

DOMESTIC BLISS



My Life As A Supermodel's Maid

Debra Rose

BOOK ONE OF THREE

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DOMESTIC BLISS

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By Debra Rose

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QUOTE BOARD

*"Women are learning that no one gives you
power...you just take it!"*

Roseanne Barr

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CHAPTER ONE

JULIE RARELY SPENT HER EVENINGS AT HOME. She often worked late and went to the gym or hung out with friends afterward. But today she'd called to say she was tired, and was coming straight home to relax. I was expecting her any minute. I was standing at the sink rinsing a few pots and pans, thinking how lucky it was that I'd finished the housework early. Often I left some of my work until later. After I finished the dishes I took off my rubber gloves and untied my kitchen apron and went to my room.

I checked my face in the mirror, and then decided to change into a fresh uniform. I reached back and unzipped the plain gray housekeeping dress I had on and undressed. I went to my closet and got my black linen maid's dress out. While the gray or pastel housekeeping dresses I wore during the day were fine for housework, I generally put on a more formal black uniform for evening. I stepped into the dress and pulled it up and put my arms in the three-quarter length sleeves. Then I reached back and struggled to pull up the zipper. The dress fit me snugly, and had a tailored skirt that ended six inches above my knees.

I smoothed the dress down and adjusted the white peter-pan collar and starched white cuffs. Sitting down I put on a pair of plain black leather pumps with two and a half-inch heels. Then I got a white nylon apron from my rack, held it at my waist and

ran the straps around my trim waist. With practiced speed I pulled the straps tightly behind me and tied them securely in a flouncy white bow.

I was standing with my back to the mirror adjusting the bow when I heard the front apartment door slam shut.

"Miss Julie's home," I thought with a feeling of excitement. I quickly smoothed my rounded, waitress-style apron down the front of my dress and straightened my hair.

I walked purposely down the hallway; my heels making my hips sway back and forth slightly in the tight dress. Miss Julie was just falling back into her big gray leather sofa as I arrived at the edge of her sunken living room.

I was again taken by her dazzling presence. Even in her casual outfit of a draped knit silk sweater and black linen Capri pants, she was still stunning.

Julie was a successful young model, and her striking good looks and flawless body had recently resulted in considerable fame and fortune for her. Her luxuriant, sun-streaked auburn hair complemented her perfect complexion and strikingly green eyes. And her pouty lips and button nose emphasized her youth.

She was 5' 9" tall, with long legs and a slender waist. She had the kind of taut, curvy butt that every girl envied and every guy lusted after. Julie also had a surprisingly full bust for a girl with such a trim figure. Her almost C-cup breasts sat high on her chest, their skyward position also speaking of her youth.

Julie's model-perfect face and sexy figure were a combination that was simply unfair when compared to millions of normal women. But that unlikely combination was precisely why she commanded \$9000.00 a day modeling fees, and had two very lucrative advertising deals, one with a major cosmetics company and one with a national retailer.

Her annual income now stood at 3.6 million dollars. She was just 21 years old. "It must be nice to be so gorgeous, and so rich," I often mused to myself as I waited on her.

"Good evening, Miss," I said as she began to idly go through the mail I'd earlier placed on a tray by the sofa for her.

"Hi, Bobbie," she said softly, not looking up. "Go fix me a drink, will you?"

I went to the bar and mixed her usual very cold, very dry martini, the drink of choice now with the young, the hip, and the female.

Stepping across the room with a small serving tray, I placed the martini on the glass coffee table in front of my employer. Grabbing the drink, Miss Julie took a long sip and set it back down, adjusting herself on the sofa by tucking her long legs up under her.

"Go set the table now, Bobbie, and get dinner ready. I want to eat early tonight," she ordered casually.

Julie picked up the latest issue of Elle and started flipping through the pages as I answered a soft "Yes, Miss" and bobbed a quick curtsy to her.

It was old-fashioned, of course, but Miss Julie liked me to show her respect by addressing her as "Miss" and dropping into the merest curtsy to acknowledge her orders. And I didn't really mind the formality. Miss Julie was the kind of beautiful, self-assured young woman that seemed to court respect wherever she went. Besides, she thought by-the-book servant's behavior added to the decorum of her household.

I fixed a nice salad and a small piece of grilled tuna for her dinner. As soon as it was ready I returned to the living room to announce it was served. Julie got up and came into the dining room and sat at the head of the table. She'd been out on a shoot since eight that morning and I could see she was a little beat.

She sat at the table silently reading her fashion magazine as I served her dinner. Miss Julie thought it was only proper that we dine separately, so I always had my dinner early in the kitchen. Although our employer/employee relationship was friendly, Julie liked to keep a certain distance between us.

We'd been together for a while now, and we both knew our place.

I stayed close by in the kitchen with the door swung open in case she needed anything, but she never called for me.

Julie finished her dinner and sprang up from the dining table with an unexpected burst of energy.

"Leave the dishes Bobbie, and come help me get out of these clothes," she announced as I saw her whoosh past the kitchen doorway, heading down the hall toward the Master Bedroom.

"Yes, Miss," I said to her back as I followed her down the hall, my heels clicking on the marble floor. When I reached her huge, luxurious bedroom, Miss Julie had already peeled off her sweater and was twisting a bit, undoing the side zip of her Capri pants. She wiggled her butt and pushed the tight pants down over her girlish hips. Then she fell back onto the edge of her bed and stuck her legs out, waiting for me pull her Capri's the rest of the way off for her.

I knelt down and pulled the pants off her silky smooth legs and then picked up her sweater off the floor. Going to Julie's enormous walk-in closet, I placed the clothes in a laundry hamper. As I emerged from the closet, I was startled by being hit in the face with her bra and panties.

"Gotcha!" Miss Julie said, giggling like a schoolgirl.

I didn't really get the joke, and just dutifully bent and picked up her tangled silky blue thong and bra. As were nearly all of Miss Julie's under things, they were sexy and obscenely expensive. I dropped her slinky undies into the satin-lined 'hand wash' basket in the closet, discouraged to see that it was nearly full. My employer changed her underwear often and went through lingerie and loungewear with abandon. And hers, of course, were all of the "hand wash only" variety.

My breath caught in my throat when I saw Miss Julie lay back on her bed and stretch, making her body as long as she could while she yawned. Every guy in the country (and more than a few women) would've given anything to see sexy Julie stretching like that naked in her bedroom. Her body was absolutely amazing.

"Stop *staring* at me Bobbie, and get me something to wear," Miss Julie ordered when she realized I was gawking at her.

I shook my head a bit to snap back to reality before stammering out a sorry-sounding "Yes, Miss."

"I swear, I don't know why you still drool over me, Bobbie. You see me in my bra and panties all the time, or even nude.

What's the big deal?" she asked with an exasperated tone as she sat back up and crossed her silky legs.

I stood quietly with my head bowed, ashamed at myself for staring at her. I knew I should have learned to be nonchalant about seeing her with little or nothing on. After all, maids have to take a certain intimacy with their employer in stride. But most maids didn't have an employer as deliciously gorgeous as Julie.

"I'm sorry, Miss," I said with my eyes still cast on the floor. I hated to disappoint or upset her, especially after her long day at work.

Miss Julie swung her foot back and forth impatiently, looking even more beautiful nude than she did in a couture gown. I suspected she was about to launch into one of her frequent little lectures.

"You couldn't very well be my live-in maid without seeing me in my underwear, could you? How would you help me get dressed and stuff? You don't have to look away or anything, but that slack-jawed gawking thing you do is a little *creepy*. Please control yourself in the future," she said as she shamed me with her pretty, piercing eyes.

"Yes, Miss," I replied nervously, shuffling my feet slightly. I had been working for her for months by then, but the sight of her nude still made me stare. Her beauty was very hard to ignore.

"Get that little pair of crocheted shorts and top I got at Prada last week. And some anklets too; really fuzzy ones," she ordered.

"And be quick about it," she added quickly.

I felt myself blush as I said, "Yes, Miss," and went off to fetch her outfit. I don't think she understood how difficult it was not to look at her. Maybe she didn't actually realize how incredibly beautiful she was.

I went to her lingerie dresser and pulled out the little blue shorts and top. Back at her bedside I knelt down and held the shorts for her to step into. Miss Julie put her feet into them and casually stood up as I pulled the tiny, soft shorts up to her thighs.

She grabbed them from there and quickly wiggled her rear into the butt-hugging short-shorts. Then she snatched the tiny matching top from me and pulled it over her head, smoothing it down her front. I noticed the cute little top was cropped and showed off a sliver of Julie's firm, flat tummy.

Julie then put one hand on her hip and held out her other one, palm up.

"Socks," she said with a bored expression on her face. I placed the balled-up socks in her hand, daring to simultaneously give a quick glance at her breasts, which were straining at the fabric of her tight little T-shirt. Julie didn't have a bra on now to tame their exuberance.

"Do the dishes, Bobbie," Julie ordered, a dollop of sternness in her voice.

"I'm going to watch TV. Let me know when you're done in the kitchen."

"Yes, Miss," I said softly. My curtsy went unnoticed, since my young mistress had haughtily turned and was padding gracefully down the marble-floored hall. Her cute little Prada knit short-shorts were so skimpy, the perfect lower curves of Julie's butt cheeks peeked saucily out the bottom. And even in bare feet I noticed her trim hips sashayed back and forth with the same intense, girlish wiggle she exhibited on the runway.

IN THE KITCHEN I WHIPPED OFF MY WAITRESS apron and tied a full pale pink plastic apron on over my uniform. Pulling on a pair of pink rubber gloves, I cleared the dishes from the dining room and filled the kitchen sink with hot soapy water.

With my hands plunged into the steamy, sudsy water, I noticed my reflection in the mirror-like chrome splashboard. I made an almost iconic image of a rich girl's maid, an aproned domestic dutifully washing dishes in the kitchen while my pampered young employer lounged in the living room, oblivious to my menial work.

Miss Julie was a rich young lady now and quite spoiled. She didn't concern herself with mundane domestic chores anymore, if she ever had. In fact, I took care of every speck of housework

for her. I did all her laundry, picked up after her and hung up all her clothes. I answered her phone, ran her errands, and picked up her dry cleaning. I wrote her 'thank you' notes and paid her bills. And I waited on her hand and foot.

Her only contribution to running the household was to put her pretty signature on the pre-written checks I presented to her on a tray once a month.

Miss Julie thought having full-time, live-in help was great, and told me once that she had always imagined a life that included it. And perhaps her strong desire to have enough success in life to afford domestic help was a big reason why she worked so hard at being a great model.

"Don't you understand, Bobbie?" she started one morning.

"Coming home to a nice place, with everything always kept perfectly clean and organized is really a great thing. Having all your clothes nicely laundered and pressed and hanging in perfect order. Or knowing your panties and bras are all arranged exactly as you like in your lingerie drawers. And to never have to think about who will clean up the total mess you made of the bathroom; or the kitchen. Knowing that it will always be taken care of for you—and without you even having to mention it," she said with a dreamy look on her face.

"Well . . . it's the ultimate luxury, Bobbie," Miss Julie simply concluded.

Julie's spoiled nature was also responsible for me having to wash the dinner dishes by hand. There was a dishwasher, of course. And when I started working here I had used it. But Julie had put a stop to that, saying she thought it unsanitary and that the glasses came out a little spotted. Now I washed and dried her dishes by hand every night, like some 1950's house wife.

The additional work this meant for me was of no concern to Julie. She seemed to have a strict view of social position that let her rationalize any such inequities. In her aristocratic view there were rich and successful people like herself. And there were those meant to serve them.

When I was done with the dinner dishes I finished cleaning up the kitchen and went in and gave the dining room table a

quick polishing. Then I changed back into my waitress apron and reported to the living room as my employer had instructed me to.

I found Miss Julie sprawled on the sofa on her tummy, lazily blipping through the digital channels with the TV remote.

"I'm finished in the kitchen, Miss," I announced as a commercial blipped on.

"Oh, . . . O.K." Julie said absentmindedly.

I stood there waiting for her to say something. But she wasn't in the least concerned with my waiting. She was busy blipping through TV channels like a man in a Barcalounger.

"Go get your manicure things, Bobbie," she finally announced. "I want you to do my nails for me."

"Certainly, Miss," I answered, happy to not have to just stand there any longer.

I hurried off and returned with the plastic tool box that held my manicure things, including a selection of Miss Julie's favorite brands and shades of nail polish. Julie pulled off her anklets and threw them casually on the floor.

"Do my toes first, Bobbie," she said, her stretching her long legs out in front of her, toes wiggling.

"I can't wait to get rid of this hideous color," Miss Julie added.

I saw that Julie's nails had indeed been polished a rather unsightly shade of dullish orange for that day's photo session. Sometimes even a supermodel has to do what the job requires. But I wondered what kind of photo had required such ugly nail polish.

I got down on the floor in front of the sofa and sat back on my heels. Placing a folded terry towel over my apron, I lifted Miss Julie's foot into my lap and began to work removing the polish.

As I worked, Julie just relaxed and watched TV. Julie barely glanced down at me as I worked. As a model and a rich girl, she was entirely used to being groomed by others. Even a uniformed maid down at her feet polishing her toenails was routine for her. Just another night in front of the tube.

After I got the old polish off, Julie selected a pearl pink shade of polish whimsically called *Satin Sheets*.

“By the way, Bobbie,” Miss Julie said as I placed cotton balls between her toes and began to carefully apply the polish, “I’ve asked Debbie and Susan to dinner next Friday. They’re coming for drinks at 7:00, so plan on serving dinner around 8:00.”

I was still a little nervous about serving company. Julie’s friends Debbie and Susan had been to dinner a couple times before, however, so I wasn’t too concerned at the prospect of them coming over. After a few minutes, I thought to ask which uniform I should wear to serve the dinner party.

“I think you should wear that new taffeta uniform the seamstress from Prada made up for you. You look nice now in something short and girly, and I think they’d appreciate you in something a bit more elegant than you wore last time,” Miss Julie explained.

I blushed at thinking of wearing the short taffeta uniform. It had a gently flared skirt supported by a stiff ruffled underskirt, so it certainly was “girly”.

When I had finished polishing Julie’s toenails she had me give her a manicure as well. As I was getting started, the phone rang and I went to answer it. It was no surprise that it was Debbie, another model and Miss Julie’s best friend. I brought the phone over to Julie and handed it to her.

As Julie began to chat with her friend, she motioned for me to continue with her manicure on her free hand.

I tried not to eavesdrop, but it was impossible to not overhear the gossip. It made me blush, however, when Julie would mention some “hottie” she and Debbie had met and then comment lustily, “he can get in my panties *anytime* he wants.”

Apparently Debbie asked about me for some reason, because I heard Julie say, “Yeah, Bobbie’s here. Doing my nails at the moment.”

When she was done Julie wordlessly handed me the phone and I got up and put it back on the receiver across the room.

Finished with Julie’s pedicure and manicure, I cleaned up my things as she elegantly held out her hands and examined her freshly-polished nails.

“Why don’t you go and catch up on the ironing now, Bobbie. I’ll call if I need anything,” Julie casually ordered as she draped herself luxuriously across the sofa.

I got up with my little box and curtsied to my pretty mistress quickly. Then I stopped and picked up Julie’s discarded anklets off the floor before scampering off to my room. I didn’t think she would want to risk wearing the fuzzy little socks over her freshly polished toes.

STOPPING FOR A MOMENT IN MY ROOM, I looked at myself in the long mirror on my closet door and fiddled with my hair a little. As I smoothed my apron in the mirror, I was again struck by the image reflected back at me; the image of a perfect little maid. My stomach tightened as I realized I *felt* like a servant too. Miss Julie had confidently predicted months ago that I would get used to working as her domestic, but I hadn’t really believed her at the time.

I was scared by the changes I was feeling, but I didn’t know what to do about them. While I didn’t enjoy being her servant, I didn’t actually hate it, either.

Yes, I was charmed by Julie’s beauty and heady femininity. And it was exciting to live with someone a little famous and very successful. But the work wasn’t easy, and the hours were killer. Besides that, though, the whole situation was frustrating and confusing.

Was getting to live with Miss Julie making up for all the tedious housework and subtle humiliations I had to endure as her servant?

After I put my manicure things away, I went to the laundry room to do the ironing. The well-equipped laundry room was actually an adjunct to my room, directly connected by a short, wide hallway. This design was intentional since whoever stayed in the Maid’s Room was also likely to be the household laundress.

I draped one of Miss Julie’s short, intricately pleated pima cotton tennis skirts over the ironing board and plugged in my iron. After the iron heated up I began carefully pressing each tiny, exacting pleat, using just a touch of starch.

"All this work, just so she can look cute playing tennis," I thought as I sighed with frustration. I had recently calculated that to wash, dry, iron, and hang the skirt, top, and little brief of Miss Julie's tennis outfits took me well over an hour. This was maybe twice the time pampered Miss Julie usually spent actually playing tennis in them.

Since it was now spring in New York, she'd be wearing and perspiring in the pretty little tennis outfits more than ever. And I'd be spending hours each week tediously ironing each individual little pleat.

Miss Julie cared little about the tedium this represented either. I had softly complained to her that it was very labor-intensive to iron all the little pleats.

"It takes me, like an hour just to iron one of those skirts, Miss," I protested.

"I don't care if it takes you *two* hours, Bobbie. Ironing my clothes is part of your job and I pay you a salary, not an hourly wage. Just do as you're told, and don't try to be some pesky little efficiency expert," she said walking away, in her mind the matter settled.

I was only a few pleats from the end of my tedious ironing chore when Miss Julie beeped me.

It wasn't like a regular beeper that a phone call beeps. It was just a small box that clipped to my apron strap. There were little transmitters in every room, and if my employer wanted me, she just picked one up and pushed the button. Very much like the bell the mistress of the house used years ago, but with AAA batteries. If she wanted me fast or was annoyed, she'd lay on the button like there was no tomorrow, not letting up until I appeared.

Miss Julie herself had come up with the idea of the "beeper" after seeing how large her new place was going to be. She wasn't the kind to yell for someone, and she wanted calling for me to be as convenient as possible.

This time she only beeped me twice in thirty seconds, so she was calm.

I stepped to the edge of the living and asked, "Yes, Miss?"

"Go turn down my bed now, Bobbie, I'm beat," Miss Julie said with a yawn.

"Yes, Miss," I answered, curtsying to my decidedly sleepy-looking young employer.

I went to Miss Julie's bedroom and turned down the Pratesi comforter on her king-size bed, revealing luxurious white silk sheets and pillowcases.

"She certainly is *spoiled*," I whispered, remembering how much work it was laundering and ironing her impractical, ridiculously expensive sheets every week. "Help me get undressed," Miss Julie said as she strolled into her bedroom.

She had her shorts pushed down and puddled at her ankles and her little top whipped off before I could really do anything, however. What she'd really meant by helping her undress was picking up her clothes after she tossed them on the floor. And as the model walked nude into her bathroom to wash her face and brush her teeth for bed, I dutifully bent down and picked up her casually-discarded clothes, untangled them, and folded them neatly on a shelf in her closet.

"Burr, I'm *cold*," Miss Julie said to me as she strode back into the bedroom, her arms crossed tightly over her breasts. She sat huddled on the bed and told me to get her something to sleep in. I picked out an ivory silk-satin nightshirt and matching panty from Miss Julie's lingerie dresser. I began to kneel down to hold the panty for her to step into.

"Just the top, Bobbie," Julie told me as she yawned sleepily and waved her hand at the panty.

I couldn't help but notice Miss Julie's firm, rounded breasts jiggle slightly as she stuck her arms up to accept the nightshirt. I dropped the oversized, silky nightshirt over her, bending over close to secure the soft, fabric-covered button that held the loose shirt closed. I was close enough to take in the nice scent of her hair.

Then Miss Julie tucked her impossibly long legs into her huge silk-sheeted bed and rested her head on the soft pillows I had fluffed up for her.

"That uniform looks good on you, Bobbie. Very official-looking," Julie said with a sleepy smile as she settled into her bed.

"Thank you, Miss," I told her as I blushed, happy for the compliment. Even her slightest approval somehow always meant the world to me.

While Julie read her book, I straightened up her room and went to the kitchen to get the glass of ice water she liked to have nearby at night. When I returned with the water and put it on her nightstand, Julie closed her book and handed it to me to put away.

"Make sure I'm up at 8:00, Bobbie. I think I'll have you run me a bath in the morning. Then it's off to work again for Little Miss Model."

"Good night. And thanks for the dinner, Bobbie," Miss Julie said as she rolled over on her tummy to go to sleep.

"Good night, Miss."

I turned and went and flipped off the light, closing my mistress' bedroom door softly behind me. I checked the apartment and straightened up a few things before making sure the big front door was securely locked and the alarm was set before heading to my room.

As I finished up the tennis skirt I'd left I thought about how it had been nice spending a quiet evening at home with Miss Julie. She ordered me around, of course, but it was still fun being with her.

I only wished I didn't have to sleep in my lonely little bed again.

As I got undressed, I looked at myself in the mirror.

"This is all *her* fault," I thought. But I knew it was my fault, too. I'd somehow let her do this to me, and in my heart I feared I'd let her do anything she wanted with me.

"But who's ever heard of a *male* maid?" I whispered to the mirror.

CHAPTER TWO

I HAD MET JULIE IN EARLY AUGUST, while I was assisting a photographer with a fashion shoot. The glimpse I caught of her through the dressing room door had started an obsession. And I hadn't even seen her more than a few seconds, since it isn't considered nice to peek at the models in their underwear. After the shoot, I got up the nerve to talk to her.

Julie had grown up in France, born to a French mother and an American father. She spoke perfect English, having learned it when she was a little girl at home. She had a barely discernable accent, but other than that she was nearly as American as apple pie.

She'd been discovered by a model scout when she was just 16 years old. Julie worked a couple years in Europe, then made the move to New York on her 18th birthday.

She had worked here steadily, building both her portfolio and her industry contacts for the past three years. There were certain sacrifices (no high school dances – no graduation – a nomadic life) but there were certainly rewards too.

She didn't know it right then, but her career was about to really take off. She was young and sexy and had a look that was new and different. She wasn't one of those rarified beauties with no sex appeal. And she wasn't some giant Amazon "ubermode", like were popular during the late 1980's. She was truly pretty, and her perfect, trim but curvaceous body was the type that made grown men drool.

Even at her young age she had an elegance about her, and a natural, unforced girlish sex appeal. She was far from being an air head, too. Contrary to popular belief, though, I have to say that most of the fashion models I've met are quite intelligent.

Anyway, all I really knew was that I was immediately taken with Julie like no one I'd ever met. I followed her around like a puppy for weeks. I got into nearly every shoot she was on, and when I didn't, I'd wait for her outside. In no time at all, I fell helplessly and hopelessly in love with her.

Julie was friendly to me and appreciated the company of someone her own age. While I was two years older than she was, she was emotionally more the "older woman." She had

been in a tough, international business for several years and had lived on her own. So while she was young, she had a sophistication that well exceeded her chronological age.

It was also always apparent that it was she who firmly had the upper hand in our relationship.

Of course I'd desperately hoped for more, but sadly I had to resign myself to the fact that her feelings for me seemed to stop at friendship. I've always been shy and without much confidence, especially around pretty girls. And my short stature, skinny build and childish-looking face don't help in that regard. In fact, my success with girls, romantically-speaking, was practically non-existent.

In high school I didn't date at all and stayed home for both Proms. In college I did a little better, but not much. One girl I shyly asked out on a date my sophomore year rudely told me right to my face, "I don't date wimps."

Often a girl I liked and was friends with would suddenly be going out with some big jock-type. I'd been her friend for two months getting to know her, building up my nerve to ask her. And then, just like that, some hulk of a guy would meet her at a party and the very next weekend he'd be dating her.

My friendship with the girl would dwindle to almost nothing as she began to spend all her social time with her new boyfriend. And in what I thought was an unseemly short time, I'd see her load a bag into his car to go away for the weekend, making it obvious he was not only dating her, but bedding her too.

This same scenario played itself out a number of times in college, so much so it almost became a pattern. The girls seemed to like me enough, but somehow I could never close the deal. I finally figured out that part of the problem was I wasn't bold or fast enough. The jock-types saw a girl they liked the look of, confidently asked her out, and usually had her in the sack within a week or two.

So while I blamed Julie for the odd situation I found myself in, I knew part of the blame lay with me. Perhaps there was some weakness in me that encouraged girls to be the way they were with me.

MY UNUSUAL RELATIONSHIP WITH JULIE hadn't come about all at once, though. It was a steady, step-by-step process.

First, I had become enthralled by Julie's beauty and confident, self-assured personality. Then I became obsessed with somehow trying to impress her, or at least please her. That resulted in me being nice to her to the point of being a toady. I never complained when she didn't call me, even after saying she would. And everything we did was always what she wanted to do, and on her schedule.

It wasn't long before she began to take advantage of my crush on her by ordering me around a little. I didn't resist that either, happily doing whatever she asked me to do. At first it was just small things, like getting her a diet Coke or carrying her packages. But soon it was picking up her dry-cleaning and delivering it to her apartment building, or going grocery shopping for her.

Anyway, she was the kind of beautiful girl people always seemed to do things for. She was confident and feminine, and even the other models respected Julie and deferred to her. I'd often notice one of them scurrying off to get her something, and scurrying back to her like an errand-girl. So at first I didn't think her having me do things for her was a big deal. And it wasn't like she was mean or over-bearing about it. She'd thank me and seemed appreciative. But it was also as if she somehow just *expected* me to do things for her, almost like in her eyes it was simply my place to run errands for her.

So it wasn't that much of a leap for me to begin helping her around her apartment, just to be in her company.

"You can come over this afternoon," she'd say if I called her on a Saturday morning, "but I'll be busy cleaning. I hope you don't mind if I put you to work while we talk. I'm going to a party tonight and out to the Hamptons tomorrow, so I have to get organized here for next week."

I'd tell her I didn't mind, since I loved seeing her and talking with her. Of course, within ten minutes of walking through her door she'd have me vacuuming or cleaning up her kitchen. She'd be busy doing housework herself when I arrived, but it

was never very long before she'd be polishing her nails or talking to her girlfriends on the phone.

Often I'd be left doing the work while she was basically relaxing. And instead of talking with me, she was on the phone with her friends, planning her evening out. I was craving her attention, and she hardly gave me any.

When I look back on it Julie was ingenious at tricking me into things, too. One Saturday after I'd already vacuumed, straightened up her messy desk, and went and got her dry cleaning, she strolled out of her bedroom in a short little robe that barely covered her butt. She had her hands up behind her head and a bobby pin in her mouth, pinning her hair up.

"I'm nervous about this *Vogue* party tonight. I'd love to take a hot bath to relax. Could you do me a favor and do the dishes in the sink?" she asked with her soft voice and amazing eyes.

"Sure, Julie, go ahead. It's O.K." I said, getting myself in deeper.

As she turned to go into her bathroom, she yelled over her shoulder, "and go ahead and let yourself out when you're done, O.K.? I really have to get ready to go out soon, so I don't have time to talk. You can give me a call next week, though."

I remember standing in the kitchen working on the huge pile of dirty dishes she'd left in the sink as I heard her in her bath talking and laughing on her tiny cell phone. I felt like a fool. But I was more mad at myself than Julie. Julie wasn't totally blameless, however. She'd been beautiful all her life, (and spoiled because of it) and I think she was well aware of her power over me. In any case, I remained totally obsessed with her.

Julie was all I thought about; all I talked about; all I dreamt about. Soon I wasn't working regularly and my finances got out of control. Suddenly, I was even having a hard time paying my rent. But I was still more interested in Julie than in anything else, including my worsening money situation.

Ironically, just as my financial picture got bleak, Julie's was rising like a blazing sun. With ever-increasing speed her career began to blossom. And seemingly overnight she began to make a lot of money.

Her daily fees doubled – and then doubled again. When she sat in her agency’s lawyer’s office one fateful day and signed a seven-figure deal with one of the big cosmetics firms, her future as a wealthy young lady was immediately ensured.

With her growing income, her new accountant suggested she look for a place to buy in the city. Just before Thanksgiving she seriously began to look for an apartment to buy that would befit her new status as a rich young supermodel. She was excited about it, and had definite ideas of what she wanted. Within any reasonable limit, money was no object.

It was while Julie was in real estate mode that something happened that started the whole peculiar situation rolling. One afternoon when I was hanging out at her apartment, I opened one of her dresser drawers and saw all her sexy little panties and lacy bras. She was a model, so they were all very nice and quite pretty. I picked a few of the colorful things up and ran my hands through the glossy satin and matte silk they were made of.

I’d never cross-dressed, but one of my secrets was that I had always been fascinated by and weirdly jealous of all the cute, sexy things girls get to wear. Actually this secret, plus my liking for pretty girls, was one of the reasons I had tried to get into the fashion industry right after college.

Anyway, that day I took off my pants and briefs and slipped a pair of Julie’s bikini panties on, just to see what they’d feel like. They fit and felt so different than guy’s things. I looked at myself in the mirror for a moment, but quickly slipped them off and put them away, feeling a little ashamed.

The next couple of times I was alone at Julie’s place I’d slip into a pair of her panties for a moment. I knew it excited me a little, but it wasn’t like I ever masturbated in them or anything. More than anything I just thought they were cute and fit me in a way boy’s things never had.

One day, though, I pushed it too far and tried on a pair of her panties while Julie was in the bathroom. I was quickly turning and looking in her dresser mirror and seeing how they hugged my bottom when she suddenly walked into her room and caught me.

"You little *sissy*" she yelled, then stifled a giggle with her hand at her mouth.

I yelped and quickly scrambled out of them, telling her I was sorry over and over again as I blushed crimson.

I'd been so startled that it was a second before I realized I was facing her with nothing on. Like in slow motion I saw Julie's eyes fall to below my waist and a sudden bemused smirk appear on her face.

I immediately shot my hands down to cover myself, but it was too late. The gorgeous girl I was hopelessly in love with now knew my most embarrassing secret.

"Not much to hide there, sport," Julie said with a giggle.

Not caring about my embarrassment, she cruelly added, "with that little thing, maybe you *should* be in girl's panties."

I was mortified and speechless as Julie bent down and picked up her panties off the floor.

"Here you go," she said as she handed me the panties.

"I certainly don't want these back after you've had them on, you little perv. And if you want to wear panties, we'll just go out and get you some of your own. No biggie."

"But don't let me *ever* catch you in mine again," Julie added firmly. "When I pull on my panties in the morning I don't want to have to wonder if you've been in them doing who knows what."

My face was hot with shame as I stammered out more meek apologies. But her tone made it clear her warning was serious, so I never tried on any of her underwear again.

I don't know if it was her catching me in her panties or her glimpse of my small size, but in either case the next time I saw Julie she seemed more aloof than usual. She also began to regularly refer to me as a *sissy*. I didn't like that of course. But it wasn't only the word itself that bothered me. It was the fact that by seeing me as a *sissy* she was placing me in a genderless no-man's land. If she ever would have before, with her now thinking I was a *sissy* it was very unlikely she would ever see me as a guy she would consider dating.

After a week or so I at least got up the nerve to ask her to stop calling me a *sissy*.

"OK," she answered.

"But Bob is a little too butch for you," she said after a thoughtful pause.

"I know, I'll call you "Bobbie", but spelled b-o-b-b-i-e, like a girl would spell it. Or perhaps a sissy," she explained a moment later.

After giving me my new name, Julie went to her room and came out with a little shopping bag from *Victoria's Secret*.

"Just in case you get the urge," she said as she thrust the bag in my hand.

She giggled a little as I pulled out five pairs of satiny size-six bikini panties.

"I think they'll fit you just perfectly," she added with a smirk and a quick glance down at my crotch.

TWO WEEKS BEFORE THE BIG MOVE to her new place the pattern for our future life together began to emerge. We were at her place, which by this time was beginning to fill with partially packed boxes for the move. Julie was going out to dinner with people in the fashion industry and told me she had to shop for a dress.

"Why don't you vacuum and clean up while I'm out, Bobbie?"

"And can you do me a big favor? I need you to clean the refrigerator and stove really thoroughly. And I want you to clean and scrub my bathroom too. I would like to get my security deposit back, so it has to be done really well."

"But Julie . . ." I began.

Julie stopped me by quickly putting her hands on her hips and staring at me in that way she had. Then she went and got her purse and pulled some bills out.

"Here's seventy dollars, Bobbie. I didn't think I'd have to pay a friend to do me a favor, but I guess I was wrong," Julie said as she slapped the money in my hand.

"I don't want your money, Julie. I just thought we were going shopping for your dress together," I remember saying, sorry also that I had not been invited along to the dinner.

“Going shopping for a dinner dress with a girlfriend isn’t really much of a ‘guy thing’, Bobbie. Besides, Debbie’s going with me and you’d be a bit of a third wheel.”

“I really do need these things done, Bobbie. And take the money. I know you can really use it right now.”

I guess I shouldn’t have, but I took her seventy bucks. As soon as I grabbed the money, I think Julie’s attitude hardened imperceptibly. She walked to the counter and picked up a pair of rubber gloves.

“Here, you can wear these,” she said as she put the gloves over the folded bills in my hand.

“And there’s another pair in the bathroom for when you’re in there.

“I want you to do a good job, Bobbie. And I want you gone when I get back, which I should be in about three hours. I have to get ready for tonight and I can’t have you flitting around here all day.”

I looked at the gloves in my hand and was speechless.

Julie picked up her purse and put on her coat.

Then, looking back at me from the front door she said, “I really think you should get started with your housework now Bobbie,” and walked out and slammed the door without bothering to say goodbye.

To this day I don’t know why I did it. Maybe it was the money, but probably not. Anyway, I spent three hours totally cleaning Julie’s oven and refrigerator, and scrubbing her bathroom until it looked like new. I even disassembled the oven and took the shelves out of the refrigerator to get all the little corners. And I spent so much time on my knees on the hard tile floor of Julie’s bathroom, my kneecaps hurt the next day.

Saddest of all for me was packing up and leaving before Julie got back home. With that and the money stuffed in my pocket, I had to face the fact that maybe I was becoming a little less than a friend to Julie now.

And I had so wanted to see her trying on pretty dresses too.

THE FIRST TIME SHE MENTIONED the preposterous idea of having me be her houseboy was when she was telling me details about the luxurious, totally remodeled Upper East Side apartment she was moving to soon. It was a blustery fall day and we were having lunch in the Village when Julie expressed concern about how she was going to take care of her big new place.

"It's a big place, and I'm just so busy anymore. I don't know how I'll keep up with it and all my clothes and things," she said between bites of her salad.

"I'll just have to hire help," she said suddenly. "I mean, I can certainly afford to have someone do the housework for me now, so why the hell not?"

I agreed with her wholeheartedly. She was rich and getting richer by the month, so why should she do housework if she hated it and didn't have time for it?

Julie looked at me strangely for a long moment, like she was trying to consider my reaction to something.

"Listen Bobbie, I've got an idea. Why don't you come work for me? You don't really have a job right now, and you've already helped me so much. You did a great job with my kitchen and bath last week."

I asked her what she meant by working for her.

"Well, Bobbie, sort of like my houseboy. That's what I'm thinking."

I thought she was kidding. I had never considered working for her. And especially not as something as menial as being her houseboy. But leave it to some spoiled New York fashion model to think up something as bizarre as that.

"I don't really think . . ." I said, laughing the suggestion off.

"No, really, I'm serious. You can live in, so you can get that mean old landlord off your back. My new place has a little room right off the Master that would be perfect for you. The real estate guy even said it was for meant for a maid, and a houseboy is like a maid in a way," she continued, suddenly struck with the idea.

“And I’d pay you, of course. I’d pay you more than you’ve ever made with your now-and-then photo assistant crap,” Julie explained.

I was dumbfounded and just sat there looking at her.

“Besides,” she said with a nice smile, “I think you might look cute in a little apron.”

I laughed out loud, thinking how strange it was that Julie just continued to look at me with her big green eyes, apparently taking this ridiculous idea seriously. But Julie was persistent and knew she had me wrapped around her little finger. And she knew I was out of work and getting desperate. Worst of all she probably knew about my crush on her and that because of it I’d probably agree to most anything she suggested if she was insistent enough.

I put up a fight for two weeks, but Julie never relented. In fact, she became more and more excited about the idea of me working for her. In the end, though, she used emotional blackmail to get me to agree.

“If you don’t want to work for me, Bobbie,” she explained, “I’ll just have to go out and hire someone else. There’s some place that already sent a brochure about live-in maids to my agent’s office.

“Anyway, with my career and everything I won’t really have much time to see you anymore. And it wouldn’t be fair to the maid to have you hanging out at my place all the time.”

She didn’t say it directly, but I knew there was an implicit threat in her words. Basically, if I didn’t become her little houseboy like she wanted, she just wasn’t going to see me anymore.

And I just couldn’t face that. Not now with everything else going down the tubes for me.

The fact that I was nearly out of money and she offered me a salary of almost \$3000. a month, along with room and board and health insurance, also became big points in the crazy idea’s favor. But the prospect of actually living with Julie was undoubtedly the strongest inducement.

“I’ll even set up a little 401K for you, and match your contributions. You can work for me for a few years and end up

with a decent amount of money in the bank, Bobbie,” Miss Julie said, truly excited at the prospect of having me as her “little houseboy.”

Although it was certainly an odd idea, it began to sound like it might not be a bad deal for me, at least financially. After all, if I was going to work for someone, why not work for Julie? Besides, at the time I wasn't entirely sure what she meant by “houseboy.” I truthfully thought that I would be more like being her assistant than anything else.

A successful model having an assistant was pretty common. A few of the girls had male assistants—I'd seen them at photo shoots. I always thought it was a bit demeaning to see some twenty-six year-old guy be summarily sent off to run some errand for his bratty eighteen year-old supermodel employer. But that was life in the big city. Money flowed one way — obedience and respect flowed the other.

After a lot of thought and a particularly nasty eviction notice from my landlord, I finally told Julie I'd give her crazy game a try.

“That's the spirit, Bobbie,” Julie said with a smile when I told her, “but it's not going to be a game. You really will have to do my housework and laundry and everything. You'll be working for me, and I'll be your boss. I just want to make it clear to you before hand, so you know what I mean,” she explained.

I knew she wanted me to do her housework and laundry for her, but it was when I discovered she meant to actually have me wear a *uniform* that I really had second thoughts. Unfortunately, I had just skipped out of my place (not good for the old credit rating) and moved in with her by the time this new revelation came to light.

“You can't back out on me now, Bobbie,” she said, sounding hurt and disappointed. “Besides, what's the big deal. I'm an old-fashioned girl and I think domestics should look like domestics. It just keeps things organized. It's not like I'm asking you to wear a *maid's* uniform,” she teased.

“You'll just have to wear something suitable for doing housework in.” Julie continued. “And appropriate for someone in your . . . position,” she added with a pregnant pause.

"I mean, I don't want you hanging out at my place sprawled out in an old dirty T-shirt and boxer shorts, like you're my *boyfriend* or something."

I didn't know what to say. So I just said I didn't want to look like a servant.

"Well, Bobbie, I understand that. But if one of my girlfriends is over and I ask you to get us a drink, it'll be good if you're in something that . . ." she paused and thought a moment to get the right words.

"Well, it's just that I want you in something that's presentable, and makes it clear you're working for me."

"You mean like a servant," I protested again.

"Dammit, Bobbie. Yes, like a servant, if that's how you insist on putting it. I mean, if you're working for me as my employee and living in my place for free, and I send you off to get me a drink and you bring it to me, what *is* that? I think that's you being my servant, isn't it?" she asked, her voice growing impatient.

"Look, it's not like I'm going to beat you or make you into my "slaveboy" or anything silly like that. Besides, hardly anyone will see you. Mostly it'll just be me there, or maybe sometimes a girlfriend or two".

I relented and said it would be O.K. if I had to wear something "like" a uniform. And in making that concession I began to accept that I wasn't going to be Julie's assistant, I was going to be her servant.

The salary and benefits packages were all drawn up by Julie's lawyer. It looked good to me, especially from my present horrible financial position. I'd be paid a salary of 32 thousand a year plus room and board, a 401K plan that Julie would match my contributions to, and a paid health insurance policy.

My official title, clearly checked off on the IRS forms used to set it all up was "Houseboy." And listed as my direct employer and boss; "Miss Julie _ _ _ _ _."

Much later Julie told me with a laugh that her accountant had told her my salary and benefits package only cost her about fifty grand a year.

“And with the tax write-off you represent, he says it’s really only maybe 30 thousand real money. Then she casually tossed off the fact that she now made that much money “in three good days.”

“He told me I could probably afford, like, five of you, Bobbie. Imagine five femmy guys like you scurrying around at my beck and call. My place would be so thick with servants, I’d never have to lift a *finger*.”

Not that she ended up lifting too many fingers as it was.

Once I digested all that it made me a little mad. I mean, it was financially true, of course. She could easily afford a squadron of full-time servants if she wanted to. But it certainly showed the unfairness of life in the “new economy.”

Just because she was born so beautiful, Julie would never have to scrub a floor or clean a bathroom; or even do her own laundry for the rest of her life. She would always live in beautiful places and drive beautiful cars and travel to great resorts. And she would always have someone to wait on her and clean up after her wherever she went, whether it was the maid in a five-star hotel, some poor studio assistant at a fashion shoot, or poor little me at her place.

Even if her modeling career faltered, with her spectacular looks she would marry some millionaire (or even billionaire) and still never have to lift a finger. Either way her future was pretty much assured.

And her use of the word “femmy” in referring to the guy servants who in her mind were “like me” wasn’t lost on me either. Every so often I would catch some phrase or comment she’d make that made me cringe to think she really didn’t see me as a “guy” in the boy/girl dating sense.

AS SOON AS JULIE AND I WERE SETTLED in her new place in mid January, my life as her houseboy began. And it really was a life as much as a job. I had no set hours and not much official time off. Not that it mattered because I don’t know where I would’ve gone or what I would’ve done anyway.

"On top of your salary and room and board, I'll pay for all your clothes and most any expenses you have, Bobbie," Julie explained.

"But in return for all that I don't want you to argue with me about not being "on duty" or something silly like that. When I need you to do something for me, I need you to do it. I can't always predict when that will be or how long it will take. One thing I absolutely can't stand is arguments at home. So there just won't be any, O.K.?"

I wasn't really in a position to argue.

So our relationship changed, and I began to change too.

One of my new employer's first actions was to have all my clothes picked up by Goodwill without consulting me. I was mad when I discovered what Julie had done, but she just blew me off.

"We're going out tomorrow and getting you some suitable things to wear, Bobbie," she explained. "Your old clothes were crappy anyway."

Our first stop the next morning was for new underwear and socks. We were in a men's store, of course. But all the underwear she picked out were those tight little bikini-types that these days mostly only gays actually wear.

Next we got socks. Julie bought them all in black and all the thin nylon type that go over the calf, like banker's wear.

"You know how I was worried about you laying around my place in boxer shorts, Bobbie?" she asked as we left the store.

"Well, that won't be a problem, because you don't own even a single pair of boxer shorts anymore. It's tight little bikini briefs only for you from now on, Bobbie," she said like a schoolgirl teasing someone on the playground.

Two blocks down we dropped into a women's athletic shoe place and she sat me down. Julie had the clerk bring over a plain white pair of girl's canvas tennis shoes in women's size 9 1/2. They fit my small feet perfectly.

When the salesgirl looked puzzled at me trying on the shoes instead of Julie, she just looked at her and said, "He's going to be doing my housework in these. And if you have them, we'll take two more pair just like these."

It was the first of many times to come when I blushed.

While we were there she also bought me a dozen pairs of girl's athletic socks, mostly in white but some in light blue and pink too.

"I don't think clunky men's tennis shoes would look right on you. Besides, they all have those macho logos and crap on them. Not your new image at all, Bobbie."

Finally it was off to a formal serving wear place. We walked in and a sales guy fell all over himself getting to Julie to help her. To the almost-panting nebbishy guy she announced, "The gentleman here is going to work for me in my home. He'll be doing the housework and laundry, working in the kitchen, and maybe even serving at little get-togethers. What do you have for that?"

Julie bought two pairs of black slacks and several white shirts like a waiter in a nice restaurant would wear, but she seemed dissatisfied with them.

"I don't really like the look of those," she said as we left.

"But we had to get you something to wear for now."

A WEEK LATER I WAS BEING MEASURED in Julie's bedroom by a few of her fashion friends who worked for designers. They were busy measuring me in case Julie wanted them to make up something custom for me to wear.

It was embarrassing to stand in Julie's huge new Master Bedroom while every dimension of me was carefully measured and recorded. And all I was wearing on my skinny little body was a small pair of black bikini underpants.

Two of the people measuring me were girls, and the third was an older gay man. Julie's words echoed off the bare walls of her new apartment when she had introduced me to everyone.

"This is my new houseboy. His name is Bobbie, spelled with an "ie" at the end, like a girl. He needs something to wear to keep house in and do the laundry in. And he needs something to serve at parties in. You guys are designers, so see what you can come up with," Julie said, enjoying her new role as rich lady who everyone listens to.

"Think cute, think a bit elegant. And it's O.K. to think a little sissy too. After all, a houseboy standing over a hot iron

pressing his employer's skirt isn't exactly an icon of masculinity, is it?"

The three fashion pros listened, and then set to work. One of the girls giggled slightly at Julie's "icon of masculinity" phrase, but mostly they just got on with it and began discussing what tailoring tricks they could use on my new outfits to make me look more suitable. I found out later 'suitable' often meant effeminate and servanty to them.

The little crew didn't seem shocked about me being Julie's new houseboy. They knew she was getting rich. And if she wanted to hire some wimpy guy to do her housework for her it certainly didn't merit headlines.

Of course I still saw it as very strange. But if you took out the fact that I was in love with Julie, and you took out the fact that I still saw myself as a red-blooded male it wasn't all that outrageous. And the only person who seemed to care about my feelings for Julie and who still thought of me as a "red-blooded male" was me. No one else saw it that way. They just saw it as Julie hiring a sissy to do her housework for her instead of hiring a girl. No biggie, as Julie would say.

After a couple of hours the three designer-types left to come up with ideas for Julie's approval.

In addition to getting my serving-wear wardrobe ready, my training as my employer's houseboy also began immediately. Julie brought home a pile of books one day that covered almost every domestic endeavor you could imagine; cooking, setting a formal table, rules of formal service, laundry and ironing, and general housekeeping and household organization were all covered. On top of the pile was a smaller volume entitled *Proper Etiquette for Employers and Domestic*s.

"I'm going to use this as a guide for our new relationship, Bobbie," Julie explained as she picked up the little book and leafed through it.

"I want to do this right."

At first I didn't realize what was happening. I was just happy to be spending so much time with Julie. But day by day I was learning to do housework and laundry, serve drinks and meals, and generally behave like some rich girl's lackey.

Julie's friend Debbie came over sometimes to help with my training. The two of them would show me how to properly 'serve at table' and help me understand my new 'social position.' The two young models were like girls in playland sometimes, and training me was a fun pastime for them. In a way I was their toy.

I don't think they were trying to be mean. They were just trying to teach me my new job. But I could tell they also enjoyed the fact that I had to pay attention to them and do things their way.

One time Julie corrected me on some small domestic point I forget. But I remember her suddenly lecturing me on my new position.

"I know we were friends before, Bobbie. And we still are friends in a way. But don't let that cloud the issue. You're a domestic now, and domestics should have a . . . a more obsequious view, if you know what I mean."

I'd never heard the word "obsequious" before and asked what it meant.

"It means like . . . shy, basically," Julie started to explain.

"Subservient," Debbie jumped in. "It means subservient."

Julie shot Debbie a quick glare, indicating she had not wanted that harsh definition to come out so all-at-once.

"Well, Debbie's correct, I guess," Julie admitted, continuing to give Debbie a dirty look.

"But what I mean, Bobbie, is you have to get comfortable with the idea that I'm not going to be asking you to do things, like I'd ask a friend. It's more like I'm going to be telling you to do the things I want done."

She dropped the discussion after that, but it was ominous all the same. "Obsequious", huh. Well, at least my vocabulary was expanding.

WHILE I WORE THE THINGS FROM the serving wear place for the first week or two, Julie's dislike for them was apparent. So on a Saturday, while I was busy doing housework, she and Debbie went out shopping. When they returned a few hours later Julie called me into her bedroom.

"We got you something better to wear, Bobbie," Julie said as she began to pull things out of two big shopping bags by her bed.

"Get undressed down to your undies," Julie casually said.

I hesitated because Debbie was there, but Julie got impatient.

"Debbie's a friend, Bobbie. She won't mind seeing you in your little briefs. I mean, we dress with male models backstage with biceps as big as your legs, so don't worry about your skinny little self getting us all hot and bothered. I think we'll be able to *control ourselves*," Julie said with heavy sarcasm.

Once I was down to my undies, Julie handed me a pair of sleek-looking black slacks. I pulled them on, immediately feeling a new sort of snug, bottom-hugging fit. Then, as I pulled up the zipper I noticed it was smaller and shorter than I was used to. And when I went to button the waist button, my fingers kept fumbling. It was like backward or something.

I was confused and mumbling a bit about the "backward" clothes.

Debbie giggled as Julie just calmly explained.

"Bobbie, they're women's slacks, so they close like girl's clothes do. They're from a formal serving-wear place downtown. The waiter and waitress uniforms were basically the same except for the cut. But I think the women's things are cut nicer and will have a better fit on you."

"But I'm a guy, and these pants fit kind of tight . . ." I began to protest.

"I think you'll look nicer in something a little fitted," Julie said quickly.

"Remember, I'm a fashion model, Bobbie. You have to trust me about this kind of thing. I don't know much, but I do know clothes," she added.

I still wasn't sure and mumbled a bit.

"Besides, I'm your boss. And if I want you in something that fits you better, well . . . I don't want to argue. If I want you to wear waitress' slacks, then you'll wear waitress' slacks - Got It?"

I blushed at her sudden harshness, but accepted my fate.

It got worse, though. The tight women's slacks and the shirts that were almost blouses were bad enough. But the next weekend, Debbie and Julie came waltzing in again with a bag from some serving-wear place uptown. Julie pulled out a snug pair of black satin shorts, so brief they were like girl's hot pants. And a stretchy black top that went with the little shorts. The top was actually a long-sleeved bodysuit, with attached underpants to hold it tightly tucked into the shorts. The bottom part had tiny snaps underneath so you could pull the whole thing on over your head instead of stepping into it.

Debbie saw me looking at the bodysuit, turning it all around and examining the little snaps.

"It has snaps there Bobbie so when you go to the restroom you can undo it and go without taking it all off. It's designed for a girl of course, and we sit when we go to the restroom, remember."

I blushed and then tried to launch into how I could wear the bodysuit and still stand by unsnapping it and pulling it up, but Julie broke in before I could get very far.

"It'll be fine, Debbie. I don't let Bobbie stand in the bathroom here anyway. I don't want him making messes around the toilet," she said firmly.

Debbie glanced over at Julie with a quizzical expression.

"I mean, if I have a *guy* over, I'll gladly put up with it," Julie elaborated.

"But my houseboy? If I want him to sit to pee, then he'll sit when he pees. Right, Bobbie?" Julie asked as she stared right at me harshly.

It was one of the first of the little "power tests" Julie seemed to have a knack for. I looked at the floor and was silent, but Julie didn't want silence.

"Right, Bobbie?" Julie asked again insistently.

"Yes," I said softly, probably losing face as a "real guy" with Debbie.

"Well, Bobbie, I guess you're more like one of the girls than I knew," Debbie said with a smile.

"Anyway, I think it's cute that you sit to go, instead of standing like some macho guy. And it *is* cleaner, like Julie says."

It was embarrassing to have Debbie know I sat in the restroom like girl – or maybe more to the point, like a sissy. But just as embarrassing was knowing I had a preference for sitting in the restroom all my life. So when Julie had told me she wanted me to use her bathrooms that way, I wasn't as upset as I pretended to be. But no one except me knew my new way of urinating wasn't really all that new.

I slowly tried on the bodysuit over my bikini underwear and then stepped into the shorts. I pulled the shorts up over my hips and tried to zip up the little zipper. But they just weren't fitting me right.

"Hey, silly," Julie said with a chuckle as she reached out and began to tug the shorts down, "the zipper goes in the *rear*."

I immediately protested that men didn't wear little short-shorts with zippers in the back.

"You're right, Bobbie, men don't," Julie agreed.

"But my houseboy will," she added firmly a moment later, her stern look letting me know this was a non-negotiable point.

I blushed and pulled off the shorts and turned them around. Pulling them up again I twisted and struggled to pull up the rear zipper.

"Just turn around, Bobbie," Julie said, annoyed with my incompetence.

I turned with my back to her as she roughly tugged the shorts up very high on my waist, making the crotch uncomfortably tight. Then she smoothly zipped up the rear zipper all the way to the top, making the shorts hug my bottom like a second skin.

"Oh, they're just *darling*," Debbie said as soon as I was zipped into them.

It was weird being in something that zipped up in back. And it was odd being in shorts that were so exceedingly brief, short, and tight. They weren't that comfortable either, since there was simply no room at all in the high, tight crotch for a boy, if you know what I mean.

When Julie saw my little bulge in the shorts, she seriously said, "this won't do at all" and told me to take the shorts off and "tuck".

I was confused and asked her what she meant by "tuck."

"You know, take your little thingy and tuck it back between your legs and then pull your little underpants up really tight to hold it there," she said.

Embarrassed, I turned around and tried it. With my black cotton boy's bikinis, the "tucking" didn't work that well. Besides, Julie said she could still see "stupid boy's underpants lines" on my rear when she zipped me back into the shorts..

So she walked over to her dresser and got a pair of her black, Lycra-enhanced high-waisted panties.

"Here, try it with these on," she said, handing me the glossy panties and reaching back to pull down the zipper.

"But those are your *panties*," I said with a touch of horror.

"So? They're your panties now; I certainly won't want them back. And we already know you don't have an aversion to women's underwear, Bobbie, don't we?"

"Come on, they'll probably fit you great, and they're much sleeker than those stupid boy's briefs," Julie said firmly.

So I walked a few feet away and took off the little short-shorts and unbuttoned the crotch of the bodysuit. Then as I pulled off my underwear I forgot where I was and turned around.

Debbie was right there and caught a glimpse of me. She giggled so suddenly she had to put her hand to her mouth.

"Look at how small his little thingy is," she exclaimed.

"Yeah, Bobbie's not very well endowed," Julie said matter of factly.

"He certainly won't have any trouble hiding *that*," Debbie commented, still giggling like a schoolgirl.

"No, he won't," Julie confirmed.

I blushed deeply, distressed that now two pretty young women knew I wasn't much more than a little boy in my pants.

I covered myself and tried to run away into my room. But Julie just reached up and caught my arm with surprising strength.

She laughed as she grabbed me.

"Don't be silly, Bobbie. We won't tease you anymore, will we Debbie. We just want to see how this new stuff fits you."

Debbie was still giggling a little as she said she was sorry and also asked me to stay.

I calmed down and was soon dressed in the little shorts and bodysuit. And with the tight Lycra panties and "tucking", this time my front was sleek and bulge-free.

"Much better," Julie said as she put her hands on my trim waist and turned me around.

"Yes, much better," Debbie echoed.

"He'll sure look cute serving drinks in that little get-up, won't he?" Debbie commented as I twisted in the little short-shorts, trying to see how my butt looked in them.

"Yes, he will. But he'll have to shave his legs first, of course," Julie answered.

"Of course," Debbie echoed again.

Within the week I found myself in the shower with a pink woman's razor, my legs slathered ankle to butt with thick "Skintimate" shave cream. Shaving my legs to my waist became a regular grooming chore for a long time to come. Later I even had to learn to keep my pubic hair trimmed and shaved to a tiny, bikini-friendly patch.

At the beginning of my employment my "uniform" consisted of tight women's black slacks and starched white shirts. But in the evenings when she was home Julie would sometimes ask me to put on the little black satin short-shorts with the matching bodysuit top. She always smiled when I appeared wearing the brief, tight shorts.

"You just look *adorable* in those little short-shorts, Bobbie," she would say as a compliment.

"It's fun seeing you swish around doing the housework with your tight little butt and your nice shaved legs and all," she'd add.

"As long as I'm going to have a houseboy around here all the time, I think he might as well be cute to look at," she explained.

It wasn't the kind of approval I wanted from her, but at least it was something.

THOUGH THEY WERE CUT IN A bottom-hugging effeminate way, the slacks and little shorts were the types of things you might expect a swishy houseboy to wear. The waists of all these things were awfully tight, however, since they were actually designed for girls.

Julie noticed me struggling with the tight button at the waist of one of my slacks one day and pronounced, "we'll need to put you on a strict diet. You'll need to have a waist more like a girl's to fit into your uniforms correctly, Bobbie."

I was already skinny, but Julie put me on a strict diet and I lost weight and whittled my waist with lots of twisting exercises. I also lost muscle from my arms and chest, which confused me a bit. Maybe it was all the indoor work. At least that explained my pale skin.

I noticed with my smaller middle and the tight waists of the clothes that my hips and rear looked bigger and curvier in contrast. I turned and saw my rear in a mirror one day, tightly clad in a pair of the tiny shorts Julie liked me in. I had to admit I didn't really look like a guy back there anymore. My body was sort of like a flat-chested young girl's, with my small waist and curvy, rounded rear-end. It was getting a little scary.

The first hint of more things to come began one Saturday afternoon. I was scrubbing a few pots and pans in my best pair of tight black slacks when a big splash of greasy, sudsy water spilled on my pants. I yelped a bit since the water was hot, and Julie came in and asked what was going on.

"Oh, I just splashed myself," I said turning around to show her my wet pants.

"You've probably ruined those good pants, Bobbie," she said with a touch of anger.

Several days later she came in to the kitchen while I was washing the dishes. Quietly she stood behind me and reached around to my front. I was startled since she'd snuck up on me. But I was even more surprised when I looked down and saw a white nylon waitress' apron draped across my front.

"Hey, what's that?" I yelled.

"Just an apron, so you won't get your pants wet and messy when you wash the dishes," Julie said as she cinched the nylon apron quite tightly around my waist and quickly tied the straps into a nice bow in back.

I turned to her for a moment and she smiled and said I looked cute in the apron. With a thin black cotton turtleneck on and snug-fitting black slacks, the white apron made quite a contrast. It also added a decidedly "servant" look to my outfit.

I began to wear the apron pretty regularly to do the dishes in. And Julie began to suggest that I wear the apron when I served her a drink in the living room.

"I think you should wear your apron when serving me. Waitresses wear aprons, Bobbie, and when you're serving me a drink you're really just being a waitress."

I protested and totally refused to wear it except for working in the kitchen. I made my stand there, and even though Julie looked disappointed when I'd wait on her apron-less, I stuck to my guns.

I WORE THE TIGHT PANTS AND SHORTS and things for about the first two months of my employment. But my serving-wear wardrobe expanded under Julie's continuing direction.

While I thought it was a joke at first, one weekend Julie took me to a uniform shop downtown and we looked at housekeeper's and maid's dresses. With her usual air of confidence she grabbed several off the racks and we headed toward the fitting rooms.

"He can't go in there with you, Miss," one of the salesgirls shouted as she saw us heading for the dressing rooms.

Julie just shot back, "He can if he's going to be the one trying them on."

After that revelation they didn't bother us.

"O.K., Bobbie, strip to your panties," Julie said as she took one of the dresses off its hanger.

With Julie's help I tried on a gray one, a light blue one with stripes, and a black one. She turned me around in the black one and put her hands on my waist.

I'd never had a dress on before.

“An apron will help nip it in at the waist,” Julie said almost to herself.

Then she picked at the darted extra fabric at my chest.

“We’ll have to get something for you to wear here to fill it out, Bobbie. Maybe a nice bra with a pair of those silicone breast inserts cross dressers use.”

She saw me roll my eyes.

“Really, Bobbie. If you’re going to be in a dress we have to make it look right. I know you already like wearing panties, so having to wear a bra shouldn’t be much of a stretch for a sissy like you,” she said, a bit peeved at my eye-rolling.

I just stood there silently.

“Come on, let’s go. These aren’t really that nice. I think you should start off with separates anyway. You know, a nice little skirt and top.”

A week later Julie had the three fashion people back over. In the meantime, she had picked up something for me downtown. A pair of realistic silicone “breasts” to go in the new black bra she’d also bought me.

After some heavy-handed encouragement from Julie, I found myself standing in the living room dressed in my bra and panties. I looked in the full-length mirror and saw an odd reflection. It was odd because with my new “breasts” and my shaved legs, as well as my unusually trim waist and rounded rear, my body looked more like a young girl’s than a boy’s.

I didn’t have time to consider this for too long, however, because Julie was at the controls.

“Here’s what I’m thinking,” she said to the fashion folks. “We do up a mock-turtle neck black bodysuit with snug fitting long sleeves out of a soft wool jersey. Then a trim little black skirt with a slightly high waist. It should have a hidden side-zipper. And the hemline should fall about like this,” she finished as she indicated with her hand a spot about five inches above my knees.

By the end of the session Julie had ordered four skirts for me in various shapes and lengths. But not in various colors – they were all to be black.

I told her I was unsure about wearing skirts once they'd left. But once again Julie just brushed my concerns aside.

"Skirts are fun to wear, Bobbie. They always give me a nice flirty feeling, especially if they're short and swirly. I think you'll look great in a black skirt and top with the nice contrast of a pristine white apron tied tightly at your waist."

"They're fun for you to wear because you're a girl," I said under my breath.

"What was that, Bobbie?" Julie asked sternly. "Speak up."

"I said they're fun for you to wear because you're a girl."

Julie just laughed and turned me to face a full-length mirror.

"Look at yourself, Bobbie. You may not be a girl, but you certainly don't look that much like a guy anymore with your shaved legs, standing here in your bra and panties.

"And if a girl can wear pants, I certainly don't see why a sissy like you can't wear a cute skirt now and then."

She almost had a point there.

And that's when it began to dawn on me that eventually I would be in outfits that were for all intents and purposes the same sort of things a maid would wear. And maybe that had been Julie's plan all along.

WHILE MY WARDROBE EXPANDED, my other training as Julie's servant continued. One day Julie sat me down and told me today's lesson was "forms of address."

"As an employee in my home you will treat both me and my guests with respect Bobbie," she began.

"One aspect of that respect is in how you will address me and any guests I have over. First, Bobbie, you are always to address me as "Miss" from now on, understand?"

"Yes," I replied once I knew she wanted me to answer.

"Yes, what, Bobbie," she said firmly.

"Yes, Miss," I said, smirking to make it like a joke.

Julie gave me one of her trademark piercing-eye looks.

"This isn't a joke, Bobbie," she said deadly serious.

After a pause to let that sink in, she continued.

"If you are speaking about me to others you are not to use just my name, but will refer to me as "Miss Julie" to them as

well. Like, if you talk to someone on the phone, don't say, 'Julie will be here in a moment' but rather, 'Miss Julie will be here in a moment.'"

"This point about how to handle the phone is important, because by using the more formal "Miss" with my name on the phone, callers will know you are my employee. And while we're on the phone, I hope you know by now that you will be answering it for me all the time. I can't be talking with all these losers who try to get to me or think they know me just 'cause they've seen my picture in a magazine."

Even though Julie had an unlisted number, she got a lot of calls from strangers who wanted be her friend, or make any connection with her they could. One of the pitfalls of being in Julie's lofty position was the distinct possibility of stalkers. I totally understood that she had to be careful.

"Whenever you are here Bobbie you will be answering the phone for me. No need to see if I am going to pick up or anything, because I won't be, ever. If you're out somewhere I'll let the machine pick it up.

"I'll answer my cell, but I only give that number to a few people and I change it all the time," she explained.

"Anyway, Bobbie, you are to be polite to everyone who calls, but be very firm if you think someone's a creep. Just hang up quickly before they can even launch into anything."

I could tell this was one aspect of her new more public life that worried Julie a little. One reason she had hired me was to perform this "screening" for her. I also think she liked the fact that, since I lived in, I was there all the time. Otherwise she would have had to walk into a big, empty apartment every night, not knowing what kind of creepo was going to call her.

"You will carefully write down and relay any messages from people I know," she went on, completing her phone-handling instructions.

"Now, when I have guests over, Bobbie, you will refer to them with a similar form of respect as you do me. So, from now on, it's "Miss" Debbie to you, and "Miss" Susan and so forth. And, as with me, if you bring them up to me even when they're not here, you will use the "Miss" form of address."

"Perhaps another way to look at it, Bobbie, is that your days of calling any girl by just her first name are over. It's not that I am trying to be mean. It's just that with your new job here you are at one level, and me and my friends are sort of on another. There should be a little social separation there."

"Does anyone have to address me as "Mr. Bobbie?" I said, trying to make a joke.

Julie just sneered at me and didn't even answer.

I just sat there and took it all in, as unbelievable as it sounds. Julie, however, was spewing this stuff out like it was gospel. She seemed to instinctively know nearly every detail of how a servant should act and be treated.

After I got to know her even better, Julie admitted that as a child she had always read books where the heroine had a maid or butler. She had always been interested in the mechanics and etiquette of domestic service. And she had always wanted to live in a home with everything taken care of by a servant.

"Married women should be addressed as "Ma'am" directly, and as "Mrs. Jones" or whatever when speaking of them to others," Julie continued.

It was clear that everyone was going to be free to just call me "Bobbie". All the formality and respectfulness seemed to flow one way in Julie's world.

I WAS SHOCKED WHEN JULIE THEN continued with how I was to address men. Oddly, I guess I hadn't really thought about this possibility. And when faced with it, it was disconcerting to say the least. Being Miss Julie's servant was one thing. She was a beautiful model and I was in love with her. But wait on some slob of a guy? Not the same thing at *all*.

"Now, as for the guys, Bobbie," she started, "if it's someone who is not a frequent guest, you will address him as "Mr." and his surname, such as "Mr. Jones" and so forth. But, if the man is someone who is around more, like a guy I'm dating, you'll address him as "Mr." with his first name; such as "Mr. Steve" or "Mr. William," etc."

"Of course, if you are speaking with him directly, you'll just address him as 'Sir.'

"You haven't had to deal with saying "Yes, Sir" and "No, Sir" so far Bobbie, but you will," Julie smiled.

I blushed like crazy and squirmed around as she explained this to me, so much so that Julie noticed my discomfort.

"Yes, Bobbie, I *am* going to have male guests in my home. And some of them will be dates I'm bringing home. And, yes, since I'm a grown woman sometimes a man I like will be sleeping with me in my bed."

I looked at the floor, dumbfounded once again. I hadn't considered other guys in Julie's life. And even the mention of it made me very jealous.

"I know this is hard for you, Bobbie," Julie said as she got off her teaching lecture for a second.

"I know about your little crush on me, Bobbie. But it's silly. You can't really think a girl like me . . ." she stopped and thought for a moment.

"I mean, I don't want to be boastful, but *look* at me, Bobbie," she said, holding out her arms and going into a pose.

"I can probably get about any man I want if I went after him. And I like men that are . . . well, that are taller and bigger and stronger than you are. And more sure of themselves, too.

"You know it's only natural that I'd want to give it up to some big masculine guy I like a lot. I mean, Bobbie, for a girl to have a real man wrap her in his arms and then make love to her . . ." she mercifully stopped, since she realized that I didn't need to hear such details.

"But, Miss . . . I thought maybe somehow you and I . . ."

"Bobbie, look at what you just said. You called me "Miss" and then said you thought maybe we'd get together. I couldn't really want a boyfriend who calls me "Miss" now, could I? The man is usually supposed to be the more powerful one, Bobbie.

"You're my employee now, Bobbie. I still see you as a friend, too, don't get me wrong. But, no, Bobbie we aren't going to be dating, if that's the idea you had," Julie explained.

I was silent and dejected. I didn't know what to say. I guess I'd known all along Julie wasn't going to really become my girlfriend, but it was sad having that fact laid so plainly out before me.

"I've never given any indication whatsoever that I was interested in you romantically," Julie continued, her hand on my shoulder.

"I never led you on, Bobbie. I like you Bobbie, as a friend. But unfortunately any romantic feelings you have are misplaced."

Julie patted my shoulder softly.

"It'll be O.K., Bobbie. I'm not dating anyone right now anyway. But you'll get used to me being with a guy. And I'll give you fair warning if I'm bringing anyone special home."

I was in shock over this for days. But I don't know what I thought was going to happen. I mean, I was basically Julie's servant so couldn't I have expected her to actually date me. She hadn't dated me even before I was doing her housework in some swishy little uniform, so it would be nuts to expect her to fall for me now.

I calmed down after a few days, especially because there wasn't a man in Miss Julie's life then anyway.

THEN IT HAPPENED. ONE LAZY WINTER SUNDAY something just got into me. I don't know what it was or where it came from, but I guess I kind of snapped and decided to give up.

Almost like a dream I found myself walking into the living room and serving Julie her before-dinner drink. I carried it on a little tray, wearing a uniform of a black bodysuit and tight black Lycra girl's "bike" shorts. And tied tightly about my waist was the white rounded nylon waitress' apron with the ruffled edge. On my feet were a pair of the pristine white canvas girl's tennis shoes Julie had gotten me, with those little socks girls wear that don't come up any higher than their shoes.

Under my Lycra shorts I was in sleek black Lycra panties, my little "thingy" tightly tucked well back between my legs.

Julie beamed from her perch on the leather sofa when she saw me in my uniform with the serving tray.

"Now, Bobbie, *that's* what a girl's servant should look like," she said with pride.

I was glad she was happy with me, because she hadn't been for some time. All at once that day I suddenly felt like her

houseboy. It wasn't a game anymore. I guess I lost my pride and just accepted my 'place'

"Thank you, Miss," I said in a small voice, placing her drink on the table.

"Will there be anything else, Miss?" I added meekly.

Julie looked surprised for a second as she took in my new attitude, which was just as servant-like as my cute little outfit. But then she quickly assumed the rich girl role she already seemed to know so well.

"No, Bobbie, that will be all for now. Why don't you catch up on the laundry now."

"Yes, Miss," I said in my new-found meek servant's voice.

I even gave her a little bow before turning and walking off to the laundry room, feeling a little faint from my sudden submission.

It wasn't lost on me that the apron and serving tray were badges of my increasingly effeminate and servile position in the household. But I accepted it for some reason, and Julie certainly wasn't going to protest her newly-obedient and respectful servant.

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER JULIE HAD ME FITTED for an actual maid's dress, a short, black little number with a tailored skirt and tight waist and bodice. When the black maid's dress was completed and the final fitting had been done, I wore it one night for Julie and Debbie. My employer had tied the frothy white apron on me and I flitted about and even practiced a clumsy curtsy. And they had fun ordering me off to fetch them drinks, or getting me to bend over like some parody of a French maid, feather duster and all. It was almost like a joke that first time.

Unfortunately however, it didn't stay a joke. And it wasn't to be my last or my only maid's dress. I was already wearing trim black skirts and tops in the evenings when Julie was home. She thought I looked cute in them and said she enjoyed seeing me do my housework in a little skirt.

So, in time, black maid's dresses from the same upscale uniform suppliers that dressed the maids on the upper East

Side and out in Beverly Hills hung in my closet, along with a good selection of conservative gray and pastel housekeeping dresses for my daytime housework.

Some of the fashion house interns Julie knew from her work would offer their suggestions on how to dress me, and would give her sketches of ideas for uniforms. The uniform designs were a combination of new ideas that were essentially genderless (unless "sissy" is a gender) and more traditional maid's wear, like tailored skirts with matching tops. The fashion folks were interested not only because I was a male, but because I was a maid. They said it was a nice diversion for them to design chic uniforms for a servant, a fashion area not much examined in decades.

The formal little maid's uniforms often seen in 1930's fantasy musicals were mentioned frequently. It was as if the designers pined for such movie-era elegance, with little maids in darling black and white uniforms flitting about in their black and white world.

Maybe the designers were simply interested in pleasing Julie, who as a rising star now could help them get noticed if she walked the runway at their shows. So if she asked them to help design or sew up something for her houseboy, they were happy to oblige.

As my "basic training" was winding down, Julie brought a female impersonator in from a club downtown. "She" helped teach me how to move more like a girl when I was dressed in my more feminine uniforms.

When the impersonator left, I told Miss Julie, "She was kind of . . . cute. I mean, he, or . . . she, was actually quite pretty."

"I know, Bobbie," Julie broke in with a laugh, "Sharie is totally pretty. I met him a few months ago when we all went out to one of those wild clubs. You know, where all the "girls" are actually guys. I thought he might be able to help you with some things."

"Does he . . . ahh, still have everything, Miss?" I asked nervously, not knowing whether I really wanted an answer.

"Well, I'm pretty sure there's still some little thing tucked back in his panties, Bobbie, but he must take a lot of female

hormones to look like that, so it's doubtful that whatever he has still works," Julie answered.

"He can't be happy about that," I said thoughtfully.

"Oh, it's O.K.," Julie said. "I think he mentioned a boyfriend once, so I think it's safe to say he's gay. Anyway, I'm sure he doesn't go to bed with girls, so it doesn't matter if he can't get it up anymore."

I was scared after seeing the impersonator, and I told Miss Julie about my considerable reservations.

"I don't know if I actually want to look like a *girl*, Miss. I really don't want to go that far," I said seriously.

"You won't have to go as far as Sharie, Bobbie. I won't turn you into a girl. But I do want you to work at looking good in your uniforms. You'll have to look a little femmy, at least.

"You're naturally effeminate anyway, Bobbie. I'm not trying to be mean, but you must know that by now."

I knew my answer didn't really count. Julie would have me dressed in what she wanted anyway. Honestly I'd never thought of myself as being particularly effeminate, even though I had to admit I wasn't as hard or tough-looking as most other guys.

Most young guys now intentionally cultivate an ugly look, with poor grooming, facial hair trimmed to look "evil", clothes with no fit at all, and baggy shorts that go way below their knees. It's almost as if they're trying to outdo each other on the ugliness scale. I was never into that scene at all.

"I look uglier and stupider in my clothes, so I am less gay than you are," might be the point.

The shorts I wore in high school, though still longer than I'd like, were at least above the knee. And I'd even been teased about them at that length. It seemed these days only gay guys got to dress up. Every other young male seemed to want to look like some testosterone-fueled psychopath in prison or something.

Over the next several weeks I worked with Sharie. She taught me all about girl stuff – how to shave my legs, how to apply nail polish, how to hide my beard (though that was easy, I

barely have one) and how to walk and talk in the meek, girlish manner Julie wanted me to adopt.

A woman came with Sharie one day and proceeded to pierce my ears. Little gold studs, and later sometimes little gold hoops, dangled from my lobes from then on. My nails grew and were filed and shaped and buffed and polished. I began to experiment with nail polish, usually in a neutral, flesh-tone shade by Revlon called "Sheer Cotton Candy" that did little except add gloss to my nails. In time I got a little bolder and tried colors like Maybelline's "Preppy in Pink." I even painted my toenails sometimes. It was kind of fun, actually.

My hair had gotten long and scraggily. So one Saturday a hairdresser was marched in. I sat in a kitchen chair with a pink smock draped over me as the hairdresser and Miss Julie discussed what cut I should have.

"Well, I could leave it about this length and just trim it. But it would still be unruly unless he used curlers and a setting gel, and combed it out in the mornings," the hairdresser said.

"Please, Miss, I really don't want to have to use *curlers*," I immediately yelled in protest.

Julie just laughed.

"Oh, come on, Bobbie. You'd look so cute heading off to your little room every night with your hair up in curlers like some high school cheerleader. And you can believe me when I tell you, curlers are just *heaven* to sleep in," Julie teased.

Julie had had to have her hair up a few times the night before an important early shoot, and she told me she absolutely hated having to sleep in curlers.

I sat there and fumed in my pink beauty-shop smock thing.

"You thought I was turning you into a sissy before by having you wear panties and insisting you be in a cute apron when you serve. But that's nothing. Think about padding around here every evening in some little night shirt with your hair up in big, pink curlers. Now *that's* sissified," Julie announced gleefully.

In the end it was all a tease. Julie had the hairdresser cut my hair into a short but feminine little bob. It was a bit like a "Audrey Hepburn in *Funny Face*" kind of cut.

Much later I actually did put my hair up in curlers one night with Miss Julie. She had to put her hair up for an early shoot, and she thought it would be fun if I did it too. So, like a girl over at a slumber party she set my hair in curlers. It was a weird feeling and though it was fun to have her fuss with my hair I was very glad I didn't have to be in them every night.

Sharie came over again and taught me to put on light make-up. A little concealer, a touch of light blush, a bit of eye shadow, and sheer lip gloss all helped to soften my face and make it in a subtle way more girlish. And Sharie plucked my eyebrows to give them a bit of a girlish "arch".

There was to be no garish "drag queen" war paint for me, however. Julie was adamant about that, and was always reminding Sharie that "less is more."

"He's a sissy, Sharie," Julie would explain.

"If I wanted a servant who looked just like a girl, I would've hired a girl – or you. I mean it's fine if he looks femmy and soft and cute. But no garish crap or bright red lipstick or anything silly like that, O.K.?"

My look became like that of a cute but tom-boyish girl. I still had slimmer hips than most girls and shortish hair, but while I wasn't being turned into a drag queen, the reflection I saw in the mirror began to look less and less male and more and more like someone caught between the genders.

My training continued for a while longer. And I was getting full-time "on the job" training as well. After I had been in Julie's employ for three months, she pronounced one day that she now considered me her "official houseboy."

The announcement made no difference in my heavy work schedule, since I had already been doing Julie's housework and laundry for months. And for me I'd really become her servant that Sunday when I wore the apron and submissively served her her drink on a tray in the living room.

"Anything else you need to learn I'll try to teach you as we go along, Bobbie," Miss Julie said as she tied my apron on me the morning after the "pronouncement" before she left for work.

"Thanks for trying so hard, Bobbie. I know it's strange for you, but it's not that bad, is it?" she asked in a way that assumed the proper answer.

"No, Miss, it's O.K. At least so far," I'd said at the time.

From being a guy falling in love with a model, to becoming that model's femmy little houseboy boy in six months. Life can take very odd twists sometimes.

CHAPTER THREE

THURSDAY MORNING I HAD TO HURRY to get Miss Julie ready to get to work on time. The busy model often rushed around frantically in the morning, and she had kept me hopping getting her ready for the day. As I was getting her clothes ready for her, Miss Julie kept remembering things she wanted me to do, filling my day with a full list of "favors" and errands.

Thursday was the day I did the heavy housework. Miss Julie usually stayed out Thursday nights, rarely arriving home before midnight, (especially if some cute guy was flirting with her somewhere.) Because of her schedule, I could leave such daily duties as dusting, making her bed, and vacuuming until late in the afternoon, giving me most of the day for more laborious chores.

I rested for a few minutes with my tea in the kitchen after the whirlwind that was Miss Julie in the morning had breezed out the door. I was still dressed in the soft cotton sleep shirt and panties I'd worn to bed. They were girl's things, but they were comfortable and I was used to sleeping in girl's things now.

Julie had bought me this particular sleep shirt and matching panty for me, so I secretly liked them.

I strolled through the elegant apartment with my tea, planning the day's housework. Putting the cup in the kitchen, I went to my room to change.

My cozy little room was right next to the Master Bedroom. Unfortunately, Miss Julie had instructed her decorator to place a small engraved brass plaque reading "Maid's Room" in script on my door. Miss Julie explained that the label would eliminate any silly speculation about the unusual domestic arrangement we had. She also informed me that labeling my room served to

pay me back for once hinting to her girlfriends that I did her housework and laundry in return for certain "favours." After that pathetic little lie, Miss Julie made sure it was obvious to everyone that our relationship was purely platonic and business-like. And that her houseboy always slept in his own little room, alone.

The maid's room was small and had white carpeting and soft pink walls and glossy white trim. It was a decidedly feminine decorating scheme that Julie explained by saying she still thought she might be hiring a female maid when she had the apartment re-done. She also said that if I ever left her, her next servant would be a girl, so the room was staying as it was.

My bed was a juvenile little twin-size with a white satin comforter and dust ruffle. I'd complained about the small bed, but Julie quickly shut me down.

"It's not like you're going to have women over, Bobbie. I don't think someone who's a girl's houseboy and looks and dresses like you is going to be that much of a dater. So a single bed is all you'll really need," Miss Julie said in answer to my complaint.

I was embarrassed at her words, and at the time I thought all that was meant mostly as a joke. Some joke it turned out to be.

I slipped out of the sleep shirt and wiggled out of my panties before stepping into a hot shower. After showering, I dried off and smoothed cool, scented powder all over. I sat on my still-unmade bed to rest, my bottom cooled by the glossy pink sheets. I put on white nylon/Lycra bikini panties and tucked myself back and pulled them up tight. Then I pulled a thin black girl's T-shirt over my head. I got my pair of tight black Lycra women's bike shorts out of my dresser and pulled them up my smooth, shaved legs and tucked my shirt into them.

Switching on the light in my closet, I saw my maid's uniforms hanging neatly in a line. I had a good selection of them now. Some were plain and came from regular domestic wear and hotel housekeeping suppliers. And some of them were designed especially for me by assistants and seamstresses Julie knew at some of the New York fashion houses. For parties, I even had a two tight-waisted black taffeta dresses that were formal and elegant.

But for today's housework I was only in the closet getting my white girl's tennis shoes. I pulled on a pair of anklets and then slipped on the shoes.

The heavy housework made me sweat, so I pulled on a white terry headband. Suitably attired, I went off to the pantry for a housework apron, the sound of my steps echoing through Miss Julie's large, minimally-decorated apartment.

In the kitchen I put my head through the neck of my new frosted pink plastic ruffled pinafore-style apron, and tied the apron strap tightly about my waist with a nice bow in back. Julie had recently gotten it from a place on the Internet called "Traveltrunk.com" that sold an eclectic selection of tea services and maid's clothing.

The pastel pink apron had a ruffled edge all around the bottom and also up on the "bib" part, giving it a very effeminate and domestic look. But it sure was practical for housework. Any splashes or spills simply wiped right off the smooth, impervious plastic.

After my apron was on, I pulled on long rubber gloves that were folded over into neat cuffs halfway up to my elbows. I then filled a bucket with hot water and sudsy ammonia cleaner. Before kneeling on the kitchen floor with my scrub brush, I slipped on kneepads to cushion my knees. Kneeling down, I began to laboriously scrub the kitchen floor.

One of the most surprising things I'd discovered about being a rich girl's housekeeper was how much work it was. Keeping Julie's big apartment spotless, doing all her laundry and ironing, waiting on her, and constantly picking up after her added up to a full time job. Miss Julie never did any housework at all herself, and didn't even bother to pick her clothes up off the floor anymore. She'd quickly become entirely used to having "the help" do all that stuff for her.

I smiled as I remembered Miss Julie taking my picture while I was scrubbing the floor one lazy (for her) morning. I had just looked up to see her walk in the kitchen when the flash caught me. What a sight I'd made; the scrub brush, the suds on the floor, my ruffled pink plastic bib apron and long rubber gloves. Miss Julie laughed as she looked at the Polaroid picture.

“What a cute little Scrub Maid you make,” she said with delight.

Amidst all the work and formality, Julie and I had a little fun too.

MISS JULIE TOLD ME LATER THAT SHE had been amazed at how easy it had been to turn me into her servant. Julie hid her amazement from me, however, and casually acted as if she thought guys like me were simply meant to be young women’s housekeepers and servants. It had all started with gradual steps. But it wasn’t long before the seemingly silly game was simple reality.

Although I had been reluctant to be her full-time houseboy, my blind love for Julie made me do things I’d never dream of doing normally. I convinced myself I was just going along with her little “game” so I could stay with her.

“I’ll get in her pants yet!” I’d think with bravado. (Although the closest I’d gotten to “getting in her pants” so far was ironing them for her and helping her dress in them.)

But in time I noticed a change in my reluctant behavior. I started looking forward to Miss Julie’s arrival home, even if it meant waiting on her and answering her every order with a snappy, pleasant “Yes, Miss.” I began to feel comfortable as her servant, like it was only right that I’d wait on her and make her comfortable. And I have to admit that I started to see her as my social superior too. I began, in short, to learn that most important thing for a servant to learn—his place.

Neither Julie or I had much of a family life, and I think this made us feel closer. I am a little estranged from my family, unfortunately. Julie’s mother lived in France and visited rarely, and her father had taken off for parts unknown when Julie was six years old.

I guessed that maybe the strife and unrest in her childhood home was one reason she desired so much order in her life and home now. And she liked a household where one person held all the power. She hated arguments, and we never really had any. With our employer/employee dynamic, Julie held all the power

in the household, so it wasn't some constant battle for dominance.

I didn't always like the fact that Julie ruled the roost. But it did make for a calm domestic scene. She told me what she wanted done, I did it, and we moved on to the next thing. It was smooth, I can say that for it.

Maybe the isolation we both felt because of our family lives was one thing that brought us together in the first place. And although our relationship evolved into that of an employer and her employee, there was no doubt that our daily presence in each other's lives comforted us.

The other reason she was so successful in training me was her air of complete self-assurance. In her mind, I was her servant almost from the day we'd met, all that was required was specific training. While others might look at such an odd "experiment" as impossible, she always assumed success. Of *course* I would wear a proper uniform, of *course* I would learn how to do her laundry, and of *course* I would eventually be taught to curtsy. And, inevitably, her thoughts on these matters became mine as well.

DURING MY TRAINING THE INTENSE sexual frustration of the first month or so become more manageable. I felt more comfortable and less excited seeing Julie's amazing body in nothing more than silky little panties and a push-up bra, an awesome sight that would've moved any red-blooded male to the boiling point. This change made my job as Miss Julie's personal assistant easier of course, but it scared me, too. Was I turning gay? Was I really the little sissy that Miss Julie kept insinuating I was?

What I didn't know at the time was that Julie was the cause of this confusion in me as well. She had helped insure the success of her outrageous plan right from the start by secretly lacing my orange juice with small doses of testosterone blockers and female hormones. The "blockers" were a form of male contraception being developed, and the hormones were the same basic type menopausal women take. She had consulted with a doctor on the small doses so they would do me no permanent

harm, but they served to “take the edge off” my more male-oriented impulses.

Although the physical effects were slight, the concoctions eventually made my skin a softer and smoother, my bottom a bit fuller, and my breasts tender and swollen. These were all symptoms I should have picked up on, but I didn't. I had an indoor, girl-like lifestyle now, with soft clothing and body lotions and leg shaving. So I thought some of the changes were just from that stuff.

I was so naive and trusting of Julie, I never even suspected that she was using hormones to help make me into more and more of a sissy.

The stuff she laced my juice with also messed with my emotions, I think. I seemed to become moodier and more passive. And sometimes I caught myself using an oddly submissive tone when speaking to Miss Julie.

I was becoming a little sissy sexually, too. My disheartening failure to spark Julie's desire when I'd met her had started my doubts; my new position as her servant and the secretly-laced juice only made matters worse.

Of course, Julie wasn't much help, since she was always encouraging me to be more effeminate and submissive. She'd praise me sweetly whenever I was particularly obedient or acted overtly sissified, and I basked in her praise like it was sunlight.

And it was odd, but I was beginning to sometimes enjoy wearing the cute, effeminate uniforms and things. I was able to rationalize that I didn't really have much choice in what I wore. Julie liked me to look cute, and I started to want to look cute for her. I still wore pants and shirts and things, but they were all girl's things now.

And while I'd just slept naked at first, I now wore girl's things to sleep in too. Miss Julie brought things home me to wear to bed almost right from the start. First it was a nice pair cotton pajamas, which doesn't sound so bad until you know they were girl's pajamas and they were pink. Soon she was bringing home more obviously girl things like satin tap pants and silky camisole tops. She'd place them on my dresser for me to put

away and would mention that she thought I'd like how they'd feel on. But she didn't push it.

Julie always encouraged me to look my best, and would compliment me on how nice I looked in a new uniform, noting how my tight apron defined my waist, how sexy my shaved and lotioned legs looked in stockings and heels, or how cute my girl-like bottom was in tight little shorts. While I didn't really mind wearing all the sissy clothes in the privacy of Miss Julie's home, I still told her I didn't like them and wore them only because she wanted me to.

AFTER I FINISHED SCRUBBING THE FLOORS, I took a break. Looking in the mirror, I wondered what Miss Julie was doing now. A bunch of guys were probably fawning all over her doing her makeup and hair while she relaxed and made catty remarks with the other models. And she'd probably sent some poor assistant stylist scampering off to fetch her a Coke or something.

In part because of her beauty, Julie had a self-assured personality that drew "servants" to her like a magnet. Waiters in restaurants, cab drivers, studio assistants, and wardrobe girls always seemed immediately anxious to wait on Miss Julie and please her.

"What different lives we lead," I thought as I drank some ice water and wiped my brow. I laughed as I tried to imagine Miss Julie in a servant's uniform and plastic apron scrubbing floors. It was a vision I had a very hard time conjuring. Miss Julie's beauty and elegant femininity just didn't mix with housework. She was the type of girl who was meant to have servants do all that for her.

Of course, I would have had a very hard time conjuring an image of *myself* in a sissy little servant's uniform scrubbing floors before meeting Miss Julie. Now it was just routine.

While I was still suitably uniformed for such work, I went in to tackle Miss Julie's bathroom. I scrubbed the sunken marble tub, the sinks, and the toilet before polishing the large mirrors and counter tops.

Besides my weekly scrubbing, I also often stepped into the luxurious master bath after my mistress so I could pick up her casually discarded underwear or wet towels. Miss Julie now seemed to drop everything on the floor without a thought, completely expecting me to magically pick up after her almost immediately. And it was an expectation I fulfilled.

Still in my waterproof apron and gloves, I went to clean the guest's powder room off the foyer. As I knelt on the floor with my brush and cleanser, I blushed as I remembered what had happened just last Thursday.

Miss Julie had unexpectedly burst into the apartment with her model friend Tracy. Unfortunately, I had just that second started scrubbing the toilet in the powder room. Miss Julie stood there with her friend, oblivious to my rather embarrassing position. I was kneeling by the toilet in my plastic apron holding a scrub brush in a rubber-gloved hand while the two elegantly-dressed young models looked down at me.

Miss Julie hurriedly asked me where her portfolio was. Red-faced, I had meekly informed her that it was in the den. As the women breezed by with the portfolio moments later, Julie yelled.

"Have fun, Bobbie!"

Tracy shook her head in wonder and asked, "Where did you find a guy sissy enough to clean your toilets for you, Julie? And wear that silly pink plastic apron too?"

The occasion would certainly have been humiliating enough for a female maid, but Julie's friend's comment had made it painfully clear she knew exactly what I was—a boy in a sissy uniform and apron dutifully scrubbing Julie's bathrooms for her. I was so upset I had actually given a passing thought to leaving that day, but something held me there with her.

After completing the bathrooms, I cleaned myself up a bit and had a quiet lunch. Then I took off my tennis shoes and socks and put on a pair of polished leather Mary Janes with little two-inch heels and tightly tied on a rounded white starched cotton apron. In the central hall I saw my reflection in a big mirror. With the girlish shoes and waitress-style apron, I made the perfect picture of a cute, efficient maid as I began my

dusting. And when you see yourself in the mirror every day looking basically like a maid you kind of begin to feel like a maid too.

After the dusting was completed I sat in the dining room, pulled on latex surgeon's gloves, and completely polished the silver tea service. I had my legs crossed tightly and my elbows tucked in at my sides as I worked. I realized it was a pretty feminine posture. Something in me had always made me be a bit sissy, I guess. And my strange life with Miss Julie just brought it out in the open and exaggerated it.

RECENTLY, MISS JULIE HAD PURCHASED a little cart for me to serve tea and coffee from in her immense living room.

"It will make it easier for you to serve tea and coffee to guests, Bobbie," Miss Julie explained when the cart was delivered.

"Besides, I think you'll look adorable pushing it around in your little uniform."

I guessed the little cart would make serving tea in the living room more convenient, but I thought I'd look more foolish than adorable pushing it around. Tomorrow night I'd probably be ordered to serve tea from the cart to Miss Julie's girlfriends, so I'd soon find out.

When I finished with the silver I went out on the balcony to shake out my dust cloths. Miss Julie's apartment was on the twenty-seventh floor, and the balcony had a great view of Central Park.

With summer coming on, Miss Julie had started sunbathing out there. She would lounge on a big soft fluffy towel I threw over her padded chaise, dressed only in the bottoms of one of her silky, microscopic thong bikinis. She'd have me rub Estee' Lauder tanning lotion on her pretty back and her almost-bare bottom.

Last Saturday Miss Julie had spent a few hours out on the balcony. She laid on her stomach looking back over her shoulder at me as I carefully rubbed lotion on her back and bottom for her. The model's firm, perfect butt had made me a

little dizzy with desire, and she could tell I was lusting after her body.

"Don't get too excited, Bobbie," Miss Julie admonished me with a mischievous smile.

"Nothing like that is ever going to happen between us, Bobbie. You're my servant now, you know. And I'm not the kind of girl who would ever sleep with the help."

I blushed a bit, but she was in one of her moods and continued teasing me.

"Besides, you're such a sissy that if a girl ever did let you, you'd probably finish too fast and have to apologize to her. That is, if you can even get your little thingy up for a girl anymore," she added with an embarrassing giggle.

It was the first time she'd really said anything truly humiliating to me and I blushed like crazy. Unfortunately, she may have also been right. I didn't know why, but being her maid had turned me into quite the little sissy.

My confidence was so shaken I didn't know what would happen if some girl ever came on to me. I would probably be so shy and scared I wouldn't be able to make love to her at all. And isn't that one definition of what a sissy is? I had noted with confusion that my "little thingy" seemed to be perfectly comfortable staying small and soft and tucked way back in my panties for days on end.

Miss Julie saw me contemplating her comments and decided to have some more fun with me.

"Come on, Bobbie, don't be down about it. No girl's going to go after you anyway, so don't you worry about not being able please her in bed. Besides, there's plenty of real men out there to make love to the pretty girls. But a girl needs someone to do her housework for her, and that's where a sissy like you comes in," she said with a laugh.

Then she got a weird look on her face and suggested, "You know, on second thought Bobbie, I think I will let you get intimate with me today. Why don't you give my bottom a nice kiss, if you want."

I was so confused. I hesitated and looked at her amazing rear-end, right there in front of me in a tiny thong.

“Go on, Bobbie. Kiss it. You know you want to,” Julie said with a smile.

With that I slowly bent down and placed a nice little kiss right on her tight, curvy rear.

Julie immediately laughed and stated, “Now I have you *literally* kissing my ass, you little sissy.”

I straightened up quickly and was immediately ashamed at myself.

“Off to the kitchen with you,” Julie said, suddenly bored with me.

She shooed me off with her hand, saying “don’t you have dishes to wash, or something to clean servant-boy? Go on now, and stop pestering me.”

Thinking about that afternoon and the final servile act of kissing her ass still made me blush. Julie had a perfect ass, though, and a lot of guys probably would’ve kissed it given the chance. Or was I just going crazy?

Back in the laundry room again, I tied on a small sheer pink latex apron, this one thinner and prettier than my heavy housework pinafore. Filling one of the laundry sinks with warm water and Woolite, I stretched on surgeon’s gloves and began to rinse out my mistress’ underthings and sleepwear. I always wore the tight gloves when I did her hand-wash things. Not only did they help protect my hands, but the gloves also reduced the chance of snagging Miss Julie’s delicate lingerie.

I carefully hand laundered Miss Julie’s silk panties and bras and sleep things and other lingerie and rinsed them out before hanging the dainty items to dry on white plastic drying racks. The task took nearly an hour by the time I rinsed out all her Lycra tights and workout things, a couple of swimsuits, and some sheer pantyhose. It was tedious work, but I kind of enjoyed it. Julie’s expensive little things were all so intimate and pretty.

With time I began to take pride in how perfectly Miss Julie’s household was kept and how well the model was served. Lately I had even begun to take pride in my laundry and ironing, which was the domestic duty I had had some trouble learning. Miss Julie had insisted that I learn to properly fulfill my duties as

her personal laundress. She had me read and study a book on textiles and laundry and ironing practices. The book was published in the 'fifties and was quite chauvinistic. There were lots of drawings and photos of obedient homemakers smiling in their frilly aprons. It was odd that I noticed the bias, because I don't think I would have before. I guess that now that the apron was on the other waist, so to speak, my eyes were opened to such things.

Besides my domestic duties, I also took pride in my pretty mistress' modeling career. Somehow every magazine cover or other success Miss Julie had was like a feather in my cap as well. Like servants often do, I was beginning to live my life through my employer's life.

I drained the sinks and dried my hands when I finished with her hand-wash things. Julie's pretty underwear was hanging all over the place, making the laundry room rather colorful. I loaded the washing machine with my own nylon and polyester and cotton things and ran it on gentle cycle.

After doing the laundry I fixed myself a quick dinner and then cleaned up the kitchen. Afterward, I took a break from all my housework. I lay down for awhile, stripped down to just a big tee-shirt and a pair of panties. As I rested, I thought about Miss Julie out on the town somewhere, every guy in sight flirting with her and buying her drinks. Yet most of them were too intimidated by her beauty and money and fame to ever actually ask her out. And I was mighty glad they were intimidated, of course.

Miss Julie had recently begun to talk more openly in front of me about men and sex. Unfortunately, she often talked with me about these subjects as freely as she might talk to a girlfriend. It really bothered me and made me jealous, and I told her so.

"Don't be silly, Bobbie; you don't have anything to be jealous about," was her response to my complaint.

Actually, I had everything to be jealous about.

I got up from my bed and washed my face with cool water. I pulled a black cotton/Lycra mini-skirt up on my hips and then tucked a thin knit black long-sleeved top into the skirt before reaching back and pulling up the rear zipper and hooking the

little hook at the top of it. It had been weird to zip things up in back at first, but I was used to it now and about as good at it as girls were.

I donned a white half apron with thin shoulder straps that came up over my shoulders and criss-crossed snugly down my back. The apron gave the outfit a decidedly maid-like look. Very business-like.

I was still getting used to wearing skirts. But with my long, skinny shaved legs Julie said I looked cute in them. I had to admit they were kind of fun to wear, and I knew Miss Julie would appreciate it if I was in a nice skirt if she popped in unexpectedly.

"I pay you a good salary not some cleaning woman's wage, so I'd like you to be nicely uniformed – especially in the evenings when I'm here," Julie had lectured me recently.

In the laundry room again, I spent an hour or so ironing the model's pretty blouses, elegant skirts, and breezy little summer dresses in preparation for the coming season. I spent hours in the laundry room every other day with Miss Julie's clothes. I certainly earned my pay as her laundress.

When I finished the ironing it was nearly 9:00 O'clock. I'd had a long day.

I got undressed and showered and threw on a comfy, loose-fitting top and the matching little boy-cut bottoms. (Ironic that tiny little pants as girlish as the 'boy-cut' style were called that. Only a complete sissy would wear the little things, no boy ever would!)

Before I went to bed I went into the Master Bedroom and turned down Miss Julie's bed and neatly laid out something for her to sleep in. The new outfit was a sheer, crisp pair of white taffeta short-shorts and a brief, bra-seamed taffeta camisole with cap sleeves. They would be very pretty on her, I thought. But of course, very few things weren't pretty on Miss Julie.

Once in bed I read for awhile. Lately I'd been reading Julie's romance novels after she'd finished with them. I wondered if my sudden interest in trashy, feminine paperbacks meant anything, but I was too tired to worry much about it.

CHAPTER FOUR

I'D SPENT THE DAY CLEANING and dusting and polishing. Miss Julie insisted that her home be especially perfect whenever guests were expected. Now I was getting myself ready for the evening as well. It was Friday, and Miss Debbie and Miss Susan were coming for dinner.

After a quick bath, I stood in the tub and shaved my legs and trimmed my bikini area to almost nothing. Then I rinsed and dried off and powdered myself all over. I'd graduated from simply "tucking", and now had a new undergarment to deal with, the gaff. A gaff is like a tiny thong panty made of stretchy, flesh-toned spandex or latex. They're specially made for the purpose of helping to tightly tuck and hold back anything that might cause a bulge in tight girl's clothing. I had a few of them now, and they worked well, giving even my skimpiest panties a sleek, girlish appearance.

I stepped into the tiny, too-tight latex gaff and wiggled and tugged to get it up my thighs. Then I tightly tucked myself back into the gaff and pulled it up snug and high on my hips. Once it was tugged all the way up, the gaff's thin rear strap disappeared completely up my butt.

Being gaffed is something you have to get used to. They are exceedingly tight and stretchy little things, and actually hurt the first week or two you wear one. In time I became accustomed to the feeling of being strictly "tucked", though sitting down in one sometimes still gave me an uncomfortable sensation.

When Miss Julie introduced me to the gaff, she launched into one of her frequent little lectures.

"I think it's stupid-looking for you to have that little bulge in your short-shorts, Bobbie. And your tighter skirts don't look quite right either. I know you tuck and all that, but it's not quite enough. Besides, I'm sure your panties will fit you better too," she explained as if such a weird garment was perfectly natural.

I told her it hurt me, but she just said I'd have to get used to it.

"It won't really hurt you, Bobbie. Sharie says that after a while your little thingy will get so used to being gaffed that it'll just stay back where it belongs. She says some of the "girls" at the club call it being "panty trained," Julie said with amusement.

In addition to the gaffing method of making my crotch look like a girl's, there was also "taping." Miss Julie had the impersonator Sharie teach me this even more severe and uncomfortable technique. Taping is taking gaffer's tape (like duct tape - and isn't it ironic it's called "gaffer's" tape?) and making a sort of long patch with it. It has to be done carefully or real damage to one's privates can result. Taping also requires having severely trimmed pubic hair. But when it's done, being tightly "taped" is like being neutered. There's just nothing there at all, even without panties on.

It's an odd feeling because it makes you feel quite sexless. With the flesh-toned tapes, I looked like a Ken doll.

Of course, having me be her sexless little servant was perfectly fine with Miss Julie. A servant with a sex life? Why would anyone want that? In Julie's mind, servants were for doing housework and laundry; and for waiting on you. I could easily imagine her thinking "servants can't actually expect to have their own lives, can they?"

Fortunately I only had to tape when Julie wanted me to try on something special and really girlish, like a super-high-cut maillot swimsuit, or a little teddy.

When I was "taped" there was no article of clothing too feminine or high-cut or skimpy for me to wear. I could simply dress in anything a girl could.

ONE TIME MISS JULIE HAD ME TRY ON one of her skimpiest bikinis. It was a tiny hot pink one she was getting rid of, and she was considering giving it to me. I don't know where she expected me to wear such a thing, but one Saturday morning she told me to "tape" myself and come into her bedroom to try it on.

The bikini was so tiny and high-cut and revealing I couldn't imagine wearing it outside in front of people. Wearing the

miniscule swimsuit made me have sudden respect girls who have the guts to saunter down a crowded beach in glaring sunlight with nothing more on their bodies than a few square inches of thin, stretchy Lycra.

Debbie popped in while I still had the bikini on, and Julie of course wanted her girlfriend to see me in it. They giggled as I modeled it for them, Debbie commenting on how well the taping worked.

"It's amazing, Julie," she said, looking at my barely covered crotch closely. "He's got, like *nothing* there."

Unfortunately seeing me in the tiny bikini gave Debbie a devious idea.

"Julie, I think you should make him wear that and go out on your terrace and get a tan. Think about it, a guy with tan lines from a girl's bikini – the straps of the top and everything," Debbie proposed.

Julie laughed a bit and said, "That's good. Then when Bobbie took his clothes off and saw himself in the mirror, his cute girl's tan lines would be a constant reminder of what a little *sissy* he is."

Just as Julie said the word "sissy" the two girls grabbed me and dragged me to the living room, forcefully pushing me out the door to the terrace and closing and locking the glass door. The sun was very bright and there was nowhere to go for shade. I knew it wouldn't take long for my fair skin to burn everywhere but where the tiny girl's swimsuit was.

Julie and Debbie sat in the living room watching me and giving me wolf whistles like they were horny guys at a construction site.

"Hey, honey, I like your cute ass in your little bikini—hubba-hubba!"

I stood out there at first instead of lying down on Julie's chaise. But some guy over in a building off to the side saw me and started whistling and yelling at me. He was a ways off, so he was just responding to the colorful triangle shape of the bikini bottoms and the bra top. Little hot pink Lycra triangles were a visual cue that plainly said "girl here" to any guy, even from a long distance.

Debbie and Julie howled with laughter when they heard the guy.

"I think Bobbie has a *boyfriend!*" Julie teased as Debbie dissolved in giggles.

I was out there long enough to feel my skin getting burned. But Julie let me back in before I got too red. By that evening when I undressed I could see the outline of the bikini. The high-cut bottoms had made a little triangle in front and lines cutting sharply up my cheeks in back. And there was a shadow of the bikini top on my chest and lines where the little straps had gone over my shoulders.

It was a look that was definitely not mannish at all, I can tell you that much.

IT WAS EMBARRASSING SOMETIMES to see how well my gaffs worked, let alone the infamous taping. Like Miss Julie unfortunately knew, I'm pretty small down there. And with my fitted gaffs, shaving, and the effects of hormones, even the smallest satin panties fit me with a look as sleek and smooth as a Vegas showgirl's.

I stepped into glossy satin panties and adjusted the little pink bikinis on my hips. I twisted to check my "rear view" in the mirror to see if my behind was covered, pulling the snug panties down a touch with my fingers. My stomach tightened as I realized I was making the same adjustments a girl would make as she put on a nice pair of panties before a date.

Miss Julie thought I had a cute rear. That was perhaps the main reason she had me wear tight pants or little short-shorts or a tight skirt when she was around.

"I think you look great in panties, Bobbie, Julie commented one day when she walked into my room and saw me dressing.

"You have kind of a girl's butt anyway. You're more curvy and rounded there than a guy," Miss Julie added as she ran her hand over my satin-covered bottom and gave it a little pat.

It wasn't lost on me that she said "than a guy", once again taking me totally out of the "guy" universe, and placing me in some other unspecified third gender.

My slight build and fine-featured face had, unfortunately, made me an excellent candidate for transformation into a "sissy" maid. I was always considered cute by the girls in school, which was better than ugly; but not nearly as good as "handsome." When Miss Julie first saw my smooth, shaved legs in my tight little short-shorts, she whistled and said most girls would be very happy having legs like mine.

After I'd gotten used to all the servant's clothes and daily routine, Miss Julie encouraged me to make sure I had my nails polished and was wearing light makeup when I was going to dress as her maid and serve her guests. Although at first I resisted this idea, she eventually convinced me I looked silly in a uniform dress without it.

"Debbie and the other girls know you're basically my maid now, Bobbie, so you aren't really hiding anything by not wearing makeup. You just don't look as nice."

My totally frustrated sexuality had made me quite narcissistic, which played into Miss Julie's plans for me. I often looked at myself in the mirror, and I secretly cared how I looked in my uniforms. (Miss Julie's place had lots of mirrors, since she herself was rather narcissistic. But who wouldn't be, with *her* beautiful face and perfect body.)

Continuing to get ready, I draped a black satin underwire bra about my waist and hooked it before slipping it around and snaking my arms through the shoulder straps. I casually placed silicone inserts in my bra cups and adjusted them.

I had just begun to wear a bra and was still getting used to it, both physically and mentally. I mean, panties are one thing. I could rationalize that they were just very tight, high-cut versions of male underwear, albeit in thin stretchy fabrics and feminine colors. But a bra is purely female. And when I was wearing a bra and panties under my clothes, it was nigh on to impossible to deny being a sissy.

I only wore a bra and inserts with my more formal serving duties, for the same reasons I wore the make-up. It helped to shape my dress or top, since they had been designed with a girl's body, and breasts, in mind. I began to see it all like being an

actor playing a part. The "costume" was just part of it. At least this was one way Miss Julie explained it to me.

In time, however, the weight of the inserts and the tug of my bra straps felt almost normal to me. It was kind of like being in a harness of some sort, but not uncomfortable. Wearing a bra with inserts probably made me feel more like a girl than any other piece of clothing.

Sucking in my tummy, I hooked myself into a tight satin waist cincher. I slung a lace garter belt around my waist and quickly fastened it behind me. Intricate little clips and hooks and buttons that would have been a mystery to me just months ago were now quite familiar. I had become quite adept at dressing both my mistress and myself in feminine underthings.

I sat in my vanity chair and rolled black stockings up my smooth legs, standing and pulling them so I could attach them securely to my garters. My shaved and lotion-smoothed legs looked sleek and nice in the sheer black stockings.

I padded over to my closet in my nylons and brought out a short, frothy crinoline petticoat. Gingerly I stepped into the girlish petticoat and slipped it up my legs, adjusting the tight elastic waistband on my cinched-in middle.

The new taffeta uniform Miss Julie wanted me to wear was the shortest one I had. I unzipped it off its hanger and dropped it over my head. I struggled with the rear zipper since the dress had a tight, fitted waist and bodice. I smiled as I saw the full little skirt bunched up at my waist, held up by my flared petticoat. I tugged the skirt down over my petti and smoothed it carefully. Then I gingerly sat down to slip on my high heels. As I sat the petticoats and skirt bunched up so much I had to push them down to see my feet.

This uniform certainly wasn't designed for sitting, but I rarely got to sit while on duty anyway, so it didn't really matter.

I slipped shiny patent pumps on my stockinged feet, slowly getting up to feel my balance in the spiky almost-five-inch heels.

I got my formal taffeta serving apron from my closet. But I didn't tie it on, since Miss Julie liked to tie my apron on me before a party. She thought the little "aproning" ritual served to make our relationship as mistress/maid more official somehow.

Dinner was running slightly behind schedule, so I had to hurry. While I was busy in the kitchen, I heard Miss Julie call for me from her room.

"Hurry up and help me with my clothes, Bobbie. The girls will be here soon," she yelled in to me.

"Yes, Miss; right away," I answered back as I untied my work apron and scrambled down the hall with my serving apron in my hand.

"Lay out my things while I finish brushing my hair Bobbie," she immediately ordered as I walked into her bedroom. Miss Julie sat nude at her vanity, her bottom resting on a little satin chair and her proud breasts reflecting in the mirror.

I stuttered as I curtsied and said, "Y-yes, Miss," turning away from Julie's reflected beauty.

Brushing Miss Julie's lush, fragrant hair was a duty I enjoyed, but I had been so busy preparing dinner she had decided to brush it herself. I laid out Miss Julie's silk charmeuse bra and panties and then got the washed-silk shorts and cashmere surplice top from the laundry room. I had just blocked and ironed them that afternoon. Julie's top had a swirling pattern of turquoise, rose and light gray, and went nicely with her easy, comfortable black walking shorts.

Julie stood silently as I got her clothes ready for her. She pulled on her panties and then draped the bra across her breasts. She had me hook it in back for her. Then I bent down and held her shorts for her to step into. She pulled them up and zipped up the little side zipper. Then I handed her the top and she threw it on and smoothed it and tugged at the bottom a bit.

Julie sat on her bed smoothing a bit of lotion on her bare legs as I went and got her new strappy sandals. A pretty gold necklace and dangling gold earrings completed my employer's casual hostess ensemble.

"Here, I'll tie your apron on, Bobbie," Julie said when she'd finished dressing.

Julie draped the pristine white taffeta apron around me, tying it quite tightly about my cinched waist with a big, flouncy bow. I ran the frilly straps up over my shoulders and watched Miss Julie smile at me in the vanity mirror as she neatly

crossed them and secured them to my apron strap. I always felt a little funny when Miss Julie aproned me, but it wasn't really a bad feeling. I knew her apron tying ceremony was designed to help show me my "place," but it also made me feel cared for in some odd way. Or maybe it wasn't that odd to feel that way, since Julie was paying me, feeding me, and housing me.

"There, all set, Bobbie," Miss Julie said as she finished and patted my bottom through my petticoats. She put her hands on my constricted waist and turned me to face her.

"You look very nice in your new uniform, Bobbie. I'm sure the girls will like you in it, too," Miss Julie told me happily.

In a way I had become her prize possession, and she enjoyed showing me off to her friends. (Perhaps her pride came from the fact that anyone with money could hire a female maid, but Julie's own incredible beauty and guile had snared her the attentions of a love-sick, sort-of-male sissy maid.)

Julie rustled my skirt and petticoats softly.

"Those petticoats sound delicious under your taffeta dress, Bobbie," she said girlishly. Miss Julie then lifted the rear of my short, full-skirted uniform and gave my pantied bottom a quick, playful "smack!"

I jumped a bit as my bottom was suddenly smacked, but caught myself giggling at the same time. Of course, I also blushed like a shy schoolgirl.

"Don't let any guys see your cute rear in those tight little panties, Bobbie, or you might get some romantic attention you don't want!" she teased.

I caught myself saying "Thank you," to her comments, but I immediately felt a little ashamed. Was feeling happy that a girl liked how you looked in panties a sign of irreversible sissiness? Or having her warn you that *guys* might be attracted to you mean that your days of dating girls were over?

"I'll be in the living room, Bobbie. Go check on dinner now. And listen for the door. They should be here any minute," my employer said as she ended her teasing.

"Very well, Miss," I acknowledged with a curtsy as Miss Julie breezed out of the room. I was still embarrassed by my mistress' comments, but I did feel a bit feminine and even pretty

in the little taffeta uniform and petticoats. It wasn't that bad a feeling, but it was certainly strange and different.

I had time to go into the kitchen and check on dinner for just a few minutes before the doorbell rang.

"Bobbie, get the door," Julie called from the living room.

I smoothed my apron and walked to the door, my high heels obliging me to take graceful, feminine steps across the marble foyer. I opened the door and greeted Miss Debbie and Miss Susan with a quick curtsy. They tried to suppress it, but they couldn't help giggling as they said "Hi, Bobbie" in sing-song unison. They had been to dinner at Miss Julie's several times, but they were still amazed by me. And they'd never seen me dressed like this, in a little petticoated taffeta maid's dress.

Of course, they'd never heard of a male maid before Julie introduced me to them. But they thought it was flattering and fun to have a servant bowing and scraping and respectfully addressing them as *Miss Debbie* and *Miss Susan* all evening, regardless of the servant's gender.

"Miss Julie is in the living room, this way please," I said in my best little maid's voice after I hung up the two girls' coats. I led the girls to the large, sunken living room, where Julie was glancing through "W".

The young women greeted each other with hugs and frivolous air kisses and then sat together on Julie's big leather sofa, laughing and talking. Julie asked them what they'd like to drink and then relayed their requests to me.

I bobbed a quick curtsy to acknowledge her order and swished off to the bar to mix the drinks. I served Miss Julie and her friends their drinks, trying hard not to bend too much. My uniform was so short, I was afraid my panties might show.

As I was serving them, Miss Debbie said, "Bobbie's uniform is just adorable, Julie. Is it a new one?"

"Yes," Julie said as she sipped her martini. "The wardrobe woman that sews at the Prada store down in SoHo suggested taffeta this time, and she had one of her apprentices work up a pattern. I'm a sucker for anything taffeta anyway, so I liked the idea right off."

Miss Julie looked at Debbie with a steady gaze as she teased her, "But I knew you'd like it. You've always loved mini-skirts and skimpy little dresses. Maybe I'll give Bobbie the night off sometime and *you* can swish around serving drinks. You'd probably like showing off your legs and cute little tush if there were guys around, wouldn't you?"

Miss Susan giggled at Julie's comment, and Miss Debbie confessed that she thought it might be fun to wear a short, sexy maid's uniform like mine.

"But all the housework maids have to do would be *awful*; and I absolutely hate ironing, so I'd only want to dress like a maid, not really *be* one," Miss Debbie said quickly.

Miss Susan teased Debbie by holding out her glass to her and saying in a lilting voice, "Oh, Debbie, fetch me another drink. And then you must get *right* back to all your housework, dear!"

Miss Debbie laughed and blushed at their teasing and shyly repeated, "You-all don't understand. I just like the cute little dresses."

I was smiling and enjoying the banter between the pretty models as I straightened the drinks on the coffee table. As I turned and bent to pick up an empty glass, Julie reached up under my petticoats and quickly gave my bottom a quick, sharp "Smack!"

"Back in the kitchen now, Sissy-Pants. I'll beep your beeper if we need anything," she said, dismissing me sharply. I think she was slightly mad at my eavesdropping and wanted to publicly put me in my place.

I felt myself blush deeply as I curtsied and meekly said, "Yes, Miss."

I didn't like it at all when Miss Julie gave me a perfunctory "Spank" on my behind to send me off to the kitchen. And I didn't like being called "Sissy-Pants" in front of the girls either. It was pretty embarrassing. Where'd she suddenly come up with that?

As I turned and swished off to the kitchen, I heard Miss Susan giggle and comment, "You certainly have little 'Sissy-Pants' well trained, don't you?"

The girls were impressed by how confidently Julie had smacked my behind and sent me off to the kitchen. They were intrigued all the more so because, under all the taffeta and petticoats and lace, they knew I was actually not a girl. They told me later that they thought it was a charming turn-around to see a woman casually order a male off to the kitchen.

“Even if he *is* a sissy, and not really a guy,” Miss Debbie unfortunately added.

I took a moment to calm down (a little teasing never hurt anyone, I guess) and busied myself with my work in the kitchen and dining room, making sure everything would be perfect for Miss Julie and her guests. I was only interrupted once to serve more drinks to the girls. Deep in conversation about which man they might be with over the upcoming Memorial Day weekend, the girls paid little attention to me as I deferentially served their drinks, silently curtsied, and went back to my kitchen work.

I served their dinner at 8:00 precisely. As the girls dined, I stood in the corner of the dining room with my hands folded neatly over my apron. Whenever I noticed Miss Julie gesture toward a near-empty glass or plate, I would nod to her and serve more food or drink. Miss Susan made the comment “the service is always great here, Julie,” as she looked over at me and smiled. I actually felt proud. But the proud feeling only disturbed me. Was I beginning to *enjoy* playing the role of Miss Julie’s perfect little servant?

Miss Julie sat back in her chair as her guests finished their dinner. I had studied hard to improve my cooking skills and I knew the dinner was good. Someone mentioned “this is good” once during dinner, but models aren’t really gourmets. Besides, they were entranced by each other’s latest items of gossip as they talked and laughed.

“Clear the table and do the dishes now, Bobbie,” Miss Julie calmly ordered as everyone finished dinner.

“When you’re done in the kitchen, come serve coffee and tea in the living room,” she added as she rose from the dining room table.

The girls smiled as they got up to follow their hostess to the living room. As they strolled away, Susan idly mentioned that she thought it was great to just walk away from the table, leaving the mess for the “help” to deal with.

As they strolled off to the living room, I quickly cleared the table and brought the dishes into the kitchen. As the sink filled, I changed into yet another new frosted plastic ruffled apron Miss Julie had ordered off the Internet. The ruffled apron was very domestic-looking, like something a ‘fifties housewife on TV might wear. But it worked well, and the ruffles were more than decoration—they were designed to catch splashes and spills, protecting my uniforms from stains.

AS I STOOD IN MY HIGH-HEELED PUMPS and apron at the sink washing the dinner dishes, Miss Debbie breezed into the kitchen.

“What a darling ruffled apron; and cute rubber gloves, too.” Julie’s friend said delightedly.

“Does that apron really protect your dress, Bobbie?”

“Yes, Miss, it does,” I answered sheepishly. “Taffeta or satin watermark badly, so I have to wear something when I’m in the kitchen or the laundry,” I nervously explained. I pointed out the ruffled edge and showed Miss Debbie how it caught spills and splashes.

“That’s neat,” Miss Debbie said, impressed by how well it worked.

“You don’t wear this pretty uniform to do housework in, do you?” Miss Debbie asked as she lightly fingered the hem of my short dress and stiff, lacy petticoat.

“No, Miss,” I answered, still nervous.

“Actually this is new. I really haven’t worn a maid’s dress like this before. I have other uniforms to do the housework in, but I sometimes wear a waterproof apron with them too. Miss Julie’s laundry keeps me busy enough without having to constantly wash my uniforms, too.”

“So you really wear a uniform now when you do Julie’s housework for her?” Miss Debbie asked, surprising me with her curiosity about such mundane matters.

I was nervous around Miss Debbie and I took a big breath to calm myself before I answered.

"Miss Julie likes me to, so I do it. Mostly I wear shorts or slacks during the day, but often with an apron on over them. But recently Miss Julie has had me wearing simple housekeeper's dresses for evenings when she's here and I'm waiting on her. And with an apron those kind of dresses are good for doing housework in too. That's what they're made for."

Stupidly, I continued to run at the mouth.

"Miss Julie often makes me wear heels instead of flats, though, and *they* certainly aren't the best for housework. But she says flats make me look like her cleaning lady instead of her maid."

"Well, how mean of Julie. I'm certainly glad *I* don't work for her, that bitch!" Miss Debbie said sarcastically.

"Oh, Miss Debbie, I didn't mean to complain," I quickly said. "About having to wear heels, I mean," I explained, fearing my words might get back to Julie. My employer didn't like me to complain about what she had me wear.

Miss Debbie casually changed the subject, much to my relief.

"Your uniform is pretty, Bobbie. You know, I've always thought maid's uniforms were nice. With the short little dress, all the petticoats, and the little apron, they're very feminine. I'm surprised a designer hasn't closed a show with us sashaying down the runway dressed just like you are now."

I laughed and said, "I can't quite imagine Miss Julie ever wearing an *apron* Miss, even just on the runway, playacting. But then again, I . . . ahh . . . I guess I never thought I'd be in one, either."

Debbie laughed and said, "Sometimes it can be a strange world, Bobbie. I guess you never know what might happen, do you? I'd never even heard of a male maid before I met you, Bobbie. But once I saw you in action, I thought, 'why *not* have a sissy as a maid.' Anyway, you certainly seem to be working out beautifully for Julie."

Miss Debbie moved closer, running her hand along the back of my stockinged leg all the way up my thigh.

"I'm glad Julie has you in a short uniform tonight, Bobbie. It would be a shame to hide your pretty legs."

"Thank you, M-miss," I stuttered, blushing in response to both Miss Debbie's words and her warm, soft hand roaming freely under my skirt.

"I just wanted to come in and compliment you, Bobbie. You really are the best maid I've ever seen, despite your gender," Miss Debbie said as her elegant, manicured hand continued up my leg and caressed my bottom briefly through my snug-fitting satin panties.

"You turn even a casual "girl's night out" into something elegant and fun, Bobbie," Debbie said, her breath warm on my neck.

"T-thank you, Miss - I g-guess," I stammered as I noticed a splash of sudsy dishwater dribbling harmlessly down my apron. I was surprised and nervous as Miss Debbie slid her finger under the tight elastic of my panties and snapped them against my bottom. Fortunately, she took her hand out from under my skirts once she'd snapped my panties.

It was disconcerting when one of Miss Julie's pretty girlfriends brought up my true gender. I was getting used to "hiding out" in Julie's apartment and in my maid's persona, actually pretending I really was a rich model's hired girl instead of a sissy. It was certainly less distressing to think that way. It was also less confusing. I was so confused about my life and feelings that I sought shelter from them anyway I could. And seeing myself as a girl sometimes seemed to help a little.

I stood at the sink blushing and trying to concentrate on my work. Miss Debbie's perfume and warm, close body were a little hard to ignore.

"Do you like being Julie's little servant?" Miss Debbie asked me suddenly with a serious tone in her voice. "I mean, half the models in New York know she has a male maid. It's not like it's a big secret anymore. She's always telling makeup girls and the other models stuff like, "Bobbie's washing out my underwear for me today."

"Anyway, at first they thought it was some kind of joke or something. She finally got mad that they didn't believe her and

had Susan and I tell them it was true. They always ask about you now, Bobbie."

"I d-didn't know anybody really knew, Miss Debbie. I-I don't know; . . .ah . . . I guess it's O.K."

"Well, everybody thinks it's just great, Bobbie. We think male maids could be the greatest development since *Lycra*. Most models aren't very domestic, Bobbie, so it would be nice to have someone to do that kind of stuff for us."

She bit into her chocolate and reflected, "I mean, we don't think *all* men should be maids; some of them should be *lovers*, too. There seems to be quite a few wimpy . . . I mean, nothing wrong with being a bit wimpy," she stopped herself when she realized she was basically putting me down.

"But you know, Bobbie. Anyway, there's a lot of them who hang around models for some reason. So why shouldn't they do stuff for us? Most of them would probably *like* being our servants.

"Maybe you're just the first of a new type domestic help, Bobbie. Julie's success with you has made it fashionable to have a sissy maid. One of the other girls has some guy who's nuts about her doing all her housework, but no one else has a real sissy maid like you. At least so far, that is."

I nervously told her I thought it was "O.K." being Julie's maid, trying to sound casual about my very unusual situation. I'd never heard the term "sissy maid" before, but I had to admit it was pretty descriptive.

"Well, I'll leave you to you work now, Bobbie," Debbie said as she patted the small of my back and quickly sashayed out of the kitchen, leaving me standing there in shock.

I stood at the sink for a long moment, stunned. I didn't have any idea that Julie had been so public about our special "situation." I knew a few people knew, but I thought it was mostly a secret.

"Too late now," I thought with considerable resignation and embarrassment, wondering if there was anything I could do about it.

"Who'd ever think simply falling in love with a beautiful girl could lead to this," I thought as I went back to drying the dishes and putting them away.

"SHALL I SERVE COFFEE AND TEA NOW, MISS?" I asked Miss Julie when I reported to the living room. I'd waited for several minutes for a break in the girls' near-continuous fashion business gossip to ask my little question.

"Yes, Bobbie, go ahead," Julie answered me nonchalantly, sounding slightly annoyed by my interruption.

After I bobbed a little curtsy in response to Miss Julie's casual answer, I went to the kitchen to get a fresh pot of coffee and hot water for tea. I loaded my tray onto the new service cart in the corner of the living room. After preparing everything, I pushed the little cart over to my mistress and her guests.

"Oh, how cute," Miss Susan said girlishly as I minced towards the sofa pushing the little serving cart in front of me. I was balanced precariously on my high heels, my hips wiggling like a girl's as I pushed the little cart.

I blushed as I began to serve the pretty young models tea and coffee. When Miss Julie had said that I'd look "adorable" pushing the little cart, what she probably meant was that I'd look like her obedient little sissy. And from her friend's reaction to me with the cart it was obvious that was how they saw me. To them I was little more than a pansy in a little maid's dress, obediently waiting on the rich girls.

When I finished serving, I had to bend a little to push the serving cart over the thick carpet. I was sure my panty-bottoms were showing under my short petticoats and I hoped nobody was watching.

Miss Susan dashed these hopes by giggling and exclaiming, "What cute panties he has on. Does Bobbie wear panties all the time, or just under a dress like this?"

Julie was almost bored by the question.

"Of course he wears panties all the time. He's a sissy," Julie simply and clearly announced.

I turned around and blushed.

"Come over here, Bobbie," Julie ordered, crooking a finger at me.

"Show the girls your panties."

I gingerly stepped back over to the coffee table and stood there.

"Go on, lift your skirt and show us your underwear."

I bunched up my petticoats and lifted my skirt almost to my waist.

Miss Susan almost gasped as she exclaimed how cute and feminine my pastel pink satin bikini panties looked.

"They're just *darling*. But, ah . . . what happened to his little . . ." Susan began to ask as she saw how girlishly sleek I was in front.

"He wears a gaff," Julie said calmly. "Besides, he's kind of small there anyway, right, Debbie?"

Miss Debbie just took a drink and said, "Yep, I saw it once. About this big," she said as she held up her finger and thumb, embarrassingly close together.

Susan giggled and commented that if it was that small "he should have always been in panties."

Julie broke in and put a stop to the silliness.

"O.K. Bobbie. You can put your skirt down now. We've seen enough of your sissy little underpants for one night," Julie said with a bored expression.

Then she ordered me off to the kitchen again, so I turned and got the hell out of there.



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The girls decided to relax and listen to Madonna's latest album as they settled down with their tea and coffee in Julie's elegant living room. Later, when Miss Julie informed me that she wanted to wear her tight linen skirt and man-tailored silk blouse the next day I sheepishly had to tell her the skirt and blouse weren't laundered or ironed yet.

Julie immediately got quite angry and snooty with me.

"Then you'll just have to get your little butt in the laundry room and get them done. I don't want to hear about my clothes not being ready, Bobbie, you're paid handsomely to take care of my laundry for me. What the hell have you been doing all day?"

"Sorry, Miss. I'll get to it right away," I said, blushing deeply at my mistress' reprimand.

I scurried off to the laundry room and began to wash the linen skirt and silk blouse by hand. Each had to be done separately, since the blouse was pure white and the hip-hugging skirt was a deep, bright red. My mistress beeped for me once to serve cordials.

As I served, Julie asked, "How are my skirt and blouse coming along, Maid." (She had recently begun to call me "Maid" whenever she was particularly displeased with me.)

"They'll be done, Miss. I've just about finished laundering them, and then I'll dry them properly by blocking them and get up early in the morning to press them for you," I said quickly.

Julie looked annoyed as she waved her hand at me with a quick, "shooing away" motion.

"Spare me the details, Bobbie. I don't really need to know how to do laundry. After all, I'm a rich and famous model. Menial stuff like laundry is for the help to bother with, not me."

I curtsied and said "Yes, Miss," respectfully, feeling my face flush from Miss Julie's comments. The girls controlled themselves as best they could, but there was a little snickering as soon as I turned to go.

I finished rinsing the garments and then sat in my room for a few minutes taking a break. I dreaded the thought of getting up early to iron Miss Julie's skirt and blouse. I'd have to get up at

6:00 to get them done, do my morning chores and begin breakfast before I woke Miss Julie at 7:30.

Around 11:30 the girls left, saying goodbye to me at the door as I helped them on with their fashionable, brand-new spring coats.

"You can come do my housework *anytime*, Bobbie," Miss Susan teased, as she reached back under my skirts and pinched my bottom. "And your satin panties are just the *cutest*."

As Miss Debbie and Miss Susan laughed and left, all I could do was silently blush and bob a little curtsy to them.

END OF PART ONE...

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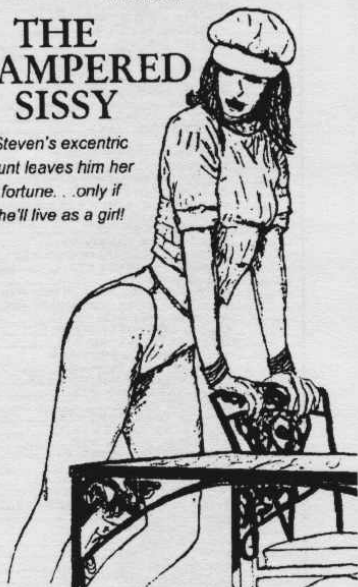
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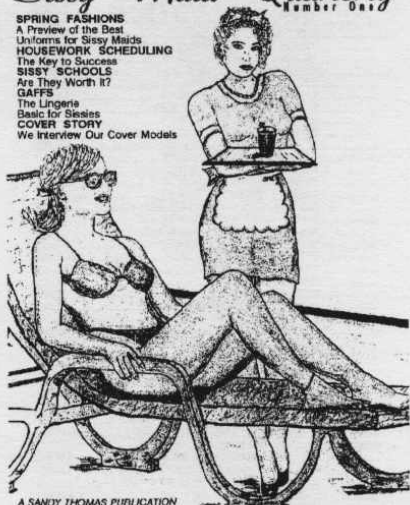
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OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

TV FICTION CLASSICS

FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

This is the story of a mother who wants her son to fill in for his sister. It is the best!

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

MODEL HUSBAND #3

Loretta and her girlfriend decide to turn Bill's recovery into a makeover. He was the perfect husband. Now his wife was trying to turn him into a model husband...

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

PAT GOES COED #5

A college prank traps Pat into becoming Patti...coed. Pat is helped by his wife and in-laws to dress as a girl for a college dance. Then, things just got out of hand: double dating with his wife and getting a job as "Patti".

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, **MISS-ING PASSPORT**) Shelley loses his passport. The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options:

fancy French braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

In search of a big story, an investigative reporter goes "undercover" and enrolls at the Chrissy Institute. (Where they train boys to live as girls.) Would he ever be the same? This is a tale of a reporter's search for a sensational story.

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

Chris has to find two boys who are willing to be girls for their fraternity.

ALL DOLLED UP #12

Bill's sister Lilly needed a model for her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help. A few pictures later all their lives would be changed. Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

Ken was accepted into a Shakespearean drama college. He quickly learned that during Shakespeare's time, boys played the girl's parts!

MAID UP #14

John's wife has a few ideas to make him help around the house. He's soon a dapper domestic.

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

Some men think they have complete control over women. This is the story of one such man. After a plane crash, women take control over him. Alex will never be the same.

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

Due to an accident, Dave has to "fill in" for Jessica at a dance contest.

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis. What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

TIT FOR TAT #19

Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser. Jerry's dream marriage turns into a nightmare when he realizes what he and his buddy are being turned into-WOMEN!

THAT'A GIRL #20

A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual "hobby".

WOMAN'S WORK #21

Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

Glamour or hard work? Paul tells all about his life as a girl model.

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

After helping his working wife with the housework, Gene decides to make it a permanent change.

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

A mother and son decide that he shouldn't grow up to be like his abusive father. . .or any other man.

WOMAN-HOOD #26

Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

Dale's experience wearing dresses for a school play and more.

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

Mother & son check into a "fat farm" only to find it accepts only females!

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

Julian is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls...and the girls like boys!

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

The lives of several boys are changed after attending a cross dressing party...One is going to be a bride!

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

A young man goes to work at his in-law's beauty salon...As a girl!

FEMININE APPEAL #33

We all know women can do men's jobs. . .how about men doing a woman's job-like strippers?

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

A day in a beauty parlor turns into a new job, a new girlfriend and a new life!

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

A young man is faced with a decision-will it be the Army or take his mother's place as a stewardess?

SLINK OR SWIM #36

David borrows his Aunt's swimsuit for a quick dip in the lake. . .No one will see him right? Wrong! How far will he go to hide his gender?

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

A family send their son to camp. . .to learn everything about being a girl! His father assumes that will end his interest in dresses! DOUBLE ISSUE

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

Three feminists force their sons to enter a beauty contest. Each boy has his own way of handling the trauma of being sissified and beautified. Could one of these boys win?

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

Nick finds that he likes helping his mother do "girl things. . .and she helps him learn everything he needs to know about being a girl full time! DOUBLE ISSUE!

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

After getting in trouble, the only way Pat's mother will let him out of the house is in a dress!

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes. . .his grandmother buys him the dress! Naughty Grandma! DOUBLE ISSUE!

COED CREATED #42

Carl's scholarship has a few strings attached. . .I should say bra straps! This very long (120 pages) has it all: the lady doctor, a man hating girlfriend, and the supportive roommate. DOUBLE ISSUE!

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 &45

A sickly young man goes to spend some time with his aunt. Their little dress-up games get carried away and he becomes too feminine to return to masculinity.

Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

What would you do for money? Bill becomes a bride and makes his son become a daughter for a rich man that needs a "family"! OVER 40 detailed Illustrations!

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice-dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

A twin is forced by his brother and mother to become the "girl" of the house! Illustrated!

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

Reed heads off to the big city. . .in hopes of being accepted in an exclusive girl's school where the girls are not girls!

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

Baily's mother need his help to run their little bridal salon. He didn't mind until one of the bridesmaids got sick and the dress fit!

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

Being a reporter is one thing but reporting on women's fashions required more than just a change of clothes!

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

Jesse mother gives him only one choice to keep his long hair-the beauty parlor! There he meets a very special friend.

THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY #57 & 58

That's actually their son and father! This

two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role.

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this? Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money! Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady! His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

A mother finds a way to put her son through college - both financially and in style. Illustrated!

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

We all know about people who get married thinking they'll change. This is a story of a wife who thought her love of feminizing men would go away after she married. It didn't. So Robert must do the changing...and changing and change. 92 pages! Illustrated!

WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niecely" FASHION SENSE!

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

Dana's unique adventures in flirty dresses, fitted skirts, silky lingerie, feminine makeup, and high heels.

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

In search of a roommate, a nurse is forced to let an old patient move in and she discovers a new girlfriend. Sharing clothes, makeup tips and much more! Great Classic!! Illustrated.

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

By a wonderful new writer! I was hooked on this darling story from page one! Each day both mother and aunt add a bit of femininity to Jesse's routine...making sure that Jesse learns some new ways.

CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & CALL HIM "SIS" #78

Heather teaches a boy staying with her all about the pleasures and pains of a girl's daily routine. From hair curling to a first dress...it's all here. Sexy too!

GOING AS GIRLS #79

By a new writer, it's the story of a husband who gets tired of his wife borrowing his things. So...he'll just borrow hers. Illustrated.

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

This is a story about a panty raid gone really badly. The boys go from stealing the panties to wearing them! After stealing the panties, the sorority teaches the boys what being girls is all about. Wonderful illustrations!

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

Tom never thought he had any feminine tendencies but that was the diagnosis. Why fight them?

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

some hemming. Their mothers help them with their hair...Did they go too far?

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

School was out for summer...perfect time for the boys to get into a little trouble. These boys get into more than that! Illustrated!

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

No one wants to get a pink slip at work. These guys get them with LACE! Too good for one book! Many Illustrations.

GIRLISH #87

What boy would carry his mother's purse at the mall? And then what? The women in his life would probably want to do his hair and then what? Great new illustrator!

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

Brad becomes Brandy with his mother's help! Illustrated.

GIRLHOOD #89

While most young men were growing into their manhood, one wasn't.

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

Boys can be crude and unkempt...but this one was taught to be a lady! Illustrated.

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.

GOING TO THE BALL #3

One man's journey exploring the feminine side of his life.

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

VIRGIN VOWS #8

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

FRENCH DRESSING #10

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

THE NEW GIRL #11

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

THE GIRL'S PART #12

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

GIRLIES #16

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home.

DOUBLE ISSUE**MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

DOUBLE ISSUE**REDTOES #21**

Two young couples make a bet. . . Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . . they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . .

DOUBLE ISSUE**FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23**

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . . with one catch. He must become a girl!

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

A LIVING DOLL #28

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

A SUMMER GIRL #35

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

SISTERS FOREVER #43

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him.

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

CHICKS RULE! #51

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

GIRLIE GIRL #54

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

FEMININE BUDDY #55

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

BECOMING EMMA #57

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

LEARNING CURVES #63

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

MY BETTER HALF #64

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

BIKINI BOUND #66

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

PURSE STRINGS #67

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

FEMININE PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

LUCK BE A LADY

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

A PARTY GIRL

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

TV VACATION #3

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

ACCEPTANCE #11

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

CHARM SCHOOL #12

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

THE MAKEOVER #18

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

BOYS TO BABES #19

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet...can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

A man is forced to take on a feminine role and his wife wants him to be perfect! This is a wonderfully illustrated story of when things just go "too far!"

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

A WILLING WOMAN

How far would you go to help a friend? Would you put on lingerie, makeup and a cute little dress? Illustrated!

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

THE STORE BRIDE

After going to live with his Aunts, a young man find comfort in his new job...in their bridal shop! Great Illustrations.

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

Based on the classic story of a young man whose mother gets confused and decides he's going to be her daughter! Great illustrations and great fun!

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

WHAT SISSIES WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

WHAT GIRLS WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT

ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

#1 NORM:

This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

Bob steals panties and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

A long story about a young man being punished. He thought he could take anything until the girls took over.

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt.

Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties.

There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan

drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

"Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", 'Louise and Beribboned' are two classic Petticoat Punishment stories from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

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"The Sarah School", 'Sarah School' is a new version of a classic Petticoat Punishment story from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

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**LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2
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This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

**PUNISHED IN PINK
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His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl's clothes. He meets many others like himself!

**SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES
I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC
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Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes "Tebby, Teen TV.

I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)

Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.

**I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC
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Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

**I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC
BOOK#4)**

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!

**I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC
UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.**

A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.

FROM MAN TO WOMAN

BOOK #5)

The continuing saga of Tebby.

I BECAME MY TEACHER

A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

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A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she's seeing everywhere. You'll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman's household.

THE SLIP

A new writer! A new style! Racy and one of my best-not for the weak at heart. This will only be sold direct. Limited edition! An incredible read! A frilly little slip can get a sissy into a bit of trouble!

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NON-FICTION BOOKS

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The best book ever written to explain to loved ones about cross-dressing. Written to make the reader understand this unusual hobby and how to cope with it. By Virginia Prince.

A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating

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