

# *The Birthday Present*

**Book  
Three**



*By  
Vickie Tern  
& Rhonda Wagram*

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**By Vickie Tern & Rhonda Wagram**

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## Chapter Ten

### More Proposals

After I left Pearl's employment things quieted down a bit. That Saturday morning—well it was not exactly morning anymore, closer to early afternoon when I woke up in Bea's bed and began to make myself presentable. While lying luxuriously in my scented bubble bath, I let my mind drift back over what I had been and what I had become. All in all it was lovely, this experimental living like a woman. Bea had wanted it—and still did—and I had no regrets.

But I had to reverse the process now, and change myself back into a man. I owed it to myself. I knew that with my body and especially my face the way they were, it would be a long process. Making me this way had taken about a year, so I figured reverting to my former status would probably take another year.

I patted myself dry, and dusted some fragrant body powder all over, and slipped on some tight jeans that showed off my tush, and a loose shirt that hid my boobs for once, and I just lightly coated my red lips with Vaseline to make them glisten, and I fixed my hair nicely. I wanted to look attractive to Bea, to show there were no hard feelings about what she had done to me, and that I appreciated it, but enough was enough. I sat down with Bea to discuss how we could undo what had been done.

But Bea didn't want to hear it. She already had the next phase of my life planned out for me. "No," she said firmly, as soon as she realized what I was about to propose, "Are you still on that subject? Forget it! Just look at yourself! I want you just as you are. I want a girlfriend and a lover, someone who'll share things that most matter to me. I don't want that husband again, ignoring me, or trying to take charge of things. Never again! I'm in charge now!"

I was surprised at how upset she was. She got up and paced the room, and she spoke her thoughts almost at random. "I've missed you the past few weeks, Honey. Some mornings I was having so much fun with you I hated it when the time came for you to put on your suits, or mini-dresses, and your heels, to waggle your ass off to the office to whore for Pearl's clients. Then when you came home, you seemed so tired and dispirited I couldn't ask you to play girly games with me. But now I don't want to share you any more, unless I myself decide when, where and with whom."

“I want you to be my companion, but I want to train you to be a much more attentive and respectful companion than you’ve ever been, and that’ll take lots of patience and effort. For years I was your obedient and dutiful wife, so it’s only fair for you to be mine now. Don’t you agree?”

From now on I want you waiting for me when I come home, looking your prettiest. Especially when I come home with some new man who needs to be impressed that I’m no one to trifle with. Think of the effect on any man who’s trying to make out with me, who sees you and hears you were once my husband, and learns that I did this to you because you were unsatisfactory. From that moment he’ll be devoted to pleasing me, much more careful to see that I’m satisfied.”

Bea smiled to herself, and then smiled over at me. “Besides, if you’re here all the time, you’ll be able to keep the house picked up, and save me a lot of bother.”

She stopped pacing and came close to stand over me. I looked up at her, and she looked down. “I see no reason for you to change back, except some misplaced force of habit. You are quite happy with your life, now, aren’t you?” It was obviously a rhetorical question, and she didn’t wait for me to answer her. “Yes, you are happy. I can see that. You love your dresses, and looking pretty, and wearing perfume, and attracting men. You love to flirt, I’ve seen it. I take good care of you. You have no burdens, no responsibilities, not a worry in the world. Of course you’re happy. You can’t want to change back.”

I tried to tell her I’d also enjoyed my former life as a man, and that it had its positive sides too, and that it was only natural for me to return to being a man.

She didn’t let me finish. “Honey,” she said, “Look at you! You’re a woman, not a man. You’re a much nicer woman, much more desirable, than Henry ever was as a man. Of course you weren’t unhappy to be Henry, you didn’t know any better. But look where we were headed, straight toward separation and divorce. And now look. We’re closer than we’ve ever been.”

“Why not think of it this way? Even if you were just as happy being Henry as you are being Honey, even if the two lifestyles were equally enjoyable—which isn’t the case at all, but let’s just suppose it was—wouldn’t it be right for you to choose the lifestyle that was better for both of us? Don’t you feel an obligation to choose a lifestyle that makes me happy too? Of course you do.”

“So, that’s that! I don’t want to hear anything more about this

silly notion of yours, to give up a happy life for both of us just to return to something that already has failed.” She said this with the finality of a judge. I could almost see her bring down the gavel. She then looked silently at me for some time, waiting for what she had just said to sink in.

I couldn’t tell her that I didn’t care how she felt, because that wasn’t true. I cared very much for her, and I supposed that I really should take her feelings into account more than I had in the past, in my former life. But I had better wait before bringing up this subject again, I thought. Better go on as she wanted right now. She’s upset right now. So I nodded agreement to her last question. “I want you to be happy, Bea,” I said simply.

Bea looked at me a moment longer, then sat down again. “All right. Just so I know you understand. Now, here’s where we go from here. You’ve been Pearl’s helper. Now you can be mine. I think you should stay here and take care of the house work, to free me for my other work. You don’t really need money, but I’ll pay you a regular salary, and that’ll give me a tax break. Good idea?”

I nodded my consent.

“I’m glad you see it the same way I do. Actually the house isn’t too much work, and with your usual efficiency you’ll do it in no time. Let’s try it for the rest of the time you need for your make-up to wear off, let’s say six months - okay?”

After working in Pearl’s office, I was glad to stay quietly at home for a while. And Bea’s reference to my make-up wearing off sounded hopeful. “Okay,” I said, “Six months. I agree.”

“Wonderful. Now we have a deal. You’ll have time to help me with my other work too. You can sort of be my girl Friday. For example, I’ll be hosting the next meeting of our Literary Society in two weeks, and there’re lots of things to prepare. The guest speaker will be Nicolai Voloshov.”

She looked at me as if she had announced “Robert Redford.” I had no idea who this Nicolai, what’s his name, was and my face showed it.

“Of course you wouldn’t know him, my pretty little airhead. Cultural matters are beyond you.” I started protesting that literature was her field and I had my own, but she continued. “Voloshov is the most controversial and exciting of the new Russian poets. I did a long critical article on him not long ago, on his brilliance and originality. He’s living in this country with a Boston lady who likes to support

deserving artists. You could handle all the details of his visit, arrange interviews with the local media, and show him around town. Wouldn't you love to do that?"

I liked the idea. It sounded interesting, and would get me out of the house, where I could meet new people.

"But first you need to look more suitable. To work at Pearl's office you needed to be—well, let's say 'thought-provoking' for any man who saw you. A foxy slut with red hair and red lipstick and bedroom eyes and a walk that looked like a stripper with a rotating ass. Now you need a different look. Monday we'll visit Celeste, and see if she can make you a straw blonde again, maybe with a few highlights. Then we'll need to get you some clothes that are more appropriate, too."

Her plans were made, and there was nothing more to discuss. We spent the rest of the day puttering around the house. It was a very pleasant Saturday, actually. At night she took me to her bed again, and our love-making was as gentle and tender as the day we had just spent. For the first time since her birthday, I was feeling at peace and in control of myself again.

Sunday morning I didn't want to get up at all. I wanted to prolong the previous night as long as possible, and I kept Bea occupied by all means available to me. I conscientiously cleaned our body fluids off her with my tongue, all kinds of fluids, and then we made many more. But she finally put an end to it by reminding me I had to fix myself up. The girls would be over at four for our usual Sunday hen-party. She literally threw me out of bed. I went downstairs to prepare a light brunch for us both.

At four o'clock, right on the dot, I heard Pearl's Mercedes in the driveway. I was in my room, primping before the mirror, checking everything for the last time. Bea had insisted on lacing me into the Victorian corset again, so if I had to suffer the svelte figure it gave me, I wanted to make the most of it. So I was wearing a rather tight beige sweater that showed off my bust, and an ankle-length skirt of reddish brown wool. I cinched my waist with a wide brown belt, to accentuate how it had slimmed down. I felt dressy, but not overdone, just right for an afternoon at home with friends.

Most extraordinary were the shoes Bea gave me to mark my new role in her life, a pair of sensible brown oxfords complete with the traditional patterns, laced high on the instep—but with five inch stiletto heels. They were stunning, and I was sure Kay and Pearl

would be jealous. Of course I couldn't walk any distance once they were on my feet, but most of the afternoon I would be sitting, and I was amused that the shoes displayed me to be a woman who was poised, tasteful, cultured, but even so, fuckable.

Bea had already greeted Pearl and Kay when I made my grand entrance, walking slowly down the stairs, swinging my hips and lifting my long skirt just a bit to draw attention to my shoes. They were not unnoticed. Kay and Pearl at once complimented me on them, and on my walk, and I felt proud to be appreciated. "Thank you, ladies," I smiled, and did a little curtsy to both of them. "You are very kind." I was the epitome of a well-bred girl. I went on to the kitchen to bring in coffee, and then I served them, and again smiled nicely while asking, "Do you care for cream or milk, and perhaps sugar?"

I played 'daughter-of-a-good-family' to the hilt, and could feel how all eyes followed my every move until I had served everybody and then sat down myself. With my corset and those heels I couldn't sit in the deep cushions of the sofa, and had to choose to sit very straight in an old-fashioned straight backed chair. But that gave me even further opportunity to cross my ankles, display my legs, and show off my shoes. When I finally seated myself, Pearl broke the long silence by asking, "Is that it? Do we applaud now?" Then normal conversation resumed. I'd made the impression I'd wanted to make.

Bea reported on her plans for the Literary Society meeting, and that she had commissioned me to take care of the guest of honor. She explained how she meant to change my looks.

Pearl disagreed at first. "She looks very attractive right now, and she proved it during the past few weeks. No man who looks at her can keep his hands off her, and no women either, of a certain kind."

"That's exactly what I want to change, Pearl," Bea said firmly, her meaning unmistakable. "Now she needs to look like a proper secretary, someone who works with her mind, not only her butt."

Kay agreed. "Honey has a very attractive backside, if I do say so myself," she said. "The hormones I prescribed were designed to make Honey look sexy coming and going, to give her both tits and an ass. Now she can just sit on it for a while, I suppose. But that doesn't mean we can't improve her looks a little in other ways. Especially if she's going back to her original hair color, we could enhance her other features to compensate. It would take only very minor alterations. For instance, we could raise her eyebrows just a little bit, and arch them, opening her eyes more and removing little creases here and there."

She got up and demonstrated what she meant on my face. “And we could enhance her lips just a wee bit, make them just a little fuller. She’d look ten years younger then. Less like a slut, more like a doll. When does the poet laureate fly in? In two weeks? We have just enough time to do it so all traces of the operation will have vanished. Our new Honey will look better than new.”

I was not at all eager to have these women make further changes in me. I already had boobs, and curves where they weren’t welcome except to men, and that made returning to my former self difficult enough. A beauty-operation on my face would only make me look more feminine. But I knew Bea and her friends. Any show of resistance, and they’d overwhelm me, and who knew what else they’d start recommending? I sat silent, hoping Bea would think enough was enough.

To my dismay Bea found the idea well worth considering, and said so. Pearl was of course all for it; she liked my getting more “kissable lips,” and she commented that a fuller mouth would also enhance my cocksucking if I should ever want to return to that as a career. After discussing the pros and cons, they all agreed that I should see Kay in the morning and have my face rearranged.

I felt so helpless with these domineering women. For months I’d been conditioned to be sweetly compliant, and now I had no strength to oppose them.

I tried. “Now wait a minute,” I said. “I like my face the way it is!”

It was as if I’d said nothing at all. They simply paid no attention. They’d already agreed among themselves what was in my own best interest. As previously, I finally gave in.

“Actually,” Kay continued, not yet done, “While we’re at it, we could do a little more. You see, I’ve already reduced her hormone dosage to the level she needs now to maintain the figure she’s got. And that’s not too bad a figure, for a girl who’s new at it.”

They all glanced at me appreciatively. I sat very still.

“But we could make her body even more nice and round and feminine in all the right places by redistributing some of her adipose tissue. I’ve recently begun using a new minimum incision process, and we don’t need to make any cuts that will be noticeable later on. We merely enter with a probe through the folds of her belly-button, remove the fat at her waist, and redeposit it on her bum and her breasts. Since it’s all the body’s own substance, there are no adverse

reactions, and the whole thing heals very quickly.”

“But,” I broke in, “I mean—can it be removed again? I mean when I go back to being a man, later on? I mean, if I want to?” It sounded doubtful. So did I.

Kay exchanged a quick glance with Bea, and then assured me, “If you really want it removed again, I can do it. Just think about it this way. If I can remove fatty tissue from your waist, I can remove it from other places too. The only permanent change will be that you won’t grow a spare tire around your middle, because there won’t be fat cells there to swell up. And this would most certainly not be a change for the worse. You should be happy with that. However, with the additional fat deposits on your bum and your bosom, I must warn you not to eat too much. You could easily grow to formidable proportions in those areas.”

Her explanation sounded logical, and eased doubts despite my unease. “Okay then,” I said, still a little uncomfortable. “Just do your best.”

“Good girl!” Bea applauded my decision. “And for being such a good girl, I’ll give you a little reward. I’m not telling you now what it’ll be, I don’t want to ruin the surprise, just this much: It’ll be sparkling.”

I ruled out diamonds, of course, but a nice cold bottle of Champagne or even Spumante on a romantic night with Bea was something to look forward to, so I gave her a sweet smile. “All right, love,” I said. “I’ll hold you to that and I’m looking forward to it.”

That much settled, Bea then spoke in glowing terms of the great poet Nicolai Voloshov, who would give a reading in two weeks.

“Well what can we gain from listening to a Russian poet?” asked Pearl. “I don’t speak Russian and neither does anyone else I know.”

“He speaks perfect English. In fact he worked at the Soviet Foreign Ministry in the translation department for a long time before he became known for his poetry. He also speaks German and French, but English best. He has translated all of his own work. And I hear he is quite a lady’s man, so even if you aren’t much interested in modern Russian poetry, you might gain something from his visit.” Bea said this with a meaningful side-look at Pearl.

The party went on for some time longer. But Kay thought that in view of the early morning operation tomorrow, we should all go to

bed early. “Just wait, Honey,” she said to me when they were leaving. “I’ll make you look scrumptious, at least ten years younger! As cute as a Barbie doll. Just trust me!”

We went to bed right after they left, and Bea tucked me in after she checked the lacing on my corset and tied my hands in back as usual. “I’m sure that with your slimmer waist we’ll be able to lace you down even further,” she said. “You’ll have a sensational figure.” I didn’t want to hear that. I had figured that with a smaller natural waist, the corset would not be so uncomfortable. Maybe I could persuade her to relent when the time came.

## Chapter Eleven

### Prissy

Well, I’ll pass over the next week. It was altogether very unpleasant. When I came to after the operation, I ached all over and looked like a 4000 year old mummy, all bandaged up. I could have gone home after a few days, but we thought it would better if I stayed at the hospital for the entire week, until the bandages could be removed. Kay told me the bandages were not covering wounds, since there were none, but were necessary to hold the redeposited fat in position until it could grow into its new locations. My face was discolored and swollen around the eyes and the mouth, and looked perfectly ugly, but Kay assured me that would disappear within a few short days, and she proved to be right. After a week almost all traces of the operation had disappeared.

Bea came to pick me up, and was present when Kay removed the bandages. She started from the bottom up, and right away I could see that my bottom was nicely rounded, really feminine, with soft round cheeks. Bea loved it, and complimented Kay for the wonderful result.

“Wait till you see the rest,” Kay said. She proceeded to unwrap my waist. “Look,” she said, “all of four inches less!”

“Wonderful, just marvelous,” Bea gushed.

Kay continued the unwrapping. “Now for the ‘Grande finale’, the big surprise! Ta Ta Ta Taaaa!” she trumpeted in a flourish while undoing the last winding from my breasts.

When she stepped aside so I could look into the mirror, I saw it! I had full, round breasts that were almost perfectly spherical. But

most surprising was that they each sported a golden ring through the nipples, a bit larger than half an inch in diameter. They were slim, about 1/16 of an inch where they went through my nipples but wider toward their lower half, about an eighth of an inch where they hung down prettily and curved around the nipples' lower halves. There, inserted into their surfaces were three little diamonds, not on the edge facing downward as with rings worn on fingers, but on the side facing forward. When I touched the rings, the diamonds felt almost flush with the surrounding gold.

“That is the surprise I promised you,” said Bea. “Don’t they sparkle?”

They did indeed. I was flabbergasted. I looked into the mirror, and looked down, and tried to find out how Kay had done it. It looked as if I had been born with them. I turned then very cautiously in their holes through the nipples, to find an opening or the trace of a joint, or something. But the surfaces of both rings were perfectly polished and even. “How did you do it” I asked Kay.

“Well, since we had you under full anesthetic and you were to be bandaged for a few days anyway, I simply slit open the nipples and taped them shut over the rings. By now the little incisions have had time enough to heal. There is no way to get them off except slicing open the nipples again—which I wouldn’t recommend. I think they look just lovely.”

“Yes darling, they do look marvelous,” Bea chimed in. “So delicate! Better than I had imagined. I just might get myself a set of my own. And look! The breasts have come out just gorgeous! Look here, let’s do the pencil test.” She rummaged through her bag and came up with a yellow pencil, held it under one of my breasts, raised it a little and then let it fall back. Then she let go of the pencil. It fell down. “See what I mean,” she said, beaming at me. “You must be feeling so proud! Lots of young girls can’t pass this test. And your breasts are now C or D cup, too! Oh, they look so yummy! Steve will go nuts over your new figure when he sees it, don’t you think so, Kay?”

Why did she have to bring up Steve—and in front of Kay too? But Kay didn’t seem put off at all. “I’m sure Steve will like her even better now,” she said. “He’s always been a big tit man. And Honey’s are just gorgeous!”

I had to admit that my tits looked seductive! Together with my narrower waist and my newly rounded bottom, I had a feminine figure

many girls would die for. I raised my eyes to study my face. I hadn't thought that my face could be any more feminine than it had been, but it was true, now it was even more so, and a lot prettier too. I had full pouty lips, and my nose looked smaller, and my eyes seemed to be much bigger, more almond shaped. I saw the face of a very good-looking, even beautiful woman, refined and well cared for. No trace of masculinity at all. I wondered how in the world I could ever look masculine again.

"I suggest we let her face rest for a few more days, and then that you take her to Celeste and have her make-up renewed. Then she'll be perfect," Kay said to Bea, who had started dressing me.

I couldn't turn away from the mirror. Was that really me?

"Enough of this self-admiration for now," said Bea. "Yes, sweetie, you are beautiful. But now we've got to go." She held a corset against my back, and tried to wrap it around me. "Here, you hook up the front."

I tried, but it was quite a struggle. My corsets should have fit me more easily, now that I was so much thinner. Had Bea already gotten me new corsets, to lace me even tighter? It seemed so. I felt no less crushed than before. Panties and stockings followed. Bea brought forward a pretty, floral print shirt-waist dress, and when I put it on I cinched it with a wide, black patent leather belt. I had to admit, I had a marvelous figure now. High heeled shoes, gloves made from a thick cotton lace, and a large scarf wound turban-like around my head—my hair looked really shaggy after more than a week in bed—completed the outfit. Then off we went, kissing Kay good-by.

"You have to thank her, Honey, she created a masterpiece," Bea reminded me. I agreed, I looked marvelous. But it was me, and I didn't want to look marvelous—I wanted to look more like a man. Even so, I thanked Kay profusely for all she had done for me.

"Don't mention it," Kay said. "I love it when my work turns out so well. That's reward enough in itself." She hugged me, and gave me a friendly slap on my bottom.

Bea decided not to go home directly. Instead she went to the shopping district, and stopped in front of a store that displayed all kinds of work uniforms in its windows. There were uniforms for security guards, nurses, chauffeurs, all kinds of servants and attendants.

"What do you want here?" I asked her.

“Come on,” she came around to my side of the car and opened my door. “I think that now, now that you’ve taken over the domestic duties in our home, you should dress the part.” She took my arm and guided me into the store.

“What do you mean—dress the part?”

“Well, if you’re going to be my maid, shouldn’t you dress like one?”

“Bea, you can’t be serious! I mean, we’re wife and husband together in our house. I’m our maid, maybe, not just your maid. Besides, why can’t I do my housework in ordinary dresses?”

“I am quite serious, Honey. Your dresses are still quite new, and it would be a shame for them to get soiled doing ordinary housework. Most of them aren’t even washable, and would have to be sent out to be dry-cleaned. That’s expensive. Now a maid’s uniform is made for the purpose. It can be washed frequently, and it will stand up to a lot of abuse.”

“Furthermore, and this is very important, a maid’s uniform will denote our new relationship. Remember, you agreed to let me hire you? I am your employer, and since we’re so close normally, it’s good for us to clarify our relationship with an outwardly recognizable sign, like a uniform. Whenever you wear it, you’ll be in no doubt that I’m your employer and you are the hired domestic.”

I was not at all sure that I liked this idea. But already we were approached by a sales lady asking if she could help us. “Yes,” said Bea. “This young person with me needs a whole set of maid’s uniforms, and all the accessories. I think three morning uniforms in light gray, blue and pink, and aprons to go with them, perhaps a half a dozen, and some nice caps too. Then she’ll need something for afternoon and evening wear, I think very dark blue or black dresses with lacy aprons. All of these should be tight and figure fitting—she has such a nice figure, it would be a shame to hide it.”

“It would be a shame indeed—come here, Dearie, and let me take your measurements.” She took my bust size and looked appreciatively at the measuring tape. “Quite nice” she stated, and then wound the tape around my waist. “Wow!” She looked at the tape, then at me. “Do you always wear a waist cincher that’s this tight, dear? I mean, should we have all of your uniforms made to this waist-size?”

I didn’t understand her, but Bea did. “Of course she always wears a corset. She is so proud of her small waist.”

“Well then....” The sales lady shrugged, and wrote down the numbers. “There isn’t much choice among our utility, daytime maid’s uniforms,” she informed Bea. “They all have A-line skirts going down to just below the knee. The dressier uniforms offer a wider choice. There are some designed to be rather mini, and others that reach to the knee, and some are three-quarter length. Then we have a really historical model, the kind a proper upstairs maid would have worn in the ‘Gay Nineties,’ floor length with several rustling petticoats underneath. I think your young domestic would look fantastic in it, with her small corseted waist.”

“Let’s see!” Bea followed the sales-lady as she went to the back of the store, and motioned for me to come along. Then I never saw her act more decisively. With no hesitation she picked out three morning uniforms and six different styles of more formal wear in black and dark blue, plus the Victorian special, which really did look wonderful when the sales-lady held it up to me.

Then before I could venture any opinion, Bea progressed to the aprons, and selected a dozen different styles, from strong utility aprons to pinafores with wide, flouncy shoulder straps, to frilly lacy confections which were purely feminine and decorative. She then swiftly selected a variety of caps, some covering the hair entirely, some just wispy starched lace things that had to be pinned to the hair.

I tried to get a word in now and then, but she was not to be distracted, and she ignored me completely, discussing her selections only with the sales-lady. The only thing I was allowed to do is to carry everything to the front of the store, and there was so much I had trouble peering over the pile in my arms.

“How can you decide on these things so quickly?” I asked Bea, amazed.

“Oh, I’ve been thinking about this moment for quite some time now,” she said. “For months, in fact.” I was about to ask her to explain that amazing statement, but the sales lady interrupted.

“Of course, none of our standard sizes will fit your maid right now,” she said, “But we can alter them in no time at all. If you’ll leave the dresses here, you can have everything by tomorrow afternoon. It’s mainly a matter of taking in the waist.” “That sounds just perfect,” Bea said. “But I want her to try on at least one, just to be sure.”

“Of course, she should.” The sales-lady directed us to a changing room, and Bea gave me one of the dark afternoon uniforms.

“Here,” said Bea. “Put this one on and then let me see how you look.”

I went in to change, and then presented myself. Bea added a white, lace edged apron, and fastened a little cap to my hair. The dress hugged my round derriere, and then tapered tightly down to just above the knees. It had a high neck which ended in a little lace stand-up collar. The sleeves ended in lace cuffs just above the elbows. All in all, it fit quite well, except at the waist, but the apron strings snugged it so my small waistline was still quite noticeable.



Though I felt a little demeaned to be trying on a servant's uniform, I was pleased that the curve from my waist around my hips was quite noticeable. Bea decided that I should wear this one home, cap and all. "For new beginnings, dear," she said, "There's no time like the present." And she carried off the dress I had worn into the store, so I had no alternative.

"You see," the sales-lady said to me, "All of the accessories are fastened with snaps, so you can take them off easily, and wash them separately, and replace them quickly. That way, your mistress will always see you wearing a fresh apron, even when you're coming directly from the kitchen to serve her guests dishes you were preparing moments before."

"All right, let's add up what we owe you." Bea steered me to the cashier's desk, and the sales lady busied herself for a few minutes adding up the sale. It came to a substantial figure. "Honey, is this your credit card?" She took my billfold out of my purse and gave the card to the sales-lady.

"Wait a minute, Bea," I protested. "I don't want these things, so why should I pay for them? This'll practically clean me out."

"You have to pay for them, dear. If the payment comes from your account, it can be called your personal business expense, tax deductible against your wages. But even if not, you don't expect your mistress to pay for her servant's personal belongings, do you?"

Again she had me where she wanted me. Not only was I to wear maid's uniforms at home from now on, I had to pay for them myself. I had to hand it to Bea, she was really ingenious in getting her own way. I looked into one of the store's big mirrors while the sales lady processed and cleared my credit card, and I had to admit that I looked nice. Trim, even a little sexy, a neat girl ready to perform gracefully whatever she was asked to do. In a way it was thrilling.

The sales-lady handed me the slip to sign. "The card reads 'Henry'," she said. "Are you sure you can sign for it, dearie?"

Bea spoke right up. "Of course she can, she *is* Henry," she said. I wanted to sink into the ground.

The sales lady looked at me, and then at Bea, not knowing what to make of this last statement, and then she looked at me again with a wide, incredulous smile. "You're Henry?," she asked. "That's remarkable! Sign right here, 'Henry'." She checked my signature against the card, looked at me yet again, smiled, and handed Bea both the sales slip and the credit card. "I'm sure you'd better keep these,"

she said. "Thank you for letting me serve you."

And she piled onto me all those things that didn't need alteration. They mounted well over my head, and I peered around them as she held the door open for both of us. "Goodbye, Madame. Goodbye, Miss Henry. Have a nice day," she said.

Bea walked straight to the car without looking back, leaving me to follow as best I could. Then she got behind the wheel, handed me the car keys, and said in a firm, authoritative voice, "Put everything in the trunk. Then when we get home, hang them carefully in your closet. I expect you to take good care of them, and to look properly presentable at all times from now on."

Not a request, an order. My new career as Bea's domestic servant had begun. The sales lady still stood in the door, looking at us, still smiling. Bea smiled back, and waved her hand as we departed.

When we arrived home Bea told me to bring everything up to my room, then to freshen up and make my hair presentable, and then to appear downstairs for further instructions. I sat down at the vanity and brushed my hair, and pinned it into an upsweep, and arranged my curls in a becoming way. Then I perched the maid's cap atop the curls so it looked cute, even saucy. I liked it. There in the mirror was my new image, a pretty servant girl, pert and a bit sexy, not overdone, not a caricature. I smiled at me, and the pretty girl in the mirror smiled back. Somehow that gave me a thrill. I felt a little stirring of excitement between my legs.

Bea was sitting on the sofa with her legs crossed, watching me come down the stairs. "Come over here, let me have a look at you," she said in a voice that was somehow kind yet impersonal. She directed me to a spot in the middle of the room. "Stand there." She let her eyes roam over me for about a minute. "Turn around... slowly...again...turn again." She made me turn several more times, always watching me intently, until finally I was facing her once more.

"Yes," she said. "You turned out just as I'd hoped. Actually, better. I want you to keep those pretty eyes wide open always, the way they are now, the way Kay shaped them. It suggests a naïveté quite charming in a maid. And those pouting lips are very becoming. You exceed my expectations."

"Very well." She straightened up and began to speak with a crisp assurance that had me listening closely. "Let me lay out the ground-rules for your employment here."

"One: You get up 30 minutes before me, that is at 7:30, and

you get yourself ready—meaning you thoroughly clean inside and out, and you do your hair in a style that’s practical for housework—that up-sweep will do very well, or a French Twist if you like. Just remember that we can’t have it floating romantically off your shoulders, the way you wore it when you were seducing Bea’s clients. You’ll then dress in one of your morning uniforms and get breakfast ready for me. If I need any personal services in the morning, like getting my clothes laid out or helping me get dressed, I’ll let you know.”

“Two: I’ll have all my meals in the dining-room from now on, and you will be serving them. You can eat in the kitchen whenever you like. But I warn you: do not gain weight, or I’ll have to put you on a very strict diet.”

“Three: After breakfast you’ll start cleaning the house, and do the washing, ironing, whatever needs to be done. Then you’ll cook my lunch and serve it at about 1:00 PM. After you clear the table and do the dishes, you’ll have two hours of free time. You can rest, or read one of the women’s magazines I’ve subscribed to for you, ‘The Happy Homemaker’ always has recipes you’ll want to try out, and ‘Romantic Confessions’ has stories that satisfy the desires and yearnings maids always seem to have. Then you’ll get dressed in one of your dark afternoon uniforms. Which one or which style depends on the occasion. I’ll let you know if I think you have chosen an inappropriate style. At 4:00 PM you’ll serve me coffee in my office. Oh, incidentally, I’ve converted Henry’s den into an office for me. Henry no longer lives here.”

“Four: I work here, and I do not wish to be disturbed. So whatever you do, do it in such a way that I hear and see as little as possible. You have your tasks and I have mine. I have no inclination to instruct you how to keep house. You are paid to know what to do, and you will have to find out for yourself what you don’t know. That includes everything from where we keep the bleach to what temperature is proper for ironing a blouse.

As of today, the housekeeping is entirely your responsibility, and I want nothing to do with it. I will provide you with a budget for the food and supplies you’ll need, and you’ll account for your expenditures periodically, I expect the house to be clean, and my clothes in perfect shape at all times. How you manage it is your affair.”

“Five: I want to see you perfectly groomed and dressed at all times—of course not while you are scrubbing the kitchen floor, for

example, but before and after. And certainly, when you serve my meals I will want to see clean uniforms and aprons. Expect to change aprons at least three times a day, so they always look freshly starched, particularly if you're wearing one of your nice pinafores with those flouncey shoulder-straps."

"Six: You will address me as 'Madame' at all times and in the third person, as for example, 'would Madame like another cup of coffee?' I am always your employer even when you are off duty, and you will always show me appropriate respect. We are no longer social equals. Forget that I was once married to your former self, and that you once called me 'Bea.'

Now, whenever you enter a room I'm in, you will curtsy at the door, except while serving meals or beverages. When you address me, you will always curtsy before you start to speak, and ask permission. When I give you an order—and you may regard all of my requests as orders no matter how politely I phrase them - you will acknowledge it by curtsying and answering something like 'very well Madame,' or 'I'll do it right away, Madame,' or whatever else may be appropriate."

"Seven: At night I'll let you know when your services are no longer required. From then on you may dress as you please and do whatever you wish. If I want your companionship, I'll let you know. You must understand, that our relationship from this moment is strictly that of employer and employee. I am your mistress and you are my servant. Your days off are a half-day Wednesday afternoon after lunch, and the weekend from Saturday after lunch to Monday morning. How you use that free time is up to you. If you should consent to pass those horns with male companionship, I will expect the men to be drawn from your own station in life, and you are absolutely forbidden to allow them into the house."

During this entire soliloquy I was standing where she had directed me, in the middle of the room, listening attentively, while she sat in front of me and while she spoke, stared straight into my eyes to impress upon me that she meant every word. I was astonished, even a little outraged! For a moment I couldn't speak at all. Then I began. "Bea," I said, "There's no way I'll ever agree to -"

"OHH?" she interrupted sharply, drawing out the sound with measured anger. "Forgetting the rules so soon? If you want to say anything, start with a curtsy and ask whether you may speak! And refer to me with proper respect!"

She looked at me with her face fixed in a fury, and all of my

courage evaporated.

“This one time I’ll answer your objection before you have a chance to be impertinent and raise it. Yes, you agreed to be employed by me for domestic service, the Sunday before you went to the Kay’s clinic to have your face and figure enhanced. I said I would hire you to do all the house work, and that I would pay you a regular salary, for tax purposes and other advantages. And you agreed. Don’t tell me you don’t remember.”

Now it came back to me... that was what she’d said. I clearly remembered the tax angle.

“Now, whether it is written or verbal, an agreement is an agreement. You can’t back out of your commitments without appearing contemptible to everyone, and you may be sure I would make well known what your word is worth, after you’d packed up and left this house in disgrace. Our agreement was quite clear, that you would do domestic service here for at least six months. You agreed, and I hold you to this agreement.”

Yes, she had said something about the six months it would take for the make-up to wear off, and I remembered feeling good about it, that afterward she might let me return to being Henry.

“Now, as your employer I make the rules for your employment. What I’ve just laid down are my rules. I’m not asking you to do anything you can’t do. I’m not asking you to do anything that domestic servants haven’t done for generations. There is nothing extraordinary about what I ask of you, unless it’s in the extraordinary amount of time I allow you to be left to your own devices.

My rules may seem a little old-fashioned, but they serve well to emphasize the difference between your station and mine in our relationship. Only by drawing a clear line between our previous private lives together and our present relationship as employer and employee can this work.”

“You should be grateful to have a position like this. You’ve already proven to yourself that you don’t like the kind of office work for which you are best qualified, and if you don’t want to work the street, there is nothing much else for you. For you to become a domestic servant and work for me is certainly better than your working in an altogether strange household, where no one appreciates that there is more to you than meets the eye.”

“Well then, make up your mind. Will you abide by our agreement, or do I have to throw you out.”

Bea had a way of pointing out choices that made it really simple to choose. “Okay,” I said. “I’ll go along with you.” “What!?”

“Yes, Madame,” I said slowly. “As you wish.”

“And...?”

I stared at Bea a moment, and then realized what she was driving at. I curtsied.

“Yes,” Bea said. “As I wish. That is the way it is. I’m glad you can still listen to reason.”

My new Mistress now relaxed. She leaned back against the couch cushions and became almost friendly in her tone of voice. “Now, we have to decide what to call you. ‘Honey’ is no longer suitable, no more than ‘Henry’ was suitable once you decided to live your life as a woman.”

I couldn’t remember any such decision, but I realized that this minor correction was not worth the curtsy and request for permission to speak that it entailed.

“I cannot call my maid ‘Honey,’” Bea said. “I think ‘Priscilla’ would be a nice name for a proper, respectable maid, ‘Prissy’ for short. Don’t you agree?”

I knew there would be no point in arguing with her, so with a deep sigh—as deep a sigh as my stays allowed—I nodded my consent.

“Wonderful! My dear Priscilla, that is your new name! I’m so pleased you like it as much as I do! Now I’ll see that it becomes your only legal name. I want all of your records to show that your name is ‘Priscilla’! Social Security card, early school records, everything! I think with Pearl’s help we can even get you a driver’s license with your picture and the name ‘Priscilla.’ She knows one of the key people at the Motor Vehicle Bureau. In fact, from what she’s told me, you know him too, perhaps not by name but by the taste of his cum.”

Her reference to my previous employment embarrassed me. “I can’t recall, Madame,” I said. It was hopeless!

“Well, no matter. Now, Prissy, we know where we stand. Everything is clear to you, I’m sure. You may now take your leave and fix lunch for me.”

What could I do? I curtsied, said “Very well Madame,” and went into the kitchen.

## Chapter Twelve

### Prissy and The Poet

During the next few days the household routine settled in as Bea required. With modern materials and appliances, washing and cleaning for the two of us wasn't arduous. I did spend a lot of time ironing. In fact, most of my time between afternoon coffee and dinner was filled with it. Bea allowed me to wear flat shoes with my morning attire. But all through the afternoon and evening I had to wear shoes with at least four inch heels, and I was glad that I had a kind of barstool to sit on while ironing.

My time off after lunch turned out to be not a rest-period after all, but time Bea reserved for me to help her with Nicolai Voloshov's impending visit. The meeting would be held at a local hotel, and attendance was expected to be several hundred people. It would begin around 4:00 PM on Sunday afternoon with various introductions, then continue with the reading and questions, which would last to about 6:00 PM, at which time a light supper would be served. This much was for the general public, and for those who had subscribed to the entire season's series of literary events,

Then the board of the Literary Society—all women of consequence—were invited to meet the guest of honor at a reception to be held at our house beginning at 8:00 PM and extending as long as anyone wished. On the preceding Saturday I would guide the guest of honor around, and bring him to interviews with the local press and TV station. The interviews would be broadcast twice, on Saturday night during the 11:00 PM news, and again at noon on Sunday, when the churchgoers would be back home anticipating their Sunday dinner and wondering how to spend their afternoons in an edifying way. Bea expected the interviews to boost attendance on Sunday afternoon, and even to sell more tickets for the Sunday supper.

I had to take care of all the details, such as seeing to the limousine service, and that the guest of honor was properly met at the airport, and shepherding him through his interviews, and overseeing the selection of food for the supper and the organizing of volunteers to serve it, and arranging for proper sound equipment for the reading, and so forth. It kept me really busy.

Friday night the hired limousine picked us up to go to the airport and meet our guest. Bea agreed that my maid's uniforms were inappropriate. I wore instead a rather short flaming red business suit, which showed off my figure and a lot of cleavage. It was one of the

suits Pearl had favored, and had insisted I wear without a blouse (and also without panties). Surprisingly, it now fit my much smaller waist, and I realized that Bea had sent it to be altered while I was at the hospital. Bea herself was dressed much more conservatively, also in a business suit, but dark blue, with a high-necked blouse under it.

We had no trouble finding Nicolai. He was an imposing figure, very masculine and masterful, over six feet tall with broad shoulders, looking more like an athlete than a poet, and looking at everyone else with mild interest and amusement. He was in his fifties, but his full head of hair, cut short, gave him a boyish charm. I had seen his picture on the back of a book jacket, but he looked much more handsome in person. I imagined that his effect on the ladies was usually devastating.

He greeted us as if we were old friends. Bea was granted a courtly, continental kiss on the back of her hand. "Of course," he said to her, "The lady who looked deep into my soul, and then wrote those profound comments on my poems. You were too kind. I did not deserve your praise, though I shall always cherish it. Now, who might this charming little lady be?" he asked, looking at me.

"This is Prissy, my maid and assistant. I've asked her to see that you get whatever you may need or want. She'll be your companion and guide during your stay here, and will take you to your various appointments, and bring you back again safely. She's altogether at your service."

"Is she? I am delighted to hear that," said Nicolai, taking my hand but foregoing the kissing of it, since I seemed to be of a lower social caste. "Glad to meet you Prissy."

"Glad to meet you, Sir," I answered, dipping into a little curtsy. I had not intended to, but something in me made me do it. For once, a curtsy seemed altogether appropriate.

He gave me a big smile and patted my cheek. "I am sure we'll get along fine," he said.

He collected his bag and we went to the waiting car. Bea and Nicolai took the back seat and I sat down opposite Nicolai, with my back to the driver. During the whole trip back to the city Nicolai did not take his eyes off me. Bea explained his interview and performance schedules to him, and gave him some papers he put into his brief-case. He used the opportunity to let his hand graze lightly down my calf to the instep. I was not sure, but I thought I detected a slight bulge forming in his pants. Bea seemed not to notice.

We brought Nicolai to his hotel, and I went in to help with the check-in while Bea stayed in the car. When we were done, Nicolai took my hand, pulled me close, and gave me a little kiss on the cheek. "I'll see you tomorrow morning at 9:30, then, my dear. Good night, Prissy!" He strode toward the elevator, entered it, turned, saw me still watching him, and threw me a brilliant smile. My heart suddenly swelled up in my chest and skipped a beat or two, and then felt marvelous! Flustered, I returned to Bea.

"You seem to have made a conquest already, Prissy," Bea said when I got back into the car and we were driving back home. "Well, we shall see about that later on. I just might have some interests of my own to defend." I assured Bea that I had no desire to make a conquest, certainly not in competition with my Mistress, although it was certain that Nicolai's looks and charm had somehow gotten to me. Bea grinned and said nothing more.

I was at the hotel at 9:30 the next morning, and spent the whole day with Nicolai. We took care of all his appointments, went to lunch, and went sightseeing. When we passed a lady selling flowers, Nicolai insisted on buying me a small bunch of violets, which he pinned to my jacket. Fumbling with the pin, he let the back of the hand that held my jacket slowly graze down across my breast, then rise again across the nipple.

His touch excited me, and I held my breath. Then I had difficulty catching it again. He must have seen my arousal in my face, but he said nothing, just completed his gesture across my breast and touched my face, then smiled sweetly. I noticed that then he put his right hand into his trouser pocket and felt for something, failed to find it, and eventually pulled his hand out again.

When I left him at his hotel later in the afternoon, he said goodbye with a light kiss on my lips. I reminded him that Bea would meet him for dinner at 7:30, and I went home.

I changed into my maid's outfit, and at Bea's request brought her a small glass of sherry. When I set it beside her on the end table, Bea asked how the day had gone. I gave her a detailed report, including the violet episode, and the good-bye kiss. I expressed the opinion that it was quite impersonal, that Nicolai was only being instinctively chivalrous, and that he wanted any woman he was with to feel desired.

"Well, he is said to be a lady's man," said Bea. "And it does seem that he tries to live up to his reputation."

Bea took extra care dressing and making-up for dinner. She wore an exquisite dinner gown, which showed her figure to perfection. “I don’t think I’ll need your services anymore tonight, Prissy,” she said as she left the house, “So don’t wait up for me.” When I heard her return, I was surprised to notice it was only 11:00 PM.

The next morning, Bea came down to the kitchen where I was cooking breakfast, something she had never done before, eager to talk to someone, and filled with accolades. How charming Nicolai was, and how attentive, and how courteous— she seemed unable to exhaust her praise of him. When I asked her how the evening had ended, she frowned.

“It was most unfortunate, but he got a call from some important people on the west coast, and he said he couldn’t put them off, so we had to say goodbye around 11:00 PM.”

Somehow I had to smile inwardly. She had said nothing about a good-night-kiss.

I didn’t attend the reading or the supper, because I had to prepare the house for the reception afterward. I needed to rearrange the furniture for the many women who had been invited, set the tables, set up the bar, prepare snacks, bake some cookies to go with the coffee we would serve to hint when it was time to leave, things like that. I was terribly busy all day.

Bea flew in only 20 minutes before the reception guests were due to arrive. “Prissy, quick,” she called to me. “I need your help.”

I heard her run up the stairs, and followed her. She must have gone to the beauty parlor instead of the supper, because her hair was intricately done up, and her make-up was gorgeous. “Quick, Prissy, give me a sponge bath, and help me change. I’m running terribly late. Celeste just wouldn’t finish today.”

She slipped out of her dress and rushed to the bathroom. I sponged her off with water to which I added some cologne, then powdered her. I felt a powerful urge to make love to her, my dear wife, whatever our relationship was now. She looked and smelled wonderful. I wondered what would happen if I pulled her to the bed and made passionate love to her. I told her just that, and she smiled, and patted me on the cheek. “What a lovely compliment, dear,” she said. “You’re very sweet. It’s so precious, when you get homy now and again. But we have to hurry. The others will be here in just a few minutes. Be sure you’re presentable too!”

She put on the lingerie that I handed her, tap pants and garter belt in a set of pure lavender silk, and no bra at all. I rolled her seamed, black sheer stockings up her legs and fastened them, while she slipped into her dress. It was a bright red silk jersey with big dolman sleeves, high necked in front and with no back at all, and with a narrow skirt that stopped at her knees.

She accented her thin waist with a narrow golden leather belt. Then around her neck she put a long, heavy gold chain with a huge medallion that hung low between her breasts and pulled at the jersey between them, draping each one. Her nipples poked out like eraser heads, big and hard. Just as she dabbed perfume on her wrists and behind her ears, I heard cars turning into the drive-way.

I dashed downstairs as fast as I could in my ultra-high heels. Just as I reached the front door, the bell rang, and I opened the door and greeted the first guests with a curtsy.

“Won’t you please come in—may I take your coats, please?” I was altogether hospitable, gracious, and courteous. The ladies were quite nice to me, and handed me their coats while they discussed me with each other. “Well!” said one. “Writing criticism must pay well these days. I didn’t know Bea had a maid.” As I guided them into the living room and asked if I could bring them a drink or a liqueur, they continued. “And so well trained too.” And “She must pay her a fortune.”

Bea came downstairs and greeted the ladies, and soon all were in animated conversation, while I brought around the hors d’oeuvres and kept their glasses filled.

I too had taken great care with my appearance. I had brushed out my hair and set it, and enhanced my make-up by using some darker eye-shadow and more dramatic eye-liner. My lips glistened. For this special occasion I was wearing my Victorian maid’s dress, more a stunning outfit than a uniform.

My corset had to be laced extra tight, but for this one evening I was willing to endure the discomfort. “To be beautiful, one must suffer,” I told myself. I wanted to look very beautiful when Nicolai arrived, ravishing. I had no idea why. My petticoats rustled, and my high heels forced me to take small, delicate steps whenever I moved. The guests all asked Bea and each other who I was, and I caught many glancing sideways at me, as they tried to look me over closely and yet remain politely distant.

Nicolai came ten minutes later, his timing perfect. I opened the

door for him and curtsied. “Welcome, Sir,” I said with a large smile. I was delighted, and I’m sure I looked it. I loved seeing him again!

“Hello Prissy dear! I missed you all afternoon.”

“I was too busy here, and couldn’t make it. I’m truly sorry about that. Really!”

“I believe you, my dear girl,” Nicolai said. I took his overcoat, and when I turned around to hang it up, I felt a kiss on my neck. A pleasant shiver passed through me.

Nicolai was greeted with a standing ovation, and immediately went to each of the ladies in turn and kissed each of their hands. Never had a man exuded more charm! Everyone was enraptured! I busied myself as before, and people stopped noticing me. But whenever I stole a glance at him, I saw that he was following my every move with his eyes.

The party went on for about two hours, the coffee and cookies were served, the guests left, and finally the only people remaining were Bea, Nicolai, and me. I went about the room collecting plates, cups, and glasses, and generally putting the kitchen back in order. Bea and Nicolai sat together on the sofa, discussing the two days of his visit.

“Nicolai, you’ve been just wonderful!” Bea said. “Wonderful! All the ladies loved you, and that includes me. I can’t thank you enough. If you were to ask any favor of me, I know there’s no way I could refuse you!”

“Oh really, my dear Bea,” Nicolai said with sincere gravity, “It has been my pleasure to be with you and your friends, and it was a great honor for me that I was allowed to present my works to you. But if you really mean it, I would love to ask a favor of you.”

Bea slid just a little closer to him. “By all means, Nicolai, ask—anything. Anything at all.”

“Well, if you insist! It is this. Could you give your maid the rest of the evening off? I would very much like to take her out now, she has been so helpful during my visit here.”

Bea was visibly taken aback. “My MAID? I was thinking more...well, never mind....Of course, she is yours for the night. Bonne chance! You already know that Prissy is quite attractive. That’s no accident. You will find that she’s a very special girl, just full of surprises!” She smiled, and actually seemed to laugh inwardly, as if she just had thought of a great joke.

“Prissy, come here for a moment,” she called to the kitchen.

I had overheard this conversation, but had pretended not to as I went about my business. I came in and curtsied nicely to Bea. “At your service, Madame,” I said, raising my skirts just a little bit higher than necessary, so my ankles and my petticoats showed. I did it for Nicolai’s benefit, of course, and it worked- He gazed fascinated at my instep and ankles, as if they were hidden intimate secrets accidentally revealed. The erotic mystery created by a raised skirt! I was beginning to enjoy my power to invoke it!

“Prissy, I don’t need you anymore tonight. Take the rest of the night off, and tomorrow morning too if you need it. Now go and dress nicely. Nicolai has graciously offered to take you out, to thank you for whatever you’ve done for him. Run along now.”

“Well thank you very much, Madame,” I said, curtsying again with my skirts raised high, “And thank you, Sir,” again curtsying with my skirts raised even higher. Nicolai eyes were about to pop out, and I had a suspicion that something else was in danger of popping too. “I’ll be right back! I won’t take a minute!” And I rushed upstairs in a whirl of petticoats and skirts, as fast as my high heels would carry me.

I wondered what to wear. Quickly I pulled off my uniform and my cap and went to the bathroom for a quick sponge bath—no time for a real shower. I cleaned myself inside thoroughly with my douche—I always felt so very feminine doing that - and I carefully slathered a lot of cold cream into and around my little hole before I put in my now-customary plug. I selected a larger plug than usual. You never know what you might encounter later, and it’s best to be prepared. Some perfume on my wrists and my neck, and in my little bush, and I was ready to get dressed again.

I looked into my closet. Dressing for a date is always so difficult. Should I wear a long skirt or a short one? Wide or tight? What kind of top? I scanned my wardrobe. No long skirt now I decided, Nicolai had seen me all evening in a long skirt. Flared or tight? I didn’t intend to wear panty-hose, because stockings are so much sexier, and make for greater accessibility when clothing is in the way. But a tight skirt tends to ride up and show the tops of stockings when sitting down. That’s sexy, but sluttish. So maybe now a flared skirt would be better.

I looked and found a black silk dress with a demure neckline and a short flared skirt, reaching only to mid-thigh. It was cut on a bias, so it really hugged and showed off my breasts. Perfect! I put it on

and cinched the waist with a red leather belt. I was still constricted by my cruel Victorian corset, but after Nicolai had seen my small waistline, I couldn't suddenly expand there. The dress had short sleeves, puffed a little at the shoulders. It was a really wonderful, really simple little basic black, suitable for anything, the kind every girl has in her closet, because it answers to so many purposes.

Then I put on elbow-length black suede gloves, and a little red hat decorated with a black rose and a black veil, and finished the whole ensemble off with a very short bolero jacket, one with long narrow sleeves made of a shiny material that glistened like vinyl. It hugged and played peekaboo with my breasts whenever I moved.

I checked myself in the mirror. My legs and shoes! I was still wearing the four inch black heels I had worn under the long skirt, and a pair of ordinary black stockings. I had to do better. I took out a pair of seamed, ultra-sheer black stockings with a demure Swiss dot pattern running through them, and put them on. It wasn't easy, with my gloves already on, but I managed.

Then I put on my sexiest heels, bright red patent leather with very slim 5 1/2 inch heels - Pearl had called them "fuck me pumps," essential in any girl's closet. Well, I was sure that Nicolai would get the message. I checked the mirror again. I was a vision in black and red. A quick dab with a powder puff and I was done. At this moment, I couldn't have been more thankful for Celeste's permanent make-up.

When I came down, Nicolai and Bea were standing and were already saying their good-byes. Nicolai came over to meet me. "You look wonderful, my dear," he said. It was a polite cliché, meaningless, but the way he said it, it seemed to come from his heart, and my heart went out to him. I couldn't say anything. Suddenly I felt terribly vulnerable. I smiled hopefully at him, and he understood, and smiled reassuringly back at me. Then he took my hand and led me out.

I was barely able to say goodbye to Bea. "Have fun, Prissy—and don't do anything I wouldn't do," she said to me. I was sure I wouldn't! If I understood this situation correctly, Nicolai wanted to do with me exactly what Bea had wanted to do with him. Somehow it filled me with pride that I had beaten Bea to him, and without lifting a finger. He was more attracted to me!

But Bea couldn't have been more gracious. "You can take the BMW," she called, as she saw us walking toward my car. "Thank you," I waved back. She was really in a wonderful mood tonight. I wondered why. I had expected her to be bitchy after I had taken away

her date. Perhaps it was because she still felt obligations to a guest who should have whatever he wanted, and if he happened to want me, so be it. Perhaps it was that. But perhaps there was more to it than that.

Nicolai was a perfect gentleman, all poise, and elegant continental charm. He insisted that he drive, and he opened the car door for me. That old joke came to my mind, if you see a man opening a car door for a woman, you can safely bet that either the car is new, or the woman. Tonight I was the woman. I realized that this was my first real date since becoming a girl. I then realized that I was becoming a girl in my mind and desires, not just my appearance and manners, and that for the first time I really liked it.

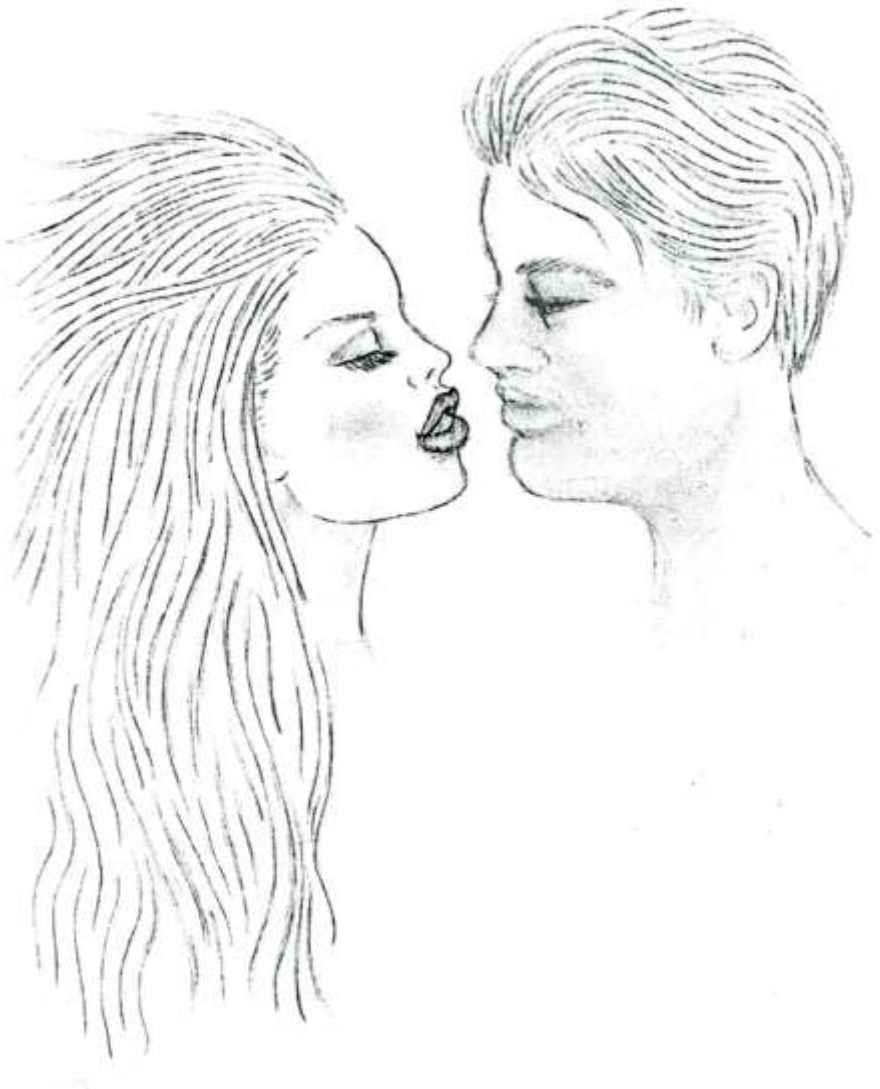
We drove to a very good but still cozy restaurant, and had an excellent late night dinner. It was a pity that I could hardly eat anything, because of my corset. But we didn't send anything back. Nicolai declared that he had an enormous appetite, looking straight at me, and then ate most of my dinner too. He was in an exceptionally good mood, witty, his chatter spiced with little innuendoes complimenting me on my looks, and my personality, and promising unmentionable delights later on, perhaps.

He even complimented me on my intellect and wit—and what woman who already knows she looks smashing doesn't want to hear her intellect praised! I was rapidly losing myself to him, and I wasn't even tipsy. Of course we had wine with dinner, but again, Nicolai drank most of it, because I had no room. My heart seemed to fill my whole body.

After dinner he took me to a piano bar - Bea must have hinted to him where to go. Again, it was a very cozy place. At first we just talked. A woman came offering roses, and he bought one for me. A few people began dancing to the music, and soon I was in his arms and we were gliding around the floor together. During the slow numbers he pressed me against his chest so tightly that I had trouble breathing. He was so strong! He towered over me, even though I was wearing my highest heels. I laid my cheek against his shoulder, and let him guide me. I felt so safe, surrendered to him like this.

Gradually he slid his hand down to the small of my back, and pressed his hips against mine. Then with his right leg he stepped between my legs, rubbing his thigh gently into my crotch. I felt his massive erection pressing into me, and I did nothing to evade it. We danced, and got hotter with every step. The music ended just in time to prevent one of us from having an accident. I felt quite damp in my

crotch, and I am sure he felt the same. I hoped he hadn't noticed that I was bulging too, under my corset, yet I hoped he knew that I was. All flustered, we went back to our table and he ordered another drink. I had to excuse myself, and go to the ladies' room to calm down a little.



I didn't know whether Bea had told Nicolai about my sex. She'd had ample opportunity, but she also had reason to hope Nicolai would discover it as an unpleasant surprise. I had to play it safe. I wanted to have sex with him, more and more with each passing moment, but I was afraid of what would happen if he discovered my

secret. I had to find a way to keep him too occupied with himself to really care. A plan was forming in my head, but I had to take the initiative and stay on top of the situation.

When I came back to the table, Nicolai suggested we leave when we had finished our drinks. We listened to the music, each of us caught up in our own thoughts. I was sure his were similar to mine, but neither of us said a word. Nicolai finally waved to the waitress and paid, and we left, clinging together, our arms wrapped around each other.

He drove to his hotel. “Would you care to come in for a night-cap?” he asked. Again, an old cliché that sounded like a brand new idea as he spoke it. I was glad he didn’t offer to read me some of his poems. But poetry was on neither of our minds at the moment.

Of course I accepted, trying not to sound too eager. We crossed the lobby heading straight for the elevator, and passed the desk before the night-clerk had time even to look up from his comic-book. The elevator doors had hardly closed when he took me in his arms and kissed me—hard and deep. His tongue played with mine as if it were a lollipop. I was now a lost soul, drowning in my aroused feelings for him, unable even to stand up. I pressed close, and clung to him, and kissed him back passionately—with all the fervor that was in me! He was wonderful, and I wanted him! Now, at once!

I couldn’t get into the room fast enough, and I pushed him in, pushed him to a sofa, and made him sit down. I kneeled in front of him, fumbled with his zipper, finally got it down, and pried his huge cock free of his jockey-shorts. Oooohhh! For a moment I just looked at it, overjoyed! I stroked it a few times with my gloved hands, and it seemed to send shivers through him.

He laid back, moaning, with his eyes closed. I played with his balls, and stroked his shaft, by now swollen almost bursting. The soft suede leather of my gloves pushed him to sheer ecstasy. I took the tip of his cock into my mouth, licking the gleaming surface slowly with my tongue. He started to move his hips, trying to push deeper into my mouth. But I leaned back a little—it was too early for that. I sucked a little, and let my teeth graze over its surface, and licked him some more.

I had to steel myself. I didn’t dare drown in the erotic maelstrom that I had created. I had to keep a clear head. I had to prepare him for the big surprise.

“Nicolai, darling.” I continued playing with his cock and balls.

“I have to tell you something,” I went back to sucking a little. “You know, I am a woman, your woman now, and I have never been more of a woman than I am at this moment (Lick). But I cannot serve you like a true woman. I can only offer you my mouth and my derriere.” (Suck) I intensified my ministrations to his cock, which seemed to grow even bigger, if that were possible. (Lick).

“I don’t care what you cannot do, my darling, my very own darling, all I care is that you don’t stop—please,” he moaned with his head thrown back and his eyes closed. (Lick)

“You see my darling Nicolai,” I continued, trying not to listen to myself, so I could get it said before my courage failed me, “I am a woman, (Suck, Lick) but originally I was a man.”

There, I had said it. I timed it so that at that same moment I could feel his orgasm begin. I sank his large cock into my mouth as far as I could, taking it all in, and sucking from it all the jism he began to spurt, and then continued to spurt, over and over. His release from the tension he had built up was so immense that he slumped over like a deflated dirigible. He wasn’t able to say anything for several minutes. I never stopped stroking and licking his tool, and it never went completely limp I waited.

After quite some time, what I had said seemed to register with him. “What did you just say?” he asked, whispering hoarsely. “You were originally a man? Say it again! I can’t believe it!”

I repeated what I had said earlier, word for word.

“Really and honestly? You are not pulling my leg?”

I was pulling something very different at that moment, which didn’t seem to mind at all. In fact, it was growing again. I kissed it tenderly, as a mother might kiss a baby while tucking it in for the night. But this baby was already an adolescent, and even as I watched, it again became a full-grown man, tall and straight, a bit heavy-set, but in great shape.

“Honest and true,” I said, now fairly sure I would survive my revelation to him. I wished at that moment I had been bom a woman, but I hadn’t been, and hadn’t had the surgery to approximate it, and Nicolai would soon have discovered this anyway. I hoped our evening together was not now at an end.

“Whatever you are, tonight you are my woman,” he said, “And you have just given me the best blow-job I ever received.”

Tears sprang to my eyes! I couldn’t help myself! I felt

suddenly grateful to Tom, Dick, and Harry, and to all of Pearl's clients—my school for sucking. I raised myself from the floor and snuggled up next to him. "Oh, Nicolai," I said, trying not to sob, "Nicolai, you are the most wonderful man in the world!" Then I broke down. I cried and cried for joy, and covered him with kisses and tears, and couldn't kiss him deeply enough!

He seemed pleased, and tried to comfort me, but he realized that he had to let my profound feeling for him run its course, and he just waited, a satisfied smile on his face, as I continued to kiss him. As I regained control over myself I began to run my hands over his body. Then I started to undress him, to make him wriggle out of his jacket, then his shirt, and then his trousers and shorts, and then I pulled off his shoes and socks.

Now my beloved man was naked, and I could kiss him anywhere. I hardly knew where to begin!

He got up, and made me stand up too. "Now you," he said. "Take off your clothes—slowly please."

He was not at all embarrassed to be standing before me totally naked, his glorious staff angled upward in proud salute, while I was still fully dressed, and even still had on my little red hat with the black veil. To my eyes he was ravishingly beautiful! And I had never felt prettier!

I stepped back from him a few paces, fixed my eyes on him, and started to give him a strip-tease. First my hat. I slowly unpinned it and set it aside, knowing that a woman with both hands raised to her head looks as vulnerable and seductive as she feels, her breasts seeming fully exposed even when they are covered, as mine were, by many layers of fabric. Always looking into his eyes and smiling slightly, I removed my belt, bolero, dress, and slip, one item after another, slowly, as carefully as I had selected them earlier that evening, playing with them, tossing them at him with teasing flips of my wrist, until I had on only my corset, panties, stockings, shoes, and—for a specially erotic effect—my long gloves.

I waved him closer, and gestured that he should remove my panties. He came to me and sank to his knees. He put his fingers into the lacy elastic confection of their waistband, and slowly pulled them down. My own cock sprang up as soon as it was released, almost directly into his mouth.

And he took it into his mouth! He stalled to lick and suck it, just as I had licked and sucked his. I had been feeling so much

affection and gratitude for him, but now I began to feel something else as well, and my breathing grew faster and heavier.

After a little while he let it go and stood up. When he saw the disappointed expression on my face, he laughed, and put his palm on my cheek. “No, my dear, don’t worry. The night is still very young. I have licked a lot of pussies in my time, but never one with a clit this size,” he said.



“Now we must make ourselves more comfortable, so we can devote ourselves completely to each other.”

He gathered me up and carried me over to the bed, where he put me down gently. Then he lay down next to me in a 69 position,

rubbed his body into mine, and began to lick and suck me as before. I pulled his stiff cock into my mouth, and for a while only the sounds of slurping and kissing filled the room. While he was embracing my clit with his lips, I felt him play with my butt-plug, moving it in and out very slowly as if to test my reaction. I tried to move with his thrusts, urging him on.

Suddenly he pulled out the plug, disentangled himself, and turned around, facing me. He put my legs over his shoulders and pressed his cock against my anus. I gave a happy cry, and wrapped my arms around his dear, dear head, and thrust myself at him. I was only too eager to have him sink deep into me, and in spite of his cock's enormous size he entered without any real pain.

Then he lucked me, and I was in total bliss, feeling every inch of his cock in me while mine was being pressed and caressed in the same rhythm by our two bodies. It took only minutes until I felt him spurting deep inside me, so deliciously that I spurted my load and we both collapsed. So this is what a woman feels when she has been royally fucked by a Prince, I thought to myself. Not the way I felt when those men in Pearl's office used me. But this...this! I kissed my Prince gently on each eyelid, and we rested for a short time. Then I went to the bathroom to clean myself.

The rest of the night was spent as it had begun. At one point Nicolai insisted that I remove my corset, and he was delighted to find that I had a genuinely thin waist and real breasts! He kissed his way around my waist, from my navel back to my navel, and then he went up to kiss my nipples, his eyes shut. When his lips found my nipple rings he opened them, and I worried that he might find those piercings perverse. But all he said was, "Charming! Beautiful! Like two wedding rings!" And he took one gently in his teeth and tugged slightly, and I shrieked in sheer joy, overwhelmed, in a paroxysm of bliss!

For the rest of the night, whatever else we did, playing with my nipples was part of it. We tried everything, and the better things two or three times, until we were totally pooped. Finished. Utterly spent. Wiped out. We lay wrapped up in each other, dead asleep, stirring in dim, happy awareness of each other only when the other stirred.

When the wake-up call came at 8:00 AM, the phone must have rung for at least a whole minute before one of us was awake enough to answer it. Then, unfortunately, we had to hurry, because his plane was leaving before too much longer. We rushed through breakfast, then

got dressed.

Nicolai took great pleasure in lacing me into my corset again, and would not let me put on my dress until he had once again pacified his raging hard-on in my ass—which felt a little sore after all the action it had seen during the night, but welcomed him anyhow, and all my heart as well. He seemed to take a special delight in putting back my butt-plug while his most recent cum was still deep inside me.

“Now I will be a part of you intimately for a little while longer,” he said. “In your sweet body, not merely in your memories.” He was such a dear! I kissed him yet again!

We had to rush to the airport—this time I drove, and we barely made it in time. Saying goodbye in the car, he held me by both shoulders and looked into my face, while I looked into his. “Prissy,” he said, “Whatever you really are, and whatever you wish to be, last night to me you were the most wonderful woman I could imagine. I wouldn’t have wanted to miss this night of my life for the world. You are lovely. Tell Bea I envy her.”

He gave me a last kiss, collected his bag, and ran off, turning at the door to throw one more kiss at me. I felt—I cannot describe it—like floating three feet off the ground. I started the car and turned to go home.

## Chapter Thirteen

### Prissy and Steve

When I got home, I was afraid that Bea would be angry. Though she had given me permission, I had not been there to make breakfast for her. And I had kept her car when she might have wanted to go out early on some errand. But most of all, I had probably spoiled her hopes for a romantic evening with a magnificent poet by accepting Nicolai’s invitation. I cautiously stole into the house, avoiding any noise, and rushed upstairs. I didn’t see Bea. She must have been in her office, working.

I changed quickly into my pink morning uniform—this morning I just had to wear pink—and went down to the kitchen. Bea had left her breakfast dishes on the table. She must have heard the noise of my loading the dishwasher, because suddenly there she stood in the doorway, looking at me as I moved around to set things straight.

“Well, had a nice night, Prissy? I see you are walking

differently this morning. Feel a little sore? Well, most women feel like that after a night with a really superb lover—we all wish it were something we could get used to, though we never do get enough of it. Congratulations! Nicolai is known to be a great lover. You've made a real conquest."

Through this whole speech her face was impassive, studying mine, revealing nothing. She left the kitchen, and a minute later called me from the living-room. "Prissy, come here, would you? We have to talk."

Well, here it comes I thought. I went in with a really guilt-ridden expression on my face. "Madame wishes?" I said, and I curtsied as low as I could under the circumstances. I didn't want to anger her further.

"Sit down Prissy," was all she said.

Was it really so bad that I wouldn't be able to take it standing up? I sat down on the edge of the chair opposite her, my head hanging low, avoiding her eyes.

"Prissy, let me ask you something. Last night, when you accepted Nicolai's invitation to go out, did you want to go out with him?"

"Oh yes, Madame!" I replied, not daring to raise my eyes.

"And when you were dressing for your date, did you want to make yourself as attractive as possible for him, as feminine as possible?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Did you want him to make love to you? Were you thinking about it even before the two of you left the house?"

I felt so ashamed. "Yes, Madame," was all I could reply, in truth.

"Now just three more questions, my dear." She sounded as if she meant to be kind! I looked up for a moment, then cast my eyes back down again. "When you left the house, did you wish that you really were a woman, so you could love him as only a woman can?"

"Yes, Madame."

"I won't ask if you did make love. That's obvious, and anyhow, a lady never confesses such things. When you were making love, did you feel like a real woman? Never mind how some real

woman might have felt in your place. Did he make you feel you were real, a true woman loving and being loved, and not just a feminized man?”

“Ohh, yes Madame. Yes. He did.”

“Last question, Prissy. Consider your answer carefully. Now, at this moment, holding in mind everything you have felt since you left here yesterday evening, would you rather be a woman or a man?”

I burst into tears again. “Oh, Madame, a woman! The joy of it! I so much prefer being a woman! I do! I do!” I choked back a sob, and tried to regain control over myself.

I was astonished at what I had just said! Up until now, I had been playing at looking and acting like a woman, even feeling like one, to please Bea, or to pleasure Steve or myself, or to satisfy curiosity, and mostly because Bea had backed me into comers, and to get out of them I had to go along with her. But now I really did want it for myself. To look like a woman, and act like one, to be one, to feel more of what I had felt from that first day when we picked Nicolai up at the airport, to feel more of what I had felt with him all of last night! I loved being a woman!

“And so you are, Prissy,” Bea said to me, gently. I realized that her catechism had not been designed to shame me for stealing her man from her, as I had thought. It was to bring me to realize what it meant, that for the first time I done and felt what women do, without any self-consciousness or regret. That for a time there had been no trace of Henry in me at all. “So you now are,” she repeated, her voice growing kind, genuinely affectionate, “And so you shall be, my dear, for the rest of your life. I mean to see that you get your wish.”

I lifted up my eyes, and looked at her. I didn’t know what to think. Had she trapped me again? Did I like that idea or not? The implications were enormous. It was like being reborn. I wasn’t sure I had liked it the first time. Bea had been leaning forward to project each of her questions at me with point and force, but now she leaned back onto the sofa cushions, relaxed, and began to speak freely.

“Prissy, I have been waiting for this moment for a long time. On the morning after my birthday celebration, I told you some of the reasons why I had taken a full year, with some trickery I’ll confess it, to change Henry into Honey. Steve told you some other things about what I was doing to you deliberately, though even Steve doesn’t know the whole story.”

“What it comes to is this. I want you to be a woman. I want

you to be a woman of a particular kind, but never mind that for now. You had so little zest for life as Henry that I was sure you would enjoy yourself more as Honey, and I proved correct. Certainly as Honey, Steve's paramour. Not as Honey, Pearl's company slut, though I'm sure that had its moments. And I'm sure the experience you gained during that month of fucking men indiscriminately was invaluable preparation for last night. Am I wrong?"

I nodded, not knowing what I meant. But Bea understood.

"I wanted you to enjoy yourself last night, as Prissy, as a pretend girl become a real girl, Bea's maid, enjoying real forbidden fruit."

I nodded again. Bea had nearly lost me. She sensed this.

"Prissy, during the last days, and mostly last night, you took a giant step further into permanent womanhood. Do you realize that for the first time you went into competition with a real woman for the attention of a man? Do you realize that you were pleased to draw a man's attention and avert it from all the other women around? That you successfully seduced a man to take you as a lover—a man who did not know your little secret, but thought you were as much a woman as I am? More of a woman?"

"You know your affair with Steve was nothing like this. Steve knew who and what you were, and enjoyed you whatever you were, because he's bisexual anyhow, and anyhow I asked him to initiate you. You could never be sure what part of you he found most attractive."

"Working for Pearl, all of the sex you had was thrust at you as part of the job. It had little or nothing to do with desire, or love. You could always tell yourself that there was nothing you could do but go along with it, endure it. Again, you didn't really act like a woman out of your own choice. Or rather, you acted like a woman, but it was only acting."

"But with Nicolai it was different. You knew I was romantically interested in him. And you proved more attractive. In effect you took me up at the game of seducing an attractive man, and you won. The better woman won. You got him, and you spent the night with him. And now you know something about yourself you might never have known, if it had been only Steve, or those contractors Pearl bought with your body. And I don't mind at all, Prissy. In fact, I think it's wonderful!"

"Let me let you in on a secret. I wasn't really in the game at

all. I led Nicolai on, a little, I showed interest, to flatter his ego, and because that's what he expects of women literary critics. But he's an old hand. He knew he'd never be able to get me to bed. If he'd asked me out last night, he knew all he'd get was talk about his last collection of poems and a good-night-kiss on his cheek."

"You're new to all this, so you can't yet read all the signals I sent him, that he should keep his pecker in his pants when he's around me. I agree, he is a very interesting man and if the circumstances were different, I might have given him a fling. But I'm a professional, a serious literary critic - I can't run around bedding everyone who publishes a book and gets a reputation for sleeping with the women who review it. But I had to put on a show for you, to be sure you knew that Nicolai was not only desirable, he was available, and that your mistress was angling for him."

"It crossed your mind that you could put out for him yourself, maybe beat me at my own game. Or maybe it didn't cross your mind, but something feminine within you rose up and told you that you wanted to go to bed with him. And so you did, Prissy. So you did. I was hoping this would happen! I was so hoping! And it did. And now you know, deep within yourself, how it feels to be a woman. And that deep within, you are a woman. And that a woman is what you want to be."

"As I said, this was a giant step forward for you. I just wanted to be sure you know it, and know that I know. I don't think you can escape it any more. I think it's time now that you put yourself completely into my hands. Think about it."

"Now run along and fix lunch."

She got up and came over to me, and as she spoke these last words she patted me lightly on my cheek and went to her office, not looking back, never expecting an answer from me. It was just as well. I was dazed. As usual, she was way ahead of me. I was unable to debate her. It was too complicated.

I brought a small luncheon plate into the dining room and informed Bea that her lunch was served. When later I brought in her coffee, she was reading a book as she ate, and didn't even look up. I backed away, curtsied, turned, and left the room. Obviously I was no longer on her mind.

As I was just finishing my own lunch she came into the kitchen. I scrambled to rise and curtsy to her once again, respectfully, but again she seemed not to trouble noticing. "It occurred to me", she

said, “that you may not know. A year ago I was offered a guest lectureship at my old alma mater, requiring I remain in residence there for two months. Your conditioning as one of the girls had scarcely begun, so I put off accepting it. But a week or so ago, when you agreed to have your face and figure reshaped, your progress seemed irreversible enough for me to risk leaving you. So I accepted the invitation. It’s quite an honor. I’ll be away for two months, beginning this weekend.”

I was astonished. I knew nothing of this. My mouth hung open. Bea paused, and seemed to be waiting for something. I remembered, and curtsied. “Yes, Madame,” I said.

But my mind raced ahead of itself. Two months to find out what kind of a girl I really wanted to be! Not just a servant with permission to date repairmen or other domestics on my days off, but what I was, an educated woman with a mind of my own! That is, if I really wanted to be a woman.

It crossed my mind I could also try out life as a man again, to see if I’d rejected it too hastily when Bea was interrogating me. I was still glowing from my night with Nicolai. But it couldn’t hurt. I’d need make-up to cover my permanent make-up, of course, and I’d have to wear looser clothing, and a man’s wig. It would be a lot of bother, trying to pass as a man, but it could be done. Perhaps I owed it to myself to try.

No chance. “I’ve asked Steve over to keep you company, Prissy,” Bea went on. “Kay says she doesn’t mind at all—she’ll just ask a swinging couple she knows to keep her company. It won’t do for you to be alone. But you two can play at being husband and wife while I’m gone. Steve still has a few more things to teach you.”

Was she mocking me a little, reminding me that I was no longer a real husband even in my own house? I set that thought aside. I loved having Steve around, proposing games for us to play. And two whole months without being Bea’s maid seemed like an endless vacation. She was a rather strict and exacting mistress, as I had reason to know. The weekend couldn’t come fast enough.

Five minutes after I came back from delivering Bea at the airport Friday morning, Steve was at the door, in a wonderfully sprightly mood. “Hi, Prissy, how are you this fine morning?,” he almost sang at me. “Ready for a few games?”

I looked at him with a big question-mark all over my face. Games? He took my shoulders and pulled me over to him and kissed

me, lightly on the lips at first, then long, and hard, and deep, and passionate, and I started to feel warm. I could feel his cock growing and pushing into me, and when finally he broke his embrace I was all hot and flustered.

“Games,” he said. “Role playing games. ‘Husband’ and ‘wife’ of course—that’s what Bea suggested. But also other roles, and acting out other situations, like ‘*Lord of The Manor And the Upstairs Maid*’ or ‘*The Pirate and the Princess*’ or ‘*Sir Dystic D’Arcy* and ‘*Sweet Gwendolyn.*’ Those are all scenarios for bondage games. Look, I’ll show you.”

He went to his bag and pulled out an illustrated book showing a blonde beauty on the cover, tightly gagged and tied to a tree. “Here,” he said and gave me the book. “Take a look. These are by *John Willie*, still one of the best artists ever to draw bondage pictures. Everything he shows, real people can actually do. He often tied up his models in different ways and then drew them from life.”

I started leafing through the book, looking at pictures of women tied up in the most extravagantly helpless positions. It gave me a funny feeling imagining myself in those ways.

Steve picked up on this right away. “A little disturbing, and a little exciting, right? Well, let me tell you, what you are looking at is beyond belief. Incredible to experience. Why? You won’t believe me, but this woman in these drawings knows that total enslavement is total freedom. No? Look here!”

Steve pointed at pictures from ‘*Gwendolyn and The Missing Princess.*’ “You see,” he said, “Gwendolyn likes to be tied up. She provokes her friend U69 to tie her, always under the pretense that she needs to learn how to escape. Then U69 does things to her, and she’s helpless, and has to endure them, because she never does manage to escape.”

“It’s a game.” Steve looked at me with a wry smile, because he saw I couldn’t take my eyes off some of the pictures. “Actually, Gwen is giving herself to U69 in a way that relieves her of all responsibility for what happens. She wants to do outrageous things, and she doesn’t want to do them. But when she’s helpless and unable to resist, U69 can force her to do them. Then she’s not responsible. Then she can give in to her feelings, and do things she’d normally never do. See, here she is tied tightly, offering U69 cords to tie her even more tightly.”

I had never looked at bondage this way, but it seemed to be

true. It was a power game, Gwendolyn yielding up her will to escape from the prison of her inhibitions. The idea was strangely thrilling.

“Come, let’s try it. You be Sweet Gwendolyn, and I’ll tie you, and when you’re utterly helpless...well...we’ll see. Take off your dress, darling.”

I was reluctant at first. Of course I knew Steve would never really hurt me, but one never knew for certain. I had to have absolute trust, and surrender myself to him completely. My common sense told me not to. Against this better judgment I got up, pulled off my dress, and did whatever he asked of me.

That week-end I spent tied up in every conceivable way, my most vulnerable parts exposed to Steve’s least whim. We had the most fantastic sex ever. Giving up all self-control brought a whole new dimension to our love-making. I was totally his - body and soul - his love-slave. I adored every moment. He and Bea had both tied my wrists behind me to keep me corseted and skirted, regardless of whatever I might wish, and I had not found my submission to them altogether unpleasant. But this was fantastic—another world altogether. As a slave, I submitted to him absolutely.

Otherwise Steve became my husband, and behaved like one. He moved right into the master bedroom, as before, but this time he let me sleep there too. I soon became his loving wife, just as Bea had predicted. I don’t know whether I ever had a choice, or could have objected. I didn’t. I loved it. Steve was always an attentive husband. When he came home from work each evening, he usually brought me something, often flowers, which I just loved, or a chocolate confection, or a piece of costume jewelry.

He was so very gallant. I did my best to make him feel comfortable in what was now his home too. I tried to be perfect for him, always pretty, the house always neat with fresh charming touches, dinner always nearly ready, and a drink waiting for him when he came home. Life with him was quite different from life with Bea.

To Bea I was a servant, merely an employee, and only rarely did she call on me for intimate services. And when I did make love to her, it was not as a husband but as a chambermaid expected to do her bidding. Now Steve and I were actually living as husband and wife, and I was always the wife. It somehow seemed to be my conjugal duty.

It was an old fashioned marriage, with Steve the head of our household, and me a devoted housewife and lover. He took the lead,

and I followed him. When I didn't, he found ways to punish me during our bondage games. Yet most of the times even my punishments led to wonderful love-making—even being spanked usually made me feel very hot, and when he released me still in tears, I would jump him and start kissing, licking and sucking him as soon as I could reach him.

We had wonderful shopping sprees. When I shopped with Bea, Bea always selected whatever it was I tried on and bought, as if I were a child. With Bea, I did what I was told. With Steve it seemed quite different. He made me select the things that I liked, and I would try them on, and then ask his opinion. He would tell me whether or not it was becoming. He had excellent taste. If he didn't like something I would usually agree, and I gave in even when I disagreed, because I wanted to please him. I was dressing for his approval, anyhow, so why not?

He preferred very feminine things. We bought lovely dresses that displayed glimpses of my bosom—always in good taste, of course, and dresses that accented my slim waist or my long legs. I loved long and voluminous skirts, and so did he, and skirts with rustling petticoats with scalloped embroidered edges, and skirts that were narrow and tight, slit from the ankles nearly to the hip. Worn with a lacy elastic band to hold sheer nylons high on the thighs, they looked very erotic.

We bought tops with high stand-up collars so form-fit around my breasts they looked sprayed on, and tops with big balloon sleeves, and necklines so plunging that my breasts and my modesty were at risk, and others with no back at all. And of course we bought shoes for every outfit, always very high- heeled. There was a store that specialized in heels of five inches and higher, and we depleted its stock. I loved seeing my feet in them, so elegant yet so sexy! I was now quite accustomed to walking in heels that high, and I wore lower ones only when doing house-work, when Steve was not at home.

Usually I cooked dinner for us, but I always dressed my best for Steve even when we ate at home. I was eager to wear all those wonderful things we had bought. Often I set the dining room table with our best china, and decorated it with flowers and candles to create a romantic atmosphere. Steve joined in the festive spirit, and always came down wearing a jacket and tie. When I called him to dinner, he joined me in the living-room, greeted me with a kiss on my hand and led me to the table. He was such a gentleman!

Sometimes I played a different role, and pretended to be the

servant of a lofty aristocrat, and served my Lord attired very formally in a dressy uniform with starched petticoats, and a small lace apron with streamers tied behind me in a very big bow, which bobbed above my derriere with every step. And of course I wore a cute little maid's cap. I curtsied at every opportunity, saying "Very well, My lord" or "Will there be anything else I can do for you, Sir?"

It was quite different from being Bea's maid, far more enjoyable for both of us, and I had visible proof that Steve enjoyed it. Whether I was led to the table as an elegant lady, or stood behind his chair as his servant, just after the last course Steve always became a Lord having his way with his maid, and ravished me.

We continued our bondage games each weekend. I usually spent Saturdays and Sundays restrained one way or the other, all day and all night. Steve pushed me deeper and deeper into submission to his will. He devised ways of tying me up under my clothes, and took me to the movies, or to a museum in broad daylight, and then to a restaurant, where he fed me.

My arms were often strapped to my body under a loose cape that scarcely reached my crotch, and my black tights and high heels showed exposed beneath it. I felt so deliciously helpless! I must have looked quite sexy, because many men stared at me intently. My arms were hidden, but I was thrilled that many suspected I was tightly bound.

When Bea had been gone for about a month, Steve asked if I would come slave for him at his place of business. It seemed an odd but delightful way for him to ask me to help out, so I replied at once, "Your wish is my command, Master!" He smiled at me. The next morning, I made myself pretty in a red and white checkered cotton blouse with puffed sleeves and an off-the-shoulder neckline, and a wide knee-length skirt with its own crinoline petticoat, red high heeled shoes, and my hair tied back with a red satin band with a large bow on top.

After breakfast - me looking fresh as a daisy - off we went. We drove to the trade district of the city, and stopped on a side street in front of a smallish single-story brick building.

We entered through a series of studios or workshops, and went straight to the back rooms where Steve showed me his office. I couldn't make out what Steve manufactured and sold here, and I asked him.

"I thought you knew, you silly girl. Bondage gear! I make all

sorts of wrist and elbow cuffs, harnesses, gags, helmets, slave collars, whatever your heart desires. They're made from all of the materials you can imagine, too, leather, steel, even carbon reinforced plastic, the latest in space technology, stronger than steel and yet much lighter. I do my own designs and make things to order, but I also sell mass produced stuff from other manufacturers. Here, come along to the show-room."



He took me to the front of the building and led me through a door into pitch darkness. Then he flipped a switch, and the whole scene was illuminated like a stage. There on display were a dozen or more mannequins, most of them female, wearing all kinds of shackles, fetters, hobbles, and cuffs on every part of their bodies, and every conceivable kind of gag from simple ball gags with straps passing through them to huge dildoes attached to intricate head-harnesses. Now it became clear to me why he knew so much about bondage, and where he had gotten those toys we had been playing with.

I looked around, and couldn't help but imagine how I would feel wearing this stuff. It got me quite hot. The previous week-end in bondage had taught me to love the thrill of feeling completely helpless, yielding my freedom and my will altogether to someone I loved and trusted. I felt my panties getting quite tight.

"Come over here, Prissy," said Steve. "This one I like best of all." He brought me over to the far end and flipped another switch. A few spotlights lit up the figure of a girl harnessed to a sulky, as if she were a horse hitched up for a trotting race. "That's my pony girl costume. You like it?"

I didn't want to let on how thrilled I was to imagine myself as this girl. Her aims were fastened high behind her to gleaming leather straps running from a belt over her shoulders crisscrossed between her breasts to the belt in front. Another strap ran under her crotch, to keep her belt from riding up. Her breasts were naked, but contained in a complicated network of straps that supported them. Most thrilling was her bridle and bit, with reins attached that led to the carriage. She was entirely at the mercy of the sulky driver. A wonderful predicament, helpless, powerfully driven, magnificent!

I tried to be noncommittal. "Yes, it looks very interesting," I said, but my hoarse tone gave away my excitement.

"I thought you would like it. If you wish, I'll make one for you."

"Oh no, by no means, not for me. Where would I wear it?" When I said that, I realized I had practically said that I would love to wear it if I only knew where. I could have bitten my tongue. But Steve seemed not to notice, and we went back to the office.

He then showed me what he wanted me to do. His computer had gone down and many entries had backed up, and now that it was functioning again they needed to be entered properly, back-dated. There was a lot to do, though it was easy work. I sat down in front of

the computer and switched it on.

“Just so you don’t wander off and hurt yourself with dangerous tools, or at a punching machine, I’ll put this on you,” Steve said in a considerate tone of voice. He came up from behind me, and before I could react he closed a collar around my neck with a sharp click. I turned and saw a chain stretching from my collar to the nearby wall, long enough to let me move around the office, but too short to allow me to leave.

“To work now, my little slave,” Steve said cheerfully, as he left the office. I had no choice but to stay there and begin doing what he had asked me to do.

He kept me there all day long. He came in to look at me a few times, and brought me a sandwich and a soda at lunchtime, and let me go to the toilet when I needed to go, but he didn’t remove the collar and chain.

That night, he unlocked the chain from the collar and substituted a leash. Then he put elbow cuffs on my arms and connected them with a very short chain. I could use my hands for many things, but was unable to reach my mouth, which he filled with a simple ball gag.

When I saw he wanted us to leave, I resisted as well as I could, because he clearly meant for me to walk outside cuffed, gagged, and leashed, and I couldn’t! But my resistance was easily overcome, and I found myself walking as fast as I could toward the car, where I stood while he took his time locking up his shop and checking every lock twice. Finally he unlocked his car, and I was relieved to duck inside without anybody seeing me.

From then on, I worked for Steve during the day, tried to be his wife evenings, pleasure him at all hours of the night, and served him as his submissive slave in our weekend domination games. This became our routine.

But I not only computerized his paperwork, he often used me as a model when trying out new designs. He would make various kinds of gear and ask me how they felt, if they were uncomfortable immediately or only after a longer period of time, and how uncomfortable—enough for punishment, or enough to reward someone who liked punishment? I stayed bound for most of my time at work.

We were scrupulous in our testing procedures, especially when testing a submissive’s availability for sex with different combinations

of straps, belts, and chains.

So I usually fucked and sucked Steve's cock several times a day while wearing different arrays. I must say, I never imagined that product testing could be so pleasant. And since the test gear was all made to my measure and to be discarded if I didn't approve it, I ended up with a lot of unusual things for tying men and women up, into, and around each other.

Being bound by Steve always thrilled me. Giving myself to him was always exciting. With every strap he put on me this excitement grew, until by the end of the day I wanted to grab him and pull him to bed. But I couldn't until he chose to release me, most of the time only after we were home. Sometimes he kept me restrained through the night and all through our love-making.

I came to love being *forced* to do things that he wanted me to do, and at those times I experienced the strongest and most fulfilling orgasms I had ever had. Sex by my own desires began to seem tame by comparison. At night I dreamed I was being raped, repeatedly, by an army of gentle and considerate Steves. Awake or asleep, I was happy.

Being bound most of the time did not allow me to cook dinners like those of our first month playing house. Most of the time, as the old joke goes, all I could make for dinner was reservations at nearby restaurants. When we went out, Steve used the occasion to test even more of his inventory on me—his various hidden bondage devices. It was terribly embarrassing, but I must say, it was also terribly thrilling.

Looking back at these two months with Steve, I can see now that these games and practices destroyed most of my residual masculinity. I had already decided that being loved as a woman was glorious, preferable to being loving as a man. Even so, the back of my mind always registered a sense of shame, because despite all, I was a man, and men do not enjoy being submissive. So I believed. But being *forced* to make love as a slave girl gave me an excuse. I was unable to object to what was being done to me, and gradually the little masculine voice within me became higher pitched, then disappeared, and my feeling of guilt with it.

My birthday came near the end of this time I spent with Steve. He saw to it that I was showered with presents. There were several boxes almost like jewel boxes. When I opened them, I found collars, bracelets, anklets, cuffs, necklaces, and other beautiful jewelry whose

prime purpose, I realized, was to restrain me. I was right. He took everything out and put it on me. They all locked, and could only be opened with one key. Everything fit closely, and was made of golden metal links similar to those of the bands of expensive watches.

But more. They all could be linked together with special clamps, cuffs to collars or necklaces or whatever, by catches they all had disguised among the links. Steve showed me how much more comfortable these articles were than ordinary handcuffs. If my wrists were connected with these bracelets, I could lie down comfortably or sit in a car without actually feeling either the bracelets or their connecting clamp, pleased to be wearing expensive jewelry.

## **“Prissy the Ultimate Love Slave”**

### **Chapter Fourteen**

#### **Prissy At Your Service**

When Bea returned, I could see at once that she had had a marvelous time. She was radiant, relaxed, glowing with good spirits, and really nice to me. Of course I was once again her maid, with all of the discipline and formality and rules of behavior she had set down for me. But somehow there was a difference. She seemed less distant, almost friendly, almost as if I were an assistant instead of a servant.

Of course she allowed me no familiarities—I was still required to curtsy regularly, and address her as Madame. But now, when giving me orders, she would say “please,” or “would you be so kind.” She seemed happy, and concerned that I should be happy too. She was concerned too that I looked nice, and when we had guests for tea she made sure I was perfectly coiffed and attractively dressed.

In fact, she took some of my uniforms back to the store and had them altered to look sexier. When they came back, their necklines plunged much deeper, baring my breasts nearly to my nipples, and my hem lines left little of my thighs to be imagined.

“You have such a cute ass, now, Prissy,” she said. “When you bend over, tease people. Let them glimpse at it. And wiggle it now and then.”

After one of those tea parties—I think it was for some committee of a charity—Bea told me that the other ladies were quite envious of her pretty maid. One of the ladies even asked to borrow her

for a party the following week, and Bea agreed. "I'm sure you'll find it interesting," she told me.

I was doubtful. Being a domestic servant here in my own house to my own wife was one thing, but in a strange household, where nobody knew me—the idea made me uneasy. What if someone realized I was no ordinary girl?

"On the contrary," Bea countered, "If nobody knows you, there's no danger that your little secret will be discovered, unless I were to say something like 'Don't keep my pretty little husband out too late. That cute tush of his needs its beauty rest.' I'm not likely to do that while you continue to do whatever I think appropriate, now am I? And this woman is prepared to pay you generously. Let's see, If you were there from about seven in the evening, and stayed until the last guests left, and helped clean up afterward, you could earn as much as \$200! In a single evening! Just think of all the lacy lingerie you could buy with that! I think you should give it a try."

Well, I knew that Bea's suggestions were never casual. If she wanted me there, somehow I would be there. And so I was. And I must say, it was indeed interesting, modestly flaunting my charms to strangers. It was a party to announce their daughter's formal engagement, an announcement that surprised no one, since she and her fiancé had already been living together for almost a year.

The guests were all gracious and courteous to me, and I collected quite a few tips in addition to my salary, mostly from older gentlemen who passed most of the evening peering at my décolleté. Two or three were even so bold - when they were sure their wives were occupied elsewhere - as to ask if I was free to have dinner with them on my day off. I declined, naturally, but somehow I felt flattered.

When another of Bea's lady friends asked to borrow me for a party, I was quite willing to accept without Bea's urging. This time the party was to celebrate her husband's promotion to high executive status in his corporation, and a lot of people from the company were present, most of them men. One of the guests asked me to prepare a special drink at the bar, and while he was leaning forward to instruct me, he said suddenly in a low voice, "I think we've met before, haven't we?"

Well, that old line got from me an unthinking "I'm awfully sorry, sir, but I don't think so."

Then he shocked me. "Oh, but I am sure of it. You were a red-

head then, and working as a receptionist for a Pearl somebody we sometimes do business with. I'm sure of it. Your face is changed a little, and you're a blonde now, but I could never forget your walk, those swinging hips prancing in those sky-scraper heels. And of course I remember the great blow-job you gave me."

I looking around to see if anyone had heard him. "Psst - sir, I beg you," I said. My past life had caught up with me!

"Well, how about a repeat performance?" he said with affable assurance, looking to everyone else as if he were discussing differences among kinds of vermouth. "I'm ready to bet \$100 that you can find the time and a place to accommodate me tonight. Or would you rather tell the hostess that I've asked to sample your special talents? Or shall I?" He peeled five twenties off of a fat money clip, rolled them up, and stuffed them into my cleavage.

I looked at him. He wasn't that bad looking. The five twenties were not an important incentive, but I dreaded the repercussions if word got out that Bea's maid had once been a corporate slut, a kind of salaried prostitute, and was now in business for herself. Bea might have to throw me out to preserve her own respectability.

I told him to wait five minutes and then come up to the guest room, the second door to the right on the second floor. I knew we could be private there, because that was the room given to me to change into my uniform. Still, I was a little apprehensive when I went there, and sat down to wait for him.

He came in almost immediately, shut the door, and stood in the middle of the room, his cock hanging out before he had managed to stand still. Without a word, he pointed to a spot in front of him, and I kneeled down at his feet to do him. Oddly, it felt a little exciting, the way it felt when Steve was ordering me into bondage and I had to comply. I used all of my skills to bring him off fast, and succeeded in record time.

"You are a very talented girl," he said, patting my hair, as I licked him clean and zipped him back where he belonged. "If you should need any references, tell anyone to call Phillip Sculley - I will be glad to recommend you. Thanks a million, dear." He then left, leaving me still kneeling in the middle of the room. I was dazed. I was also humiliated.

I tried my best to forget the incident, but when I came home and undressed, the money fell from my cleavage and Bea saw it. I had to tell her what had happened. AH she said was, "Well, that could

become an interesting side-line to your job.”

It soon was. Bea loaned me out a few more times, and one job three weeks later was memorable. It was an Elk’s meeting, with about a dozen men, and I was the only woman. The newly elected chapter president was Philip Sculley, and he wanted to give his lodge brothers a treat—me. That night I had no problem walking or standing in my high heels for long hours. I was mostly on my knees. Some guys came back for seconds, or even thirds. In the end my knees and my jaw were sore, but I cleared \$1,200 in tips.

Bea had no problem with this. She took note that it was more money than I had ever earned before in three hours, and she took note that it was tax free, with no overhead to carry. “You should appreciate the fact that so many men find you attractive,” was all she added. It was true enough. All those men waiting eagerly for me to get to them to suck them off had given me a feeling of importance, even of a special power I had over them. It was kind of thrilling. Even so, I thought, I’d rather select my own lovers, and take them on one at a time.

These extra jobs with their generous tips on top of my regular salary filled my bank account quite nicely, and when our wedding anniversary came closer, I wanted to give Bea a special present. Despite everything, we were still married, and I still loved her.

On one of my free afternoons I went shopping, and found in a second hand store—which Steve pointed out—a marvelous big Hermes hand-bag, looking absolutely new. This was exactly what Bea would love, I thought, since she usually tries to carry her whole office in her handbag—writing pads, Dictaphone, batteries, tapes, and sometimes even books. I wanted to surprise Bea with it, and asked the store owner to hold it for me, because at the house Bea might find it accidentally.

The surprise, however, was on me. A few days before our anniversary Bea told me she wanted a special present from me.

“Yes, Madame,” I replied, wondering what was coming. I couldn’t tell her I already had gotten her one. “What is it that Madame wishes from me?”

“Prissy, now we’re talking about our anniversary, and anniversary presents should always be personal, from the heart. So you needn’t maintain formality with me when we discuss this one subject. Now we’re not mistress and maid, but two women sharing our lives with each other. What I’d like is a ring.”

“A ring?”

“Yes, a nice little Prince-Albert ring,” she said. “Not for me, darling, for you. I want you to wear it so you’ll always be reminded of me. As a kind of memento, a keepsake. Especially now that other people find you so attractive, I think a ring like that would be helpful. I’ll even buy it for you. Your present to me will be to wear it. Please...will you?”

That sounded rather sweet. I hadn’t thought that Bea still felt that sentimental about me. “Of course, dear,” I said grandly. “I’ll be happy to wear it.” I was especially happy she hadn’t once reminded me to say ‘Madame’.

“Why, thank you, darling. I’m very pleased that you’ve consented. I wouldn’t really have wanted to order you to wear it, not at all. Not something so personal. I’ll inform Kay tomorrow morning.”

“What does Kay have to do with it?” I asked. “Are you buying it from her?”

“In a way, yes—and Kay has to insert it.”

“Insert it where?” I was bewildered. “I never knew Kay was also a jeweler.”

“Why, in the tip of your cock of course. That’s where men wear Prince-Albert rings.” She paused and looked at me wide-eyed. “Don’t tell me you don’t know what a Prince-Albert ring is.”

I had not the slightest idea. I assumed it was one of those elaborate pieces of jewelry the Victorians liked to wear.

“A Prince-Albert is a piercing that goes through your urethra, from the tip of your cock to its underside. A ring inserted into a Prince-Albert is a Prince-Albert ring. It’s very simple.”

I was completely dumbfounded, and feeling a little frantic. What was she doing to me this time? “I never agreed to a piercing through my cock!” I said. “Never!”

“Of course you did. I asked if you would wear a Prince- Albert ring for me, and you said you’d be happy to wear one. Not two minutes ago! Now don’t try to go back on your word. You know I won’t let you renege on any agreement you make with me.”

She had done it to me again. I had agreed, not knowing exactly to what. I had fallen into her trap again. I knew it was useless to argue with her now. She wasn’t even bothering to look at me, to see if I meant to protest.

“You know, I’ll enjoy your wearing it. I heard about it from a friend whose husband wears one. She told me it felt sensational when they fucked, because it rubbed her sensitive tissues so enticingly. She told me it was a big help to their lovemaking, because her husband was not very big, and this made up for what was missing, and what she was missing. It was even better than a big cock, she told me.”

“And you know,” Bea went on, “Many men have bigger cocks than yours. I’ve sampled quite a few by now, as I’m sure you know. That’s why I’m so happy to arrange for Steve to come by to distract you, when you might be worried that I’m fucking better men than you are. So you won’t have time to brood about it. I’m sure you wouldn’t want to deprive me of the added pleasure a Prince-Albert ring could give me when we’re making love, would you?”

Well, what could I say to that? I’d do anything to enhance Bea’s pleasure, so she’d want to keep fucking with me. “No, not at all,” I muttered.

“I didn’t think so,” Bea said. “And you’ll be delighted that a Prince-Albert has an additional use, too. We can tie a ribbon or something to it, then pull your whole cock back, to avoid unsightly bulges in your panties. You’ll have a mound just like mine. Just think of it, you won’t have to wear tight girdles under everything any more, and with the summer coming, you could wear wide, cool panties if you wish, and even skimpy string-bikini bottoms, without fear that your cock will expose you. Won’t that be nice?”

I had to agree there were advantages.

“Fine. I’ll call Kay then, and let her know you’ve agreed.”

Kay insisted on a full anesthetic for this little operation, as she insisted on calling it, because I had to be fully relaxed, with no risk of a sudden rush of blood to the operating field. She told me that it would not be very painful afterwards, because the piercing would be done by a laser gun. The heat of the laser would seal the inner sides of the little hole, and speed healing enormously. I would be good as new within a few days. “Better than new,” she added. “I hear that when you were new, you weren’t that much.”

When I came to after the operation, my whole groin was bandaged. By now I knew enough to look at Kay with deep anxiety, and she grinned. “Don’t worry,” she said, “It’s all still there. And a little more. That little tube there is to let you pee past the piercing without irritating it. Keep it like that for a week, and then we’ll remove it, and everything will be fine. Then you can test your ring’s

usefulness if you like. And if Bea likes.”

That would be the day of our anniversary, and I planned to do a lot of testing then. Actually I was really glad that Bea was once again interested in my masculinity. This could be the start of a change in our relationship.

When the bandages were removed, I saw the ring for the first time. It seemed to be quite thick, though its diameter was rather small. I imagined that Bea would enjoy feeling it tucked into her cunt. Steve happened to be hanging out in Kay’s office, and offered to take me home. I gladly accepted, because I was still sore, and felt a little queasy.

“But first we have to pick up that bag I bought for Bea, at that store you showed me. I left it there.”

The store owner went to fetch the bag from her storeroom, and Steve meanwhile examined her other kinds of merchandise. He showed me a long gold chain with heart-shaped locket, opened the locket, and found a little padlock inside, complete with key. There were words engraved inside the locket in a small, fine script, hard to read. Steve took it to the light, and with squinting eyes read them aloud, “You’ve locked up my heart, and we’ll never part, and this is the key to the rest of me.”

“Now that’s the kind of sentiment I appreciate,” Steve said. “This would have made a very nice anniversary present too.” He took out the lock. “It really works!” He opened and shut it with the little key, and the mechanism clicked open and shut smoothly, like a fine watch. “This is probably quite expensive, the way it’s crafted. A real masterpiece,” he observed as he put it back.

Just then the lady returned, her face sorrowful. “I must apologize, but we don’t have that bag any more. My assistant must have sold it, not realizing that it was already sold. I’m truly sorry. This is very embarrassing for me. All I can do to compensate you for your disappointment is, offer you anything else in the store up to twice the price of that bag, for the same money. Or else, if you wish, I’ll return you your purchase price, with apologies.”

Of course I was very disappointed, but Steve again picked up the chain and locket. “How much is this?” It turned out to be more than twice what I had paid for the bag, but Steve began to haggle with her, and finally got her to agree to accept the trade. She put it into a leather covered box lined with red velvet, where it looked even more expensive.

I thought we had made an excellent deal, and gave Steve a big kiss when we got back in the car. “Was that Prissy’s, or Honey’s, or Henry’s kiss, that you are so pleased with your wife’s anniversary present,” Steve asked, amused. He noticed that I was wearing my bracelets with the lock-clamps, and he clamped them together behind my back. “This will show Bea that you are all hers when we get home,” he said.

When we got home, Steve opened the front door for me and carried the leather box with the chain and locket into the living room. There was Bea, arranging some flowers. I rushed over to her and gave her a kiss, and said, “Happy anniversary Darling.” I then added, “And as a further token of my love for you, I’ve brought you a present”.

Steve handed her the box. She was really surprised. When she opened it and saw the chain and the locket, she put it around her neck right away. “The locket opens. There’s something in it,” I explained.

She opened it and took out the little padlock, marveling at its miniature precision. Then she read the inscription. “Oh! Darling, how sweet of you! I didn’t know you wanted this so soon. Thank you, thank you, dear. But now let me see my other present.”

She pulled up the wide skirt that I was wearing and took down my panties. “Sit down and lean back, I want to see all of it quite clearly.” I sat down and pulled up my knees to give her a good view. “Wonderful! It’s just what I had hoped. Now let’s try it right away.”

“Try what?” I asked, thinking she was inviting me to enter her pussy with it.

“Well, your other present, of course,” Bea said. She took the little lock and hooked it into the Prince-Albert ring. Then she pulled my cock back between my legs and I heard something click. She let my cock go, but it stayed where she had put it, tucked way back. I tried to look, but couldn’t see anything.

Bea was now deliriously happy. “This is the nicest present you’ve ever given me. Thank you sooo much, my darling. I wanted to use the ring to tie back your cock, so I asked Kay to install a second ring in your perineum, between your balls and your asshole. Then I could tie a ribbon between the two rings, to keep your cock out of sight whenever you wanted to wear a scanty bikini. I never dreamed you’d agree to a padlock. That’s so wonderful! It’s what I’ve wanted for so long. Now your cock really is all mine. I love you for it! Come, let me kiss you again.”

I didn’t understand. What did she say I had asked her? She was

so happy, I didn't want to dampen her euphoria. She pulled me over to her and kissed me with a fervor I hadn't experienced in many weeks.

She let me go after what must have been several minutes, opened the locket again, and held it into the light to read the inscription again. "I still can't believe you agreed to this," she said, "but here it is engraved in gold for eternity: *'I give you this lock, to bind my cock, and this is the key to the rest of me.'* That is so sweet! To give me complete control over your most private part, and make it mine exclusively, under my lock and key. So that now, not even you can use it without my consent! Oh, you are such a darling. What a wonderful anniversary present. And you're so right, that my control over your prick gives me control over all the rest of you. I just love it!"

What in heavens had I done this time? Had I really asked her to lock up my cock? I was speechless for a moment. I looked around for Steve, but he must have excused himself because he was gone. I simply could not tell Bea that it was all a misunderstanding.

The fact remained that my cock was locked up now, and would stay that way. Bea refused to remove the padlock. "Why? It's so sweet! And it's so practical for you! No more panty- girdles! No embarrassing bulges! You'll have to sit on the toilet all the time now, of course. But that's no hardship—all women do that, and you've been doing it for the practice I know. And now, I know when I lend you out that none of those love hungry hostesses will be able to seduce you into making love as a man." "Then again, there are other dangers. You're going to meet many more men soon, Prissy, and I've realized it was only a matter of time before some man using you as a woman wants you to use him the same way. There are such men. But now you can be a man only with me, and only when I want you to be. If I ever want you to be! I love this! No, we'll leave you locked up. And I'm so pleased that it was *your* idea."

And that was the end of it. There was no further discussion. The next morning, our anniversary over, I brought Bea her breakfast at the appointed time, curtsied, and asked the Madame if she wanted anything else. She just smiled.

Soon after, Bea informed me that Mr. Sculley had phoned her. He had asked whether it would be possible to have my services twice a week for his city apartment. He told Bea that he lived there as a bachelor because his wife never came to the city, preferring to stay in the country with her kids. His talents for keeping the apartment in order were very limited, he told her. He had a cleaning woman who

came in twice weekly, but now she intended to retire and move to Florida.

I told Bea this was probably untrue. What he really wanted from me were very personal services. Bea saw no problem - anyhow he'd paid well—and I couldn't say that he was personally revolting. At the Elk's meeting he had actually been nice, and had seen to it that I wasn't too swarmed by the other men. He was somebody one could grow to like.

I had my reservations, however. "Going to be his maid twice weekly could lead to trouble if his wife found out," I told Bea. "I mean, he's happily married with kids and all that. It could blow up right in my face. I could even be hauled into court as the 'third party' in a divorce action."

Bea calmed me. "He told me that his wife didn't expect him to live like a monk all week long. She understands he'll have affairs, as long as nothing serious develops. He told her he was getting 'extended maid service' as he called it, and his wife thought it a good idea, to have somebody take care of him who would be paid for her services. I told him that I could arrange for you to see him Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, and that as long as you were back the following morning, I wouldn't complain."

Now I had two jobs as a maid, one of them as a call girl as well. Mr. Sculley in fact paid me more for the two afternoons than Bea did for the rest of the week, and the work was not all that hard. He was rather tidy, and made little mess. He never ate at home, and all his washing was done by his wife. So I just had to vacuum and dust and make the bed. Yes. The bed. It did not take long each time before I found myself lying in it face down, with my ass high in the air, awaiting his cock. Mr. Sculley was not a man who took no for an answer, and he could see no reason why I would suck him off but balked at being fucked.

I tried my best to hide my secret, and succeeded for about two weeks. But in spite of all the tricks I used, he discovered that I had a cock too. I could not use 'those days of the month' as an excuse when they extended all through the month and into the next.

At first I thought he would kill me—but all he did after the first moment of surprise was to laugh. "Just think!" he roared. "All those stuffed shirts you sucked off at that meeting, all those super straight, macho guys who know all about women, who would rather jump from a thirteenth story window than have sex with a man!

Prissy, you are worth a million! What you've been getting away with! Come here, Prissy! To me you are what you seem to be, a very pretty and sexy woman. Turn around, and I'll show you how I make love to a woman who is 'indisposed' to receive me in her cunt." And he did. And then again. And twice each week, after that.

He turned out to be a gentle and considerate lover, with lots of stamina. Soon I was looking forward to seeing him. Steve was no longer an occasional lover. He called a few times, and we agreed to get together, but we never did. Maybe he had been Bea's accomplice once too often—his "accidental" discovery of that lock and key inside the locket, and his misreading of the inscription, were no more accidental than his bondage games. But he had done most of what Bea wanted. Little by little he had accustomed me to becoming her submissive, virtually her slave, now on loan to others.

Now my love-making with my wife was entirely limited to the kinds of lovemaking women perform with another. Mostly I pleased her with my tongue. But as it turned out, once my cock was locked up she didn't again wish to release it for either her mouth or her cunt. Even masturbation was impossible with my cock locked back as it was.

As I got more and more hard up, my asshole and my tits became more and more erogenous, the most erogenous available parts of me. I started to use a vibrator on myself, and my big butt-plugs made me horny. But they brought no real satisfaction. So I began to welcome having a lover twice a week, getting gloriously screwed, and getting paid for what I loved to do. Mr. Sculley never made me feel like a whore though. He was a real gentleman.

Even when he turned me into a real whore, he never let me feel like one. After a very satisfying love bout, while we were still recuperating side by side, he looked at me and said, "Prissy, you are wasted as a maid. How much do you make anyway? It's peanuts compared to what you could be earning. With your talents you could pull down half a grand for two hours work, really two hours of playtime for you, or a grand to enjoy yourself with a client for the night. Now, I'm not in that business, but I know a lady who runs an escort service for men. Would you be interested?"

"I'm not that kind of a girl," I replied. That cliché was the first thing that came to my mind when Mr. Sculley made that outrageous suggestion."

"Well, my dear, Bea called me. She tells me she'd like you to

become *that kind of a girl*. She says she's always urged you to enjoy more men. Lots more men. She says you've understood that since your first night with Steve, when you first discovered the pleasures of feeling Steve in your ass. Isn't that so?"

It was so.

"She also said that it wasn't good for your self-respect to be dependent on her for your income. She pays you for your maid services, of course, but she says a girl like you needs a profession to fall back on if she must, a source of independent income. It builds confidence."

"Bea wants me to be a call girl as well as her maid? What if I won't do it?"

"Well, dear, if I'm any judge, you will do it. Her mind seems to be made up."

He was right. Bea had already decided. From then on I was listed as a specialty in the books of a very discreet escort service.

The men who hired me were all 'well-to-do,' and not very young any more. They all thought it thrilling to date a beautiful she-male. We usually went to a great restaurant for dinner, though sometimes only for cocktails, then usually back to their hotel. No money ever changed hands, and all financial matters were handled in advance by the escort service and Bea. I cleaned for Mr. Sculley twice each week, and was usually home in time to prepare dinner for Bea. Then, those evenings I went out again, booked for the evening or for the night, sometimes booked 'open end' and sometimes not.

'For the evening' meant up to 10:00 PM, and 'for the night' meant until 7:00 AM. 'Open end' meant that my butt-plug would not be locked on, and my ass was available. Bea had found that the little ring to which my 'Prince-Albert-ring' was locked could also be used to lock up my butt-plug so it couldn't be removed. So with a 'closed end' the pleasures I offered were strictly limited to my hands, tits, and mouth.

Even an 'open end' booking didn't necessarily mean I'd be fucked. Some of the gentlemen never made use of what they paid for. They just wanted to have dinner with me and to chat about life as a she-male. The first time I may have been a little morose—I wasn't sure I wanted to be a call girl. Word got back to Bea, somehow, and she informed me that girls on dates are always lively, vivacious, lots of fun, delighted to talk about themselves, and always terribly interested in the man they happen to be with.

So that's what I became, a sprightly companion. Some men must have envied my apparently care-free life. Others, the older ones, probably wanted only to be able to tell their friends that "I booked her 'open end,' and then stuffed her shut!" I developed a reputation in certain circles as both good company and a good lay. I felt more and more like a woman.

As I took off my maid's uniform some evenings, and selected an evening gown or dinner dress suitable for my scheduled night's work, I realized that I had no time to think of myself as a man any more. That kind of consciousness hardly existed. Its only remnant was my locked-back cock, a souvenir from a former life as someone else.

## Chapter Fifteen

### Prissy Sells Out

My life took on a routine. I began to suspect that Bea had always had something in mind for me that she wasn't telling me, from the way she had hurried me from my dull masculinity of two years ago to now, my days spent in formal servility as her maid, and my nights spent entertaining other men with my mouth, ass, and a lively feminine charm I was still developing.

Now I wasn't sure what Bea was doing. She took to going away most weekends, never telling me where or why, but she never left me alone to think things through for myself. When the escort service didn't schedule me to serve as some wealthy man's delightful companion, Steve returned to help me fill the time. Most of that time I spent bound and helpless. He devised several intricate ways to restrict me even when we were out in public, and I came to feel uneasy the few times he left me free, on my own.

Once, in fact, he took me to dinner and then unlocked my handcuffs, excused himself, told me he'd see me back home in two hours, and left me. No explanation. I tinkered with my food but couldn't eat, felt ashamed to call for the check, and felt even more helpless, even embarrassed, trying to decide how much of a tip to leave. Then the thought of calling for a taxi and paying the driver almost paralyzed me. I had become so dependent on people taking care of me in return for sexual favors, that I felt helpless without them. Even a little frightened.

When I arrived home Steve was waiting for me in the living

room, and I begged him to tie me up. When he had bound me hand and foot, only then did I feel secure enough to smother him with kisses, I could hardly wait for the love-making that followed.

So I was grateful when one day Bea called me into her study, and when I had curtsied and said “Madame?” she leaned forward on her desk, and clasped her hands, and looked me in the eyes.

“You know, Prissy,” she said. “I think we need to evaluate your current situation. You’ve lived and loved as a woman now for many months. You like it. You’re growing more and more dependent on Steve, and your other men, and on me, and more and more uncertain about money, and business. In a way it’s part of your femininity. Who would have thought you’d lapse back to being such a sweet little girl in some respects? Now then. I’m sure you don’t want to go back to being an active partner in your partnership, ever again. You’ve lost your head for business, from using it so often for other things. I think you should sell your shares, and put the proceeds in a trust fund for your retirement. Don’t you agree?”

I had wondered about that myself. Returning to work now seemed quite impossible, but if I were to sell out, I’d hardly realize anything from my shares in the firm. My partners were shrewd, and would certainly use my present helplessness to bring down the price. I said so to Bea.

“Prissy—let me do it. I’ll need your cooperation, but I already have a plan.” I had learned to worry about Bea’s plans, and I wondered if I should feel sorry for my partners. But I didn’t.

A week later, on Sunday, Bea invited my three partners, Martin, Randolph and William, to our house. But she invited Martin for breakfast, Randolph for lunch and William for dinner, and told each of them not to talk about it to the others. As the man who had started the business, I held 28% of the partnership’s shares, and each of the others 24%. Bea hinted to each in turn that I was prepared to sell my shares to him alone, giving him more than 50%, effectively giving him uncontested ownership of the business. All three of them were quite interested.

On that Sunday Bea made me wear a special uniform prepared just for this occasion. It barely covered my tits, and if I bent over and jiggled even a little, they popped out altogether into plain sight. Then she gave me my instructions.

“When Martin comes, I’ll start the discussion and make him the offer. Then I’ll let the timer go off in the kitchen and excuse

myself to attend to it, promising to be back in a few minutes. It's then up to you, Prissy. It'll be your job to seduce him. Wiggle your ass and pop your boobies in his face while you pour his coffee, get him hot, then go down on him and suck him off. You can do it, my dear. I've heard reports. You're a professional! A virtuoso! I hear there's no stopping you when there's a prick slipping in and out of your mouth! I'll reappear shortly after he cools down. Then you'll do the same with the other two."

I did not like this scenario. It was humiliating for me to suck my own partners' cocks, but Bea assured me it was necessary, and they'd never recognize me. I had sucked so many pricks recently, she said, that three more couldn't matter in the slightest.

Bea judged my partners exactly right. Each time she disappeared into the kitchen to attend to her timer, I came in with a little tray of petite fours and coffee. I bent low to set it on the coffee table, my tits full in each of their faces, and when I stretched up again they jumped out of my dress and stood out naked, nipples hardened. I feigned embarrassment while accidentally touching my nipples to each man's face as I stood. Each tried to console me, yet each reached to caress my tits and ended by taking my nipples into their mouths.

After a few moments I could feel their pricks straining against their trousers, and I rubbed against them until they seemed ready to burst. Each time I had to hurry to take them out and suck on them, and in just another moment each of them squirted cum into my mouth, too frantic to wait any longer. After I had carefully tucked them back into their pants, they each asked me for a date. "I am sure I'll see you again soon," I answered, "I'll call you."

I then withdrew and let Bea have the field. She told me the negotiations proceeded quite pleasantly, and that she received substantial offers for my shares. She said to each that she would think it over, and suggested a partnership meeting for next Wednesday at 11:00 am at the office. All agreed.

The next Wednesday we went to the office. It was a strange feeling for me to go to my own office again after more than a year. So much had happened. The secretaries checked me over, because I was dressed on the edge of indecency, but none of them dreamed I was their former boss. Early in my transformation Bea had kept me home so the regimen of hormones could take over, and I could get accustomed to wearing only skirts and dresses, and to moving like a woman.

Now here I was, wearing the cherry-red business suit Pearl had me wear to assist her with advantageous deals for her company. I was a wet dream, provocative when I worked for Pearl, and now with my far-bigger tits—quite devastating. The partners were astonished to see that Bea had brought her maid, but said nothing.

Bea explained to them all that she had received offers from each of them for Henry's share, but that she thought those offers much too low, given the circumstances. They each protested, and told her to look at the figures. They had been more than fair. Bea then hauled out her heavy artillery. Knowing how she had manipulated me out of my manhood, into subservience, and into prostitution, I watched with some interest and a little amusement.

"I think under the circumstances, Henry deserves a far better offer than any of these. In fact I think Henry's share in the partnership is worth more than any one of you can afford. I think it would be wise if you pooled your offers and came up with a joint offer consisting of all three. Then you could redivide Henry's shares however you chose, after we've gone."

"Impossible!" said Martin.

"Each one of us has already offered much more than those shares are worth" said Randolph.

William stood up and declared "No way will we pay more!" Then he sat down. They all were adamant.

Martin obviously thought Bea was naively unrealistic, being only a woman. "Why can't we talk it over with Henry? Where the hell is he? Why isn't he here?"

"But he is here," Bea said, and she turned to me. "This lady here is my husband. This woman is your partner, who owns a controlling share in the partnership and if she wished, could drive it into the ground and render your own shares worthless. Unless you can agree. May I present your partner and I am sure your favorite cocksucker, Henry?"

I hadn't expected this at all, and tried to sink into the ground. My face suddenly matched the color of my suit. A deadly silence ensued.

Then William spoke up, almost whispering "You mean to tell us...I mean this...this...is...?"

"Yes, of course he is," said Bea. "Honey, pull up your skirt and show them what's left of the old Henry."

Well, the damage was done already and there was nothing more for me to lose. Any dignity or respect I had enjoyed among my partners had just gone down the drain, I thought, so what the hell, I would show them.

I raised my skirt and lowered my panties. Now I knew why Bea had forgotten to rollick my cock after my morning cleansing—accidentally I had thought when it happened, though I should have learned by now that nothing Bea did was ever accidental. They all saw what was left of the old Henry—and to my shame, it looked as if what little there was, was growing.

“Are you satisfied, Gentlemen? OK Honey, you may cover yourself again.”

She turned back to the men, each still under shock. “Oh—before I forget. Since you all loved being serviced by my little she-male maid last Sunday, I’ve brought each of you a little present.” She dug into her purse and produced three gift wrapped video-cassettes. “Here—let me see, I put the names on these little cards. This one is for you William, and this is yours, Randolph, so this one must be for you Martin. Don’t bother to look now, I know that these tapes will be thrilling for you to watch. They each show a respectable man, supposedly respectable, being seduced by a servant girl who is actually a she-male. I think the setting looks rather familiar. Your wives and employees will enjoy seeing them. We’ll see they do. I’ll keep these cassettes for the moment until we settle our deal.”

“Now I think the two of us will leave you for five minutes, to let you make up your minds, and confer, and come up with a sensible offer. I’ve mentioned the sum of your individual offers as reasonable. And I know you can, each of you, pay that much, because each of you was prepared individually to pay that much. Here’s a contract. Please look it over. Henry has already signed it, and it is notarized, and the figure I’ve mentioned is already entered. We lack each of your signatures. Come along, dear, give them time to think it over.”

She took my arm and we went out.

“Did you have to tell them who I am, Bea?” I asked. “It’s humiliating!”

“Oh, I thought they should know who they’re dealing with. Besides, how can being a woman be humiliating? I’m sure you felt privileged when I told them!”

One of the secretaries brought us coffee while we waited in the reception area. In less than five minutes, Martin stuck his head out of

the conference room and bade us to come in again. They evidently had not quite recovered, but had nevertheless agreed.

Randolph spoke after clearing his throat noisily. "Bea, we have decided to accept your offer, which is clearly an offer we cannot refuse. But we must have those tapes and know that no other video tapes exist depicting us and some...person, supposedly...Henry, in a compromising situation."

Bea reached for some other papers in her dispatch case. She smiled. "I had anticipated that you would listen to reason. Of course I understand your position. I have prepared a declaration here, signed by Henry and me, that says 'We hereby certify that none of us have any copies of the video-cassettes handed to you today nor have we stored copies of it nor the original recording tape at any third place and that the copies now hereby handed over to you are the only ones of this kind we have ever had in our possession.' I think that should be satisfactory to you."

They nodded their agreement.

"Now if you would just all sign the agreement, I think we can conclude our business of today."

They all nodded and signed, and at their insistence, in their presence, I signed again. There must have been some doubt in their minds that I was who Bea said I was. The amount they were paying us seemed to me, staggering. But we each exchanged signed copies, Bea handed over the gift wrapped cassettes and we took our departure.

"Have a nice day, Gentlemen," said Bea. "It was a pleasure to do business with you," Bea waved her hand graciously at them as we went out "We expect your check by Monday next week. Oh yes, as a special bonus, you can each have another one of Henry's champion blow jobs if you wish, right now or at your convenience."

I was devastated and humiliated. But my partners had had enough of me. "Keep him," said Martin. "*She's* all yours."

I recovered from all this only after we sat together in the car for a while. "I never knew you had taped our er...activities last Sunday? Where was the camera?" I asked Bea.

"Are you out of your mind? I never taped anything, that would have been blackmail. I'm not a criminal."

"Then what was on the cassettes you gave them?"

"What I said, a picture of a she-malemaid seducing a man. I

picked up three copies of a she-male picture on 42<sup>nd</sup> Street the last time I came through New York. That is what I gave them. And I could truly state that I had neither the original recording tape nor any more copies of this picture in my possession. It is all very true. I can't help it if they assumed there was something else on the cassettes. They'll discover that to 'assume' often makes an ASS out of you U and ME, as a lawyer friend once told me."

"Now don't worry, they don't have anything to stand on if they want to go to court. Believe me, their check will be in the mail Monday. Do you really think they would risk putting their behavior in front of a jury? In front of their families?" Don't you worry your pretty head, darling, your Bea has taken care of all the angles. I promised you that I would look after you. And I always will. As long as you do whatever I say."

Well, despite Bea's self-confidence, I was skeptical. I knew my partners. I knew they would move heaven and earth to get out of this contract, and on Monday I thought I was right. There was no check in the mail. But Bea was unperturbed when I mentioned this to her respectfully—I did not want to imply that I had been right and she had been wrong in assessing the situation.

"It's still Monday, so the check can still arrive on time," she said, "and I am sure it will."

In the afternoon she told me to cook a gourmet dinner for two, because she expected a guest. "And make yourself especially pretty. I've put out a uniform for you to wear. Put on a sexy face, you know, more eye-shadow and mascara, and paint your mouth a really bright red." I was curious whom she expected, but didn't dare ask. Did she want to show me off to one of her lady friends? Or even to a man, a new lover maybe?

I put on the uniform dress. It was black taffeta and probably the tightest I had. I had to wear an extra tight corset to fit into it. It left most of my boobs bare and followed my figure closely to below my calves, accenting my round derriere and my thighs. The skirt was so tight, I could scarcely walk, and I knew I would have a hard time going down the stairs, especially with five inch heels. But as I crossed to the mirror I could feel my hips rotate sensuously, and within a few steps the skirt was forcing me to undulate in the most shamefully provocative way!

My apron was a lacy thing that accented my round, narrow waist and seemed to point right at my crotch. The cap was just a

starched piece of lace that was worn like a tiara. I tried to follow Bea's demands for my makeup without looking downright sluttish, but it came out exaggeratedly sexy anyhow. With mascara on them, my lashes were extremely dark and long, and with the added heavy eye-shadow they became perfect 'bedroom-eyes'. To stay in style, I outlined my full lips with a rather dark red pencil and filled it with fire-engine-red lipstick. All in all, my face had the opposite of a 'natural look'—in fact, it was a face of a woman with unnaturally exotic sexual appetites.

When I went down to start the dinner, Bea looked at me and nodded approvingly. "That's the look I wanted for you. Have dinner ready promptly at seven thirty. My guest will arrive at seven." She still gave me not the slightest hint who the guest would be.

I had dinner nearly ready, and had set the table for two, when the door chimes sounded. I went to open the door and found myself face to face with my former partner Randolph! Of all people, I would never have expected him! He smiled at me with a barely restrained leer as I curtsied and begged him to come in.

"Well, Henry, there you are again," he said. He shook his head. "What women can do to us when they set their minds to it! But you're practically one of them yourself now, aren't you. The way you wrap those lips around a man's cock! Where did you learn that? Well, Bea was nice enough to invite me for dinner when I called her and told her I was dropping off the check after work today." He handed me a nicely arranged bunch of flowers.

"Please come in and make yourself comfortable, I'll get a vase for these." It was so mortifying to face him like this, I felt a deep blush rise to my face. Why did Bea have to invite him? It was awful enough that she had revealed my true identity at the meeting. I mean, making me seduce and suck off all three of my partners was bad enough, but they probably still thought my appearance as Bea's maid was just a setup for that occasion. Now worse, Randolph could see that I actually was Bea's maid, not just playing it for their benefit.

When we entered the living-room, Bea—her timing perfect as always—came down the stairs and greeted Randolph as if an old friend. She had changed to a beautiful cocktail dress, and her makeup was elegantly restrained, nowhere near as sexy as mine.

"Would you like a cocktail before dinner? Or a glass of champagne?" Bea asked sweetly.

"Nothing strong please, I have to drive back. A small glass of

champagne would be fine.”

“All right then.” She turned to me, “Champagne for our guest, and I’ll have a very dry martini please, Prissy.”

I curtsied, “Very well, Madame,” and swiftly went to the kitchen. I had to sit down for a moment to recover from my embarrassment. What a shameful situation! I wanted to die! But I didn’t, and there was no way out, so I put the flowers into a vase and brought them their cocktails. I couldn’t bear to look into my former junior partner’s face, so I kept my eyes downcast. I had taught him the business, and now here I was serving him champagne, dressed up as a sexy maid in my own house.

Bea seemed amused to notice my confusion, but paid no attention and carried on her light conversation with Randolph. I returned to the kitchen and then brought out the flowers, placing them on the coffee-table.

“Thank you, Prissy, that’ll be all for now. Let us know when dinner is ready to be served,” she said to me. Then, to Randolph, “She’s a great cook too, not just great looking, as you’ll see. And I’ve taught her such lovely manners!”

“Dinner can be served any time now,” I said as I curtsied, and tried to withdraw to the kitchen.

“Then, by all means, let’s begin,” said Bea. They both got up, and very much the gentleman, Randolph offered her his arm to guide her to the table.

I had to put my mind to serving dinner now, with no time for other thoughts. I lit two candles on the dinner table, and then served them with all my skill, and as formally as the occasion seemed to require, asking if more was wanted, or refilling glasses. But I felt nearly destroyed! Why was Bea doing this to me? I noticed Randolph’s eyes following my every move. Several times he was so much caught up by what he saw, that he forgot his conversation, and Bea had to repeat a question she had just asked.

After the appetizers he finally raised the subject that was evidently foremost on his mind. He did it while I was in the kitchen preparing to serve the second course. When I entered, I heard Bea giving him a short report how she had led me into femininity, always accentuating the fact that I had agreed to every step, even asking for permanent makeup myself, so now I had to remain feminine for the foreseeable future. I only caught parts of their conversation while moving between the kitchen and their table.

“...tried working in an office of a friend of mine, but it didn’t work out. Within a week she was the company slut. I had to pull her...”

“... I offered her a job as my personal live-in maid and she took it, even bought all of the necessary uniforms. I pay her a small salary, but room and board are free of course. At first I thought it wouldn’t work out either, but with patience and strictness I trained her, and she became a well-behaved, devoted and obedient servant. You would not believe how long it took her to learn to curtsy properly. All little girls seem to pick it up automatically and never forget how to do it later. But it took a lot of training for Prissy until she did it correctly, showing the necessary respect and not making a parody of it by overdoing it. Isn’t that true, Prissy?”

“Yes Madame, it is.” It was so humiliating, but I had to say it and I had to curtsy respectfully as she had demanded. With the ultra-tight skirt it was not easy, but she gave me a smile, showing she was content with my efforts.

“Amazing, simply unbelievable,” Randolph observed, never letting me out of sight. “Who would have thought that dear drab old Henry would have it in him? He really has turned from an ugly caterpillar into a beautiful butterfly.”

“It was a long and slow process,” Bea took a sip from her glass, musing about his ‘caterpillar to butterfly’ remark. “But there came a time when the feminized man became the girl I wanted him to be, even in her own mind ...”

It was terrible to hear them talk this way about me, but the worst was yet to come. “Shall we take coffee in the living- room?” Bea asked after they had finished dessert, rising already. Randolph got up too. “Prissy bring the coffee over. You can leave this for the moment and clear up later.” Why would she have said this? Just to show how she was able to give me orders?

When I brought the coffee, I heard Randolph saying “... quite an interesting offer when you left us Wednesday, and I want to take you up on it. You said—if I remember correctly— ‘you can each have another one of Henry’s delicious blow jobs if you wish, right now or at your convenience.’ Well, the others don’t seem to be inclined, but after an excellent meal like this, I must say, a blow-job by your marvelous husband would be delightful—better than a cigar, and certainly it wouldn’t interfere with my ability to drive.”

When I heard where this conversation had gone, I just put

down the coffee for Bea to serve and tried to disappear back to the safety of the kitchen as quickly as my tight skirt and high heels allowed. No chance. All I managed to do was turn and wriggle my ass temptingly at them as I tried to get my feet moving.

“Why don’t you pour the coffee Prissy? Milk, sugar, Randolph?”

“Just milk please, thank you.”

“You heard what the gentleman said, Prissy. So serve him.”

I returned to the table, poured black coffee for Bea, and coffee with milk for Randolph. “Will that be all, Madame?”

“Of course not. Didn’t you hear me? I said serve him. I mean give him the blow-job I promised him. Don’t fidget. Down on your knees, Henry, and do it NOW!”

I felt terrible. Why did she suddenly use my old name? Did she really mean it? I looked at her. The stern expression on her face told me without the slightest doubt that she did mean it. I had to do it. I knew. There was no way around it. I knelt down in front of him, opened his fly and took out his already growing cock, holding it in both of my manicured hands. For some reason I had never before noticed how red my nail-polish looked when my fingers were wrapped around a man’s cock. I glanced up. Randolph was smirking. I glanced at Bea. She was smiling too, interested, watching me closely.

Well, I did my best to bring him off quickly, and I soon succeeded. By now I knew what turned men on. I could have written a text-book about cock-sucking. As he spurted into my mouth I swallowed his load dutifully, then stole another look at Bea. She had watched the proceedings without changing her expression, still an amused smile.

“That’s my sweet Prissy! I can see why so many men have said you have a natural talent for sucking cock, and are wasted doing anything else. You’ve gotten really expert. Now clean him nicely, put him back in his pants, and thank Mr. Goodman for letting you enjoy him,”

This was the ultimate humiliation, but I did as I was told. “Thank you, Sir,” I said from between his knees, addressing his crotch, unable to raise my head to look him in the eyes. “It was a pleasure.”

“Oh, no trouble at all, in fact it was my pleasure. You are welcome to it any time, Prissy.”

I got up as fast as I could, and curtsied to Bea. I wanted to get out as fast as possible. I felt devastated. “Is there anything else I can do Madame?”

“No Prissy, I don’t need you anymore tonight. You can go after you clear away the dishes. Say good night to Mr. Goodman and thank him for the trouble he took bringing me the check.”

I curtsied to Randolph. “Thank you, Sir, for coming over to bring Madame the check. It was a pleasure having you here.”

He got up and came to me. “Prissy, I have to thank you for an excellent dinner. You deserve the highest praise for all of your talents.” He took my hand and shook it. He left something in it. I curtsied again to both of them and went into the kitchen. When I looked at my hand, there was a \$20 note. OH NO! Even this! Tipped for my services as a cock-sucking maid by my former junior partner. And I could do nothing about it. I just let myself fall down on the nearest chair, overwrought and exhausted, and started crying, sobbing uncontrollably.

That is how Bea found me after Randolph had left.

“Is something wrong, Prissy?” She sounded concerned. “How could you do this to me?” I sobbed. “How could you?”

Bea responded swiftly, her jaw tense, as if she were suppressing great anger. “Prissy, don’t you dare to act up now. Do you hear me? Look at me!”

I looked up at her, tears streaming. My mascara must be ruined, I suddenly thought irrelevantly. My face must be a mess. Oh, dear! What must she think of me?

“What I did was entirely necessary,” Bea said. “As is everything else I do with you. In this case I had to sever your last ties with your past as Henry. Now this has been done. Tomorrow all of your partners will know who and what you are, your new position in life, exactly. They will know that there is no connection between today’s Prissy and the former Henry. I had to clear away any doubts they might have.”

“But far more important, I had to clear away any doubts you might still have. If anyone was humiliated tonight, it was Henry. Prissy would never have felt humiliated - Prissy loves to serve, and she’s good with men, isn’t she? Yes, she is! I hope Henry now knows that there’s no place for him here, and that he’s gone - for good.”

“I accomplished exactly what I set out to accomplish. We have

the money for Henry's business. You know now that you are better off as Prissy, that Henry is only an embarrassment to you. It may have been difficult for you, but there was no other way for you to learn it, was there? It's finished now, it's been done. No use crying. Now dry your tears, Prissy, do the dishes, and go to bed. Good night!"

With this she left me to my anguish. I sobbed a little more, then sat up and looked into my little hand mirror. I was right, my face was a mess. I started blotting up my tears.

*To be continued. in...*

## **BOOK FOUR**

After a year of servitude training and complete feminization, Prissy is about to find out why Bea has transformed her into the submissive sex slave she has now become.

With Bea's birthday coming up again, Prissy must make the ultimate sacrifice in order to fulfill Bea's birthday present wishes.

What else could Bea possible want from her... ?

