

MAID MACHIAVELLI

By Bea

The young man woke gradually, feeling the soft hands work their way under the covers then undo his pajama jacket buttons. He then felt the softness of the fingers as they started caressing his tummy, breasts and armpits. He heard the whispered words vaguely, something about how smooth he'd kept himself. He came awake completely when his hair band was slackened and removed. Knew that his hair was being softly fanned out about his head on the pillow. Saw only the rough outlines of a female shape in the darkness, but heard the rustle of her uniform petticoats as she crouched over his supine body, stroking his hair.



"Awake now, sleepyhead?" she asked him, mockery just below the surface.

"Yes mistress," he said softly.

"Good! You haven't forgotten all about Molly while you were away at school. Did what I told you as well. Kept yourself nice and smooth. Kept your hair long. Wouldn't let these nasty men cut it."

"That's why they expelled me mistress," he said miserably. "Headmaster yelling at me. The cadets calling me a sissy. And now my step mom's mad at me for being sent home."

He caught the gleam of her smile, her white teeth showing even in the darkness of his room.

"Yes. Deanna eavesdropped on that particular conversation this morning. Told me all about it. Got your sweet little backside chewed out royally, didn't you?"

"But it was you that got me in all this trouble," he wailed softly. "It was you made me..."

"Then why didn't you tell them that dearie?" She put on a little girl voice. "Oh sirs? I'm just growing my hair long because one of my step mother's maids won't let me get it cut. She said it would make a man out of me, learning how to stand up to authority and not conforming at some boys military academy."

"But I couldn't say that mistress. What would they think?" he argued, but weakly.

"Yes. Good point. But it doesn't matter what 'they' think now, does it? You're back home. Here with your stepmother and stepsister. Me and the other maids? Safe in the bosom of your family. All of us girls."

His voice brightened a little. "Jenny coming home? I thought she was away at school for the full semester."

"She was. But there's been an outbreak of something or other there, so they had all the girls sent home for a month. Madame's going to pick her up this afternoon as a matter of fact. But you sound pleased about her being here. Thinking that she's someone you can still boss around? Be nasty to? Just like you're mean to my junior maids?"

He sighed inwardly. She was far too perceptive. Though he really didn't 'like' to boss Jenny about. It was just that she was smaller and weaker than he was: one of the few. He had the feeling that she sort of looked up to him. Again, one of the few. He did, sort of, enjoy strutting around in front of her.

His tormentor seemed psychic as she spoke again. "Well, you might be just a wee bit disappointed in that regard. Did you know that she's grown quite a bit since you last saw her? Probably bigger than you now. Made the finals of the junior state tennis tournament? She's become quite an athlete. Don't think she'll take any nonsense from you. No, don't see that at all."

"But mistress. It was you that wanted me to act like that. Mean to her, and to Deanna and Maria."

"Well, I thought it'd make more of a man out of you, if you could at least learn to act like one but..." here she paused and slid her cool hand in to caress his tummy again. "I'm really starting to think I may have made a mistake with you after all. In fact, that's one of the reasons I thought I'd pay you this little visit."

"You mean I don't have to be nasty to Jenny any more?"

"That's right! And the same goes for Deanna and Maria. In fact I want you to go the opposite way now. Be sweet and helpful. That would be more like your true nature I'd think."

He liked that a lot, but all of a sudden liked what her hand was doing even more. From somewhere, she'd got hold of something cool and satiny and was in the process of enfolding his erection in it. She was whispering to him again, but he could hardly hear her for the blood rushing in his ears.

"You've been a good little boy for your mistress while you were gone? Not playing with yourself or anything like that? Not letting any dirty little boys play with you, eh? Been good like you promised?"

"Oh yes mistress. I've been good. Honest! I promise!" He was panting now.

"Not even any wet dreams?" she asked softly.

"Oh no, mistress. None at all."

The boy was telling the truth. His mother had died when he was ten years old. His father had remarried quite soon afterward - and had married well, to a rich widow with a daughter just a year or so younger than the boy. They'd moved into his new stepmother's large, gracious, house - tennis court, swimming pool, stables, maids... Things he'd never had before. Then, of course, his father had to get killed in an auto accident.

His new family was his only family. Carol, his stepmother, was a nice lady and had no trouble in accepting her responsibility towards him. It was just that she was so busy looking after her estate, investments, and so on that she didn't have the necessary time to spend with him... He gradually fell under the influence of Molly, the senior maid.

Tall, dark haired, very self possessed, she became his surrogate mother. A little distant, but kind. Always ready with a hug or advice to a slightly built, somewhat effeminate boy, without a male role model. Then, as time passed, and puberty started its onslaught, she became something else.

There isn't much sense in doing a psychological analysis to explain her actions. Maybe she had a deep seated dislike of males. Maybe it was directed against people richer than her. Whatever the reason, she bound the boy to her with sexual manipulation. She was the first person to masturbate him when he was eleven years old. Over the following years, she also convinced him that it was extremely bad for him to have any type of sexual release without her knowledge or permission. She spanked him for the first time for having his first wet dream (maids are well aware of the state of bed sheets) and at every recurrence until he had totally suppressed all sexual activity that didn't involve her physical presence. Shortly after that, she demanded that he refer to her as 'mistress' while they were alone together.

Knowing of his tendency to be submissive to the female sex, she'd also made him act rudely and snootily to all the girls or women he came across. This did not include his step mother of course - she might have sent Molly's little boy toy away - though to his stepsister he naturally tended to flaunt his physical superiority - which the mother tolerated - he was the only male in the house after all.

Finally, his step mother had decided that he needed more male company and enrolled him in one of these quasi-military colleges that exist for the reason of turning young boys into 'men'. Molly had been upset with this at first, but had finally seen the solution - have him refuse to have

his hair cut. The academy had a 'rule' that all the boys wear their hair extremely short but, mindful of lawsuits, made it a 'voluntary' act for the boys. With his refusal to comply, they'd finally trumped up an excuse and sent him home. Now here he was, back in her clutches again. The stepmother, being a woman, could understand anyone's reluctance to cut their hair, but wasn't happy with the consequences.

Molly smiled to herself as the boy writhed under her hand, totally under her command again. He belonged to her now. Maybe it was time to flaunt her power? Get it out into the open? Finally, making sure that his ejaculation would be 'caught' in his sister's panties she was using to excite him, she gave him permission to come. With a muffled cry of relief, his body jerked convulsively a couple of times, then relaxed totally back into the bed.

Carefully, not wanting to soil the bedclothes with the damp panties, she withdrew her hand from under the covers.

"Was that nice?" she asked softly. "Did you miss Molly while you were at that terrible place?"

"Oh yes mistress. That was lovely. Thank you. And yes, I did miss you."

"Good!" She laughed. "You can go back to sleep now. But remember. Tomorrow, you start being nice to all the women you meet. In fact, I'd like you to ask me, Deanna, and Maria if you can join us for lunch. Madame will be away picking up the young mistress, and it'll save the girls some work. Think you can remember that?"

"Oh yes mistress," he replied sleepily, just before falling asleep completely.

When he woke up in the morning, the sun was streaming in through his bedroom window. He felt really good. It took him a few seconds to figure out why, then he blushed. Got up to go to the bathroom.

On the way there, he saw a small bundle of shiny fabric sitting on his dresser. Curious, he went and examined it. It was two pairs of satin, lace edged panties, crumpled and stained looking. He then saw a note lying against them. He read it, his eyes opening into round circles as he did so.

"Good morning!

As you had the pleasure of using these last night, I'd suggest that you wash and iron them before putting them back in Jenny's lingerie drawer. I would warn you though that the material used to make these is very sensitive to heat. If you don't dry them properly - or iron them incorrectly, they'll burn. I think your stepsister would be most upset if she lost them - or ever found out in what way you'd used them. So I'd suggest you ask Maria or Deanna how to do it when you have lunch with us today. I'm sure either one of them would be glad to advise you.

Love and kisses

Molly.

Ps. It might be a good idea to 'repay' the girls for making your lunch by offering to do the dishes?

He shook his head in embarrassment. He'd masturbated in Jenny's panties! Now he was supposed to wash them and iron them - and he didn't have a clue how to do either! But Molly had clearly defined what he had to do - ask one of the maids, then do what was recommended. Maybe he could ask her while he was helping with the dishes? After all he knew better than

deviate from mistresses 'recommendations'. He well remembered some blisters that had been raised on his backside from previous infractions of her 'suggestions'.

He showered. Checked to see if he needed to shave. Laughed: he was a long way away from that yet. Then dressed. Put the soiled panties in a small plastic bag, then hid them in the far corner of one of his drawers. Checked his watch. It was almost nine. If he didn't hurry, he'd miss breakfast and, after last night's exertions, he was starving.

His stepmother, Carol, was just finishing breakfast as he arrived in the dining room. Her smile was a little bit forced, and he knew that she was still mad at him for being expelled. But she was pleasant enough as he started loading up his plate from the buffet.

"Good morning David. Sleep well?"

"Yes mom," he smiled. "My bed's a lot better than these cots they provided at the academy."

"That's nice," she said vaguely. "But David?" She paused, obviously uncertain.

"Yes mom?" he said helpfully.

"Well, I can understand ..." She paused again. "Your need to wear your hair any way you want.."

He could only look at her, wondering what she was leading up to.



"But," she continued. "That rubber band you use is really quite.. Well, grungy is a word that provides a good description. Could you possibly see your way to neatening it up a little?"

He touched his hair defensively. "It's not dirty or anything mom."

"Oh I'm sure you're right," she said hastily. "But it does look sort of unkempt."

"I don't know any other way to do it mom."

"Well couldn't you at least try? Maybe ask Deanna? I think she was thinking of becoming a hairdresser at one time?"

He grimaced in response.

To tell the truth, he was sick and tired of the whole hair subject. He truthfully didn't want short hair, but without Molly on his back, he'd have had it cut ages ago. The whole subject had been a major problem at school. Now it looked as if his step-mom was starting into it as well, and, when she did speak in reasonable terms he felt awful.

"Oh, I'm not suggesting that you get her to do your hair. Just thought she might come up with some ideas that would, maybe, appeal to you. Please say you'll think about it, please?"

He sighed. "Ok mom. I'll talk to her."

"Promise?"

"Promise!"

A lot happier now, she talked to him for a little while as he ate his breakfast, telling him how she was going to pick Jenny up at the airport that afternoon and asking him if he'd like to join her. He actually would have liked to go meet his stepsister but, mindful of Molly's commands, requested a rain check. Carol didn't seem too disappointed, she probably wanted a little time alone with her daughter he thought. Finally, she gave him a quick kiss on the cheek and left him to finish his meal.

He spent a good part of the morning doing the crossword from the paper, sitting in the dining room. Then he went and read a book in his bedroom. Then he thought and check to see if he'd enough jockey shorts to last until laundry day, as the school was supposed to be sending on most of his clothes along with his other personal possessions. While doing that he saw the plastic bag again, which reminded him of his upcoming tasks. Around twelve thirty, he saw his stepmother take off down the driveway. Took a deep breath, and went to seek either of the two junior maids. He found Maria first.

"Hi Maria!" he said, smiling.

She bobbed a small curtsy and gave him a distant look. "Good afternoon master David. Nice to have you home again." (This was said so distantly that anyone could have told that she was insincere).

He flushed, but continued in his most winning way. "I was just wondering? If Carol is gone, why bother setting up the lunch table just for me?"

"Aren't you hungry sir?" she asked.

"Oh yes. Hungry enough. I just thought I could maybe eat with you and Deanna, and Molly."

"Eat with us girls, sir? The maids?"

Her obvious disbelief made him flush some more. "Yes! Why not? Maybe I feel like some company!"

"I don't know as madame would approve sir," she said quite snootily. "You eating with servants? And I don't know if Molly would approve either."

He was exasperated with her, but knew better than to show it. If she didn't extend the invitation, Molly would never believe that he'd made a sincere effort to follow her orders.

"Oh, come on Maria! I'm just trying to cut some of the work from you and Deanna. After all, I know how hard you girls work.."

With a large internal sigh of relief, he saw her accept the little flattery with a tiny smile. But she tossed her head, making her maid's cap flounce prettily. "That's very nice of you sir, but will it be alright if I clear it with Molly first?"

"Oh, absolutely!" He smiled. "Where do you eat?"

"In the maids lounge. Where else sir? Do you know where it is?"

"Of course!" he answered.

"If Molly says it's alright, we have lunch there at one o'clock sir. If she doesn't, I'll let you know beforehand. Is that fine with you sir?"

"Maria? When nobody else is around? Why not drop the 'sir' stuff, eh? Just call me David. How does that sound?"

"Oh! I don't know as I can do that, sir," she said, turning and flouncing away. "But I'll talk to Molly."

"Ok," he sighed. "Talk to Molly by all means."

Maria had dropped the annoyed look from her face by the time she found Molly and passed on his request. Molly, of course, pretended to know nothing about it.

"What's he up to?" Maria said.

"What's who up to?" Deanna said, coming into the room. She shook her head in disbelief when she'd heard.

"Madame did make some comments that he should be nicer to women. Do you think it might be that?"

"Nah!" Maria said. "He's an asshole - like all men."

"Don't know as he's a man," Molly countered.

Deanna looked startled. "You mean..?" She giggled.

"Not at all," Molly said quickly, but with just the right tinge of uncertainty in her voice. "I mean he's just a boy yet." Then she turned to Maria. "And just because you and Deanna don't like men...?" She let her voice tail off, but smiled to take any sting out of the words.

Deanna walked over to Maria, put an arm around her waist and gave her an affectionate squeeze then smiled at Molly. "But what do you like Molly? Never seen you with a man - and a couple of times I've thought I saw a gleam in your eye when you've seen us in our undies. True?"

Molly laughed out loud. "Don't be cheeky you. Just remember who's the head girl around here. I'll admit I do like pretty girls, but there's lots of them around." She snapped her fingers. "Get rid of you two, just like that! Replace you with a couple of really good lookers!"

All three women laughed. Then Molly pretended to consider. "Ok. Let's see what he's up to. Set the table for four."

"Should I go and tell him?" Maria asked.

"No. Why should you? Didn't you tell him that you'd get back to him if I didn't approve?"

Maria nodded.

"Fine then. Let's see how bad he wants to come and eat with us ladies."

"But how do we treat him?" Deanna asked.

"Oh!" Maria said. "I forgot. He asked me to stop calling him 'sir!'"

"Fine then!" Molly said. "Just treat him .. Like.. Like.."

"One of the girls?" Deanna asked, then added with a little giggle "Just kidding!"

A faint smile crossed Molly's face. She shrugged. "Don't see why not?"

She pretended not to see the amazed looks and the dawning anticipation on the faces of the two younger women.

David arrived in the maids dining room at one o'clock exactly. Molly gave him a polite smile, but the other two made quite a fuss over him, getting him seated, making sure he was comfortable. Deanna, being junior to Maria, served up the meal before sitting down herself and joining in the conversation. Just as they started in on the meal, Molly turned to David and said. "Maria mentioned that you'd feel more comfortable if we dropped the 'sir' when we talked to you. Is that what you want?"

"Of course," he said, smiling. "Can't very well sit with three women and act like the big boss, can i?"

"Marvelous!" Maria and Deanna said, clapping their hands.

He really did enjoy himself. The food was tasty and there was plenty of it. The conversation was brisk and lively, and they kept bringing him into as much as possible. He was slightly embarrassed when they got off onto 'girl' topics - lipstick shades, repairing snags in nylon stockings, romantic stories they'd been reading - and the heroine's behavior. He didn't see the little grins flashing over the girls faces as they drew him deeper and deeper into a conversation that would have been totally appropriate for a group of women anywhere in the world.

Then Molly spoke up, "I must say. I had to admire your stance on the hair issue at your school. I think it's disgraceful when young people can't have their hair styled any way they want."

"Yes!" Deanna said forcibly. "That short hair they make the boys wear is so butch!"

He saw his opportunity. "That reminds me, Deanna," he said carelessly. "Mom thought you could maybe have some suggestions about my hair? Just to neaten it up a little. Said it looked kinda grungy."

"Sure! Lets have a look at it!" Deanna said, getting up from the table and going to stand behind him.

"Oh, I didn't mean right this minute," he laughed, trying to duck away from her hands as they reached out to take the band from his hair.

"Now's as good a time as any," Molly said. "We're finished with lunch and we still have some time before getting back to work."

Blushing furiously now, he leaned back to allow Deanna to remove the band.

"Oh! You're hair is so pretty!" she said, running her fingers lightly through it and fanning it out from his head. "It's almost shoulder length - and such a nice natural wave. I don't understand why you use that rubber band thing. Oh, I can see all sorts of nice styles you could have. Bet you'd look pretty. Bet madame would be happy."

Standing behind his chair and fluffing his hair up, he couldn't see her face, so while she was talking she was batting her eyelids at the other two women and making little 'kissy' lips. Molly had a hard time in stopping from laughing, but managed to say.



"Ok Deanna. You're embarrassing the poor boy. Why don't you go start the dishes?"

He was looking for his band, but couldn't find it. Quickly he looked up.

"Ladies? Let me repay your wonderful hospitality. Let me do the dishes?"

"The dishes!" Maria said. "They're Deanna's job. Maid's work!"

Flushing terribly again, he replied. "That's okay. I'd really like to help."

"Yeah Maria!" Deanna said. "He wants to help me! Not you! Of course you can help me David. Let me get you an apron."

"Oh, I really don't think an apron's.."

He didn't have time to finish. She'd pulled a fresh apron from a hook behind the door. Helplessly, he stood up as she placed the full white, frilled, apron over his head. "There!" she said. "Lets get the dishes done!" Then she spied him looking for his band.

"Well David!" she said briskly. "Time for the dishes. Lets' go!"

"But my rubber band. My hair!"

She pretended to look for the band, but it was safely hidden in her apron pocket. "You can get it later. It's got to be around here someplace."

"But you can't have him do dishes with his hair uncovered like that," Molly said. "Maria? Lend him one of your caps dear."

"But Molly," he said helplessly as a grinning Maria brought him a lacy, full, dust cap and pulled all his hair up under it, before pulling a couple of tendrils down over his forehead.

"Yes David? You were saying?" Molly asked sweetly.

"Nothing," he mumbled.

Maria and Deanna almost burst out laughing when Molly said. "All right girls. Fun is over. Time to get going on these dishes!"

He saw his reflection in a window. It wasn't as good as a mirror, but it showed a very feminine picture all the same. Knew that he'd been included in Molly's "girls" comment. Knew that the other girls knew it as well. He was blushing continually now, but he knew that worse was to come. He still had to ask about the cleaning and ironing of satin panties. He was well aware that he'd have to ask somebody, but didn't want to do it in front of any more people than was necessary. He saw his chance when Molly and Maria got into a slight argument about the distance to the nearest village and were talking with voices a little louder than normal.



"Deanna? I'm really curious about something. Think you could help me?" he said, his arms deep in the warm soapy water.

"Maybe. I'll try." She said, checking a dish in her hands to make sure he'd washed it correctly.

Nervously, he licked his lips. "There's a material that fascinates me," he started.

"A material? What one?"

He looked down at the floor. "Satin," he said.

"Satin!" she said. "But that's a girls fabric. You don't have anything made out of that surely, do you?"

"Oh no. See, I was just wondering? It seems such a delicate fabric that I couldn't figure out how it was washed or ironed."

"Very, very carefully!" she laughed.

"Well? Could you tell me - in more specific terms?" he asked shyly.

"I can do better than that!" she laughed. "As soon as we're done here, I'll be washing and ironing these two's.." She flipped her thumb back towards the other women, "lingerie. If you want, I'll show you then. Maybe even introduce you to the practical aspects of fabric care?"

He was trapped and knew it. Not much later, David found himself in the utility room where, under Deanna's tutelage he ended up hand washing, machine drying, then ironing all the maid's lingerie for that week. It wasn't all satin of course, but there was enough there to educate him in what he needed to know. He was glad for the knowledge, but felt truly effete, standing there busily engaged in such a feminine chore, capped and aproned, while the girl who's duty it was sat smoking a cigarette and chatting with him about girlish topics while he did her work.

He realized that time was running out. His stepmother and her daughter weren't due back to the house for about two hours, but he was sure that getting the panties washed, then dried, then ironed, then replaced in Jenny's drawer would probably take more time that he anticipated. Hurriedly, he finished then, still blushing thanked the three girls for their hospitality and, well aware of their amused glances, took his apron and cap off, handed them to Deanna and left the maid's quarters.

The three of them gave him time to get well out of earshot. Grins broke out on their faces. Deanna and Maria faced each other, then, putting their hands on each others shoulders, leaned their faces in towards each other and started to laugh.

"Did you ever..." Maria giggled.

"Oh my! I'd never have believed it..." Deanna was saying.

"Your face while you were playing with his hair. Thought I was going to die!" Molly said to Deanna.

"But - didn't he look quite pretty?" Maria asked. "In that apron and cap? Almost like a girl!"

"Did you hear him ask about the satin?" Deanna asked.

"I thought I heard him say something about it, but wasn't sure," Molly said carefully.

"Satin?" Maria asked.

Deanna filled them both in on what had transpired.

"You got him to wash and iron my undies?" Maria laughed. "Why would he want to know about satin especially?"

"Don't know. Can't figure it out," Deanna replied.

"Washing? And ironing satin?" Molly interjected. "Seems to me that he might have been wearing somebody's clothes that he shouldn't have been. Messed them up? Wants to get them back in place before the owner finds out?"

The other two girls eyed her. "You think he's maybe, one of these cross dressers?" Deanna asked. Molly considered this for a minute. "You know? Maybe he is. I read somewhere that a lot of them are really submissive. That could explain why it was so easy for you to talk him into doing your work Deanna. But I know for sure he wasn't wearing my satin panties. I don't wear that sexy stuff. Leave it to you young romantics."

Then, as she intended, both girls got the hint. Almost in unison, they said. "Aw shit!" And started leaving the room. "If he's been in mine, I'll kill the little sissy," Marie said.

Molly smiled to herself. Things were livening up! She was still smiling when the girls returned, relieved looks on both of their faces.

"Guess he hasn't been playing around with your lingerie, eh?" Molly asked.

"Doesn't look like it," Deanna said.

"Think maybe he's bought his own?" Maria mused.

Molly shook her head slowly. "Could be. But don't think so. Remember Maria? You unpacked his suitcase? I think you'd have noticed."

Maria nodded. "Wasn't much there in the way of clothes at all."

"Oh. I heard the mistress say that the school was going to be sending the rest of his things on the rest of his clothes will get here next week sometime."

"But, to if I may change the subject," Molly interrupted. "Both of you? Would you freshen up miss Jenny's room. Put new bed linen on the bed. Open up the windows. It might be kinda fusty in there."

Again, as she intended, the girls picked up on her concealed hint.

"Jenny's! Betcha! Maria said. "We'll go and do the room right now Molly. Ok?"

"Sure," Molly said. "Why not? Maybe we can get back to normal, eh? Get some work done around here?"

And, now certain that the girls would check, and discover the deliberate 'disarray' she'd left in Jenny's lingerie drawer, Molly then proceeded to give them both her instructions for the afternoons work before shooping both girls away. Then she called after Deanna. "Oh Deanna? Did you make any arrangements about David's hair?"

"Oh no! I totally forgot," Deanna replied.

"No biggie! But I'd catch him sometime this afternoon if I were you." Molly suggested casually. Deanna nodded, then sped after Maria.

David meanwhile had finally got around to washing Jenny's panties. He'd used the sink in his bathroom and plain toilet soap, but was pretty sure that they were clean. To be on the safe side though just in case the soap had a different scent than what was usually used, he was rinsing them over and over again under the cold water tap. Accordingly, he did not hear Deanna's knock on his bedroom door, and jumped about a foot in the air when her reflection appeared in the mirror beside his.

"What!" he gasped. "What do you want!" As he said this, he tried desperately to hide the pastel hued panties in his sink from the girl standing beside him, but it was too late.

"I'm sorry David. I knocked but knew you couldn't hear me. I thought I heard water running, but wasn't sure. Thought I'd better check and make sure one of the pipes weren't burst." Then she saw what he was doing.

Leaned over and peered at the panties. "These are Jenny's, aren't they David?"

"Never mind that. What are you doing here?" he asked, trying to get the upper hand.

"Oh - just came to ask if you wanted to come down to my room tonight. I could maybe work on your hair there. Like we discussed?" As she was saying this, she picked the pink pair up from the water. "But what were you doing with these? Wearing them, were you?"

"No! Of course not!" He tried to bluster, but his voice was weak and hesitant.

Deanna dropped the wet garment back into the sink, then caressed his face with her moist hand. Spoke kindly to him. "Look David. I do understand. If I were a boy, I'd probably want to wear pretty things as well. And I can understand that .." She paused. "Accidents can happen. I wondered why you were asking about satin things, so checked Jenny's room. It was obvious that somebody had been in there, so I jumped to the natural conclusion - that you'd been wearing her things."

"But. But, I haven't."

"Oh David! For goodness sake! You wore her panties, not just once but twice! Got excited and messed them up. What other explanation could there be?" She smiled patronizingly. "And, tell you what, if you tell me the truth? Why, I'll take them down to the utility room and dry and iron them for you. Then I'll put them back in Jenny's room, and she won't be any the wiser. But if you keep on lying to me?"

He was helpless. The threat in her voice was unmistakable. But how could he possibly admit the full truth? At the same time, if he kept on denying he'd been wearing his sister's satin panties, Deanna would leave him to fend for himself. Whereas if he went along with what she thought, he would be off the hook for the replacement of the panties to where they belonged. He could also see that, other than telling the absolute truth, there was nothing he could say that she would believe. He coughed quietly.



"Yes Deanna. That's what happened."

"You like wearing her clothes? Do they make you feel pretty?"

He came very close to grinding his teeth together in frustration, but knew he had to answer. "Yes. They feel good," he said.

"Ever worn any of her stuff before? Like skirts and blouses or her dresses?"

"Oh no!" he gasped.

"Well - that's all right," she responded, obviously not believing him. "It's just recently you've started wearing girl's clothes. Right?"

Blushing, he nodded.

She caressed his face again, with her forefinger. "Well, don't look so worried. It's all right. Us girls, we often like boys with feminine sides. One's that don't go horsing around. Want to be pretty like us."

He was almost weeping with embarrassment and humiliation, but felt even worse when she put her arms around him and hugged him to her. Patted him on the shoulder. "Don't cry David. You'll see. Everything will be fine!"

Then she stepped back, lifted the panties from the sink and wrapped them in a face towel. "I'll just go and take care of these right away. You'll be down in my room after dinner? About eight say?"

"Well , Deanna? I don't know? I mean...?" he stammered.

"David!" Was all she said but there was a distinct tone of warning in her voice.

He was shocked by the change in their relationship. She was not unfriendly. Far from it. But it was more like they were equals now - and she was the 'bossy' equal. Almost like he was her younger sister. He managed a weak smile. "Ok Deanna. I'll be there about eight."

"Well don't keep me waiting," she said tartly.

"Oh no Deanna, I won't," he said submissively.

She gave him a bright smile. "See you then." And left. He noticed then that she didn't curtsy to him - nor had she done so when she'd come into his room. What was his stepmother going to say if she ever saw that? He doubted very much if would be Deanna that would get chewed on.

It was almost three o'clock. Totally confused by the turn his life had taken he left the house for a walk, trying to figure some way out of what appeared to be his increasing exposure to a feminine lifestyle. Inwardly, he was well aware of his sexual arousal when dominated by a woman. He also admitted to himself that being forced to wear the maid's apron and cap had made him feel strange. Almost as if he was doing something he should. The more he thought, the more confused he became. Finally, he made his way back to the house, just in time to meet Carol and Jenny as they got out of the car.

"Yo! Big brother!" Jenny said, coming up to him and giving him a bear hug. God, she felt strong, he thought. Then he had a good look at her. Could see what Molly had been talking about. She'd undergone a complete change in the six months since he'd seen her. Her bust had increased

considerably, and she was considerably taller. He suddenly realized, horror stricken, that she was now bigger than him! He was now the smallest, daintiest person in the whole household! The same thing dawned in her eyes at that same moment. With a grin, she hugged him again.

"Or should I say little brother!" she crowed.

"Aw Jenny, knock it off!" he said, but without the confidence he once would have had.

Carol came around the car and stood beside them. Proudly, she patted Jenny. "Isn't she getting just huge David? I thought I was big at her age, but I'll swear she's going to be far taller than I'll ever be." A proud smile came into her eyes. "But David? Don't you let her start bullying you about. You come and tell me if she starts. I'll fix her little red wagon!"

As she spoke, it seemed as if the weight of all the past few weeks landed on his shoulders. He'd been outcast from the company of men into that of women. Not only that, he had lost the one physical advantage he'd had over his stepsister. He was now positive that not only was he the smallest, he was probably also the weakest and the least aggressive in the whole household, and by the look of it, all of his companions were now coming to the same conclusion. He managed a weak smile. "I'm sure it won't come to that, mom."

Jenny laughed. "It won't - but only if you behave yourself. C'mon, fill me on with what went on at your school. You wouldn't let them cut your hair? What on earth for? I hate my hair when it's long. All that primping and farting around that other girls do." She looked at his hair. "Not that you do much grooming by the look of it," she added caustically.

"That reminds me, David," Carol said "Did you manage....?"

"Oh yes mom!" he interrupted, terrified that his newly-discovered 'big' sister would find out what he was supposed to be doing. "All taken care of."

"Very good David. Must say I appreciate you taking action so quickly."

Carol smiled. "Want to help Jenny upstairs with her luggage David?"

"Sure mom," he said, only to suffer another immediate humiliation.

Carol had opened the trunk of the car, so he leaned in and grabbed a suitcase. Started to lift it, then found himself getting red in the face, it was very heavy. He saw Carol and Jenny look at him with concern. He let go of the handle. "Whew! Must be stuck on something," he puffed.

"What are you talking about David? Stuck? How in the hell can it be..."

Jenny put her hand on the handle of the suitcase and with only a little effort heaved it clear of the car. She then put a little more effort into pulling another out. Then she pulled out a small train case.



"Here David. Will you take this for me? Mom? Want to take this one mom? I'll take the heavy one."

Carol took the one that had given him so much trouble, and lifted it with no problem. Jenny took the heavier one, and they started going into the house.

"Maybe we should call for Maria," he said. "She's pretty strong."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Jenny said. "That too heavy for you David? Here, give it to me." With that, she reached out, and before he knew what was happening, she was carrying both the big case and the train case he'd been given.

"No! No! I didn't mean that!" he said, almost weeping with humiliation. "I just meant that .."

"Oh David! Stop your fussing for goodness sales!" Carol reprimanded him. "These girls are busy enough without having to run and help you with every little thing. It's high time you learned that a maid is not put on earth simply for your convenience!"

Jenny laughed. "Oh leave him alone mom. You're just mad because Molly asked for another girl, and you're too much of a tightwad. There's nothing wrong with asking a maid to help, especially if it's something you can't manage."

Carol laughed at her daughter. "Tightwad am I? If I recollect a conversation in the car a few miles back? A certain young lady pushing for a new wardrobe? Better watch it!"

Jenny coughed theatrically. "Oh mistress! Mea culpa! My errant tongue got away from me again. Forgive me!"

"That's better!" Carol said.

While this conversation was taking place, the two women had effortlessly climbed the staircase to Jenny's room, David tailing at their backs unsure of what to do. As they went into the room, the women put the cases down on top of the bed.

"I did want to help," he said.

"Great!" Jenny said. "How's about helping me unpack?" With that, she opened both suitcases and started pulling clothes from them. "Put my skirts and dresses on hangers and my undies into these drawers. Tennis stuff over in these drawers there."

He felt strange, but what could he do? He started following her directions. Just as he did so, Maria and Deanna rushed into the room and welcomed Jenny happily with hugs. Molly came in behind them, smiling, and gave her a more sedate greeting.

"Getting awfully crowded in here." Carol laughed, heading for the door. "Think I'll go and get me a drink."

"Any diet Pepsi down there mom?" Jenny asked. "Send one up, eh?"

"No need for that miss Jenny," Molly said. "You come on downstairs and tell us what you've been up to."

"But this unpacking..." Jenny said.

"Oh fiddlesticks!" Molly laughed. "There's no call for you to be doing that kind of work. That's for maids to do. Deanna? You stay and help master David. Maria? You come downstairs and see if you can put your hands to something useful."

And, almost as if by magic, the room emptied, leaving only him and Deanna unpacking his sisters clothes. Deanna gave him a sly smile. "Ooh, you're a sneaky one!" She giggled. "I don't know how you do it!" She made a motion as if to untie her apron. "Here. Would you like to borrow my apron? Make you feel like your sister's maid?"

"Oh please Deanna. No."

She relented. "I'm sorry master David. Just teasing. But," and here, horror of horrors, she was holding one of Jenny's dresses up against him while he was utterly transfixed in terror, "Bet you'd look cute in this. Maybe you should ask your sister if you can borrow it?" Though he thought he'd reached the depths of degradation at that particular moment, more was to come.

Deanna had now learned that this young man was totally under her thumb. Bemused by this sudden power, she just couldn't leave things alone. She sat down on the bed and 'supervised' her new subject, assuring him that she totally understood his 'need' to be more like a girl, and how she wouldn't decrease his enjoyment in handling Jenny's things - so she'd let him do everything. When he'd finished, and put the cases away, she 'rewarded' him by pulling Jenny's most luxurious prom dress from the closet making him hold it up against his body and admire himself in the mirror, then walk up and down the room with it held closely to him, his skirts rustling very provocatively. He finally started to cry, so she let him off the hook, then had him bathe his eyes in cool water to get rid of the swelling. Like all true submissives, he was extremely grateful to her when she stopped tormenting him. He came dangerously close to curtsying her when she 'allowed' him to hang 'his' dress up in the closet.



Distraught now, he left for his own room rather than go downstairs to join the rest - he could hear the happy laughter coming as the group of women re-united with each other. He started to curse himself when he discovered himself wishing to go down and join them. 'That's right' he scolded himself. That's all you need now - to be one of the girls! Sitting disconsolate, he wasn't even feeling sleepy, but woke later from a deep sleep, with just enough time to shower and change for dinner.

He felt uncomfortable somehow, sitting there at ease, chatting to Carol and Jenny while Maria and Deanna flitted around in their formal uniforms, black taffeta rustling and crackling, white petticoats hissing one layer on another, as various courses were served. A few times, he could feel the strength of both Deanna's and Maria's gaze upon him - an implied question in their eyes. "What are you doing, sitting there? Why aren't you here, helping?" He actually felt guilty. Luckily, or so he thought, Jenny had just challenged him to a game of tennis for the following morning.

"Sorry dear," he said. "I would, but all my tennis stuff is at the school. Won't be getting sent here until next week sometime."

"You're dodging me David," she said. "Scared that I'll beat you? You don't have to wear whites you know."

He managed an easy laugh. "Maybe you would beat me - but you know mom - 'whites only - nothing else!'"

"I still think you're dodging me David." Jenny turned to Carol. "Mom? He's beaten me all these years? I'd really like to play him now. How come we have to wear dress white's here?"

Carol sighed. "Darling? There are certain standards, eh? I believe that tennis is a civilized game. One should dress accordingly, no?"

Jenny made a loud snort, but dropped the subject, for which David was very happy.

About seven forty five, Jenny yawned a huge yawn. "Sorry folks. I'm buggered. Been a long day. Hope you don't mind if I hit the sack?"

Carol smiled. "That's fine dear. Sleep well."

Jenny shrugged. "Tell the truth? I really don't know if I'm gonna sleep. I'll maybe read for a while. Just don't think I'm capable of holding up my end of a conversation. Sorry. Goodnight!" With that, she kissed them both lightly on the cheek and left the room.

David sat chatting with Carol as they drank their coffee for about ten minutes. By that time, the maids had begun to clear the table. Replete from dinner and a few glasses of wine, he was sort of wondering how to break away from his stepmother, when he saw Deanna standing in a corner. She was smiling a rather cold smile, pointing her finger at her watch, and mouthing 'eight o'clock!'. He looked at his own. It was five minutes of eight. He shrugged. What was he expected to do, after all? Then Deanna, still smiling, closed her left hand and tapped the back of it repeatedly with the forefinger of her right hand - the worldwide caution to children that they'd better behave - or else!

It finally dawned on him. He had neither choice, nor time, available. He was totally and absolutely under the maid's thumb and had only a few minutes to get his ass up to Deanna's room - or god knows what shit was going to hit the fan! He smiled at Carol. "Think I'll head out too mom. There's a show on tv that I want to watch."

Carol smiled up at him. "Ok dear. See you at breakfast tomorrow."

He went over to her chair and gave her a goodnight kiss. "Yes mom. See you then." Quickly, he left the dining room and hurried to Deanna's room.

"Who is it?" Maria's voice asked through the door when he knocked.

What was she doing here, he wondered, but answered anyway.

"It's me. David to see Deanna. Is she there?"

"Of course silly!" Deanna's voice answered. "Come in!"

He was having difficulty breathing. Both girls were in there. Surely, Deanna wasn't going to humiliate him in front of Maria. That hadn't been part of the agreement! But he composed himself, opened the door and went in.

He'd never been in a maid's room before. Surprisingly, his cheapskate stepmother had spent enough money to provide her maid's with decent accommodations. Somewhat feminine in its decorations and bed, but nice for all that. Maria sat on a couch, smiling at him. Deanna was standing. She came forward and kissed him on the cheek, the way women kiss each other.

Smiling warmly now, she stepped back. "David! So nice of you to be on time! Isn't that nice Maria?"

Maria shrugged. "Why do I get the feeling that he'd have been over your knees if he hadn't?"

"Well. Maybe so," Deanna admitted. "But that was not the case, was it?"

Then she took David's arm and guided him over to the front of a dressing table mirror. She turned him around, then removed the rubber band holding his hair. Tossed it into a wastepaper bin. "Won't be needing this any more - shall we? And David? Be a good boy and take your shirt off please."

"My sh.. Sh.. Shirt?" Hh stammered.

"Yes. Do you want a hand?" Deanna replied. "Come on now! Off with it."

He complied, throwing his shirt over the back of a chair. Now he was nude from the waist up. Deanna examined him. "Raise your arms David, please."

He did as he was told. "My my!" she said to Maria. "No hair anywhere, and I think he's been shaving his underarms."

Maria put her hand to her mouth, made a fake yawn. "You expected something else maybe?"

"Ok David," Deanna continued. Now put your arms straight out in front of you, shoulder width. Now just hold them there, and shut your eyes. Don't open them until I tell you."

"Deanna? What does this have to do with.."

"David!"

Hastily he complied. He stood that way for a few seconds, wondering what was going on. Then he felt Deanna's body close to him. Next, some kind of loops were being put over his outstretched hands and pulled along. Then Deanna was behind him, cinching something

around his chest, then fastening it at the back. "Ok!" She said. "Fits like a charm! You can look now David."

He knew what he was going to see in the mirror, but still got a shock seeing the lacy black bra he was now wearing.

"Oh Deanna," he wailed. "What are you doing to me?"

"I'm doing you a favor, silly!" she replied. "I mean, I know that you've got to be shy about dressing, so I'm saving you the embarrassment of having to ask. So here, put this slip on." With that she handed him a matching, lace edged slip. Totally embarrassed, he pulled the slip over his head, then pushed his arms through the loops. Felt the cool, satiny, feel of the material as it cascaded down over his chest.

"Very good David!" Deanna said. "Now, doesn't that feel nice? But here, let me adjust a few things."

With that, she inserted a couple of breast forms into the cups of the bra then, explaining what she was doing, adjusted the tiny buckles on the slip and bra straps until the garments were properly fitting to his body.

With a satisfied smile, she stepped back from him. "My goodness! You look just like a girl - well almost. Let's get out of the rest of your things and you can put your panties on." She saw the expression on his face and spoke again.

"For goodness sake David! Stop this nonsense! You said you liked dressing up, didn't you? You said you liked the feel of panties, didn't you? Now I'm giving you this great chance to dress up and sit with two girls, and do what girls do - talk, hair, nails, makeup. That sort of thing. What is the matter with you?"

"He just wants to be bullied into it. That's what I think," Maria said. "Watch this! David? If you don't hurry up and do as Deanna tells you? I'm going to put panties on you then take you over my knee and spank you on your panties. Going to hurry up?"

Scared now - he knew she could do it, he quickly divested himself of all of his other clothes, then stepped into the black lacy panties, then pulled them up under his slip. He gave a great inward sigh of resignation when he was handed a garter belt. He did have a little difficulty with it, but Deanna helped, before saying, "I won't have you wear nylons just now. You can put them on after I do your toenails."



He put on a pink satin house coat, then followed her into the bathroom where she shampooed his hair, then gave it a rough dry with a towel. Back in the bedroom he had to sit in front of the dressing table mirror now as she started her ministrations. His hair was combed forward, then parted down the center, then brought straight down the sides of his head. She then wrapped a nylon cover around his shoulders and tied the little ribbons around his neck. "This is just for a minute David. I'm going to trim your hair a little, it's a little uneven. After that, I'll take it off."

She was true to her word. Silently he watched as she deftly used scissors to trim the length of his hair to her satisfaction. Now that he had accepted that he was totally in this woman's power, he relaxed and felt the languorous sexual pleasure rise in himself. The feel of the lingerie material against his bare skin. The little tugs and pulls of the bra and slip as he moved around in following Deanna's commands, the feel of the straps crossing his shoulders - and hanging down his thighs awaiting his nylons.

Now she was rolling his hair in pink rollers of different sizes, securing them with bobbi pins. It wasn't long before she had set his hair in a series of rollers running around his head, about level with his jaw line, and a row of smaller ones about five in all, running across the top of his head. Then she squeezed some type of lotion over all the rollers.

"Not as good as a perm," she said. "But that'll hold it for a while. I think you'll like it when we brush it out. Now, lets get your nails done."

She was quite complimentary about his hands and nails, commenting how nicely he'd kept them - and how tiny they were. She apologized for not giving him a 'proper' manicure or pedicure, but promised she'd get around to it 'soon'. She said that she really didn't like the quick drying polish she'd used, but that he'd never get a chance to try his nylons if she used the other stuff.

He didn't know why he was surprised when she started working on his face, but he was. He didn't put up any resistance at all of course when she started plucking his eyebrows. He did let out little squeaks of pain a few times, much to Maria's derision, but suffered Deanna to apply foundation, blusher, eyeshadow, and eyeliner. He didn't even complain when she curled his eyelashes before applying his mascara. Deanna wrapped a silk scarf turban around his head, then finally stood back to let him see his reflection. He wasn't surprised to see the reflection of a scared looking girl peering back at him.

Even Maria was impressed. She'd been reading a magazine for a while but, when Deanna stepped back, looked up. Her eyes widened. "My goodness Deanna!" she said. "You've made her quite pretty!"

"Him' I think you mean," Deanna said.

"Oh, I don't think you could possibly call that 'thing' there a him." Maria countered. "Could you?"

Deanna giggled. "I guess not." She peered at David. "Feel alright now hon? Like what Deanna's done to you?"

He blushed furiously. "Yes Deanna," he whispered.

"Ok dear. Lets get your nylons on. Bet you really like them."

She was absolutely correct. He had already admitted to himself that the feel of the lingerie was beyond anything he'd imagined. But putting on the nylons was truly an experience that

surpassed even that. Deanna showed him how to put them on, while keeping the seams straight. The sensation as the cold, yet warm, silkiness moved up his legs was electrifying. He had an erection of such an enormity that if Molly had been even close, he felt that he'd have ejaculated all over the room. Finally he had them attached to the little clips at the end of the garter straps. Deanna had been watching him.

"You did like them, huh?"

He nodded.

"So think you'll like being a girl?"

"Yes Deanna."

"Telling the truth now?"

"Yes Deanna."

"Want to be a girl now?"

He didn't answer this time. Just nodded dumbly, his eyes on the ground.

"Very well. But if you're to be a girl, you'll have to start off by being honest. So put these slippers on and come with me." She pushed a pair of low heeled, feathered slipper at him. "They should fit you easily. They're kind of small for me."

He obeyed her, slipping his nylon-shod feet into them. "But Deanna? Go where? Like this?"

"We're going to see if your sister's still awake. You'll have to say you're sorry for messing up her undies."

"Jenny? Oh please Deanna - please don't!"

"Come on now David. Time to confess!" She put a hand on his arm and started leading him out of the room.

He protested weakly, but followed Deanna out of the room and upstairs towards Jenny's room, praying that she'd be asleep because he knew that Deanna would never dare wake his sister. But his luck was out, a light still shone under the door and, at Deanna's soft knock, his step sister's voice bade them come in. His knees were actually knocking together as he followed Deanna into the room, to stand in front of Jenny, who was sitting propped up in bed by pillows, a book in front of her.

"Yeah Deanna. What you want? Who's thi..!" She didn't finish, just jumped out of bed.

"My god! David! What's this all about? My goodness you're pretty! Wow!"

He stood dumb, but Deanna gave him a light spank. "He's got something to confess miss Jenny. Haven't you David?"

"I borrowed your panties - and wore them," he said, knowing that Deanna would force him to 'admit' it anyway.

"Which panties? What are you talking about?" Jenny said.

"The satin ones miss Jenny." Deanna told her. "The pink ones and the blue ones."

"Oh, these?" Jenny laughed then turned to him. "You can wear them all you like. I told Molly to throw them all out when I left for school. I don't like all that hot satin stuff now - I prefer the cotton underwear. As a matter of fact David? If you want, take the lot - there's all sorts in there, bras, panties, teddies."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," he laughed self-consciously. " I won't be wearing that kind of stuff again...."

"Don't be silly David!" Deanna laughed. "You won't be what?"

"Well, I can't be putting this stuff on much..." he started.

"You think I went to all that bother with your hair and makeup, just for tonight?" Deanna said aggrieved. "You said you wanted to be a girl. Now's your chance!"

"Oh that sounds like such fun!" Jenny laughed. "And you can play tennis tomorrow morning with me now."

"But I still don't have whites, and you know what mom says about playing without.."

"You do now!" Jenny said, going into the closet. "Look!" And she pulled out a pretty tennis dress. "I've grown out of this, so I bet it'll fit you perfectly!"

"But I can't..." he wailed.

"You most certainly can!" Deanna said briskly, taking the dress from Jenny's hands. "What time miss Jenny? Before breakfast as usual?"

"Great!" Was Jenny's response.

"Consider it done, miss Jenny. He'll be ready. But first, let me get some lighter colored undies for him. The black wouldn't do." With that, Deanna went into Jenny's lingerie drawer and pulled some garments.

The following morning David met Jenny outside the dining room. His hair flounced prettily now when he walked, even though it was tied with a pink ribbon - which matched his lipstick and nails.. His tennis dress was full skirted, but every so often the frills of his light pink panties would flash underneath. The straps of his bra and camisole were almost hidden by the dress material, but showed every so often when the light was in the right direction.

Without trying to, he even played like a girl, his soft white arms moving ineffectually inside his puffy sleeves, squealing at missed shots, jumping up excitedly with his feet together if he made a shot - which wasn't often.



Jenny trounced him of course, but put a sisterly arm around his shoulders as they headed back up to the house for breakfast.

"You're really cute as a girl David - but know what?"

"What?" he said.

"Gonna have to call you something different now. Have to pick a nice girl's name for you."

"Aw c'mon Jenny. I'm just going to shower and change before mom sees me. What do you think she'd say if she saw me like this.."

"Pamela? Patricia? Whatever your name is? I wouldn't worry about what mom would say - but I really would make sure that you had Deanna's permission before you go around changing your appearance. But it's up to you, I guess."

But fate solved that particular issue. Carol had picked that one morning to awake early. She'd heard the sounds of the game from the tennis court and wondered who the strange girl playing across from Jenny was, and where she'd come from. She'd then decided to get dressed and come and meet this 'stranger'. She turned the corner in front of them just as Jenny finished talking. Carol introduced herself, wondering why the new girl turned such a strange color. Then she found out.

"This is David mom," Jenny said.

Carol was more curious than shocked. She'd never really thought of her stepson as being particularly masculine, so his conversion into a rather pretty girl wasn't altogether a shock.

"So that's why you didn't want to get your hair cut David? Was that it?" she asked.

He was actually shocked by the question. It was as if everything he'd been doing for the last few months had logically pointed towards this very moment. He was dressed like a girl. Made up like a girl. Had been acting like a girl. Was now in what appeared to be the process of being accepted as a girl by everyone around him. Yet all he'd done was refused to have his hair cut - and allowed a woman to fondle him into ejaculating into girl's panties. How had all this happened?

There was no reason for him to change now - he hadn't perspired that much, and anyway Jenny and mom were making noises as to how hungry they were, so he followed them into the dining room to have breakfast. There, he felt totally strange sitting there in his little white dress, seemingly accepted as a fellow female by his mother and sister, and being respectfully addressed as 'master David' by Maria, Deanna, and Molly as they moved around the dining room. New developments continued.

Jenny was in the middle of her first helping when she let out an excited yell. "Mom! I've got a great idea! Why can't David come to my school now? He'd fit right in, and I could have fun with my 'little' sister."

"Oh don't be ridiculous dear," Carol said. "That's just silly!"

"What's silly mom? David wants to be a girl, don't you David?"

He looked up quickly to deny this, but saw Deanna and Maria staring meaningfully at him.

"I guess," he said.

"And mom? All these clothes I've just grown out of - they'll fit him just about perfect. Look at all the money you'll save!"

"But that's ridiculous!" Carol said, but not quite as forcefully.

Molly was pretending not to be listening to the talk at the table, but had heard every word. Despite her machinations to lead David to this very point, she had been amazed to see him in his feminine finery so quickly. Had grinned to herself to see the blushing pretty little sissy boy she'd made. She almost had him. Then Jenny's suggestion threw her mind into a whirl. She hadn't come this far to lose him now! Then something crossed her mind. 'Carpe diem' she thought.

"Ma'am?" She said, curtsying to Carol.

"Yes Molly?" Carol said kindly.

"Sorry, but I couldn't help but overhear..?"

"That's all right dear," Carol said. "What do you have on your mind?"

"Well, beggin' your pardon ma'am, but master David does make a nice looking young miss..."

"See! What'd I tell you mom," Jenny said.

"But I don't think he'd pass in a school for young ladies. He'd be found out in no time..."

"So?" Carol asked.

"Well? Just suppose that he stayed on here until the new school year started.."

"Oh I don't think so Molly!" Carol said. "Just hanging around here in everybody's way..?"

"Not what I meant at all ma'am?" Molly persisted. "I sort of thought .. Well, there's a vacant maid's room down in our quarters. He could move down there? Then, with Maria and Deanna - and me, of course - to guide him, I'm sure he'd be able to pass as a young lady in practically no time at all. That way, Maria could start re-decorating his room - like you've been wanting, with all the ladies club guests you're going to have? You've been saying as to how you'd like an extra room?"

"But Molly? You complain all the time about how much help you need," Carol argued. "I can just hear you complain when I ask Maria to work on his room."

"But that would just be part time ma'am - and I thought...?"

"Yes?"

"Well, if you wouldn't mind ma'am? I'm sure he'd be a wonderful trainee maid. Could sort of fill in when I didn't have Maria? Deanna could run him up a couple of uniforms in no time. And weren't you saying just the other day as to how you'd like him to get an introduction to the real world?"

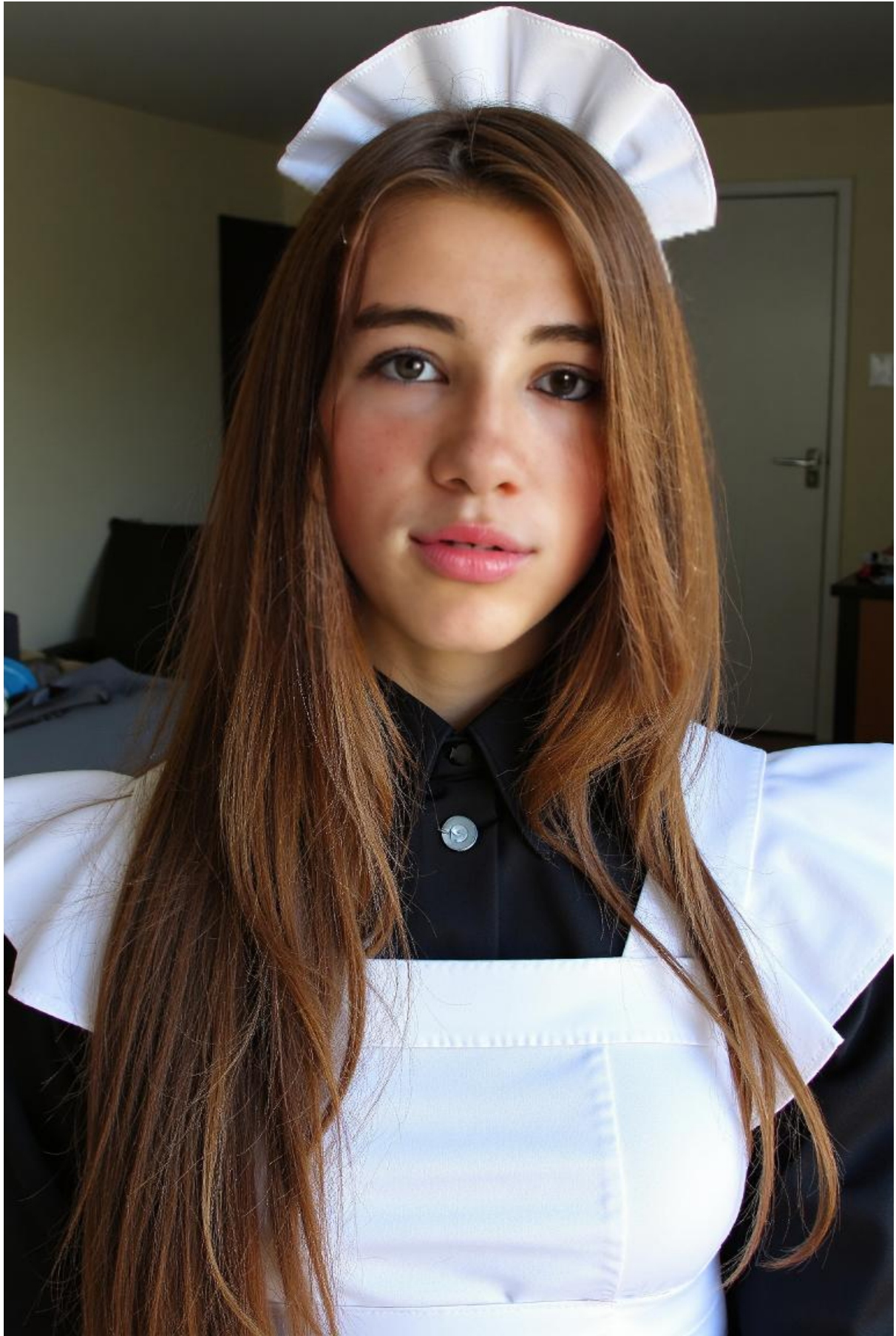
Molly smiled to herself. She'd pressed all the right buttons. Carol was now rid of the problem of what to do with an expelled boy. She'd save money by being able to dress him in Jenny's hand me downs. She'd get the extra room she wanted for guests - and would 'quiet' Molly's requests for new help. Not only that, she would be getting an additional maid for the cost of a few uniforms - it was a foregone conclusion.

But Carol actually floundered for a moment. "Well Molly. I don't know. I mean, it's all such a new thing. And David. What does David think..?"

Molly, luckily, had been standing right next to David. She put her arm around his waist, loving the feel of the dress he was wearing, her finger just barely touching the underside of his breast, then moving down to his waist and giving the skirt of the dress a downwards tug, that he had to feel. Luckily for him, he understood. Taking his dress in his hands at both sides, he curtsied to his stepmother.

"That would be fine ma'am," he said, his voice trembling, as the maids and Jenny applauded.

"Very well Pamela. Go along with Molly. Borrow a uniform from one of the girls until we get you a proper one. There's a girl." And Carol turned away as he left for the maid's quarters, not noticing Molly's hand now up the back of Pamela's dress, lightly caressing her backside through the pink panties.



The end

Bonus Picture: 5 years later



