

# English Tea



Michelle Lange

An "Adult TV" Novel

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# ENGLISH TEA

By Michelle Lange

## CHAPTER ONE

“Where’s David?” asked the young wife in her voice, now free of any American accent or slang she had picked up. She had quickly recovered her English heritage within the two weeks she was home; the knowledge that she had two more wonderful weeks left assured her of becoming fully English again. She had expunged her American traits in just that short time. Donna William, 24 years old, sat with her widowed and older, but not yet elderly aunt, Velour Van Coombes. They were sitting in the back yard of the quaint but small Victorian home that Aunt Velour had converted into a bed and breakfast, thus allowing her to live the rest of her life in comparative comfort and not on the dole. There the women sat comfortably in the small formal garden, among the meticulously manicured walks, flowering shrubs, beautiful flower beds and herb garden.

“He’ll be out in a moment,” the attractive but small white-haired woman said with a satisfied, boastful smile.

“Was he much bother while I was visiting London?”

“No, on the contrary he was a delight to have around.”

“David?” asked the pretty, petite woman in a disbelieving tone.

“Yes, David, of course.”

“I didn’t think that you two would get along at all. After all he is rather crude and at times disgusting.”

“He was at first and I had to take steps to straighten him out but in the long run he worked out perfectly. I find it rather odd that you married him as you are such a sweet, gentle person with obviously refined tastes and attitudes and I don’t believe that he would have known tea and crumpets from beer and pretzels.”

“Oh Auntie, I really did make a mistake in marrying him. He enjoys nothing that I love and seems to be content to drink beer and watch sports for the rest of our lives. I guess its late to change things, unless I leave him, but we’ve been married for such a short time.”

“Of course not, dear. I really understood immediately that something had to change. That is, one of you had to change.”

“Yes,” said the brown eyed woman sadly, “and I don’t think I could change him in a million years.”

“No, dear, you couldn’t so I took it upon myself to change him for you.”

“What?”

“Well Donna, David reminded me so much of my first husband, Charles. He, also, was quite crude and offensive when I first married him. My mother had

warned me about him but I wouldn't listen. Eventually I had to take matters into my own hands and I did."

"Uncle Charles was crude and offensive?" Donna questioned.

"Oh yes, my dear, quite so."

"But I had always heard how much he adored you and how he doted on you."

"That is correct, but it just didn't happen. I had to make it happen and I did. Sometimes a woman must do unladylike things to achieve the status and lifestyle of a lady."

"But how?"

"I found out one secret in life; if a man is allowed to be a man in his own version, nothing good will come out of it for his wife. However, if a man is NOT allowed to be a man in his own image, then wonderful things can happen; well, can be *made* to happen."

"I don't understand."

"I wouldn't expect you to understand at least until we have our tea." The tall, sturdy woman reached for a little silver bell on the sparkling and recently scrubbed, white wrought iron table that separated her from her wonderful, beautiful, and loving niece.

"Tinkle, tinkle," rang the little bell with a gentle sound that seemed incapable of reaching very far. Donna heard the French doors to the garden open and close gently. She heard the sound of small mincing steps ringing on the walkway, even though the melodic sounds were competing with the chirping birds in the trees and the sounds of leaves as they rustled in the gentle spring breeze. The breeze gently blew through them, caressing them with such tenderness but still she could distinctly hear the sound of someone coming down the walkway. Her aunt ran

the small bed and breakfast place alone so she couldn't imagine who it could be.

Suddenly Donna Williams gasped as the vision of a lacy, frothy person came hurrying down the pathway. Donna could see that it was a maid, a French maid wearing the frilliest, fluffiest, laciest uniform she could have imagined. Donna could see the young girl's breasts jiggling under her white satin blouse as she made her way through the blossoms. The young girl was wearing what must have been several lacy petticoats which swayed in time with the gentle, rolling movements of her hips. The petticoats held up her short black satin skirt almost horizontally. Donna turned to her aunt to ask her who the girl was and saw her Aunt Velour was looking at her, watching her every expression. Donna let her question evaporate and turned, once again to the rather lovely, if not odd, vision that was making her way toward them.

For some strange reason Donna felt a stir of warm emotion, bordering on excitement at the obviously refined girl that she now could see was smiling at them. She was quite pretty and dainty and her smile was quite dazzling. The girl was virtually "poetry in motion" as she walked up to them.

"You rang, Miss Velour?" questioned the girl. Her voice was quite soft but on the husky side which added mystery to her persona. It was melodic and seemed to equal the chirping of the birds and the rustle of the wind. The girl's voice blended in perfectly with the setting and the lovely day.

Donna Williams looked at her aunt and the old woman smiled. She turned to the girl just as the girl lightly grabbed the side of her petticoats and skirt and lifted them up in a respectful salute. She dipped her body low in the most adorable curtsy that Donna hadn't seen since she was a little girl. A pink blush rose up along the girl's cheek and the girl demurely lowered her long, black, mascaraed eye lashes until



they rested on her soft, powdered cheeks. Donna Williams gasped.

“Good afternoon, Miss Donna,” said the girl, holding her low curtsy. This time the girl’s voice wavered. She looked up and Donna could see the fright in the girl’s eyes. She was on the verge of going to pieces.

Donna Williams looked at her aunt. “What’s the meaning of this?” her taut voice demanded to know.

Just then, the maid uttered, in the most miserable tone, “Donna?” and with that one word she turned and fled up the path way toward the small, ivory Victorian Bed and Breakfast.

## CHAPTER TWO

“Quick,” said the aunt as she jumped out of the chair and hurried, remarkably agile and quick for a woman her age, to follow the fleeing maid.

Donna, quite confused, followed immediately and was only a half-step behind her aunt who was gaining on the petticoated maid who could only take short mincing steps in her 3-inch heels. The young girl’s petticoats were bouncing so high that the two women could clearly see her pink ruffled derriere as the petticoats bounced and swayed uncontrollably while she ran. Her long lacy apron strings were actually floating behind her in an almost surreal way. Donna could make out that the girl was sobbing into her hands as she ran. The girl almost rammed down the door as she opened it and slammed it behind her. It had barely shut when Donna’s aunt opened it and ran through it. Donna followed just as quickly not even taking time to close the door.

The maid’s sobs could be clearly heard echoing through the house as she continued her flight. The girl ran up the stairs and passed Donna’s room, which surprised Donna. “Where could she be going?” she thought.



The girl ran to the end of the hallway and into one of the smaller spare rooms but when she slammed it shut, it simply banged off the frame and flew back open. Both women could see the girl as she fell across the bed and buried her face into her arms. She kept sobbing her little heart out and the sobs cascaded off the walls like thundering echoes as her shoulders shuddered from the racking sobs.

The young girl realized that both women had followed her and she heard the women enter the room and her heart sunk even lower. Suddenly she heard the older woman's laughter. The girl felt the bed creak and she felt her breath go out of her as the younger woman sat on it.

"David?" questioned the woman in obvious disbelief. The girl's sobs took on a more urgent sound. Donna Williams looked up at her aunt. "Is this David?" she questioned. "Is this my husband?"

"Of course it is," said Aunt Velour. "This is exactly how I changed my Charles," she said sweetly. "Now, David," addressing the sobbing maid, "this is not the way you've been taught to behave, especially to your mistresses."

"You've turned David into a Poof," Donna said incredulously and with more than a little malice.

"Not really a Poof, dear, more like a sissy."

"But I didn't want you to do this."

"How do you know, Donna? Why don't we give this a try? He's already more of a man now than he was before I made him wear panties. Right now David is a sweet person. He's gentle, caring, obedient and quite an efficient little housekeeper. Was that how you left him?"

"But look how he's dressed," she complained.

“Oh, shush now, he’s dressed adorably. Everything he’s wearing keeps him from being the kind of man that you and I dislike. All of the girly stuff he’s wearing keeps us in control. Now bear with me, dear, and I’ll show you some things that will make you agree with me.”

“David, now be a big brave man and show us how a big macho man acts when he’s wearing lacy ruffled panties, lacy fluffy petticoats, and a brassiere.”

David Williams could hear the smirk in the woman’s voice as she patted him on the back of his head as if he were a little puppy.

“Come on, baby, stand up and show us your pretty dress and your pretty apron.” Even Donna had to join her aunt in giggling. Aunt Velour continued, obviously in full control, “Poor little David, he’s a little girl trapped in a man’s body.” Louder laughter. “Time to get up so your wife and I can see you flutter around like a little butterfly.” The laughter was turning to hysteria.

David was sobbing now as if he really were a baby. He was in the most tenuous position possible without the hope that his wife would stop her aunt from what she was doing. He was completely and totally exposed as less than a man (an understatement). No matter what else, he was going to have to face them eventually. He was going to have to stand up so his wife could see him, see him wearing a dress and panties and everything.

He was going to have to look into their eyes. He was going to have to watch their expressions, watch their amused faces, endure their looks of triumph and satisfaction and, finally, he was going to have to perform for them AND HE KNEW IT.

Donna felt as if a giant weight had been removed from her shoulders. She had tried not to admit it but she had dreaded coming back to David. He wasn’t mean or anything, at least not to her, but she was

unhappy with her marriage. Now, though, as the meaning of what Aunt Velour had done to him sunk into Donna's brain, she decided to allow the events to unfold for her and simply let her reactions, whatever they may be, out into the open. She had to admit she rather enjoyed what was transpiring before her eyes.

Both women were openly talking, laughing, taunting and teasing the male as he tried to stop bawling as if he were the little girl baby he felt like. Slowly his loud, racking bawling turned to soft sobs, soft sissy sobs.

"What a delightful outfit she's wearing," said Donna who was now very much interested in pursuing what her aunt had done. She felt a warm glow on her face and an unusual heat surging through her female area.

"See her adorable panties," said Velour.

David Williams could feel Aunt Velour's fingers as she picked up the back of his petticoats; exposing his pink, ruffled derriere.

"I've never seen anything so frilly," said his wife.

"Wait until you see the rest of his wardrobe."

The wife then knelt down beside the bed only inches from her husband's buried face. They could hear each other's breathing. Donna giggled as she noticed his pierced ears with the adorable Care Bear earrings. She spoke in the most wonderful condescending voice, "So my little David is a sweet, pretty, little sissy. Your panties are so pretty, David. I hear that you like being a girl. I bet that you love running around in your pretty little sissy outfits." This time he heard Donna's aunt giggle.

A more demanding voice from his wife said, "Maybe you're really a sweet, pretty, little butterfly. After all, we've only seen you flutter away from us. I've never seen a little girl like you and I want to see

more. So, unless you want us to take turns spanking you like a naughty little girl, you'd better get up and show what a big, handsome, macho guy looks like when he's dressed up as a soft, sweet, pretty, little girl."

This time it was Velour who looked amazingly at her niece. She was jumping into this with excitement, enthusiasm and an amused carefree manner. It was perfect. Donna was her mother's daughter.

David was beaten and he knew it as he looked up and met his wife's eyes directly. He blinked away the tears and what Donna Williams saw on her husband's face and in his eyes caused her to burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. She laughed so hard that she fell over backwards and landed on the floor first on her derriere and then on her back gasping for breath.

Donna's laughter was like Velour's laughter. It was as an aphrodisiac to David as it was two weeks ago when Velour had forced him to wear girl's clothing and clean the B&B. David had realized, almost from the start, that he enjoyed being a girl in front of Velour. He found that he liked her taunting, condescending laughter. He liked being a sissy. David got up as he had nowhere else to go.

Aunt Velour was looking as if she were the Cheshire cat. She had invested a lot of time and some precious dollars in transforming David into a girl and she hadn't been sure if her niece would approve. Now it was apparent that she not only approved but would encourage, no, *demand*, that her husband's transformation go forward to completion. Velour wanted both Donna and David to fully commit themselves to her design.

David could see his hopes of Donna putting a stop to this horror being dashed on the rocks of amusement, ridicule and humiliation. He didn't mind so much, as during the last two weeks he had gone from being a man's man, to becoming a woman's man, to

finally becoming a woman's girl. He had known with each day that he had never felt so happy, so warm, and so protected. Within several days of being forced to be Velour's maid he had realized that a great weight had been taken off his shoulders. He had always been a hell raiser, drinker and brawler to fight off and hide his tendency to want to play with dolls. Deep down he had known that he was a sissy although he had never admitted it, even to himself.

As Donna rolled on the floor, Aunt Velour came up to her nephew and gently brushed away his tears, then she straightened his uniform out and fluffed up his petticoats. "See, I told you that Donna would want you to be her adorable little girly maid. Now that we have already established that you're a sissy, I think you should tell your wife that you like being a pretty little girl and never want to change."

By now Donna had gotten control of herself and heard Auntie Velour tell her, "David has no choice and he's not pretending. He not only dresses and acts like a girl because I make him but he has decided that's he wants to be a girl."

Aunt Velour helped Donna up and they both crowded up against the thoroughly frightened man and he began to cower in front of them. "David wears aprons, panties, brassieres, dresses, and petticoats," Velour said to Donna. He has a wonderful wardrobe because luckily he and Charles are the exact same size.

Donna interrupted, "Charles?"

"Oh yes, Charles was my maid, my sweet, little girl maid. I had to change Charles just the same way I changed David. I even changed Charles' name to Charlotte. I really had to as, once he became a girl, he wanted to become a total girl. The poor dear used to beg and plead with me to change his name. So on his first birthday as a girl, I changed his name to Charlotte."

“Now David has all the pretty clothes any sissy would need or will ever want. He sleeps in pretty nighties and even goes shopping in girl’s clothing. The people in the hamlet are used to see David sa-shaying around doing my errands.” Donna hugged David and Velour hugged them both.

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Donna was thrilled with the new realization that her life had changed very dramatically and she also reveled in the very real awareness that she was superior. She liked the reality that her husband was a sissy. She knew that she would and did like this man to wear little sissy girl’s clothing.

Donna looked carefully at David, taking in every bit of him. His hair had grown long and a permanent had left him with soft curls. She knew that his hair was professionally done. She smiled from the anticipation of hearing about that particular trip. David wore a small, lacy maid’s cap that showed off his lovely hair. His face had been fully made-up, nicely done, subtle but carefully taking advantage of his features and coloring. She examined his adorable Care Bear earrings and smiled; “Oh,” she said, “what pretty little girl’s earrings you’re wearing, David.”

David stood there, quite mortified and totally powerless. His pose was very delicate and submissive. Donna knew that the man inside was at least equal to the girl outside. She felt good as she gazed at him. She liked it when he tried to look at her and when their eyes met he immediately lowered his lashes and blushed. She thought she could see a slight smile play at the corner of his red, full, lipsticked mouth and was a bit confused until she realized that David was enjoying this.

Donna stepped back to get a fuller view and saw that his blouse was white satin with a high buttoned top, ruffled vertical lace and white lace trimming

around the neck and cuffs. He wore a little black satin bow tie. Now she knew why she could make out his breasts bouncing as he walked. The white satin clung to his figure, outlining his noticeable but not overly large breasts and shimmered as he walked so that his jiggles brought new delightful shimmers of sexual suggestions.

David was looking at his wife, trying to ascertain what she was thinking. He sort of wanted her to be upset, mad, but she wasn't, not at all. Donna was mesmerized by his uniform and his new shape. He felt his wife touch his breasts, his beautiful silicone breasts. Surprised, instead of being upset, David was relieved at the kind of attention she was giving him. He gave her a special Sissy Smile. Of course he knew that he had no choice, that Auntie Velour knew ways to make him sorry for disobeying her but everything had changed. David wanted his wife to like him.

"You've got lovely tits," said Donna with a smirk and a giggle.

A pretty but deep red blush swept his face and he sneaked a look at Velour. The dark look that momentarily swept her face was enough for him to remember- HER FIRST LAW. "ALWAYS, ALWAYS, ALWAYS, PRESENT YOURSELF IN THE MOST GIRLISH AND Sissyish MANNER POSSIBLE." "Thank you, Miss Donna," he said in a choked up voice, "I love having tits and having to wear a brassiere." A quick look toward Velour and David knew that he was performing on cue as the darkness left her face. "It's fun to wear a brassiere. Men don't have to wear brassieres, do they, Miss Donna? Only women and sissies have to wear brassieres." Donna's and his eyes met and he saw the same look in Donna's eyes as he saw in Velour's — utter satisfaction and total control.

Velour looked at Donna and was pleased as she saw that Donna was quite impressed and happy with David's performance. Then she scowled at David to force his continued performance.



“I’m a sissy,” David continued with a pronounced slight lisp that suddenly appeared, instantly making him sound like a POOF. “Auntie Velour makes me dress as if I were a 14-year-old girl who has been cuffed and collared into her household. I have to clean the house and everything.” His voice had changed; it had become softer and had risen in tone and he was speaking in a hot, breathless manner. “I like being a maid. I like being pretty. I like being a sissy. I like wearing pretty clothes. I like being a girl.” All of the time he was breathing harder, his eyes were sparkling and he seemed to physically become softer, sweeter, smaller and, definitely more girlish.

Donna stepped back. A reluctance of letting David’s tits go surged through her. Donna looked at his skirt. It was black satin, quite short and seemed to be actually floating on top of his petticoats. She could tell that David wore more than one petticoat, even though they were quite frothy. “Pick up your skirt, David, so I can see just how lovely your petticoats are.”

David closed his eyes and dutifully complied.

She could see that the petticoats cascaded over his hips as if they were wild white water crashing against, yet gracefully flowing over, a giant boulder. The top petticoat must have been quite short and ever so full as it ended almost immediately while the others held it up and continued the lace line. The appearance was that of David sitting in a lovely lace bowl that went from his panties to his hips. “Those are the prettiest and laciest petticoats I’ve ever seen a man wear,” she said sarcastically. “Do you like wearing them?”

David had a flash of latent anger but quickly it died, “Yes, Miss Donna. I love wearing petticoats. They make me feel so warm and wonderful and safe and pretty.”

“I think I see panties,” she sang out playfully. “I think I see pretty little girly panties. I think my David is wearing panties. Are you?”

“Yes, Miss Donna, Aunt Velour says I must always wear panties so no one could mistake me for a man. Would Miss Donna like to see my panties?” David was succumbing to his sissy tendencies and the sissy ways he had been encouraged to develop. During the last few days, Velour could find no fault in his performance and attitude. He had been a perfect sissy girl. Now he knew that he wanted Donna to like him so much that she wouldn’t change him back to what he was before she left.

“Do you want to show me your panties, David? Do you really want your wife to see you in panties? Do you want me to like you wearing panties?”

David, with tears glistening in his eyes, said quietly, “Oh yes, Miss Donna. I want you to love me wearing panties and I don’t want you to make me stop. I want to wear them forever. I want you to laugh at me because I’m a sissy girl.” He then lifted up the front of his petticoats so that the front of his panties was totally exposed. David’s panties were silk, pink with several rows of lace ruffles going around them. He giggled as he knew that he couldn’t turn back.

Donna gasped, not at the sight of David wearing panties but at her own reaction, which was one of delight, satisfaction and triumph.

David quickly turned around and bent low with his knees straight and his fingertips touching his shoe tops.

“What a delightfully subservient position for a maid to take,” she exclaimed and proceeded to throw the back of his skirt and petticoats over until they rested on the small of his back. His ruffled pink derriere was now open and totally defenseless. Donna laughed and petted the cheeks of his ass.

“Doesn’t he have a wonderful bum?” exclaimed Velour who then slapped it playfully. “Bring us some tea in the garden, David.”

## CHAPTER THREE

The women went back to the depths of the garden while the maid tended to their midmorning tea.

“Auntie, how in the world did you ever do it?”

“I simply followed my need, Donna. I felt that I, or should I say we, did not need a bore but a house-keeper. I have always wanted another male to take Charles’ place and the minute I saw David, I knew that he was the one.”

“You saw that in David?”

“Of course and now that you know that a man can be turned into a girl, you will see the same criteria in many men. Thankfully not all men can become girls so a full and exciting life can still be led.”

“Please Auntie, start at the very beginning.”

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The silver-haired woman settled back and began her tale. “Well, as you know already, David had found that dreadful pub, the CROSS-EYED CALF.”

“The CROSS-EYED CALF?” Donna exclaimed, “why, that’s the roughest pub in town and the most disreputable.”

“Yes, I know. They are really horrible people there but they do serve a purpose. They were a big help. It seemed that after you left, David got into quite a brouhaha with some of the local chaps and had handled himself quite well. However, in this hamlet, it is not wise to win a fight with a local as they have long

memories and evil minds. It was easy to find out who David had made into enemies, the Browning Boys .”

“Those dreadful clods?”

“The same. After several inquiries, I found them sitting on a park bench and I asked them for their help.”

Donna settled back and could easily envision the scene.

“What price will you pay us?” they inquired.

“Satisfaction against the American,” Velour answered quickly.

“Done,” said them both. They spoke at the same time, their voices merging together. Both had a malicious grin on their sturdy handsome faces.

The story unfolded in detail as Donna listened intently. The night that his wife left to visit old friends was the night of David’s undoing as he went to the CROSS-EYED CALF and indulged heartily. Upon his return home in a drunken, nasty, noisy condition, Velour knew that her opportunity was upon her. So, while David was sleeping off too many pints of the Brewmaster’s ale, Velour tied his wrist and ankles with silk scarves to the bed posts. As an added measure of safety, she also tied his waist to the bed and went to sleep. Hers was the sleep of angels, although she did giggle for a good amount of time before the sandman came by.

It was a rather horrible racket that woke her around five the next morning. When she entered David’s room, she was aghast at the horrible smell. He had wet himself and the bed.

He was writhing on the bed like a madman.

“What is going on here, David?” said the woman innocently, “I can’t sleep with all of this racket.”

“What the fuck am I doing tied up like this?” he demanded to know.

Velour was, of course, quite perturbed by his language and told him so. “Don’t you dare use that gutter talk in this house. You are a dirty mouthed lout.”

“And you are a fucking old biddy. Now untie me or you’ll be sorry.”

“I will, will I?” she said with dignity.

Donna chuckled softly as she imagined the scene and especially David’s threat to Velour who had the constitution of Richard the Lionhearted.

Velour spoke with the authority of a mother, although she had never been blessed with a child. “Well, my dear nephew, if you weren’t married to my niece I would untie you and throw you out but, unfortunately, I told Donna I would take care of you and take care of you I will. What is that horrible smell?”

“It’s piss, you old fart. You tied me up so I couldn’t go take a leak so that’s what you got for it.”

“No David, that is what *you* got for it. I will treat you just like any naughty boy who wets his bed. You will have to hang the mattress out the window so the neighbors will know that you can’t control your bladder. Then you will have to wash the sheets and iron them.”

“What?” he questioned in his hungover stupor.

Donna had to intervene, “But how could you make him do anything, being tied down like that? I know David and as soon as he got even one hand free, he would have been like a wildcat.”

“Of course I recognized that, dear niece,” she said with an evil sneer. “One thing I know about bully boys is that you can’t let them gain control over you so I simply removed a pair of pinking shears from my

apron pocket and proceeded to remove all of his clothes permanently. He fought and yelled and did everything in his power to get me but silk is quite strong in two ways. Bind someone's hands and feet with it and it's unbreakable."

"What's the second way?"

"Well, that's the way that David knows now. Get a male to commit himself to wearing silk clothes, for example panties, slippers, brassieres, petticoats, etc. and he cannot break that bond. I can, just by making David wear silk panties, make him do anything I want. I can make him act anyway I want. I can make him say anything I want, simply because SILK IS AN APHRODISIAC TO A SISSY MALE."

Velour enjoyed herself as she began the trip of David's lifetime. It was quite a bit of fun as she snipped away from the cuffs of his trousers up his legs. David was quite hairy. As Velour continued to create a tattered path up his leg, David kept his blustering, disgusting ways, all of the time yelling like a wild banshee, but Velour was undaunted as she kept cutting right through his pants and even his belt. First the left pant leg, then the right, but she noticed with each snip most of the fight left him and she knew that she had found another Charles.

"Is that how you handled Uncle Charles too?" asked the open-mouthed niece.

"Yes dear, only in a different way. If you'd like I'll tell you more about it some day. I even have pictures."

Next, Velour did the sleeves of his shirt up to his collar. She was enjoying herself as it was quite a bit of fun to snip each button off as by now he was breathing fire but trying desperately to control his energies. Velour knew that it was all in vain but David was too hung over to recognize what was happening and just how tenuous his position was. His eyes got darker with each button clipped off. It was rather amusing

but she kept her emotions to herself. “After all,” she reasoned, “why get him into a murderous rage now?” although she also knew that she would have to contend with one later.

It took Velour several minutes more but then it was a simple thing to slide his ruined pants and shirt off him. Then she worked on his socks. She didn’t touch his shoes, unless you call cutting his laces part of his shoes, then she did them too. It was cutting off his socks which was the most deflating and defeating as for the first time she saw fear in his eyes.

She cut his T-shirt off and threw it in the pile for the fire. She next did his underwear. They were wet and vile and she took them and placed them on his face. His scream nearly took the roof off but she said to him, “My mother always told me that if you rub a dog’s nose in his mess, he won’t mess on the floor. Let me see if it works for a man.”

Poor David was now naked except for the pretty silk scarves that held him firmly to the bed.

“Oh, did I tell you that the scarves were all pink.”

The younger woman laughed.

Velour then brought in a basin of soapy water that had been cooling just outside the room. The water had been exceedingly hot when she had set it down by the door but by the time she was ready to wash David, it had gotten quite chilly. She liberally soaked the wash cloth and began to wash David.

“I honestly couldn’t stand the smell,” she told her smirking niece.

“Donna, it is quite amazing how defeating it is for a man to be washed by an old lady. I was not as gentle as I could have been, especially when I got to his privates. I had forgotten just how sensitive a man’s sex organs are and how they can be easily aroused.” Ve-



lour took a piece of the sweet roll and marveled at how good it tasted.

“Oh, so my little nephew is horny. Well, I haven’t forgotten how to satisfy a man.” The man writhed and shook the bed in anger but she simply scooped the wash cloth into the cold water and wrapped it around his privates. She was not gentle. She was not rough. She was persistent and after only several up and downs, David climaxed into the washcloth. She didn’t stop for another good minute as she wasn’t sure that he had climaxed; after all, Velour wasn’t in practice anymore.

David was almost in tears begging her to stop. After Velour’s unpracticed handling of his private thing, it had become quite sensitive. After he had reached his climax, her rough handling was not in his best interests. By now David had begun to sweet talk her to get out of his predicament but she could hear the menace in his voice.

By this time Velour had tired so she excused herself, went downstairs, and had a wonderful cup of tea and several scones. She was quite astonished at how hungry she was.

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When she returned, she had with her a wash basin of hot, soapy water. David began immediately to plead with her. His pleas were soft, reasonable pleadings but still with the menace of revenge hovering in the background. He wasn’t sure what she was going to do next but knew it would not be in his best interests. When he saw the shaving lather and the safety razor blade, he knew instantly and he started anew. Velour thought that he was going to buck the bed out of the bedroom, down the stairs, and out the front door. Although she tried to lather him, it was no use. Even tied to the bed, he was still too strong for her. Once again she excused herself and, when she re-



turned, she had a straight razor. She had never seen anyone so scared as she honed it on the leather strap. He stopped bucking and after a quick negotiation, mostly on her part, he settled down to having his body hair removed.

“As long as you cooperate,” she cooed, “I will use the safety razor but as soon as you became obnoxious, I will shave you with the straight razor.”

She did not have to resort to the straight razor.

She shaved him from his eyebrows down to his toes, leaving the most adorable little pubic patch above his privates. Mischievously, she even shaped his pubic hair into a heart shape. She bleached it and used a hair conditioner to soften it. She was ready to turn him over when she had another inspiration. She went to her room and brought back a bottle of nail polish, a very pretty, vivid pink color. He fumed but she simply held the straight razor against his foot and it didn't move an inch; for that matter neither did he breathe, as she quickly painted his toe nails. Then she did his fingernails with the same color but not until she had filed them into an acceptably feminine shape, although they needed more time to grow longer.

While she had the opportunity she decided that she would make up David's face. He had a pretty face and as she made it up, she used care not to be too heavy on makeup. She realized immediately that David would be able to pass as a girl more easily than most men. Anyway, after she plucked and shaped his eyebrows, she used mascara, eyeshadow and eyeliner to complete his eyes. She darkened his eyebrows, put on a sturdy layer of foundation, and colored his lips with a dark velvet red washable lipstick. Before she knew it, it was lunch time so she went down and made herself some soup.

David, of course, hadn't eaten and he asked about some food. “No, David, naughty boys do without food until they apologize and promise to be good.”