

# SISSY'S SUMMER SCHOOL

(By: The Camay Kid/aka Daphne)

## Chapter Three

### *A Shy Girl Goes Shopping*

I felt weight and warmth on the edge of my bed, a caress on my forehead.

"God morning, sweet Daphne."

I turned toward Governess' now familiar lilting voice and nestled my face into the depths of her lap, inhaling the fragrance of her plush bathrobe.

"How's my pink rosebud this morning? Mmmmmm, you smell like a bouquet of roses. Come on, sweetie, time to go wash up and start another day."

A ripple of affection swept over me, and Governess allowed me an extra moment to savor her closeness before peeling back the covers and exposing me.

"Have we been a good girl all night? Oh that naughty clitty is up early again. We'll have to give it a nice rise and shine scrub, won't we. I'll bet it just can't wait to kiss the Camay good morning. How about a kiss from my pretty sissy? I hope there are no stains in those panties, young lady. We'll find out in a few minutes. Now, come one, get that cute bottom moving to the bathroom."

Her playful teasing made it easy to get out of bed and smile for Governess. I followed her into the bathroom and removed my panties for her inspection, then headed to sit on the potty. She repeated the same routine as the previous morning preparing the sink for my washing. I went to her willingly and slipped my nightie off as she lathered a fresh washcloth. I accepted her soapy greeting on my face almost with joy, and giggled when she tickled me with the warm suds between my legs. Governess rewarded my cheerful obedience with a slow bare-handed soapy massage of my clitty until my breathing rhythm changed. Then she rinsed the washcloth in hot water and pressed its heat over my awakened crotch. Slowly my focus came back from the edge of an erotic explosion, just as if she'd been holding my hand and pulling me back to keep me from danger. Governess dried my face and kissed me on the mouth. Her loving attention made me happy to be in her care.

"Gotcha," she teased, and gave me a big hug. I washed my frilly sissy panties as I had been taught the morning before and hung them over the bathtub. Then Governess sat on the edge of the tub and pulled me in front of her. She grasped one leg by the calf and put my foot up on the rim of the tub beside her so she could examine my leg. Governess ran her fingers up and down, raking her fingernail lightly across my skin.

She pinched the light hairs covering my leg between her thumb and index fingernails and pulled sharply.

"Ouch!" I yelped in surprise.

Governess put my foot back down and grabbed me by my hips to move me directly in front of her. Next she glided her fingers around my clitty and balls and pinched a tuft of the soft hair growing there. Again she pulled sharply. Tears came to my eyes.

"You'll be a much prettier sissy without all those nasty little hairs all over you, Daphne. After breakfast we'll attend to making you as smooth and silky as a baby all over. Just put your bathrobe back on for now."

I ate breakfast in my pink chenille bathrobe. Without anything underneath, not even a pair of panties, I felt almost naked sitting at the table with Governess. When we finished breakfast, she directed me to my dishwashing chores. I pulled the ruffled apron over my head and Governess tied the strings in a big bow before she went back upstairs. I donned the pink rubber gloves, filled the sink with rich hot suds and dove into the stack of dirty dishes with my sponge. Standing at the kitchen sink I had time to think about what she meant by making me as "smooth and silky as a baby all over." It made me slightly nervous not knowing exactly what she was going to do to me. But no sooner had I finished rinsing the last cup and saucer, then Governess called me to come upstairs.

She was in the bathroom and had put on a long rubber apron over her bathrobe and a pair of rubber gloves similar to the ones I wore to do the dishes. Her hair was wrapped in a big thick pastel-striped towel, and the room was steamy and smelled of her shampoo. That fragrant shampoo smell and the way Governess looked with her hair wrapped like a turbaned Queen gave me a very sexy feeling, for some strange reason. And her rubber apron and gloves hinting at some kind of treatment that awaited me heightened the ripple of sexual excitement at the same time it scared me. Governess had set up a sturdy folding table beside the sink and draped it with several thicknesses of towels. On the vanity counter were a straight razor, a shaving brush, and a small bowl containing a pink cake of Camay soap. A fluffy washcloth lay next to the other implements, and a heavy leather razor strop hung from a hook on the side of the vanity. Beside the table stood a floodlamp in a shiny metal reflector. The bathroom appeared to be arranged and equipped for some special kind of treatment or procedure, and the sight of the razor and the heavy leather strop made me especially nervous.

"Hang up your bathrobe behind the door, Daphne, and come get up on the table," Governess said towering over the towel-covered table.

"Wh-what are you going to d-do, Governess?" I stuttered, imagining her about to subject me to surgery.

"Just shave all that ugly hair off you, sweetie. You'll look so much cleaner and softer without it. You'll like it, trust me. It'll make you look so cute and feminine."

"But not my head, Governess?"

"No silly sissy, just everything below your neck. You're not very hairy anyway, but this will just soften the way you look. And besides, it will make all the other girls want to run their hands all over you, you'll be so silky smooth." Governess winked and chuckled. "Come on, up you go. You'll be fine. Nothing to worry about. We'll use lots of lather, so the hairs will just whisk away on my razor. On your back and spread your legs as far as you can - right out to the corners. Yes, that's the way. Now, it's very important that you don't move a muscle, OK?" She switched on the floodlamp, and I could immediately feel its heat on my bare legs.

"Yes, Governess." I lay very still as she doused the washcloth in hot water at the sink. She spread the steaming washcloth over one thigh and let it sit for a minute while she beat the shaving brush in rapid strokes over the Camay. When the lather started slopping over the side of the bowl, Governess slathered it all up and down my wet thigh, then beat it into a rich foam with the brush. She picked up the razor, unfolded the blade and gave it several smart back-and-forth slaps up and down the strop. The first pass she made with the blade over my soapy skin, the keen edge skimmed as smooth as satin. I could feel the extremely well-honed steel smoothing its way across my leg on the thinnest of slick films. I had trouble deciding if it tickled or made me shiver - or both at the same time. While governess shaved one area, she had the next steaming under the washcloth, and proceeded area by area - steaming, lathering, stropping, shaving. When she'd done the fronts of both legs, she had me turn over so she could do the backs. Not being able to see what she was doing heightened the sensuous feeling of the blade. Last, she turned me back over and tied long strips of soft toweling around each ankle. Governess lifted my legs up over my head and tied the loose ends of the bindings to the table corners behind my head, leaving my bottom stretched taut and round and my crotch fully exposed. She was firm but careful in the way she stretched each section of skin as she shaved it, including all around my clitty and balls and the patch between my balls and anus.

When Governess finished, she soaked a couple of towels in hot water and spread one over each leg. After she picked up her shaving equipment, she removed her rubber gloves and ran her palms up and down my legs and bottom and around my clitty. Where she found spots she'd missed, she touched them up with her razor until she was satisfied that all was smooth and clean. Before releasing me from the table, Governess poured a scented lotion in her hands and rubbed my legs down, then gave me hairless naked clitty a little massaging with the tingling lotion. I felt strangely naked, even though the amount of hair she removed wasn't great. Governess directed me to run my own hands down my legs and over my crotch and bottom ("with my permission, Daphne"). I couldn't believe the sensation. She helped me get down off the table and head for the bedroom to get dressed.

This morning Governess picked out a pair of peach-colored terry shorts, a raspberry cotton short-sleeved blouse with Peter Pan collar and two breast pockets, peach nylon panties and a white cotton undershirt she called a "camisole." She dusted my bottom and between my legs with the feminine scented powder. The sensual feeling of those soft nylon panties caressing my smoothly shaved skin gave me goosebumps. The contrasting layers of textures of the terry shorts over the nylon panties caused my clitty to stir even more. As she helped me dress, Governess explained that we had some errands to do downtown and would spend most of the morning shopping. I froze in a panic when she added,

"And some of my special friends are waiting to meet you, Daphne. Before we go, I want to teach you how to curtsy like a polite little girl. Go stand by the doorway and come toward me as though you had just entered the room. Now, as you get a few feet from me, stop and put your thumbs and middle fingers together like this, palms turned out. No, no, just let your arms stay by your side naturally. That's more like it. Tuck your right foot behind your left with the back of your right little toe touching the floor. Bend your knees nicely, and tilt your head just a bit to the left and look down with a pretty smile. Yes, that's the idea. Now, go back to the door and try it again. Palms out, Daphne. When you're wearing a dress you will lightly grasp the hem with those fingers and thumb to show your petticoats. With some practice, you'll learn how to do this quite gracefully and make a nice deep bend in your knees in a slow and balanced motion, always under control and expressing great respect and deference to the lady for whom you are curstyng. Very well, that will do for now. You'll be putting that lesson to use shortly. Come along. We have shopping to do, my girl."

We got in Governess' car and headed for town. The first stop was at the supermarket. I felt a bit conspicuous in my girlish summer outfit and newly shaved legs, but Governess kept me busy enough pushing the shopping cart and finding things on her list, so I soon forgot about the way I looked. That was, until we went through the checkout, where an older woman with a hairdo freshly blue-rinsed from the beauty parlor commented to Governess that her "girl seemed well-behaved and nicely dressed."

"So many girls these days walk about in ratty torn jeans and T-shirts with foul language printed all over. If they were my daughters out looking like that in public, I'd march them home and wash their filthy mouths out with soap and make sure they wore nothing but crisp dresses or well-pressed skirts thereafter. The back of my hairbrush would certainly be a help, too."

"Oh, I agree with you totally on the tattered appearance of so many girls today and the nasty things they display and what comes out of their mouths. This young lady, however, knows just what a cake of soap tastes like (Governess held up a cake of Camay from the shopping cart) and has her wardrobe closely supervised. And she's quite familiar with both sides of my old-fashioned hairbrush, I can assure you."

"I'm so pleased to hear that. No wonder she's so neat and ladylike. It certainly shows when a youngster is well disciplined. I see, though, your girl likes the current fashion for short hairdos, just like the rest of them. I'd insist she keep her hair long and well-cared for."

"Well, she was in a school play this spring where the part called for short hair. We're in the process of letting it grow out and getting her a more feminine hairstyle, aren't we, Daphne."

I turned beet red and nodded as I tried to squeeze to the other side of the cart and start loading the grocery bags so we could get out of there sooner. After I had put the groceries in Governess' car trunk, we headed to a nearby health and beauty aids store. Governess gave me a slip of paper and told me to find what she'd written on it. She also handed me some cash.

"Your mother left me some money for anything we might need to buy while you're with me. She said it was your allowance, but it should be used for your "improvement" and not wasted on junk food and comic books. You will make this purchase with your allowance money and bring me the sales receipt and the change. Do you understand, Daphne?"

"Yes, Governess," I said with resignation. I was afraid she also meant that she'd save the receipt to show my mother how my allowance was spent, but I knew better than to ask Governess. We entered the cool air-conditioned drugstore, and Governess went to the magazine racks to browse, giving me a nod to go about my task of finding and making the purchase she required. I looked at the slip of paper. It said, *UltraFem Tampons, Super Absorbency with plastic applicator, box of 20*. I had no idea of what these were or where to find them, so I started to cruise slowly up and down the aisles. At the end of each aisle, I'd look over at Governess with a pleading look for her to help me. She'd look up from her magazine browsing and smile and give me a backhanded wave of her fingers to go on about my search. Finally, one of the female sales clerks who was shelving shampoo saw me pass her for the third time.

"May I help you, miss?" she asked.

Did I really look like a 'miss' to her? I mumbled a tiny sound and showed her the slip of paper.

"Oh, I'll bet this is your first time buying your own, isn't it?"

I nodded.

"They're over in Aisle 6 with the feminine hygiene products. Come, I'll show you. See those pink boxes down there. That's what you want."

"Thanks," I whispered hoarsely. Then I cleared my throat and walked briskly, purchase in hand, to the cash register - another young woman in a pink store smock. Governess put down her magazine and joined me at the counter.

"You don't think these will be too big for her? These are her first tampons?"

"Oh no, ma'am. They might be a little uncomfortable at first, but she'll get used to them. My younger sister uses them all the time, and she's only 14."

I handed the cashier the money silently and didn't even glance at the comic book display or the biking magazines I used to buy. Governess saw my eyes avoiding the fashion and beauty magazines by the counter.

"Here, Daphne. Some reading for you." She put the magazine on the counter. I blushed again and dug back into my pocket for more change. "We'll have to buy you a proper pocketbook one of these days, won't we, young lady." I was entering another world with Governess now, and she and I both knew it. She enjoyed my fidgeting.

From the drugstore, we drove across town to a cluster of professional offices in a nicely landscaped group of business condos. Governess led me down the brick sidewalk past lush beds of pink and purple petunias to an entrance marked in flowing script "Perfect Curls for Pretty Girls." It wasn't until we went through the lavender door that I realized we were in a hair salon. At the reception desk we were greeted by Danielle, a young woman with precise makeup, gleaming scarlet fingernails and an elaborate perfectly arranged pile of spiral curls framed in a lacy froth by the collar of her clinging rayon blouse. She recognized Governess and told us she would call Miss Wanda to come out and meet us. Moments later a towering Amazon of a woman came out from behind a curtained doorway in a swirling mix of perfume and permanent wave solution. She had a mane of rich glossy auburn hair, and her green eyes pierced over the tops of her gold-rimmed half-frame glasses secured by a delicate chain around her neck. Her fingernails were a lustrous pearly pink. She wore a hot pink shirtwaist dress with the collar turned up. Miss Wanda greeted Governess with a hug and a laugh,

"And who have we here? This must be your darling Daphne I've heard so much about lately."

I blushed. This seemed to be my day for blushing.

"Daphne, curtsy nicely for Miss Wanda," Governess prompted me.

"Uh, how do you do, Miss Wanda," I squeaked while doing a little dip of my knees.

All three women laughed at my clumsy attempt to curtsy.

"Oh, don't worry, Daphne honey, you'll get it with more training and practice. And you'll get plenty of that, you can be sure," Miss Wanda said in her strong commanding voice. "It takes every sissy a while to get the hang of doing a proper curtsy."

Her use of the word 'sissy' sent a ripple like a shock through me. How did she know? I glued my eyes to the floor and twisted the edges of my shorts in my fingers. Miss Wanda came over to me, slapped lightly at my nervous hands and grasped me by my shoulders. She ran her fingers through my hair several times. I noticed how large her hands were and how strong her grip was.

"My, my, don't we have some work to do with your hair, sweetie. Danielle, put Daphne in the book for a two-hour appointment next Thursday at 10. We'll get you in here for a shampoo and cut with Christine, and a moisturizing treatment and a manicure with Sandra. All the girls will want to meet you, Daphne. We love sissies here, don't we Danielle. Now you go home with your Governess and practice your curtsies, because Sandra just adores seeing sissies curtsy nicely, and she has a little "curtsy stick" to help them do it just the way she likes - nice and deep and graceful. We'll see you at 10 next Thursday, Daphne. Then we'll make those naughty curls behave, you'll see just how pretty we'll make you. You be a good girl until then, or I'll hear about it."

She gave me a vice-like hug that nearly lifted me off the floor, then turned me toward Governess and gave me a playful but firm swat on my bottom as we headed for the door.

When we got back in the car, Governess told me we had one more stop to make to meet another of her "dear friends." She pulled the car into a parking garage, and we got into the elevator. The door slid open to a long corridor with deep plush carpeting and doors with fancy brass plaques. The atmosphere was subdued and elegant. Two women in expensive-looking dresses and black patent pumps passed and left us in the wake of their blended perfumes. I heard one say to the other as they glanced back at us, "Isn't that young girl a cute." Governess stopped in front of a heavy glass door covered on the inside with gathered panels of powder pink lace curtain, just opaque enough to screen the gaze of a passerby. As we entered a foyer, Governess cautioned me, "This is where you need to do your best curtsying. Mademoiselle Olivia is a stickler for etiquette."

At that moment I spotted the gold script lettering on the soft textured wall panel, a diffused pinkish light washing over it from a recessed overhead fixture - *Mademoiselle's Romantic Fashions/Vogue Romantique*. There was a pervasive aura of perfume among the tall potted palms and ferns and enough polished brass to keep two maids fully employed. The setting made me feel like an intruder and that I should whisper and tiptoe, but all I could hear were the words "*stickler for etiquette*" blasting like a tripped burglar alarm in my head. Over my imagined din came the real swish of a dress in motion, prefaced by some hypnotic cologne. I turned toward the sound and scent to see a slender tall woman prancing toward us in fashion-model gait.

"Mademoiselle Olivia, good morning. How are you? I'd like you to meet Daphne, my young charge for the summer. Daphne, this is Mademoiselle Olivia," Governess said.

I made my best effort to curtsy deeply and as gracefully as I could after my morning's brief introductory lesson. It was better than my feeble try at Miss Wanda's, but far from perfect.

*"Chere Daphne, je suis enchantee. How lovely to meet you, my dear. Bienvenue. Won't you and your Governess come into my parlor so we can sit and I can get to know you un petit peu. Avec moi, s'il vous plait."*

I was in turmoil. The "stickler for etiquette" alarm was still blaring in my brain; I had to pay strict attention to understand Mademoiselle's accent and the French she kept sprinkling in; and I couldn't take my eyes off her exquisite beauty and presence. As I followed her, I couldn't help noticing the sway of her silk-clad hips, the swish of her shapely legs sheathed in dark seamed hosiery, and the firm animation of her generous bosom cupped gently in lavish ivory lace that was meant to show. She led us into a well-appointed parlor with classic French Empire furnishings, ankle-deep creamy carpet, fine Impressionist paintings of floral still lifes, and an expanse of floor-to-ceiling glass giving a breath-taking view of the city below. Mademoiselle motioned for me to sit beside her on the sofa. Governess sat across from us in a dusky rose damask upholstered wing-back chair. Mademoiselle leaned over the rosewood-inlaid table for a porcelain bell and gave it a vigorous jingle. Her breasts almost spilled over the top of her low-cut dress and into my face as she leaned forward. Her perfume managed to escape that inviting cleavage in a cloud of intoxicating scent, overwhelming my olfactory innocence. A maid in a very short black satin dress and starched white apron and cap responded to the bell and appeared at Mademoiselle's side with a grand and graceful curtsy carrying a silver tray with tea service and fine china cups and saucers. (*"Show-off," I thought to myself.*)

As the maid poured three cups of tea and served them to us, Mademoiselle engaged me in a lively interrogation.

"Tell me what your bedroom is like, Daphne. Has your Governess provided you with a pretty room for a sissy girl like you?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle," the word 'sissy' buzzing through me again like a live wire.

"What color is it, Daphne?"

"Pink, Mademoiselle."

"Oh, that's so lovely. Pink is my favorite color for sissies. Don't you agree, darling?"

"Um, yes, Mademoiselle."



"And tell me all about your bathroom, Daphne. I just love pretty bathrooms."

"It's mostly pink, too, Mademoiselle, with some white."

"How sweet, my dear. Just how a sissy's bathroom should be. And is there a nice big bathtub?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"Well, Daphne, don't keep me waiting. I want to know if Governess gives you delicious bubblebaths in your tub."

"Yes she does, Mademoiselle."

"And you like those bubblebaths, I hope, Daphne?"

"Um, pretty much, yes, Mademoiselle."

"What a good girl. I'm so glad. You're a very lucky girl to have a Governess who gives you bubblebaths in a big bathtub in a pink and white bathroom, aren't you." She turned to her maid, "Marie, can't you picture just how precious dear Daphne must look in her bubblebath?"

"*Oui, Mademoiselle,*" Marie replied in a very authentic French accent. I twisted the linen napkin in my lap realizing that Mademoiselle's maid was standing there listening to my entire interrogation.

"And you ARE a very good girl, aren't you, Daphne?"

"Y-yes, of course, Mademoiselle." I glanced at Governess out of the corner of my eye and saw her arch an eyebrow and draw a breath as though she were about to speak. "Most of the time, Mademoiselle," I hastily qualified my response.

"Oh?" Mademoiselle let her one-syllable question hang for a moment like a barb on her hook. "And the rest of the time? Are you a naughty girl, *ma petite?*"

"Um, yes, just a little."

"Well, Daphne. I must know all about it. What do you do when you're a naughty sissy?"

"Uh, well, I ah...sometimes I touch myself, I mean down there where girls shouldn't." I stared at my lap at my self-incrimination.

"My, my. Indeed you are naughty when you do that. And just when do you misbehave in this fashion?"

"Mostly, ah, mostly when I'm in the tub, Mademoiselle."

"And what else, Daphne?"

"Once in a while I say bad things or talk back," I said in a barely audible voice.

"I see. And of course Governess punishes you when you are so naughty, *oui?*"

"Yes, Mademoiselle." I hung my head and stared at the gleaming pencil-thin heel of her shoe dangling on her crossed leg. I realized she was waiting for an explanation of how Governess punished me, so I went on. "She gives me a spanking and washes my mouth out with soapsuds."

"That's just what I would do with a naughty sissy, too, wouldn't I, Marie? Good for your Governess for giving you the discipline you need."

My mouth was getting dry from such a humiliating confession. She leaned close to me so I could feel the warmth of her breath. My cup clattered in its saucer from my nerves. Mademoiselle took my hand in one of hers and put the index finger of her other hand under my chin. Her long manicured nail pressed into the soft flesh as she lifted my face up toward hers. She said, in a husky stage whisper,

"Daphne, you like pretty lingerie, don't you."

It was a statement, not a question, but she looked into my eyes and waited for me to respond. The sudden change of subject threw me off-guard. Her fingernail pressed her point - not hard, but demanding.

"Um, I don't know, Mademoiselle."

"Well, perhaps, Daphne, you simply haven't had enough experience wearing lingerie to truly know, have you?"

"No, I guess not, Mademoiselle."

She hiked up the hem of her dress to the middle of her thighs revealing an expanse of satin slip. She took my hand she was holding and placed it on the forbidden fabric. My hand shook. She raised it to her bosom and pushed my fingers down along the inner edge of the lace around her breast. Her skin burned my novice fingers and I blushed hotter than ever.

"Do you like my lingerie, Daphne."

"Oh yes, Mademoiselle. It's beautiful," I gushed, too enraptured to resist.

"*Bon, ma cherie*. That is excellent. You and I shall get along very well as I teach you all about the beauties of lingerie. You have nothing to be afraid of, trust me. I will teach you everything. Would you like to wear pretty lingerie like this, my sweet one?"

"I...I'm not sure, Mademoiselle. I think so." I looked nervously at Marie watching me with a mischievous smile.

"Oh, dear Daphne, when your silly stubborn *tete* won't give you an answer, we must ask your *Fleur de Lis*. It always tells the truth about what Daphne likes and doesn't like. Believe me, I know all about how to know if a sissy is telling the truth."

"*Fleur de Lis*, Mademoiselle? What's that?"

"Ha ha, you are so like a virgin sissy, so much to learn. Come stand up. I will show you. We'll have a little French lesson right this *moment*. Take off your blouse and hand it to Marie. *Bon, et maintenant* your *camisole*. Oooo, such *petite mamelons*, your little nipples." She stroked the back of her finger across my right nipple then lightly squeezed it between her index and middle fingers sending shivers through me. "Now your cute bottoms, lower your *pantelettes* right down. *Oui*, such sweet panties, *tres doux n'est ce pas, Marie?*"

She ran her hands over my panties front and back, smoothing the fabric against me, then tucked her fingers inside the waistband and gently drew me closer to her. Slowly she peeled the panties down my shaved thighs so I could feel them sliding every inch of the way.

"Ah! you are so nicely prepared, I see. Clean and soft and well-shaved. Did Governess shave you this morning, Daphne?"

The intimacy of her question made me hiccup in another fiery blush. "Y-yes, M-mademoi...hPPP! Mademoiselle."

"Such a nice ladylike ritual, shaving the legs in the morning, don't you think? Oh, and look what we found here, the precious sissy treasure all out in the fresh air, so tender and exposed."

Mademoiselle took my clitty in her warm palm and wrapped her fingers around it, massaging me lightly with the ball of her thumb.

"*Voici ta Fleur de Lis* - this is your *Fleur de Lis*. Until we can teach you better French, we'll just call it your "Miss Lily," Daphne. Miss Lily will always tell us whether you like something or not, and with you all nicely shaved like a pretty sissy, there's no place for Miss Lily to hide, is there Daphne. Now let's ask Miss Lily how she likes my lingerie. Oh! *oui*, see, Daphne, how she grows and puffs up so pink and firm and cute. I think she likes my lingerie, don't you?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"Of course, *bien sur*, Daphne. Now let's take Miss Lily for a *petite promenade*, and we'll show her some more nice lingerie - pretty things Miss Lily would love to wear."

Mademoiselle finished removing my panties and took my wrist in her hand. I followed her around the corner from the parlor and past the wide glass windows, feeling my nakedness was exposed to the whole city below. Governess followed behind us. She showed me into a marble-tiled bathroom with a slipper-style Victorian bathtub in the middle of the floor.

"When you return for a fitting next time, Daphne, we'll give you a nice French bubblebath in here before you try on any lingerie, *une grande bain d'eau de savon chaud* - a wonderful warm sudsy bath. Oh, you'll love it. But for now we will just wash our hands before we go on. We must have clean hands before we touch any of the nice things I'm going to show you."

She led me to a marble pedestal sink with gold fixtures and ran warm water into the bowl. Mademoiselle worked an oval cake of pale green soap into a fragrant lather between her hands as her bracelets jangled. Then she slipped the bubbly soap into my hands, and I obediently followed her example with the exotic perfumed cake. Nothing had ever felt so smooth and creamy to my hands before. After rinsing my hands under the gold faucet, Marie held out a pure white linen hand towel and dried my hands for me. She handed Mademoiselle a long length of pink satin ribbon. Mademoiselle tied one end in a snug bow around my balls and sissy clitty and took the other in her hand and gave me a soft tug with the ribbon leash.

Mademoiselle led us into a large mirrored room with rack after rack of every imaginable kind and color of lingerie from nightgowns and peignoirs to bustieres and brassieres, corsets, and garter belts to babydolls and teddies. She stopped at several racks and picked out sheer gossamer delicate things dripping with lace and bows and ribbon roses, things with layers of ruffles and satin piping. Each piece she held up to me with an exclamation of delight. "*Mais oui*, so very pretty our Daphne will be."

Finally Mademoiselle led us back into the parlor. She had me sit beside her again - this time moving closer to me so that my bare thigh was against her hip. She held my hand in hers and put it in her lap, then reached over with her other hand and took my clitty with her thumb and forefinger and slowly rolled my clitty between them.

"And how did Miss Lily like our little lingerie tour, eh? Oooo, Miss Lily, I think she liked all those nice lingeries, *n'est ce pas?* Didn't she, Daphne. Look at her. She makes her little Miss Lily tears because I think she wants to go home in some nice lingerie."

She slipped my hand under her dress until I could feel the edge of her panties and the heat between Mademoiselle's thighs.

"You like Mademoiselle's lap, Daphne?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"Oh, la la, such a naughty sissy. You know what Mademoiselle likes to do with her sweet naughty sissies, Daphne?"

"N-no, Mademoiselle."

"She likes nice soft sissy bottoms so much, and she likes to make them all pink and warm. And you know, Daphne, Mademoiselle just loves to spank sissy bottoms. Mademoiselle just can't resist spanking a pretty sissy bottom any time she has a chance."

I caught my breath and wanted to withdraw my hand from under her dress, but she held it there trapped tightly between her thighs. I realized she wasn't about to release me until she'd finished with me.

"Wouldn't you like to get across my lap now, Daphne - for a little spanking, just *une petite fessée rouge*?"

"Um, I-I don't really know, Mademoiselle."

"Oh, but Governess spansks you, Daphne, doesn't she."

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"And you just said you do like my lap, don't you."

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"Well, shall we leave it up to Miss Lily. Let's see what she has to say about a spanking. Oh, Daphne, I think Miss Lily wants you to get across my lap right now. Look at how tall she's grown, and she's weeping more tears."

Mademoiselle took my hand out from underneath her dress, stood, and lifted her dress over her head in a smooth fluid motion and swaying of her hips. Marie put the dress on a hanger and handed Mademoiselle a silk robe to wrap around her delectable undergarments - bra, panties, and garter belt. Mademoiselle seated herself again in the middle of the sofa and parted her knees slightly, letting the silk slither off her knees. Marie handed her a lace-trimmed perfumed hankie, which she placed on her dark stocking-clad thigh, then Marie drew the drapes across the windows, darkening the room and transforming it into a private chamber.

"Come, Daphne. Put our *chère* Miss Lily right here on the *serviette*. I don't want my nice silk stockings stained with sissy tears. If Miss Lily makes *un desordre* - a little

mess, I'll have to use my *martinet*. Now you get yourself comfy with your legs out on the sofa and tuck your head right on the pillow here by my side. And we'll have a nice little bottom spanking to make Mademoiselle Olivia happy - just a little bit, you be a good sissy and enjoy it, too, eh? Ask me politely now for a nice spanking *s'il vous plait, Mademoiselle, une petite fessée.*"

"May I have a...*une petite fessée, s'il vous plait, Mademoiselle?*"

"*O, oui, certainement, ma petite. Es tu prêt?* Certainly my little one. Are you ready?"

I took a deep breath and let my hips settle into the curve of her thigh. Mademoiselle ran her hand over my hairless bottom, making me shiver again. Suddenly, she started slapping both cheeks with a rapid hand rhythm. The heat that shot through my cheeks turned into a tingle that crept into the pit of my stomach. We rocked in unison to her tempo, Miss Lily hard against her hankie. I heard Mademoiselle's breathing slip into a pattern exhaling a short burst of air with each crisp blow she landed. I could feel her concentrating on her pleasure. My bottom began to hurt. I started to moan when each spank hit. Together we made our noises - her statement of pleasant exertion, and the excited response it elicited from me - until she finished in a flurry of hard quick spanks and a great deep sigh, resting her hot palm on my equally florid and puffy flanks. She let me up off her lap and closed her robe demurely. Marie assisted me with my clothes and handed me a tissue to blow my nose and wipe my eyes. I tried not to look at Governess, so she wouldn't see my reaction to the spanking. My clitty was still achingly stiff, but Governess has seen the entire event, and was smiling in a way that made me think she was planning her own event for me when we got home.

Once I was dressed again, Mademoiselle pointed a long fingernail toward the floor directing me to kneel at her feet by the sofa. She extended her hand toward me and instructed me to kiss the back of it. I took her hand and brought my lips down to the sensuous skin, inhaling the lingering scent of her soap. I pressed my lips to the back of her hand, then she unexpectedly turned her hand over, and without a word, I knew what she wanted. I rested my mouth in the heat of her palm in the most submissive gesture I could and stayed there for what seemed like minutes while she stroked my hair with her other hand. As I humbled myself for Mademoiselle, Marie left the room and quickly returned. Mademoiselle lifted my face up toward her eyes. She took a small green velvet bag with a drawstring from Marie and handed it to me. I could tell by its shape and weight, but mostly by its scent, that it contained the soap we had used to wash our hands.

"Daphne, I want you to take this soap home with you. Put it under your pillow so you will remember our visit today and the little spanking we both enjoyed. I want you to bring it each week when you come for your French lessons. Like your Governess, I know how much a simple thing like a cake of soap can improve a sissy's manner of speaking and concentration. Later I shall speak with your Governess to schedule an afternoon to fit you with some pretty lingerie, too."

Mademoiselle permitted me to stand. I somehow understood I was to make another curtsy, and then thanked Mademoiselle for the visit. Governess took my hand and walked me to the door and onto the elevator. I clutched the little green velvet bag like a treasure without even realizing how tightly I held it.

I was quiet as a mouse all the way home I was so spellbound by my visit to Mademoiselle Olivia's. When we got home again, Governess immediately had me take the green velvet bag upstairs and tuck it under my pillow as Mademoiselle had told me to do. After she had me unload the car and carry in all our purchases, she took me back up to the bathroom for an early bath before supper. My bottom was still glowing pink from Mademoiselle's spanking as I slipped under the rich warm bubbles. Governess pulled her straight chair beside the tub, sat down, and opened the package from the drugstore. She took out one of the tampons and removed the wrapper. I watched with a worried expression as she held out a long slender pink tube rounded on one end. A white string dangled from the narrow end. She reached a hand down into the suds and lifted my hand up to the edge of the tub where she placed the tampon in it.

"Here, Daphne. I want you to learn what a tampon is. Hold it in your hand, feel its shape. Smell its fresh clean scent. Go ahead, I want you to put it right under your nose and get a good smell. It won't bite you."

I obeyed and inhaled the feminine fragrance, surprised that it was actually a pleasant scent.

"Now, Daphne, hold the tampon between your thumb and middle finger and put your index finger on the narrow end and push it down - slow and steady."

Again, I obeyed and watched a thick wad of dense white fiber expand out of the wide end of the pink tube. Governess told me to put the tampon under the bathwater for a minute. When she had me lift it back out of the water, it was heavy and saturated and swollen several times its original size. I still didn't understand how or where it would be used, but I was about to get my answer.

"When sissies start to grow up, every month they need to use these tampons to soak up all the juices in their little love holes. It takes a few days before all the juices stop flowing, and sometimes sissies can get cranky from cramps and all that buildup, but they still have to wear their tampons until their monthly flow is over. Sometimes they need to take nice warm douches, too, to make them feel better. And since sissies aren't made quite like real girls, they have to wear their tampons in their bottom holes. We push it right up past that tight little rosebud anus so it's inside your bottom like a sponge to keep your sissy hole from leaking, and then we have to tie a pretty bow of ribbon on the end of the string to make it easier when we change your tampon four times a day.

"Four times a day?"

"Oh yes, Daphne. Four times a day, and we have to wash you every time to keep you clean and fresh. This is what feminine hygiene is all about."

I looked at Governess nervously and then at the big dripping wad that dangled from my fingers, trying to imagine it stuffed inside my bottom. "When do I have to start using tam- uh-tampons, Governess?"

"Oh, I'll keep a close watch on you for signs, but you'll know when you get up some morning and feel achy and have cramps. We'll leave a few of these out by the sink just as a reminder until we need to start training you to use them. I'd say it will happen in the next week at the latest. You're becoming quite a feminine sissy, so it could be any day now. You just finish washing up in the tub now, and don't worry about anything. I'll teach you just what to do when it's time." She reached down under the suds and found my bottom and wiggled her soapy finger inside me and smiled. "It's just part of good hygiene you have to learn as a sissy, Daphne. As soon as you're all rinsed, we'll get you into your nightie and bathrobe for supper. You've been a good girl most of the day, so after supper we'll read a bedtime story together."

As a special treat, Governess excused me from having to do any cleanup chores after supper. Instead, we went up to my bedroom right after I brushed my teeth. Governess brushed my hair as I sat at the vanity table and she commented on how much longer it was getting. "That lady in the supermarket was right. You'll look so much sweeter with a more girlish hairstyle. Miss Wanda will take good care of you when we take you back to see her. Now let's read one of your nice stories you brought with you. Wouldn't that be fun, Daphne?"

I gulped and felt my face turn red as Governess came back from her bedroom with the notebook she had confiscated. She opened it and handed it to me to begin reading out loud. Governess sat close to me on the edge of the bed and slid her hand under my nightie to caress me as I read.

"...Ms. Pinkham came to my desk and held her hand out for the note I'd just tried to hide. 'I'll see you after school, young man. Now hand me that note.' When the last bell rang that afternoon, I shook with a mixture of excitement and fear as I walked down the corridor to Ms. Pinkham's classroom. A chill went through me as she closed the door behind me. She began to scold me for always daydreaming in her class and never handing in my assignments. I sat in the front seat by her desk, my eyes fixed on the dark shadow between her thighs where she crossed her legs sitting on the edge of her desk. 'What are you looking at, young man?' She picked up a ruler and walked behind me, tapping the wide wooden instrument on the flat of her palm as she spoke. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up and tingled. I could feel things stirring inside my panties (well, really my mother's panties I had snatched from her drawer). I could feel the heat and color rising up beneath my collar



just from the thought of what Ms. Pinkham would say if she knew I was wearing panties in her class and daydreaming about her pulling them down..."

As I continued reading, it became more and more difficult to get the words out the closer I got to the parts I knew were coming, the parts I'd written about going home and closing my bedroom door and imagining Ms. Pinkham stripping me naked and spanking me, then finding the foul language on the note I had in class and taking me into the bathroom to wash my mouth out with soapsuds, and how I'd lie on my bed and play with myself in my mother's panties until I'd come and soak the frilly nylon and pant with exhaustion from my mental and physical workout. Governess took the notebook and resumed reading when I began to stumble over the words in my embarrassment. It seemed even worse to hear her read my story, all the time continuing to stroke me under my nightie. My sissy clitty got hard and was oozing sissy tears before she finished reading my fantasy.

"What an interesting little story about a very naughty sissy, Daphne. And where did that naughty sissy end up? Why, right in the hands of her very own Governess, just where a naughty sissy belongs. You do have quite an active imagination. Perhaps we'll soon put it to good use - all that creativity shouldn't be wasted on fantasies you keep to yourself. We should share them with others who would enjoy them and appreciate what goes on in that naughty little mind when you're alone. Shouldn't we, Daphne?"

"Yes, Governess."

"Yes, of course. Now reach under your pillow for that soft little bag with the green soap Mademoiselle gave you and take it out. Give the soap a nice kiss - use your lips and your tongue, Daphne - so you'll have nice sweet dreams of all we did today. Yes, that's the way. Now give your Governess a sweet goodnight kiss and thank me for such an exciting day taking you shopping. Oh, I'm afraid I've gotten your sissy clitty all excited tonight. You just remember that you're not to play with it by yourself."

"No, Governess. Good night, and thank you for such a nice shopping trip."

"You're welcome, Daphne. Maybe in the morning, we'll have to give that naughty clitty an extra special rise and shine scrubbing. We'll see if we can make Daphne wiggle and squirm and beg for her Governess to make her clitty squirt into a warm sudsy washcloth. You'd like that, wouldn't you, my pet - and the spanking that follows every time your naughty clitty squirts for me. Sweet dreams, honey."

When I rolled over and put my hand under the pillow, I felt the green velvet bag and its contents from Mademoiselle Olivia. I tasted the soap on my tongue, and it made my clitty ache even harder.