Then a flush started creeping up her cheeks. At first I thought it was embarrassment, but when I saw the sparks flying from her eyes, I knew it was plain and simple bad temper. “You mean I’ve been wasting all this time on you? You actually ARE a guy? Don’t have *any* sissy tendencies at all? It’s all been an act, because you guessed at what I wanted in a husband?”

“I don’t know what you mean darling,” I said, totally confused.

Now, she was just as confused as I was – and it showed. She shook her head slowly. “I don’t get it,” she said. Then she looked at me searchingly. “You