

Becoming Lynda



Delphinia Longstreet



A "Her Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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BECOMING LYNDA

By Delphinia Longstreet

ONE

“Coming, Mistress!” I called as I hurried, my spike heels clicking loudly on the parquet floor. My hips swung enticingly and why shouldn’t they? I mean, with my twenty-one inch tightly corseted waist holding me firmly erect, what other choice did they have? Not that I minded because over the months I had served my demanding Mistress, I had learned to love everything about her.

And if she liked the effect of a tight-waisted corset on her personal serving maid, that’s what she shall have!

Oh, it wasn’t always this way.

Oh, no, believe it or not, I was once a skinny, undersized runt of a male who was quite opinionated and vain about himself. Or as vain and conceited - OK, opinionated - as a male of five foot three inches and one hundred four pounds can be. But, I was much too pretty to be handsome, so I went out of my way to cultivate a mustache and sideburns to con-

ceal the “pretty” face. Except the damn hair refused to grow! All I could ever manage was a couple of stray hairs. So, I resorted to subterfuge. I used paste-ons instead and that seemed to work pretty well.

Usually.

The damned glue would loosen at the most awkward times, thereby spoiling the whole effect of virile masculinity to my utter chagrin.

Along with my shortness comes a rich head of bright, shoulder-length auburn hair, which as noted above, does not grow on any part of my body, thereby resulting in a peaches and cream-like skin from head to foot. I have high cheekbones (like a model's, I have been told many times) and shy, hazel eyes (I'm a bit myopic - but I'm much too vain to wear glasses, preferring instead contact lenses). My hands are tiny with long, slender fingers (as compared to the more “normal” sized male) and my feet are quite small at size four (male) or size six (female).

Mommy insisted I take dancing lessons when I was quite small, (I think I was four or five at most) and as a result of constant practice at the Ballet Barre, am quite flexible, able to do splits and les pointes easily. The whole thing about it was that I liked it and I persisted long after she would have let me quit.

And you might as well know it right from the start, I was dressed and raised as a little girl from the very first. How else to explain a girl's name, Lynn Anne? My parents were kind, thoughtful, loving and accepting of my quirks. I was devastated when they died shortly before high school graduation.

Anyway, as shy, retiring and submissive as I am, I somehow managed to get through high school and the local four-year business college with better-than-average grades and bolstered by this, I set out to set the world on fire.

And got shot down repeatedly.

“Don’t call us, we’ll call you,” was the excuse I most often heard, followed closely by, “Things are tough and we’re not hiring right now. Try us again in a year or so.” By now, six months had passed since graduation. Not only was winter on the immediate horizon, my savings and small inheritance from my late parents’ largesse was getting dangerously low.

Fortunately, I owned the house I lived in (inherited), but school taxes would be coming up in January and it had been a squeak in September for land taxes.

The house was rather antiquated, built in a more leisurely era, but it suited me. I liked the huge living room, the library, dining room, huge, modern kitchen, pantry, half-bath and entry hall on the first floor. Having four bedrooms on the second floor (master, two guest and a much smaller maid’s room off the master), three baths and closets galore, was my idea of opulence and refined living.

My parents had been very select in their accommodations and I luxuriated in using them.

To get by, I had registered at a local temp agency and managed to keep the wolf from the door while still on the lookout for more permanent remunerations than temp positions that usually turned out to be scut work, which the regular employees would refuse on principle. A temp could not afford to be so choosy but took what was offered and was “grateful.” I hated to be “grateful” with a passion!

But. . .

Getting on with it, in mid-December, just before the Holiday season was to begin, I secured a temp position with one of the firms that “would call me,” (except they never did) as a fill-in “gofer” while the regular employee was on an extended maternity leave.

What’s a gofer?

That's one who "goes for" what is needed at the time by whoever wants it.

But, it paid twelve dollars and seventy-five cents an hour and was a guaranteed forty hours until the regular employee returned and that was far off in the future, April or May, or thereabouts.

My future assured for the nonce, I was beginning to feel somewhat better about myself and my up-coming financial shortfall (taxes).

Unfortunately, one of my business school classmates had secured an executive trainee position at the firm and she lorded it over me every chance she got. I took one look at her and her thirty-seven inch D-cup breasts and it was obvious what had gone through the mind of her interviewer as she bragged about her coming marriage to the same man.

I had disliked Ms Polly Watson at school and I soon grew to detest her as a fellow employee of the firm! She went out of her way to belittle me, even going so far as to change my given name, Lynn, to a more feminine version, Lynda, pronounced Lyn-duh. I resented this, especially when she addressed me as such before the other employees, but no amount of asking her repeatedly to stop it had any effect on her.

I began to avoid her as much as possible and when she discovered my attempt to keep my distance, she, of course, went out of her way to seek me out for her animosity.

Soon, other employees were calling me Lynda and I resigned myself to my fate.

One day, the firm's owner, Ms Deborah Parsons, came through the office and overheard one of Polly's derogatory remarks. Saying nothing, she continued on her tour of inspection and eventually left to return to her office on the third floor. Most of the ladies were excited by this visit and were chattering happily, each convinced that it was she for whom the visit had been intended.

Later that same day, I was called to the front by the floor manager, Ms Hopkins, and informed that I had an appointment on the third floor.

“Me? Whatever for?” I stammered in disbelief.

“Miss Darwin didn’t say, she just told me to tell you to be there by three, and it’s almost that now, so you’d better scoot, Lyn-duh,” she smiled wickedly.

I almost curtseyed to the woman but caught myself in time, or so I thought until I saw the knowing gleam in her eye. “You may curtsey, Lyn-duh,” she ordered. “After all, that’s what a girl does to her superiors.”

‘Girl?’ I stared at her in shock. “But, I’m not. . .”

She cut me off with a curt, “Your appointment? At three? Git!”

Confused, I took the elevator to the third floor. I hadn’t been there since that day back in July when I had applied for an executive trainee position and had been in the Personnel Manager’s office for such a brief time.

I knocked hesitantly on the door labeled “Ms Parsons,” and at the dim response, “Come,” entered to see another woman seated behind a desk with a small name plate, Ms Joy Darwin, Executive Secretary.

She looked up in irritation. “Yes? What is it?”

“Er, I have a three o’clock appointment to see Ms Parsons,” I explained.

“Yes, she will ring when she’s ready. Have a seat.”

The only chairs were wooden chairs along one wall and they were uncomfortable after a few minutes sitting in one. ‘This must be deliberate,’ I thought resentfully.

Slowly, the clock ticked off the minutes and the longer I sat there, the more irritated I became. Finally, I could contain myself no longer.

“Er, Miss Darwin? It’s almost three forty-five and Ms Parsons indicated she wanted me here at three.”

She paused in shutting down her computer for the day and looked at me in surprise. “Who are you and how long have you been there staring at me?” she demanded querulously.

“I’m Lynn Marion. I’ve been sitting here since three o’clock,” I explained, my irritation showing quite plainly.

“Why, I thought Ms Parsons had seen you ages ago,” she smiled with her feigned apology as she pressed a button on her desk phone. “Er, Ms Parsons, Mr. Marion is still waiting to see you as you requested. I forgot all about him in the rush of finishing those last things to be done.”

She nodded as she hung up her phone. “You may go right in.” And before I could rise, she was at the elevator and gone for the day.

I knocked timidly on the door marked “President,” and at the faint, “Come,” opened the door and entered.

I was greeted by, “Ah, yes, Miss Lynda Marion is it? Please have a seat while I get rid of this irritating bastard.” She nodded at the phone in her hand. “Have some coffee. I promise, this won’t take but a moment.”

Ten minutes later, she was still laughing and cooing into her phone and I could tell that it was not business she was discussing.

“Oh, you’re terrible, Maxine! I’m going to tell Harriet what you said!” she laughed again, then, “Same to you, Dearie.” She sat up straight in her chair.

“Hey, Babe, gotta run. ‘Portant business to discuss. See ya later, Ally Gator!”

And she finally hung the damned thing up.

She sighed as she leaned back in her chair to contemplate her recent discussion with whoever and she shook her head in another long, drawn-out sigh. Then she looked up and saw me still sitting there with an empty coffee mug in my hands.

“What the. . .” she gasped. “Who. . . er, what. . .” she stammered.

I stood. “Obviously I have come at an awkward time. I shall let myself out.” I opened the door, preparing to leave.

“Shut that fucking door and sit your ass down, you impatient twat!” she hissed angrily, coming fully erect and towering over my five-foot three-inch height in her four-inch spikes atop her five-foot eleven height. “Who do you think you are, coming in here and barking at me like some junk yard dog? Why, for two cents I’d take those pants down and spank you until you begged for mercy! Now, sit down and behave like any civilized girl would.” She pointed imperiously at a hard bottom wooden chair into which I slunk guiltily.

“Now then, I have a proposition for you outside the pale. The question is, are you the right person for the job?”

“I. . . I. . . I’m not sure what you mean,” I stammered.

“Of course you don’t, blathering away like some idiot school girl. Now then, Miss Lynda,” she began.

“It’s Mister Lynn Anne Marion, Ma’am,” I corrected her timidly.

“Eh? No, I’m positive I heard Polly call you Lynda and you responded in like vein, or are my ears not hearing what I heard?” she demanded.

“Ms Watson hung that nickname on me as a joke. She’s the only one who calls me that,” I tried to explain.

She peered at me closely. Then, “Stand up.”

“Huh?”

“I said, ‘Stand up,’” she repeated. “Are you deaf too?”

Puzzled, I stood and at her hand motion, spun in a circle easily.

She nodded. “Yes, you have potential. The question is, do you want it enough?”

I had no idea what she was talking about, so said nothing in my defense and stood there like a ninny.

Out of the blue, she demanded, “How long have you been a transvestite, Miss Lynda Anne Marion?”

“Wh. . . what?” I stammered.

“I asked you how long you have been a transvestite?” she repeated. “Heavens, are you really that dense or deaf?”

“No, Ma’am, I’m not deaf and I am not a trans whatever,” I blurted, my face turning every shade of red imaginable because in my heart, I knew that was a lie. I have been addicted to wearing female clothing and pretending to be a female since my earliest memories. But, how did she know?

Before I knew what she was going to do, she had done it, stepped close and slapped my face as hard as she could. Then she backhanded me on the other side and my head rang like a church bell!



“Do not lie to me, little girl, ever. The next lie you tell me, I shall take your pants down and blister that fat ass of yours!” she threatened.

“Ms Parsons!” I gasped with indignation, “I do not have a fat ass!”

“Never argue with your boss, little girl,” she replied calmly.

“But I do not have a fat ass!” I repeated my objection.

“Keep running your mouth and it will be black and blue,” she threatened.

“Ma’am?” I gasped.

“Now, back to the main question, how long have you been a transvestite? How long have you been playing dress-up in feminine finery?”

“Oh, Ma’am, please don’t ask me that,” I whimpered, my face flaming.

“But, I do ask. No, I demand. Is that better? Does that assuage your sense of the feminine inside?”

“Oh, Ma’am, I . . . I . . . am so . . . embarrassed!” I quavered uncertainly.;

“Nonsense,” she retorted. “There are many men who dress as women and there are many women who prefer their men to be women in private. Now, I ask you again, how long have you been a transvestite?”

“Since I was a little boy,” I whispered barely loud enough to be considered speaking aloud.

“Don’t you mean since you were a little *girl*?” she corrected.

I slumped in my chair in defeat. “Yes, Ma’am,” I agreed.

“Yes, Ma’am, what?” she prompted.

“Yes, Ma’am, ever since I was a little girl,” I admitted in total subjugation.

“I thought so,” she murmured. When I said nothing, she asked, “Was that so very difficult to admit out loud, little girl?”

Confused, I shook my head. “N . . . no, Ma’am.”

“Good, now that we have that decided, let’s get into a little more detail. Tell me what your favorite girly-girl costume is?”

I gulped as I opened my mouth to speak, except that nothing came out! I was tongue-tied to speechlessness!

“Poor little girl needs courage.” She rose and came towards me, her hand out invitingly.

Hesitantly, I allowed her to draw me to my feet and take me into her arms. In my oxfords, I only came up to her breasts and I instinctively lay my cheek against the warm flesh, relaxing completely.

As the music started, we began to dance a slow dance with her leading, and it felt right to me. Slowly, I was losing my inhibitions with this woman and I reveled in ecstasy.

I became aware that the lights had gone down to a warm glow and she pressed her cheek to the top of my auburn hair, her breath rippling it with its evenness.

“Isn’t this cozy?” she asked dreamily.

I nodded, afraid to speak and break the spell.

Some time later, we were lying together on the carpeted floor and we were slowly undressing one another. As my pink nylon, feminine undies and thigh-high nylons came into her view, she made no comment other than, “You have exquisite taste in lin-

gerie, little girl,” whispered conspiratorially into my ear.

I shivered with delight as she kissed me tenderly, removing her bra.

“Thank you, Ma’am,” I replied at a loss for an appropriate response.

Then her magnificent breasts with their erect, demanding nipples came into view and I lost myself in their beauty, worshipping them reverently while she directed my lips from one demanding nipple to the other.

Then we were completely naked and I was doubly ashamed of myself because I am not very well situated, if you catch my drift. In the sex department I was truly more girl than I ever had been boy with a babyish inch or so and no sign of testes at all!

Moving my form easily with her superior strength, I found myself kissing my way down across her stomach and into the redolent vee between her wide spread thighs, and you know? I knew exactly what I had to do. And I did it! I began to kiss those plump, moist nether lips and when I started to French them, I discovered a stiffened little nubbin that reacted violently to my tongue laving it repeatedly.

It wasn’t long before she stiffened and held my head hard against her mound while she shuddered in the aftermath of a glorious orgasm that left her weak and limp for long moments after.

Finally, “Oh, Lynda, that was wonderful! I just knew you were a natural born muff diver. You just had to be!” she exclaimed.

I just lay there, gently kissing her pubic lips and enjoying the immense joy of having satisfied a woman in spite of my physical handicap.

There’s more than one way to skin a cat!

Much later we talked in the rosy aftermath of pleasure. "Can you cook?" she asked right out of nowhere.

"Why, yes, Ma'am," I replied. "I am somewhat of a gourmet cook, why?"

"I want you to cook a meal for me," she whispered.

I shivered with pleasure. "Anytime, Ma'am," I replied fervently.

"Tomorrow, after work, say sevenish? Your place. You may be excused from your duties here at noon to get prepared. Is that time enough?"

"Oh, Heavens, yes! What would you like?"

"Surprise me."

"I can do that," I replied impishly, kissing those sweet lips I cherished.

"Fine." She pushed me away and sat up. "Now, I'm tired and need a refreshing power nap. So, be a good girl and close the door quietly on your way out. Uhhmm?"

I had been dismissed, just like that!

"Oh, by the bye," she continued as I got redressed for the street. "Make sure you're attired as a proper maid; high heels, corset, short skirt, net stockings, thongs, a bullet bra, a net petticoat for fluff under your short skirt, full makeup, earrings, slave bracelet, the works. I'm sure you know what I mean."

I curtsyed politely. "Yes, Ma'am. As you order, so too shall it be done!" I replied sarcastically, but if she noticed my sarcasm, she paid it no mind.

She smiled. "There's my good girl. Now, give us a last kiss and be on your way so we may both get our proper rest. Uhhmm?"

And just like that, my whole life had changed.

How much it had changed I would soon learn.

TWO

The next day, the news of my call to the third floor was the topic of conversation and rampant speculation was voiced as to the meaning thereof.

When I tried to explain that she wanted to get my views of things, Polly got very quiet. "I suppose you complained about me," she whined.

"Why, no, Miss Watson, your sunny disposition was never a topic of interest to her, although we did discuss several related items."

And to that I would add nothing.

Let them speculate and stew in their own juices.

There was a decided thawing between some of the employees and myself as a direct result of my third floor visit with the others treating me with more respect than had formerly been afforded me.

Ms Hopkins, our floor manager, came to my cubicle at noon to inform me that Ms Darwin had called down to remind me of Ms Parsons' special request and that she was looking forward to our little project.

I curtsayed to her. After all, I had already done it once and, besides, it showed that I respected her position as manager.

She smiled. "Good afternoon, Miss Marion."

Darn, *everyone* was calling me Miss now.

I hurried from the building and went across town to a gourmet shop on the East Side where I would find those special items for Ms Parsons' gourmet meal.

I had decided to prepare a prime rib roast with petit pois and roasted small red potatoes with a small lettuce salad, cappuccino coffee and whipped cream with spumoni ice cream.

While the meat was cooking, I began to get ready for my very first encounter with an outsider, my own employer, Ms Deborah Parsons, who had seduced me on the floor of her office the day before. I was all atwitter that everything should be up to snuff and beyond!

Fortunately, as noted earlier, I am pretty much hairless from my brows to my toes and what had tried to grow had been depilated immediately, moustache excluded. And even that was a big waste of time.

So I luxuriated in my bubble bath and oils. It was so relaxing.

Still, to business.

I toweled myself carefully, patting my skin dry instead of rubbing, then sat on my vanity stool and stared at my reflection in the mirror.

‘OK, Lyn-duh,’ I scolded myself. ‘What sort of a mess have we gotten ourselves into now? I mean, until yesterday afternoon Ms Deborah Parsons didn’t even know that we existed, and look at us now, getting ready to be a French Maid to serve her dinner, and in our home to boot! And did we get a chance to refuse? You were there, did she give us any? No! Hell no! In fact she demanded we serve her!’

‘Who in Hell does she think she is? The fucking Queen or something? Damn! Double damn! Triple damn! Hell, quadruple damn! It ain’t kosher, that’s what it ain’t!’

I glared at my reflection which glared right back at me.

Then, I sighed and my shoulders slumped.

“All right, all right!” I declared aloud. “So I’ll get ready for Her Majesty already!” Scowling menacingly at myself, I tried to be stern with myself.

I failed.

Instead, I burst out laughing at the incongruity of my thoughts.

Working swiftly, I did my hair up in a bun and pinned it tight. I would rather have let my just below the shoulder auburn hair swing freely about, but that would not be in keeping with the image she had demanded previously.

Then, it was makeup time. I kept it simple, using just enough lipstick to highlight my mouth in good light and give me an esoteric appearance in a dim room.

My nails were in good shape after a quick buffing which I had found to be the easiest to do for everyday wear at the office.

One-inch golden hoops inserted in my pierced lobes and the two-inch golden gravity ring pinching my septum as though penetrating it seemed to me to be enough jewelry, well except for the slave bracelet which would be around my left ankle once my hosiery had been donned.

Next, my corset that would nip my waist in to twenty-two inches, the pressure of the top pushing and compressing my chest flesh in to the semblance of tiny, but definite breast works. My A-cup bullet bra would have more than adequate filling!

Next, hosiery. I debated on a garter belt and stockings or thigh-highs, then settled in favor of the black mesh thigh-highs for ease of wearing and appropriateness.

I slipped my feet into my black operas, the ones with the four-inch spikes that I had found to be the

most comfortable for constant wear around the house.

I settled a short, white net flared petticoat around my waist, then carefully got into my maid's dress. The black satin rustled pleasantly as it settled into place. I hooked the zip tab and, reaching over my shoulder, slowly drew it up and closed until the tab could be secured in its special hook to prevent slippage during wear.

I glanced into the mirror and twisted and turned for effect, admiring the reflection and falling in love with myself all over again!

Perfect!

Almost.

A moment later a crisp maid's cap was pinned to my bun and I nodded with my complete satisfaction.

To the kitchen.

It was five-thirty.

She would be here in less than half an hour!

But, everything was ready.

The meat smelled delicious.

Her salad was prepared, in a bowl in the fridge.

The potatoes were as ready as potatoes ever could be

I started the coffee maker, took one last glance at the dining room.

Yes, I was as ready as I ever would be!

I smiled, congratulating myself on my efficiency.

And the doorbell rang!

It was she!

Hurrying, my stilettos tapping pleasantly against the parquet flooring, I grasped the door handle and opened it wide.

I was greeted with, “Well, it’s about time! I was beginning to think I had been stood up by a forgetful maid.”

I curtsayed politely. “I came as quickly as I could,” I apologized.

“You should have been waiting at the door in anticipation,” she snapped.

I stood back. “Won’t you come in, please, Mistress?”

“Well, as long as I am already here, I might as well,” she sighed with feigned resignation and entered to avoid the incongruity of an outright refusal.

As I closed the door, she handed me her purse. “I’ll have a before dinner drink in the library, Missy,” she announced imperiously, striding off with deliberation.

I curtsayed again. “Yes, Mistress, and what would you like?”

“Double Scotch on the rocks and go easy on the rocks,” she replied as she entered my library and looked around in approval.

She nodded and turned to me. “Well, what are you waiting for?”

I curtsayed. “Immediately, Mistress,” and I turned, hurrying to obey.

Behind me, I heard, “Honestly, the help one has to tolerate nowadays.” Then the door closed in my face.

My cheeks ablaze with humiliation, I stepped to the sideboard, measured two shots into a glass,

added two ice cubes, went to the library door and tapped softly.

From within, "Yes? Who is it?"

Huh? Who else did she expect?

"It's Lynda, the maid," I replied. "I have your drink."

"Well, it's about time. Enter."

I obeyed, seeing her seated behind my desk and my phone held to her ear. She indicated a spot before her where I set the glass carefully.

Without a word of thanks, she took the glass to sip at the whiskey. "Aaahhh!" her

heartfelt sigh said volumes.

She laughed into the phone. "Yes, Maxine, I know I promised, but something juicy came up at the last moment and besides, you don't need a third wheel while you're on the prowl for more cougar bait!"

It was the same woman with whom she had been talking when I first entered her office the previous afternoon.

The conversation continued for another ten minutes or so before she finished.

She hung the phone on its cradle and glared at me still standing uncertainly beside the desk. "Well, did you get an earful?" she snarled. "Is dinner ready?"

Dinner!

It was probably ruined by now because of her lackadaisical attitude, but I knew she would lay the entire blame on my shoulders when push came to shove.

I curtseyed. "Dinner was ready when you arrived, Mistress," I replied worriedly.

“Well, why in blazes didn’t you say so instead of making me ask? God, do I have to do all the thinking around here?” she demanded petulantly. She stood. “Well, girl, take me to the dining room and then you may serve.”

I curtsayed, led her from the library and across the entry hall, then opened the door into the dining room. She glanced at the candlelit ambiance and moved to the head of the table, standing there as if waiting. She stared daggers at me. “Well?”

“Mistress?” I had no idea what she meant.

“The fucking chair. Don’t you seat your Mistress properly?” she demanded.

‘Oh!’ It dawned on me that she wanted me to push her chair in behind her as she sat down.

“Better,” she conceded once I had complied. “You may serve.”

A few minutes later, I had served the salad and returned to retrieve the rescued prime rib and petit pois.

As she finished the salad, I slid the prime rib in front of her, standing there in dread as she tasted the meat.

She chewed thoughtfully a moment, then nodded, “Not bad for a first try,” she murmured.

Greatly relieved, I hurried to the kitchen to put the coffee carafe, a creamer and some sugar packets on a tray and carry it to the table where I poured a cup for her.

Uncertain as to my response or non-response to her ignoring me, I stepped to the nearest corner and faced inward with my nose pressed into the angle formed.

Somewhere I had read something about subservient maids standing just so in a corner while their masters or mistresses ate and I thought, 'Why not me?'

Accordingly, I grasped my wrists together behind my back at the waist which I bent with my nose now several inches below where it had been and my back arched as my bare ass cheeks peered daringly from beneath the hem of my minuscule skirt and petticoat. As a final touch, I rose to my tiptoes, my feet tight together and waited for her notice and approval.

Did she?

Notice or approve, I mean.

I have no idea as she never said one word either way, yea or nay!

So, since she didn't say yes or no, I decided that the better part of valor was to continue until told otherwise.

I was to learn in the very near future that this was the wisest decision I could have made when it came to pleasing her without incurring her wrath.

Finally, I heard, "You may clear, Lynda."

Immediately I stood, turned and curtsyed low. "Yes, Mistress."

As I worked, she continued. "I'll have my coffee in the library, Missy."

"Yes, Mistress, of course." I agreed, curtsying yet anew.

She smiled, rose and walked away without a backward glance.

Ten minutes later I tapped gently on the library door. From within, I heard, "Yes? Who is it?"

In some irritation, I replied testily, "It's your maid, Lynda, with your coffee."

"Come."

I entered to find her once more seated behind my desk with some of my personal papers spread before her. I stifled a protest at this invasion of my privacy and placed the tray on the desk.

She did nothing for a moment, then glared at me. "Well?"

"Mistress?"

"Are you going to serve the fucking coffee or are you just going to let it sit there and rot?" she demanded.

"My apologies, Mistress," I murmured as I poured a cup for her.

"God! Do I have to do everything around here myself? What's the use of having a personal lady's maid if I have to do everything?" she asked the air.

Of course it was a rhetorical question as she obviously did not expect me to respond.

Blushing with humiliation, I just stood there like a ninny, my hands clasped as I awaited her next request (command!).

"We must have a chat about your future at the firm," she began.

I said nothing in reply, just stood there like a dumb ninny.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, girl, sit down, you make me nervous flittering around like a loosed bird." She waved at the hard bottom wooden chair I kept by the desk.

Obediently, I sat.

“Better,” she commented dryly. “Now, your work attire. Do you own any soft flannel trousers, say a fawn or cream color?”

“I nodded. ”Yes, Ma’am, but they’re for girls. They either button or zip up the left side or zip closed in back with a buttoned tab.”

“There’s a problem with that?” she asked.

I blushed. “No, I suppose not, but they would be awkward for work as none of them have pockets for small personal items,” I explained dumbly.

“So? Carry a purse like other women do.”

I slumped in resignation. “Yes, Ma’am.” Polly Watson would have a field day if I showed up like that!

“Next, blouses. I assume you have boy-cut blouses in varied shades?”

I nodded in defeat. “Yes, Ma’am. I have them in soft pastel shades and all of them button or snap closed the wrong way for a man.”

She ignored me. “I assume you have suitable ballerina flats?”

I nodded. “Yes, Ma’am, black, brown, tan, red, white, pink and purple,” I admitted as my face darkened with humiliation.

“We already know you wear pretty feminine attire under your outerwear, so that problem dies aborning.”

‘My God,’ I thought, ‘is she trying to turn me into some kind of fairy?’

“You may show me the rest of the house now, girl,” she announced, standing and striding purposefully for the open door.

“Yes, Ma’am,” I agreed, hurrying after her.

I showed her the whole of the downstairs, then led her up the front stair to the second floor. “On the left is the master bedroom,” I explained, opening the door.

“Not bad,” was her only comment.

“Through that door is the master bath and through the other door is the maid’s room where my father was banished when he had displeased mother in some way. The vanity, the lingerie dressers and the double dresser are for the owner’s usage.

“On the right are the doors into the guest bedrooms and the shared bath. The one door at the end leads to the attic and the other to the servants’ stair to the lower floor.”

“Not a bad layout. I am impressed,” she admitted.

I blushed with pleasure. “Thank you.”

“Oh, I am impressed with the designer and the foresight of your parents for having it built this way. You had nothing to do with it.”

We went down the back stair into the pantry and thence down the hallway to the library where she sat and leaned back in the chair.

“It’s getting late,” she observed, “much too late to be driving unfamiliar streets.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” I agreed, sensing where she was going with this.

“Yes, I think I shall stay here tonight. It is so convenient, don’t you think?”

I nodded inanely. “Yes, Ma’am,” I agreed with a sinking heart.

She stretched her arms above her head. “Ooh, I smell like an old nanny goat! Be a dear and run a bath for me,” she smiled at me.

It was not a request!

I curtsayed, saying, "Yes, Mistress, as you wish."

"Yes, my little Lynda, as I wish! Never forget that!" she whispered.

I curtsayed and hurried off to prepare a bubble and oil bath for her. I debated whether to use a guest bath or the master bath, then decided that I had better assume the latter would be more to her manner of thinking.

I was just finishing running the bath and testing the temperature when she appeared in the doorway.

"Good girl. Now, get me undressed and help me sit down. It looks so darned inviting. I tell you, it was a hard day in the salt mines!" She sighed dramatically. "You'll never guess what that damned Maxine wanted. She wanted me to go cougar hunting tonight. She wanted me to be a third wheel while she hunted quail!"

I said nothing as she stood passively while I undid buckles and snaps and zippers until her outer clothing was gone. Then it was just a matter of stripping nylon stockings, thong panties off, and unhooking her bra before she stood unashamedly before me, nude and proud!

She placed a hand atop my head (I was kneeling by now) to balance herself while she stepped daintily into the redolent suds.

"Ooh!" she whispered in pleasure. "That feels so goood!"

And she sank down until she was stretched out and comfortable.

After a moment, she opened her eyes and glared at me. "Well, get on with it."

"Ma'am?" I stammered.

“Wash me! Heavens, girl, didn’t you hear me? I need a bath! So get with the program, toot suite!”

Blushing, I knelt, sudsed a wash cloth and gingerly began washing her body. At her purr of pleasure, I did what she expected of me and her skin was polished and caressed with the soft soap bubbles until she glistened.

Her legs opened wide as my hand brushed across her stomach and I realized she wanted my hand between them, essentially washing her, but actually caressing her plump, rounded, sensitive mons.

I happened to look at her face and saw the grin of conquest wreathing her lips. I realized she was making me her slave and I was eagerly following her lead!

She grinned and rolled over, coming to rest on her knees. “Now the backside, sweet Lynda. You may kiss if you like.”

It was not a suggestion!

Helplessly, my hands caressed the rounded globes, the wash cloth disappearing deep between them to cleanse her completely!

And, yes, I kissed them!

I couldn’t help myself!

They beckoned me with a siren call I could not resist!

I heard her sigh of contentment. “Ah yes, my sweet little Lynda girl, you are a superb ass kisser! Make sure you get that tongue deep between them. . . aaahhhh! Oh, yes, girl, that’s it! Oh, don’t stop! Don’t ever stop!”

THREE

She twisted, splashing me with bubbles as she sat up. “That was so delicious, my sweet Lynda,” she cooed, her nails scratching my cheek lightly. “We must do that more often! But now, I have soaked long enough and should be dried before I get ready for bed, don’t you think?” she purred.

“Yes, Mistress,” I agreed as I wiped the bubbles from my chin.

I helped her to stand erect, then took the spray and rinsed the bubbles from her body until it glistened wetly in the soft pink light.

When I was finished rinsing her, I stood, extended my hand and she stepped smoothly onto the bathmat, dripping and wetly pink all over.

Reverently, I took a huge bath sheet, draped it around her loveliness and began to pat her dry, missing nothing as I paid homage to her beauty.

“I think a pretty red nylon Baby Doll without panties and a matching negligee would be appropriate sleepwear, don’t you?” she asked rhetorically.

I said nothing, just hurried to bring her a Baby Doll and a filmy negligee befitting her requirements, then helped her into it.

She gazed into the mirror. “Ah, yes, that’s ever so much better! Isn’t it a wonder how being freshly bathed makes a woman feel?” She looked around, then, “Mules?”

Of course, I had forgotten footwear!

I jumped to correct my mistake, kneeling as she slipped her dainty foot into each mule and stood erect.

“Much better,” she whispered to herself. To me, “You require much training, but so far you show great potential, aptitude and attitude.”

I curtsayed, blushing with pleasure. “Thank you, Mistress.”

She went into the bedroom and stood by the side of the bed. “You may turn the covers back for me,” she ordered.

“Bu. . . but, Mistress!” I blurted in objection. “I thought you’d sleep in one of the guest bedrooms.”

“Nonsense, with a perfectly good bed right here? Get to it, girl!” sharply.

“But that’s my bed,” I objected weakly.

“Nonsense. Who ever heard of a maid sleeping in the Mistress’s bed? No, my sweet Lynda, there’s a perfectly good maid’s room right through that door that should suit your needs just fine.”

“But. . . but. . .”

“Oh, for Heaven’s sake!” she burst out as she sat down, grabbed me and pulled me face down across her outstretched thighs.

“Hey!” I protested as she brushed my skirts high, caught my flailing hands in her iron grip at my waist.

“You asked for this!” she muttered.

SWISH, SPLAT!

Her open palm caught me by surprise as it landed painfully on my unsuspecting bottom cheek. “What do you think you’re do. . .” I started to say.

SWISH, SPLAT!

Again her open palm slapped me, this time on the opposite cheek.

“Oh, ow!” I almost screamed. “That hurts!”

For reply, I got:

SWISH, SPLAT! SWISH, SPLAT!

“Until you’re ready to admit that I’m Mistress and you’re my maid, this will continue,” she told me.

SWISH, SPLAT! SWISH, SPLAT! SWISH, SPLAT!
SWISH, SPLAT!

She continued to slap me and the longer she spanked me, the more confused I became until the red haze seemed to lift and I went limp over her lap, no longer fighting her but conceding defeat!

“Oh, oh, yes, yes, you’re the Mistress and I’m just your maid, only please no more!” I begged pitifully.

Immediately she stopped, dumping me unceremoniously onto the rough carpet, squarely on my extremely sore and throbbing nether cheeks!

“Good.” Leisurely, she slipped under the covers and waited until I had tucked her in for the night. “Wake me at seven o’clock with coffee and a croissant.” She closed her eyes and settled down. “Good night, Lynda.”

I had been dismissed, just like that!

Being very quiet, I closed the lights, went into the maid’s room and lay supine on the cot. My eyes began to water and soon I was crying uncontrollably.

What had happened?

Somehow, she had switched roles, becoming the demanding Mistress while I had been relegated to the role of subservient, below-the-stairs, maid!

Imagine, me, a serving maid in my own home!

How low I had sunk in just a few hours.

FOUR

I came awake at six thirty, thinking I had overslept, so I hurried to make her coffee and dig a croissant out of the freezer, then knocked at the Master Bedroom door promptly at seven o'clock.

Getting no answer, I opened the door and called out merrily, "It's seven o'clock, Mistress. Time to wake up and start the day!"

From deep under the covers came, "Not yet! Just ten more minutes. Is that too much to ask for?"

I giggled as I pulled the covers back, revealing her tousled head and tightly shut eyes, her Baby Doll wrapped around her head. "Come, Mistress, have some coffee."

She groaned as she sat on the edge of the bed, her feet automatically seeking and slipping into the waiting mules, her trembling hand holding the cup to her lips, lips that sipped gingerly.

"Ah," she whispered in contentment. "Nectar of the Gods!"

"Yes, Mistress, how may I help you?"

She took a bite of the croissant, chewed delicately, then replied, "As soon as I finish eating, you may get me dressed in what I wore last evening, after I've drained my pipes and you've brushed my teeth."

I must have made some sort of noise.

"What? You mean you don't know how to brush a woman's teeth? Well, today's your lucky day. Now get with it. I have to drive to my place and change clothes before I go in to work and you must not be late"

I curtsied. "Of course not, Mistress."

Twenty minutes later I had brushed her teeth and attended to her toilette before getting her dressed for the street.

As she left, she turned to me, saying, "Fawn-colored flannel slacks and a pale pastel boy-cut shirt, nude nylons, brown ballerina flats, and proper undies, of course. I'll see you in my office promptly at ten."

And she was gone.

I was not impressed with her selection as viable office attire for a temp gofer male. But she had not asked me for an opinion, so being the submissive, passive sort that I am, I did as told.

A nice bath, a refreshing blow dry, clean undies and I was stepping into my fawn stirrup slacks, then hopping about as I struggled to get my blouse (OK, so she said boy-cut shirt. That's still a blouse!) buttoned and tucked in so I could zip my slacks closed, up the left side. I looked in the mirror as I twisted, admiring the outthrust smoothness and fullness of my rounded rear. I caressed them absently, wincing slightly as I recalled the throbbing residue of her impromptu spanking.

"That woman has a hard hand!" I complained aloud.

And she was not above using it to make her point!

I slipped into my light brown ballerina flats, hurriedly stuffed my small personals into a strapped purse and hurried to the bus stop for the ride to work.

I walked through the door at one minute to nine, hereby garnering the evil eye of Ms Hopkins. "Well, Miss Marion," she hissed, "Pushing things are we?" She sniffed haughtily, then added, "Ms Parsons requests your presence on the third floor at ten, so get with it. Plenty to do before then."

I curtsayed to her knowing smile. "Yes, Ma'am."

For the next several minutes I was thoroughly inundated with requests and the like that I was sure were mostly unneeded and or unnecessary to the individuals requesting them, but a gofer does just that, "goes for" the items as that's the job requirement.

I stepped off the elevator on the third floor at three minutes to ten, whereupon Miss Darwin told me to wait as Ms Parsons was on the phone with a client.

Twenty minutes later, I was still sitting there on that hard chair and getting more angry by the second. Finally, Miss Darwin looked up and smiled wickedly, and I knew that I was being made to wait deliberately!

Ten minutes later, she looked up. "You may go right in, Miss Marion," she trilled.

I stood stiffly. "Thank you so much, Miss Darwin," I replied sarcastically.

Timidly, I tapped at the door to the inner office and at the muffled, "Come," turned the knob and walked in. Moving to the front of her desk, I curtsayed politely.

"Ma'am," I whispered.

"You're late!" she snapped. "I said ten and it's now ten thirty-three. What have you to say for yourself?"

"I was outside before ten and Miss Darwin made me wait," I tried to explain.

"Don't blame others!" she snapped. "I said ten. What you should have done was knock, get permission, and enter."

"Yes, Ma'am." I was blushing uncontrollably.

She looked at me. "Yes, that will be your office attire hence. That soft flannel becomes you and brings out your innate femininity."

She leaned back in her chair, lost in thought. Then, an evil smile wreathed her red, red lips as she sat up straight. "Yes, I can picture it now!"

"Ma'am?" I wondered.

"You in a severe pinstriped power suit, the skirt knee-length and with no kick pleat fitted snugly to your fat ass, your legs encased in nude nylons and your feet in operas with four-inch high heels," she mused.

"Mistress," I gasped in outrage. "I do not have a fat ass!" I protested.

Without pause, she continued, "Your auburn hair swinging loosely around your shoulders, hoop earrings in your pierced lobes, a silver I.D. bracelet around your left wrist inscribed, "Property of Deborah Parsons," a tiny diamond timepiece around your right wrist. Your crisp transparent blouse under your suit coat covering your pink lace bullet bra stuffed with at least B's, possibly C's. How delicious!"

She had paid my protest no mind, so I repeated myself.

"Ms Parsons, Mistress, I do not have a fat ass!" I reiterated.

"Eh? Oh, don't interrupt me when I'm thinking out loud. It's very impolite!" She lapsed back into her brown study, continuing to describe her inner image. "And bright red lipstick on those pouting lips, brows thinned and arched, lids heavily mascara'd, your breath kissingly sweet, your teeth white white and that smoky soprano voice that just sends shivers up and down my spine!"

"Oh, what a deliciously arousing picture!" she sighed romantically.

There was a long silence while I stood there, uncertain of a proper response, and knowing that if I

guessed wrong, she would find some way of humiliating me further!

I couldn't win for losing!

Finally, she sighed and gazed at me oddly.

I began to squirm. "Ma'am? I quavered.

"Eh? Oh, nothing, I was just thinking. We could have a damned good thing going for us," she mused.

Not knowing what to say, I said nothing.

"Yes, I think so." She stood, "Now, come with me. We have some shopping to do before we go home."

"Er, home, Ma'am?" I asked, trembling with fear.

"Home. Our home. Or, rather, my new home with you as housemaid, just as we discussed last evening."

Huh? I didn't recall anything like that having taken place.

"Er, Ma'am, *your* home? It's my house. . ." I objected.

"Dear me, must I persuade you otherwise? I would have thought one trip over my knee would have been sufficient, but I see that I was mistaken.

She sat down again, turning her chair sideways and beckoning to me to stand in front of her. As I moved to obey, she reached out, unsnapped and unzipped my slacks and pushed them to the floor before I could get my hands down to stop her.

"Hey!" I protested as my thongs came into view.

My hands flutter, she pulled me face-down across her lap, quickly caught my wrists together at the waist behind my back as he palms caressed the rounded globes awaiting her pleasure.

“Remember the proper response, Lynda,” she whispered.

SWISH, SPLAT!

I jerked in surprise as that hard hand landed on my unsuspecting bottom.

SWISH, SPLAT!

Again that hard hand struck me.

“Hey! That hurts!” I blubbered.

“Wrong answer,” she muttered.

SWISH, SPLAT! SWISH, SPLAT!

Outraged tears squirted from my eyes, dripping maddeningly across my cheeks to fall unheeded to the floor.

SWISH, SPLAT! SWISH, SPLAT! SWISH, SPLAT!
SWISH, SPLAT!

I soon lost count of her blows as I fought to escape, all to no avail, until finally I went limp in defeat. “I give up,” I gasped. “You win!”

“Not the proper response,” she muttered.

SWISH, SPLAT! SWISH, SPLAT!

“Oh, oh,” I cried. “You’re the Mistress and I’m your maid!” I cried dejectedly.

Instantly, she stopped, dumping me unceremoniously onto the rough carpet, squarely on my cooked flesh!

I scrambled to my knees, turned and buried my face in her lap whereupon I cried until I was cried out.

She raised my face to look directly into hers. “Now, we’ll have no more of this discussion about who owns what, shall we?” she asked.

Utterly defeated, I nodded agreement.

“Say it,” she commanded.

“There will be no more discussion from me about your decisions,” I agreed.

And you know, I actually felt a great burden being lifted from my shoulders as she took possession of my life and what used to be mine.

She leaned down and kissed me tenderly, sweetly, lingeringly. “There’s my good, good girl!” she praised.

And just that quickly and simply, I gave my life into her hands, the whole kit and caboodle, entirely, completely, and totally without reservation!

I felt differently then, somehow, washed clean, if you will, free to be me, owned, for want of a different or more descriptive word.

I knew in my heart that I now belonged to her as a possession, and yet, I felt more freedom than I had ever felt before.

It’s very difficult to describe. I guess you have to live it to understand it.

Mistress saw the different glow from my eyes and she smiled knowingly. “There now, was that so difficult? No more worries about who’s who or what’s what or what belongs to whom or anything like that. We both know the answers to those questions without having to even think twice about it. Right?”

I nodded. “Oh, yes, Mistress, I do, I do!”

She laughed softly. “No, not yet, but soon enough you will be my bride and you can become the housewife you were destined to be.”

“Yes, Mistress, your wife, your housemaid,” I whispered in return.

She smiled. “I’ll tell Joy that you have my permission to enter my office at any time, whether by appointment or accident.”

“Thank you, Mistress,” I replied gratefully. “Those chairs get awfully hard after sitting there for any time at all.”

She laughed merrily. “Don’t you know why I have such hard chairs for those who want my time?”

I shook my head. “No, Mistress.”

“Most of those who want to see me are self-servers who want something that will benefit them and not my company. I discourage future wastes of my time by making them sit on those hard wooden chairs to educate them. Most get the message after a time or two kept waiting, but there are always some die-hards!” she sighed.

I smiled as I realized just how devious my Mistress could be. . . was!

“Come, sweet Lynda, grab your purse” she announced as she stood. “We have places to go and things to do before nightfall. I still expect a complete dinner when we get home. You know?” she asked pensively, “I rather like the idea of owning my own home as it makes life a little more convenient for me, wouldn’t you say?”

‘Yeah, for *you*,’ I thought crossly, saying nothing in return.

“Well, come along. Our beauty appointments are for eleven-thirty and Ms Julia hates a late customer!”

“Beauty appointment?” I croaked.

“Why, yes, every women is entitled to be as beautiful as her means can afford, and believe me, I can afford Miss Julia!” she trilled happily.

With me in tow, we exited her office with a cheery, “Take the helm, Joy. Try not to bankrupt us while I’m gone.” she teased.

“That would be quite difficult, not that it wouldn’t be fun to try,” she teased back.

“You’re cruising for a bruising, girl!” Mistress laughed. “Oh, while we’re at it, whenever Miss Lynda comes to see me, she can come right in, after a light knock to give me time to make myself presentable again!”

“Yeah, picture that,” Joy giggled.

“Ta ta,” and we were in the elevator going down. As we exited through the ground floor lobby, Ms Hopkins saw us. Mistress waved airily at her. “I’m using Miss Marion for the rest of the day. You may have her services again on the morrow.”

Ms Hopkins blanched. “Of course, Ms Parsons.”

I giggled.

“What’s so funny?”

“The way she looked at me, like I was defiling a Goddess, or something,” I replied.

Mistress laughed. “Goddess. I like that. You may think of me as your Goddess, Miss Lynda Anne Marion.”

“Yes, Mist . . er, Goddess,” I replied reverently.

Mistress caressed my cheek. “You say that so well, my sweet.”

I blushed happily as I fell into step beside her, on the inside as we walked hurriedly the short block to Ms Julia’s Beauty Salon, *Hair Beautiful*.

Mistress held the door so I could enter first and I blushed happily at her treating me as the female half of a couple. It made me feel warm and mushy all over!

“Ah, Debs!” a short brunette called as we entered. “Right on time, as usual. And who’s this lovely little sexpot you’re squiring? Have you turned cougar?” she asked.

Mistress laughed. “No, I’ll leave the cougar thing to Maxine and her buds. Me? I’ll take an old fashioned girly-girl every time”

“Ah yes, Max does have a taste for the innocent young virgins,” Julia observed cattily. “But then, we all know what we like, don’t we, Dear?” This last was directed at me, and I blushed helplessly.

Mistress interceded on my behalf. “Easy Jule, he’s not fully broken in yet. He’s close, but no cigar.”

Julia laughed. “A boy? And so pretty too, but then, you always could pick them whereas the rest of us broads just sucked hind tit!”

She turned to me and smiled. “Just put your purse under the counter, Missy. I assure you, it’ll be safe there.”

I obeyed her and looked around.

“First time in a beauty shop, Dear?” Julia asked me.

“Yes, Ma’am,” I assured her. “It’s all so. . . so. . . female!” I stammered.

She giggled. “See, Debs? My efforts have not gone to waste on this one.” To me, “You’re sweet. It’ll be a pleasure working on you!”

A minute later, my blouse had been removed to reveal the baby tits in my lacy bullet bra, but not one word of disapproval or revulsion was made and I was immediately at ease while she worked on me.

It hurt slightly as she thinned my shaggy brows (another futile attempt to appear masculine in others' eyes) to nicely rounded arches, then gave me a facial, the hot towel removing ground-in grime, leaving my skin fresh and glowing with health.

While she worked on my face, another girl was working on my nails and where I would buff them to a high polish, she painted them a brilliant red! Which I discovered when I was allowed to look much later.

Then, Miss Julia washed my hair twice and rinsed it twice to remove soap residue left after the first rinse. The rollers were a bit tight, but I was given no chance to protest. It was too late anyway as a heat hood was dropped over my head and warmth dried me thoroughly in just a few minutes.

The hood was removed and Julia began combing my hair, chattering away about this and that while telling me what a beauty I was going to be.

Mistress was in the chair next to me and she watched as Julia worked me over

"I like what you're doing to him," she commented.

Julia laughed. "He's not my first rodeo, you know. I haven't been hiding behind the barn all my life!"

Mistress giggled. "Oh, Jule, you're so full of it!"

"It's a dirty job, but someone's got to do it!" she observed stoically.

"Like I said," Mistress laughed, "You're chock full of it!"

"Give her a hard pull," Julia told the girl working on Mistress' hair.

"You do and I'll take your panties down for a good spanking!" she threatened.

Julia laughed. "The joke's on you Debs, 'cause he ain't wearing any!"

"Huh?' Mistress gasped as her hand disappeared under the front of the girl's flared skirt, then dissolved in chuckles. "Jule! You scamp! A boy in dresses! Who'd a thunk it of you?"

"Like I said. Debs, we all have our little peccadilloes, our little peculiarities, as it were. Mine happens to be cute little boys in dresses, so any time you get tired of this delicious little tidbit, just drop him off at my front door and I'll take good care of him!"

"Oh, don't you wish! No, Jule, this one's a definite keeper and I damned sure intend to keep him!"

Julia bent down and kissed my cheek. "I think she kinda likes you."

"God, I hope so!" I blurted before thinking.

"What's your name, Sweetie?" Mistress asked her groomer.

"Marcy," came his sweet, husky soprano and I wondered how long he had had to practice until his voice was that believable.

"Well, Marcy, I would never have thought you were anything but a very pretty girl had Jule not spilled the beans."

The boy smiled shyly and curtsayed politely. "Thank you, Miss."

"So mannerly, too," Mistress observed. "But then, breeding will always show."

"How true, how true," Julia admitted. "When he was born, I never gave much thought to what might become of him. I mean, a male in a household of Lezzies! My mother was outraged."

Mistress laughed. "Yes, she was an old harridan!"

"Julia giggled. "Honey, you don't know the half of it!

“And he’s your son?” Mistress persisted.

Miss Julia nodded, “Of course, nothing like breeding your own helpers!”

“Does he have any other talents?” Mistress asked.

“You mean, like a maid?”

“Exactly.” Mistress nodded.

Julia smiled. “It took some doing but I now think that he has developed into a superb lady’s maid.” She paused to reminisce. “Why, I about wore my hand out on his bare ass before he got the message, and even now I fear he needs a bit of a touchup from time to time”

“Which you are more than happy to provide.”

“You know it, girl!” They both laughed at the boy’s obvious discomfort as they discussed him right in front of him!

“Have you let him go out on dates?” Mistress asked.

“You mean with another boy?” Julia asked as Marcy blanched. “I have thought about it, but I don’t know. It might just be better all around to marry him off to some deserving Lez friend, don’t you know? I can think of two or three who would make an ideal Mistress for him.”

“Mother!” March hissed in shame.

“Yes, Marcy?”

“You promised”

“We’ll see.” She turned to Mistress. “How about you, Debs? Have you?”

Now it was my blood that ran cold!



“No, I haven’t, but it’s always something to be considered, if appropriate. . .” she mused.

“That hairy ape married to Dolores would just love to get his hands on something that juicy,” Miss Julia commented, teasingly.

Mistress shuddered. “Not in my lifetime! God, how can she stand to climb into the rack with that fucking ape?”

“Everyone to their own taste, I suppose,” Julia lamented.

“Yeah, I suppose,” Mistress agreed.

Miss Julia stepped back and turned my chair to face my Mistress. “Well, am I a fucking genius, or am I a fucking genius?” she asked.

“Jule! He’s absolutely gorgeous!” Mistress exclaimed.

Julia held up a mirror so I could see myself.

I was stunned!

A beautiful young woman stared out at me.

I knew it was me.

But it was a me I had never, in all my wildest dreams, ever fantasized!

“Miss Julia,” I gasped with pure pleasure, “I’m beautiful!”

She smiled. “No, Sweetie, you’re absolutely gorgeous!”

“It’s amazing what you do with your hands!” Mistress whispered in awe.

“Talent, Debs, me girl, pure un-fucking-adulterated talent!” Julia laughed.

“Whatever, you got it in spades, Girl!” Mistress gushed.

“Aw,” Julia pretended modesty, “You’re just saying that because it’s true!”

“You’ve done it again,” Marcy whispered in awe.

“Worth every dime too,” Mistress praised. She stood, took my hand and pulled me to my feet. “Come. Girl, we’ve worlds to conquer!”

Julia and Marcy waved goodbye to us with a parting shot. “Have fun, you two! But don’t do anything I wouldn’t do which leaves the field pretty much wide open!”

Our next stop was Victoria’s Secret where Mistress tried several lacy bras before settling on three or four.

“What do you think, Baby Girl?” she asked. “Will the men like these?”

I giggled. “They’d be fools if they didn’t!” I praised.

“Too bad they’ll never get the chance!” she laughed sarcastically.

Suddenly I realized that Mistress was basically female oriented when it came to sexual pairings, and I wondered briefly why she liked me. After all, under all my new femininity, I was still male. Wasn’t I?

I giggled to myself. ‘That’s debatable!’

Then she started selecting more bras in a smaller size and I realized that I was going to have to try them on whether I wanted to or not!

“Here, Baby Girl, let’s try these on you, OK?”

I had no choice. My throbbing rear end was a constant reminder of her anger and the manner in which she resolved problems between us.

“Yes, Mistress,” I replied in defeat. I entered the changing alcove, took off my blouse and bra to find Mistress right there with a new bra ready for me to put on.

I sighed in resignation, held out my arms and allowed her to pull the garment into place, closing it firmly behind my back.

She touched the looseness of the cup and shook her head. “Baby Girl, we’re going to have to do something about your boob lack! How’s about a B or C filler?”

I trembled in fear. ‘A breast augmentation process and she could make me any size she wished!’ I thought with a sudden surge of something up and down my spine!

“One moment, s’il vous plait,” and she disappeared, only to reappear in moments with a small package. When opened it revealed two pinkish sort of liquidy plastic mounds with prominent nipples at their apex. Wordlessly, she pulled the loose cups aside and inserted a squishy thing into the cup, followed by a similar insertion in the other cup. Lo and behold, I had definite “breasts” filling each cup!

She nodded. “Much better, but real flesh would be infinitely better!” she mused. “But, we can’t worry about that just now.”

She had me turn while she criticized the garment, then nodded. “Yes, we’ll definitely take that one.”

She unhooked the strap and removed the garment without preamble, replacing it with another lacy confection that she immediately filled with the inserts and stood back to admire her handiwork.

“Definitely a keeper!” she enthused as she replaced this bra with another and another and another until she had selected half a dozen lacy nothings to be added to my meager collection.

Then it was time to try panties! Fortunately (for me, at least!) the store had a policy of, "Once worn once, it's sold!"

Knowing her sizes, Mistress didn't bother with trying anything on, she just picked out half a dozen of the more erotic styles and added them to her pile.

Me?

I wasn't treated so lightly!

Mistress had me take my flannel trousers off, remove the thong I was wearing and then try on several she gave me. Of course, once I had them on my body, I would be forced by store policy to purchase them! Did she stop at one?

Dunbesilly!

I had to try on six filmy concoctions!

All were added to the pile.

When she was satisfied in the bra and panty department, we soon left there and walked several stores away to an upscale lingerie shop filled with all sorts of delicious wear for Milady!

Of course Mistress just had to try on half and full slips and ankle-length slips, in Empire and hobble styles, oohing and ahing while she luxuriated in satins and silks and muslins and polished cottons. You name it, they had it!

Then, I was stripped down to bra and panties while she tried several different styles on me, finally deciding on all pink half and full slips, interspersed with one or two ankle-length hobble slips that made me take mincing steps at best.

"Wonderful!" Mistress exclaimed, clapping her hands in delight.

I was overwhelmed with mixed feelings of dread, joy, and apprehension, all at the same time, and I was trembling in my heels!

Having exhausted her needs, and with me making a trip to stow our purchases in a lock box, we went next to a corsetiere where she demanded that I strip down so that the woman could take proper measurements for my new corsets. Blushing furiously, I obeyed, especially when my thong went and the woman could see my “true” sex.

She smiled at my embarrassment. “Not to worry, little girl,” she told me, “you’re not the first fairy I’ve fitted with corsets, not will you be the last, if I am any judge!”

After an eternity of the most embarrassingly intimate measurements anyone can imagine, she finished. While I stood there, naked as a jaybird, she and Mistress began to discuss appropriate styles for me.

The upshot was that the lady would make four in all, starting with a red and green “show girl” garment that would be used as the pattern for all others. The lady promised Mistress that she could bring me in for a first fitting in two days, and then, if satisfactory, she would start on the remaining order.

“So soon?” Mistress asked in some surprise. “I would have thought a week at the very least.”

The woman laughed. “Sure, I could have put you off for a week and charged you double, but for this little darling, two days will suffice!” She patted my bare backside with easy familiarity.

And so, we left with one more item added to my transformation. For some strange reason, I was excited at the prospect of wearing all these beautiful garments!

A hosiery shop was next on Mistress’ list where she selected stockings for me. Nude, pink, white, black,

red all in regular nylon designs and some in thigh-highs, which I like best. She added black and white mesh stockings and I gulped at the implication thereof.

For the regular stockings, Mistress selected two garter belts, explaining, "These will be for emergencies as your corsets will have garters."

After that, we stopped at an outdoor eating place where I served Mistress a small salad and a pot of tea, then sat across the table from her as she devoured her meal.

I wondered if I were to go hungry and when Mistress noticed my look, she smiled and informed me, "My maid needs to reduce somewhat so her new corsets will fit her slender waist properly."

As far as she was concerned, that was the end of the discussion.

Nor was she done. She steered me into a leather shop and next thing I knew I was the proud possessor of several new pairs of pumps and sandals in four- and five-inch heel heights, all with ankle straps to prevent accidental dislodgment

Again, I made a quick visit to the lock box to stow our goodies, then rejoined Mistress at the last store we had visited.

As we made our way down the mall, we came upon an earring kiosk. The next thing I knew, I had another hole in each lobe with a twinkling diamond inserted.

Did she stop there?

Why ask?

You know she didn't!

Several different styles later, she led me along by the leash fastened to the new silver ring piercing my septum! And this ring was joined permanently!

How embarrassing!

I immediately dreaded my next appearance at the office. The girls would have a heyday at my expense, especially Polly Watson!

Still, Mistress gave me no choice and since I am shy and submissive to a fault, I did as she wished and kept my mouth shut.

Argue?

Me?

With my Mistress?

No!

Hell, no!

I knew what would happen to me if I went against her wishes.

She'd showed me twice already, and I did not want an encore performance!

Better to go along to get along.

I was wondering what Mistress had in mind for our next encounter and I wasn't to be kept waiting. She gave me some money and told me to buy two tickets to the movie at the multiplex. It wasn't until we sat down inside that I realized it was a Lesbian-themed movie! Mistress held my hand as she watched the action on the screen while I sat there in embarrassment until finally, I got interested. You know, aside from the "hero" being a butch and the heroine a femmy girly-girl, it wasn't all that much different from the usual romantic chick flick.

Outside Mistress asked softly, "Did you like it, Lynda?"

I nodded. "Yes, Mistress, I did."

"Could you relate to any of the characters?" she asked.

I nodded. "Oh, yes, Ma'am, I felt just like Rosemary for the most part," I admitted.

"Yes, I thought you might. Want to see another?" she asked.

"Oh yes, but not right now. It's getting late and I have to fix your dinner and. . ."

"I'm taking you out to dinner instead. That is, if you don't mind," she teased.

"Mind?" I gaped. "That would be Heavenly!"

"Well, let's go," and we left the Mall catching a taxi right outside.

"Laura's," she told the driver.

He looked at us strangely. "Laura's?" he asked skeptically

"That's what I sad, now take us there or forget it!" she snarled.

"You din," he sneered as he flipped the meter's flag up.

Ten minutes later we stopped in front of a door with a small neon sign above it that said, in flashing red lights, LAURA'S . It was a Lesbian hangout I had heard about but had never been to. It was strictly for women as several males had discovered, much to their chagrin, in the recent past.

Mistress rapped on the door and a tiny peep hole popped open. I heard a rough, gravely growl, "Yeah?"

"It's Parsons and my guest," she told the voice.

"Female?" came the demanding voice.

Mistress giggled. "Close enough for gov'mint work"

"Dat's good enuff fer me," came the laughing retort as the door clicked open.

We entered into a small, dark entry but when the door closed behind us, the inner door opened to reveal women laughing, dancing, eating, drinking and generally having a good time.

A heavy-set woman in a tuxedo and very short black hair approached us, her hand outstretched in welcome. "Well, bless my Aunt Sadie's garters," she gushed, "Just lookie here at whom has deigned to grace our humble establishment with her glorious presence!" She bowed with reverence in her actions.

"Sadie!" Mistress laughed, "You're as full of shit as ever!"

"Hi, Countess Bitch!" Sadie greeted, taking Mistress in her arms and kissing her possessively. "Long time no see. How yuh been hanging of late?"

"Two in a bunch, when I can get 'em!" Mistress retorted "How about you?"

"Fuck me!" Sadie snapped. "Who's this delicious piece of quail yuh got wi'h' yuh tuhnight? God, yuh shore kin pick 'em. She's gorgeous!"

I blushed and hid behind Mistress as much as she would permit.

"Would you believe on the first floor at my firm?"

"Honey Pot, I'd believe anything you tell me!"

"Enough of this small talk. I'm hungry. What's on the menu tonight?"

"Roast pork, boiled cabbage, mashed taters with pork gravy and buns with butter, and for dessert, me!"

"God, you never change," Mistress laughed.

“Whut youse see is whut youse git,” Sadie smirked.

“How’s Laura lately?” Mistress asked.

Immediately, Sadie sobered. “Not good. The damned cancer’s eating her alive and she keeps telling me that she’s just waiting to die and get it over with.”

“Too bad. She’s a good woman.”

“None better,” Sadie agreed. She turned abruptly and snapped her fingers at a passing waitress.

“Maxine, drop whatever you’re doing and tend Miss Fancy Panties here.”

The waitress stopped and curtsied politely. “I’d be honored, Miss Sadie.”

To Mistress and myself, “Will you please walk this way,” and she wriggled her way through the crowd.

“Damn,” Mistress muttered. “If I could walk that way, I wouldn’t need the damned talcum!”

I smiled at that old chestnut, but I knew just what she meant. That wriggling ass before us was an enticing sight. No wonder Mistress was impressed.

We ordered, or rather, Mistress ordered for both of us. While we waited, she led me out onto the dance floor, pressed my cheek to her bare chest and danced me all the way to Shangri-La and back. All too soon Maxine beckoned to Mistress that our meal was ready to be served at Mistress’s convenience.

After dinner, we danced several rounds and had our after-dinner drinks, two Shirley Temples for me and a double Scotch and rocks for Mistress.

Then we were in a taxi and back at my former home, now my Mistress’ home, where I was her personal lady’s maid!

In less time than it takes to tell it, I had Mistress undressed, under mounds of bubble bath and had bathed her to within an inch of her life! I patted her dry, slipped a fresh Baby Doll over her head and held the covers back while she slipped in. I tucked her in carefully, leaned in and kissed her lips sweetly. “Good night, Mistress, sleep tight. Shall I waken you as usual?”

“Yes, Lynda,” she replied sleepily. “Don’t forget the coffee and croissant.” And she was sound asleep.

“I won’t,” I promised as I closed the lights and went into the maid’s room where I was soon in a flannel nightie and sound asleep myself.

FIVE

Next morning, Mistress refused pointblank to get up, so I finally had to resort to pulling the covers completely off the bed and grabbing an ankle, hauling her bodily out.

“All right! All right!” she snarled. “Who ordered this damned morning anyway? Sure as Hell wasn’t this woman!”

She sat on the edge of the bed, slipped her feet into her waiting mules and held the cup of coffee I handed her to her lips, sipping carefully.

“Nirvana!” she whispered in contentment, rose and went into the bath. While I remade her bed, I could hear her taking care of business. Then, “Lynda?”

“Mistress?” I replied, stepping to the door.

“Bath, then dress, then work. I’m late, thanks to someone who shall remain nameless but whose initials are Miss Lynda Anne Marion!”

“But. . .” I started to protest but at a sidelong glance, shut up.

As Mistress finished her coffee and croissant and got ready to leave, she turned to me. “Now for you, Miss Lynda, what should I have you wear today? It’s Friday. Tell me, do the girls observe Casual Friday?”

I nodded, fearing the worse. “Good. I thought they might.” She paused for one long moment, then, “Let’s see, what should you wear. . . or *not* wear?” she mused.

I was shaking in my heels!

“Soft flannel slacks, you do have pure white ones?” she asked, knowing full well that I had two such items in my wardrobe!

I nodded dutifully. “Yes, Mistress.”

“Perfect! They will be just right with pink thongs beneath. . .”

“But, Mistress,” I protested, “those white slacks are so tight that anything under shows like a beacon in the dark!”

“So? You got it, flaunt it!” After a moment, she continued, “Yes, and one of those lacy bras you got at Victoria’s Secret yesterday, one of the pink ones. Be sure you insert the B-Cup breast pads, those silicone ones you got yesterday. They will show up nicely under one of your white translucent blouses.”

“Oh, Mistress, please!” I begged.

“Ah, you approve of my choices?” she deliberately misunderstood me! “If you like them so far, just wait until you see what I have in mind next! Hell, I have a good mind to do away with your slacks and have you wear a skirt!”

“Oh, Mistress,” I wailed.

“I thought you’d like that, especially with nude nylons on your legs and you feet thrust into five-inch high-heeled operas!” she teased playfully, a wry smile wreathing her red, red, bee-stung lips.

“But that’s for the future. Got to do this gradually. Mustn’t shock Matilda too much, too soon. Her heart wouldn’t take it.”

I knew she meant Ms Hopkins, my immediate supervisor.

‘Her?’ I thought. ‘What about the rest of them?’

But they would probably just shrug and move on. After all, they all thought I was a female already. They treated me like a girly-girl anyway!

I think the thing I resented most about being treated as a girly-girl was that I was never allowed to be a girly-girl!

In my secret heart I hoped fervently that Mistress would change all that. . .and soon! I desperately wanted to be a girly-girl, her girly-girl!

“That’ll suffice for now,” she continued, “nude thigh-highs with white skimmers will have to do. Oh, and be sure to carry your purse out in the open. No use hiding one’s true self behind a facade, is there?”

No answer required!

“Well, be a good girl at work. I shall remind Ms Hopkins to relieve you at four so that you may have adequate time to prepare dinner. Oh yes, Julia and Macy will be my guests for dinner, so plan accordingly.”

She kissed me fondly and was gone.

I stood there in a daze, watching her run for the bus, the same bus I should have been on to get to work on time! Ms Hopkins would have a bloody blue fit when I showed up an hour late!

There was nothing I could do about it, nor would any amount of explanation do me one bit of good. I was wrong and that was that.

Don't confuse the woman with facts, her mind was set in stone!

Dismayed, I started to get ready for work, dressing exactly as Mistress had directed. I winced when I saw my pink globes showing plainly through the fitted seat of my snug slacks and the pink, C-cupped bra showing plainly through my translucent blouse. I pulled on a rather long turtleneck sweater that hung below my butt so that my rear end and newly-acquired breasts were hidden from sight, except that the mounds in the front of my sweater belied my attempt at concealment.

Still, it was better than going without the sweater!

So, with my heavy, strapped carry-all purse slung over my shoulder, I started out for work. I had to wait almost twenty minutes for the danged bus as it was running late - naturally - but since it was past rush hour, there were plenty of seats to choose from. It soon carried me to my ultimate destination, Parsons, Inc.

Ms Hopkins glared at me when I walked through the front door. "Well, if it isn't Miss Lynda Anne Marion! So good of you to join us this afternoon, Miss Marion," she sniped cattily.

'Lady, if you only knew!' I thought. Aloud, "Sorry, Ms Hopkins, I was unavoidably delayed this morning and the bus was running behind schedule. And that was hardly my fault," I added testily.

"Well," she sniffed, "were it my decision, you'd be looking for another temporary position but since Ms Parsons seems to have taken a distinct liking for you, I suppose I must put up with your inefficiency and tardiness."

“Yes, Ma’am,” I agreed, and at her venomous look, added, “I’m truly sorry to be such a nuisance for you, but it really was quite beyond my control.”

“You young girls nowadays,” she grouched as I hurried to my duties.

“Love your sweater, Miss Lynda,” Polly greeted me. “But isn’t it a bit warm for a turtleneck?” she asked cattily.

“I’m fine,” I mumbled and hurried off before she could say anything more.

The rest of the day went along pretty smoothly, all things considered, with no off-color references to my obvious breast swell, my snug white flannel slacks, my obvious nylons and the white patent skimmers (ballerinas).

At ten of four, Ms Hopkins alerted me to the time and I was gone. No one had to tell me twice!

At home, I hurriedly got the evening meal started, took a relaxing bath, did my makeup, then got dressed in one of my new pink satin French Maid’s uniforms before going to the kitchen to check on the meal.

Everything was perking along just as it should. I went back to the dining room to make sure the table got set for three, before sitting down with a half-cup of reheated coffee to relax for a moment.

As six o’clock neared, I went to stand by the front door, determined not to be scolded for making Mistress wait for even one second longer than necessary!

Six ‘clock came.

No Mistress.

Six-thirty came.

And passed.

Still no Mistress!

Finally, at five minutes of seven, I heard the sound of tires in the drive and the further sound of car doors being opened and closed. I could hear them chattering as they walked up to the door which I opened just as their feet struck the threshold

I saw Mistress's gleam of pleasure as she and Miss Julia entered. But where was Marcy? At my inquiring look, Miss Julia laughed. "You will find little Marcy waiting at the back door. Servants never enter any-one's home through the front door!"

They went into the library, me following. "We'll have drinks before dinner," Mistress announced. "Julia? What's your poison?"

"Double Scotch on the rocks and go easy on the rocks" she replied.

"A broad after my own heart! Make that two and hurry!" she ordered.

I made the two drinks and served them.

Then I went into the dining room and removed one place setting. Obviously her servant would not be dining with them. Then I hurried to the back door, opened it and let the shivering Marcy in. "Sorry to be so long" I apologized.

"Not your fault," his teeth chattered like castanets!

"There's hot coffee to warm you up," I offered.

"Oh, Miss Julia never lets me have coffee. She says that's for my Betters"

"Sounds like my Mistress," I commiserated with him.

"How long have you worked as Ms Parsons's maid?" he asked.

“For her firm downtown, several years. As her maid, two days,” I explained

“I’ve been Miss Julia’s personal lady’s maid since I was three years old. I mean, that was when she started training me in maidly duties. At first I greatly resented having to do things for her, things that she could just as well have done for herself with half the trouble, but that she made me do instead.

“I was used to her naked body from forever. There was never a time she hid it from me. I think she took, takes, a special pleasure in showing herself off to me. I used to be slightly embarrassed by her blatant nudity, but after a time, it became common behavior, and I accepted it as such.

“I mean what else could I do? I was just a kid and she was my mother. I was being raised as a girl in any case, so being a girl with a woman was generally expected and accepted behavior.

“I didn’t discover the truth about my real sex until I was sixteen. Miss Julia tried to enroll me in beauty school so I could be trained as a hairdresser and join her at her beauty salon, *Hair Beautiful*.

“By then, I was so girly-girl that to have to become a boy would have been a great waste of time and effort.

“Besides, I like being a girly-girl and can wear pretty dresses and short shorts to show off my cute derriere to anyone who cares to look at it. The only thing I don’t like about being a girl is boys. I like girls and by that I mean women, especially dominant, slightly cruel women who know what they want and are not afraid to go after it!

“There’s this one particular elderly lady, Mrs. Harriet Beach, who always asks for me when she comes in. She is the most demanding customer ever!

“I just melt when she snaps her demands at me and I notice that she and Miss Julia laugh and giggle

a lot. When they look at me, I get so red and that makes them laugh and giggle all the more.

“It used to bother me when Miss Julia insisted I go without panties when serving Mrs. Beach so that the woman had free access to my crotch while I was working on her hair, skin and nails. I had to stand still while she would pinch my hard little flag and tug sharply, causing me to wince and moan with sudden pain.

“Miss Julia and Mrs. Beach would smile smugly when I would do that but Miss Julia never reprimanded Mrs. Beach. Instead, she would always caution me to, ‘Be more careful, my boy!’

“Heavens! Here I am carrying on and we should be serving our Mistresses! If I know my Miss Julia, she’s steaming right now!” he shivered delicately.

While he was talking, I had been preparing their dinner plates and was ready to serve. “Relax, Marcy,” I soothed him, “Their dinner is ready. If you’ll hold the door for me, we can serve them and take care of their needs. OK?”

He laughed softly. “You’re the boss,” and he opened the door for me.

“No,” I corrected him, “My Mistress is the Boss, always!”

Mistress looked up angrily as we entered. “Well, I must say, it took you long enough. How far did you have to go to shoot dinner?” she asked sarcastically.

Saying nothing in my defense, I served Miss Julia first, then served Mistress.

“Looks good enough to eat,” Miss Julia quipped. Then, looking at Marcy she snarled, “Well, girl, my meat isn’t going to cut itself!”

Hurriedly, Marcy took the knife and fork and deftly cut Miss Julia's steak, then held a small piece to her opened lips.

She closed her mouth and chewed delicately. "Ah, now that's what I call a real piece of meat!" She winked at Marcy, patted the front of his skirt and he blushed rosily.

"Yes, it passes," Mistress agreed.

She continued to eat as Marcy dutifully fed Miss Julia. Between bites, Miss Julia commented, "I have Marcy feed me because I am usually busy with both hands"

"Yes," Mistress agreed. "I can see the convenience readily."

After dinner, Miss Julia and Mistress retired to the library with refreshed drinks, leaving Marcy and I to clear the table, do the dishes and generally straighten up.

As we worked, Marcy continued, "I hope I'm not boring you with all my talk," he apologized. "It's just that I so seldom get a chance to speak with another girl like myself that I get carried away and blather on and on ad nauseam!"

"No, you're not boring me. On the contrary, I find your story fascinating. Please, go on," I invited. "Tell me about being a beautician."

"Oh, that, it's great! I get to work on some of the nicest women and I enjoy every one of my customers. I even have three pretty boys who I do frequently and they are the most appreciative of all. Miss Julia welcomes them without question and that is a rarity in our society, although Jamie says it has been getting better in recent months.

"But, my favorite customer is Mrs. Beach. I blush and stammer like a naughty schoolgirl as she sits in my chair. I think she gets great enjoyment from my

obvious discomfiture and goes out of her way to assure its continuation.

“Once, while I was bending over her, she grabbed me and before I realized it, she was kissing me, her fat tongue filling my surprised mouth, yet thrilling me to the core!

“When she released me, she smiled wickedly, ‘You’ll learn, my girl.’

“And that was that.

“The problem was, that contrary to her statement, I was not *her* girl, no matter how much I might wish it were so!” He paused to sigh softly. Then, “How about you, Lynda? Are you Mistress Deborah’s personal lady’s maid, for real, like forever, I mean?”

I nodded. “Oh yes, I am definitely her personal lady’s maid,” I admitted.

“Do you like being her maid?” he persisted.

I nodded. “Yes, now. At first I was resentful of her but now that she has taken complete control of my life, I find that I feel completely free to be me. I mean, I now have nothing to worry about. Mistress does all my worrying for me and I feel so good

and relieved about that fact. In retrospect, she knew what was best for me and like the control freak she is, she took charge.”

“Didn’t you resist?” he asked, open-mouthed.

I nodded. “Oh, yes, several times, but she soon put a stop to that!”

“What did she do?”

I blushed and hung my head, “She spanked me.”

“Like over her knee?” he asked, aghast.

I nodded. "And on my bare ass too! And let me tell you, it hurt, a lot! But then, somehow, it didn't hurt and I knew that she was my Mistress no matter what I might think otherwise."

"Wow! Miss Julia hasn't spanked me in ages. She uses a dog whip on my bare thighs and calves, and that's worse than a hand spanking!"

"Yes, I can see that," I agreed. "Now, we had better see if our Mistresses require anything."

"Heavens, yes!" he exclaimed. We dashed for the library, only to discover it empty, their glasses on the sideboard empty.

Moving as silently as we could, we went upstairs and listened at the door. From inside came the sounds of movement, gasps, sighs and, "Oh, Baby, do it to me one more time!"

"Your wish is my command," we heard.

I looked at Marcy in amazement. "Looks like they're in for the night."

"I quite agree," he smiled. "Where do we sleep?" He had an expectant grin on his red, red lips.

"You in a guest room and me in my maid's quarters so I can be available if my Mistress has need of service during the night," I explained.

"I'd better be with you, then, in case Miss Julia has needs. . ." his voice trailed off in embarrassment.

"Just sleep?" I asked, my brow arched.

He blushed. "Well. . ." he paused meaningfully, "unless something comes up. . ."

"Come on then, but be quiet," and I led him into my maid's room.

He looked around. "Looks a lot like my room at home," he commented.



“Seen one maid’s room, you’ve seen them all!” I quipped.

“Yep, so they say,” and as he spoke, he was twisting his arm around to unfasten the back of his satin maid’s dress, then removing it and hanging it carefully on the wall peg. He turned and I saw the smooth pink gusset of his thong panties, the bulge of baby tits in his lace training bra, the tight waist cinch with its four garters holding up his pink mesh stockings, his feet thrust into pink patent leather operas with four-inch high heels, and I gasped with amazement.

“Why, you’re beautiful, Marcy!” I exclaimed in delight.

He blushed with pleasure. “Thank you, Miss Lynda. Coming from a woman as beautiful as you, it means a lot to a girl like me.”

“I’m not a real woman, Marcy,” I admitted. “And since you don’t want a boy to be your sex partner, I guess we’re pretty much stagnated.”

He stepped up close to me and put his arms around my waist. “For you, I would definitely make an exception!”

“Have you done this before?” I asked.

He shook his head negatively. “No, you’re my first,” he admitted shyly.

“You’re my first too,” I admitted just as shyly.

He kissed me lightly. “Then I guess we’ll have to teach one another, right?”

I liked his soft lips on mine, so I kissed him back. “I’m game!”

“Dang, and me without a hunting license!” he groaned.

“Huh?”

“You know, game? Hunting license?” he explained.

“Oh, a pun. I should have known.”

“You’re overdressed, Lynda, or do you always sleep in uniform?” he teased.

“Help me?” I turned my back.

Soon, the tab was unlocked, the zip lowered and I was stepping out of the dress. Carefully, Marcy hung it next to his on a peg.

I stood there while he gazed admiringly at my smooth thong gusset, my lacy, silicone-filled bra, my thigh-highs, my operas with the five-inch spikes and my jewelry.

“Well?” I asked breathlessly. “Do I pass muster, Mister, or is that ‘pass Mister, muster’?”

“Beautiful,” he whispered. Then I was in his arms and we were kissing like there was no tomorrow, our tongues battling for supremacy as we unclasped one another’s bra, letting them slip unnoticed to the floor.

I saw that his breasts were at least a small A-cup and that his long nipples were at full attention, just begging for kisses and caresses!

“Sweet,” I murmured as I bent to kiss suck and caress each nipple in turn while he clasped my head firmly to his torso.

“Yes, Baby Girl,” he murmured, “Momma’s titties love your kisses!”

I hooked my thumbs into his thongs and pushed them down, letting them slither to the floor while I raised up to reclaim those wonderful lips!

Between kisses, he gasped, “Oh, Lynda, I never thought it could be this good with another boy! Thank you so much for teaching me!”

For reply, I stabbed my tongue deep as I felt his thumbs hook into my thong waistband and push down.

They slipped unnoticed to the floor as we fell back onto the single cot, with him on his back and me a hundred eighty degrees opposed in a classic sixty-nine. I saw the baby thingie between his soft thighs, so weak and tiny that it was no wonder his crotch was smooth and femininely curved when in panties!

I knew that he saw the same thing between my soft thighs, but it was of no concern to him as I felt his tips and teeth nibbling inquisitively.

I followed suit, my hands going under his body to clasp his soft, buttery nether cheeks in my hands, my nails digging deep, arching him upward involuntarily! I soon felt his own nails digging into me in a retaliatory fashion.

Some moments later, after some vigorous chewing and eager sucking, I felt him stiffen, groan softly and relax. An ecstasy swept over him but to my great surprise, that was it. There was no other visible indication that anything had happened!

I had no time to dwell on that as I felt myself tense, spasm wildly, then relax as ecstasy engulfed me from head to toe. I sagged limply against him.

Some time later, once we had recovered somewhat, he lay in my arms, his head cradled to my shoulder, my chin resting atop his curls. He sighed happily, "Oh, Lynda, that was absolutely the greatest! Thank you so much for showing me Nirvana!"

"My pleasure, Marcy sweets," I replied. "I enjoyed it s much as you did, probably more, if the truth be known."

He giggled. "You flatterer!"

“So? What you see is what you get! If’n yuh gots enny ‘jections, sue me!” I growled, sounding like a street urchin.

“You’re nuts,” he giggled sleepily.

“Yep, that’s what all the squirrels say,” I retorted.

But my best effort ay humor went unappreciated.

Marcy was sound asleep.

And soon I joined him in the arms of Morpheus.

SIX

I wakened at my usual time to find Marcy sleeping contentedly in my arms so I carefully eased myself out and got redressed, ready to face another day as Mistress’ personal lady’s maid.

Not knowing Miss Julia’s preferences and hating to waken my sex partner, I made coffee, placed two croissants on the tray with two cups and carried it up to the master bedroom where I tapped gently at the door.

Getting no response, I opened the door, entered and called out, “Good morning, Mistress! It’s seven o’clock and it’s a gorgeous fall day outside. The sun is shining, birds are chirping, the wind is rustling the leaves and it’s a great day to be alive!”

“I hate morning people!” Mistress growled. “Go away. Come back this afternoon when I’m up to getting up!”

“How do you stand such chirpiness so early in the morning?” Miss Julia asked. “I am so glad my shop doesn’t open until eleven A.M.!”

“Some of us have to work earlier so we can afford those exorbitant prices in certain beauty shops that I won’t mention!” she retorted, half in jest.

“God, how I hate you wage slaves!” Miss Julia lamented. She held out her hand. “As long as you’re right here, coffee?”

“Certainly, Miss Julia.” I handed her one of the cups.

She sipped daintily. “Ah, Xanadu!” she whispered reverently.

“Whatever happened to good old Shangri La?” Mistress asked crossly.

“Oh, Debs Honey, that is so last week! You gotta keep up, girl!”

“Bah, humbug!” Mistress growled. “Next you’ll want me to give raises to all my worker bees down at the Firm!”

“Good idea, Scrooge. You can’t take it with you!” she laughed.

“I ain’t going!” Mistress growled as she sat up, her legs going over the side of the bed where her feet sought the waiting mules. “Damn,” she muttered. “I have got to pee like a Trojan!”

“Don’t let me stop you,” Miss Julia laughed. She turned to Marcy. “Find my clothes so we can get going.”

“Yes, Miss Julia,” he replied, curtsying politely, then hurrying off. She turned to me. “And did you enjoy taking my Marcy’s cherry?”

I curtsyed. “Marcy is a very sweet child.”

“Nonsense,” she abjured, “Marcy’s nineteen years old, hardly a child.”

“Is she adequate in the sack?” Miss Julia asked bluntly.

I nodded and curtseyed. “Absolutely!” I affirmed.

“And she claims she doesn’t like boys,” she mused.

“I’m hardly a boy,” I hastened to defend my new friend.

“For sure, you’re more girl than boy but under it all, there’s still a boy!”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

I couldn’t deny that!

Just then, Marcy came in bearing Julia’s discarded clothing and without speaking, started dressing her for the street. I had to admit, he was much more efficient than I, but then, he had been at it for years versus my two days!

Soon she was presentable and, after calling for a taxi, they left.

“God, I hate house guests!” Mistress moaned from the depths of the bed where she had taken refuge after peeing.

“Come, come, Mistress,” I chided. “It’s not weekend yet, you still have work at the office!” I pointed out needlessly.

“God, I hate everybody!” she announced peevishly. “Do you know, that fucking Jule kept me up until almost three? She couldn’t get enough of my sweet tasting, down home country pussy! I finally just passed out to get some rest!”

I helped her to sit up and handed her the other cup of still hot coffee. She sipped gratefully, “Ah, Heaven! Fuck Xanadu and the fucking horse it rode in on!” she raged.

She bit into the croissant as I hurriedly drew a bath, then docilely allowed me to lead her inside and slide under the bubbles.

Twenty minutes later, she was fully dressed and standing by the front door, giving me last minute instructions. "Light gray flannel slacks today over black thongs, a black lace bra with your inserts under a crisp white cotton blouse, nylons and gray skimmers with your normal jewelry. Oh yes, a touch of lipstick and some light perfume. Better get you started sooner than later. Be a good girl!" She kissed me quickly and was in the car and halfway down the drive before I could respond.

Once dressed as per her orders, I was appalled to see the blatant outlines of my undies showing plainly through my outer clothing! Once more I resorted to the warmish subterfuge of a turtleneck sweater to cover myself.

That morning I was several minutes early which got me an approving glance from Ms Hopkins and a sneer from Polly. I ignored Polly and smiled at Ms Hopkins.

Ms Hopkins grimaced in her version of a smile while Polly glowered with obvious hatred!

All in all, it was a good day and I had several quiet conversations with some of the other girls who were quite willing to be friends with me.

Quitting time finally rolled around, four P.M., and I left to go home to get ready for Mistress's arrival, quite determined to be on top of anything she might spring on me!

It was Friday evening.

I waited by the front door for hours, finally calling it quits shortly after midnight when I went to bed with sadness in my heart.

Only to be awakened shortly after three A.M. by a raucous pounding on the front door that penetrated even my deep sleep. Of course it was my Mistress. She was roaring drunk! I mean, she was polluted!

“Hey, Linnie Baby,” she cried when I opened the door, “How’s a girl? Boy, am I ever wasted! That fucking Maxine has a hollow leg!” she observed loudly.

I held her up and guided her upstairs to bed. Before I could get her undressed, she started to gag and I got her to the toilet bowl in the nick of time for her to heave her guts up!

Finally, I got her cleaned up, in a fresh Baby Doll, and under the covers. She was instantly asleep. . . er, I mean passed out. I shook my head sadly at her sorry condition, closed the lights and went back to bed.

Shorty after four I was awakened by loud retching. While she sat on the toilet seat and groaned, I changed the linen and got her back in bed. She was sound asleep instantly. . . er, I mean, she passed out!

I smiled knowingly and went back to bed myself.

She didn’t wake up at seven when I tapped on the door. When I looked in, she didn’t budge an inch. The air was filled with the odor of stale liquor so I opened a window to air the room out.

Mistress never stirred.

She didn’t waken at eight.

Nor nine o’clock.

Nor ten o’clock.

Nor eleven o’clock.

Nor even noon!

It was well after three before I heard, “Lynda? Help me?”

“Coming Mistress,” I called out gaily and went up to aid her.

She had stumbled back to sit on the edge of the bed and she was bent way over, holding her head in her hands.

“Mistress?” I asked softly.

“Oh, God, I must’ve been snocked to the gills last night! That fucking Maxine! I’ll get her for this!” Then she gasped and shook her head. “Oh, head! Stop hurting!”

“Here, drink this, Mistress. It should make you feel better.” I handed her a glass of hangover remedy and she drank it greedily.

After a moment, she looked up. “That does make me feel better.”

She looked around. “Are we alone?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” I agreed.

“Fucking Maxine!” she repeated.

She looked around.

“What time is it?” she asked.

“After three, Ma’am, you’ve been sleeping all day.”

“Dry toast and tea. I think I’ll spend the rest of the day right here”

I smiled. “Yes, Ma’am, as you wish, Ma’am,” I agreed and beat a hasty retreat.

SEVEN

“Yes, Mistress, I’m coming!” I called out as I answered my Mistress’ wail of distress from the very beginning of this narrative.

“Heavens, girl!” she complained as I opened the bedroom door. “Can’t you ever be available when I need you? Must I always do everything myself? What good is a personal lady’s maid if one has to do everything herself?” she asked the air rhetorically.

“May I help you, Mistress?” I knew she was still suffering from the effects of her hangover of the previous night, but wisely kept from saying so and incurring her further wrath and invective!

“I lost the damned pen! I can’t write without a pen!” She looked at me blankly for a second, then, “Well, what are you waiting for, an engraved invitation? Find the Goddamned pen!” she almost screamed.

“Here it is, Ma’am,” I replied, picking the offending instrument up from where it had rolled beneath a fold of her covers.

She took it without a word and went back to her crossword puzzle.

“With your leave, Mistress?” I whispered.

She looked up. “Huh? Oh, you may go.”

Outside, I paused to take stock of my situation. This was a whole new side to Mistress and I was not sure I liked it. That she had the potential for violence was patently obvious. Whether she might turn her violent tendencies upon me was the Million Dollar Question.

Mistress and I had to have a talk.

At the earliest convenience for both of us.

Bright and early Sunday morning I would lay my cards on the line. To be at the mercy of alcohol did not appeal to me.

She would have to understand or our relationship was over.

It was as simple as that.

Swim or cut bait.

So, after I had wakened her Sunday morning at nine, I served her coffee and croissant. When she had settled down, I stood by her bedside patiently.

“Ms Parsons?” I began.

She noticed the change in my address immediately and looked up inquiringly. “Is there something wrong, Lynda?” she asked, a faint note of alarm in her voice.

“Yes, Ms Parsons,” I replied. “We have to talk.”

“Oh, dear, is it, ‘We have to talk,’ or a ‘We have to talk,’ thing?”

“It’s about. . .” I began hesitantly.

“It’s about my drunken debacle of the other night, isn’t it?” she asked mildly.

I nodded. “Yes, Ma’am,” I admitted. “You scared me!”

“Yes, I can understand that,” she admitted.

“Ma’am, I am not a violent kind of person and I cannot live with the threat of violence hanging over my head, never knowing when you will return home in a drunken rage and take your vitriol out on me. I have a dread of violent people or even those who exhibit a tendency to violence,” I explained.

“Oh my, did I threaten you or strike you or do anything violent?” she asked, her voice filled with shamed concern.

“No, Ma’am, nothing like that, but you were in a foul mood and angrier that I have ever seen you and the way you spoke and acted, I was sorely afraid!”

“I am so sorry, Lynda. I would never do you harm intentionally.”

“Yes, Ma’am, I know that, but when in a drunken rage, you are out of control and not aware of what you’re doing,” I continued doggedly.

“I see. You are right, I was out of control, and that scares me more than anything. I am a woman who has to be in control of herself, of those around her and the environment in which she operates. Therefore, I cannot take the chance of losing that control by overindulgence in alcohol, of which I detest the taste anyway.

“One or two small drinks, I can handle easily. Any more and I start to lose my senses. Therefore, I have resolved to never take more than two small drinks of an evening and be satisfied with that. I am a woman of some reserve and determination, and once I make up my mind to do something, I do it, come Hell or high water!”

“That’s reassuring, Ms Parsons,” I replied hesitantly, “But can I take that to the bank as gospel?”

“Lynda, you have my solemn word on it!” she vowed.

I was skeptical, but I really did love her and I sincerely did not want our Mistress/Maid relationship to end, so I acceded to her will.

“Thank you, Mistress,” I whispered.

“Come here, Lynda,” Mistress ordered, beckoning for me to bend down. When I did, she grabbed me and pulled me down beside her.

“Mistress?” I gasped, just as her lips closed over mine. “Ooohhh, Mistress!” I sighed happily.

Some moments later, I lay there in her arms, happier than ever. I really felt loved and needed more than ever and I sighed.

“I love you, Miss Lynda Anne Marion,” Mistress whispered, her lips brushing my hair caressingly.

“I love you too, Ms Deborah Parsons, more than you’ll ever know!” I exclaimed.

“Plus qu’hier, moins que demain,” she whispered to me.

“Oh, yes, whatever that means,” I replied throatily.

“More than yesterday, less than tomorrow,” she whispered. “It’s French.”

“Whatever, I like it!” I giggled happily.

She pushed me aside and scrambled from the bed. Alarmed, I cried, “Mistress, what’s wrong?”

“I gotta pee!” she exclaimed as she dashed for the bowl.

I giggled at her Baby Doll flying up to show her bare cheeks, quickly smoothed out her covers and was standing by for when she returned.

Some minutes later, she reappeared. “Time, tide and pee wait for no man!” she quipped brightly. “That feels better all over more than any place else,” she quipped.

I giggled at her inanity. “Oh, Mistress, you’re too much!”

Suddenly, she pushed me down to sit on the edge of the bed and knelt in front of me, her hands holding my left tightly.

“Miss Lynda Anne Marion,” she whispered, looking me straight in the eye. “Will you marry me? Will you consent to becoming Mrs. Lynda Parsons?” And she slipped this humongous diamond ring onto my third finger, left hand!

I held my hand out, fingers stretched as I admired the sparkling stone there. I was flabbergasted!

“Oh, Mistress, do you really mean it?” I asked doubtfully.

“Yes, Miss Lynda Anne Marion, I do. Will you marry me?” she repeated.

“Oh, yes, yes! Of course I’ll marry you!” I exclaimed as she rose, took me into her arms and kissed me soundly.

My eyes overflowing with happy tears, I admired my new ring. “Oh, Mistress, it’s so beautiful! Thank you so much!

“No, thank you for consenting to becoming my wife,” she corrected.

I was so happy that I cried.

I was engaged.

I was engaged to be married!

I was engaged to be married to the woman of my dreams!

I would be Mrs. Lynda Anne Parsons, née Marion!”

Oh, how I loved the sound of that!

Engaged, and to a woman!

What more could any girl ask for?

OK, so I'm a boy dressed like a woman?

Sheesh!

Give a girl a break, will ya?

"But I still get to be your personal lady's maid, don't I?" I asked hesitantly.

"Of course, why else do you think I've trained you?" she teased.

I giggled. "Oh, Mistress, I love you!"

"Great, now let's get me dressed and you into a proper skirt and we'll do a little shopping!" she announced brightly. She sighed. "So much to do, so little time, so many decisions, places to go, places to see! It boggles the mind!" she enthused.

"Yes, Mistress," I agreed cheerfully. Then her words penetrated. "Er, Mistress, did you say skirt?" I asked hesitantly.

"Yep, a miniskirt to show off those gorgeous legs!" she laughed.

"Do you think that wise?" I asked, not sure at all.

"Of course, don't girls wear miniskirts? Especially girly-girls?" she asked.

"Yes, of course they do, but in case you haven't noticed, my plumbing isn't exactly right for a girly-girl!"

"You don't tell, I won't say a word!" she teased. "Now, let's get ready!"

And half an hour later, I had her dressed for the street in fawn-colored flannel trousers that fit her rear end like a glove and a pretty white blouse that showed off her "rack" to its best advantage!. Skimmers and footlets completed her attire. Well, along with her bullet bra for her C-cups and thong panties.

Me? As she had prescribed, I wore a pretty pink nylon blouse tucked into the waist of my mid-thigh miniskirt (Yes, I owned many, just had never worn one outside the house!), my legs in nude sheer-to-the-waist pantyhose over my pink thong, and my feet thrust into operas with four-inch high stiletto heels. I was ready to go to war!

She insisted I wear lipstick and a spritz of a delicate, girlish perfume, and off we were to the races!

This time, she took me to bridal shops!

I never dreamed there were so many different styles and designs of brides' dresses! My mind was aswim long before she called a halt and we were standing in front of an apartment door, waiting for it to be answered.

To my delighted surprise, it was Miss Julia's home! The door was answered by Marcy who was dressed in a white French Maid's uniform.

"Oh," he gasped, "Mistress Parsons and Miss Lynda! Won't you come in, please?"

"Hey, Debs," Miss Julia greeted Mistress. "Come on in. I was just about to open a bag of popcorn and I need help to eat it before I eat the whole thing!" she grinned.

"Can't stay but a minute, I just wanted to ask you something," she replied.

"Shoot, girl!" Miss Julia replied.

"I want to ask you to be my best man at my wedding," Mistress announced.

"Best man? Are you fucking kidding me? You? Married? I don't believe it! You hate men! How could you even consider such a thing?"

Mistress laughed. "Hey, it's OK, my intended bride is Lynda, here."

“Well, why the Hell didn’t you say so in the first place?”

“I tried, but you went off on your usual tangent,” Mistress giggled.

“Hell yes, I’d be more than happy to give you away!” Miss Julia teased.

“No, not give me away, stand up with me as I make a bigger ass of myself than ever!” Mistress quipped.

Miss Julia hugged Mistress and I asked Marcy, “Would you be my bridesmaid, Miss Marcy?” I asked shyly.

“Oh, yes!” Marcy exclaimed. “Oh, this is too much!”

“Yeah,” Miss Julia added. “So, come in, sit down and tell me all the juicy details! I know they’re juicy because I know you!” she leered at Mistress who blushed slightly.

Mistress allowed herself to sit down with Miss Julia. Marcy served coffee, then pulled me into the kitchen, demanding, “OK, girl, details! Details!”

“She asked me to marry her and I said I would,” I explained, holding my ring out so she could admire it.

“Oh, Lynda, it’s beautiful! You are such a lucky girl!”

“Yeah, girl,” I replied sarcastically.

“Honey,” she assured me, “You’re more female than many of my customers at the Salon! So don’t give me that crapola!”

“Oh, Marcy, I am so scared! What if I’m not cut out to be a wife? What if I’m really just a personal lady’s maid and nothing else?” I cried.

“Little girl,” she replied, “you can be anything you want to be! Hell, be a two-bit whore standing on a

street corner if you want to! You're female and don't let anyone ever tell you any different!"

We talked and talked for half an hour before we heard the tinkle of a bell and Marcy went to answer it.

She returned in a moment. "Your Mistress says it's time to go."

I kissed Marcy quickly. "Promise you'll be my bridesmaid?"

"I said I would, didn't I? Now, you'd better git!"

As I was going through the door, i heard, "Love your mini, girl!"

Mistress and Miss Julia were exchanging goodbye kisses as I came into the room. "Oh, there you are. Come along, Girl!"

And we were once more in the street, hailing a taxi and on our way home.

It had been an exciting day!

That night, I slept with Mistress for the very first time, and yes, I did that too! And she was totally satisfied when she finally dropped off to sleep, as was I.

EIGHT

"Oh, for Heaven's sake," Marcy chided, "that's the hundredth time you've done that! Now stop it!"

"It" was me constantly checking the door to the vestry for the happenings in the church proper.

"But I don't want to screw things up!" I explained to my slightly exasperated bridesmaid.

“No bride ever screws up her wedding!” Marcy scolded. “It’s impossible for a bride to do anything but be a bride! She’s forgiven anything and everything!”

“I suppose,” I agreed skeptically.

“Well, she is!” Marcy was determined to have the last word.

I let her.

I gazed at my reflection in the full-length mirror in the vestry and the sight that met my eyes was breathtaking. And it was all me!

I was wearing an off-white eggshell Empire gown circa 1880 that, while it covered me completely from head to toe, was blatantly sexy and revealing at the same time. That it was lace over sheer net was probably why it was so revealing but then who am I to decide what’s sexy and what’s not sexy? I leave that to my husband!

Anyway, the gown had a fitted bodice that emphasized my C-cups to their fullest, and this time there was no silicone buoying me up! No Sir, it was all flesh, *my* flesh!

Mistress had insisted on augmentation some weeks previously and to say I was thrilled with the results would be the understatement of the year! I adored my new rack with its pert, protuberant nipples and the way they bounced pleasantly when I moved.

I found myself moving much more frequently than before. I just loved the feeling of tits moving in a bra, my tits moving in my bra!

My waist was corseted to twenty-one inches thanks to Mistress’s favorite corsetiere, but I had the last laugh. I had grown used to being crushed at the waist and I took great joy in having put one over on them. Those smarty panties!

My new breasts rested in the shallow basins at the top of my corset so that my nipples were plainly visible through the bodice of the dress. The skirt was of two parts, a loose lace floor-length over a restrictive hobble skirt of heavy muslin that kept my pace to a snail's crawl since I wore white patent operas with five-inch high heeled stiletto spikes! For panties I wore heavy muslin bloomers with nothing under. My stiff little toy made hardly a tiny dent in the gusset!

Half lace gloves, my engagement diamond safely in the bank's vault so that my finger was bare for the wedding band soon to adorn it!

I clutched a small nosegay of daisies and baby's breath in my hands, wringing them to shreds in nervousness.

My veil was folded down over my face and held in place by the rhinestone tiara atop my curls. I looked good.

I felt good!

Suddenly, I heard the music change and Marcy giggled, "Showtime, Bride! Time to strut your ass down the aisle and give everyone a thrill!" she teased.

"Oh Marcy, I am so scared!"

"You'll be fine," she encouraged. The door opened. "Let's go. Showtime!"

And then I was mincing down that damned aisle, fully aware of the eyes on me, some approving, some disapproving, some neutral, but all looking at me!

Looking up, I saw Mistress standing with Miss Julia by her side and a white robed woman minister standing behind them.

I stepped up beside Mistress, sensing Marcy getting right behind me on the left side with Miss Julia standing at Mistress's right.

“Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to witness the joining of these two young persons in the Holy Bonds of matrimony.

“Matrimony is not to be taken lightly,” and for the next hour or two, she lectured us on our responsibilities and duties as husband and wife.

Finally she ran down.

“Do you, Deborah Jayne Parsons, take this girl, Miss Lynda Anne Marion, to be your legally wedded wife? To love her, to honor her and to cherish her, in sickness or in health, for richer or for poorer, for better or for worse, and forsaking all others, for the rest of your life?”

Faintly, I heard, “I do.”

Then it was my turn. “And do you, Miss Lynda Anne Marion, take this woman to be your legally wedded husband? To love her, to honor her, and to obey her, for richer or for poorer, for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others, for the rest of your life?”

From somewhere I heard this tiny voice reply, “I do.”

Was that me?

Did I sound that bad?

Suddenly, I wanted to start all over.

But, “Do you have the rings?” she asked Miss Julia.

“They’re somewhere here,” she replied as she frantically searched through her pockets. Finally, “Ah, here they are, right where I put them!”

After the usual litany, the rings had been properly sworn at and the minister looked up. “In as much as Deborah and Lynda have sworn as much and taken vows to cement their union, by the authority vested

in me by the great State of New York and our Mother Church, I do pronounce that they are husband and wife.

“What She hath joined together, let no woman put asunder!”

She closed her hymnal with a sharp snap. “You may kiss your bride!”

And my veil was folded back just before I was crushed in her steely embrace and my lips sealed with her demanding mouth!

I was married.

I was her wife.

I was Mrs. Lynda Parsons!

I cannot describe the joy that washed over me at this revelation!

We dashed down the aisle and out into the vestry, well, me dashing as fast as my hobble skirt would allow! You try running in one if you think I’m exaggerating!

We took a short honeymoon to Niagara Falls where I learned that my brand new husband had a sadistic side to her that I had never suspected. It involved something I knew about, but had never given it a second thought.

What was it?

A double ended dildo!

Originally meant to be used by two females for simultaneous penetration, but adapted by my Mistress to initiate me into the realities of being a dutiful husband-pleasing wife.

I had showered after our arrival and gotten into bed to await the appearance of my new husband and I was shocked right out of my skin when she came

out of the bathroom and I saw that huge thing rising from her crotch, straight and stiff and out for blood, *my* blood!

“What is that?” I gasped, pointing.

“That’s my husbandly prick, wife mine,” she replied with a little laugh. “It’s to initiate you and prepare you for husbandly penetration upon occasion.”

“But. . . but. . .it’s so huge!” I gasped.

She laughed. “That’s what most new brides think, but believe me, it will fit with a little effort and eventually it will bring you great pleasure as it does me.”

I doubted that greatly! The thing was long and thick, at least a foot long and a good three to three and a half inches thick at its base.

I knew where it as supposed to go, but I knew I was much too small and that if she tried, it would literally tear me a new asshole!

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