



# The Re-education and Sissification of a Young Victorian Gentleman

Sissy Baby Charlotte

**The Re-education and Sissification of a  
Young Victorian Gentleman**

**First published 2009**

Copyright © SBC 2009

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, transmitted in any form, by any means electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior written permission of the publisher and author.

The author can be contacted by writing to  
[infante@yahoo.com](mailto:infante@yahoo.com)

*Subject Line: FAO SBC*

Any resemblance to any person, either living or dead, or actual events are coincidental.

**Publisher's Note:**

*I am grateful to my dear friend, Sissy Baby Charlotte, for the permission and opportunity to publish his superb work. I have enjoyed his writings for several years now and it is really is an honour for me to be now able to bring it to a wider audience.*

*Thank you!*

## **Part 1: The Governess Pronounces**

Facing into the corner, Alexander's anxiety increased with every passing moment as he waited with bated breath for his Governess' instruction. The only sounds he could hear were those of the Governess' high-heeled shoes resounding on the old oak floor boards of her study, as she busied herself with, what Alexander surmised to be, her preparations for the imminent introduction to his re-education. This had the effect of heightening, even further, the young gentleman's anticipation of what was to come.

Then, the sound of the Governess's movements gave way to what, for the young man, seemed an interminable period of eerie silence. Alexander felt his legs begin to tremble; gripped as he was by the fear of a dreaded expectancy, when it seemed to him that time itself had been suspended. This coincided with a sharp downward pressure on his full bladder – an embarrassing personal predicament which seemed only to accentuate his vulnerability to the scenario about to unfold before him.

At last, he heard the ominous words delivered in a clear and stern voice that filled the room:

“Turn to face your Governess at once!”

Alexander instinctively obeyed the instruction without hesitation.

There before him, standing in the centre of the room, with her legs astride and hands folded neatly to the front of her waist, was the striking vision of his beautiful and imposing Governess. Transfixed by the glare of her dark brown eyes, Alexander felt firmly rooted to the spot where he stood before her. She was a remarkably attractive woman in her middle thirties. Her finely featured face was crowned by the soft tresses of her dark chestnut hair tied up elegantly in a bun and her natural complexion required little application of make-up except for a touch of deep-red lipstick which gave greater prominence to her pouted lips. Her graceful neck, secured with a velvet choker and cameo, rose from the high lace collar of her full-sleeved starched white blouse, while her trim figure was complemented by an almost full-length black skirt which seemed to highlight wonderfully her shapely legs encased in dark seamed-stockings. The very model of Victorian female authority, the Governess' natural air of elegance and refinement bespoke the class and quality of her upbringing.

“Come and kneel before me this instant, Alexander”, said the Governess. Being of rather petite stature, she was determined to establish from the outset the natural order of things that would prevail from this moment forward in her dealings with her gangly ward.

Without needing to give his action a second thought, Alexander found himself kneeling abjectly before her, his head cast downwards.

The Governess began to pace up and down before the young gentleman, as he focused his gaze on her black leather high-heeled shoes. Her very deliberate steps seemed to him to be perfectly in concert with the annunciation of her carefully chosen words.

“You are about to commence your re-education here in this Correctional Facility for Young Gentlemen under my personal direction and supervision. You should be in no doubt, Alexander, as to the necessity for this. Your poor record of scholastic attainment, allied to your recent obnoxious adolescent behaviours, require that you be removed forthwith from the School to which you are clearly no longer suited. Is that understood, young man?”

“Yes, Governess,” Alexander sheepishly replied.

“Louder, Alexander!”

“Yes, Governess”, he answered more robustly.

“That is better! At all times, you will refer to me only by the terms, ‘Governess’ or ‘Ma’am’. I alone shall be responsible for your re-education which will, not just be limited to your academic endeavour and achievement, but will also involve my personal supervision of all aspects of your upbringing and wellbeing. Is this clear to you, Alexander?”

“Yes, very clear, Governess,” said Alexander, in truth not yet able to fully take in the ramifications of his Governess’ words.

“Good. Here, I deal with recalcitrant young gentlemen through a structured and personalized programme of re-education to prepare them for entry (or, in your case, re-entry) into the School. Therefore, you can regard here as a sort of preschool, in a manner of speaking, and your status within it as a mere ‘preschooler’. I trust you comprehend your current situation?”

Suddenly, he felt an involuntary release of wee-wee from his full bladder into his underpants. “Yes, Ma’am”, he replied.

“You will be allowed speech, but only at a simple and unsophisticated level appropriate to your preschool status. Your education and care plan will be underpinned by a traditional regime of strict discipline and corporal punishment to which you will totally submit, at my discretion, without question or dissent. Do you understand what I have said to you, Alexander?”

The young man was too shocked to answer straight away, but before he could gather himself to respond, the Governess walked over to the study cupboard and, taking a key from her skirt pocket to unlock it, opened out the two doors to reveal a truly awesome array of implements of corporal punishment, each one described in a beautiful calligraphic notice above it – ‘Paddle’, ‘Leather Strap’,

‘Scottish Taws’, ‘Nursery Cane’, ‘Governess Cane’,  
‘Dragon Cane’, and ‘Birch Rod’.

Alexander was so overcome by the truly devastating sight presented before him that he was no longer able to control his bursting bladder, as his wee-wee flowed freely and copiously down the legs of his short trousers into a growing and spreading puddle on the floor before him. The Governess chose to completely ignore his acutely embarrassing plight, as he broke down before her in convulsive sobbing at what was happening to him.

“As a preschooler, you will from time to time be tempted by disgusting base urges which must be curbed and constrained. Accordingly, you will also be introduced under my supervision to a regime of personalized and controlled sissification, Alexander. Do you know what this means? No? Well, let me demonstrate!”

With that, the Governess quickly pulled over a wall curtain where, hung up in a neatly arranged sequence, were four sissy satin frilly dresses on display, with their matching appendages of frilly knickers, Petticoats, mittens, footsies and bonnets. Alexander was utterly overcome by this mélange of pinks, blues, lilacs and yellows which seemed to reinforce to him his already belittled status before his imperious Governess.

“You will learn to behave at all times as the satin frilly sissy that you are – whether in private or in public!” The thought of him being exposed in public in such a state

seemed to bring him to a point of near total breakdown, where his will was now completely subjugated to the absolute authority and power of this truly awesome Governess.

However, the Governess had one more final verbal revelation for her new preschooler, which she was sure would utterly divest him of any lingering doubts he might be having as to his altered state.

“You should be mindful, Alexander, that at any time I feel that you are not complying to my satisfaction with the terms and conditions of your regime as a sissified preschooler, I will reserve my sole prerogative to transfer you from this facility to the town workhouse to be condemned to a future life of misery and destitution.....and be very assured that I shall have no hesitation to do so, should I decide. Is this perfectly clear to you, Alexander?”

By now completely crestfallen by the pronouncement of his Governess’ prescription for his re-education, Alexander was utterly unable to muster a coherent response through his continuous sobbing and peeing.

Having achieved what she set out to do with such a dramatic impact, the Governess then took out a potty from the cupboard and, bringing Alexander tenderly by the hand to the corner of the room, she smartly took his by-now sodden short trousers and white cotton underpants down to his ankles and instructed him to sit on the potty

indefinitely. Under threat of a sound spanking, he was told not to pee into his potty, no matter how much he might feel like it! Leaving him there in his degraded state, the Governess turned on her heels and closed the door behind her new preschooler who had just received, under her expert guidance and manipulation, the first seminal lesson of his re education regime.