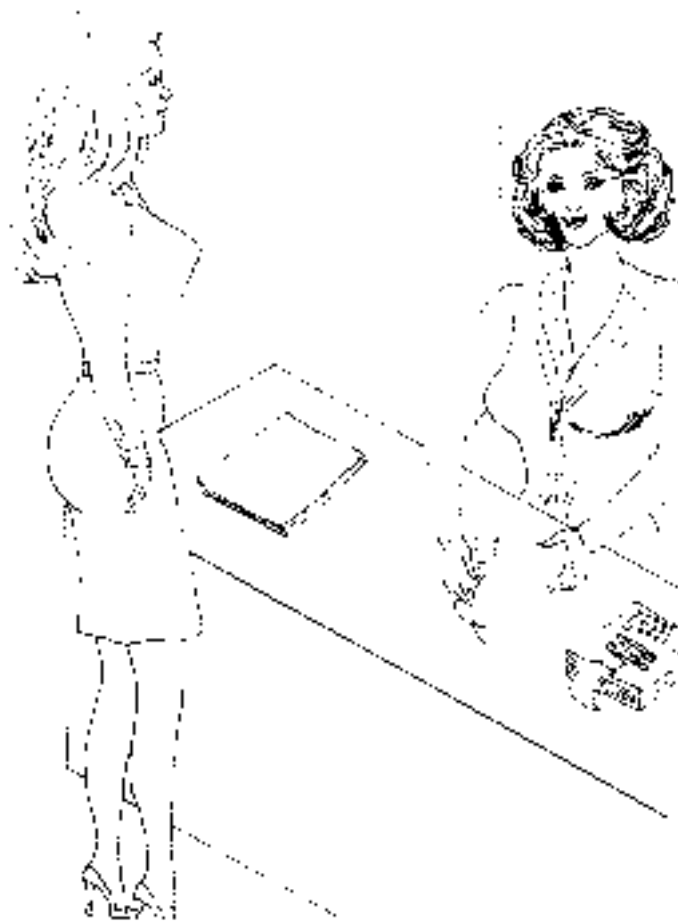


EVELYN'S PROPER EDUCATION

BOOK VI: EVELYN'S SUITABLE CAREER

By Elizabeth Anne Nelson



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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EVELYN'S PROPER EDUCATION

by Elizabeth Ann Nelson

BOOK 6: EVELYN'S SUITABLE CAREER

It was several days after Evelyn had turned Mr. Rogers' evaluation into Mrs. Drover, who was pleased to hear how well Evelyn was performing, that Mr. Francis stopped Evelyn in the employee cafeteria.

“Evelyn, I was wondering if we could have a little chat?”

“Of course, sir,” Evelyn replied with an almost instinctive half curtsy which caused him to blush as he hurried to join Mr. Francis. Once they had cleared their trays and sat down to eat she asked, “How are the children?”

“Ah, that is what I want to talk to you about,” Mr. Francis noted setting his coffee cup aside before digging into his salad with a fork. “I am faced with a little problem it seems. My mother has a very bad case of the flu and Dad is concerned that the children will get it too if we bring in a neighbor woman. I have asked your mother, and she will allow you to take vacation to help as will Mr. Rogers.”

“I am glad to help,” she responded wanting to help Mr. Francis and the children. “How shall I arrange things?”

“Well, if you don't mind, I have arranged plane tickets for the both of us on a morning flight. I can pick you up at your mother's home first, about seven, and then we can go to the airport from there. Mrs. Drover and Butch have both suggested that you might want to punch out after lunch so that you can get things together.”

“Why that would be very nice, Mr. Francis,” Evelyn agreed after a nice lunch with Mr. Francis where he discussed briefly his recent promotion to Vice President for Finance and the Drovers Corporation acquisition and merger with one of its major competitors based in Chicago, which would more than double the size of the corporation.

Evelyn called his step mother and Mr. Rogers to verify his leave. Evelyn then rushed home to pack, stopping enroute to buy a plant for Mr. Francis' mother and little trinkets for the children.

When Mr. Francis arrived the next morning Evelyn was awaiting dressed in a white nylon and lace trimmed shirt blouse and a pink pants suit.

Within seconds Evelyn's travel bag, suitcase, vanity case, and Mrs. Francis' plant were secure in the trunk and they were off to the airport.

During the drive and wait for the plane Mr. Francis expressed how lovely Evelyn looked; how the children and his parents were awaiting for Evelyn's arrival; and, the glowing reports he had heard from Mrs. Drover and Mr. Rogers on Evelyn's progress at work.

On the plane Mr. Francis and Evelyn chatted about the events in their lives since the death of Mr. Francis' wife. Mr. Francis had sold his large home, since the children were living in Wisconsin with his mother, and now lived in a condominium near his office. He was lonely and missed his late wife and the children. He had even suggested that his parents retire from their farm and join him; but, they felt that it was too early to retire and they estimated that selling the farm in the current market could represent an economic loss.

When they reached O'Hare, outside of Chicago, they had a pleasant lunch before dark. Mr. Francis rented a car to drive to the farm. Once they were on the road Mr. Francis leaned back to relax enjoying the feel of the country drive. After awhile he glanced at Evelyn musing over how really beautiful the girl had become from the awkward high school girl who had once worked as a maid for his wife and children to the woman at his side; and then he remembered his conversation with Evelyn's step-mother.

"I spoke with your mother about you, last week after a staff meeting on the Donnelly National merger," he began feeling a bit uncomfortable, but feeling also that Mrs. Drover had been quite sincere in her request of him.

"I cannot say that either my late wife, or she, have been entirely fair to you. But, I do know that my wife loved you and was deeply dedicated to seeing to it that you were well trained, as Mrs. Drover wished. In your best interest."

"I understand, sir," Evelyn replied adjusting the purse in his lap.

"Your mother loves you a great deal. I know that she has taken a greater interest in you than she has her own natural daughters. As a result you have become a beautiful woman," he paused trying to order his thoughts.

"Your mother is very concerned about your future. She has known about you and Mr. Rogers for quite some time."

"Mr. Rogers and I?" Evelyn asked uncertainly remembering Butch's suggestion that Mrs. Drover had observed that Evelyn and he should get married.

"Butch Rogers is a fine young man. Under your mother's guidance he has shown a flare for sales and management. On his own he has obtained a college degree in night school. A very hard working young man, who will be an assistant vice president for one of our sales areas within a year. And, according to both Butch and your mother he is in love with you and wants to marry you."

Evelyn looked down at his skirted lap and purse feeling the trap closing in. His mother had been preparing him to become a woman so that he could marry Butch. She had been planning this for years.

"I do not love Butch Rogers, Mr. Francis. I have told him so. And although I appreciate your interest and my mother's plans for my future, I don't intend to marry him."

"I see," Mr. Francis observed with a shrug. "You do know that your mother wants you to be happily married, so I am certain that she will not do anything to prevent your happiness and fulfillment as a woman."

He paused in the traffic flow before entering the tollway.

"If you wish I will tell her what you have told me, I am sure that she will understand?"

"If you would," Evelyn responded hoping that his mother would really be willing to abandon her plan to have Evelyn meet her 'fulfillment' as a woman by marrying Butch. But, for some reason, Evelyn had his doubts. All these years she had been preparing Evelyn to becoming a bride for Butch, a proper education for Evelyn. Inwardly Evelyn shuddered knowing that Butch would gladly marry the daughter of Mrs. Drover, it fitted Butch's ambitious plans.

And, Evelyn saw that deep down inside of his own now womanly instincts that Butch was perhaps the natural choice, for long ago they had been very close friends...

"I once liked Butch very much, we were..."

"Evelyn, perhaps you should think about this. It would be foolish to turn your back upon a secure future, one which you know in your heart would be the best for you. I am sure that your mother has your best interests at heart. And, as you say, Butch and you are at the least good friends," he nodded to himself as if the matter were settled. "I will tell her that you are considering the idea."

"If you think that would be best, Mr. Francis," Evelyn responded surrendering himself to the fact that his stepmother had already demonstrated many times how well she could manage Evelyn's future.

Looking out of the window at the passing countryside Evelyn wondered what it might be like to be Mrs. Butch Rogers, housewife. Resting back in the seat Evelyn wondered if it really would be so. ..

Two hours later they stopped for supper and Mr. Francis took some time to tell Evelyn about his own plans to relocate to Chicago once the merger was completed. In fact it was very likely that the Drover Corporation itself would relocate its headquarters to Chicago in order to more efficiently manage the newly merged giant which Mr. Francis had been so responsible for creating.

"Do you mean that mother plans to move with the corporation?"

"Maybe, Evelyn," he responded paying for the check and helping Evelyn with his coat. "We must make tracks if we are to be at my parents before the children are put to bed. They are so looking forward to seeing you."

Evelyn began to see better his mother's plans. She had planned to have Evelyn married to Butch and then have Butch assigned to a district management position somewhere where the young couple could start life anew. Where no one would know about Evelyn's past. Except, . . . Butch.

Evelyn stepped into the car deep in thought realizing how well his mother had planned the future. A future suitable for her stepdaughter, one which removed all

traces of the past and totally denied him the rights he might have expected, as his father's son. A woman's fate...

There was now no doubt in Evelyn's mind, why his step mother had taken control of his father's empire, she was best suited for it...

Suddenly Evelyn's thoughts were interrupted by the car turning into a farm driveway to make its approach to a large white frame farm house surrounded by a lovely garden and beautiful shade trees.

"Ah, there they are."

Sammy and Sarah looked up from their play to suddenly began shouting:

"Grandma! Grandma! Evelyn's here! Evelyn's here!"

Evelyn left the car to accept their wildly happy hugs and kisses before he noticed little Carol standing shyly trying to remember Evelyn.

"Hi, you must be my little Carol," Evelyn announced to see the child smile happily and rushed to join the twins.

"How old are you now, Carol?"

"I'm five years old, and Sammy and Sarah are six," little Carol exclaimed, turning to see Mrs. Francis coming with the youngest twins in tow. "Susan and Sandra are three, just little babies."

"I can remember when you were just a little baby," Evelyn laughed accepting Mrs. Francis' hug and kiss of greeting. "It is so good to see you again, Mrs. Francis."

"Emma, call me Emma, child," Mrs. Francis urged taking the path back to the house, "It is just wonderful of you to come and help out. The children do so need someone to be around and I am sure that they all love you dearly."

"How has the farm been going, Dad?" Mr. Francis asked handing one of Evelyn's bags to his father.

"Pretty dry this year, Samuel," his father responded giving his son a wink, "Things must be going pretty well for you, escorting the president's beautiful daughter half way across the country. Why Evelyn is a full grown woman now, hardly the slip of a girl I remember."

"Ah, come on, dad," Samuel laughed as they retreated upstairs with the luggage as Mrs. Francis took Evelyn and the children back to the kitchen to offer Evelyn a bite to eat while Evelyn turned her attention to the children and their myriad of questions.

"No thank you, Emma," Evelyn noted picking up little Sandra to examine a little cut on her knee while the child prattled on about how Thomas, the family cat, had scratched her.

"Did you pull his tail?"

"A little," the toddler admitted, to everybody's laughter.

"I think that it is time for the children to go to bed," Emma announced to loud protests, but soon order was restored and the two women set about to put the five little ones into their beds.

“Perhaps we might have a bit of coffee while I help you to unpack,” Emma offered leading the way to a bedroom next to the room shared by the toddlers.

“This will be your room, dearest, I'll fetch the coffee things.”

“I..” Evelyn was about to protest over the fussing but Mrs. Francis had already vanished down the hall leaving Evelyn to himself. Seeing his bags on the old colonial four poster he opened the dress bag and began to hang his things up in a nearby closet.

“Ah, you have already started, ” Emma proclaimed with a sigh placing the tray on a nearby nightstand. “It is so nice to have another woman in the house. I swear I am too old, for toddlers.”

She laughed and began to carefully pack Evelyn's lingerie into a dresser drawer.

“Samuel should really think about getting remarried instead of becoming president of Drover Corporation, The kids miss their father so. He should marry a healthy girl like you.”

“It seems that everyone is trying to get me married off today,” Evelyn laughed placing a sweater in a bureau drawer. “Your son and my mother want me to marry Butch Rogers, and, now you want me to marry your son. It's all a bit much.”

“A bit much,” Emma mused placing a suitcase into the closet before pouring out a cup of coffee and taking her place in a rocking chair. “My late daughter-in-law told me all about you, Joan and I had few secrets from one another, very few, my dearest child.”

Evelyn poured himself a cup of coffee and sat upon the bed wondering how much Emma really knew about his past. It was strangely uncomfortable to think back upon his past, it was now so far away and in a moment she had brought it back. To those days when he served Samuel and his father as a cocktail waitress while Emma and Mrs. Francis watched over the children. Now, Samuel's parents lived in the country with the their grandchildren.

“So then you can see why I think about marriage the way I do. It is all silly.”

“Silly?” Mrs. Francis nodded her head, “I must confess that was my first reaction. But, marriage is a natural career for a woman. And whatever you may have been as a rough motorcycle gang leader, you are now a full grown woman in every way.”

“Not every way,” Evelyn half whispered looking away out the window to avoid Mrs. Francis' face, “Although my mother says that with an operation...”

“Perhaps to have babies, as Joan told me,” she interrupted, “But, you are more of a woman than most I know. In fact about one out of three women can't even have babies. That is a silly way to judge yourself. Do you love this Butch?”

“No, we were very good friends.”

“And my Samuel?”

Evelyn looked at Mrs. Francis in surprise, “I have never really..”

“I can hardly believe that. He talks a great deal about you,” Emma stated after taking a sip from her cup.

"I can not believe that you would want me to marry your son," Evelyn half protested from her personal confusion, "Or he would..."

"Why not, you are very well trained, as a homemaker," Emma responded, "And the children adore you. And I would love to have you as a daughter-in-law. Why even Joan suggested that Samuel should marry you."

"And Samuel?"

"What do men really know about such things," Emma laughed, with a shrug. "You are perfect for each other. He needs a wife and you need the children."

Evelyn looked at her to see if she was just teasing, but Mrs. Francis sat quietly as if she had decided the matter.

"And love?"

"It will find a way," Emma stated with satisfaction. "Your mother and I are well aware of the fact that you are now a woman, and that is enough to say that love will have its way with you."

"Ah, perhaps tomorrow," Evelyn laughed, wondering why everybody had suddenly decided that he should put on a bridal gown, "If I am to take care of the children tomorrow, I really should get some sleep."

"Of course, dearest. I really must speak to Samuel before he goes to bed tonight, now that we have decided things," and with this she arose to kiss Evelyn on the cheek and retreat with the coffee tray. "Good night, dearest."

Evelyn prepared for bed half wondering which of the two women would have their way. His mother or Mrs. Francis. Whatever happened he was destined to be a bride, if either had their way.

Smiling to himself he slipped into his nightgown and wondered what Butch or Samuel would think if they knew.

In the days that followed Emma did not again speak about her plans for Samuel and Evelyn; for once Evelyn took charge of the children and Samuel had returned to Chicago for work.

Emma's flu suddenly became much worse and the poor woman retreated to her bed leaving Evelyn totally in charge of the household.

Before the crack of dawn Evelyn awoke to the rooster crow to dress and retreat to the kitchen where he made breakfast for Mr. Francis, or Sam, as he preferred to be called.

After packing a farm lunch for him he brought a light breakfast up for Emma. Soon the toddlers were up followed by Sammy, Sarah, and Carol. Totally delighting in the whirlwind of dressing the children and the rushing of Sammy, Sarah, and Carol off to their school bus he returned to supervise little Susan and Sandra's play in the little play room by the kitchen while Evelyn then turned his attention to the household chores, pausing from time to time to look in on Emma; who, when not in bed watching television passed her time sewing.

Among Emma's sewing things Evelyn discovered that Emma was busily working on a special dress along with the regular clothes she made for the children and herself.

Whenever Evelyn entered the room while Emma was working on this dress, Emma quickly hid it and they both delighted in the little game for Evelyn knew very well that the little surprise was to be a present.

Within two weeks Emma was back up and around helping Evelyn with the chores but the family doctor wanted Evelyn to stay on for another week until all was certain that Emma would be well enough and a woman from the town would be flu free enough to help her out.

Evelyn and Emma shared the farm household almost as if they were mother and daughter with each day passing causing Evelyn to see Emma more and more in this light.

Evelyn also began to see in Sam the father that Evelyn would have wanted if he had really been born as a girl.

When Emma was freed from her bed the two women decided that Evelyn should be out and about the farm with visits to the Falls to do the farm shopping. And among his new chores was to bring out Sam his noon lunch so that he could have a warm meal and companionship while he took a break from the spring plowing...

Evelyn sat on the gate brace feeling the warm south winds as they played gently with his long flowing golden hair. Dressed in jeans and a loose pink shirt blouse he watched Sam dismount from the tractor and approach brushing the sweat from his brow as he removed his hat revealing his silver gray hair.

Evelyn gazed at Samuel's father and saw in his tall raw boned strength the image of the man approaching the fall of his life. Of course Sam's face was darker by constant sun and exposure to the outdoors and his hands and arms revealed the physical labor of his lifestyle.

"Dam it girl, you should wear a hat," Sam swore jokingly as he sat solidly before the picnic spread that Evelyn had prepared for him under a large shade tree. His deep blue eyes studied Evelyn as Evelyn walked into the shade to join him.

"I think I am going to miss these picnics with you, girl. You're spoiling me. God knows that the minute you leave Emma is going to pack me box lunches again."

"Doesn't she bring you lunch, Sam," Evelyn asked pouring out a cup of coffee and taking a sandwich for himself.

"Before the kids came," Sam noted a bit wistfully as he took a sip from his own cup. "But, the kids keep her busy now. Why anyone would want to be a woman, I'll never know."

"It's not so bad," Evelyn laughed accepting his comment at face value.

He looked up at Evelyn with sudden concern, "I'm sorry, it just came out. I..."

"Listen, Mr. Francis, I really enjoy being a girl," Evelyn responded feeling the older man's discomfort.

Sam took a sandwich from the hamper and then settled his broad back against the tree.

"It appears that I have talked to everybody about you Emma, Samuel, the kids, my son's late wife, and even your step mother. Everybody but you, child, seems about time for that, don't you think?"

"If you want to, Sam.."

"I don't know if anyone has told you, child, but you make one hell of a fine woman; about like Emma when she was your age. Fine breeding stock as they used to say back in the old country. As my father would say, educated, socialized, and skilled in the things that count for a woman. You only lack the most important part, a husband of your own and children to make you complete."

"Like your son, Sam?"

"He's asked?" Sam asked with a smile that told Evelyn the whole story. "Thought he could see a good thing."

"Nope," Evelyn said firmly, "Would you really approve?"

"Sure, at least I'd get a picnic most days then," he laughed helping himself to a piece of angel food cake. "And the best angel food cake in the county. Yes, I would like a daughter like you. Why hasn't he asked?"

Evelyn shrugged uncertainly, "Because I am what I am. Probably because we don't love one another also."

"Hmmm, my son's too old, for you, eh?"

Evelyn suddenly laughed and kissed Sam,

"No, darling, too young. I adore his father."

Sam laughed to return the kiss before getting up.

"I'll have to see what Emma wants, it's about time I traded her in on the spring model."

"You'd be trading down, Sam Francis," Evelyn noted clearing up the picnic site as Sam returned to his plowing with a happy wave. Packing the hamper Evelyn headed back to the farm house.

Evelyn found Emma straightening up the living room.

"I have the Birthday Club coming over next week, so I thought that it was time to consider spring cleaning. Would you mind helping me?" Emma asked hopefully."

"I've already called your mother and she has agreed on another week. Then Samuel will take you to the airport next Sunday so you can go home."

"I'd love to, if it is alright with Mr. Rogers," Evelyn half protested already knowing that his stepmother's word was enough.

"I checked that base too. All he wanted to know was if my boy was staying here. Once he was sure Samuel wasn't, he seemed satisfied," Emma teased shifting an end table. "I think he is stuck on you, that's certain."

“So's Sam, I think,” Evelyn laughed taking the hamper to the kitchen to be followed by Emma. “Even kissed me in the hay.”

“Just spring,” Emma noted, “Maybe I had better bring lunch out to him, a woman can't be too sure.”

She helped unpack the hamper while they made plans for the upcoming spring cleaning.

The farm house was stripped of furnishings from attic to basement with everything cleaned and polished, until the home looked like new, all ready for the community women who came for the Birthday Club meeting.

Emma paused before Mrs. Dunn to offer her another cup of coffee while Evelyn busied himself passing around a tray of cookies among a group of women about his own age who were all curious about Evelyn's job and how Evelyn liked his little `vacation' on the farm helping Mrs. Francis.

The chatter turned from Evelyn to children and the community assumption that Evelyn was Samuel's intended and how nice it would be for the children to have a mommy again.

“The Dexter farm is for sale, Emma,” Mrs. Gaines said taking another sip from her coffee, “It would make a perfect `gentleman's farm' for Samuel, although it is rather large. The homestead is perfect since the Dexter's had twelve kids and I'm sure that Evelyn would like it. Samuel has a plane of his own and the county air park is only five miles away. It would be perfect. Lowlry would be glad to farm it for you. In fact he has talked to Sam about picking up some work here.”

“Why, that would be an excellent idea,” Mrs. Francis observed winking towards Evelyn. “I'm sure that Evelyn would like plenty of room to expand the family. Twelve kids, hmm, nothing like a head start.”

The women laughed over Evelyn's little blush and shifted to talking about plans for a church social.

While Evelyn was helping to clean up after the party Emma was busy talking to Mrs. Gaines about watching the twins Saturday night so that she and Sam could go to the square dance in Falls. Evelyn protested that he could...

“No, dearest, you are coming with us.”

“But, I don't have a date or a dance dress,” Evelyn protested.

“Oh, I am going to furnish you with both a dress and my son for your first Falls square dance party,” Emma promised happily, “Then it's up to you.”

Evelyn stood in front of the bedroom mirror dressed in a pink all in one strapless styled body brief and nude panty hose while Emma stood to one side to look at the beautiful woman reflected in the mirror.

“First we will try on the panties,” Emma announced holding up a pink satin rumba ruffled rhapsody of white lace reminding Evelyn of the adorable rumba panties that Mrs. Drover had once required of her `little toddler girl'. Slipping the panty up the smooth, nylon hose covered legs Evelyn adjusted the waist band to pick up a short

white organza, ruffled, lace tier covered, starched, pink taffeta, crinoline hoop skirt that looked a bit like a short tutu which floated like a fluffy, white, pink and white cloud that revealed saucy pink rumba ruffles when Evelyn turned to accept a multi-layered pink and white, taffeta, ruffled petticoat to slip over the head until it rested lightly upon the crinoline.

“This is the blouse.”

The woman in the mirror accepted the lovely white satin peasant styled, off the shoulder blouse with a scoop neckline trimmed in lace which revealed the upper half of her beautiful breasts. Adjusting the white, full, rose puffed sleeves trimmed with matching lace she raised her hands so that Emma could lower the bib styled pink, satin taffeta dance skirt into place to zip up the back. Evelyn stepped into patent leather pink Mary Jane styled, dancing pumps while Emma arranged her long golden, curled, goody-goody girl styled hair into a lovely pink satin hair bow that matched Emma's.

“See, a mother and daughter square dance dress,” Emma exclaimed to open her coat to reveal that her dress was exactly like Evelyn's. She paused to gaze at Evelyn in a strange far away look. “You look just like you could be my own little, pink, dolly daughter. I'd adore making lots of dresses for you.”

Evelyn kissed her lightly on the cheek thanking her as he slipped into a white, shorty, spring coat and picked up a pink purse to match his dainty dance pumps.

To his chagrin the coat covered his décolleté and he suddenly realized that the image was exactly that of a little girl!

Emma saw Evelyn's reaction to the mirrored image and deftly opened his coat,

“He thinks you are young enough as it is,” Emma mused with a sly wink taking Evelyn in tow to the hallway and down the stairs to be greeted by a kiss from her blue bibbed overall dressed husband while Samuel took Evelyn's hand with his eyes focused upon her obvious charms.

“Only if you marry her, Samuel.”

Samuel actually blushed turning towards the door to hide his face in a rush to leave with a laughing trio behind him heading for the car.

Within minutes they were in the car and arriving at the Falls township hall where the square dance was to be held.

The women carried in the food for the buffet while the men took the coats to the check in area and paid for the charity tickets allowing both to join their respective groupings. The women shared their feminine interests while the men discussed the spring plowing and other important matters, or so it seemed to them.

As the square dance band played a few warm up tunes before the caller stood up to announce the first dance Sam and his son joined their partners with an extra glass of punch for the ladies.

Suddenly the practice dances were announced.

And just to get into the swing Evelyn asked Samuel if he would lead the way through the basic steps and turns knowing that this had been the first square dance for a number of years for both of them. But, soon they were both smoothly moving through the practice squares with the others who were learning or just warming up like themselves.

Evelyn could remember how in her past the very idea of dancing in the arms of a man would cause him to come out fighting in rage that anyone would accuse him of being a homosexual. But, in the care of his stepmother his whole emotional psyche has changed until now his whole being seemed in tune with the close warm delights of being gently guided to music by a masterly male who wanted for that moment to possess and control the beautiful woman he was dancing with.

Evelyn released his body to the feminine expectations and movements required by the dance and relaxed in Samuel's strong arms as they swirled about the ring of dancers knowing that Samuel was in complete control and that all Evelyn was required to do was to be his beautiful dancing partner.

Samuel was also filled with conflicting emotions. It had been almost a year since Joan had died and during that time he had buried himself totally to the demands of his work hoping to forget the past. He had not dated anyone during this period of mourning, because he didn't want to be reminded of Joan.

That is why he didn't want to go out with Evelyn, for Evelyn was very much a part of his memories of Joan. Evelyn, that strange child who Joan had changed to the point where Evelyn even could nurse her children because she could not. And here he was dancing with a child maid, once required to prance about in sexy clothes to attract his masculine eyes like some sort of forbidden fruit. Whirling into a square for a crossover he saw Evelyn's beautiful womanly form, wondering at the conflict that existed between what he knew about Evelyn and what he felt emotionally.

And his mother wanted him to marry Evelyn but how could he even consider such a thing as marrying a mere child. He was almost twice Evelyn's age, and what would Mrs. Drover say? Looking at the beautiful woman in pink and white swirl before him in a delight of petticoats and satin he wondered at his emotions.

When the dance was over Emma suggested that they might return home since she was a bit fragile and Evelyn would need to catch her beauty sleep for the flight back home; for, after all, Mrs. Drover would never allow Evelyn to come back to care for the babies if she was allowed to return home all tired out.

Once they were at the farm house Emma suggested that perhaps she might make some cocoa and they could sit for awhile on the front porch to enjoy the spring evening.

Taking Sam in tow she retreated into the house leaving Evelyn and Samuel seated on the porch swinging chair.

"I think she is plotting something," Evelyn laughed taking Samuel's hand and squeezing it, "Thank you for a wonderful evening; you are an excellent dancer."

"It was all my pleasure, Evelyn, I must say that in the past year you have grown from a pretty girl into a beautiful woman, " he responded watching her beautiful hair

as it gently moved about her lovely shoulders while she talked to him. "You do know that my mother and father care a great deal about you. In fact, I think they are both hoping that we shall get married."

"Aren't you?" Evelyn asked uncertainly.

"You are to marry Butch Rogers," he responded lamely seeing the hurt look in her lovely eyes and wondering suddenly if she really did love him. "We are not made for one another. I am old enough to be your father, and..."

"I think I had better get my beauty sleep," Evelyn sighed not wanting to talk. The whole romantic mood of the evening had suddenly vanished. With a little sigh she arose and sweetly pecked him on the cheek.

"You have been very kind."

With this they parted.

Monday morning Evelyn reported back to work dressed in his neatly tailored black gabardine uniform to quickly fetch coffee and a Danish for Mr. Rogers. Checking his typing in basket he found to his dismay that most of the work had merely piled up instead of having been properly processed. In a few minutes he was hard at work on his word processor. Looking up he smiled prettily for Mr. Rogers,

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, Evelyn," Butch responded with a broad smile seeing that Evelyn was already hard at work with the backlog.

"I'll be working on the Smith account after lunch. I would appreciate it if you would give it your highest priority. It looks as if I shall be working all night on it so that it will be ready for our staff conference on Tuesday."

"Yes, sir," Evelyn responded dutifully sorting through the paper work to be sure that anything to do with the Smith account was ready for his attention.

By noon the back records for the account were organized and ready for Mr. Roger's signature.

"Excellent," he noted working his way through the file folder. Taking from his desk a thick folder of spread sheets with several attached pages he handed it to Evelyn.

"This is the first draft of my report on the Smith account. I want you to give me a rough draft of the report itself and have the girls down in graphics make rough 8 1/2 x 11 copies of the spread sheets before they smooth them out for final copy. Have it for me, report and copies of spread sheets in their proper place as a rough draft before you go home tonight."

"Yes, Mr. Rogers," Evelyn responded with a dutiful smile.

Retreating to the secretarial desk Evelyn carefully went through the report making up an index of the spread sheets to make sure that he had a complete control record.

Taking the spread sheets to graphics Evelyn filled in the graphics request form and then, with Miss. Hughs, Evelyn went to Miss. Davis in the Copier Section where a quick reduction copy was made of each spread sheet which Evelyn took back to his clerical desk leaving the spread sheets and graphics request with Miss. Hughs. Sort-

ing through the hand draft Evelyn placed the spread sheet copies in their proper place and then began the task of entering the report into the word processor. By about 7 p.m. Evelyn completed the draft to present it to Butch, who accepted the report with a pleased smile.

“Oh, thank you, Evelyn. I know that you had to put in overtime and I appreciate it,” he said with a sigh looking at the work piled upon his desk.

“I need your help on one more thing, which you can do on your way home.”

He pointed to a light blue pullman bag by the desk.

“Could you take my bag to the Moonlite Motel on Fifth and Adams and obtain a room for me for tonight and put my bag there leaving the key at the desk. I will stay there to night rather than going home. It's closer and I will be working here until the wee hours.”

He handed Evelyn a hundred dollar bill.

“You can pay for the room with this. Ask for room 16.”

“Yes, Mr. Rogers,” Evelyn noted picking up the case and leaving Mr. Rogers with his work.

Soon Evelyn collected his purse and things before he took the bag to his car.

“Are you going visiting tonight,” Miss. Davis asked in the parking lot as she opened the door to her car.

“No, dear, I am checking into the Moonlite Motel for Butch Rogers.”

“Now, that is what I call a service,” Miss. Davis laughed getting into the car and driving away before Evelyn realized that she had misunderstood him.

Shrugging he climbed into his own car and drove to the Moonlite Motel to discover that it was a so called “adult” motel complete with water beds and sex films on the television, but it was only a few blocks away from the office.

Feeling very nervous Evelyn left his car by room 16 and went to the registration desk to see that it was a combination adult book store and registration area.

“Can I help you, beautiful?” an older man asked looking up from the girlie magazine he was reading to study Evelyn with an all knowing smile. Taking the cigar from his lips he did a low wolf whistle. “Baby, you into tricks?”

“Tricks?” Evelyn asked innocently and then realized what he was asking.

“Oh, no. I'm just a secretary. My boss, Mr. Butch Rogers, wants me to register him for tonight since he is working late.”

“Whatever, you say, Miss,” he sighed as if he had heard her story a lot of times before.

“But, the rules say that you must register if you are arranging the room.”

A bit uncertain Evelyn looked at the registration book.

“He said he wanted room 16.”

“Sure, thing, baby doll,” the room clerk responded with a beaming smile taking a key from the board behind his back.

“Have fun, kid, in the Passion Pool.”

Taking the key from the grinning clerk Evelyn quickly went to his car and fetched the blue pullman bag from its back seat and went to the motel room.

Opening the door Evelyn looked into the room in utter amazement. The room was surrounded by mirrors on the floor, ceiling, and walls with a circular bed in the center. It was clearly a passion pool. Putting the bag on the floor by the door Evelyn quickly retreated to the registration room to leave the key with the clerk and go home.

Evelyn arrived home a bit late for supper but Mrs. Baxter had a warm meal waiting for him in the kitchen.

“You must remember that you have your regular medical appointment in the morning. First thing, at 8:30, so that you will miss as little work as possible,” Mrs. Baxter announced pouring herself a cup of coffee and sitting at the kitchen table with Evelyn.

“And the florist shop called to say that your ‘thank you’ plant to Mrs. Francis has been delivered to the farm as promised. Your mother was so pleased that you had a good time on your little vacation.”

“It was kind of fun, Mrs. Baxter,” Evelyn agreed wondering if his helping Mr. Francis would have actually caused him to lose his vacation time for the year. He had planned to go with some of the girls at the office to the Fair. Perhaps he should discuss it with his stepmother. Yet, he was not certain how to ask her. Eating his salad he decided that it could wait.

“Is mother home?”

“No, dearest, she is visiting the judge,” Mrs. Baxter replied, “She will be back late tonight.”

Evelyn finished his meal and helped Mrs. Baxter clean up the supper dishes before he retired to his room to take a warm bath and go to bed.

It was just after he had fallen asleep that Mrs. Baxter knocked on the door to awaken him. Glancing at the clock by his bed he realized that he actually had been asleep for hours.

“Yes, Mrs. Baxter, what is it?”

“You are wanted on the phone, dearest, it's Butch for you on the phone calling from the Moonlite Motel, it appears,” Mrs. Baxter announced a bit amused. “You can take the phone in my room. It appears to be very important because he said that he needed to speak to you right away.”

“Thank you, ma'am,” Evelyn replied following her to her room.

Picking up the phone by the bedside Evelyn said;

“Hello, Mr. Rogers, may I help you.”

“I need the York Sales file as it relates to the Smith account,” Butch's voice announced. “I know that it is past one a.m., but I also know that you lock the files and I

can't find my keys. So I would appreciate it if you would bring the file to me here at the motel.”

“Well, really Mr. Rogers, I...”

“What is it dearest,” Mrs. Drover asked.

“Mr. Rogers wants me to pick up a file for him and bring it to him at the Moonlite Motel. He is working on the Smith account for a staff meeting.”

“It is very important,” Mrs. Drover stated with a nod of agreement.

“Very well, Mr. Rogers, I shall bring you the file,” Evelyn stated a bit reluctantly. After hanging up Evelyn excused himself politely from the women to retreat to his room where he selected a panty and bra set along with a pair of panty hose. Taking a light brown shirt styled blouse from a hanger he selected a pleated dark brown skirt to go with a matching pair of brown pumps. Adding a top coat, brown shoulder bag, and brief case Evelyn quickly went to his car to drive to the corporate offices where he located the files to return to the Moonlite Motel where he knocked on the door to room 16.

“Ah, Evelyn,” Butch responded opening the door to look at his beautiful clerk, “Did you bring the file?”

“Yes, sir,” Evelyn stated entering the mirrored bedroom to see that Butch was dressed in a robe and pajamas and that he had spread his work papers on the room desk and nearby dresser. Opening his briefcase he handed the files to Butch.

“Will that be all, sir?”

“I took the liberty of ordering a little snack and some coffee for us,” Butch suggested politely helping Evelyn to remove his coat to place the purse and briefcase by the desk. Pointing to a little table set for two which had a rosebud vase containing two roses.

“Just a little coffee and a small combination pizza from Dominic's. I remember when we would bike over there just to share in a pizza.”

“That was a long time ago, Mr. Rogers, a very long time ago,” Evelyn stated watching him as he poured the coffee. “I really should run, my mother will miss me.”

“It should not take long just to eat a bit and rest. It is the very least I can do for you Evelyn, now that you have done so much for me,” Butch noted offering Evelyn a cup and smiling, “For old time's sake.”

Evelyn sighed and took the seat facing him.

“I guess it will be just a moment.”

Sipping from the cup Evelyn tasted the scotch and remembered how they had laced their coffee in the old days.

“How is your work going.”

“Well, I think that the material in the file you brought will help me to complete the draft tonight, and you can do the correction draft tomorrow so that I will have the final for the meeting on schedule.”

He placed a slice of the pizza upon a plate and handed it to Evelyn.

“Did you have a good vacation?”

“Yes, I had a very good time visiting the Francis home. Although most of my time was filled with housekeeping and baby sitting as you know. Not exactly a vacation.”

“Mr. Francis told me at lunch today that he spoke to you about my love for you and your mother's approval,” Butch noted thoughtfully, “I do love you very much. And perhaps in time you could grow to love me, Evelyn.”

Evelyn looked down towards his coffee cup wondering if Butch really was telling the truth.

“Look, back in those days when we were biker buddies I really wanted to tell you then that I loved you. But, you would have thought that I was queer. Now, it is different, being that you are a woman and all that, ” Butch continued reaching out to take Evelyn's hand only to have him withdraw modestly.

“I just don't love you.”

“Then, who do you love?”

Evelyn looked up towards Butch as he arose suddenly to walk to the front door where he locked an inside door lock to remove the key and slipped it into his pants pocket!

“What, what are you doing?” Evelyn asked in growing fear watching him as he pulled back the red satin comforter and sheet of the great circular water bed,.

“You aren't going...”

“Look, let's be adults. I have the brute strength to tear off your clothes and force you into bed,” Butch announced calmly as he undressed to reveal the physical perfection of his six foot two masculine frame which was rippling with the muscular strength that Evelyn had seen many times at the pool in the old days.

Deftly Butch stepped from his boxer shorts to turn to face his captive.

“But, then you would have to go home in torn clothes.”

Evelyn stared numbly at Butch with growing terror realizing in fearful anticipation that the virility that hung between Butch's leg was slowly pumping itself erect to become a sexual battering-ram.

“Please no, you can't do this,” Evelyn protested vainly trying to pull his eyes from the manly sex that proudly throbbed awake before him.

“I'll scream. Mother will fire you!”

“You can scream, women often do in this room,” he noted rather matter of factly as he placed his clothes inside of a mirrored closet.

“I seriously doubt that your mother will fire me. And I do know what your problem is, you need to be convinced that you can love me. So undress, woman!”

Evelyn couldn't believe what was happening, but his fears told him that in all probability his stepmother knew what Butch planned to do. She had done worse to him.

Automatically his fingers began to unbutton his blouse until he removed it seeing hundreds of images of a woman undressing before her naked awaiting lover,

Taking the hanger that Butch offered from the closet the mirrored woman removed her skirt, shoes, bra, panty, and panty hose until she stood naked in trembling shame and meek surrender before her powerfully built lover, who pointed to the bed once she had neatly arranged her things in the closet and he had closed the mirrored door to reveal both their naked forms before the myriad of naked couples which mimicked their every move.

Slowly Evelyn walked to the bed trying to think of a way to escape but realizing that Butch's physical build was such that Evelyn's all too feminine strength would be useless in any kind of struggle. Evelyn could feel his heart racing in fear knowing that Butch would have his way, all Evelyn could do was to submit. With trembling fear Evelyn walked to the red satin bed to climbing on to the cool yielding surface towards the pile of pillows.

Suddenly Evelyn felt Butch's warm strong hands as they turned Evelyn to face upwards into his powerful arms as Butch began to kindle inner feminine fires by using his hands to massage gently Evelyn's breasts and thighs alternately causing Evelyn to realize that his original plan to escape Butch's advances through cold detachment was doomed to failure. Evelyn was suddenly in female heat!

Warm sensuous flashes moved from Evelyn's thighs towards erect tits that responded to each gentle caressing stroke of Butch's hands as he positioned his body upon Evelyn allowing the warm vibrant tip of his thrusting organ to break through Evelyn's female portal until Evelyn felt the certainty of Butch's pumping release.

Minutes passed until Evelyn realized that Butch had withdrawn to get up from the bed and walk over to the service table where he lit up a cigarette and poured himself a cup of coffee.

Nonchalantly he walked to the bed after taking a sip of the coffee and sat down on the edge of the bed to begin to fondle his



Knowing that Butch would have his way...

organ as if to masturbate while Evelyn wrapped his all too female body in a satin sheet to look about the room filled with mirrored images of his shame.

“Can, can I go now?”

“Not until you relieve my passion, dearest,” Butch noted with a grin as his hand brought his organ to throbbing life causing Evelyn to realize that he would not be released until he did what Butch wanted.

Uncertainly Evelyn crawled from the satin bed to go to his knees before Butch's growing organ to accept it between lovely lips and eagerly suck Butch off until Evelyn swallowed down the pumping bounty.

When Evelyn was finished with this additional shame Butch nodded and tossed the closet key to Evelyn and watched while Evelyn shakily retreated across the room to put on his lingerie, While Butch watched with an amused grin Evelyn quickly finished dressing and fled the motel room.

When Evelyn left Butch went to the room phone and dialed a number while humming a little show tune to himself. Hearing a voice at the other end he said:

“She has just left for home as a fulfilled woman. It went just exactly as you planned. Yes, I will wrap up matters here and await your call. Thank you. I will see to it right away.”

Evelyn entered the house trying to wipe away his tears on a tissue taken from his purse as he retreated quickly to his room hoping not to meet anyone. His frightened heart raced at the sound of a closing door but he made it safely to his room. In panic he rapidly undressed and dashed to the bathroom where he rapidly located a feminine douche kit knowing that with a medical exam the next morning he must undergo the added humiliation of a thorough douche seated on the toilet like a female flushing her lover's sperm to avoid pregnancy...

Evelyn awoke slowly from his drugged sleep upon Dr. Burns' gynecological examination couch to see that he was still in the stirrups resting in that shameful position that all women are subjected to with their legs spread apart and raised, as if to a lover, while the doctor exams their pubic region.

Evelyn knew that Dr. Burns had already changed the special panty which served to conceal Evelyn's real sex while serving in every way as a substitute to femaleness as it had the night before to satisfy Butch.

Fearfully, Evelyn tried not think about the fact that his old panty would be examined by Dr. Burns to determine if Evelyn had had any sex with a man, whose residue of sperm proved Evelyn's wanton ways. Thinking about the several douches he had taken the night before he hoped that all would be well.

Dr. Burns gave Evelyn a hypodermic injection in the fleshy part of the thigh before her nurse helped Evelyn from the couch.

“I will see you in a month for your regular injections. It was so nice to have you visit.”