

A black silhouette of a woman in a maid outfit, including a high ponytail, a long-sleeved top, a skirt, and high heels. She is holding a feathered duster. The text 'Maid for Life' is written in a light blue, 3D-style font, with the woman's silhouette partially overlapping the letters.

Maid for Life

by
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Maid for Life

Chapter One

How'd this all start? That's a long story, but I guess we have a minute.

It's kind of like a life of crime, you know? For most people, there are mitigating circumstances that make them go bad. Like, maybe they got a bad home life, or grew up poor, or they got hooked on pills. The point is they don't want to become criminals, but either bad choices or bad luck sealed their fate.

The same is true of servants, because I sure as hell never intended on becoming this!

What's funny is I started out on the criminal path. All those mitigating circumstances? For me, those don't apply. I did well in school, and I had great parents—while they were alive. They died when I was sixteen, but I don't want to talk about that.

After school, I found a job, but the pay wasn't great, and it was boring as hell. I was nineteen and as aimless as a bit of driftwood on the Mississippi. Then, one day on a whim, I shoplifted a box of candy. God, I got such a thrill.



Things escalated quickly. One minute I'm swiping M&M's and the next I'm stuffing PlayStation games down my pants.

And it didn't stop there, either. Pretty soon I was breaking into houses and stealing random shit—electronics, jewelry, whatever. Some stuff I kept, but most of it I sold online. Taking stolen property to a pawn shop is how you get caught.

Anyway, I had my eye on this mansion. It was the biggest house in town, and an old woman lived there all alone. Back when I was a kid, everyone said she was a witch. But she wasn't. She was just rich and lonely.

So, one day I'm driving by, and I see her get into a fancy car with a heap of suitcases. I figured she's going on vacation, and I hit the place that night.

I picked the lock on the back door, and everything was going great. I was in the study trying to figure out if the candleholders were real gold when suddenly the lights come on. I screamed and turned around, and there's this huge dude with a gun. I almost shit my pants.

Turns out the old lady saw me casing the place, so she left her goon behind to watch the joint. The goon says I can either wait for the old lady to come home in two days, or he can call the police. Like, how's that even a choice? I decided to wait. He locked me in an upstairs bedroom. I tried the windows, but they all had security bars. What was weird is those were the only ones in the whole house. Like, how long had she planned for this?



Anyway, two days later, Mrs. Ferris—yes, your friend, Mrs. Ferris—comes home. The goon—who turns out to be Mr. Mortimer—is with her when she comes to see me. I was expecting a horrendous bitch, but I was wrong. She was kind but firm, like a grandma.

“What you did was wrong,” she said. “But I want to give a wayward young man like you a chance at an honest life.”

Wayward young man? Ha! More like spoiled asshole. But I only thanked her, figuring she was about to let me go with a warning. No such luck.

“I have an opportunity for you,” she said. “This is a big house, and I don’t spend much time here these days. Mr. Mortimer looks after the bills and any necessary maintenance. However, I require a maid to clean. Are you interested?”

I was about to tell her I already had a job, and my apartment was a mess—but she put up a finger to stop me from speaking.

“You will be given a room and board for free, although you will not be allowed to leave the premises without Mr. Mortimer’s approval. In addition, the salary is \$55,000 per year.”

I actually laughed out loud. “You can’t be serious.”

“I’m always serious,” Mrs. Ferris replied. “It’s a character flaw of mine. However, there is a catch, as they say.”



Oh, here it comes, I thought.

“The whole point of this is for you to reform. True change takes time. Therefore, the contract is for five years.”

“Sorry, that—” I started.

“Do not interrupt me. Your salary will be held in your name at an undisclosed bank until the conclusion of your contract, at which point you will gain access to \$275,000 to use for college tuition.”

The total left me speechless, and I remember Mrs. Ferris smiled. Like, she knew she had me. Even with all of my thieving, I didn’t have a lot of money.

“Now, forgive me, but I must say this,” Mrs. Ferris continued. “If you renege on the contract, I will send the videotape of you breaking into my home to the police. I imagine they have your fingerprints on record for other crimes you have committed, and you will be sent to jail.”

I snorted, but the truth was prison terrified me. I mean, I’m not a big guy, and we’ve all heard the stories.

She looked up at the hulking bodyguard. “Mr. Mortimer will be your supervisor. You will obey him as you would me. Do we have an agreement?”

“Last thing, Scott,” she said. “There’s an old tradition in my family known as petticoating. It’s a traditional punishment for wayward boys. Now, I understand you’re an adult, but I believe this may have a positive impact on you. It’s obvious your destructive side has gotten the better of you, and I believe if you were to let your feminine side become more dominant, you would be a far more productive member of society.”

I shook my head. “What does that mean?”

She grinned. “It means while working in my house, you shall wear the uniform of a female maid.”

“No way.” I said, and the words were out of my mouth instantly. I’d always been scrawny and short, and I’d continuously been teased as a child about my soft looks. “I’d rather go to prison.”

“I see. Are you sure?”

“I’m not prancing around in a skirt for five years.”

“Is your masculinity so fragile that you’d rather go to jail than wear a dress? Does that sound like a very secure man to you, Mortimer?”

Mortimer glared and shook his head. He reminded me of Frankenstein’s monster.

Mrs. Ferris sighed. “Just remember I tried to help you. Mortimer, please call the police.”

He nodded and took out his cell phone. As he dialed, my heart was beating out of my chest. Prison would be terrible, and when I got out, I’d be a felon. I wouldn’t be able to get a job even if I went to college, which (as she’d guessed) was my dream.

“Wait!” I said. “I’ll—I’ll do it.”

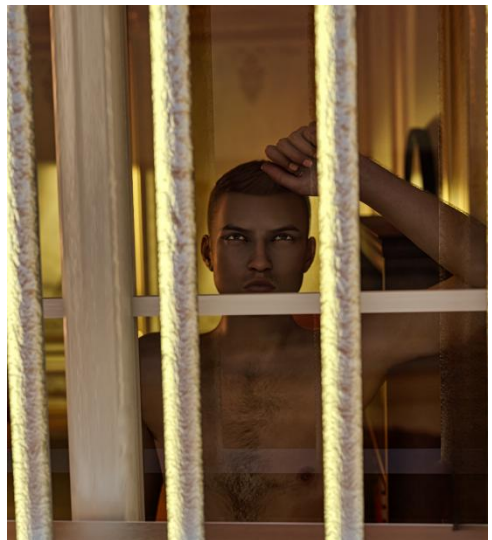
Mrs. Ferris only smiled. “Of course you will. You’re smarter than you look.”

After that, things moved fast. Once I got all my stuff moved in—plus some furniture Mrs. Ferris let me borrow—I was actually fairly stoked. Despite my strange circumstances, there was no denying the house was beautiful, and the grounds were gorgeous.

Back then, I figured I’d think of my five years as a maid like a prison sentence, only one with a pot of gold at the end.

Of course, the bars on the windows still freaked me out. Even today, I still don’t know why they’re there—Mortimer barely talks, and when he does, he won’t give me a straight answer. Maybe I don’t want to know.

Honestly, the skirt wasn’t as bad as I expected. There was nobody around to see me, but Mortimer and Mrs. Ferris let me wear sneakers and yoga pants. Mostly, I just felt silly.





For the first couple of weeks, Mortimer followed me around like a puppy. An enormous, mean, ugly puppy. He was convinced I was going to break something. Or steal something. Or break something while trying to steal something.

Mortimer was right to be concerned. Mrs. Ferris has an amazing—and amazingly expensive—art collection. And back then, dusting those priceless antiques, all I could think about was how much I could get for them if I could find a buyer. Pathetic, right? I see that now.

To be totally honest, I wasn't great at my job. I didn't know even the basics about keeping a house this large clean. Sure, nobody was using it very much—you know how Mrs. Ferris spends most of her time in New York—but dust still gets everywhere.

Besides, I kinda hoped if Mrs. Ferris had to fire me, maybe she wouldn't call the police. Unfortunately, that wasn't what she had in mind. Instead, she doubled-down on the whole “petticoating” thing.

Every time Mortimer caught me slacking off, or if I messed up bad, I lost a little more of my so-called male privilege.

First I lost my sneakers and pants, and the outfit got more girly. Ever try mopping in high heels? I almost broke my neck.



Then after Mortimer caught me looking for his gun, I had to shave my whole body then rub my skin with this pink gunk. For a couple of hours, my skin burned like I'd been set on fire. After that, hardly any hair has grown back—even on my face! I'd worked hard on my beard. I hope to God it's not permanent, or I'll sue.

A year ago, I had to start wearing makeup. I don't even remember what I did wrong. Mortimer bought what seemed like a whole cosmetics aisle, then made me watch a bunch of YouTube tutorials. He graded me on how well I did each day. He seemed pleased with my progress. Like, happier with me than ever before. That was nice. But, really, I just didn't want to get in anymore trouble.

And I really haven't. Partly it's because I'm better at my job—practice makes perfect even for me—but I'm also too distracted with my body to misbehave. I tried to deny what was happening. I about lost my mind when I felt my chest bounce for the first time. The box of tissues by my bed? Yeah, they haven't been used for anything but blowing my nose in a long, long time.

And so here I am. I've been here for almost two years now, but it feels like forever. I'm used to the uniform and even the makeup, but the long hair is annoying. She won't let me get it cut. According to Mortimer, Mrs. Ferris didn't believe my 'masculine energy' was being repressed enough.



But you know what's weird? I actually get satisfaction out of this job. And when Mrs. Ferris is around, she's nice. I didn't expect that. She praises me when I do well, and when I screw up—well, then Mortimer tells me what I did wrong. But he also tells me how I can do better.

Like, for instance, I could barely boil water when I started. Now I can make a decent dinner. And I like it! There's a lot of work in keeping the house clean and making a good dinner for them, but I kinda respect myself more now.

So, I don't know. Maybe I never meant to become a maid, but it's not as bad as I feared. I still hate dressing like a girl, and three years still seems like a long time from now, but the money will let me go to college with no debt.

The only thing I'm anxious about is my body. I've put off talking to Mrs. Ferris about what's happening to me. I guess I'm scared. Like, I'm worried I might have ball cancer or something.

...

Anyway, let me show you to your room...

What!?

No, sir, I'm sorry. I mean... I'm not that kind of servant! What do you mean, Mrs. Ferris said it was expected of the maid?



You want me to... to... touch it? But you said you only wanted to look at me. If you're gay, that's cool, but I'm not.

No, please don't tell Mrs. Ferris I did anything wrong! All right, I'll just hold it for a second, all right?

"Stop!" came a booming voice.

"Oh, God! Mortimer!" I covered my chest. Immediately, tears of shame began to flow. I could never hold them back these days. "I—I was just doing what Mrs. Ferris' guest asked me to do."



“Go upstairs. Now!” Mortimer said. “But you have done nothing wrong, Sofia—Er, Scott.”

“Who’s Sofia?” I asked, confused.

“Upstairs!” he shouted. “Please. I will deal with our... guest.”

Six hours later, Mrs. Ferris arrived back home. I was shocked. She’d been in Chicago and hadn’t planned on coming back until Christmas. She apologized profusely to me and said the man was her dead husband’s best friend, but he’d always been a “lecherous bastard.”

I was shaken up pretty bad, but I told her I was all right.

Then she and Mortimer had a hushed conversation. I don’t think I’d ever seen the big guy so worked up. Not mad (I’d seen him mad plenty of times), but genuinely upset.

I could only make out snippets of their conversation, but what I heard was strange...



“I’m pleased you were able to stop the whole thing before it went too far. That man is not allowed back in this house. Understand?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“But what’s happened to Scott? The dosage I gave you should’ve only made him calmer, maybe a little more emotional.”

“I... I gave him more than I was supposed to, ma’am. Much more.”

“But why?”

“He continued to be unruly.” Mortimer was silent for a time. “And I miss her.”

Mrs. Ferris sighed. “Me too! But we can’t bring her back.” Then, she paused. “But you’re right, their auras are shockingly similar.”

“I will reduce the dosage.”

“No, don’t,” Mrs. Ferris replied. “Bump it up another milligram, and I’ll give you something else to add to the mix, as well.”

Mrs. Ferris gave me a bottle of 100-year-old wine to help me relax, but I couldn’t sleep.

How long had Mortimer been drugging me? And how? He didn’t give me medicine or injections. And with what? Birth control pills? That might explain why every day I look like the sister I never had.

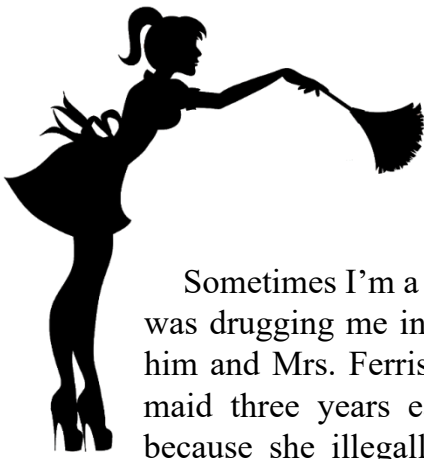
And what’s this talk about an aura? Only hippies and cartoon mystics believed that crap.

Maybe it was time to reconsider the ‘getting arrested’ option. Then again, looking like I do now... Jesus, I don’t want to even think about what would happen in prison.

No. I’ll play it smart for the next couple of weeks. Figure out how he’s drugging me, and make him stop. Hell, if it’s illegal, I’ll threaten to have them arrested! Ha!

Just two weeks, I can handle that...





Maid for Life

Chapter Two

Sometimes I'm a dope. I thought I'd discover how Mortimer was drugging me in two weeks. I thought I'd use that against him and Mrs. Ferris. I thought I'd get out of being her damn maid three years early, and maybe even snag a big bonus because she illegally made me—a healthy and virile young man—grow knockers against my will.

“I just have to make up for the traumatic experience you went through.” She'd said, looking all sympathetic and sad. “Please, take all of May to relax, and feel free to indulge. The wine cellar is open to you.”

I'd only intended on “indulging” for a night or two. But, well, her wine is damn good, and I was just so stressed out. So I binged Netflix and binged wine and one night turned into three, which turned into a week...

A week before my “vacation” was scheduled to end, I woke up to the fact that not only hadn't I conducted my investigation, but my body had continued its course through a whole new puberty.

There was no denying the obvious any longer: I looked far more like a girl than a guy. And it wasn't just the boobs and makeup—the entire shape of my body was different.

No wonder that pervy old man wanted me to suck him off. I was turning into a babe.

And it scared the hell right out of me.

And with Mrs. Ferris' talk of auras and dosages, I wasn't sure this was close to over. How much of my masculine “energy” was she planning on “suppressing,” as she'd said? Because at this rate, in three years I'd be lucky if my balls hadn't shriveled up and fallen off.

No. The money wasn't worth my manhood. What's the point of \$275,000 if I have to spend it on bras and psychotherapy?

So, I waited until Mortimer was asleep—the monster’s snores echoed through the whole house—pulled on a skirt and a top (I know, but that’s all I had) and got the hell out. I had to hitch a ride into the city. The old man kept staring at my bare knees, and I just about threw up.

But I was out.

Would Mrs. Ferris send the videotape of me breaking into her house to the cops like she’d said? Maybe. But I was happy to take that risk.

Once I got into town, I was more than a bit lost. As far as the world knew, “Scott” had vanished two years ago. Legally-speaking, was I even alive?

I needed help. Unfortunately, I never had many friends—didn’t see much use for them, honestly—but I’d hung out with a certain group of guys. They weren’t all criminals, but we shared a common disdain for authority.

Basically, we liked to get together, drink, and break things—and occasionally people, too.

For the drinking part, we hung around a bar called the Magic Pour Parlor. We were regulars, and everyone knew us. Talk about “masculine energy”—if Mrs. Ferris had seen how we acted together, she would have a coronary.



So, strolling into the place in a denim skirt and a bra was beyond bizarre, and beyond disturbing.

The Magic Pour Parlor was about deserted, but that was typical for a night without a football game. Frankly, I was grateful. I knew all these regulars, but I didn't want a crowd. I just needed to find someone who knew me, and to tell them I was alive and what happened, mostly for my own sanity, and to help me take back my life.

Then I saw him: Josh Collins.

Our little group never had an official ringleader—we were far too anarchist for that kind of thing—but Josh was the guy everyone admired. He was going places! Not *lawful* places, mind you, but he was always in the middle of a scheme and, unlike the rest of us, they always seemed to pay off.

But as he walked up to me, giving me the same leer I's seen him give a hundred girls, my brain turned to jelly. He didn't recognize me. How the hell was I supposed to explain myself? "Hi, it's me, Scott. Yeah, I know, I'm in drag and have boobs. It's a long story. Let me buy you a drink. Actually, you can buy me a drink since I don't have any damn money."

I couldn't do this!

I covered my face and tried to walk by, but that was a no-go. Josh propped himself up on a stool.

"Hey, sorry to block your way, but I'm the official welcome committee for gorgeous girls."

What a cheesy bastard. If Josh were scrawny like me, he'd never get any girls.

I moved my hand and stared him straight in the eye. For a moment, the grin stayed on his face. Then it faltered, his eyes widened, and he looked me up and down in wonder.

"Jesus Christ. Scott!?"

Everyone in the bar whirled to look, and I did the only thing a man in my situation could reasonably do.



I ran the hell away.

“Scott, stop!” Josh shouted. “I’m sorry.”

Josh cornered me behind the bar, trapping me between his massive arms. “Is it really you?”

Tears pricked my eyes, but I nodded.

“Wow!” he cried. “Everyone figured you for dead. I’m glad to see you.” He wrapped me in a smothering hug. I was too surprised by his affection to move, and I couldn’t talk because I was choking on embarrassment.



Suddenly, he pulled back and looked me over again.

“Listen, Josh—” I began.

“It’s all right,” he said. “The other guys are assholes, they wouldn’t have understood. They’re regressive, you know. That’s why they’re all in prison. They couldn’t change with the times.

“Er... understood what?”

He grinned. “That you’re a tranny! You’re beautiful, by the way, especially your body. Damn! Is that all... um... you?”

Holy shit. Josh thought I’d wanted this! “I’m not a tranny!”

He slapped his forehead. “Right. Sorry. Trans woman, yeah? I’m still catching up on the new terminology. But hey! Where are you staying?”

“Um, nowhere at the moment.”

“Yeah, you are. You’re staying with me!”

Well, I had nowhere else to go, and I figured I’d fill him in on the real story on the way.

Except, he wouldn’t stop talking! And he was acting so nice!

Two years ago, Josh was a smart but condescending asshole. Now he was acting generous, kind, and, well, *charming*. And it was all because he believed I was a trans girl who’d fled her home town because she couldn’t face her friends while transitioning.

Who would’ve thought Josh Collins was so tolerant?

“Here we are,” Josh said, opening the door for me. “Home sweet home.”

Josh’s apartment was in the swanky North End, and I was immediately impressed by the size...

... and then horrified by its condition!

“My last couple of jobs have done real well for me,” Josh said. “I’m hooked into an organization now, and these guys have been operating for a couple of years. They really know their stuff. But, uh, yeah... sorry the place is a mess.”

He smiled and put a beefy arm around my shoulder. “I guess the place could use a woman’s touch, you know?”

So, I’ve been staying at Josh’s apartment for six weeks now. He isn’t charging me rent, but I’m doing all the cooking and cleaning. I wouldn’t mind except he came home a week ago with a sexy maid uniform as a “joke.” Of course, he insisted I try it on and proceeded to tell me how “incredible” I look wearing it around the apartment.



I’d feel a lot better if he was making fun of me, but I couldn’t help but notice the raging hard-on in his shorts. Josh Collins had the hots for me.

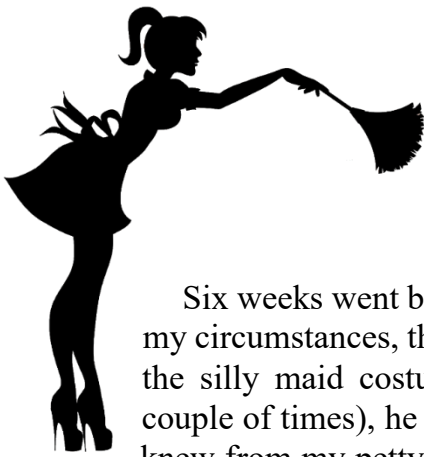
Yeah, I haven’t gotten around to telling him the truth about why I have tits and everything. I just can’t afford to rock the boat right now. Hell, I can’t afford anything. And what’ll he say if he discovers I will do everything in my power to become a guy again? Will he yell and kick me out?

Anyway, lately, he’s been talking more about this ‘organization.’ Apparently, they’re planning another big operation, and he wants me to be a part of it.

“It’ll get you on your feet,” Josh said. “Actually—with the amount of money they’re talking—it’ll launch you into the stratosphere! Now, the guys don’t know about you yet, but I can convince them. Everyone knows it’s a plus to have a hot girl on the team. Although...” That’s when he leaned in and took a close look at my face. “With a little work, you’d go from pretty to irre-*fuck*-sistible! You’d be able to seduce the hell out of anybody! Hm! Let me talk to them, I may even get them to bankroll it for us.”

I blinked, shocked by his proposal in more ways than one. “Us?” I breathed.

What was I getting myself into now?



Maid for Life

Chapter Three

Six weeks went by in a flash, and the more I thought back on my circumstances, the more grateful I became for Josh. Besides the silly maid costume (which he only asked me to wear a couple of times), he was utterly different from the young man I knew from my petty burglary days. I mean, sure, Josh was still doing crime, but he'd become... I don't know... *sophisticated*.

Without a job (or I.D. to get a job), I couldn't pay Josh any rent, so I continued to cook and clean for him, which he appreciated. I also didn't have anything to wear, but Josh was kind enough to let me borrow his clothes. Of course, they were two sizes too big, but beggars can't be choosers.

Honestly, though, once I organized the apartment into a liveable condition, there wasn't much to do. I spent most of the day reading (luckily Josh has some good books)...



... or watching TV (Josh has all the premium channels, Netflix, Hulu, all the good stuff)

I wish I could say it was relaxing, but it's not. Thanks to Mrs. Ferris, I actually like working and sitting around wasn't appealing anymore. I found myself looking forward to Josh coming home so that I can cook him dinner. He really enjoys that, and he always compliments my food.

My body was the other big reason I couldn't relax. I'd hoped the breasts would go away once I was out of Mrs. Ferris' clutches. They haven't. If anything, they've only gotten worse.

I should've seen a doctor, but I was sure that crazy bitch had made good on her threat and contacted the police. I couldn't go to prison—especially not like this! Can you imagine what they'd do to me? Because I can, and it's not pretty!

“Scott, I'm home!”

“Hey, sexy, how was your day?” Josh said with a dumb smile.

He was always goofing around that way, and I played along. I still hadn't told him I wasn't a real trans girl. I was ashamed by what I let Mrs. Ferris and Mr. Mortimer do to me, and I was scared Josh's sympathy would evaporate the moment he learned I was still the same old Scott. Frankly, we never got along before I had boobs. There was a bit of a macho competition going on, even though he was always bigger than me by at least fifty pounds.

Now he'd won by default.

I jumped off the sofa a little embarrassed. Josh was home early. “Hi, I'm sorry, I'll get dinner started.”

“Hold on,” he said, still grinning. “I have great news. I just got off the phone with the boys, and they want to meet you.”

“They... they do?”

“Yeah, I told them how we used to run together, mentioned a few of your exploits—like the time you robbed a liquor store with a nerf gun, remember? Anyway, they can't wait. Apparently, you'll have a big part to play in the operation they're working on. We're going to meet at Roman's house next Friday. I'm so pumped, babe!”

Babe? “Wait, Josh, how much did you tell them about me?”



“Don’t worry, I didn’t tell them you were trans. I looked it up on the internet, and that’s not cool, right? But, uh, I had to lie about your name. I told them you like to be called Sandy. I know, I know... But it just popped into my head.”

“O-Okay. Sorry, I’m just nervous about meeting new people right now.”

“I understand, but try not to worry. They’re good guys, and they’re going to love you.”

“Okay,” I sighed. “Cool, getting out of the apartment will be good for me. Not that I’m not grateful, Josh!”

Josh waved away my concern. “Being cooped up sucks, even if it’s in a nice place. Speaking of which, why don’t we go out to eat tonight?”

“I’d love to, but I don’t have any money.”

“My treat.”

I glanced at the floor. Josh was so nice, but was I taking advantage of him?

“Stop,” Josh said. “I won’t take no for an answer. C’mon, anywhere you want to go?”

“Really?” I said. “Anywhere?”

“Yep!” Josh grinned, and I couldn’t help but notice how handsome he was. No wonder the bastard bedded all the hot girls back in the day. I had to buy my dates drink after drink to get them to come home with me, and all Josh had to do was smile at them.

“All right,” I said, still feeling a little guilty. “Give me one sec to get dressed.”

“You know I said ‘anywhere,’ right?” Josh said. “Not ‘anywhere under twenty dollars.’”

“Dude, this is the only place I want to eat.”



“I haven’t had a cheeseburger in years,” I said. “*Literally.*”

“Oh God,” I moaned. “This looks so damn good.”

“It does, but why haven’t you had a burger?” Josh asked. “You can’t have been watching your weight. I mean, you were always a skinny dude—er... *girl!* Shit, I’m sorry.”

I ignored the mistake. The poor guy was doing his best. Besides, it’d be weird if Josh calling me a dude actually bothered me.

“I was a vegetarian for a while.” That wasn’t entirely a lie. Mortimer hadn’t allowed me to have any meat but fish. “So I can’t wait to get this juicy meat in my mouth.”

“Oh, you love meat in your mouth, eh?”

“Wow, you’re even less funny than you used to be. That’s astounding.”

“Sorry, old habits die hard. But, hey, you won’t hear me complain. I love a cheap date.”

Date? I thought. *Dammit, he’s kidding again. Right?*

“Sandy...?” Josh said hesitantly.

I nodded, letting him know it was all right. If I was to be ‘Sandy’ around his partners, I’d better get used to it.

“There’s something I need to discuss with you, but it’s sensitive, and I don’t want you to be embarrassed.”

“Go ahead.” I said, plopping one of his fries into my mouth. “By this point, I’m immune to embarrassment.”

“Um, it’s about your clothes. More specifically, your lack of clothes.”

My stomach dropped. Josh finally had enough of me raiding his closet. “I’m sorry, Josh. I’ll get a job, and I’ll buy my own stuff. I swear.”

I don’t want you to get a job.” Josh said. “Honestly, I love having you just... waiting for me. It’s nice to have a... uh... *someone* to come home to, you know?”

I didn’t, but nodded anyway.

“But, yeah, you can’t keep wearing my clothes. Not because I care, but because, frankly, you look silly.”

“Hey, don’t insult your own sense of style.” I winked at him.

Josh snickered. “Remember I said I got to take you somewhere after we eat? Well, we’re heading to a boutique, and you’re getting some nice outfits, including some underwear. And before you say anything, yes, it’s my treat.”

I consider Josh’s offer, but only for a moment. If the upcoming job was as big as he claimed, I’d have more than enough money to pay him back and figure out a way to reverse whatever Mortimer did to my body.

Still, it was incredibly generous. I'd really lucked out finding my old frenemy. I shudder to think what I would've done without him.

"All right." I declared. "Thanks, Josh."

"You're welcome, Sandy. But, uh, there's one *minor* condition."

"Oh?" I asked, eager for him to finish. I couldn't wait to devour my burger.

Suddenly, under the table, Josh's toes bumped mine. A mistake?

No... Josh was playing footsie with me! The poor guy had gotten the wrong idea. Should I stop him? I couldn't. He'd be so embarrassed, and he'd been so kind. Besides, when did a little footsie hurt anyone?

Acting nonchalant, I picked up my milkshake, wrapped my lips around the straw, and slurped for a moment. Josh grinned as if I'd done something amusing.

"So," I said. "What's the condition?"

"I want to choose the outfits."

The burger froze halfway to my mouth. I gaped at him. "Seriously?"



"I know." Josh offered a gentle, almost embarrassed-looking smile. "That sounds weird and possessive. But I... I get a thrill seeing you dressed up all girly. I don't understand why, exactly, but it's true."

That's why I bought the maid costume. I didn't think you'd wear it, but when you did..." Josh whistled and shook his head. "I had to take *several* cold showers."

I sputtered. What do you say to a confession like that? "Josh, I, uh..."

"Please don't say anything," Josh implored. "You're still figuring out the kind of girl you want to be, and I'm not trying to pressure you into being a girly-girl. But you're damn sexy. Like, *way* sexier than, um... other kinds of girls I've been with. And, uh..." Josh shook his head as if trying to dislodge an image from his mind. "Sorry."

I could've told him 'no.' Hell, I could've told him to fuck off and die. But there was something about the expression on his face. Josh was both embarrassed and hopeful, dying to hear what I was about to say.

And after everything he'd done for me, how could I disappoint him? So what if I had to wear women's jeans and a blouse? Sure, I'd miss my pockets, but after everything Mrs. Ferris and Mortimer did to my body, they're probably the only clothes that fit anyway.

I took a big bite of my burger. God, it was just as delicious as I remembered. "Okay," I said through a mouthful of beef.

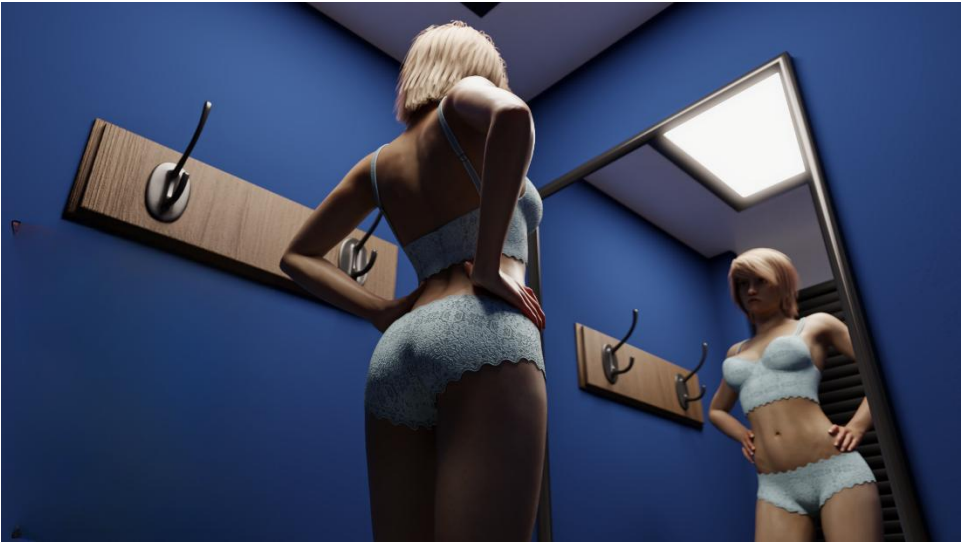
Josh's face lit up. "Okay? Really?"

Nodding, I said, "Now eat up. There's nothing worse than a cold burger."

After dinner, Josh and I drove to an upscale boutique. For two hours, Josh picked out clothing, and I modeled it for him. Any outfit I showed even a modicum of interest in, Josh added to a growing pile.

Although I was embarrassed, I was also having fun. Still, I felt peculiar. The old Scott wouldn't be caught dead in women's clothing, yet here I was getting a whole wardrobe of the stuff. Why? It'd go to waste in a few months. Because once I saved enough money to pay a surgeon to lop off my tits (and figure a way to regrow my beard), nobody would ever mistake me for a girl ever again.

Even poor Josh. God, how will he feel the day I make a total return to manhood? He was starting to fall for Sandy. But she's not even real!



Even if I could see her in the mirror...

Still, I couldn't worry about the future just yet. And since my enforced femininity was absolutely temporary, why not take a walk on the wild side? Seeing things from the female perspective would be useful once I was back on the prowl.

The salesgirl knocked on the door. "Miss, your boyfriend has one more outfit he'd love for you to try. He says it's for your 'special event' next week?"

"Okay." I'd done my best to keep my voice high and girly. So far, so good. "Please bring it over."

"Josh?" I called from just outside the changing rooms. "Is this really what you want me to wear when I meet your partners?"

"Absolutely. I want them to see how gorgeous you are. That'll help win their confidence, you know."

What was that supposed to mean? My merits as a thief should stand on their own. Or, at least, my merits up until I was caught and subjected to "petticoat punishment," as Mrs. Ferris had termed my current condition.

"I feel ridiculous!" I exclaimed.

"I bet you look amazing."

“I’m coming out. Don’t you laugh at me.”

Sighing, I half-walked, half-stumbled out of the changing rooms. Walking comfortably in high heels would take years of practice, and I had no intention of appearing as a girl for that long.

“W-Well?” I stammered, feeling exposed. Sure, I’d worn a skirt before, but this was different.



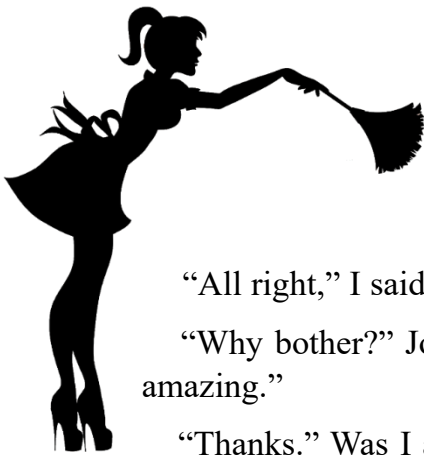
Josh stared, open-mouth, his eyes roaming my body. I bit my lip, forcing myself to not flee from his unwavering gaze. This was his reward for being good and kind to a friend in need.

Slowly, Josh shook his head. “You are so fucking beautiful, Sandy. I’m sorry, that’s not poetic but I just... I don’t have the words.”

Beautiful? Me? As a man, I was short and scrawny. Nobody paid me any attention unless I forced them to—usually by acting like an ass.

For a moment, Josh seemed like he might come at me for a hug—or possibly more. Thankfully, he stopped himself and merely grinned. “All right let’s pack your new clothes and head home. I’m bushed, but I’ve had a hell of a fun night. I hope we have a lot more like this.”

“Me too,” I said, and meant it.



Maid for Life

Chapter Four

“All right,” I said. “I’ll go change.”

“Why bother?” Josh replied. “Like I said, you look beyond amazing.”

“Thanks.” Was I actually blushing? Jesus Christ. Had those damn hormones turned me queer or something? No way. I was just surprised by the compliment, that’s all. “But that’ll only last until I start walking.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’ve only ever walked in little heels.” I thought back to the shoes Mortimer made me wear after one of my many screw-ups. “These are, like, straight-up stilettos.”

Josh grinned. “Well, now’s a perfect time to practice.”

“How so?” Truthfully, I didn’t want to get any better at walking in heels. You have to totally change the way you move. Something that drastic can’t help but drift over to your ‘everyday’ life and I certainly didn’t want a permanent wiggle to my walk.

“Because if you fall, I’ll be here to catch you.”

I rolled my eyes, but also couldn’t help but laugh. I know Josh wasn’t always this sweet but was he always this funny?

“Please?” Josh continued. “It’ll be my little reward for bringing you shopping.”

I sighed. How could I say no to him? It was only one night, and he was being beyond generous. “Okay,” I relented, “You win.”

“Great!”

“Thank you for shopping with us this evening,” the salesgirl chirped. “And—may I say—you two make a lovely couple.”



My cheeks flushed as red as a stoplight. “Oh, we’re not... um... I mean...”

“She’s my roommate,” Josh interjected. “And my friend.”

“Oh, I see,” the salesgirl said with a smile that indicated she didn’t think it would stay that way. “Well, then you two make a lovely couple of *friends*.”

The total left my jaw on the floor. I mean, I realized clothes could be expensive—but almost a thousand dollars? I had no clue the cost would be so high!

“Cash,” Josh answered without delay. “Can you have them boxed and delivered to my apartment, please?”

“Certainly, sir,” the salesgirl said. “Just fill out your address on this card.”

Finally, my mouth caught up to my mind. “Oh my God. Josh, I can’t let you pay this. That’s crazy. I just thought we’d get a few things for around the house.”

Josh brought out his wallet, and I gawked as he pulled out crisp hundred-dollar bill after crisp hundred-dollar bill. “Do we plan on staying just around the house forever?”

“Well, I... uh...” I stuttered, mesmerized by the cash. “I mean, most of the time...”

Josh grinned. “I want to buy them for you. All right? And, like you said, you can pay me back.”

“Well...”

Suddenly, I felt Josh’s hand on the small of my back. He was still looking at me, and still smiling. Oddly, I wished it’d been more of a creepy smile. But it wasn’t, it was gentle.



I should’ve told him to get off, or I should’ve moved away. Instead—and I don’t know why—I sort of sighed and said, “Oh, all right. But I *will* pay you back.”

Josh gave my side a little squeeze, then turned his attention back to the salesgirl, who—for her part—was struggling to hide her obvious delight.

Confusion washed over me like a wave of cold seawater. What in the hell was I doing? Standing in a boutique in heels and a little red dress? Letting an old friend—a man—pay for even more bras, panties, dresses, blouses, and tight jeans? I should be running for the hills. I should rather be homeless than be first to masquerade as a transgender woman.

Except... What if it wasn’t a masquerade anymore?

“Ready to go, Sandy?” Josh said.

“Y-yeah,” I replied. “Let’s head home.”

We caught a cab, but Josh asked the driver to drop us off a couple of blocks from the apartment.

“It’s a warm night,” he said. “And I want you to get practice in those heels.”

It wasn’t *that* warm. My arms and legs were cold, and I suddenly wished I was in anything other than this dress—especially because every man we passed on the street looked like he wanted to devour me whole.

“I won’t be wearing these all the time,” I warned. “I like sneakers.”

Click-clack, click-clack, click-clack. The sound of my high heels was like a metronome.



“Wow, you’re doing pretty damn good for someone who says she never practiced,” Josh said with a laugh. “This kind of thing must be why you know you’re supposed to be a girl.”

“Huh?” His comment took me off-guard. “What do you mean?”

Josh seemed to sense my discomfort. He frowned. “Sorry if that’s insulting or sexist. I just mean I wouldn’t be able to walk that good in heels no matter how much I practiced. I don’t have any grace. But yours, it’s inborn. I even noticed it back when you were... you know... a guy.”

“I didn’t have grace back then.” Wait, did that mean I’d admitted I had grace now?

“Sure you did, Sandy. You were always the one who’d break-in to a place by squeezing through a little gap in the fence, tiptoeing along a perimeter wall, and leaping onto a balcony. And whenever you did those things, it was always beautiful. Of course, I couldn’t say so back then. That would’ve been gay, you know?”

“And why isn’t it gay now?” I challenged, half-hoping he’d say, ‘it still is.’

Josh laughed, did a little side-step, and moved to my other side. Before I could speak or think, he took my hand. An undeniable buzz shot up my arm. “Because now you and I both know who you really are.”



“Smooth,” I chuckled.

Let go of his hand, I told myself.

“C’mon,” Josh said. “Before we go inside, I want to show you my favorite spot in the city.”

Smiling, I followed.



“A roof?” I giggled. “This is your favorite place? Wow, Josh. That’s lame even for you. There’s literally, like, a thousand roofs in the city. What makes this one so special?”

The skyline was beautiful at night, I have to say.

“There’s nothing special about it,” Josh admitted.

“Until now,” he said and—taking my hand—kissed my fingertips.



I chuckled—or was it a giggle again? *Fuck, Scott, get a hold of yourself.* “Good line, but I—”

“Fuck. You’re beautiful.” Without further warning, Josh pulled me close, his chest pressing against my breasts.

“Well—”

I didn’t get to finish. Josh leaned in and kissed me.

I let out a squeal of surprise. Josh was kissing me. A *man* was kissing me! I should pull away in disgust and slap him—no, *punch* him!

Only, it’s not as bad as I expected. Josh isn’t being too forceful, and his lips are surprisingly soft.

I feel my eyes slip closed. I try to pretend I’m kissing a girl, but it’s impossible. Josh is a foot taller than me and hulking.



But in those brief moments, as his tongue is exploring my mouth, I have to wonder... is that what Josh is doing? *Pretending* to kiss a girl? Or does he really think of me as one?

After what seems like forever, Josh pulls away. He looks into my eyes and smiles. “Was that okay?”

I open my mouth, not sure who will answer: Scott or Sandy.





Maid for Life

Chapter Five

“Y-yeah,” I replied. “That was okay.”

“Thank God,” Josh chuckled.

“Because I’m about to do it again.”

Josh pulled me closer, and I felt myself sort of... melt... into him. Now, I’d kissed plenty of girls (well, I guess “plenty” is up for interpretation), but I’d never experienced anything like this. ‘Submission’ isn’t the right word; I didn’t feel dominated.

I felt liberated.



When we came up for air, Josh said: “Hey, let’s go back to our apartment.”

‘Our’ apartment? I thought. *When did that happen?*

“All right.” I said, my mind still reeling from what just occurred.



“I could be down for some Netflix.”

“Oh, no, no, no,” Josh replied. “I have much bigger plans for you.”

I let Josh take my hand and lead me back to the apartment. Honestly, I felt drunk. I didn’t trust myself to speak, let alone walk in a straight line.

“Now what?” I squeaked as we walked inside. Was my voice naturally shifting higher?

“Now we sit for a minute,” Josh said, indicating the couch.

“You said no Netflix.”

Josh sat on the couch, and I plopped down next to him. I might’ve looked like a chick, but I still had the grace of an elephant.

“That’s right,” Josh said. “But before we go do... well... anything else, I want to check in. A lot happened tonight.”

God, what an understatement! “Yeah, my head’s still spinning.”

“But you’re okay?”

Ha! I thought. That’s the million-dollar question. Am I okay, or have I lost my mind? Have I always been bisexual and not known? Or did Mortimer’s damn secret chemicals fuck with my brain?

But even with all those questions rocketing through my mind, the answer to Josh's question was easy. I reached up and stroked his chin. He had day-old stubble—which I couldn't grow any more thanks to that tingling goo Mortimer made me put on my skin years ago—and, well, he just looked so damn... cute.

"I'm more than okay," I said.

Josh grinned, jumped up, and pulled off his pants. The maneuver was so smooth I couldn't help but giggle.

"Looks like you have a lot of practice doing that kind of thing."

Josh unbuttoned his shirt. "More than some, less than others." He held out his hand. "Follow me."



"And just where do you think you're taking me?" I said, feeling coy.

"To our bedroom."

There it was again: The plural possessive adjective.

It was so small a word, but it meant so much. And when Josh said it then, gazing like he was, electric sparks danced across my skin.

I stood up, feeling shaky on my high heels. Gently, Josh took my hand. "You're so fucking beautiful, Sandy."

Sandy, I thought. Josh chose that name for me only a few hours ago. Was that who I am now? His Sandy?

Josh walked backward toward the bedroom, leading me on with a kind smile.

Suddenly inside my head, a horrified voice screamed: *Stop! What the fuck are you doing!?! You're a man. A straight man. This is all wrong! You are all wrong!*

It was Scott. The old Scott from before Mortimer and Mrs. Ferris got their claws in me.

Scott, who hung around with Josh, wishing he was more like him.

Scott, who was short and small, so he had to play tough to be seen as a man.

Scott, who bragged about banging dozens of women, but only had sex twice—both times with prostitutes.

Scott, who was a fucking loser and was desperate for nobody to find out.

Thinking back on who I used to be, I was filled with revulsion. Sure, maybe ‘Sandy’ wasn’t real. But neither was Scott.

“Wait!” I cried. “Josh, I... I need you to know something.”



Josh leaned against the wall and grinned. Again, tingles went up and down my spine. Was this how a girl felt looking at a cute guy? It was so different, but I liked it.

“Of course,” he said. “Tell me anything. Actually, tell me everything.”

I stared at his bed. Maybe soon to be *our* bed. “This is my first time doing, um, anything with a... uh... guy.”

“Oh!” Josh exclaimed, putting his hand to his head. “Right, right. I’m sorry. Well, we don’t have to—”

“I want to,” I replied, shocking myself. “But can you help me?”

“Of course.” Josh nodded. “How?”

“Tell me what to do,” I said. “Please.”

Josh frowned, looking confused and cute at the same time. “What do you mean?”

I bit my lip. “Like... Give me orders. As if... As if I’m...” My voice lowered to a whisper. “Your maid.”

“Really?” I nodded, and a big grin spread across his face. “All right, Sandy. I’m going to look away for thirty seconds. When I turn around, your dress will be off, and you’ll be naked. Understand?”

My dick hadn’t stirred in over a year, but warmth spread up from my groin. “Yes, sir.”

Josh turned and started counting in a loud voice: “One... two... three... four...”

My heart kicked into overdrive. I unstrapped the high heels and shimmied out of the little red dress he bought for me.

“...Twenty... twenty-one...”

Each time he barked a number, a thrill went through me. I didn’t know why. I didn’t *care* why.

“Thirty,” Josh declared.

I was naked in another man’s bedroom, asking him to order me around like a maid. Despite everything, part of me still believed maybe I was still under some kind of hypnotic control.



But, at that moment, even that small part didn't care.

"O-Okay, sir. I'm ready for you."

Josh turned, but I clamped my eyes shut. For the last couple of hours, he'd watched me prance around in a short dress and heels. That had put a notion in his head: Sandy is a girl. Now he'd be confronted with the (soft) truth, and I was terrified by what he'd say.



"Oh my God," Josh said.

I'd never felt so vulnerable in my whole life. My heart felt like it might beat out of my chest. Compared to this, breaking into buildings was a cake walk. "Do I... Do I look okay to you, sir?"

"Okay?" Josh said. "Sandy, you look—no, you *are*—incredible."

"Thank you, sir." I broke into a huge smile. "Now... Now what should I do?"





Maid for Life

Chapter Six

“What should you do?” Josh replied. “Right now—absolutely nothing.”

“Nothing?” I said, confused. I didn’t want to stop the forward momentum. Because if I stopped acting, I’d start thinking.

“Only for a second.” Said Josh. “I want to drink in your beauty. And I don’t care if that’s a cheesy line, it’s the truth.”

“You—You really think I’m beautiful?”

“I know you’re beautiful.”

“But don’t...” I began, then stopped. But I had to say this out loud, even if it ruined everything. “Don’t you think it’s weird. I mean, we used to be friends.”

“We’re still friends.”

“Guy friends. Hell, you were kind of like my rival.”



Josh chuckled. “You were never my rival. I mean, no offense, but you make a much better girl than you ever did a thief. But I know what you mean. Do I see Scott when I look at you? Sure. But, honestly, somehow, that only makes you even hotter.”

“Really? But—”

“No more questions. I want you to take off my underwear.”



I smiled reflexively and, kneeling, grabbed his waistband. “Yes sir.”

Before I even got his underwear down, his cock sprang to life. “Oh wow!” I exclaimed stupidly.

Josh’s cock was magnificent. I never imagined I’d say that about a cock—I always thought they were ugly, even my own—but there was no other way to describe it. It was so much bigger than mine ever was, even before the hormones or whatever the hell Mortimer gave me.

“Look how fucking hard you made me,” Josh said. “I hope you’re proud.”

Amazingly, I was proud. Panic flashed through me like lightning. *What in the hell are you doing, Scott? Are you really going to... what? Give him a blowjob? Since when do you love any cock but your own?*



Of course, I couldn't even remember the last time I touched my dick for anything but taking a leak

"Damn," Josh said. "You look like you want to swallow me whole. But not yet. Get up, please."

"Huh? But I just got down here."

Josh grinned. "You said you've never been with a man before. Well, we're not starting your sex life as a woman on your knees."

"But you said—"



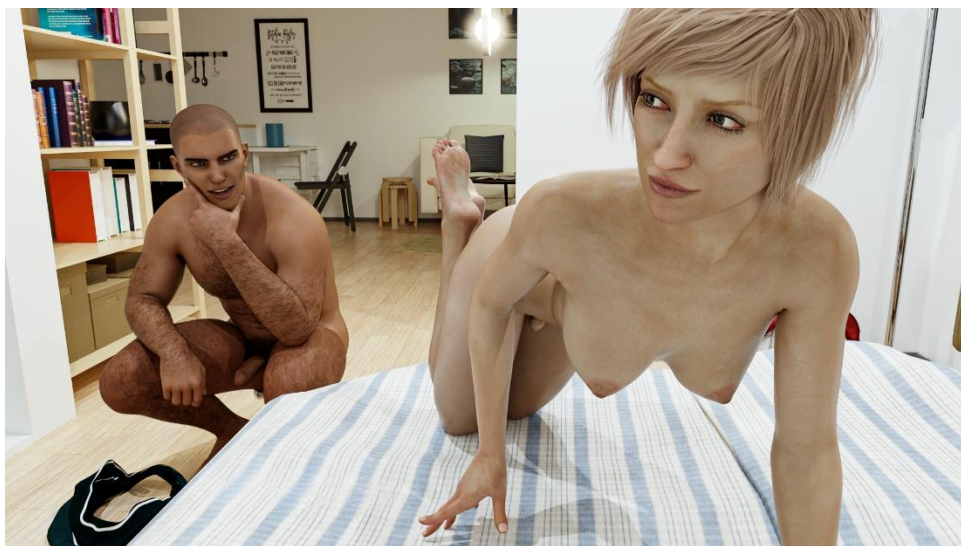
“I only asked you to take off my underwear,” Josh replied. “And look where you ended up? Now, c’mon, get up.”

“Bed,” Josh gently commanded.

“Okay, just don’t do anything I’m not ready for.”

“Me? You’re the one who seems eager to fast track things, Sandy.”

He was right. There was a hunger building inside me I couldn’t understand. Honestly, I wasn’t sure I *wanted* to understand. In that moment, I only wanted to *be*.



“Damn,” Josh said. “Now I have a new favorite angle.”

“You better watch out,” I said. “All these compliments are going to go to my head.”

“Good. You need to realize you’re not a short, scrawny guy who feels totally out of place in his own body anymore. You’re an amazing girl—and hot, too! Now, go ahead and lay down.”

I did as Josh asked. He reached out and put his head on my shin. The gesture was oddly intimate. I felt myself tense, as if some old instinct was kicking in.

“Relax,” Josh said in a soothing tone. “I promise you’ll enjoy this/”

Josh crawled toward me, gazing into my eyes. I couldn’t look away. “How’d I get so lucky?”



Josh's rock-hard cock grazed my knee. He towered over me. Has he always been so big? Had I always been so small?

Josh started kissing my neck. Pleasure spread from every spot his lips touched. Despite my growing arousal, my penis still didn't get hard; only my nipples did.



"Sandy, you're so fucking hot," Josh breathed, kissing my throat. "I'm so happy you're becoming who you're supposed to be."

A distinctly feminine moan escaped my lips in reply.



Josh shifted on the mattress. My eyes stayed shut, lost in pleasure. Suddenly, I felt him take me into his mouth.

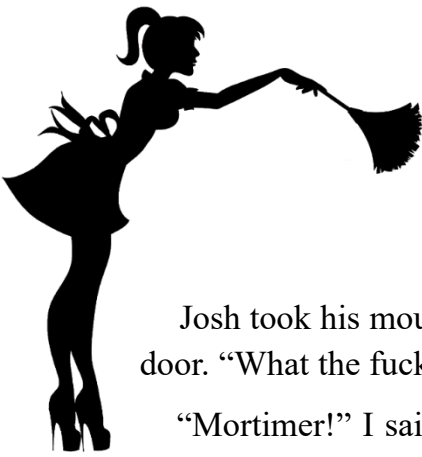
My eyes fluttered open. He was gently sucking my soft cock. It didn't harden, or even twitch—but it felt like heaven. And, somehow, watching a man like Josh work my little, lifeless dick made me feel more girly than ever.

The old me shouted from the back of my mind, shocked by what was happening. But between Josh's slurps and kisses, he was easy to ignore.

Until I heard a horribly familiar voice.



“Scott,” said Mr. Mortimer. “It’s time to go home.”



Maid for Life

Chapter Seven

Josh took his mouth off my soft penis and turned toward the door. “What the fuck!” he shouted.

“Mortimer!” I said. “What the hell are you doing here? Get out, you creep!”



Mortimer strode into the room, his eyes locked on me. “I’ve been looking everywhere for you. It’s time to go home. Mrs. Ferris is very worried.

Josh whirled, his fists clenched. “Sandy, you know this asshole?”

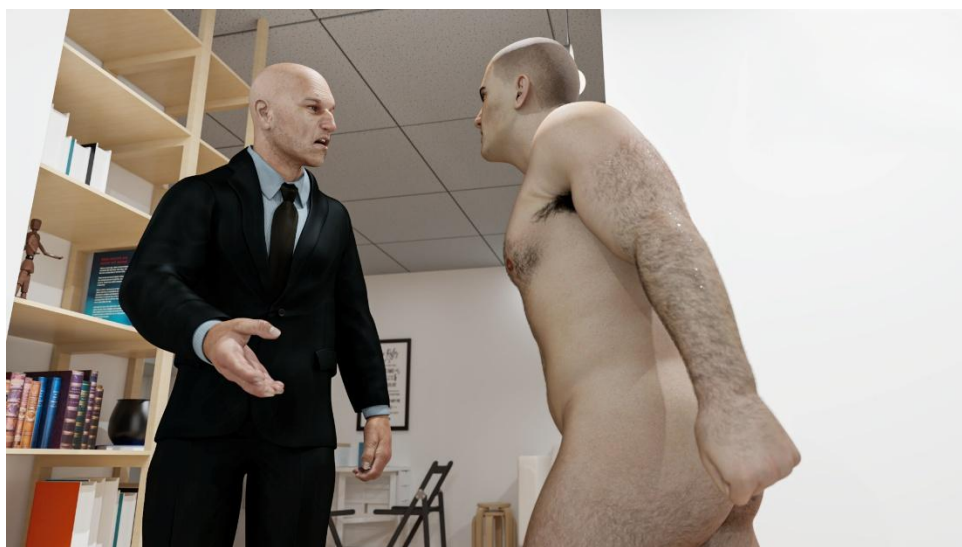
My mind whirled like a carousel. How much should I say? “Yeah,” I squeaked. “He... He’s an asshole, Josh. He kidnapped me—he tried to hurt me.”

Not a lie, exactly, and I hoped to stir Josh’s protective instincts. With my muscles all but gone, I was in no condition to fight off Mortimer. But there was no way in hell I was going back to Mrs. Ferris’s mansion.

“Scott, why would you say such things?” Mortimer said—and he actually sounded hurt. “I admit I gave you a higher dosage than Mrs. Ferris recommended, but you were so unruly. Believe me, I was only trying to help.”

“Fuck you!” I shouted, my voice shrill. “I agreed to work for Mrs. Ferris, but I never agreed to... *this!* I’m barely even a guy anymore, thanks to you. I’m not going anywhere!”

Josh hopped off the bed. “Look, I don’t know who the fuck you are, but you better leave right now or there’s going to be trouble. And not the ‘I’m calling the cops’ kind of trouble, either.”



“I can’t go,” Mortimer said. “Not without Scott.”

“Her name is Sandy, asshole. She’s my girl, and you aren’t taking her anywhere she doesn’t want to go.”

‘My girl,’ Josh had said, and a strange sense of pride flowed through me. I stood, and gave Mortimer the two-fingered salute. “Yeah, so why don’t you just fuck off? Unless you want to get fucked *up*.”

Mortimer reached for me. “Scott, we don’t want you to fall into the wrong crowd again—”

“Josh!” I cried.



“We warned you, bastard,” Josh said.

And then he punched Mortimer square in the nose. I squealed with delight.

Bleeding and dazed, Mortimer backed off. “You can hurt me all you want, but that doesn’t change anything. I won’t leave without you, Scott. You had a chance for a better life—you *still* have that chance, but this man will only lead you down a dark road. Come with me. Please!”



“She said no!” Josh cried, and swung his fist. The right hook cracked into Mortimer’s jaw and sent him reeling.

An odd, sensual shiver ran up my spine. Josh—with the muscles I’d long envied when we were ‘just friends’—was fighting Mortimer off for me.

Pride filled my chest. Josh was willing to kick Mortimer’s ass for me. For the first time in my life, I didn’t feel scrawny or weak or pathetic. I felt *powerful*. Sure, it was in a way I’d never expected. But maybe that was all right. After all, power is power...



Right?

[Original Part 8 Link](#)

“This is your final warning,” Josh said. “Get the hell out of our apartment before I knock your teeth out.”

Mortimer was bleeding badly from the nose. He hadn’t even tried to fight back. “Scott, please. I don’t want any violence, but I’ll use every necessary method to return you to Mrs. Ferris. It’s for your own good.”

“I won’t allow you to miss out on this opportunity.” Mortimer said.

“What opportunity?” I shouted back. “To be her slave for a couple more years? To hell with that.”

“You can’t see the full picture yet,” Mortimer replied. “If you’d only—”

“You’re a really bad listener.” Josh snarled, and attacked.

As Josh wailed on my former tormentor, I gleefully cheered him on. “Yeah!” I shouted. “Get him! Get the bastard.”



Maybe egged on by my cheerleading, Josh went to town on Mortimer. Punch after punch was delivered to Mortimer’s ugly face. I was a little surprised by Josh’s ferocity, but not at all unhappy. In fact, this display of dominance turned me on. Of course, my penis didn’t stir. My nipples, on the other hand, started to tingle and swelled up and grew hard as little stones. I’d never felt anything like that before, and I loved it.

I stepped off the bed and came into the kitchen to watch. Josh was still wailing on Mortimer, who—to his credit—was still standing. The man could certainly take a beating.

“I’ll punch you right out the door if you make me,” Josh said. Landing another blow.

“Scott, please...” slurred Mortimer. “I’ll ask one more time.”

“You don’t look like you’re in any condition to ask anything,” I laughed. “You’re barely on your feet.”



“Yeah, and you won’t be staying on your feet for long if you don’t leave now. I don’t know what you did to my girl, but it’s obvious she hates your guts, so I’m *really* enjoying kicking the shit out of you.”

‘My girl,’ he’d said. Only a short time ago, that would’ve revolted me. Now, well, it was at least more complicated...

“So go away,” I said. “And, please, tell Mrs. Ferris she can fuck herself.”

Mortimer said, “I am sorry you feel that way. Mrs. Ferris cares for you dearly. But if this... gentleman... is proving himself a distraction to your rehabilitation...” He reached into his jacket.



Suddenly, he produced a revolver. The same one he'd pointed at me, back when I first broke into the mansion.

"Then I'm afraid I will have to remove the distraction, by any means necessary."

"You fucking coward," Josh said, sounding not scared but angered. "You could point a cannon at me, I still won't let you take her. And anyway, you're bluffing. I've lived my whole life with criminals. You look like you work at a bank. There's no way you have the balls to pull the trigger."

My heart raced. For whatever reason, Mortimer's devotion to Mrs. Ferris was frighteningly powerful. I fully believed he'd shoot Josh.



I stepped in front of Josh and fixed Mortimer with a nasty glare. "You're not going to hurt him."

"You're not giving me any choice, Scott."

"Don't worry," Josh said. "This guy is a pussy. The gun probably isn't even loaded."

"Goddammit!" I said. "Fine, I'll go back."

"What? No!" Josh exclaimed. "You said this asshole kidnapped you. I can't let you go back to them."

“Don’t worry. I... I’m going to make a change to my relationship with them. And if they don’t agree, I’ll get out again.”

“Sandy...” Josh said. “Please. I just found you. I don’t want to lose you now.”

“You won’t.” I said, hoping it was true.

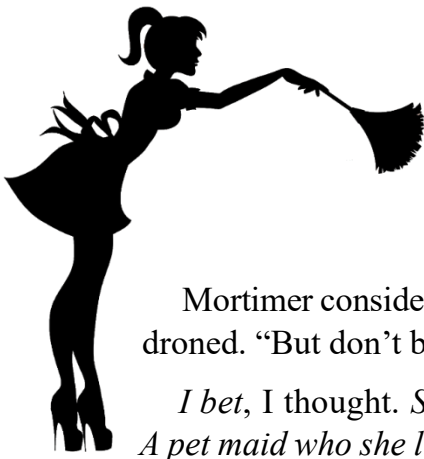
I turned and pressed against Josh, my soft boobs pressing into his hard pecs. Below, I could feel my smaller penis brushing his giant dick. I felt delicate next to him, and safe.

“But this man will hurt you,” I said. “I can’t let that happen. Mortimer?”

“Yes, Scott?” Mortimer said.

“Wait outside. I need to show Josh how much I’m going to miss him.”





Maid for Life

Chapter Eight

Mortimer considered my request, then sighed. “Very well,” he droned. “But don’t be too long. Mrs. Ferris is eager to see you.”

I bet, I thought. She’s been without her pet maid for weeks. A pet maid who she likes to dress up as a girl. Who she’s making INTO a girl!

“Fuck off, asshole!” Josh shouted.



“Josh, he has a gun.” My voice rose in pitch on the last word, and suddenly I reminded myself of every overprotective girlfriend I’d ever had. They’d always tried (and failed) to talk me out of my dangerously stupid plans. Was that my role now?

“I don’t care,” Josh said. “I’m calling the boys. If they can’t scare him off, they have guns, too. There’s no way in hell you’re going anywhere with that creep. Who the fuck is he, anyway?”

“That’s a long story.” I sighed. “Mrs. Ferris is my... boss, I guess you’d say. Mortimer works for her.”

“Okay. Maybe we’ll pay her a visit, too. Nobody screws with you when you’re with me.”

I closed my eyes. The situation was so strange. Josh used to be my rival—at least, I’d thought of him that way—now he wanted to be my protector. “But... Josh... I am going with him.”

“Like hell!” Josh exclaimed.

“He’ll hurt you if I don’t,” I replied. “If not tonight, then tomorrow or next week.”

“So we hurt him first. Easy. And since when do you back down from a fight? You used to be so eager to throw a punch, even though you always lost.”



That was true. People said I had “Short-man Syndrome,” but that’s not right; I just had a short fuse and no way of expressing my feelings other than with my fists. Now... Well, now the last thing I wanted to do was physically fight another man. If I was scrawny before, now I was an utter weakling. Good thing I had Josh, I guess. But I could at least protect him from himself.

“That’s not the way we will win,” I said.

“I don’t know if I can let you do this, Sandy,” Josh said in a soft voice. “I mean, I know this is cheesy, but I just found you. Which is weird to say, since I’ve known you for years, but... yeah.”

“You’re right, it’s weird.” *And you don’t even know the half of it*, I thought. “But weird isn’t always bad. Please, Josh, trust me on this.”

“I trust you,” Josh said. “I don’t trust me if something bad happens to you because I let you go.”

Seeing Josh like this was so strange. He was a totally different person from the guy I knew. Then again, so was I. Maybe that’s how things worked: You’re a different person with different people, so if you change so do they.



“I swear we’ll see each other again,” I said. “Soon. But first...”

“...I need to pay you back for your, um, attention before we were interrupted.”

I reached out and gently stroked his cock. Am I actually holding another man’s dick? More than that, am I actually NOT grossed out?

“After everything that just happened?” Josh said. “Are you sure?”

“As sure as your friend is,” I laughed as his dick grew in my hand. *What a weird feeling...* And, damn, Josh was big. No wonder he’d always gotten all the girls.

“Well, I suppose it’s not a good idea to argue with my friend,” Josh laughed. “But will you do something?”



I smiled. He was going to give me an order. *Why do I like this? I used to be so assertive. Right?* “Anything.”

“Put on your maid outfit.”

An undeniable thrill ran through me. “Yes, sir.”

...

“Ready, Sandy?” Josh called out from the bedroom. “I don’t want to be kept waiting too long.”



“Coming, sir,” I replied.

My stomach fluttered with nerves. Something was about to happen I wouldn't ever be able to turn back from.

I stepped into the bedroom and Josh's eyes widened. "Damn," he breathed. "I forgot how hot you are in that dress."

"Why, thank you, sir," I cooed. "What would you like me to do now?"

"Use your imagination," Josh grinned.



"Like this?" I said, tickling his hard dick with my feather duster.

"Hey!" Josh laughed. "That feels... kind of amazing."

I crouched and looked up at him, feeling smaller than ever. I hadn't bothered to put on any underwear. "Well, sir, I know something that will feel even more amazing."

"Oh really?"

"Lean back and relax." I placed my hand on his hard chest and gave a little push. "I'll take care of you."

"I hope you like my makeup, sir. I'm still learning."

"You're fucking gorgeous, makeup or not," Josh replied. "But, yeah, I like it. A lot."

"I'm glad. Now, let me see what we can do to show my gratitude for everything you've done for me."



I leaned down, Josh's throbbing cock right in front of my face, and paused. This was the moment. I could still turn back...

...but I didn't want to.

I licked the head of his dick. He tasted salty. I wanted more.

How is this happening to me? a small voice wondered. Have I always been gay? Or... something else?

But the voice retreated quickly. I needed Josh now, and only Josh. Plunging my mouth onto his cock, I sucked hungrily.

"Oh, fuck yeah," Josh said. "Jesus, Sandy, you're incredible."



I bobbed my head up and down his length. “Mmm,” I moaned, gratified.

“Hey, take your dress off. Now I want to see all of you.”

I obeyed, tossing my dress across the room, then climbed onto the bed, and attacked Josh’s dick with renewed vigor. My hanging boobs slapped his meaty thigh as my limp penis swung lifelessly between my legs.

“Fuck yeah, baby.” Josh moaned.

This was the first time I’d performed oral sex on a man. But unlike when I was with a girl, I didn’t have to worry if I was doing everything right. I knew what felt good on a dick, and Josh’s satisfied grunts and rhythmic thrusting told me I was doing damn good work.



“I’m so glad you’re not a boy anymore,” Josh said. “You were made for this.”

But wasn’t I still a boy? Despite whatever chemicals Mortimer and Mrs. Ferris gave to me, they hadn’t changed my fundamental identity. Right? And yet, Josh saw me as a girl. Would I have to stay one forever if I wanted to be with him?

These questions burst through my mind like a flashbulb, then were gone. I’d worry about all that later.

“Thanks, baby,” I said between gulps. “I’m glad, too.”

Then I went down on him again.



[Original Part 10 Link](#)

I kept sucking on Josh. He slapped my butt, and I gave a little squeal. Was I enjoying this? I was enjoying giving Josh pleasure. That was what mattered.

“Fuck, I’m going to cum,” Josh groaned.

I tried to pull away, but I wasn’t quick enough—and also Josh’s meaty hand was on my head. My mouth was suddenly filled with warm, sticky, salty cum. I almost gagged, but I managed to swallow it all.



For a moment, I couldn't believe what I'd done. Not only was I a cocksucker, but I was a cum-drinker, too.

"Damn, you're really, really good at that," Josh laughed.

Pushing aside my momentary identity crisis, I grinned at him. "Beginner's luck."

"Man, if somebody would've told me two years ago that my buddy Scott would be sucking my dick like a Hoover and I'd be loving every second of it, I'd have punched their teeth in."

"Yeah." I smiled. "Me too."



I really don't want you going with this creep, baby. Are you sure I can't call the guys? Or, hell, for you I'd even call the cops, and you know how I feel about those fuckers."

"No," I said sadly. "This is something I have to do, a part of my life I can close before I move on. But, I need to ask you something, and please be honest."

"Of course, ask me anything," Josh said.

"If I stopped... um... transitioning, would you still like me?"

"You mean if you kept your boy parts, but still had boobs?"

"Oh, um..." I stumbled. "You like my... my boobs, huh?"

Josh laughed. “Like? Try *love*.”

Well, I was stuck with tits if I wanted to keep Josh. “Okay, so, yeah. If I still had my boobs, but I kept my... you know.”

“Sandy, before we were rudely interrupted, I was sucking on your ‘you know’ so that should answer your question. Now, I don’t know what’s going on, but if you have to go with this asshole, I’m not letting you go dressed in your maid costume. You can borrow one of my shirts, and I think my ex-girlfriend left a pair of jeans around here...”

At the mention of an ex, I felt a momentary flare of jealousy, but I bit it back. “Thanks, Joshie.”

“Joshie?” He grinned. “I like that, at least coming from you.”

...

“I’ll see you again soon,” I told him.

“You’d better, or I’ll come to that mansion and find you myself, and if anyone gets in my way, they’ll be damn sorry.”

I laughed, because I knew it was true. Somehow, in the course of one night, we’d formed an unbreakable bond. “Deal.”

Feeling a sudden compulsion, I leaped at him. Josh caught me in his arms and kissed me. I held his face, a warm glow inside me. I’d never felt like this about anyone, guy or girl.



“Thank you,” I said. “For everything. I feel like I can face the world now.”

“Face it?” Josh grinned. “Sandy, you can own it.”

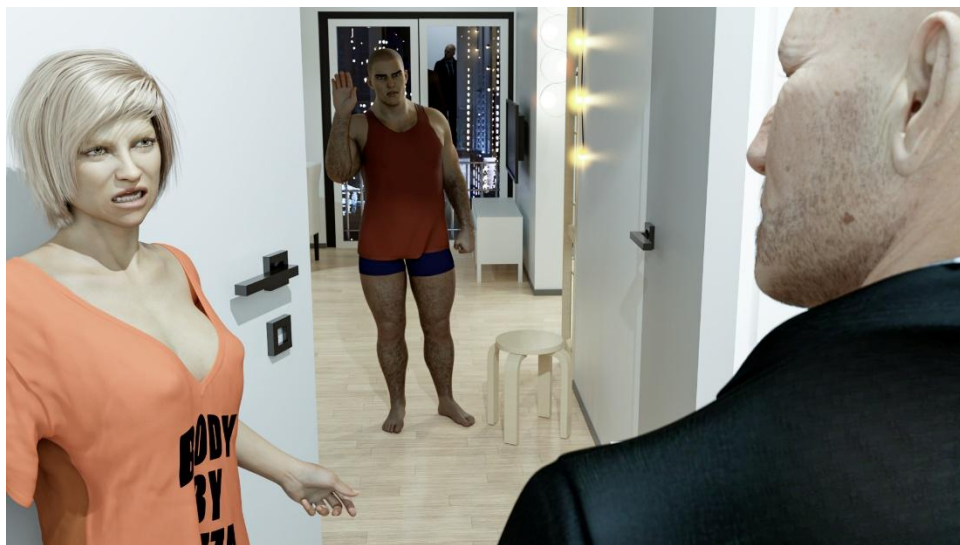
I marched out the door with confidence. “All right, Mr. Mortimer, I’m ready.”

“You took a very long time. Mrs. Ferris will be cross with you.”

“Like I give a shit,” I snarled.

“And just so we’re clear, I told Josh all about the mansion and Mrs. Ferris. So if anything else happens to me, you’re going to get trouble.”

Josh waved from inside. “The trouble is me, by the way.”



Mortimer snorted. “If you’re finished with your threats, we should go.”

I gave Josh one last smile, and followed Mortimer out into the cold night.

“When we get back,” I was saying, “Mrs. Ferris and I are gonna have a long conversation. I don’t want any more changes to my body, so the hormones or chemicals or whatever had better stop. This ‘petticoat punishment’ shit has gone too far. For Christ’s sake, I’ve got tits, Mortimer. Josh thought I was transgender. As long as she agrees to that, I’ll uphold my end of the deal.”

“I’m sorry, Scott,” he said. “You already broke the deal.”

Suddenly, I “felt a sting in my neck, and I cried out in surprise.

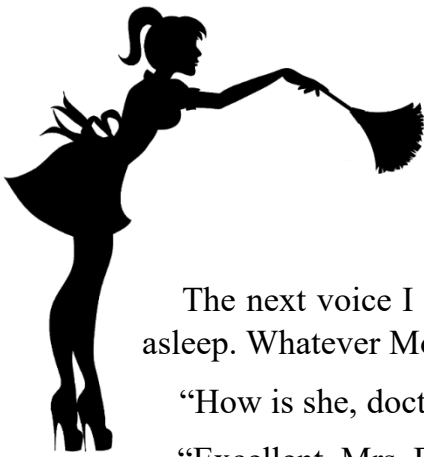
“So Mrs. Ferris has made a new one.”

Panicked, I tried to run, but my knees felt wobbly. I collapsed to the sidewalk, and the night seemed to close in around me. “Am I dying...?” I asked nobody in particular.

“No,” Mr. Mortimer replied. “You’re being reborn... Sofia.”

And everything went dark.





Maid for Life

Chapter Nine

The next voice I heard was Mrs. Ferris, but I was still half-asleep. Whatever Mortimer injected me with was strong stuff.

“How is she, doctor?”

“Excellent, Mrs. Ferris,” said a man’s voice. “Her blood tests came back, and everything looks good. We’ll do all the procedures over the next two weeks, starting today. Are you sure she wishes to be kept sedated? That can be a little dangerous,”

Mrs. Ferris sighed. “I know, but she’s terrified of the pain.”

“I understand. Oh, did she think about the orchiectomy?”

“Yes!” Mrs. Ferris exclaimed. “In fact, she jumped at the opportunity.”

“Good,” the man replied. “It’s a simple procedure I like to throw in for free. My, my... breast implants, facial feminization, and an orchi? What a transformation.”

“Yes,” Mrs. Ferris said as I began to fade out again. “My daughter will be a whole new girl.”



I was in a deep dream without distinct images or sounds, but I knew I didn't want to wake up. Something bad was waiting for me.

But as my body flushed the drugs from my system, I didn't have a choice. A strange, tight pain in my chest and a dull ache in my groin dragged me back to consciousness. My eyes peeled open. In front of me was a window and unwelcome, bright daylight.

Suddenly, I recalled leaving Josh's apartment. Mortimer was behind me, being creepy as usual. He called me Sofia, and then... then...

My eyes flew open in a sudden panic. What has that bastard done to me?

With a groan, I sat up and felt a heavy, unfamiliar weight sway on my chest. Scared, I didn't want to look down, but morbid curiosity got the better of me.

I could feel bandages on my face and throat, and then I looked below... and gasped. If I'd had any energy, I would've screamed.

I was sporting new, huge breasts (at least they were huge to me). They'd even dressed me in frilly, silky panties... and dyed my hair for some fucking reason?

"That bitch... That heinous bitch..." I mumbled. "I'll kill her, I swear to God."



My head was still pounding, and my throat was like sandpaper. Obviously, I'd been taken to the sort of private clinic that caters to the rich. Could I expect a visit from a nurse soon? Would they believe this was done against my will? Would they care?

Suddenly, I noticed the ugly painting from my bedroom in the mansion was hung on the wall!



“What the fuck...?”

The door to my room swung open, and a woman poked her head inside. “How’s my favorite ex-maid?”

Surprised, my mouth dropped open. It was Mrs. Ferris! And she’d dyed her hair to match mine, and it made her look at least a decade younger.

“You crazy cunt!” I shrieked. “Get your butcher of a surgeon back in here right fucking now and remove these... these... things from my chest! And what the hell have you done to my face?”

Mrs. Ferris stalked into the room with an odd, wolfish smile. “We need to work on that voice, young lady—in more ways than one! Your pitch is ugly and mannish, and your vocabulary is vulgar.”

“I’m not a *young lady*,” I growled. “As for my vocabulary, you can go fuck yourself. This is over. Do you understand? I don’t care about the money, and I don’t care about the cops. Get these tits off me and fix whatever you did to my face.”

She grinned. “Or what?”

Damn, but this woman was even nuttier than I’d thought. “Or... I’ll go to them myself and get you and your henchman arrested, even if that means I go to jail too.”

Mrs. Ferris sighed like I’d said something utterly ridiculous. “I’d rethink that threat if I were you, young lady. You see, we’re not in the big, liberal city anymore. I’ve moved us to the southern estate, and the folks here aren’t nearly as tolerant. You’ll end up in a men’s prison, and I’m certain they won’t pay for anything to be removed. I imagine you’d become very popular, but I doubt that’d be a pleasant experience for you, despite any proclivities you’ve recently discovered.”

“Moved us? No, you kidnapped me!” I cried, motioning angrily. The sudden movement caused pain to radiate out from my chest, and I groaned in discomfort. “And mutilated me, too. God damn these hurt.”

“Aw, don’t worry, dear,” Mrs. Ferris cooed. “I know the implants are uncomfortable, but the surgeon has assured me they’ll soften as your breasts grow. In a year or so, they’ll look perfectly plump and natural.”

“No way! I’m not letting you give me any more hormones or whatever. You can lock me up, but I’m not your maid anymore!”

“You’re right. Didn’t I call you my ex-maid only a few moments ago? That part of our relationship is over, and your petticoat punishment has ended. But after your... unilateral dissolution... of our agreement, I had a very long think about your future and mine.”

“What are you on about?”

Mrs. Ferris smiled again and strode to the painting. “This was my daughter, Sofia. She died young, but she had a bright future. She was beautiful, smart, creative...” Mrs. Ferris sighed. “I missed out on seeing her blossom into an amazing woman. Now you will provide me that experience. In short, you will become Sofia, in name and body. You’re my new daughter.”



I couldn't believe my ears. I mean, I knew Mrs. Ferris was batty, but I didn't realize she was straight up psycho! Her new daughter? No way I'd let her transform me into a girl and parade me around to all of her weirdo rich friends.

"You won't get away with this," I told her.

Sitting up, I winced. My groin only hurt if I moved, kind of like I'd been kicked in the balls. What the hell did they do?

"Aw, poor baby. You still a little sore down there? I suggest you savor the pain. Pretty soon, you won't feel anything like it ever again. You see, that pain is the swan song of your testicles. I didn't want you to have to take nasty anti-testosterone pills for the rest of your life."

The ramifications of her statement hit like a tractor trailer. "W-What!?"

"Go ahead and check, dear."

I reached into the stupid, frilly underwear. I quickly found my dick, but underneath... *No. Oh, God! No!*

There was just an empty, shrunken flap of skin and a couple of stitches.

I ripped off the panties and jumped out of the bed, making my ne fake tits jiggle painfully. "Where are my balls?" I screamed, groping myself and hoping against all reason they'd only been stitched up inside and hidden.



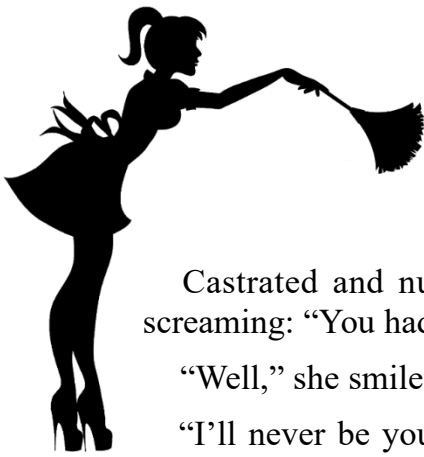
“Hm, that’s a good question,” Mrs. Ferris said. “I watched them put them in one of those red medical waste bins, but that was weeks ago. I imagine they’ve been incinerated by now.”

I let out a howl. The bitch had fucking castrated me! Even if I got away from her, my manhood was lost forever.

“Now, now,” Mrs. Ferris said. “Don’t be too upset. I had them implant time-release hormone implants just above where they used to be, so you won’t have to take any pills or injections. Instead, you’ll be flooded with estrogen on a monthly cycle, just like a real girl. Isn’t that wonderful? Of course, being so close to your penis, I’m not sure what that will do to it... Well, I guess we’ll find out, won’t we, Sofia?”

Hot tears sprang to my eyes. What in hell was I supposed to do now?





Maid for Life

Chapter Ten

Castrated and nude, I did the only thing I could. I kept screaming: “You had no right to do this to me. I hate you!”

“Well,” she smiled. “You sound more like Sofia already.”

“I’ll never be your daughter, or anything even close. I’m a man no matter what you’ve done to me.”



“Don’t be a brat,” Mrs. Ferris said in a sharp tone. “Don’t you see, I’m giving you an incredible opportunity!”

“You’re not giving me anything,” I said, on the verge of tears. “You’ve taken my manhood.”

“What manhood? You think you were a man simply because you possessed a pair of balls? Well, then I’m glad I helped dispel that illusion. A man would never break into someone’s home. A man would never renege on his deal. You were, at best, a boy, and very likely to never truly grow up. Now, though, you have a chance to be a woman.”

“That’s not an opportunity I want!” I moved purposefully toward her. The ache in my chest and groin was a constant reminder of what had been done to me.

She held up her hand. “I see I need to spell it out for you. Your education is another area we’ll need to improve.”

“I’m plenty smart.”

“Yes, but you’re not ‘plenty’ educated. Anyway, the opportunity isn’t just to become a woman instead of a useless, dysfunctional boy. The opportunity is to become a *rich* woman.”

I stared, dumbfounded by the implication. “You mean...”

“I mean as my daughter, you’d also naturally be my heir.”

Was she telling the truth? Would she really let me inherit her wealth? *Jeez, I thought. She’s gotta be worth a couple million at least... No! You can’t trust anything she says!*

I was about to tell her one more time to go back to hell when the door opened. The man who walked in was well-groomed, well-tanned, and well-dressed.



“Oh! Sofia, you’re already up. That’s great.”

“Who the fuck are you?” I demanded, covering myself.

“Sofia!” Mrs. Ferris shouted, sounding for all the world like my real mother.

“Dr. Bishop, I apologize for her outburst. She hasn’t been herself since she woke up from the surgery.”

The man chuckled. “Don’t worry, I’m used to it. Anesthesia can alter a person’s behavior, especially as it’s leaving the body. Sofia, my name is Adam Bishop. We’ve met before, but you were asleep at the time. I’m the surgeon who performed your procedures.”

“Oh my God,” I said. “You’re the one who cut off my nuts?”

“Technically, no,” Dr. Bishop said. “The procedure is simple, so I let the intern do it. But I supervised her. Anyway, you don’t have to worry. As I mention, that’s free of charge in a case like yours.”

“A case like mine?”

He walked closer, grinning widely. Damn, he was tall. “For a trans girl like you. Not everyone in the south is closed-minded. As a plastic surgeon, my goal is to help everyone become the beautiful man or woman they are inside.”

“Uh, well, I’m not transgender,” I said.

“Ah. Well, however you identify is your business, of course. I just want you to know you’re safe here.”

“I’m actually not,” I replied. “This woman isn’t my mother. She’s a crazy bitch who kidnapped me and had all this done to me against my will.”



“Enough with your ludicrous stories,” Mrs. Ferris said. “It’s not amusing. Kidnapper? You begged me to come here.”

Dr. Bishop chuckled. “Don’t kidnappers usually ask for a ransom? I’ve never heard of a kidnapper willing to pay the kind of money you did for her procedures. But don’t worry. Like I said, Mrs. Ferris, this sort of reaction is normal with anesthesia. She’ll be back to her old self soon. Now, Sofia, since you’re already undressed, do you mind if I take a look at the stitches on your scrotum? I want to make sure there’s no infection.”

“Dammit. Fine!”



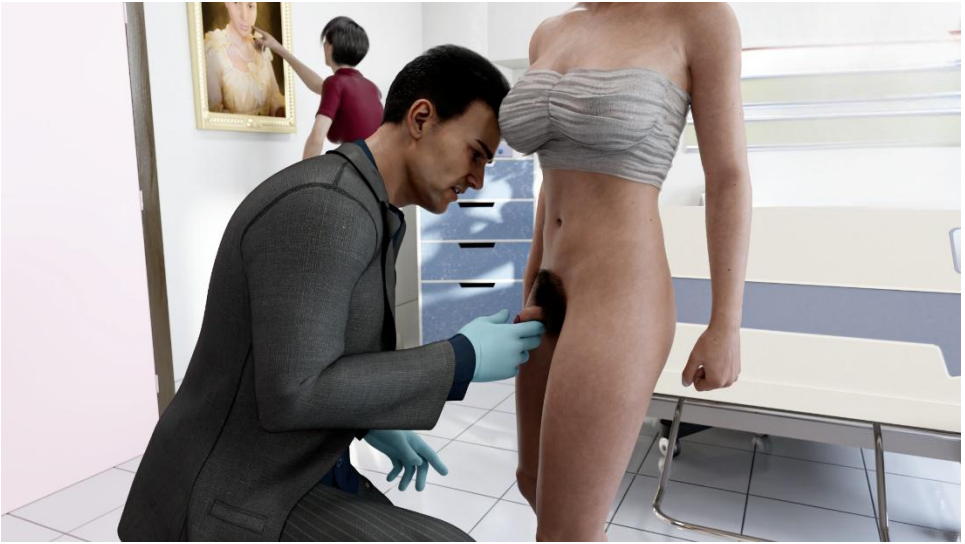
“Hm,” Dr. Bishop mused. “Everything looks good at first glance.”

“She’s so small down there, isn’t she, doctor?” Mrs. Ferris added. “Good thing she’s destined to be a girl.”

“Well, uh...” Dr. Bishop coughed. “Let me put on my gloves to examine the incision.”

I was still in a state of profound shock, praying this was only a nightmare and not my new reality!

“No sign of infection.” Dr. Bishop declared. “Excellent! All right, please put your underwear back on, and we’ll go to my office. That’s where we’ll do the final unwrapping.”



“Oh, this is terribly exciting,” Mrs. Ferris said from near the painting. “My daughter will be home soon.”

“Yes,” Dr. Bishop said. “But if you don’t mind, Mrs. Ferris, we’ll do this with Sofia privately.”

“Oh,” Mrs. Ferris said, sounding a little annoyed. “No, that’s all right. I’ll go and fetch her new dress from the car.”

“Excellent,” Dr. Bishop said. “Sofia, please follow me.”

Feeling defeated—at least for the moment—I obeyed.

Dr. Bishop led me down a long hallway. I felt exposed with only the stupid frilly underwear on, but I saw no other patients. Finally, we entered his spacious office. A pretty woman stood there wearing blue scrubs.

“Hello, Sofia! I’m Anna. I’ll be your nurse for today. Are you ready to see the new you?”

“Not really,” I muttered.

“Don’t worry!” she chirped. “My husband—I mean, Dr. Bishop—is the best. You’ll look absolutely beautiful, I promise. Now step over to this mirror, and I’ll unwrap you.”



Dr. Bishop laughed. “I know the mirror is a little cheesy with all the bulbs, but I think it adds a little charm to the proceedings. Don’t be too nervous. You’re in good hands.”

Nurse Anna unwrapped the bandages from my head and chest slowly and carefully. Finally, they let me look in the mirror. “Oh my God!” I cried.

“Thank you,” Dr. Bishop said. “I may have let the intern remove your testicles, but I’m proud to say I worked on your face and breasts myself. I do think it’s my best work.”

“Best?” Anna said, cocking an eyebrow at him.

“Well, you notwithstanding, my dear. Anyway, Sofia, what do you think?”

I couldn’t answer Dr. Bishop’s question. Hell, I could barely think! The person—no, the woman in the mirror wasn’t me, and yet it was. I didn’t just have little boobs that would hopefully go away on their own. Now I had big, permanent tits! And my face... The difference was subtle, but it was definitely more feminine!

“She’s speechless,” Dr. Bishop said. “I hope that’s a good sign.”

Nurse Anna wrapped me in a half-hug and shouted, “Welcome to the sisterhood!”

“Don’t be alarmed by the artificial appearance or the scars,” Dr. Bishop said. “The hormonal implants will continue to grow your breasts for a while yet, so their appearance will soften considerably. And while you might still have some scarring, they’ll fade considerably.”

I could only stare down at the protrusions on my chest in abject horror. They were enormous!



“Yoohoo,” I heard Mrs. Ferris call from the other side of the door. “I have Sofia’s outfit. May I come in?”

“Yes, Mrs. Ferris,” Dr. Bishop said. “The unveiling is done.”





Maid for Life

Chapter Eleven

“That’s... me?” I stammered.

“Sure is, honey,” said Nurse Anna.

I gazed into the mirror in shock, wishing the feminine vision would stop following my movements. But, of course, she didn’t. Because her cute face, shapely legs, and enormous tits were *my* face, legs, and tits. I was the girl in the mirror.

My stomach tied itself into a knot, and I felt sick. This was not how it should have been. Sure, I’d spent a night crossdressing and experimenting with Josh, but now I’d become a complete freak. It wasn’t fair.

The door opened, and Mrs. Ferris entered holding a large gift box. I was too entranced by my new reflection to hurl myself at her and tear her to pieces.

“Was she a good girl?” Mrs. Ferris asked the doctor. “Has she calmed down?”

Dr. Bishop chuckled. “Yes, although I think she’s a bit stunned by her appearance.”



“I bet she is,” Mrs. Ferris replied. “Are we okay to go home after she’s dressed?”

“Absolutely,” Dr. Bishop said as he and Anna turned to leave. “She has healed beautifully.”

“In more ways than one,” Mrs. Ferris replied with a laugh. “Thank you, doctor.”

“Of course,” he said. “Remember us if she ever decides to complete her transition.”

I swiveled around in shock. Did they mean a sex change?

Nurse Anna said, “You have a lovely daughter. Can’t wait to see you again, Sofia!”

“Well, Sofia,” Mrs. Ferris said in an annoyingly chirpy voice. “Are you quite satisfied?”

“Satisfied? With your butchery? You’re a monster.”

She rolled her eyes. “Oh, we’re still in a mood, are we?”

I blinked at her in disbelief. How could she be so blasé about her crimes? “You’ve had me fucking castrated, operated on my face, and had these... these *things* implanted in my chest!”

Mrs. Ferris snorted. “Oh, please. Enough with the false front. Mortimer saw you with that hooligan. He saw you sashaying with him in the tight red dress he bought you, holding his arm like a dutiful little girlfriend. And he saw you in his bedroom...”

I sputtered. “That’s... that’s different! He thought I was transgender because of whatever shit you and Mortimer gave me for years. I didn’t have anywhere else to go.”

Right? It was different. I admit I’d never had feelings for any man before Josh. So, what if I was bi? That didn’t mean I wanted to be a woman.

“So you can be a girl for him, but not me?” Mrs. Ferris said. “Even with everything I’m offering?”

“This is *permanent*, you crazy old bat. And you didn’t ask me.”

“No, I didn’t,” Mrs. Ferris stated. “Because your masculine ego—which has been annoyingly stubborn to eliminate despite everything—would’ve forced you to say ‘no.’ It didn’t have your best interests at heart, so I took it away. Now, you can choose without the interference of that annoying, useless little voice in the back of your head.”

“This is wrong,” I said, on the verge of tears again. “I want to go back to my old life.”

“No, you don’t,” Mrs. Ferris said in a reassuring and annoyingly motherly tone of voice. “I understand this transition will be difficult for you. For us both! But I’ll help you. Why return to a life of crime when you can have a life of leisure?”

“Open my gift when you’re ready. Inside you will find a bra—obviously you need one now—panties and a dress. Put them on and join me outside. Or don’t, I suppose, and leave here with me half-naked.”

She leaned forward and brushed my smooth cheek. When was the last time I’d needed to shave? Two years ago? I wanted to see vitriol in her gaze. I didn’t. I saw tenderness and something else that both disarmed and shocked me: Hope.

“You will never be a real man, Scott. If you wish, you can say I stole that from you, as you tried to steal from me. But I’m giving you something greater: A chance for a better life. Become my daughter. Become Sofia.”



What choice did I have? Run away in the weird little silk shorts I was wearing? I opened the box and groaned. The panties were easy to put on, although how flat they appeared was a horrific reminder of what I'd lost.

The bra was difficult. My new breasts were still tender. I tried to emulate what I'd seen women do in TV and movies by clasping it in the front, then rotating it around back. I was dismayed to see the size on the tag: 36-DD.



But once I had the bra on, I must admit, the support felt blessedly good.

The dress and the shoes were technically easy to slip on, but for a long time, I sat on the couch and peered at them in the box. I'd worn a dress for Josh, but that was supposed to be temporary. This felt more like putting on a shackle. Sure, I'd probably have a chance to break free from Mrs. Ferris later, but what if she drugged me again? Or locked me up?

Or, more horribly, what if I actually enjoyed being her “daughter?”

When I finally put on the clothes, I gasped when I looked in the mirror. I didn't see Scott gazing back at all. I saw someone new.

I guess I saw Sofia.



When I left Dr. Bishop’s office, Mrs. Ferris was in the hall waiting. She took one look at me, burst into tears, and hugged me.

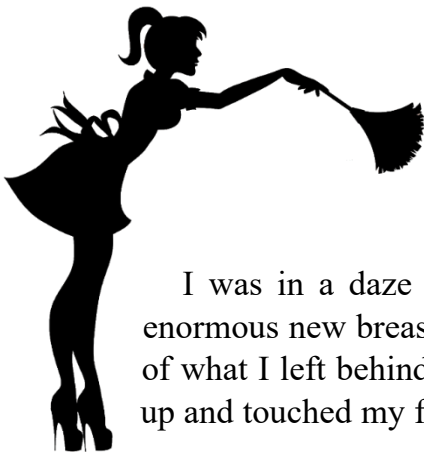
I was in a daze as I left the clinic. I felt like an astronaut about to land on an alien planet without a spacesuit.

Scott’s life was on pause. Sofia’s life was beginning. Or... re-beginning, I guess?

I had to get in contact with Josh and let him know I was okay. Well, not okay, but alive. Maybe he could help me out of this nightmare.

“Come along, Sofia,” Mrs. Ferris said. “Mortimer is waiting with the car. Let’s go home.”





Maid for Life

Chapter Twelve

I was in a daze as we drove. Every pothole bounced my enormous new breasts and made my groin ache, reminding me of what I left behind at the clinic. My face also hurt. I reached up and touched my face.

No. *Sofia's* face.

The car was silent for several minutes as it rolled over the bumpy streets. Every jolt made me want to whimper.

"I'm sorry, honey," Mrs. Ferris said. "We'll be home soon."

My eyes refused to meet hers. I stared instead at my lap, at my very feminine legs sticking out of my skirt. They were so soft and smooth compared to the guy I'd been. How had I let this happen?

Finally, the car pulled into a long driveway and stopped.

"Here we are," said Mrs. Ferris. "Home sweet home."

As I got out of the limo, the skirt's fabric brushed my hairless thighs. The humiliation washed over me like a wave. Sure, I wore that stupid maid outfit while I was "employed" by Mrs. Ferris, but that always felt like a silly (if demeaning) costume. Even when I dressed up for Josh, that was supposed to be temporary. This was different.

This felt like it was forever.

"Can I change out of this dress?" I asked.

"Of course," Mrs. Ferris said. "Although I'm afraid there aren't a lot of clothes in your wardrobe yet. My husband donated most of Sofia's outfits over my objection. But don't worry, we'll soon rectify that situation. For now, you can wear anything you find. Everything should fit splendidly. That's the reason I had your breasts enlarged. Sofia was very chesty."

Turning, I finally saw the house. "Oh," I said. "It's actually adorable."



“Expecting another mansion?” Mrs. Ferris said. “I realize it’s not as luxurious as our home in the city, but after all, there’s only the two of us now, my dear.”

A little hope flared in my chest. I looked back at Mortimer, still in the driver’s seat. “The ape isn’t joining us?”

“No. Mr. Mortimer will be looking after our home in the city,” Mrs. Ferris said. “I want us to have a chance to bond as mother and daughter. This is actually my childhood home. When I’m away, where do you think I usually am? Here! This house, this town, and these people are where my heart truly lies. Now, come along. I’ll give you the dime tour.”

Mrs. Ferris led me inside. I was surprised by how old-fashioned the home was. The furniture was old, the curtains thin, and even the wallpaper looked decades old. Still, it was cozy, with a wood fireplace and plush carpets. A large grandfather clock ticked loudly, marking off the seconds of my new life.

“The kitchen is on the left,” Mrs. Ferris said and pushed open a door.

The floorboards creaked under my feet as I followed. “This place is kind of spooky.”

“I know it’s not modern,” said Mrs. Ferris. “I promise we’ll renovate since we’ll be living here full-time. It’s just, this house was always my retreat from busy city life. I hope you’ll come to adore living here as much as I do.”



Mrs. Ferris gestured to the quaint kitchen. “I honestly can’t wait to teach you to cook, my dear.”

“I’ll have to cook for you?” I said, annoyed.

“Me? No dear. You’re my daughter now, not my maid. But a young lady needs to know how to cook for her man. I don’t care what feminism might say. Traditional values are still important. Especially to the kind of men I’ll introduce you to soon.”

I blushed. “I...”

Mrs. Ferris chuckled. “Oh, don’t go denying you’re into boys. Like I said at the clinic, Mr. Mortimer told me what you got up to while you were away.”

“That was... different,” I said. I didn’t sound too convincing, even to myself.

“Why?” Mrs. Ferris challenged. “Because you were desperate and scared?”

Why was I still clinging to the ridiculous teddy bear she’d given me at the clinic? I should’ve thrown it in the trash bin the first chance I got.

“Yes,” I said. “I was scared. And Josh only wanted to help me because he thought I was a girl.”

“I understand. But, young lady, sometimes fear reveals who you truly are. Now let me show you to your bedroom.”

We walked up the stairs together. It was a long climb, and my heels didn't help much. I was still learning how to walk in them.

Mrs. Ferris opened the door onto a well-appointed bedroom. Immediately, despite myself, I smiled. "Wow."



"Yes, this room gets a lot of natural light. This was our guest bedroom. You can, of course, decorate it however you like. In fact, I encourage it. Developing your feminine sense of style will take time, but I'm sure you'll blossom in many, many ways."

I walked around the room slowly, looking at everything. My bedroom at the mansion had been comfortable, but somehow this felt more personal.

"Now please pick out something nice to wear from the wardrobe," Mrs. Ferris said. "We're going out to celebrate our new relationship."

"Out?" I cried. "But I can't—"

Mrs. Ferris shot me a dangerous look. "You can, young lady. And you will."

After she left, I pulled off the dress. Seeing my body again was like getting punched. I looked down. My skin, so very soft and smooth. My hips, my ass, and my breasts. They looked so... nice.



But this wasn't right. I didn't want to be a girl. I didn't want to be Sofia.

And then there was my cock. It looked so strange. So... feminine. How was that possible? I touched myself and shuddered. Mrs. Ferris had said they'd put hormonal implants near my dick. Would they shrink it even more? Would it turn brittle and just fall off? Or would it stay but become smaller and maybe more sensitive?

My eyes started to water. I wiped away the tears angrily. I might look like a girl now, but I wasn't going to act like one. I wasn't Sofia. I was Scott.

I stared at my new breasts. If Mrs. Ferris really had made me in the image of her daughter, Sofia sure was stacked. She probably put out like a whore. The thought made me blush. I squeezed my boobs, testing their size. They were huge. I fucking hated them.

Right? Yes, dammit!

Still, I bet Josh would've gone "Hell, Yeah!" if he'd seen these puppies. He'd always loved girls with big tits..

I need to get in touch with him...

...and say what?

“Hey, Josh, remember how I sucked your dick even though we used to kind of be rivals and how I let you assume I was a trans girl? Well, I’m not. I’m actually being held against my will by a crazy rich bitch who’s making me into her daughter. Can you come and rescue me?”

I walked to the wardrobe and nearly fell over. Sofia’s choice of underwear was stunning. Silken, frilly, delicate... there were panties, nightgowns, and even more revealing items. I picked the most conservative underwear and put them on with some difficulty. I hated how easy it was to tuck my maleness into my panties, making it all disappear.

Peering inside the wardrobe, I cursed. Every dress was low-cut. I didn’t want to walk around with my tits hanging out, but there didn’t seem to be much choice. I picked the least revealing dress and pulled it on, hating how good the soft fabric felt against my skin.



Taking a deep breath, I tried to prepare for the new world I was about to face, not as Scott, but as Sofia.

“Come along, dear,” Mrs. Ferris called from downstairs. “We have reservations.”

“Coming,” I said and looked at myself in the mirror one last time. I didn’t recognize the girl with dark hair and massive breasts staring back at me.

But then again, maybe I did.





Maid for Life

Chapter Thirteen

I shut my eyes tight as I tried to steel myself for the evening ahead. Logically, I knew we were only going out to dinner, and yes, I'd been in public dressed as a girl before. However, something about this felt entirely different. That had been like putting on a show, whereas this seemed real and permanent.

I descended the stairs slowly, unsure with my heels, to find Mrs. Ferris waiting for me in the living room. She looked me over and nodded approvingly. "Very nice," she told me. "You look like Sofia."

"Thank you," I said meekly.

Where had the loud young man I'd been before this nightmare gone? Had that all really just been ego, like Mrs. Ferris had said? As fake and inflated as the artificial breasts on my chest?



"Are you ready for dinner?" Mrs. Ferris asked in a kindly tone.

"I guess so."

"Wrong!" cried Mrs. Ferris.

I looked at her, bewildered. "Huh?"

Mrs. Ferris glared at me disapprovingly. “My dear, you don’t have on a spot of makeup! No self-respecting young lady would step foot outside the house without her face.”

“Oh,” I said, again in the meek little voice. Could the loss of my testicles already be having some effect?

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Ferris—”

“Wait,” she said. “You must call me ‘mother’ or ‘mom.’ Not Mrs. Ferris. Never again. Understand?”

I wanted to tell her she was a crazy old bat who should exclusively be called ‘psychotic cunt,’ but what was the point? Better to stay in her good graces. “Yes, mother.”

“Good,” she said with the biggest damn grin I’ve ever seen. “Now, please, go on.”

“Well,” I replied. “I just figured with my new tits—”

“Tsk,” she said. “Young ladies don’t use that kind of language. You may call them breasts or, I suppose, boobs if you’re feeling childish.”

“Right, well, uh with my... my boobs and... and everything, it’s not like anybody will think I’m not a girl, so what’s the point of putting that junk on my face? I think it’s ugly. It makes me look—”

“Trashy?” finished Mrs. Ferris with a chuckle. “Yes, I saw your amateurish attempts in the past. But that was because you didn’t receive proper instruction. Frankly, back when you were my maid, forcing you to wear makeup was a part of your petticoat punishment and was therefore only meant to humiliate you. Now, however, you will need to be taught how to apply it properly.”

I bit my lip, but I was learning when to keep my mouth shut. Not because I was afraid she’d hit me or anything, but just because placating her seemed like the best strategy. At least for now.

“Oh, don’t pout, dear,” Mrs. Ferris sighed. “I want us to share a genuine mother-daughter relationship. That means no secrets.”

“I don’t want to wear makeup,” I said.



“Of course you don’t, darling. Because you have no appreciation for how beautiful you are. But I do. So I will guide you. Please, sit down.” She guided me to the couch. “Show me your face.”

Reluctantly, I sat down.

“Also,” said Mrs. Ferris, “boobs don’t make a lady. I have hardly any, as you can see! A lady is grace, poise, and integrity. A lady is of refinement and intelligence. A lady is all about giving, not taking. And being humble and delicate and quiet.

“You don’t seem humble, delicate, and quiet.” She glared at me. “Mom,” I added.

“That’s because I’m an old woman now, Sofia. I don’t need to be very ladylike anymore, thank goodness. I already caught my man and had my daughter. Now, let’s see what we can do about your makeup. Luckily, our coloring is nearly the same...”

Mrs. Ferris took tubes, creams, and powders out of her handbag and began applying them to my face. The subtle scent of her makeup was somehow intoxicating, indescribably feminine. I cringed and frowned until she tapped me on the nose and said, “Stop moving if you don’t want to look like a clown.”



Finally, after what felt like an eternity of foundation, mascara, lipstick, and blush, Mrs. Ferris stepped back and admired her work. “There we are,” she said.

I looked at myself in a hand mirror Mrs. Ferris took from her purse and was stunned beyond words. The surgery had already reshaped my face into a softer, more feminine one, but the makeup took me from being androgynously pretty to, well...

“Lovely,” Mrs. Ferris said in a breathless, awestruck voice. “Oh, Sofia. You’re just lovely! Now, let’s hurry. We don’t want to miss our reservations.”



We went outside. The evening air was crisp and cold. I shivered.

Mrs. Ferris said, “I’ll drive. Oh, we’re going to have such a wonderful time, Sofia. In fact, we’ll be dining with a special friend of mine and her daughter. I believe you two will get along splendidly.”

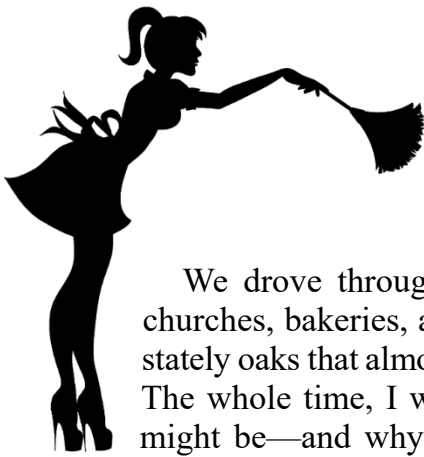
“I don’t really want to meet anyone today.” I said desperately.

“Sofia, come now. It’s only a dinner.” Mrs. Ferris admonished. “Now, I was a girl once, myself. I know what you’re going through. After all, the gaze of every man in the restaurant will fall upon you the moment you walk through the door. That sort of attention can be intimidating, no doubt, but it can also be fun—if you know how to handle it.”

“Sure,” I muttered. “Fun.”

She opened the car door for me, and I climbed in, my skirt riding up high and nearly exposing my panties. Mrs. Ferris made polite small talk during the ride, but I couldn’t concentrate on what she was saying. I was drowning in fear.

In a few minutes, my public debut as Sofia would take place. I felt like I was standing on the edge of a cliff and, soon, I’d be forced to jump. Either I’d fall or fly, and I wasn’t sure which was worse.



Maid for Life

Chapter Fourteen

We drove through the quiet little Southern town, passing churches, bakeries, and restaurants, all tucked away among the stately oaks that almost seemed to glow in the afternoon sunlight. The whole time, I wondered who Mrs. Ferris' 'special friend' might be—and why it was so important to meet them on the same day I'd been fucking castrated. Even a sociopath like her could give a guy a couple days to recover from the shock.

Mrs. Ferris peered at me in the rearview mirror. She had such an unnerving, penetrating gaze. "Sit like a lady, dear. Unless you want everyone to see your stitches."

Still lost in my thoughts, I looked up in confusion. "Huh?"

"You're wearing a dress," she continued. "Cross your legs."

"Oh," I replied. "Right."

I crossed my legs. My groin was still sore, but I tried to ignore the pain. I didn't want to think about what that pain represented. Sure, I could've made a stink and opened my legs even wider—really *manspread*, as the saying goes—but I didn't want to argue. Actually, that's not true. I did want to argue, but I didn't have the energy.



Mrs. Ferris continued to stare at me in the rearview mirror. Then she laughed. “I suppose you can give a girl tits, but you can’t make her a lady. Ah, well. We’ll take care of all that soon enough. Believe it or not, I used to be a bit of a tomboy myself. I had to learn to be feminine to attract boys. In fact, we’re coming up on exactly where I learned to be a lady...”

We drove down a long, tree-lined road. At first, I thought the colossal building ahead was a cathedral, with stone towers and intricate wooden carvings rising into the clear blue sky. But as we got -closer, I realized it wasn’t a church at all. It was a university.



Mrs. Ferris grinned. “This is my alma mater, St. Christopher’s University. Are you familiar with this school, dear?”

“Uh...” I looked at the school’s gates, which were flanked by giant stone columns supporting a stone archway.

“It’s a very old school,” said Mrs. Ferris. “And it’s the pride of the South. At least, I think so, but of course, I’m biased. That was where I met my husband, Kenneth. I was a freshman, and he was a senior. We met at the Student Union over a cup of coffee. He was quite the campus hero, you know. Back then, St. Christopher’s was one of the top schools in the country. Our football team was undefeated for three seasons, and we sent a good number of kids to the pros. Ken was one of the star players, and he got a full scholarship.”

Mrs. Ferris sighed, momentarily lost in a memory, and for a moment, I saw not a psychotic bitch trying to turn me into her daughter, but just a sad and lonely old woman.

Her voice softened. “Ken was such a handsome man. It’s a shame he was such a bastard in the end. Anyway, the football team has always been the school’s pride. Last year, the school had a truly amazing quarterback. Everyone said he was going to play for the Cowboys. He was a model player. He had a great physical build, perfect speed, a great arm. But he was more than a great quarterback. He was a great young man. Everyone loved him.” Mrs. Ferris went quiet again, and a strange smile touched her lips. “Anyway, the poor dear had to leave due to some kind of hormonal deficiency. The team hasn’t yet recovered, I’m afraid. Such a shame.”

“Okay,” I said. “But why the history lesson?”

“Because, young lady, in a few months, you’ll begin your matriculation at St. Christopher’s. I’ve already taken care of everything. I’ve spoken to the regents and made a sizable donation, so you won’t need to formally apply or provide any silly documentation of your identity. We all know who you are. Aren’t you excited? You’ll be a freshman coed! Oh, Sofia, I’m almost jealous.”



“Wait, wait, wait,” I said. “You’re making me go to college?”

“Of course!” Mrs. Ferris exclaimed. “A proper lady needs an education. These days, you can’t rely on your looks to snag a good man. You have to be smart, too!”

Mrs. Ferris kept driving as I digested this new and, frankly, terrifying information. I was a little old to be a college freshman, and I was definitely no coed, even if I looked like one. But what choice did I have? Sure, I could run away to the cops—even though I fucking hated cops—but that would probably just end with me in jail, too. Plus, I was starting to suspect Mrs. Ferris had deep connections in this small college town. The police would probably just haul me right back to her, laughing the whole time. That’s if they didn’t beat me up or try to force themselves on me. I shuddered.

“How far of a drive is this place?” I asked.

“Oh, not too far,” she said. “Now, please, I want you to behave yourself. Remember, this is my good friend.”

I squirmed in the seat. “Does she know about our, um, arrangement?”

Mrs. Ferris grinned. “She knows your true sex if that’s what you mean. But don’t worry, I think you’ll find the South a more welcoming place than you may have imagined—especially when you have money.”

Mrs. Ferris had barely spoken for the last ten minutes, and I was enjoying the silence. The country passed by, flat and green. Every now and again, Mrs. Ferris would steal another glance at me in the rearview mirror, and I’d catch her smiling. I felt like a prized dog she couldn’t wait to show off.

The whole drive, she listened to oldies country. I can’t stand the stuff, so when yet another Shania Twain song came on, I politely raised my hand like I was in fucking school and said, “Can we have a different station?”

Mrs. Ferris’ demeanor changed instantly. The smile thinned, and she glared at me. “Why would we do that, Sofia? You love Shania Twain. Don’t you remember?”

To be honest, the look scared me more than a little. Exactly how unhinged was this woman? Did some part of her genuinely believe I was her daughter reincarnated or something?

I nodded and turned away as *Man I Feel Like a Woman* blared in my ears.

We kept driving, and I found myself totally distracted by the drastic and sudden changes I'd undergone. Part of me felt like I was piloting someone else's body. Someone with big tits, shapely legs, and a gorgeous made-up face.

I gently cupped my breasts. They still felt a bit hard, but the doctor had said they'd soften as devices he implanted continued to release estrogen. Does that mean they'll grow even bigger? Fuck my life.

Suddenly, Mrs. Ferris said, "Sofia, dear, are you playing with yourself back there?"

"N-No. I, uh, need to go to the bathroom. Can we stop?"

"We're almost there. But, sure, I can stop. But you'll have to use the lady's room."

"Uh," I said. "Never mind. I'll hold it."

"Are you sure?" Mrs. Ferris said. "I hope they didn't damage your bladder during your little surgery."

"I'm fine," I said. "Mom."

That made her smile. "Okay sweetie."

After another twenty minutes of driving, the sun was starting to set. Finally, we turned down a gravel driveway that led into a patch of forest.

"This is a fantastic restaurant," Mrs. Ferris said. "Very special. Only VIPs allowed. Of course, it doesn't have a real name, but everyone calls it The Dungeon. Don't worry, you'll see why."

The look on my face must've spoken volumes because Mrs. Ferris laughed.

"Oh, don't give me that face, Sofia. It's not anything untoward."



As the trees cleared a little, I saw what only could've been a castle. Or, at least, as close to a castle as a building in the American South could be. The place was clearly ancient—or at least appeared so—with slabs of stone and brick making up its walls and round towers. A massive wooden gate was open, and security guards stood around, dressed in suits and shades. When they saw Mrs. Ferris, they waved her through. One of the guards pulled down his sunglasses to stare at me, then winked.

“Oh!” Mrs. Ferris said as we let the valet take the car. “There’s Howard. He’s the husband of the friend I spoke about. I didn’t realize he was coming. But don’t worry, he’s a good man. One of the last ones left, I suspect. Hm, that’s odd. He’s usually all smiles but the poor dear looks as cantankerous as an old bear. Oh, well, let’s go say hello.”

I tottered toward the man as best I could, still getting used to the damn heels. As we got closer, I realized he was huge! At least six-foot-two and maybe two hundred and eighty pounds. He had a bit of a beer belly but carried it well, and his face looked like a mountain in the process of eroding.

“Hello, Mrs. Ferris,” he said.

“Howard!” Mrs. Ferris said. “How are you? Did you tag along with Mary?”

I noticed that Howard was barely looking at me. *He knows I'm a guy*, I realized. *And he's ashamed to feel attracted to me.*

"I'm afraid Mary isn't coming," he said. "She's having trouble adjusting to our new... situation."

"Really?" said Mrs. Ferris. "How strange. I would've thought she'd be delighted. You know, I really must thank you. Your 'situation'—as you've so diplomatically described it—gave me an idea. Please meet my daughter Sofia."

I fought the sudden and ridiculous urge to curtsy. For some reason, I adopted the softest voice I could muster. "Hello. I'm... I'm pleased to meet you."

Howard nodded, looking uncomfortable, and said. "Pleased to meet you, too, Sofia. Oh! And, well, here's my, um, daughter..."

"...Nikki," he said and gestured at an utterly beautiful young woman walking toward us.



"Please, she said—although her voice was a bit huskier than I would've expected—"don't call me that, Dad,"

Howard looked embarrassed and said in a harsh whisper, "We've discussed this. It's *required*,"

Mrs. Ferris clapped her hands. “Well, Isn’t this a splendid meeting! I’ve been looking forward to it for quite some time. Sofia, Nikki is who I was talking about earlier in the car.”

My cheeks were beat red. For the first time, I was in front of a gorgeous girl around my own age dressed like one of her peers. Did she know I was a guy?

“Sorry,” I said. “What do you mean... mom?”

Mrs. Ferris grinned. “Nikki is the quarterback with the ‘hormonal disorder,’ of course! That’s why I knew you’d get along so well. After all, you were both unfortunate enough to be born boys when fate clearly intended otherwise.”



“*Wait, she’s a boy?*” We said in unison.

“That’s right!” said Mrs. Ferris with a huge smile. “And I’m pleased to report this is a celebratory dinner! You see, you’ll both be attending St. Christopher’s as freshmen coeds. I imagine you’ll become the absolute best of girlfriends. Isn’t this exciting, Howard?”

“Um. Yes. V–Very exciting.”

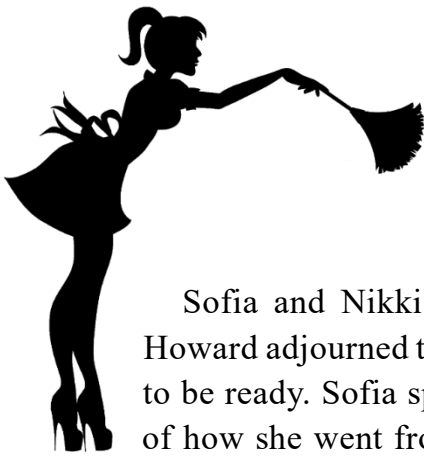
“Well, I think so, at least. Now, c’mon, we can all get better acquainted while we eat. I’m sure you two have a lot to talk about.”

“Freshmen?” Nikki cried. “Dad, I can’t go back there. Everyone knows me!”

“I—I’m sorry,” Howard said. “My hands are tied. And remember, you need to call me ‘Daddy,’ um, sweetie.”

Nikki let out a big sigh and turned to me. God, she—*he?*—was gorgeous! “I’m Nikki, I guess.”

I’m Sofia,” I said, feeling Mrs. Ferris’ gaze. “Nice to meet you.”



Maid for Life

Epilogue

Sofia and Nikki lingered outside while Mrs. Ferris and Howard adjourned to the restaurant bar, waiting for their table to be ready. Sofia spoke first, giving Nikki a quick summary of how she went from petty thief to Mrs. Ferris' maid to her "daughter" and potential heiress. Then, it was Nikki's turn:

...

So, that's your story? Thief to maid to adopted daughter? Well, that's tragic, but at least you kinda deserved what happened.

Hey, don't look at me with those eyes. You were breaking into houses, dude.

Like, *of course* something bad was coming your way.

Me? None of this should've happened to me. Guys don't just get randomly kidnapped, you know?

That's something that's supposed to happen to girls. Well, not *supposed to*, but you know what I mean. Besides, I was a good student.

Well, all right, I was a *passing* student (mostly). But more important than all that? My family was wealthy...

...and I was the star quarterback of my college football team. Division One, baby..

Everyone said I was going to the NFL. My coaches, my girlfriends, my dad, his friends. Everyone, bro.

My body was a finely-tuned football throwing machine. And those fuckwits ruined it with their girl juice or whatever they injected into me every morning.



I mean, look at me! How can I throw fifty yards with these skinny arms? My body was my art, science project, and babe magnet all rolled into one.

First, I got flabby. I thought I was just getting fat from the lack of exercise.

I mean, I was used to eating four thousand calories a day and working out 'til I puked.

But once the muscles were all gone...

I started to lose the flab. I got smaller...

...and curvier. That's when I realized what was happening. What they were *doing*.

The whole thing was started by Zach Hutchinson, the backup quarterback. I guess he wanted my spot. Oh, and he's queer and wants to fuck me. That's *never* happening. How'd they do it? Money, dude! I mean I always thought my family was rich, but Zach's dad is, like, *Elon Musk* rich.

Anyway, some shit went down on the island where they were keeping me. I shot a couple people and almost escaped. They caught me as I was hot-wiring a boat. This hot girl, Jill, pleaded with them not to hurt me. She... she made a deal. I'll always be thankful to her, even though, at the time, I was kind of an ass.

A couple of weeks later, they told me I was headed home. At first, I thought it was a trick. Then, I only wished it was.

Because I wasn't wearing jeans and a T-shirt on the flight home. Nope. In fact, I'd been expressly told T-shirts and anything 'too masculine' was forbidden from my wardrobe.



So, I was wearing a damn sports bra and yoga pants. And things were only getting worse from there.

Peering into that makeup mirror, I didn't even recognize the person staring back at me. For a second, I wondered about trying to open the airplane door and going for a nice, long fall. But that was a dumb idea. I was too weak to fight them off.

So, I put on the makeup, squeezed into the outfit, and suddenly we landed. My stomach was in knots as I marched to the exit. I had no idea what was going to happen next.

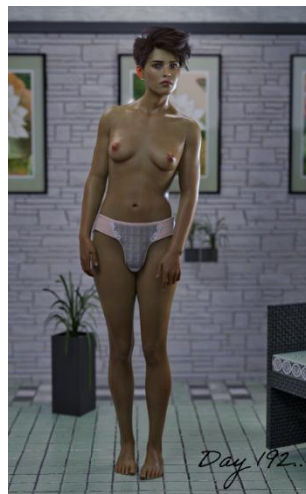
The door opened and there was daddy, er, I mean my father. I'll tell you what—and I know this sounds awful, bro—but you should be glad your dad is dead.

The look on his face when he saw what I've become will haunt me forever.

I thought I was going to die from shame. Little did I fucking know this was only the start. Because who comes strolling down the tarmac?

Zach Hutchinson and his bastard father. That's when I realized that somehow, incredibly, this was all about to get *worse*.

Much, much fucking worse.







Follow the continuing adventures of Sofia (Sandy) and Nikki in these episodes from their comic serial, *Half Sisters*:

#1 *Nikki's Homecoming*

#2 *Barely There Swimwear*

#3 *Nikki's First Bra*

#4 *Sandy and Jessica Connect*

#5 *Nikki and Zach Reconnect*

Nikki's Nightmare (Interlude)

#6 *Secrets Revealed*

Missent Selfies (Interlude)

#7 *Shopping with Mom and the Girls*

#8 *Breaking and Entering for Old Times' Sake*

#9 *Kenneth Ferris... Is That You?*

#10 *Nikki is a Badass (and so is Zach)*

#11 *Getting Ready for Her First Date*

#12 *Nikki's Date with Zach*