

RELUCTANT  
SISSY

&  
COMPULSION

TWO BOOKS IN ONE

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SATIN



**RELUCTANT SISSY  
and  
COMPULSION  
by STELLA SATIN**

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## RELUCTANT SISSY

Like everybody else in town I knew that guys were disappearing. Like most everybody else too, I didn't care a whole helluva lot - especially when the guys who were disappearing all seemed to be Chinese, Mexican, Filipino - I mean, who really cares about a bunch of foreigners, right?

Then one night, it was a real storm. Lightning flashing. Thunder going off like cannons and pissing rain from a sky dark as the inside of a bat cave. I didn't have enough sense then to appreciate it was the weather that bought me a few more nights of freedom. Was driving with the defrosters going full blast and the windshield wipers battling away, but not coming close to keeping my windscreen clear. My seat was brought forward all the way, but even then I cursed the Ford people - you'd think they could build a car that *anybody* could fit in.

Okay, I'm small but don't you think that a man shouldn't have to have a cushion under his ass to drive a car? Makes you feel like a little kid for Chrissake! I mean, I have a hard enough time seeing over the instrument panel as it is! On a rainy night like this? Next to impossible - but I *had* to make it back to my apartment. I had the key to the safety deposit box with me in the car so I knew I had enough money once available - but all my clothes, - my laptop computer with all my investment records - stuff I couldn't do without - were there. Wasn't certain, but was pretty sure that some of my clients had finally discovered my scam and were having me followed. Okay, it seemed to be a bunch of broads that were tailing me - but that was probably just to throw me off the scent. Ha! Couldn't believe their stupidity. I mean to say - all dressed the same - almost like a uniform! Shorts and halter tops? Abs of steel? Surely they couldn't think I wouldn't notice? Cops? Must be dumb I guess.

I had the radio on to one of those stupid talk shows. Wasn't really paying too much attention to it as my attention was fixed on the road - what I could see of it. .

Girl anchor (Amanda): “*So, lieutenant? You’ve got a theory on the...*”\

I was distracted by a gust of wind and rain, and missed the rest of the question.

Cop: "...hadn't dawned on us. Kept seeing it as racial. Today, we think we got the area of commonality..." (Disruption in signal from a lightning flash).

Mumble mumble mumble.

Amanda. "...small men. But why?" Cop: "Truthfully? No idea. There have been reports of a team of what appears to be young, athletic looking women being seen. . ."

My attention had again, been focused on the road, but words started echoing in my head. A cop is being interviewed on the radio? Okay, nothing unusual in *that* - but what was the topic? The rash of disappearances? Probably. *SMALL* men? *ATHLETIC* looking girls? JESUS H. CHRIST! What had I been listening to?

Amanda. "But *WHY* lieutenant, *WHY*? And haven't you been able to find any of these men? "

Cop: "We don't know the why's and wherefores' Amanda. Given the size of the victims, maybe something sexual, but that's just a wild assed guess... But there's signs that it's a national thing. The FBI are maybe getting involved now though so we may be getting somewhere - finally. . . "

Amanda (Interrupting): "Thirty-five men disappear and not *ONE* trace?"

Cop: "Well, it's just. . ."

Amanda. "Sorry lieutenant. Time's up. But thanks for coming onto my show tonight. . blah blah blah. "

I turned the radio off. Had to think. Pulled over to the side of the road. Barely noticed a car that had been following me pass, then draw over to the curb in front of me - but I *did* see it.

The thoughts were racing through my head. It seemed that small men were disappearing - that was why the victims had all been racial - there were some very tiny males with these ethnic backgrounds - but with nobody noticing the similarity in the size of the disappearing males, most everybody had put it down to some kind of racially motivated hate crimes. Then there was this thing about young athletic women. Was it possible that the women who had been tailing me *weren't* cops? A shudder of fear went through me. Let's face it. At just about an even five foot tall and less than 120 pounds in

weight, I appeared to be an excellent candidate for disappearing if what I'd just heard was to be believed.

Gradually, I calmed myself. Okay, I thought I'd been running from the cops - so now I was maybe running from a gang of kidnapers. Nothing had really changed that much. My bank accounts had been cleaned out to practically zero balances. My passport was in the bag along with my cash and securities in the safety deposit box at my bank. I could leave now and make a clean getaway. For some reason I couldn't fathom, I took my safety deposit box key off my key chain and slid it under the carpet on the floor of the car. Made me feel safer somehow. If I was kidnapped? If I ever escaped I might be able to get back to the car again. May not sound too brainy now - but it was all I could think of.

But then I thought of that damn laptop. Okay, my investment records were protected by a password - but that wouldn't mean much if any hacker worked on them seriously for ten minutes. On top of that all my travel arrangements and some of the false identities I had made were recorded there for anyone to see. No question about it - I HAD to get that laptop. If it was the cops who were after me? They'd be waiting for me the minute I stepped off an airplane. And anyway? It suddenly struck me! The bank would be shut - I couldn't get to my stash until the following - - Oh SHIT! - it was the weekend! I couldn't get into the bank until MONDAY!

I found myself panting with fear again, then forced myself to stop panicking and *think!* Go and get the laptop and pack a suitcase. Go and rent a motel. My credit card was almost maxed out but it would probably get me by. If that didn't work, I could probably write a check - it'd bounce, but I'd be long gone. I got my breathing back down to normal and pulled away from the curb, back into the street. It was the car in front of me pulling out directly behind me after I'd passed it that finally got my full attention. Were they following me? Sure as hell looked like it!

In a movie, I'd have made some fast thinking and sped away after some fancy driving. But let's face it I'm more on the timid side than anything else. Certainly not a James Bond type at all. Did make a few turns that weren't entirely necessary - and the car behind me stayed right there. I was scared. Whoever was following me wasn't too concerned that I would see them. This indicated confidence - a lot more confidence than I had.

Then, with courage born of desperation, I came up with a plan. My

apartment building had very limited parking, and my apartment was on the ground floor. I'd park out on the street, - double park if necessary. Run into my apartment, grab my laptop then, with any luck at all I could be on my way. I wouldn't be able to get any clothes of course, but that was secondary. I just HAD to be quick!

Luck was with me all the way. I was just pulling up to a spot in front of the apartment building and slowing down to stop (Yeah - it was going to be double parked - but ask me if I cared. If it WAS the cops after me? A parking ticket meant absolutely nothing. If it was the kidnappers? Maybe my plan would confuse them).

Anyway - just as I got there, lightning flashed - and I saw two young broads - in shorts and halter tops, despite the teeming rain - standing under the canopy at the apartment entrance! Squealing in fright, I slammed on my brakes - and immediately hydroplaned!

Ever been in a car that was hydroplaning? SCARY! You have absolutely NO control. God knows what I did, but my car slid along smoothly, spun around a few times, then ended up pointing exactly the opposite of the way I'd been going. In a narrow street with parked cars along both sides? Without hitting anything? A miracle!

I saw the faces of the two people who'd been following me in the other car. Young, blonde, female - and looking disgruntled and angry at the turn of events. I couldn't help it - gave them the finger and cruised past them - knowing full well that by the time they could effect a turn, I'd be long gone. Knew that I'd lost my laptop - but at the same time was pretty sure that they weren't cops. Okay, I'd lost some money - but there was almost a half million in my bag - things could have been worse. Then I saw the other two broads running out into the street after me. I couldn't hear them of course, but it looked as if they were yelling. I damn near stalled the car I got so scared, but then accelerated slowly and was gone! Opened my window and stuck my hand out to make sure they saw my upturned finger. Got my arm soaked, but it was worth it!

Then I had a stroke of genius. Emily, my secretary, didn't live too far away. If I went and asked her to put me up for the weekend, I'd be a lot more hidden than if I went to some motel or hotel - especially if those broads were really looking for me. I wasn't sure, but seemed to remember her mentioning the fact that underground parking was available at her apartment building.

This way, I might even be able to take my car out the next day and sell it. It was a bit of a junker, but I'd get some cash for it which might come in handy until I got to the bank on Monday.

I knew where she lived - and there was underground parking, but when I got there discovered that it needed a special visitors token, so I ended up parking in the street. As I had to walk a fair distance to the apartment entrance I was soaked to the skin by the time I got inside again. Teeth chattering with cold, I finally made it to Emily's door and knocked.

There was a long pause and then the rattle of a security chain and the door opened just enough for me to see Emily's face. "Hey Emily! Let me in, will ya? I'm *freezing!*" I stammered, my teeth rattling together.

She was amazed! I mean I was wet and bedraggled and probably surprised her, but I felt that her amazement went beyond that - but was too concerned with my own misery to think much about it. "What... How... How did you manage... What...?" She shook her head in total confusion, but undid the chain and opened the door. I went into the lovely warm room.

"Emily? You gotta help me! I think there's a bunch of dames trying to kidnap me!" I said. "And how's about a drink? I'm freezing!"

For some reason she didn't seem to be surprised at my statement but did go and pour me a drink. I swallowed it quickly, grateful for the warmth that coursed through my body. "AHHH!" I said. "How about another, huh?"

She shook her head. "Maybe in a minute. Where you been for the last few days? And where's my paycheck?"

"I put it in the mail a few days ago," I lied. "Haven't you got it yet?"

She shook her head. "There's something been going on . . ." "Look!" I interrupted. "You know those guys that have been disappearing? I just found out that they've all been small guys like me."

She snorted disbelievingly. "Sure!"

"And the cops think it's been some gang of women - young athletes - who are pulling off the jobs - and I've been followed by a mess of young women for days now. They were after me tonight! I was lucky to get away! You gotta help me!"

"Mmmm! Now that you mention it? There have been a few young women coming around looking for you," she started.

“Wear shorts and halter tops?” I interrupted.

“Yeah.”

“That’s them!” I squealed. “They’re after me!”

She shrugged and looked at me narrowly. “So? What are you doing here? Why aren’t you talking to the police?”

I licked my lips. “Can’t. There’s an explanation but it would take too long.”

She nodded slowly. “Okay. You can fill me in later. First things first. Write me a check for my pay, then we can talk. I think I know a way I can help you get away from the women - but write the check first.”

“You think you can help me escape from the women? How?” I said, pulling out my checkbook and sitting down at the table and writing the check. “See? I added a few hundred dollars just because you’re being so nice,” I said, handing her the check. “Now how about that other drink?”

She slapped me across the face so hard, I almost fell out of the chair. “You little bastard!” she yelled. “Think I don’t KNOW that your checks are bouncing? Your bank called this afternoon asking why you were writing checks after you’d cleaned out your account. Get out of here!”

With that, she grabbed the back of my jacket collar with one hand and the back of my pants with the other and started giving me the bums rush out of her apartment. She wasn’t much bigger than me, but I was no match for her. Flailing my arms and half weeping at the indignity of it all, I felt her release one of her hands to open her door - and then she kicked me on the ass - hard - and slammed the door behind me!

I would have left there but the thought of facing that storm again frightened me. On top of that, she’s said she had an idea for how I could get away from the women who were chasing me. I HAD to find out what she had in mind. She was a pretty smart broad and it didn’t surprise me to think that she might have thought of something I hadn’t.

So I spent a degrading ten minutes pleading and weeping outside her door. Finally she relented and opened her door again. Before I could protect myself, she had reached out and grabbed me by an ear lobe. Pulled me squalling and crying into her apartment again. Slapped me and shoved me into a chair. “Now? You’d better tell me the truth this time! What’s going



on?” she snarled. “Lie to me just one time? I’ll haul your ass out of this whole apartment building! Now *talk!*”

I realized that she knew far more about my dealings than anyone and anyway? I didn’t mind boasting a little about the scams I’d pulled and what I’d done with the money. Didn’t tell her how much, naturally. I finished up by telling her what I’d heard on the radio. How I was stuck until the banks opened on Monday.

She nodded. “Makes sense now. But there’s an easy way to get to your bank without them catching you.”

“Wow! You sure are smart Emily!” I fawned. “What do you have in mind?”

“It’s gonna cost you ten thousand dollars sweetie,” she said, grinning.

I smiled heartily. “Sure! No problem. I’ll write you a…” I stopped as I saw her had raise threateningly in the air and decided that a different approach was better. “I’ll pay you the money out of my safety deposit box on Monday.”

“That’s better!” she cooed. “Now why don’t you just write me the check anyway? When you pay me, I’ll give it back to you. You manage to get away from me? You’ll be looking at another charge of writing bad checks. For ten grand, I’m sure you’ll go to jail.” She smiled. “Can just see you being some big black studs’ wife. Bet you’d enjoy that!”

“Hey! No need for that kinda talk!” I complained. “I’m not some kinda faggot you know.”

She smiled. “Well, you sure have the build for it, if you don’t mind me saying.”

“Aw, come ON Emily. Knock it off, wouldja?” I snapped. “What’s this plan of yours?”

“Easy. You seem to have missed one very important thing about the kidnappings.”

“What’s that?”

“It’s only *men* they kidnap. Never women.”

“So? What’re you getting at?”

She smiled with just a hint of malice showing in her eyes. “You and me, sweetie? We’re about the same size. With tonight, tomorrow and Sunday to work on you? I’ll make you into a girl - just the *cutest* little girl! In my clothes, who’ll know you?”

“You outta your goddam mind?” I snarled. “No way!”

She was standing at the window looking down to the street. “You did say something about gals in shorts and halter tops tailing you?”

“Yeah. That’s right,” I told her - and then the implication of what she was saying struck me. “You see one just now?” I yelled running to the window.

“Maybe. Maybe not. But sweetie?” she laughed. “Whether I did or didn’t makes no difference. Monday morning I’m taking you to the bank for my ten thousand dollars. .”

“What do you mean ‘your’ ten thousand dollars?” I yelled. “I didn’t approve of your plan!” Then I yelled. “You can’t expect me... OW!” I squalled as she grabbed my ear again.

“I can expect anything I want!” she said, twisting my ear until I cried out in agony. “Now let’s go and get you out of those clothes and into a nice warm *scented* bubble bath. Do you like that idea – *Michelle?*”

To be quite honest? The thought of a nice, deep, warm bath was terrific. The idea of it being a scented bubble bath? Somehow made it feminine and erotic in a way that I didn’t want to examine too closely.

She pulled me into the bathroom. Very exotic. Very feminine. Sink top and open bathroom cabinet revealing a wealth of cosmetics -jars and tubes, bottles and mirrors. Nylon stockings hanging over the rod that held up the shower curtain. The smell of perfume and powder in the air. A woman’s domain.

Emily still had a hold of my ear. Pulled me around to face her. “You gonna give me trouble - Michelle?” she growled.

“No Emily,” I answered meekly. “But don’t you think you’re overdoing this ‘Michelle’ shit?”