

SISSY'S SUMMER SCHOOL

(By: The Camay Kid/aka Daphne)

Chapter 1

I always used to be a good boy, did well in school, was polite to my mother and my teachers, but something has changed. Now Mom has decided to send me to live with a governess for the summer because she is concerned about my chronic neglect of good personal hygiene and the long hours I spend in my room with the door closed. This past year she's had great difficulty getting me to take showers, and I give her backtalk when she asks me to shower. When I do finally take one, she reprimands me for spending such a long time in the shower. She keeps asking what I am doing in my room with the door closed, too, but I just give her vague "*Not much*" kinds of answers. Why does she need to know, anyway? When I brought home my report card at the end of school, I had all A's, except for a C in English. My English teacher told my mother I was always daydreaming in her class and handed in assignments late or never finished them.

"A governess! Mom, why can't I go to camp like the rest of the boys? I'm too old for a governess; they're for babies and whiny little girls," I whined, not realizing I'd just implicated myself as a prime candidate by my very own standards. My mother answered that there were certain things about my behavior that needed changing, and the kind of changes she wanted to see weren't going to happen at a boys' camp.

"You need firm and constant supervision and some lessons in politeness you seem to have forgotten, not to mention a vast improvement in your personal hygiene habits - things best learned at a woman's hand, and I seem to have lost the touch. I've already found just the right governess and made the arrangements. She and I met last week, and I told her my concerns and objectives. She's well prepared and eager to undertake the task. And she assures me she shall be quite firm and guarantees to produce the results I want."

When I arrived at the Governess' home, she showed me to my room on the second floor - a room with very feminine decor, ruffled sheer curtains with pink gingham valences and big tie-back bows, a canopied bed with eyelet lace dust ruffles topped with a pink satin comforter and frilly shams, a skirted vanity table and padded bench, one straight-backed wooden chair, and pink rosebuds on the wallpaper and lampshades.

"This is a GIRL'S room!" I protested indignantly. "It's all pink, I can't sleep in a room that's all pink and frilly like this."

Governess told me there's absolutely nothing wrong with "all pink and frilly" and that I'd soon learn to get used to it. She left me to unpack my suitcases.

After dinner, she escorted me upstairs to assist me to get ready for bed. Being treated in such a juvenile way and sent to bed so early made me grumpy and sullen. She took me by the wrist into the bathroom and instructed me to undress while she started filling the tub.

"I don't take baths, I always take showers," I argued defiantly.

"Oh really? Your mother tells me you don't even take showers when she asks you to, and that you talk back to her when she directs you to go take a shower. I will not tolerate any backtalk, young man, and since you're going to be here for the summer, we'll start with baths, and a bath it will be every night until I say otherwise. Is that clear?"

I cast my eyes gloomily on the floor feeling like I'd just received a life sentence for nothing worse than truancy. "I don't see why I have to..."

"Is that clear, little boy?" my new Governess repeated sternly, cutting off my protest.

"Um, yes, Governess."

"Very well then, continue disrobing, and be well advised your unsolicited comment just now constituted talking back and will be dealt with before you retire this evening. I've heard nothing but *can't* and *don't* from you so far, and you will soon learn to change your tune with me. You shall learn to honor my expectations as carrying the full measure of my authority behind them. I don't believe in issuing endless warnings without repercussions."

As she lectured Governess made sure I noticed her adding a large amount of Barbie bubblebath from a pink bottle. I blushed, as I stood there naked and vulnerable, realizing the unpleasant thing she was about to make me do, as the suds blossomed to fill the old-fashioned four-legged bathtub. I stared numbly at the tub as though getting into it would be the equivalent of throwing myself into a bottomless pink whirlpool that would suck me down to some unknown but awful fate. I shivered. Governess nudged my shoulder, cutting short my momentary daydream.

"Now be a good boy for Governess. In you go."

I sat down slowly wondering when my seat would finally touch the porcelain tub bottom. Bubbles seethed around my chest and neck and brushed my ears collaring me in rich foam. She handed me a thick soft pink washcloth and a new cake of pink Camay soap, and with a grin told me to get busy washing.

"I am going to take care of a few things, and I'll be back in 15 minutes. I expect you to be quite clean all over when I return. And if you can't wash yourself, I'm quite prepared to do it for you. Perhaps the soap will sweeten your disposition. If it doesn't, I will have that pleasure."

Slinking under the piles of suds, I hoped irrationally that I could just disappear, maybe dissolve. I pondered my plight - both my present tub-bound predicament and the prospects for the long summer ahead. My independence had definitely been short-lived. Finally I started mindlessly soaping up the washcloth into a mound of rich lather and rubbing the Camay down between my legs - a now-familiar habit I'd perfected during those infrequent but lengthy showers at home. I began washing and stroking, boldly splashing with exuberant hormone-driven impulsiveness as I slipped into another of my secret bathroom fantasies. Suddenly Governess appeared back in the doorway, a wicked smile on her face and something frilly in her hand.

"Well, I am so delighted you've decided that you enjoy soapsuds after all. That will make our evening bathtimes so much more interesting. You do enjoy those luscious suds, don't you, my naughty boy." Governess made it an emphatic statement instead of a question, adding extra emphasis on the word *luscious*.

She was right on the edge of flushing my private secret out into the light, and I knew she knew that. I blushed, and let my hands sink as innocently as possible under the bubblebath, abandoning my Camay-lathered penis to bob solo on a cloud of Barbie bubbles, as though it still needed to perform, now under a withering spotlight of scrutiny. *Sink or swim on your own, pal. It's every man for himself now*, I thought as I deserted my own flesh and joy. *You've already gotten me into enough trouble*, I mused separating myself with an air of superiority from "down there." I heard a response in my head from "Pleasure Central", *too late for that, old buddy. You're in this just as deep, and we're both gonna pay*.

"Yeah OK, I'll pay...I mean...uh, no, no Governess. I don't really enjoy them. I was just washing like you told me to," I stammered from another ill-timed daydream.

"Oh, really now? Did I tell you to play with yourself? Splash on the bathroom rug? What else have you washed while I was gone, my disobedient one? Hmmm?" she asked, bemused by having flustered me and enjoying the opportunity to toy with my confusion a bit as I writhed on her hook.

"Well, uh, um, I did my hands, too..." I blustered, trying to cover my embarrassment at being caught "soapy-handed" with a weak and poorly-advised attempt at being witty. For a brief second I smiled remembering the comic book in which Donald Duck's impish nephews outwitted him when he shrewdly agreed that they were each required to wash only one hand, and they each washed one hand with one other nephew. I should have realized how badly outmatched I was in trying to slip something by my new governess. It was no contest. This was not Mom I was dealing with anymore, but a woman with long experience in straightening out smarty pants like me.

"Enough of your fresh stories. And speaking of stories, it seems my new charge is a secret budding author, isn't he. Such a delightfully creative scrapbook you hid away in the bottom of your suitcase. A little "homework" for the summer when you thought your governess might not be paying attention? I can see we'll have to have supervised

daily writing assignments for our lackluster English student. Such amusing material for our little bedtime story hours together - all those strict demanding women turning nasty boys into their subdued sissy pets. My, my - quite interesting. I can't wait for us to read them thoroughly from start to finish. We wouldn't know any sissies like that now, would we? We'll have to encourage that side of you, shan't we."

Her use of the word *we* was making me very uneasy. She paused to watch me squirm in the suds.

"And just when, since you arrived this afternoon, did you sneak into my room and fondle these?" Governess dangled a pair of her panties on her finger, a mischievous twinkle in her eye. "Perhaps we need to reconsider the appropriate wardrobe for you this summer - part of the education of my sneaky sissy. I think you're going to fit into a pretty pink girl's room quite nicely."

Governess tied a long rubber apron over her clothes and bent down beside the tub. She pulled the panties over my head and adjusted them to her liking.

"There, a cute frilly bath bonnet for my sissy. You can peek out through the lacy leg holes and watch while I give you a well-deserved scrubbing and other appropriate punishments for a fresh-mouthed sissy."

She picked up the washcloth and Camay and made them dance together in her hands while I cowered in disbelief at being doubly found out. I couldn't have been in a more vulnerable situation. How could I have been so careless and unlucky at the same time?

"Now we'll continue with your bath, starting with a good thorough soaping of that nasty fresh mouth and from there proceed inch by slow inch until you've been well-scrubbed and lathered all over, both outside and inside. When you're spanking clean, we'll get you all pink, warm, and frilly for bed."

Hoping desperately that I'd spot some miraculous means of escape, I glanced up to notice for the first time the array of bathroom and other unfamiliar objects hanging from a row of hooks on the back of the bathroom door - a pink chenille bathrobe, a pink long-handled bathbrush, a wooden hairbrush, a supple razor strop, a stout thin wooden paddle, a narrow ruler, a length of amber rubber tubing, and an ominous-looking pink rubber bag with a long white hose attached. Pink and warm suddenly meant something I hadn't thought about. What was "pink?" What was "warm?" While I was lost in that future worry, Governess put one hand firmly behind my neck, and with the other hand smothered her well-lathered washcloth over my mouth, bringing me back to the immediate discipline at hand.

I heard her say once more, "I do hope you enjoy these lovely suds, my pet. Oh yes, nice sweet Camay soapsuds - the 'soap of beautiful women,' perfect for a sissy like you. Open those lips wide for me."

I closed my eyes, shuddered with dread, and started to moan. That was all the opening Governess needed to penetrate my quickly weakening resistance.

"Yes, that's a good sissy...we're going to wash away all that nasty backtalk and scrub that fresh tongue until it's pink and pure and squeaky clean."

The surprise of her soapy onslaught caught me off-guard. When I realized what she was doing, I clamped my lips together as tight as a Dutch dike against the flooding seas. Governess blanketed my whole face with the steamy washcloth swirling piles of rich lather all over from ear to ear and chin to forehead. Her motions were unhurried, deliberate, and firm.

"I'll take as much time as you'd like, sissy. I assure you we shall neither run out of an abundance of soapsuds nor my resolute determination to achieve my objective, so you decide how long you want me to go on with this. I rather enjoy giving a sissy a good long facewash on her first night - or any time she needs it for that matter. Now when you're ready, we'll just go on with ridding your mouth of its naughty recalcitrant ways and restore it to a state of sweet pink purity. I'll be right here when you decide to cooperate. In the meantime, I'll be happy to continue washing and washing your naughty face. Repetition is always good for making a point crystal clear and unforgettable."

I needed to breathe and knew if I inhaled through my nose, I'd take in nothing but Camay suds, so I opened my mouth in a gasp for air. With it came Governess' washcloth. Once inside my mouth, she probed every corner and inner surface, retracting the awful tasting mass only to replenish its soapy supply and repeat the oral punishment. Over and over she scrubbed and worked the thick gagging suds across my lips and tongue as I blubbered and sputtered and mewed like a helpless kitten.

"Here's some nice rich Camay for all those fresh remarks you've made before we met today. And here's a special dose of extra deep cleansing for the sassy backtalk you gave me just minutes ago. You'll remember that error for quite some time, I assure you, as you'll remember my soapsuds remedy longer than you may wish. I told you backtalk would be met with serious repercussions. Maybe you didn't realize just how distasteful a soapy washcloth can be in the hands of a strict governess. Well, now you know the truth from first-hand experience. How does my pink Camay taste in that smart mouth? Can you taste all those pretty pink bubbles clinging to your tongue? Not enough? Oh, please, have some more. It's my pleasure and your punishment."

The powerful perfume of Camay soap overwhelmed me with its seductively strong fragrance, and eventually I yielded passively to her thorough cleansing. Voluntarily I parted my lips to satisfy her commands and give her free and total access to work her sudsy discipline on me. I hoped it would work like a plea bargain to reduce my soapy sentence, but she continued to prosecute and punish without letup. When she was satisfied my mouth was sufficiently well-scrubbed and subdued, she formed the

washcloth into a moist frothy lump and stuffed it between my lips. She wiped the suds from my eyes with the corner of a towel and held a hand mirror in front of my face. My reflection shocked me with the silly humiliating panties covering my head and my cheeks bulging and mouth rimmed with dense shimmering gobs of suds that still oozed from the corners of my lips and drizzled down my chin to plop and trickle over my chest.

"A properly soaped sissy mouth is such a pleasure to behold, isn't it, my dear. All nice and clean and showing such soft signs of submission. A freshly scrubbed mouth is always more attentive to learning sissy lessons with the proper attitude and ready to give such sweet kisses. And it teaches my little sissy what a good spanking tastes like. Over on your hands and knees - now. I want that sassy bottom right where I can reach it with my bathbrush."

I obeyed her instruction, as Governess took the long-handled pink bathbrush off its hook behind the door. I felt her rub the soap over my bottom and plow it firmly back and forth between my cheeks and up underneath my exposed balls. In an instant I felt the crisp efficient bristles begin to scour my entire bottom. Her bathbrush quickly whipped the soap into strict closed-rank regiments of white columns of lather that marched obediently across skin that turned pinker with every advance. It made me gasp and arch my back as Governess scrubbed every inch with strong brisk business-like strokes. Soon I could feel twin streams of suds meandering down the backs of my thighs. Governess scooped up the wayward suds with her brush like little lost lambs and guided them back where she needed them. Nothing escaped her firm will and control. She scrubbed deeply between my cheeks making them jiggle with the strength of her strokes and up under the tender backside of my jouncing balls. I struggled to remain still, my nerve-endings snapped to attention.

Then, without warning, she landed the first of a long volley of spanks with the smooth flat back of the brush. The broad surface landed each time with a splat of suds that made it sting even more. Between three sets of spanks, Governess resumed scrubbing with the bristle side until my bottom quivered and pulsed with fiery intensity. At times I felt like I needed to pee, wanted to cry, thought I was about to cum. I kept thinking I couldn't tolerate another stroke, and then another landed and another. I moaned into the sudsy gag that muffled my protests. Nothing came of that except big glimmering soapbubbles, the next volley of spanks, and Governess' amused laughter. Finally, she commanded me to sit down in the suds again, and she continued to scrub the rest of me one part at a time. Nothing escaped her attention; everything got soaped at least twice.

"We can't have any dirty sissies around here now, can we. It's been such a long time since you've had a good scrubbing. Somewhere underneath all those layers of dirt, there's a sweet pink sissy hiding. We'll just scrub away layer after layer until we get to your soft sissy core. We'll find her before long. I know you've been hiding from the soap because you've been afraid someone will learn your little secrets and discover what a pretty sissy you can be. But Governess won't allow any more hiding, and no

naughty secrets. And I'm going to make you the prettiest sissy ever, besides the cleanest one, too." While she scrubbed every inch of me vigorously, she lectured me on the merits of cleanliness in sissies.

I was still catching my breath and regaining my bearings. My burning bottom throbbed against the smooth enameled tub; my mouth stung with the lingering sharp taste of soap. But I had to endure both along with her zealous lathering and lecturing. I could feel that I was undergoing some kind of transformation, but wasn't sure what was happening to me. When she came to my penis, Governess smiled.

"Now we'll do the part you never seem to forget to wash. But let's see if sissy's 'clitty' likes the way Governess washes it, shall we? I'll bet you've missed some of those tender folds and nasty crevices. Sissies are never quite as thorough as their governesses, are they? Up on your knees, spread them apart. Now lean back and arch your hips forward. Yes, that's my good girl. Ooh. What's this soft little thing I've found? Hmmm? Does it like Camay, too?"

She tormented me with the soap, slowly rubbing it all over my 'clitty,' as she enjoyed calling it, while she stretched and stroked it with a slow deliberate milking motion. Then she picked up a short bathbrush with soft nylon bristles and a pink scrubbing pouf. Placing my penis between the two implements, she began circling it with both, contrasting the texture and sensations as they chased each other around my excited and very tender clitty. She kept a careful eye on my response, enjoying my distress as she stimulated me to involuntary squirming and squealing like a pink piglet.

"I don't want my naughty little sissy making any sticky messes tonight. When you've been a good girl, we'll reward you by making you cum for your governess, but not tonight when you're being punished for your naughty secrets," she laughed cruelly.

When Governess observed the glazed look starting in my eyes, my sudden tensing, and my shallow rapid breathing, she stopped and rinsed me from head to toe with the handheld shower hose.

She put me back on my hands and knees, leaving me still panting and my hips straining to pump the air. Entertained by my agitated condition she'd created, Governess turned to the sink to fill a small pink basin with hot water. She set it on a stool beside the tub and playfully rubbed the Camay into a new fresh lather in the basin. From a shelf she picked up a pink rubber bulb with a thick curving white nozzle attached. The shape of it made my excited flesh even stiffer for some reason. While I had fantasized about getting enemas, I had never received one, but I pretty much knew what was in store for me now. I watched with rapt interest and alarm as she made her preparations.

"Time to complete sissy's first cleansing. We've got you all nice and clean on your front end. Now we'll clean out your back end," Governess laughed. "Maybe this will

give your hips something to squirm about. This is when my sissy really knows she belongs to me."

She filled the bulb in the sudsy hot water with a loud gushing sound and held it right up to my face so I could see the bubbles overflowing out of the nozzle tip.

"Same as what cleaned out your mouth. Pure Camay soap and warm water. Go ahead, lick it for me. That's it. Mmmmm, taste familiar? Just a nice pink soapy douche for my sissy's dirty love hole," she chuckled.

Then she spread my cheeks and with steady pressure, she inserted that curved white nozzle into my bottom, held it firmly into me, and squeezed slowly. I felt the sensation of warm fluid rushing in, while the sound of her voice echoed over and over the phrase "*a nice pink soapy douche*" like a chorus I couldn't get out of my mind. Governess withdrew the nozzle and repeated the filling and squeezing several more times, making the procedure take a long while. Each time I felt the added pressure and fullness of more soapsuds and the uncomfortable and unfamiliar force of the nozzle penetrating my anus and sliding in and out of me. I hung my head and groaned under the slowly increasing cramping and urgent gurgling occupying my tummy and the never-ending "*a nice pink soapy douche*" chorus that occupied my mind.

"One more big squeeze of soapsuds and we'll have our sissy all ready to sit like a good little girl and do her business for Governess," she laughed again at the humiliation she knew I felt from this sudden loss of control and privacy, not to mention the shocking shift in gender being called a sissy and "she."

Governess wrapped a big pink towel under my arms and secured it across my chest by tucking one corner right down between my breasts, then led me to the toilet. I raised the lower edge of my towel and sat carefully, concentrating on not releasing the heavy volume of soapsuds that I was struggling to hold until given permission to expel. While I embarrassed myself at my unavoidable voiding, Governess filled the big rubber bag with warm water and attached a large tapered nozzle to the hose. When I completed my toilet obligations, she placed me on the bathmat and lifted my legs up to expose my anus again. She inserted the big lubricated nozzle and opened the valve to let the warm water rush inside. I lay there looking up at Governess smiling down at me and watching the bag slowly empty as my tummy swelled uncomfortably.

When the second enema was over, she sat me on a chair with my back to the sink, removed the makeshift frilly bath bonnet from my head, and tilted me back so she could wet my hair with the spray faucet. Governess poured some thick pearly scented shampoo into her palm and began lathering my hair. Her motions were gentle and soothing. I sighed with contentment at the pleasant sensation of having my hair washed.

"We'll be spending a lot of time together at this sink, my pretty one," Governess cooed. "Some of it will be nice time when I give you shampoos like this, but

sometimes, too, it will be time for discipline when I'll have you bent down with your nose almost into a sink full of hot suds for another mouth washing like the one I gave you tonight in the tub. It just depends on how you behave. But we'll be here by the sink and over in the bathtub for many long hours this summer teaching you good manners and hygiene."

I shivered both at the pleasant thought of getting future shampoos and at the dread of the discipline she promised. Governess rinsed away the suds and applied a handful of conditioner before giving me a final warm rinse. She twisted a big thick pink towel snugly around my wet hair and held the pink chenille bathrobe for me to put on. It was a couple of sizes too big, and made me look small and helpless and made Governess smile. She took me by the hand and led me back into the pink and frilly bedroom I had protested about so vehemently just hours ago.

She sat me on the bench at the vanity table and stood behind me, putting her hands gently on my shoulders. Our eyes met in the mirror, and I tilted my head back to rest against her. She unwrapped the towel from my head after a moment of blissful contact and started brushing my hair slowly and tenderly. As I sat gingerly on my sore bottom, I felt a tear well up in the corner of my eye and spill over and roll down my well-scrubbed cheek. It ran down my chin and plopped somewhere into my lap just like the suds had when she was washing out my mouth earlier. Governess noticed the shiny trail the tear had left and heard me sniff. She held my face with her palm lightly across my mouth. I smelled the clean scent of her skin and kissed her hand fervently as another tear well up. She went to the closet and returned with a short pink ruffled babydoll nightie, a pair of frilly pink sissy panties with layers and layers of lacey ruffles across the bottom, and a pink satin slumber bonnet. She held the panties for me to step into and pulled them slowly up my legs, patting my bottom lightly and smoothing the ruffles with her hand just so. We both smiled at each other in the mirror again. Then she lifted the nightie over my head and let it cascade down over me.

"Time to tuck our new sissy into bed. She's had quite a long day and needs to get her rest," Governess said as she turned back the pink gingham sheets and sat beside me on the edge of the canopied bed. "I want to know your secrets, honey, and you have nothing to be afraid of. It's OK to want to be a sissy, and I'll make sure of that while you're here with me. We can have so much fun if you'll be a good girl. I'll show you just what a pretty sissy you can be and how much fun you can have with us girls. I've put all your old clothes back in the suitcase and away in a safe place. You won't need them the rest of the summer. You'll be wearing panties all the time, and I'll insist that you take a warm bubblebath every night. We'll do your hair up in ribbons and curls and paint your toenails. But we can't have any more secrets. You may play with your scrapbook and I'll assign lessons for you to write more stories about sissies, but you'll have to let Governess see it any time I ask. And we'll read your stories together at bedtime and maybe play some of them. But no playing with yourself and absolutely no touching without Governess' supervision and help, is that understood?"

"Yes, Governess," I sobbed with joy. I leaned against her and brushed my face against her arm as she put her other arm around me and let her silky hair caress my neck. I suddenly felt like someone understood me and would let me be something I was always afraid to let out. I hated keeping things hidden in my closet and doing stuff behind closed doors, and didn't even like giving my mom a hard time about the showers. But I was afraid if she knew I liked taking showers (or if she ever found out I wanted to take bubblebaths), what she'd think. I knew I had earned the punishment I had received from my governess, and I knew what to expect if I was disobedient again.

"Now, no more naughty girl, because I still punish naughty girls. They get their bottoms spanked and their sassy mouths washed out and other punishments to make them good. But when you're my good sissy, you'll get to...well, tomorrow's coming soon enough, and we have lots more layers to peel away to find that pretty sissy inside, don't we, my pet. We'll get busy tomorrow and have so much fun." She pulled the boudoir bonnet over my hair and caressed my cheek as I snuggled down into my big pillow.

Governess gave me a long slow wet kiss on my mouth, and I beamed dreamily as she pulled the covers snug and said goodnight.