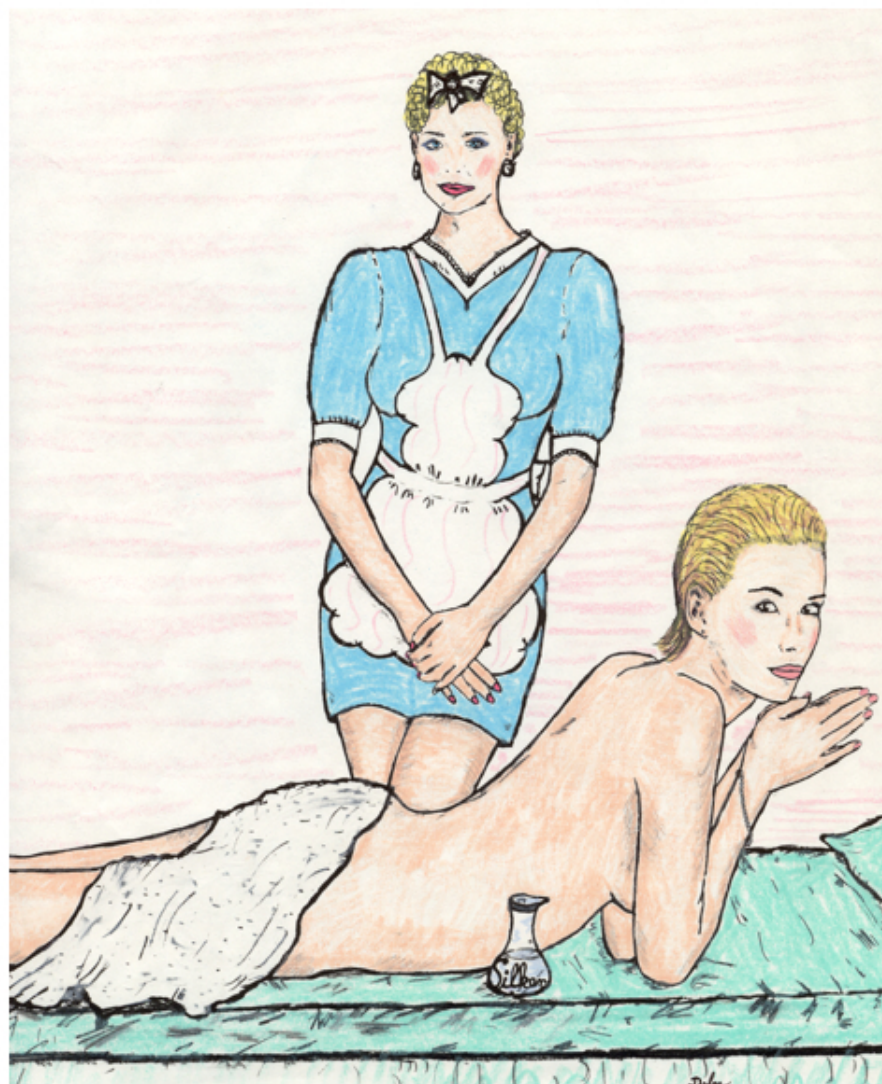


DOMESTIC BLISS



My Life As A Supermodel's Maid

Debra Rose

BOOK TWO OF THREE

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DOMESTIC BLISS

My Life As A Supermodel's Maid

By Debra Rose

C. 2003, R. Debra Rose Productions



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Part Two -- 1

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QUOTE BOARD

*"Women are getting stronger...
between the ears."*

2 -- Part Two

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CHAPTER FIVE

ONCE THE GIRLS HAD GONE, I straightened up the living room and cleaned up the kitchen. Julie quietly lolled on the sofa, lazily glancing through a glossy European fashion magazine. Soon Julie retired to her room and I dutifully followed along behind. I helped her undress and turned down her bed. Julie had a rare Saturday shoot scheduled for the next morning, and she needed her beauty sleep.

I dressed her in a pretty ivory silk camisole and matching tap pants. I had taken off the price tag when Miss Julie arrived from a shopping spree last week and knew how expensive they were. \$425. for the set. However, the tap pants fit Julie's perfect rear flawlessly and the camisole was trimmed with exquisite lace, so maybe the price wasn't that bad. Besides, they looked like they'd feel marvelous to sleep in.

Once I'd finished helping her dress, Julie sat on the edge of her bed and crossed her legs tightly. She shook back her hair and calmly ordered me to bring her her hairbrush.

I got the large, flat hairbrush from Julie's vanity and brought it to my mistress, who was quite reserved and looked severe and elegant in her expensive lingerie.

"I think I need to discipline you, Bobbie. You really should have had my clothes ready before now, you know."

I gulped as she loudly slapped the back of the hairbrush into the palm of her hand.

"I know we never talked about this as part of your job as my servant. And if you refuse to take your punishment this way, I'll just withhold my next 401K contribution to get back at you," she explained.

When I stood there sheepishly and didn't say anything, she became emboldened and continued.

"Stand in front of me and bend over and hold onto the nightstand, Bobbie," Julie said harshly.

I gulped and hesitated, but the stern look in Miss Julie's eyes meant she was serious. For some reason I decided to do as I was told and bent over and rested my arms across the low nightstand, grasping the far edge with my hands. Julie then flipped my short skirt and petticoat up and held them there out of the way. The combination of my high heels and bent-over posture must have made my pantied bottom a very tempting target.

"Smack! . . . "Smack!" . . . "Smack!" Miss Julie began to spank my upturned rear with the hairbrush. The skimpy little satin bikinis didn't offer much protection to my quivering rear. Miss Julie even lectured me as she spanked my pantied behind.

"Those things should have been ready for me, Bobbie. Doing my laundry is one of your main jobs, and I won't have you telling me things aren't ready when I want to wear them. And *especially* in front of company!"

She spanked me maybe twenty hard strokes. By about the eighth one though, my bottom was stinging. By the time she was done, my rear was hot and really stung. I felt like a disobedient child.

As I slowly straightened up and stood with my head bowed deeply, Julie continued her harsh lecture.

"You think you can slack off because you're doing me such a big "favor" being my male maid. But I refuse to let you get away with anything more than a girl servant would get away with, just because you have a little thingy tucked back in your

panties. The fact that you happen to be a sissy instead of a girl doesn't matter in the *least* to me, Bobbie. I don't give a crap about your "gender" or whatever. First and foremost you're my servant. And rather well-paid at that, I might add."

As my mistress was finishing her lecture, I reached under my tangled skirts and rubbed my spanked bottom. I was truly shocked at being spanked like some disobedient toddler. I really didn't know what to think of it right then.

As I stood there rubbing my rear, Julie simply handed me her hairbrush, firmly instructing me to put it away on her vanity. I did as I was told. Miss Julie was certainly in no mood for any back talk tonight.

I walked over and put her hairbrush back on the vanity. The pain of the spanking was as much psychological as it was physical, but that didn't mean my behind didn't actually sting.

"Well, at least she pays me a good salary," I rationalized as I straightened my petticoat and tugged my short, full skirt down over my crinoline petticoat.

Yes, the pay was good, including the 401K, but was it worth taking a spanking like some little boy? Julie seemed to be getting more and more demanding as the weeks went on. How far would she go? And how low would I have to go on the social totem pole to please her?

"That was certainly different," I concluded as I quietly straightened up Miss Julie's vanity. This was the first time she'd spanked me, but it wasn't to be the last. As it turned out, she didn't do it often though. She had to be in just the right bitchy mood when I happened to do something she thought was disobedient or stupid.

"It's O.K., Bobbie," Julie said softly, apparently noticing my somber, confused mood.

"I'm sorry I had to spank you, but I expect excellent service from you. I always dreamed of being successful enough to afford a maid, and I want it to be like my dreams. I want you to try to be as good as a girl servant would be, Bobbie. If you can't do it, I can always hire someone else. Either way, I'll have a maid. It's

really up to you now whether it's you, or some cute, submissive girl. I hope you understand, Bobbie," she explained in a soft voice.

"I think I understand, Miss," I answered meekly, feeling none too sure of myself after being made fun of in front of Miss Julie's friends and then having the daylights spanked out of me.

"But it was very unexpected," I added.

"Sorry to surprise you with that, Bobbie. But what fun would it be if I couldn't give my maid a little spanking now and then to keep her in line?" Julie said with a smile.

I smiled at that. Yes, she had been mad at me for not having her clothes ready. But Julie was also just being her kinky self too. No biggie.

"Time for bed now, Bobbie," Miss Julie said as she slipped between her sheets. "I hope you don't have to sleep on your tummy because of your spanking," she teased.

I reached back and rubbed my stinging rear again.

"It's O.K., Miss; I'll let it cool off before I get into bed," I joked, suddenly in better spirits.

Julie laughed at my little comment and said "Good night, Bobbie," as she snuggled into the soft silk sheets of her king-size bed, her silk tap pants and camisole sliding over her delicious skin.

"Good night, Miss," I said as I dropped into an unusually low and respectful curtsy. As I turned and walked out of the bedroom, I suddenly realized I was still in love with Miss Julie. (Odd, since except for helping her dress or bathe, I'd never even touched her.) Now, moments after being spanked by the haughty rich girl and casually dismissed to the maid's room, I both respected *and* desired her.

"People certainly can have strange attractions sometimes," I thought, shaking my head in wonder at my confused feelings.

I straightened up the kitchen and made sure the apartment door was locked before turning off the lights and retiring to my room. I stripped down to my bra and panties and hung my pretty taffeta uniform and frothy petticoat back up in my closet.

It was odd that I had quickly become so used to wearing a bra and panties. They had felt very strange at first, but now I

sometimes felt a little naked without being dressed in the silky underthings, especially if I was in a skirt or dress.

I stood on my toes in front of my full-length mirror and pulled down the rear of my panties by hooking a finger in the frilly little waistband. Still balanced on my toes, I twisted and looked over my shoulder to see if my bottom was pink from Miss Julie's hairbrush. Although most of the sting had faded, my rear was still red from my spanking. For some reason, I giggled as I looked in the mirror at my blushing behind. Miss Julie had spanked me pretty hard. And the hairbrush had made a surprisingly loud "smack!" on my panty-bottoms. I wondered if the neighbors had heard it through the walls. And what they'd think if they did.

AS I RUBBED MY BOTTOM, I remembered another form of discipline Miss Julie had employed to correct me a few weeks earlier. One day when Miss Julie was off on a shoot, I kicked off my first pair of heels Julie had bought me for doing housework in. They were uncomfortable and slowed me down, so I didn't really see anything wrong with taking them off. But my mistress thought quite differently. Miss Julie was in a rare mood when she'd come across my dirty little white nylon socks in the laundry room. I had practically worn the feet right out of them by going all day without shoes on.

"I'll fix you, Bobbie!" Miss Julie said ominously when she strode into my room holding the tell-tale little socks. I didn't know what to expect since I was still pretty new to all this then.

Several days later before she left for a fashion shoot, Miss Julie told me to come to the living room.

"Sit down and take off your shoes, Bobbie," she said calmly.

I slipped off my girl's tennis shoes as Miss Julie pulled a pair of spike-heeled patent pumps out of her aerobics bag.

"Put these on, Bobbie," she said, briskly handing the pumps to me.

I slipped the heels on my feet. The spiky heels were more than four inches high, and the shoes had sturdy ankle straps attached, which I knew was unusual for pumps. I was about to

buckle the straps when Miss Julie said, "I'll do that, Bobbie. Come here and put your foot up on the table for me."

I minced over to the table carefully, quite unsure of my balance in the high, narrow heels. I steadied myself and put my foot up on the coffee table. Miss Julie buckled the ankle strap and then ran a little gold padlock through the metal hoop that held the strap closed. A sharp "Click" and it was done.

"O.K., now the other one," Miss Julie calmly instructed.

With the spiky pumps securely locked on my feet I stood up, balancing unsteadily. Miss Julie made a little show of tucking both keys deep into the pocket of her tight, stone-washed jeans. The haughty rich girl then ordered me to go fetch her coat for her. Miss Julie watched with amusement as I gingerly minced to the closet to fetch her coat in the towering heels. I could feel my butt wiggle back and forth like a girl's in the tight little short-shorts I had on.

"You do your housework with those on for just one day, Bobbie, and *then* tell me how you don't like wearing little two-inch Mary Janes," Miss Julie announced as I helped her on with her coat.

"I have a big assignment today, Bobbie, so I won't be home until pretty late. And neither will the keys to those shoes. Bye now," she said as she gave my bottom a quick, loud "smack" with her open hand and strode out the door.

It was awful doing the housework in the sky-high heels. They hurt and they slowed down everything I did. I really sympathized with all the girls I'd heard complaining about them. Besides all that, even once I started to get the hang of walking in them I realized they made me swish my hips back and forth like a complete sissy.

Even before lunch I had gotten tired of girlishly mincing around in the locked-on pumps. So when Miss Julie finally arrived home at 8:00, I was *dying* to have them unlocked. But Miss Julie extended my punishment for a while longer, making me mix and serve her a martini while still in the sky-high heels.

"I don't know, Bobbie," she mused as she relaxed on the sofa with her drink, looking at me standing there in pain.

"You look so cute in your pretty heels. And they do make your bottom swish back and forth like a girl's when you walk. Perhaps you should always wear them."

Miss Julie laughed at my pained expression before handing me the keys.

"Go ahead and take them off now, Bobbie. But I hope you've learned your lesson. You wear the shoes I want you in all day from now on. Do you understand?"

She made me promise to never complain about having to wear girl's shoes to do the housework in again.

The "training" heels still sat in my closet to serve as a reminder. My unpleasant memories of the locked heels were the reason I had been so nervous about my comments in the kitchen to Miss Debbie. If Miss Julie had found out I'd broken my promise and complained about wearing three-inch heels, I would have been locked in the "training" ones for three days straight.

By this time I had learned to wear some taller heels for Miss Julie's dinner parties with her friends, but that was different. With my short taffeta uniforms, it seemed appropriate to wear high heels. Besides, serving and standing around with a tray of drinks for a few hours is quite different from a full day's housework.

SUDDENLY YAWNING, I SHOOK MY HEAD to clear my mind and set the alarm for 6:00 AM since I had to leave time to iron my employer's skirt and blouse. I took off my bra and panties, dropping them in the hamper.

With an unexpected happiness, I went to my dresser and pulled open the middle drawer and lifted out the sheer pink baby-doll Miss Julie had put there last weekend.

I dropped the ridiculous little nightie over my head and chuckled when I saw how short it was. The wispy chiffon baby-doll flared out and ended in a flurry of frothy, feminine ruffles at my butt. I then wiggled my rear into the nightie's panties, pulling them up snugly over my tight latex gaff. The full-cut panties were totally prissy; sheer pink nylon with a lacy waist and leg openings. The rear of them was almost completely

covered with adorable lace ruffles. Feeling dainty in my very sissyish little sleep outfit, I went to brush my teeth.

Coming back to my room I sat down on the edge of my turned-down bed, my spanked bottom cooled by the glossy pink rubber sheet. Oddly, Miss Julie had insisted I sleep on rubber sheets almost from the start of my "experimental" life as her live-in houseboy.

"What if you had some kind of accident at night or something, Bobbie," she had explained with a sly smile the day I discovered she'd changed my sheets and gotten rid of every twin-size cotton sheet in the place.

"I got you three sets just like these, all in cute, soft pink rubber. I can't have you fretting over your own laundry instead of concentrating on my things, Bobbie. Rubber sheets don't stain like cotton ones do, so I think they'll be perfect for you," she quickly explained.

Though it was never actually mentioned, it embarrassed me to suspect that the "accident" she referred to was most likely my masturbation. It was disheartening to think that she knew I sometimes jerked off in my bed like some pimply, love-sick adolescent. But I had to guess that she not only knew, but had actually planned for it by ordering the impervious rubber sheets for my little bed. How humiliating could my new life get?

As highly embarrassing as it was, though, the rubber sheets on my bed saved me laundry worries. I mean, having Julie notice little stains on cotton sheets wouldn't have been fun either.

How in the world did someone like Miss Julie know, in advance, that a sissy hopelessly in love might need to sleep in a rubber-sheeted bed? I mean, who *thinks* of such things?

Snuggling into bed I curled up on my side. I felt my spanking-warmed bottom through my girlish ruffled panty. And in spite of her haughty attitude towards me (or because of it?) I caught myself devotedly whispering "Good night, Miss" softly as I closed my eyes to sleep.

In spite of all the work and the often demeaning situations, I felt oddly secure and content as I drifted off in my little bed. I

knew what I'd be doing tomorrow and the day after that. And being Miss Julie's servant wasn't *that* bad, after all.

THE NEXT MORNING, THE ONLY MENTION of my spanking came when Miss Julie reached up and softly patted my bottom as I was serving her breakfast.

"Are you all cooled down, Bobbie?" she asked me quietly.

"Yes, Miss."

Miss Julie was prettily dressed in her red linen skirt and silky white blouse, of course. Everybody had naturally spoiled Julie all her life because of her beauty. I suspected that even as a young girl she's always gotten her way. Who was I to deny her now?

I was still dressed in the silly little baby-doll nightie when I'd gone in to wake my mistress that morning, and Miss Julie thought it was cute. She'd never seen me in anything so totally and overtly sissy before, of course.

"I like the prissy little panties, too," she said, as she ran her fingers through the cute lace ruffles across my rear as I poured her coffee.

"And I bet you just love them, you little *sissy!*" Miss Julie teased.

I protested of course, and blushed at the comment. But secretly I thought having all those lace ruffles across my rear *was* kind of cute. And if they caused Miss Julie to feel up my rear, who was I to complain?

But I couldn't really explain why I had picked out that outlandishly sissy nightie to wear to bed. Julie had gotten it for me, but I'm not sure even she expected me to ever actually put it on.

Had I chosen the outfit somehow because of being spanked? Were my submissiveness with Julie and my odd desire for sissy clothes somehow connected?

"What's happening to me?" I simultaneously wondered as I realized what I was thinking. Very confusing feelings swirled around inside me. I had to admit that there was a little gender

confusion creeping into my life. I basically lived as a girl, so who wouldn't be a little confused?

I was beginning to think I had become two people. One day I'd be angry and ashamed at being Miss Julie's sissy servant, and the next day I'd catch myself anxiously awaiting her every order, ready to jump at her slightest wish. One moment I'd feel weird and ashamed in my sissy clothing, the next moment I'd be in my room girlishly trying on panties to see which ones looked nice on my rear.

CHAPTER SIX

ONE REASON JULIE WAS SO SUCCESSFUL as a model was her fetish for fashion. She truly loved the clothes. Many fashion models don't really care much for clothes after spending half their waking hours dressing in one couture gown or Chanel suit after another. But Julie was different; she loved the whole scene.

She took her career seriously. She also believed knowing all about fashion – the designers, the trends, the history – gave her an edge over other models. And it probably did.

From my perspective, it seemed as if the more she dressed in pretty, fashionable things at work, the more she lusted after them for her personal wardrobe. As her income skyrocketed, she became a voracious shopper. And dressing fashionably became her hobby, as well as part of her job.

Because of her obsession with clothes, a large part of my work in Julie's home was caring for her ever-growing wardrobe. Her collection of designer dresses, vintage couture fashions, sexy shoes, and elegant lingerie was extensive to say the least.

As her full-time houseboy (or maid, or whatever) I was also her de-facto "laundress". I helped Julie indulge in her craving for pretty clothes by taking care of all of them for her. After all, it was easy to see that she wasn't going to actually do something as menial as (heaven forbid!) *laundry*.

MISS JULIE HAD BEEN AS METICULOUS about the design and decoration of her home as she was about her clothes. She had hired a top architect and a decorator to re-do the large

Upper East Side apartment. In fact, the extensive renovation was still being finished up when she and I moved there.

Her re-done apartment had a gorgeous polished marble tile floor in the main foyer that continued down the main hallway.

The den/office off the foyer was light in tone with a clubby feel, with it's polished maple furnishings and soft gray/green carpet. That room had also been furnished to serve as an occasional guest room, with a nice sleep sofa and space in cabinets for clothing. The powder room was conveniently located just across the hall from the den/office also.

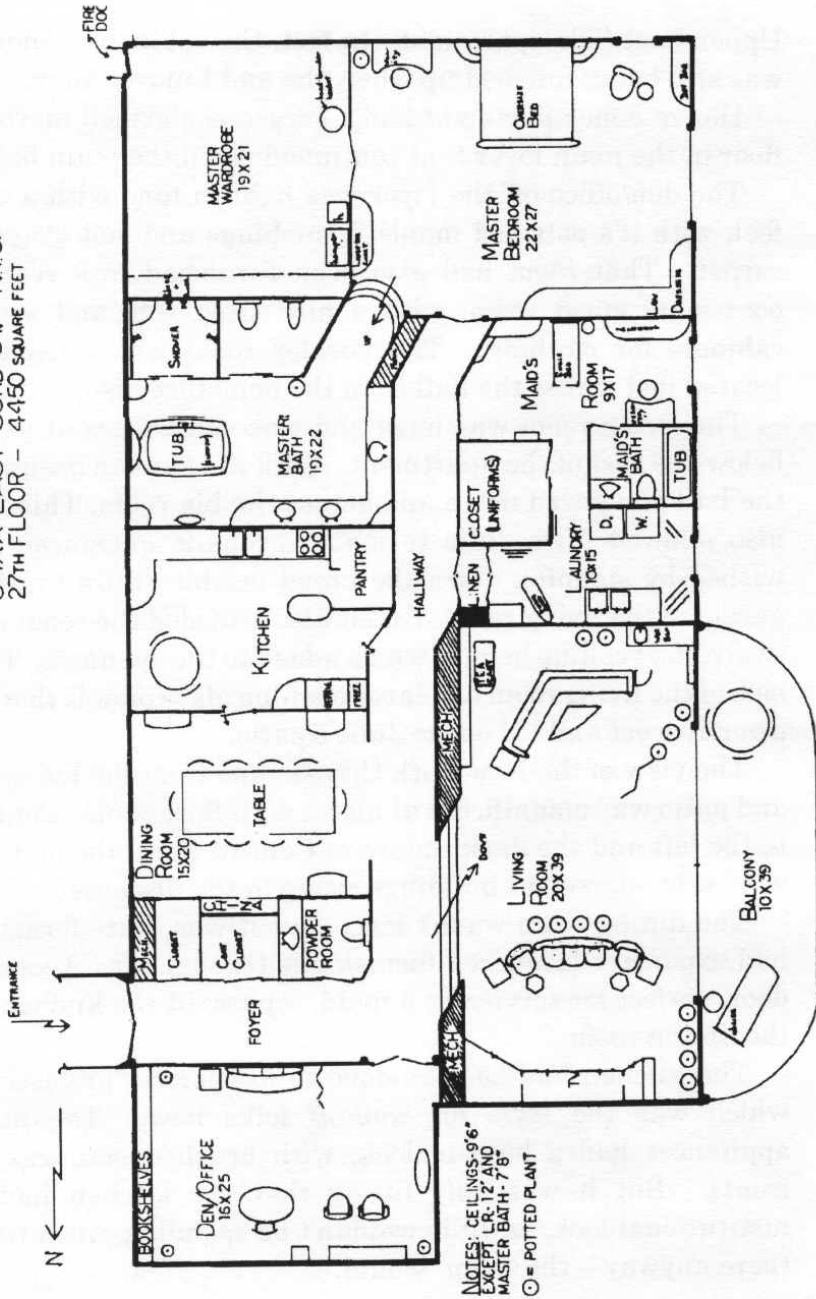
The living room was huge and was sunken about two feet below the rest of the apartment. With the sunken design from the hall you gazed down and across the big room. This layout also allowed Miss Julie to make dramatic entrances if she wished by stepping down the broad marble stairs to waiting guests in the living room. And it also provided the room with a twelve-foot ceiling height, which added to the openness. The far side of the living room had large opening glass panels that faced directly west and led out to Julie's patio.

The view of the New York City skyline from the living room and patio was magnificent at night, with Rockefeller Center off to the left and the dark square of Central Park ahead, the big west side apartment buildings rising in the distance.

The dining room wasn't large, but it was quite formal and had expensive lacquered furnishings throughout. A swinging door, perfect for service by a maid, separated the kitchen from the dining room.

The kitchen had been re-done to look more "professional", which was the style for well-off folks now. The all-new appliances had a built-in look, with brushed stainless steel fronts. But it was only fitting that the kitchen had this institutional look, as Julie wouldn't be spending much time in there anyway – the "help" would.

34XX EAST 63RD ST. NYC.
27TH FLOOR - 4450 SQUARE FEET



NOTES: CEILINGS-9'6"
EXCEPT LR-12' AND
MASTER BATH-7'8"
○ = POTTED PLANT

At the end of the long hallway that ran through the center of the place were the big double doors that led to the Master Bedroom. It was large and elegant, with Julie's huge bed dominating the far wall. Custom dressers in a light buff enamel lined her room, and the walls were architectural flat white. A thick charcoal-gray carpet with a simple emerald border a foot out from the walls covered the floor. Curved marble steps led up to the level of the adjoining master bath, a trick to break up the space and also afford the height to install the sunken tub Julie wanted. When Miss Julie was in her bubble bath and I was flitting about in there in uniform, the whole scene must've looked like something out of an opulent 1930's musical.

Color for Julie's bedroom was provided by bright, jewel-tone satin comforters, throw pillows, and a pink satin chair at her vanity.

An enormous walk-in closet adjoined the dressing area of the Master Bedroom. Julie had specifically requested the designer to make the closet work for a "professional clotheshorse." So custom-designed shelves and compartments were installed to help organize Miss Julie's outfits and dozens of pairs of matching shoes. Clothes hampers on casters fit in the closet, designed to allow for separation of dry cleaning, whites, and cottons for the "laundry girl" (me.)

A large white wicker basket lined with satin was labeled "Hand-Wash Only." This was an idea her decorator came up with when Julie had shown off her collection of exquisite lingerie by La Perla, Hanro, Felina and other top intimate-wear designers. The decorator thought it was "delightful" that Julie would be having a maid to do all her laundry for her, and said she wished she could afford such luxury herself.

The door to my room (with the "Maid's Room" plaque) was just down the hall from the Master Bedroom. In contrast to every other room in the place, mine was quite small. This obvious difference in size alone made it clear that it was the place the hired help lived. And the decorating in my room, though nice, was not nearly as opulent as the rest of the apartment.

My little single bed, only about one-fourth the size of Julie's oversized one in the Master Bedroom, also spoke to my social "position." My room basically looked like a dorm room at a girl's school. Serviceable, but not something you wanted to be in the rest of your life.

The fact that the laundry room was actually a part of my room also let it be known that the household help lived there. Not only did this arrangement let me work late into the night or early in the morning without disturbing others, but the placement of it made sure any noise or heat caused by the laundry was only an annoyance for me. Since I was "just the help", Julie seemed to think that was perfectly fine.

In any case, even though my room was not nearly as large or nice as the other areas of Julie's apartment, I still lived nicely. The apartment was in a very nice building in a very nice neighborhood and was more comfortable by far than the normal tiny little cubby-holes young guys like me could afford in town.

CHRISTIAN LACROIX AND AZZEDINE ALAIA were among Miss Julie's favorite 'vintage' designers. Lacroix and Alaia, stars of the late 1980's, are still quite popular with many pretty women with great bodies. But since their designs were primarily directed toward such fashion leaders as models and actresses anyway, their popularity with them isn't much of a surprise.

Lacroix's striking colors, combined with an almost frivolous femininity, made him one of Julie's favorites for evening. Julie especially liked his little boleros and tight-waisted designs inspired by Old Madrid.

And Alaia's creations always showed such an acute sense of a woman's body. He was widely acknowledged as nothing short of a genius. "The Wizard of Fit" was what one fashion rag had termed him back about 1990. And his fashions still occasionally make the pages of *Vogue* even today, when he no longer even has official shows. Although his things were trendy and expensive, Julie had several in her closet, and I loved dressing her in them.

Miraculously, the feminine shape of her seemed even more sensuous clothed in one of her Alaia dresses than when she was nude. One remarkable vintage Alaia creation was sewn from bands of tight black jersey and showed off tantalizing strips of Julie's skin. But surprisingly it wasn't the skin that was most intriguing. There was a subtle increase in the width of the tantalizing strips where she was fullest, providing a sort of visual topographic of her wonderful shape.

It was fashion at it's best.

Although Lacroix and Alaia were probably her favorites, Karl Lagerfeld's tastefully updated Chanel designs from the early 1990's also interested Julie. Lagerfeld had certainly brought a younger and more sensual feel to Chanel's classic themes.

Julie had recently expressed an interest in Ungaro, too. The curvy, body-conscious designs and brilliant floral patterns looked great on Julie. Tight little dresses and flirty evening skirts are the specialties of the house at Ungaro, and these are fashion categories pretty models naturally love, of course.

Julie also appreciated some of Isaac Mizrahi's designs from his heyday in the early '90s. She had a few things from his landmark 1994 spring collection – the collection featured in that documentary about Mizrahi called (I think) *Unzipped*.

I agreed with Julie that it was a shame Isaac's house had closed a few years ago. I'd met Isaac once at a shoot and he seemed like a fun guy. And his designs always seemed to me to express the fun of being feminine. They were serious only in their quality and beauty, not in their intent. But perhaps Isaac had been too much the artist and not enough the businessman. Unfortunately, fashion now is as much about which conglomerate is interested in backing you – and what licensing deals you can get – as it is about the design and beauty of the clothes.

Julie's more current fashion tastes were developed, but also young and fickle. She changed her designer allegiance often, impulsively rushing out to get her latest fashion hero's sexiest little suit or dress on a moment's notice.

“He’s so great!” she’d gush as she’d show me some new little tailored suit she’d bought. “He’s really the best. He knows what women *want*.”

The designer in question changed from month to month, but Julie’s enthusiasm was always fresh; always new.

Stella McCartney’s designs for Chloe’, and more recently for her own house, exhibited the kind of feminine fun and fashion-forwardness Julie appreciated. Personally I thought the tone and style of Stella’s things were reminiscent, in fact, of some of Mizrahi’s designs.

My young employer also favored Balenciaga’s floaty little dresses, as many young women did. And the colorful stripes and patterns of Missoni dresses and separates were also well represented in her closet.

The de-constructed chic of Yohji Yamamoto, popular with a certain segment of the fashionable set, was an area Julie experimented with tentatively now and then. But she expressed concern that it all looked a little too “road warrior”, and had trouble taking it very seriously.

The over-the-top Viktor&Rolf, from Holland, were more her style. In fact, they had done a dress specifically with Julie in mind. And after she modeled it for a *Bazaar* editorial shoot, she got to keep it as a bonus. The floor-length dress was a confection in chiffon with big, flouncy bows covering it from head to toe.

Julie also had a number of little tailored dresses that fit right into the “ladies who lunch” category. She had two by Narciso Rodriguez, one in white and one in jet black, and a nice jersey halter dress by Celine by Michael Kors.

The rich young model also had swimsuits and lounging outfits and lingerie from all the best makers. Norma Kamali and Calvin Klein for swimwear, La Perla and Hanro for undies, Manolo Blahnik for stiletto heels (big surprise there), and Gucci for leather goods.

I particularly can picture her in a little blue silk chiffon ruffled bathing suit by Richard Tyler Couture. It was mostly backless, with a draped, criss-cross effect for the bodice. But most endearing was the cut at her bottom. It was cut quite high

at her rear with delicate little sheer ruffles there, her perfect tanned bottom cheeks peeking girlishly out. Devastating is the only word I can use. (And for \$600. it should have been.)

Of course there was the almost-requisite amount of Prada, Chanel, Ralph Lauren, and Calvin Klein in Julie's closet too. Every fashionable, well-heeled young Miss needed a few frocks from these classic houses.

My employer's clothes addiction became a surprising source of attraction for me, actually. I'd always been much more interested in women's fashion than most guys. That unusual interest (as well as the gorgeous models) was why I had moved to New York and gotten into the photo assistant job in the first place.

Miss Julie's fashions sometimes made my tedious job rather fun. I never knew what fascinating, avant-garde outfit Miss Julie would bring home next. And sometimes she would even bring home something for me. Perhaps a nice pair of panties, something cute to sleep in, or a short black skirt to add to my growing collection of those.

I had resented her fashion gifts at first since it was painfully obvious they were bought with an effeminate sissy in mind rather than a guy. But eventually I grew to look forward to them. Perhaps best of all was that her little gifts showed she was thinking of me when she was out shopping.

RECENTLY, MISS JULIE HAD EVEN taken me shopping with her. On a misty, rainy Saturday in April Julie loaned me a pair of her jeans and a plain white linen blouse. We were nearly the same size, although she had a curvier shape and an even trimmer waist.

With her things I wore a pair of white socks and a pair of girl's penny loafers Julie had bought me. I have little feet for a guy, but they aren't small enough to fit into Julie's size sixes.

Julie had been insistent about my wearing panties under her jeans, and she told me to carefully "tuck" myself too.

"They're women's jeans, Bobbie, and they just wouldn't look right otherwise," she said as she picked out a sleek pair of navy

blue Lycra Calvin Klein panties from my dresser for me to wear.

I dressed as she suggested. (At least she didn't make me wear a bra.) I'm sure I looked a little effeminate in the girl's jeans and shirt with my penny loafers. But looking that way wasn't a problem in New York City. Fashion-wise, it's a pretty liberal place.

We took a cab to a new boutique Miss Julie had heard about on the upper West Side.

The salesgirls immediately flocked around Miss Julie, anxious to be of service to the pretty girl. After a few minutes, one of them recognized her from an advertisement for cosmetics she'd recently done, and after that they fawned over her even more. Meanwhile, I hoped they wouldn't recognize that my "shirt" was actually a blouse and that I had girl's jeans on, since both closed right over left. I was also tucked back securely in my tight, stretchy panties, making the crotch of the jeans suspiciously smooth for a guy. But why was I even worrying? They were so dazzled by Miss Julie's beauty and celebrity; they never took their eyes off her for an instant.

Julie asked if her "boy" could join her in the dressing room to "help me on and off with things." The girls were a bit puzzled as I hurried in and out of the dressing room asking for items in different colors or sizes. They snickered a little at my scurrying, but never said anything rude. As the girls were boxing up Miss Julie's purchases, they mentioned quietly to her that they thought it was great she had her boyfriend so well trained.

"He isn't my boyfriend, silly. He's my houseboy," Julie announced plainly. With that she looked at me and sternly announced, "Get my packages, we're going now."

Miss Julie walked haughtily out the door as I sheepishly began gathering all her packages up off the counter.

"Are you really her houseboy?" one of the salesgirls asked in an excited whisper.

"Yes," I replied, smiling nervously.

"You poor boy. She must really keep you hopping."

"That she does," I answered truthfully.

"Do you, like, do her housework and stuff for her too?" one of the salesgirls asked.

"Housework, laundry, cooking . . . you name it, I do it," I answered, trying to sound like a macho detective.

I could tell the salesgirls were intrigued by the fact that a young model would have her own servant. I even heard one of them giggle and refer to me as "Jeeves" as I left the store.

But instead of feeling ashamed at being Miss Julie's servant, I actually felt a little proud as I walked out the door of the boutique. The salesgirls watched from the doorway as I scurried down 72nd street after Julie, my arms full with her purchases.

DRESSING MISS JULIE FOR HER LATE NIGHT excursions to the hottest clubs in the city was like an adventure in fashion. Sexy, barely-there little things were daringly worn with little or no underpinnings, a risky approach that was nonetheless successful on Julie's incredible, to-die-for body. Sheer mini-dresses with necklines plunging to her navel were exciting in part because of the ever-present danger of a bare breast popping out at any moment. Short asymmetrically-hemmed miniskirts in matte metallic fabrics added some 21st century glamour. And low-cut tops worn over devilish, extreme push-up demi-cup bras displayed an almost pneumatic cleavage, making Julie the embodiment of a breast fetishist's dreams.

Miss Julie also had little body-skimming dresses in linen or stretchy knits to wear out at night. They were mostly in soft, tasteful colors, but there were a few that were as scandalously short as they were shockingly tight. She could hardly wear underwear under them, but she had a few soft, stretchy, flesh-toned thongs that were specially designed to be worn under such body-clinging little dresses.

If Miss Julie was feeling really wild, she might wear one of her fetish-shop rubber mini-dresses; shined up by me with, of all things, lemon Pledge. Once, Miss Julie let me "buff out" her cobalt blue latex skirt while she was wearing it. It completely hugged her model-perfect curves, and it got me pretty breathless

as I knelt and buffed Miss Julie's luscious rear, tightly encased in the outrageous latex skirt.

Sexy pumps with high, wicked spike heels were the usual footwear Julie selected to wear with her club outfits, but she sometimes wore funky workout shoes, especially if she was going to do a lot of dancing. Chains, hoops, little padlocks and other accessories were tried for fun and to heighten the dramatic effect. With her fashionable make-up, perfectly-done hair, and heady perfume, I sometimes nearly fainted with desire as I get her ready to head out on a Saturday night.

Miss Julie's pure sex appeal in these costumey outfits was absolutely deadly.

Every now and then, Miss Julie had me dress her in something frivolous and frilly for club hopping, just to keep them guessing. On hot summer nights she'd sometimes dress in a light pastel cotton dress that was breezy and sheer. Julie's lacy white La Perla panties would, by devious design, just barely be visible under her dress in the right light. She told me guys would actually circle around to catch the light so they could glimpse her panties under her dress. It wasn't hard to believe.

She was invariably a big hit at the trendy clubs, and sometimes got her picture in "W," which was a nice plus for a model. One gushing caption read, "Julie _____ out at The Diner, as sexy as ever . . . I swear I saw one guy actually drool!"

Julie went out to more conservative affairs as well, and had a few elegant gowns hanging in her closet as reminders of those gala evenings. Designers often loaned her beautiful things to wear too, so she didn't always have to buy them. She looked so incredible that it was good PR for designers to have her wear their evening gowns out to big charity balls and other events. Photos of her invariably mentioned what she was wearing, along with the designer's name.

I have to admit that I actually enjoyed spending hours on a Saturday afternoon getting Miss Julie ready and all dressed up for some fancy affair. And Miss Julie sometimes enjoyed all the fuss, too. She was a bit of a "girly-girl" and liked all the

feminine frills and finery that went along with her glamorous life.

The rich young lady would have me do her nails first and then would invariably take a relaxing, scented bath before having me help her get ready. As Miss Julie soaked in her bath, I would carefully lay out her nicest silk under things on her bed. I enjoyed dressing Miss Julie in the layers of underclothes she wore under an evening gown. Smooth-fitting silk panties or tap pants, a pretty lace bra, frilly garter belt, and sheer stockings were just the beginning. Several strategically-designed underskirts or a stiff peplum about her hips, and perhaps a sleek camisole over her bra, would support and help shape her elaborate "fairy-tale" gowns.

Since some gowns Miss Julie wore had dramatically-nipped waistlines, I would occasionally have to lace my mistress into a satin corset, as skinny as she already was. Laced up, she was so thin in the middle the term "wasp waisted" wasn't too far out if line.

Although I often helped with Miss Julie's hair for more casual events, for really important evenings she had her hairdresser come over to comb her out. The hairdresser was a rather swishy gay who acted as if he thought it was entirely normal that a rich girl would have a sissy as her personal maid. The hairdresser and I made quite a sight hurrying around getting Julie ready to go out. In a gown made up from yards of rustling silk taffeta, and wearing high-heels, Miss Julie certainly looked regal. The scene in Miss Julie's bedroom often resembled a pretty queen bee being attended to by a couple of scurrying worker-bees.

As she left for the evening Miss Julie would often give me a chaste kiss on the forehead to thank me for my help, patting my bottom affectionately. She was so pretty dressed in her elegant gown with her hair and makeup all done perfectly, it was like being kissed by a Princess. I would feel slightly faint as Miss Julie breezed out the door, the scent of her heavy French perfume lingering for hours after she'd gone.

CHAPTER SEVEN

I'D HAD A VERY GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, having gone to bed long before Miss Julie had arrived home. I got up around 8:30 and noticed it was going to be the first real summery day in New York. The forecast was for sunny, breezy and 84 degrees.

After my breakfast, I showered and dressed in the pale pink cotton housekeeping uniform Miss Julie liked me in on weekend mornings. I tied on one of my rounded white nylon waitress aprons and puttered around in the kitchen for awhile.

It was nearly eleven when I carefully stole a look into Miss Julie's bedroom. The rich girl had kicked off her covers and was sprawled across her huge bed sleeping soundly on her tummy. Quietly creeping in, I pulled the top sheet up over my employer so she wouldn't catch cold.

I couldn't help but notice Miss Julie's new outfit, though. She wore a sheer, baby blue taffeta top fashioned like a short jean jacket and snug, matching taffeta short-shorts. It was just like Miss Julie to be ahead of the fashion pack, even in sleepwear. I'd never seen this outfit before, so it had to be pretty new.

I hesitated with the sheet for a moment, looking with sudden lust at how the sheer taffeta hugged Julie's perfect rear and how the cute top nipped in at her slim, feminine waist. Forgetting myself, I rubbed myself for a moment through my tight panties and gaff with frustration as I stared at Miss Julie's sexy, taffeta-clad behind.

Of course it was silly of me to even think about the rich, spoiled model that way. After all, I was just her servant. And, in her eyes at least, a complete sissy as well. And I'm sure I made a strange sight standing in Miss Julie's bedroom with my hand stuffed up under my maid's dress. If she had caught me doing that she would have killed me!

I softly closed the door without waking my employer. I took a few deep breaths and calmed down and went about my housework, delaying anything that might be noisy enough to wake my tired young employer. She must have stayed out very late last night.

I took it easy for awhile, knowing I'd have plenty to do once Miss Julie woke up. I drifted around doing a little dusting and even sat for a moment in the living room and looked at Miss Julie's fashion magazines. I was getting bored by 1 PM. Suddenly I was startled by my beeper going off. Miss Julie must've been just holding the button on her nightstand down firmly since the beeper was emitting one long continuous beep.

I sprang up and headed for the Master Bedroom.

As I got near her door I could even hear Miss Julie calling for me.

"Bobbie, . . . *BOBBIE*, get your butt in here *NOW!*" Miss Julie was yelling through the door.

I hurried into the Master Bedroom and took a strange pleasure in saying "Good morning, Miss," in an especially cheery voice as I bobbed a little curtsy to the cranky, sleepy model.

"Get me coffee—*now!*" Julie said with annoyance as she rubbed her sleep-filled eyes.

"Yes, Miss," I answered, scurrying off to the kitchen.

I served Miss Julie coffee, juice, and pastries in bed. As she dined off her breakfast tray, I busied myself picking up her underwear and clothes, which were scattered carelessly all over the floor. The pretty silk blouse, the tight red skirt, and Miss Julie's matching ivory lace bra and Brazilian-cut panties would unfortunately all have to be laundered by hand and carefully pressed.

When Miss Julie's room was straightened, I brought in a basket of the model's freshly laundered lingerie from the laundry. Carefully folding everything, I put it away in Julie's big lacquered dressers. Miss Julie, coming alive with her coffee and breakfast, watched my activity from the luxury of her silk-sheeted bed.

"I see you laundered my underthings for me last night, Sissy Pants," Julie mentioned casually, sipping her coffee and suppressing a sleepy yawn. Miss Julie sometimes called me "Sissy Pants" now, and my face always flushed when she did.

She was teasing me, but I think she really meant it nicely, almost like a term of endearment.

“Yes, Miss” I said as I glanced at how the patch pockets of Miss Julie’s sheer, jacket-styled top were placed over her bare breasts.

“Do you like washing out my pretty underwear for me?” Miss Julie asked curiously.

I blushed and hesitated before I stammered, “Yes, I guess so, Miss.”

“That’s good, because I think sissies like you should be at home on Friday nights rinsing out panties and bras.

“And did you wear your little pink waterproof apron and latex gloves, like I’ve told you to when you’re laundering my nice underwear, Bobbie?” she continued.

“Yes, Miss,” I answered again, getting annoyed at her teasing.

“Good. I think it’s very nice you were here last night dutifully washing out my lingerie by hand in your cute little apron. I mean, it’s not a very macho thing to be busy with on a Friday night, really. But then, you’re not that much of a macho guy, are you, Bobbie?” Julie asked.

“No, Miss . . . I guess not,” I answered, to her obvious amusement.

I hurried off to the laundry room to fetch another basket of Miss Julie’s freshly laundered clothing, not wanting her to see me blush. The haughty model had become an expert at teasing me and always seemed to say things that added to my sexual frustration. And lately Julie’s teasing and talk had begun to include lots of references to virile men hitting on her and how she was getting a bit horny for a man to take her to bed.

We lived together in her big apartment and Julie had begun to confide in me like I was one of her girlfriends—albeit a girlfriend who worked for her. And the subject that kept popping up to my dismay was men. She sometimes even slipped in the phrase “real man” with me, I guess to make sure I knew she wasn’t talking about someone like me, but the big, virile, successful type of man she wanted with her in her bed.

I had no response in these discussions, so they were pretty much one-sided. What could I say when she was gushing over some guy she'd met at a club and fantasizing about what he'd be like in bed? Sometimes she'd even get a little graphic about it, which just embarrassed me even more.

I guess I was surprised to see that a gorgeous young woman like Miss Julie had such a strong sex drive. Girls I'd known never seemed to be all that interested in sex, at least with me. It was sad to realize that maybe their dis-interest had been as much about me as them. Anyway, it was becoming apparent that Julie was *quite* interested in sleeping with a "real man". In fact, she seemed to be so interested in it she was almost desperate.

That was surprising to see, a girl so absolutely gorgeous she made millions of dollars from her looks. Yet she was getting lonely and horny in her big bed alone.

And as for sleeping with a "sissy" like me? Well, I don't think she was all that interested, thank you very much.

"Run a nice bubble bath for me, Bobbie," Miss Julie ordered when I returned with the basket of laundry.

"I think I feel a lazy day coming on."

I dutifully ran Miss Julie's bath, pouring in lots of scented bubbles and squirting some baby oil in, as well. When the bath was ready, I took the breakfast tray from Miss Julie's lap and scurried off to the kitchen, my snug pink dress hugging my rounded hips. Miss Julie went into her bathroom, peeling out of her sheer taffeta sleepwear and tossing it carelessly on the floor. She knew I'd pick them up for her.

I was aware of Miss Julie's moods and suspected she might want me to help her bathe. I thought to tie on the ruffled plastic apron I used in the kitchen so splashes from her bath wouldn't get my uniform wet. In the kitchen, I poured a glass of chilled champagne and rinsed a few strawberries to serve to my lazy mistress.

I knocked and stepped into Julie's large bathroom with my serving tray. When Miss Julie noticed the tray her face lit up.

"You're a treasure, Bobbie," she said gleefully.

I knelt by the large tub where Miss Julie was reclining in masses of frothy bubbles and served her the champagne. I was a little proud I had pleased her by thinking of it myself.

While she soaked in her tub and sipped champagne, I went and picked up Miss Julie's sleepwear off the floor. It was all inside out and tangled up, and I straightened it out.

"Excuse me, Miss," I said softly, "are these new? I haven't noticed them before." Miss Julie laughed and said, "Yes, aren't they great? I just got them last night. Debbie and I were shopping before we went out. I didn't even try them on. They're supposed to be for lounging in, but I put them on for bed."

I went to put the new things in the laundry. When I came back to the master bath, Miss Julie told me to go ahead and soap up her legs and back for her.

I knelt by the tub and picked up a big, soft sponge. As I bathed her, Miss Julie laid back and sipped her champagne and bit into a plump strawberry, the juice dribbling down her chin onto her breasts.

Almost from the beginning Julie had not seemed to mind me seeing her in intimate situations, like her bedroom or in her bath. In fact, she was quite casual about the intimacy it entailed. Her bare breasts were bobbing in the bubbles inches from me as I washed her, but for Julie it was almost as if she was alone. It was like I didn't count – certainly not as a man. And maybe barely even as a person.

To her I had become just her servant, there to wait on her. Whether she happened to be dressed or not while I was there didn't bother her a wit.

But for me it was sensual almost to the point of being sexual. I would steal glances at her body when I thought I could get away with it. The frustration of all this "so close but yet so far" was intense sometimes.

Julie never seemed to acknowledge this aspect of our relationship. She had to know I had a crush on her. But to her I was a servant. And in her world servants sometimes just have to deal with such frustrations. Servants have to know their place and just suck it up. They can't expect their employer to care too much about their silly little miss-placed longings.

Actually, for Julie, having me bathe her wasn't much different from being fussed over by all the makeup people and fashion assistants. She told me she was often only dressed in panties and a T-shirt while two or three people bent over her doing her makeup and brushing out her hair before a shoot.

AS I BATHED MISS JULIE'S LONG LEGS, I saw our reflection in the mirrored walls. It was the perfect vision of feminine luxury—a beautiful, pampered girl relaxing in her bubble bath with a glass of chilled champagne, while her uniformed personal maid knelt and dutifully helped her bathe. Over the past few months I had gotten caught up in Miss Julie's lifestyle. She lived in a world of all-encompassing femininity and luxury like nothing I'd ever imagined, and while it had its problems, I also found it exciting and hypnotic.

Miss Julie began to get silly from the combined effects of the champagne and her hot bath water. She giggled and splashed me with a big cloud of frothy bubbles. I was glad I'd thought to wear my slick, pink apron.

"You're a very good servant, Bobbie," Miss Julie said softly with a satisfied smile, looking at me with a dreamy expression as she watched the blob of suds drip down my pink apron.

"Oh, Bobbie!" Miss Julie exclaimed, suddenly sitting up in the tub, her breasts popping up above bubble level and jiggling slightly, "I have a date tonight!"

I gulped and turned red. Secretly, I was very jealous, and was always upset whenever Miss Julie brought up the subject of dating. But once we had settled into her new place, she had begun to date with some regularity. I can't say I was getting used to it exactly, but I was learning to at least live with it.

The hardest part was helping her get dressed for her dates, knowing she would be leaving soon to spend the evening with some guy, leaving me at her place all alone ironing her clothes or whatever.

Miss Julie, her breasts still bobbing in the bubbles, proceeded to excitedly tell me all about the guy she'd met. She seemed pretty interested in this one.

Then she asked me what I thought she should wear. Without pausing for my answer, she rambled on about what the best "image" would be for a first date.

"He's a real hottie, Bobbie, so I want to look good," Miss Julie said girlishly as she averted her eyes. It was obvious that she wanted to impress and attract this guy, and it was hard hearing her gush about him so. I got the feeling right then that she saw this as a serious date.

After a long soak, Miss Julie made a subtle gesture to let me know she was ready to get out of the tub. I stood up and held a giant terry towel up for her to step into from her bath, trying to be calm in spite of my mistress' nakedness and all the talk about dates and sexy clothes.

The beautiful model rose from the water, rainbow bubbles sliding down over her pink, slippery skin. I wrapped the warm towel around her body and patted her dry as she continued to rattle on about what she might wear for her evening out.

Julie laid on her bed and I gave her a massage, rubbing her shoulders and back with a warm terry towel. The rich girl sighed with lazy satisfaction as I gently massaged her.

"That was a great bath, Bobbie. And thanks for thinking of the Champagne," she said as she got up.

Julie had me help her dress in a pretty lavender satin teddy and a matching short robe, which she left open to show off her sexy figure. She stepped into frivolous Manolo Blahnik mules with little kitten heels and then sat at her vanity and arranged her slightly-wet hair and pinned it up with a couple of tortoise-shell clips.

Miss Julie enjoyed lounging around her apartment sometimes in a sexy little teddy or skimpy bra and panties. At first I thought it was designed to tease me, but I now knew that Miss Julie would've lounged around in some sexy, silky little nothing even if she was alone. I was beginning to understand that feminine sensuality could often be a solo pursuit.

Julie went to the living room and had me bring her the mail. She laid on the sofa in her teddy, her robe falling open, revealing her body to me once more. She told me that it would be O.K. to go ahead and vacuum, so I did the housework while

Julie relaxed on the sofa, lazily going through her mail and reading her romance novel. As I vacuumed around the sofa it was hard to keep my eyes off my mistress' pretty teddy—the high-cut, lacy little silk confection revealing soft skin and very nice curves.

Julie lounged around all afternoon while I made her bed, rinsed her tub, folded towels and linens, and worked in the kitchen. Julie wandered into whichever room I happened to be working in to talk and tell me whatever gossip she remembered from her fashion shoots. As she walked out of the kitchen once, her short robe blew up in back, revealing her beautiful, nearly-bare bottom. The skimpy teddy had ridden quite a ways up her rear. It was heaven and hell all at once to see that. So close, but yet so impossibly far.

Sometimes the exquisite sexual frustration of being Miss Julie's personal maid was overwhelming. I would have to retreat to my room and take a few deep breaths, trying not to go crazy with unrequited desire. If I had time, I sometimes even took a cold shower. To be on such intimate terms with Miss Julie while being seen as nothing more than her sissified little servant was quite disheartening. But I guess I thought it was better than not being with Miss Julie at all, which was the alternative.

Around 4:00 O'clock Julie had me help her out of her little robe and teddy. She had me dress her in a cropped, pale pink silk T-shirt and matching high-waisted briefs. The easy T-shirt had full sleeves and was trimmed with silver satin piping.

"That teddy is just too sexy to sleep in—at least to sleep in *alone*, that is," Miss Julie said with a giggle as I helped her dress in the T-shirt and panties. It was another example of Miss Julie's casual sexual innuendos that I never quite felt comfortable with.

Regardless, the cute little pink outfit the model had picked out was just perfect for a lazy spring afternoon nap. Once again I had to silently applaud Miss Julie's excellent fashion sense.

She yawned and curled up in her comfortable bed for a few hours of rest as I drew her curtains and silently closed the door.

Miss Julie had skipped lunch entirely, since she would be having a nice dinner at an elegant restaurant with her date that evening.

I woke her as ordered at 6:00 PM and bundled her off to a quick hot shower I had adjusted for her. The next hour and a half was a flurry of activity as Miss Julie had me re-do her nails, set her hair, and help her dress for her date.

I hated dressing Julie for her dates, but I had begun to do so with increasing frequency anyway. Whether I liked it or no was not her concern, of course.

All the hand-laundered silk lingerie and the carefully ironed fashions for the enjoyment of some *guy*. Her dates also meant I was spending more long weekend evenings at home alone, wondering how much fun she was having.

Miss Julie was oblivious to such petty, misplaced jealousies, however. She really did seem to view me precisely as she'd see a girl maid, so she didn't even acknowledge such nonsense.

After Miss Julie was powdered and perfumed and I had finished polishing her perfect nails, I began helping her dress for her date.

After long deliberation, Julie had decided to wear a very feminine dress, even though it was a first date. With a flourish she walked out of her closet and told me she was wearing her Geoffrey Beene, holding the vintage, flirty little dinner dress up for me to see. She'd gotten it a few months ago and had been saving it for "a special occasion." Beene wasn't normally one of Julie's favorites, but she'd fallen in love with this circa 1990 girlish little dress. It cost her \$4500.

I helped her dress in smooth black silk briefs. She hooked a pretty black lace-and-satin strapless bra about her waist and spun it around, adjusting it on her wonderful breasts as I got her stockings. The Givenchy stockings were a very sheer black, with silvery little flecks here and there around the calf and ankle. As she twisted in her underwear to adjust them high on the back of her thigh, I almost had to excuse myself to go take one of my frequent cold showers. Sometimes Julie was so sexy even a eunuch would have gotten turned on.

She sat at her vanity and we both worked on her hair and make-up together. I put her hair up in a loose, casual twist on the top of her head and we worked at getting just the right number of little tendrils to fall about her temples and face. She said the dress was the last thing she wanted to put on, so she slipped into Manolo Blahnik black patent sandals with delicate, light-as-a-feather heels and spider-web ankle straps. Julie chose dangling rhinestone earrings, and nothing else, to wear as jewelry.

Finally she stood with her arms up, waiting in her pretty perfection for me to drop the dress over her.

What a dress. It was mostly black with swirls of white cascading all over. Little sparkling gold and silver highlights adorned the short, ruffled organza skirt. It was tight at the waist and had a close-fitting, rather brief bodice of sheer chenille-dotted lace net. The dress had tiny little short sleeves and an open, gentle neckline. The sheeriness in back went down to the small of Julie's back and at the bust the transparency dipped seductively.

The skirt defined femininity, and the slightest breeze or movement sent it swirling around Julie's thighs, echoing the swirling pattern. The softly scalloped hem was almost a foot above Julie's knees, and underneath there was a little sewn-in petticoat to hold the folds of the ruffles out from her.

Julie looked great in the Geoffrey Beene creation, the sheer bodice partially showing off her pretty bra and the flirty, feminine skirt enhancing her gorgeous legs. But she was still nervous as a cat as I got her ready to go out on her date.

"Lay out something for me to wear to bed, Bobbie. You can choose. I should be home by 1:30; unless I get *lucky*," Julie said.

"Yes, Miss" I said as I watched her spray lots of perfume on. (I hoped with all my might that Miss Julie would be UNlucky, of course.)

"And after you straighten up, you take it easy for awhile. I know you've been working hard lately, Bobbie," Julie said as she checked her pretty self in the mirror.

As Julie primped in the foyer mirror, she rather shyly asked me how she looked. It was a silly question; Julie always looked absolutely ravishing. Unfortunately for me, the guy didn't stand a chance. I opened the door for my employer and bobbed a little half curtsy as she flew out into the hallway, her sassy dress flying about her silky legs and the pretty scent of her perfume trailing after her.

"Good night, Bobbie" Julie said, "and thanks for the help."

"Good night, Miss. You look great!" I softly called as I sadly watched her get on the elevator to go meet her date.

I closed and locked the apartment door and went to Miss Julie's room to straighten up. Hastily tried on clothes and underthings were scattered around the Master Bedroom. I felt lonely and abandoned as I slowly picked everything up and put it all away in Miss Julie's closets and dressers. I tried not to think of Miss Julie sitting in an expensive restaurant in her fancy little dress flirting with some rich guy.

When I'd finished straightening up the Master Bedroom, I flopped down on Miss Julie's bed for a moment. All the hurrying around had made me so tired, I quickly fell asleep on my mistress' bed. Luckily I awoke before midnight and went to my room. Unluckily, there was no sign of Miss Julie even when I went to the bathroom at three in the morning. I peeked out in the hall and saw the Master Bedroom doors still wide open, a sure sign she wasn't home yet.

As I got back into bed there was a knot in the pit of my stomach. I had begun to realize that this was one date that was probably having a decidedly non-platonic ending. I couldn't stop thinking of Julie in her amazing little dress, securely wrapped in the strong arms of her new man. In my nightmare, they were in the middle of a seemingly-endless French kiss. And Miss Julie, always so commanding and in control with me, was whimpering softly like a kitten.

CHAPTER EIGHT

"I'LL BE AWAY FOR AT LEAST TEN DAYS, BOBBIE. I'm stopping in Paris on the way back too. I just thought you'd be better off at Debbie's than staying here all alone," Miss Julie

was explaining as I sulked around the kitchen. Even as her servant I enjoyed her company, and I was sad she was going to Milan for a major assignment. The Fall collections had just been shown and Julie had been chosen as one of only two models for a big photo spread to review them. She was excited, and I was excited for her, but I didn't like to think about her being away for so long.

"Miss Debbie likes you, Bobbie, and it's not like you don't know her. She'll be working during the day, but she thinks she'll be home every night. And she said she'd love to have you."

I sulked around the kitchen and living room as Julie followed me around explaining all this to me. I didn't want her to go, but I was enjoying her attention at least. She'd been dating her new boyfriend a lot, and with that and her busy modeling career, I hadn't really seen much of her lately.

"Well," Julie said, giving up, "if you insist on staying here I won't stop you, Bobbie. But I still wish you'd go to Miss Debbie's. I just think you'd be happier keeping busy. Once I leave and you clean up for a day, you won't have anything to do here but sit around."

Two days before Miss Julie's flight, Miss Debbie came over for a drink. She seemed friendly and pretty nice.

"My place is smaller than this," she said. "I'd like you to clean and cook a little, Bobbie, but it will be easy compared to what you're used to here. You'll probably even have time to watch TV or something. And I'd love having you stay with me while Julie is in Europe."

So I decided to stop sulking and just go and stay with Debbie while Miss Julie was away.

"YOU BE GOOD AT MISS DEBBIE'S, O.K.?" Miss Julie told me as I finished packing her last suitcase. I was feeling sad and almost felt like I wanted to cry as Julie was getting ready to leave.

I figured out later that the hormones I didn't know I was taking sometimes messed with my emotions. I'd be sad one day

and happy the next. It was weird, and I wondered how girls cope with all that crap.

"Miss Debbie's going to send a cab for you and your things this evening, Bobbie, so finish what you have to do here today, and close the place up. The desk knows we'll be gone, so they'll keep the mail and everything."

Julie grabbed me by the shoulders and looked at me seriously.

"My friends think I have the best maid in the city, male *or* female, and I want you to keep up our good reputation. You understand?"

"Yes, Miss," I said, upset from her going more than from her instructions to "be good."

Suddenly the limo driver was at the door. Julie went and tipped him and told him to take her luggage down.

"I'll be right down," she yelled as she came back into the kitchen where I was.

"I'll call you at Debbie's from Italy, Bobbie. I'll try to bring something back for you."

Julie hugged me and kissed me on the cheek and I could feel that she'd miss me too. She looked at me for a second seriously, then she smiled and swatted my bottom firmly.

"You get those dishes done now, Bobbie. I'll be back home before you know it. And have a good time at Miss Debbie's."

"Yes, Miss," I said, feeling happy from her warm hug.

All I could think of to say was, "Knock 'em dead in Milan."

THE TAXI WAS SUPPOSED TO WAIT for me at 6:30 right outside the front entrance. I packed and totally ready to go by 6:15.

Miss Debbie had called and told me she thought it would be fun if I wore an actual maid's uniform under one of Julie's old rain coats instead of wearing some of Julie's jeans. And since it actually was raining, I decided to do it. Under the black raincoat I wore my gray day uniform and apron. I put on white athletic socks to hide my nylons and a pair of my girl's tennis shoes.

The desk called right at 6:30 and told me the taxi was there. As far as they knew I was Julie's somewhat swishy assistant and personal secretary. They knew I lived with her, and I think most of them assumed I was gay. But sometimes I think the guys behind the desk envied me anyway. They were so taken with Julie, they might not have even minded being gay to live with her.

I guess they thought it a little strange that I stayed in so much, but they didn't care. They'd say "hi" to me if they saw me walk out with Miss Julie. I'm sure my face and hair, as well as my clothes made me look pretty effeminate, but they stared at Miss Julie so intently that they didn't really notice me much.

"Hi, Bobbie," the guy said as I walked out. "I heard Julie's gone for the week. You taking a vacation?"

I smiled and said "yes" quickly and told them I'd be back Thursday to check on things.

The taxi ride was quick, just across town from the upper east side to the upper west side where Miss Debbie's new place was.

When I got to her building, the desk called Miss Debbie and she came down and got me. I was nervous, since I was used to being with Miss Julie. I guess I liked Miss Debbie, but I didn't know her that well. Being a model, at least she was very pretty.

"Well, here we are," Miss Debbie said as we walked into her place. It wasn't as big as Miss Julie's place, but it had high ceilings and was airy. The interior decoration was more along the lines of "funky" instead of the elegant simplicity of Julie's. There were a few blonde maple pieces from the 'fifties and a few interesting knickknack things.

She showed me to my room, which was her guest bedroom normally. It had a big double bed. As I unpacked, she sat on the bed and watched.

"It'll be fun having you here, Bobbie. I'd like to have you be my maid during your stay, if that's O.K. Julie said you would, but I won't tell on you if you change your mind."

("Sure you won't," I said to myself.)

"Of course Miss Debbie. You just tell me what you need done and I'll do my best. Cleaning, laundry; whatever," I told her as I hung up my clothes and uniforms.

"Well, I send many of my things out, Bobbie. I don't have a nice laundry room like Julie does, just a little washer and dryer in a big closet. But I have some ironing and mending you can take care of for me. And maybe my underwear and things if you don't mind. You can do them in the bathroom sink, if that's O.K."

"Certainly, Miss Debbie, I'll be happy to," I answered.

Then I added "Really, Miss Debbie, anything you need me to do. It will be good to be busy, to keep my . . . well, so the time goes faster."

"You miss her already, don't you, Bobbie," she said, trying to be friendly.

"Yes, Miss Debbie. I've been with her since last fall. I'm sure you think I'm very weird being her little houseboy and all. But yes, I do miss her. She's demanding, but I like her too."

"She's very pretty, Bobbie. And we all like her. Even us girls aren't immune to her beauty. Julie's one of those girls who's attractive to everyone, regardless of their gender. That's probably why she's so successful as a model."

I'd finished unpacking, so I stood by the bed and made a little speech that Miss Julie had helped me with.

"I'm glad you wanted me to stay with you while my employer is away, Miss Debbie. Please see me as your servant while I'm here. I'd like to act just as I do at home. I'm used to following orders and everything, and I'll behave the same way here, if that's O.K. And please let me know if there's anything you want me to get for you. I don't mind waiting on people, Miss Debbie, it's just part of my job now."

Debbie smiled and said she thought everything would work out "just fine."

"There is one thing though, Bobbie. I notice you didn't bring any of your serving uniforms. I was thinking of having a friend . . . a girlfriend . . . over for dinner Friday. Would it be O.K. if you served us? And maybe you could wear one of your dressy uniforms with your pretty petticoats and everything?"

"I was going to check on Miss Julie's place Thursday anyway, Miss Debbie, so I can pick up a serving uniform then. I didn't bring any because I didn't think I'd need them."

"Thanks Bobbie. I'll tell my friend it's all set."

"Does she know about me. I mean, should I try to hide anything, Miss Debbie."

Miss Debbie sat and pondered the question for a few moments.

"Well, I was planning on telling her. But if you want we can see how long it takes her to guess. Wouldn't that be fun? I think you could fool someone now, Bobbie. You look pretty much like a girl now."

I laughed nervously, strangely excited at the prospect of the little game we were talking about.

"It would be kind of fun to try, I guess. I just need to know whether she'd . . . like, get all upset about it if I didn't fool her. Would she be O.K. with it?" I asked.

Miss Debbie laughed and, "Stephanie? She's wilder than either Julie or me, Bobbie. I think she'd see it as fun, but it would hardly upset her. I think for her some guy in a dress and apron would almost be tame."

"O.K., I'll try then, Miss Debbie. If I don't have to talk much maybe she won't even guess."

Miss Debbie laughed and said, "I can't wait, it'll be great. Anyway, Bobbie, I saved some dishes for you to do, I hope you don't mind," she said as she got up.

I grabbed a kitchen apron and followed her. Unfortunately, she'd been saving dishes for me for more than just a day. They were stacked all over the counter and filled the sink to overflowing.

I sighed and tied on my apron and pulled on my rubber gloves.

"You can use the dishwasher, Bobbie, I don't care. And can I really just go watch TV or read while you clean up?" she asked, nervous in her first-time role as a spoiled rich girl.

I turned from filling the sink and said, "Yes Miss, of course. You go relax and I'll let you know when I'm done. And if you

want me to bring you a drink or anything, just call for me, O.K.?" Then I bobbed a little curtsey to her.

She smiled as she saw I was serious.

"Well, this is going to be great!" she said as she breezed off to the living room.

I plunged into the dishes quickly, and once I got the dishwasher running I finished the bigger things and pots and pans by hand. I was nearly finished when I heard Miss Debbie call for me. Pulling off my gloves, I went to see what she wanted.

"Yes, Miss Debbie?"

"Could you bring me a diet Coke, Bobbie?" she asked, with the "please" unsaid in her eyes. She wasn't nearly as confident as Julie, who had simply ordered me to get her things even before I was officially her servant.

"Of course, Miss Debbie," I said submissively. I started to go, but hesitated.

"I hope you don't mind, Miss Debbie, but I just want you to know that you don't have to ask me to do things for you. I'm used to being told what to do," I said, not sure what her reaction would be. I was basically admitting to her that I was a submissive person. It was really the first time I had just openly admitted that.

"I guess I like it more that way, Miss Debbie," I continued. "No decisions to make or something," I added.

Id never really articulated these odd thoughts before, but I did feel that way, at least with Miss Julie. Julie told me what she wanted me to do, and I just did it. It was clear and simple; never any arguments. For all its other frustrations, the harmony in the one-sided relationship I had with Miss Julie was kind of nice.

"Bring me a diet Coke, Bobbie," Debbie suddenly said with a haughtiness in her voice borrowed from Miss Julie.

"Yes, Miss," I said, smiling at how fast my pupil had learned.

I served her the Coke and reported back to her shortly thereafter to tell her I was finished with the dishes.

"Shall I go do some of your ironing, Miss. Or do you need anything rinsed out for tomorrow?" I asked, giving the

inexperienced girl some suggestions on how I might be useful to her.

She laid back on the couch and told me there were several blouses that needed ironing, and some pants and a few skirts as well.

"I *hate* ironing, so they've been sitting in there for weeks, Bobbie. When you're done with everything, just hang it up in my closet."

I set up the ironing board in my room and got to work. When I was finished, I served Miss Debbie another cold drink and she mentioned that maybe I should go straighten up her bedroom.

"I'm afraid it's a bit of a mess, Bobbie," she said in warning.

And it certainly was a mess. It looked like a bad sale day at Bergdorf Goodman. Skirts and shorts and bras and tops and panties and stockings were laying around everywhere.

If anyone needed a maid, Miss Debbie certainly did. I sighed and laughed a little. Who knew girls could be such slobs. Most of the clothes just had to go in the wash anyway, so I sorted them out and threw them in a cotton pile, a dry-cleaning pile, a lingerie pile, and a "just needs ironing" pile.

Miss Debbie strolled in after a few minutes and told me she was a little ashamed at being so messy.

"But I'm just so busy anymore modeling and everything. And on the weekends I like to kick back and relax or go out to the Island. I'm afraid housework's not one of my top priorities, Bobbie."

I told her I had an idea. I'd go from one end of her place to the other and get her organized. I had more than a week, and what else was I going to do? I didn't really want to watch soap operas, anyway. Being busy would make the time go faster and Julie would be home quicker.

"I'll go buy several big laundry baskets when I go out Thursday. I'll label them so you can throw your clothes into the proper basket when you get undressed, and that way they'll be sorted out for the laundry."

She thought it was a great idea, of course. She smiled and told me she'd gladly pay for anything I bought for the domestic project.

It was starting to get late, but Miss Debbie asked me to rinse out a few panties and bras for her since her lingerie drawer was nearly empty. As I stood in her bathroom washing her underthings for her, she went to her room and got undressed for bed.

"Thanks for rinsing those out, Bobbie," Debbie said as she walked back into the bathroom as I was hanging the last of her panties over her shower rail to dry. She was dressed in nearly every girl's favorite sleepwear; a big, loose cotton T-shirt over silky panties. As Debbie bent to pick up a magazine, I noticed she had on satin panties in a cute baby-blue.

She padded into my room with me to say good night. Almost proudly, she showed me two sleep shirts, as well as a pair of tap pants and a matching camisole and things in the top dresser drawer.

"These are for you in case you didn't bring night things, Bobbie. I asked Julie what you slept in, and she told me you mostly wear girl's things in bed. I figured as much since you're . . . well, kind of a sissy. I don't mean to offend you, Bobbie, but you really are sort of femmy, you know."

I just blushed and stammered out a meek "It's O.K."

"Oh, and I know you sleep on special sheets too," Debbie suddenly added as she walked over to the bed and threw back the covers.

There in plain view were pink rubber sheets, just like I had on my little bed at Miss Julie's. I was speechless. The girl's night clothes were embarrassing enough, but the rubber sheets were even more shameful.

Unfortunately the purpose they served wasn't too hard to determine. They were there to protect the bed if I played with myself.

Debbie saw my distress and blushed a little herself.

"I thought you'd feel comfortable with rubber sheets like you have at Miss Julie's. She said you sleep in them all the time now."

"I—it's O.K., Miss Debbie. I'm just surprised. I mean, I'm used to them and all. I'm sorry . . . I see all this as part of Miss Julie and I, and when it's someone else . . ."

"Well, I'm sorry if you weren't aware that I knew. But I don't want you sleeping on my good guest sheets. Julie told me sissies like you sometimes . . . well, you know," Debbie said as she blushed a bit.

I was mortified and blushing so much I could feel the heat on my face.

"Do we really need to get into this, Miss? I mean, it's a little *personal*," I protested.

"I don't mean any harm, Bobbie. Just stating the facts. You know I think what you and Julie have going is very nice. But I was just trying to be practical."

"It's all right, Miss," I said, trying desperately to get off that subject.

"What time shall I wake you in the morning, Miss?"

"Oh, I think 8:00 will be early enough," Debbie told me as she left for her bedroom.

I slipped on a soft T-shirt and matching panties and went to bed. The double bed gave me more room than my little single at home. I stretched out comfortably and fell asleep quickly. I was used to sleeping in rubber sheets by that time. But it was still quite upsetting to know Julie's girlfriends even knew about my juvenile bedlinens.

The whole week I cleaned and organized Miss Debbie's place from one end to the other. She would arrive home in the evening at 7:30 or 8:00 to find me still tied in my work apron scrubbing or cleaning some little corner.

I caught up with her laundry and ironing, and then got her permission to go through her drawers and closets to organize things. I'd leave a neat stack of things for her to go through each evening, things I thought she'd probably want to give away. Mostly, she agreed with my choices.

I waited on her and followed her orders, but she didn't use me as a personal maid. Helping with personal things like bathing or dressing involves a certain intimacy, so I wasn't surprised.

She loosened up a little as the week went on, however, and casually walked around in her bra and panties or whatever while I did the housework.

Thursday, I asked to borrow some of her jeans and a shirt. The jeans were girls' of course, but the shirt was some old boyfriend's oxford cloth, so I looked O.K. to go in stores. I went and checked on Miss Julie's place and packed my two serving uniforms, complete with petticoats and four-inch heels. I stopped on the way back and bought cleaning supplies, closet organizing racks, laundry baskets and other things I needed.

Julie called just after Miss Debbie got home Thursday evening. It was late in Milan, of course, but it was fun talking to her. She sounded like she was having a great time.

"I'll be home next week, Bobbie. Probably Wednesday or Thursday. Why don't you go home Wednesday afternoon and that way everything will be ready for me, O.K.?"

I told her I'd be there and, just before she hung up I said something to her I'd never said before.

"I can't wait to see you . . .and, I .. I love you, Miss."

"I know you do, Bobbie. I think you're great too. See you next week!"

FRIDAY EVENING WAS FUN. I was dressed in my most elegant uniform as I served Miss Debbie and her friend Miss Stephanie a light dinner. It felt nice to be in crinoline petticoats and a pretty taffeta dress again after a solid week of heavy housework.

For the first two hours, throughout cocktails and dinner, I remained silent. I just nodded and curtsied in response to Miss Debbie's orders. I served drinks and dinner and dutifully went off to the kitchen to wash the dishes as the girls talked and relaxed with their after dinner drinks.

Miss Stephanie was the buyer for a national department store chain that had used Debbie as a model in a campaign. She was older Miss Debbie, and she was pretty and elegant. Miss Debbie seemed a bit taken with her, I thought.

As I did the dishes, they went into Miss Debbie's room and began trying on clothes and modeling for each other. I reported

to Miss Debbie to let her know I was finished with the dishes. Seeing the two women prancing around in their skimpy pastel underwear with clothes strewn all over the room reminded me of what a sorority house might look like on date night.

As they modeled one thing after another, I struggled to keep up. As soon as I'd have most everything hung up again, Miss Debbie would pull out more things to try on. They giggled and struck sexy poses and talked about how guys would like this or that dress or skirt because it was so short, or tight, or both.

Miss Debbie kissed Miss Stephanie on the cheek and hugged her from behind as they looked in the mirror and laughed. And Stephanie would pull Debbie's panties up in back, smoothing them so they wouldn't get caught in the zippers of the tight little skirts she was helping her into. I could tell they enjoyed seeing each other in just their panties and little lace bras. Were they bi-sexual; or were they just showing an innocent, girlish interest in the other's beauty and charm?

The answer to that question eluded me, but I was fascinated to see how girls acted when they were alone together. It was a hidden benefit of my position as a girl's personal maid. I was nearly invisible to the two pretty young women. Like with Miss Julie, I was mostly just a servant there to clean up the mess for them.

Finally all the giggling and laughing died down and they walked off to the living room like drunken sailors while I hung skirts and dresses and tops back in Miss Debbie's closet.

When I reported to ask if Miss Debbie wished me to serve tea or coffee, I made the mistake. I *spoke*.

Stephanie immediately picked up on it. I think I helped give it away by blushing and shutting up in mid-sentence when she suddenly looked at me. Miss Debbie started laughing, making our "secret" even more apparent.

"What's going on here?" Stephanie asked. "Really, what's going *on*?"

I stood there blushing as Miss Debbie explained.

"You didn't know, did you Stephanie. You really couldn't tell," she said.

"Couldn't tell what?" Stephanie asked.

"That Julie's maid Bobbie is a sissy. "She" is actually a *male* maid."

Stephanie appraised me for a moment, and then started laughing deeply. She thought it was great.

"A sissy dressed as a maid. I guess they would be good with housework and laundry and things. How *perfect*."

The two girls laughed as I served coffee. Miss Stephanie was quite interested in seeing my panties, so Miss Debbie asked me to lift my skirt and petticoats a little.

I decided "what the hell" and lifted my skirts to show off my pink satin bikini panties. Miss Stephanie was impressed.

"He's got a cute little rear," she said as my bottom came into view. "And he's so sleek and pretty in front, too. His panties fit just like a girl's."

Miss Debbie explained about my gaff and how it worked and also told Stephanie a little about my training.

"Less than a year ago Bobbie was just another horny little photo assistant, and now he's the best maid you've ever seen. He's just been wonderful here this week. I haven't lifted a *finger*, and this place is cleaner than when I moved in. Julie's done a great job training him. But you know Julie, "little Miss Perfect" in everything she does."

The two models talked about how feminine I was and how good a housekeeper I was while I stood nearby. Suddenly Miss Debbie reached up and gave my bottom a hard "Smack."

"Go iron that blouse I told you about and get my suit ready for tomorrow. Hurry along now, Bobbie. Miss Stephanie and I have something we need to discuss."

I blushed and curtsied and said, "Yes, Miss Debbie" obediently as I scurried off to iron the linen blouse she'd thrown in my room earlier.

"He's just great," I heard Miss Stephanie say.

"I know. I think we'll *all* have to get one, don't you think?" Miss Debbie replied.

Miss Debbie came into my room as I was finishing with her blouse.

"I want you to help me, Bobbie. If it's O.K., I'd like to try on the other fancy uniform you brought. I think it'll fit me. We're about the same size, really.

"I'm going to show Stephanie. And we can both be her maids for the evening. Sort of like a dress-up game, O.K.?"

I certainly didn't have a problem with it. I helped her undress down to her panties and bra and hooked her into one of my waist cinchers. Next came a garter belt and nylons and a pair of her pumps. As she slipped into the petticoats, she smiled.

"I'm not sure I've ever worn anything this feminine and girlish before, Bobbie. Especially outside a photo studio. It feels yummy."

I dropped my uniform over her and zipped her up. It was one size too big for her, but it fit all right. As I tied her apron on, she looked at herself in the mirror.

"Does it feel like this on you, Bobbie? Do you feel like you should say, "Yes, Miss" and scurry off to get something as soon as you put it on?"

"I . . . I guess so, Miss. It does make me feel like a servant, that's for sure. But in my case, I *am* a servant, so I never knew if it was the uniform or not."

Miss Debbie smiled in the mirror as she put her hands on her hips and twisted back and forth.

"Well, Bobbie, I think it's the uniform, at least partly. Let's go wait on Stephanie . . . Wait! Let me practice curtsying first, O.K.?"

Miss Debbie looked cute in my uniform practicing her curtsying seriously. Eventually she started to giggle, though.

"I hope I don't get *spanked*, Bobbie. Maids who giggle and don't curtsy nicely get spanked, don't they?" Miss Debbie asked in an odd tone of voice. It was almost as if she hoped she'd be spanked.

"Well, here we go, Bobbie," she whispered nervously as we walked into the living room.

Miss Stephanie was lounging on the sofa like a princess.

"There's my two little servant girls. You look cute in your uniform, Debbie."

"T-thank you, Miss Stephanie," Debbie said sweetly as she curtsied.

"Run along to the kitchen and fix me a snack and a nice glass of iced tea, Debbie," Stephanie said with an arrogant tone.

"And Bobbie," she said as she leaned back on the sofa.

"Yes, Miss Stephanie?" I answered.

"Bring some nail polish and give me a pedicure while I relax."

I scurried off for my things and returned as Debbie was serving Miss Stephanie from a tray. The suddenly-spoiled girl snapped her fingers and pointed at the floor.

I quickly knelt and pulled off her shoes and little socks and got busy with her pedicure. Strangely, I was getting into the little game as much as Debbie, even though I did this as a full-time job.

"A little more ice in my tea, Debbie," Stephanie said harshly and she waved her hand, shooing Debbie back to the kitchen.

"Y-yes, Miss Stephanie; I'm sorry Miss Stephanie," Debbie said apologetically.

"Yes, Miss Stephanie—I'm so *sorry* Miss Stephanie," Stephanie mimicked with a heavily sarcastic sneer. "You'd better learn to be a better maid, girl, or you won't feel so comfortable in those tight little panties you like so much."

When Debbie had served Stephanie's tea with the proper amount of ice, she stood nervously at attention by her "mistress's" side.

"Debbie, go tie on the nice plastic apron Bobbie had on earlier, and put on some rubber gloves. Then I want you to go to the bathroom in my room and get on your knees and scrub the toilet and the tub. And I want them *spotless*, of course."

Debbie gulped, getting into the "game" (if that's what it was.)

"Yes, Miss Stephanie," she said obediently as she curtsied.

"Oh, . . . and Debbie?"

"Yes, Miss?"

"When you're done, report back to me. And leave your work apron on. Perhaps I'll have another messy household chore for you to do," Stephanie said as she looked at her nails casually.

"Yes, Miss Stephanie; of course," Debbie said as she curtsied again and scurried off to do the housework she'd been assigned.

"Such an untrained little servant, don't you think, Bobbie?" Stephanie said to me.

"Yes, Miss," I agreed, a little nervous myself.

"Well, perhaps a few months cleaning up in the kitchen and doing the bathrooms will teach her her place. What do you think, Bobbie?" she said gleefully.

"Yes, Miss Stephanie, perhaps," I said, bending to my work.

While I did Miss Stephanie's toes she asked me about my job with Miss Julie. She was interested to know how I had been talked into being a male maid. So I told her a few of the details.

"Well, I think that's great, Bobbie. I mean it's not something a girl could ever get a real guy to do. I don't think most women would ever want to see their man in an apron anyway," Stephanie explained.

"But being some rich girl's servant is a suitable job for a meek, swishy little guy like you. And as long as you're flitting about the place, you might as well be dressed in something cute. I don't think sissies should dress like guys anyway, do you Bobbie?"

"I don't know, Miss," was all I could say.

"Well, I think it's silly when I see some guy I can tell is a total sis wearing some macho outfit. I just think people should dress as what they are.

"It's not like a girl can't tell, Bobbie. If I saw you on the street I could tell you're the type of little wimp who sits when he pees no matter *what* you had on."

Once again I was embarrassed. But oddly Stephanie didn't seem to mean to hurt my feelings with her words. Like Miss Debbie earlier, in her mind she was just "stating the facts."

"I'm done with your bathroom, Miss Stephanie," Debbie reported as she came back into the room, saving me from answering Stephanie's comments.

"Well, take these dishes and glasses away, then, Debbie, and wash them and put them away while Bobbie finishes with my nails," imperious Stephanie ordered.

Debbie did as she was told. She was playing her part as maid to the hilt.

I finished with Stephanie's nails and she told me to just stay put for a few minutes. She leaned down and whispered to me.

"I'm going to spank Debbie, Bobbie. But it's O.K., she really wants me to do it," Stephanie explained.

"You can watch, if you'd like."

Well, yes, I would like to see a tall, gorgeous fashion model soundly spank the perfect rear of another beautiful fashion model. Maybe I'd become something of a sissy – but I wasn't *stupid*.

When Debbie came back in and curtsied, Stephanie immediately sent me off to get her hairbrush from her purse.

"Debbie's been such a tease all night in her short little servant's dress, haven't you, Debbie?" she asked harshly.

"Yes, Miss."

I got the hairbrush and presented it to Miss Stephanie.

"Bobbie, take Debbie to the dining room and help her bend over one of those nice straight-back chairs. And get all her frothy petticoats up out of the way. I'll be in to spank her directly."

"Yes, Miss," I said, suddenly smiling a little. (This was going to be fun. Finally someone else was getting a spanking.)

Debbie was nervous but also excited as I led her to the dining room and draped her over a chair. I bunched her petticoats up and over, pinning them in place by stuffing them between her tummy and the chair-back. As I pulled her panties up a little and smoothed them on her bottom, I could feel her trembling. Whether it was from fear, or excitement, or both, I don't know.

"Well, Debbie, it's time to teach you some manners," Miss Stephanie said as she waltzed into the room like a queen.

"I think I'll give you a good spanking. And then we'll have you wear a very boring gray housework uniform with plain long sleeves and a mid-calf hem-line. Let's see, maybe we'll keep you in that for . . . oh, I guess six months or so. With a full work apron and nice scrub gloves, of course," Stephanie said as she began to rub Debbie's bottom through her filmy white silk panties.

"Bobbie's going to be my personal maid, so you'll be my scrub maid. You know, doing the floors, scrubbing toilets, lots of ironing—that sort of thing," Stephanie said so casually even I believed it.

Debbie was squirming and making little noises I couldn't make out.

"Smack" . . . "Smack" . . . "Smack" . . . Miss Stephanie began to spank her rear with the hairbrush quite soundly.

"Yes, you'll make a good *servant*, won't you, Debbie. Scurrying around at my beck and call every second, "Smack" . . . always wondering how you might *please* me, "Smack" . . . or what I might want, "Smack" . . . or what you can *do* for me."

I was shocked, but I swear Miss Debbie climaxed right then and there. She made little gasping sounds and wiggled her bottom around. And her face had turned quite red.

Stephanie stopped spanking her and pulled Debbie up off the chair. Then she turned her quickly and kissed Debbie roughly right on the mouth. Debbie was sweating and panting and so limp she was nearly falling over. Something had certainly happened.

"Go get cleaned up, Debbie, And make sure you change your panties; you're such a little slut, I'm sure you've gotten them all wet."

"Yes . . . Miss Stephanie . . ." Debbie breathed as she ran off to her room like an embarrassed schoolgirl.

WHEN MISS DEBBIE CAME BACK, she was dressed in a skirt and cotton tee and looked pretty normal. I was still in shock, but who was I to be so squeamish about kinkiness.

Later, after Miss Stephanie left, Miss Debbie got all embarrassed.

"I'm sorry, Bobbie. It's was like . . . a fantasy of mine. I don't know, it's weird. I mean Stephanie and I've never actually made it together or anything, but there's a flirtation there, or something. She's a little bi, I think, and maybe I am too . . . at least with her. Being her maid was like, so *shameful*, or something."

Then she looked at the floor and blushed.

"My panties were wet, Bobbie," she said with shame in her voice.

"At that moment I would have done *anything* for her. I mean, even crawled to her, and kissed her feet --- *anything*."

I didn't know what to say, but then she looked at me seriously.

"Is that how you feel with Julie? Like you'd do anything for her. And like you *want* to do it, too, you know?"

I thought for a moment and said, "Yes, Miss Debbie, I guess it's a little like that. But maybe not quite as kinky as all that.

"Love is like that anyway, sometimes, isn't it?" I added.

"And please don't feel bad Miss Debbie," I said. "That was about the most exciting thing I've seen in my whole life!"

Suddenly she laughed; the tension pouring out of her like so much hot air. She laughed until she started crying, and I helped her into bed.

THE NEXT DAY MISS DEBBIE made me swear not to tell anyone what I saw her do with Stephanie. She was pretty embarrassed about it in the morning light. But I calmed her fears.

"My employer trained me to never tell stories like that. If you can't trust the help, what good are they? Your secret is safe with me, Miss Debbie. Even from Miss Julie if you say so."

She nodded "yes" vigorously.

"Then nobody hears anything from me, Miss Debbie," I said, making a pledge.

CHAPTER NINE

THE TIME AT MISS DEBBIE'S HAD BEEN FUN, but I was glad my mistress was coming home tomorrow. I missed her. I'd left Miss Debbie's Wednesday afternoon so everything could be perfect for Miss Julie's arrival Thursday evening. Her plane was supposed to land at Kennedy at 6:30, so she'd be home around 8:30.

Miss Debbie was grateful for my help. She was more organized than she'd been in her entire life. She promised me

she would at least get some help to come in once or twice a week so she'd never get so far behind again.

"It's nice living like a girl again instead of some slob," she said sheepishly. "Thanks, Bobbie, it was great having you. You can come back anytime."

I spent Thursday dusting and cleaning things, and airing out the apartment. I swept the balcony and wiped off Miss Julie's chaise. We were due for a hot weekend, so she'd probably sunbathe out there Saturday.

I turned down Julie's bed several times, getting the fold to lie perfectly. And I carefully laid out several summery nightgowns for her to wear before finally settling on a breezy pink silk camisole and tap pant set. I looked forward to pampering her and making her comfortable after her long plane ride. I loved her and she somehow deserved everything I could possibly do for her.

As evening came, I showered and powdered myself and dressed in my sleekest black linen evening uniform and a pristine white apron with a box-pleated edge. I actually caught myself practicing curtsying in the mirror as I said, "Good evening, Miss" softly.

I heard something at the door. Voices and Miss Julie tipping the driver, I guess.

"Bobbie, Bobbie? Are you here?"

I almost ran out of my room and down the hall to greet her.

"Yes, Miss. Right here, Miss," I said, thrilled to see her.

"Good evening, Miss. It's good to have you back, Miss," I said as I gave her a nice curtsy and bowed my head.

"Come here, silly," Julie laughed, "let me give you a hug."

We hugged and Julie kissed me on the cheek several times and reached down and patted my bottom. I was very happy to see her.

She sat on the sofa and kicked off her slipper-like shoes and I brought out iced tea and a few cookies for her. I took her suitcases to her room and hurried back to hear her gossip about all the bitchy European models. It was fun to hear her. I don't think I stopped smiling for an hour.

She yawned and said she was beat, so we went to her room and I helped her undress and ran a shower for her. I unhooked her bra and she wiggled out of her panties just as she stepped into the steamy shower. The little French panties and bra were new and straight from Paris. And Miss Julie had been in them all the way across the Atlantic.

Before I dropped them in the basket, I lifted them to my face and breathed in the scent of my mistress' sweet sweat. I guess I should have been ashamed to do that, but I really wasn't.

The shower suddenly turned off and I had to hurry to get Julie a towel in time. As she stepped out of her shower, I was standing there ready to wrap the giant terry towel around her.

"Thanks, Bobbie," she said. "The hotels in Europe have very good service, but nothing like you."

In spite of myself, I felt a sense of pride at Miss Julie's compliment.

After she dried off I helped her pin her wet hair up. And after she was dressed in the silk camisole and tap pants and tucked into her big comfy bed, I ran off to the kitchen to get her a glass of mineral water with a slice of lemon.

She rested in bed while I finished unpacking her. Most everything just went straight in the laundry, of course, but there was also new lingerie and stockings still in their packages from Milan or Paris.

"There's a neat little skirt and top from Paris in that last suitcase, Bobbie. I'm sure they'll need pressing, so make sure you get to them tomorrow. Anyway, give me that bag, Bobbie, the cloth one there."

I got the bag and handed it to Miss Julie, not thinking anything about it. I was busy sorting through all her dirty clothes and thinking it would almost be fun doing her laundry tomorrow.

"Bobbie, since you were so good at Miss Debbie's, here's your extra reward," Miss Julie said, holding out a pretty little box.

"Thank you, Miss," I said as I slowly took the box from her.

"Well, you're welcome, Bobbie. Miss Debbie told me you were a better maid than she could have ever imagined. She told me about you going out of your way to clean her place and how you

did lots of things she wouldn't have even thought of herself. And serving her and Stephanie, too. So, thank you, Bobbie, for keeping up our good reputation."

The present couldn't make me feel any better than her praise, but I opened it anyway.

I opened the box and held up the simple ivory but stunningly glamorous La Perla silk-satin panties and underwire bra. They were beautiful, and just like rich girls like Miss Julie wore.

"Straight from Milan," Miss Julie said as she smiled at my delight.

"But they're hand-wash only, of course," she warned.

I thanked her for the gift, even though expensive lingerie was something only a girl, or a total sissy, would have much interest in.

"And just for being you, Bobbie," she said as she brought out a box that looked maybe like jewelry.

I looked at her as I opened the ruby red velvet box. Inside was a gold necklace with a pendant as part of the chain. In script, set in diamonds, the pendant said "Bobbie."

I was speechless. It must have cost thousands of dollars. I held it up and inspected it in the light.

"Cute little thing I had made up in Italy. They're so good with gold and jewels, you know," Miss Julie said like some bored, well-traveled heiress.

Underneath the necklace was a heavy gold man's ID-style bracelet. I pulled it out and read the inscription on it.

"With love, Julie...."

Of course, with the passing months her name had become a little famous, so the engraved I.D. bracelet would be a very cool memento to have.

"Thank you," I said honestly.

"I'm glad you like them, Bobbie. I know I tease you sometimes and have my fun with you. So I just wanted you to know I really do appreciate your hard work here."

She smiled and cocked her head and kidded me by wagging her finger and saying, "But this doesn't mean you can slack off, Bobbie!"

"No, Miss. Thank you, Miss."

Then Julie suddenly leaned over from her bed and grabbed the back of my head. She pulled me to her quickly and gave me a kiss, right on the mouth.

I was startled by it and just sat there with my eyes wide and blinking.

"We need to talk about some changes in your duties sometime, Bobbie," Julie said as she looked down at me as if the kiss didn't even happen.

"No big deal, it's just that my work and my life are changing a little," she said. Then she yawned and said, "I gotta get some sleep, Bobbie. It's like . . . maybe 5:00 AM in Paris now."

"Certainly Miss, I'm sorry. When shall I wake you?"

"*Don't!* Let me sleep in. I'm not scheduled for anything 'til Monday, thank God!

"Good night, Miss," I said as she pulled her covers up and snuggled into her pillows. I curtsied silently and left her to rest, closing the door to her big bedroom gently.

UNKNOWN TO ME, MY STRANGELY IDEAL LIFE with Miss Julie was about to change. I had pretty much had gorgeous Miss Julie to myself for an entire year, but that was soon to end. Julie was a young woman with strong feminine desires—desires, at least in her eyes, that I was simply unsuited to fulfill. I was in for a big surprise.

But first there was *another* surprise.

CHAPTER TEN

"WAKE UP . . . WAKE UP, BOBBIE!"

I had been asleep for several hours when Miss Julie shook me awake. It must have been 1:00 in the morning as I struggled to open my eyes and listen to her. The fact that she'd turned on my bright overhead light wasn't helping much.

"And they're coming *here* to do it, Bobbie. Isn't that great?" Julie babbled.

I hadn't been awake for the beginning of her rambling, so I didn't know what she was talking about. But she was certainly excited about something.

"The Wednesday after next. The fifteenth, I think it is. Anyway, you'll have to make sure the whole place is perfect, Bobbie."

It had taken a few minutes, but I was finally able to understand what all her excitement at 1:00 in the morning was about. Helmut Newton was coming to take Julie's picture for VOGUE. Right here, in her own apartment. She'd met with him downtown tonight and he'd suggested doing the fashion article with her at her place.

"They won't give the address or show where I live or anything, of course. But he said it would be nice to show a model in her own place. They're bringing loads of clothes and jewelry and stuff. It'll be fun, don't you think?"

I was still blinking my eyes. Julie was the model. What did I have to do with all this? She'd been busy since she'd gotten back from Europe last month and her frantic rambling sometimes confused me.

Maybe I'd just go to a hotel for the day. Fashion shoots are total confusion in a studio, and I knew it would be absolute chaos on location in Julie's apartment. I told her this little thought.

"No, Bobbie, you don't understand. Wake up a little, O.K.? He wants *you*, too!"

I didn't know what she meant. He wants me to be there to clean up or something?

"In the *pictures*, Bobbie. He wants to show you in the background doing stuff. You know, like, housework . . . while I sort of pose in the foreground. You'll be like . . . you'll add to the atmosphere, I guess," Julie explained.

She was sitting on my little bed and was absentmindedly untwisting the satiny strap that went over my shoulder. Before I could launch into the questions and objections I had about the photo deal, she changed the subject.

"What have you got on under there, Bobbie. Are you in a teddy? Let me see, O.K.?" she said as she began to pull the covers back.

“That looks pretty on you, Bobbie,” Julie said as she looked at the little satin teddy I had on. This was my first attempt at wearing a teddy to bed, since it was hard to get them to fit right. They’re just better suited to real girls rather than a sissy like me. But Miss Julie had bought me one anyway, with a built-in shelf bra for my silicone inserts. Of course I’d had to tape myself tightly to wear something this high-cut and revealing.

“Let me see you in it, Bobbie,” Julie said as she stood up and pulled me to my feet. “Turn around.”

I was too sleepy to protest, so I turned and yawned as she commented on the design and the fit.

“You taped yourself?” she asked with surprise as she looked suspiciously at the tiny crotch of the little teddy.

I nodded as I stretched again.

“Well, it works perfect, Bobbie. I’m not two feet away and you look just like a girl there. And your shaved legs look great with it so high-cut.”

As usual, she couldn’t resist giving my rear a little pat with her hand as she told me to get back in bed before I caught cold.

“Miss, how do girls built like you sleep on their stomachs?” I asked, truly curious. “I can’t imagine it being comfortable. My inserts wake me up if I roll over.” I’d never worn bra inserts to bed before, so it was a new sensation. And it made me wonder how girls with real breasts could sleep on them.

Julie laughed softly and pushed her chest out, showing off her breasts under the tight, severely-tailored suit jacket she had on.

“I guess it’s different for girls Bobbie. I think we’re softer, you know. But sometimes it’s uncomfortable, and girls with really big chests probably have trouble. And maybe girls with implants can’t sleep on their tummy – those things look a little hard to me,” Julie explained.

We had both calmed down considerably, so I asked her to explain about Helmut Newton again. This time, since I was awake, I understood everything better.

“Somebody told him about you, Bobbie, and he asked specifically if you could be in some of the shots. He said he won’t show you enough to be recognizable. You’ll be out of focus or have your back to the camera and stuff. It’s kind of up to you, but I told him we’d do it. It’ll be fun, really. And no one’s going

to laugh at you or anything. Believe me, working with Newton, they've all seen things a whole lot stranger than a male maid before."

"I don't know, Miss. What if everybody asks about me once the pictures are out."

"If it gets crazy, which I don't think it will, I can always say you were really just a model or something. I mean, I'll admit to having a maid, but I'll say the maid in the pictures was a model. I'll tell everybody my *real* maid is old and fat!"

I laughed at Julie's contorted face as she said "old and fat." They were words that were alien to her, and her face did funny things as she said them.

"Well, it's O.K. with me, Miss. As long as you don't see my face or anything. I guess you never thought I'd get in a VOGUE editorial spread as soon as you would!"

Julie laughed at my teasing her and got up off my bed.

"Come on, Bobbie, come help me get undressed since you're up," Miss Julie said, suddenly becoming my employer again.

Yes, Miss, I'll be right there," I told her as she walked out of my room. I got up and splashed cold water on my face and slipped a cotton sleepshirt on over my skimpy teddy.

I undressed Miss Julie as she yawned and stretched. Her blue and black hounds tooth suit had a close-cut jacket and a hip-hugging, pencil skirt. The hem of the skirt was very snug and fell just below Julie's knees, and I'd noticed this morning that it restricted Julie's gait, making her wiggle deliciously as she walked. Very sexy.

I helped her take off her jacket and hung it up. Then I unzipped the back of her skirt and she wiggled her hips and pushed it down so it fell in a heap at her ankles. She stepped out of the heaped skirt, and I picked it up and shook it out.

Julie stood yawning in a creamy ivory silk satin blouse and her best string of pearls. I hurried to unbutton her, anxious to see her pretty underclothes. Of course I knew what to expect, since I'd dressed her in them, like, eighteen hours ago. Boy, she must be tired.

Julie shrugged out of her blouse and walked to the bathroom in her matte white silk camisole and tap pants, her stocking tops and lace garters deliciously half-hidden by her flowing silk

tap pants. I helped her off with her underwear and rolled the ultra-sheer stockings down her legs. As I finished, she immediately slipped into bed.

"I'll just sleep nude tonight, Bobbie. I like the way the satin sheets feel on my skin. Thanks for the help. Wake me at 9:00, O.K.?"

"Yes, Miss. Good night, Miss," I said as I quickly finished picking up her room.

"And Bobbie?" I heard her say sleepily.

"Yes, Miss?"

"I think you look sexy in your teddy."

I blushed and turned out the light. I think she was asleep before I'd even closed the door.

THEY BROUGHT CART AFTER CART UP, rolling everything across my just-shampooed carpets. Clothes, lights, cases—all kinds of stuff. What a mess this was all going to be.

Julie seemed nervous, and it was strange to see her go to work without ever leaving the apartment. A make-up girl and her regular hairdresser had already descended upon her in her bedroom. She was sitting at her vanity in a short satin kimono and tap pants while they hovered over her.

I did my best to just stay out of the way. Miss Julie had talked to me and calmed me down last night, convincing me everything would be O.K. I'd had last minute jitters, but now that it had all started I wasn't doing too badly. No one was even paying attention to me, let alone laughing at me.

"Bobbie, bring us all some tea in here, will you?" Miss Julie called from her room. She was more asking me to do things instead of ordering me. I guess she wanted to look more democratic in front of everybody. Her usual way of just ordering me to do things might have seemed a little harsh to outsiders.

"Yes, Miss." I yelled back as I went off to the kitchen to make some tea. The kitchen was the only room besides mine that was mostly undisturbed. They'd even moved stuff into the laundry room.

I served Julie and her two assistants tea in her bedroom. She looked at me in the mirror and squeezed my hand. I never knew she got this nervous before a shoot.

"It's hard work being beautiful, Bobbie," she said with a hesitant smile.

I smiled back at her quickly, but had to look away. Her kimono was open and the curves of her breasts and her pretty stomach were hard not to stare at. How could the two work with her like that and not even *look*? Then I remembered, of course. Her hairdresser was gay and the make-up girl wasn't, so neither of them had a big problem. I'm sure they were a bit dazzled by Julie's beauty, but there wasn't any sexual attraction.

The photographer arrived and came in to see how his model was coming along. He was old and I wondered how someone who had lived through numerous generations of fleeting fashion models could still keep it all fresh and new.

He asked me gruffly for a cup of coffee.

"And make sure it's strong," he added in his European accent.

After I got Newton his coffee I just hung around in the kitchen staying out of the way.

I felt weird when he came to talk to me.

"I know this is a little different for you. I know you aren't a model. But you'll be in the background or thrown out of focus in the shots. Julie will be the main character in these pictures today.

"I want to show how Julie, or a girl like Julie, lives. I mean, it'll be exaggerated and lit more dramatically than what's real, but my intent is for it to look journalistic."

He could tell he was starting to lose me, so he just smiled and said, "Can I see your uniforms now?"

I was silent as I showed him my closet full of maid's things. I think he was impressed by the selection.

"Can you wear this to start?" he asked as he held out the skirt of my simple pink cotton morning uniform. "The color's great. And we're shooting color today. I don't always like that, but *Vogue* wants color, so color it is.

"The first shot is in Julie's bedroom. I'll send someone in to look at your face."

I just nodded "yes" as he left. I didn't want to *say* anything. My voice. They'd know! It was stupid, because they already *did* know. I closed my door and got out of my gray uniform. Just as I was ready to put on the pink dress, there was a loud knock at my door.

"Can I come in, Helmut asked me to check your make-up. I need to see you before you put on your dress."

I was startled by the knock. It was the make-up girl. But my face wasn't supposed to show! I wrapped a towel around me and went to the door and let her in.

She didn't laugh or say anything about how strange it all was. She told me she was sorry for the inconvenience.

"You're not going to show much, but I just want to make sure you don't have a shine. And I'm going to do up your eyes more. You'll be so out of focus that they'll have to be really striking so they don't just disappear."

I meekly said "O.K." in a tiny voice and she sort of pushed me over into the bathroom and turned on the light.

"Well, at least the light's good here," she said as she smiled at me in the mirror. "Can we get rid of the towel, please. It's O.K.. I swear I've seen it all before."

She took the towel from me and made a point of not really looking at me. I felt a little odd standing there in my bra and panties with a cute girl working on my make-up.

"You have nice eyes and pretty nice cheekbones," she said slowly as she worked. "Of course, in my work, all I ever *see* are nice eyes and great cheekbones," she laughed.

In a moment it was over. She handed me the towel as I stood there and said, "O.K., all set. We can get you dressed now," she looked at me straight on to snap me out of the haze I was in.

"I'll help you put on your dress so you won't get smudged, O.K.?"

She dropped my maid's dress over my head as I protected my eyes and lips as best I could. She zipped it up for me and asked if I needed any more help. I just shook my head "no" and she said they'd be all set in a few more minutes.

"Try not to be nervous. If anyone knows what he wants, it's Helmut. And Julie's so gorgeous; she'll pretty much be carrying it anyway. You're just the icing on the cake, so to speak, O.K.?"

"WHERE'S THE MAID?" I heard someone call. I'd stayed in my room, tying and retying my apron. A half-hour had gone by with nothing happening, but I'd seen some flashes go off under the Master Bedroom door, so I guess they were shooting something.

I came out and the make-up girl was right there waiting for me.

"I'm going to walk you through it and help you, Bobbie," she said. "I've worked with Helmut before, so I kind of know what he's looking for."

I think everyone could tell that I was kind of in shock, so they were all treating me gently. The make-up girl and I headed to the kitchen to get things ready.

"The first shot is with Julie in her big bed. She'll be a little mussed up, but still really pretty, of course. And she'd be looking at a magazine or newspaper while you're taking her breakfast tray away," the girl explained.

"I made some toast and stuff and ate some of it. All we need is a little orange juice or something; and the tray and plate and stuff. Can you help me?" she asked sweetly, as if I were elderly or something.

When I got to Miss Julie's room, it was a bit of a shock. It looked like they were making a movie, instead of taking stills. The lights and flashes and stuff were all over the place, leaving only the area around her bed clear.

I immediately saw that a *Vogue* editorial shoot with one of the hottest models of the day showing some of the hottest designers in the world was a very big deal indeed!

Julie was in her big bed and her hairdresser was making her hair look messy and pretty all at the same time. The sheets had been changed and even they were being "styled" by an assistant. Everything was arranged just so to make what one could call "a very pretty mess."

And her outfit! Julie had on a top that looked like some businesswoman's suit jacket, except that it was in black chiffon. The jacket was open to show a silver chiffon bra. Sort of bigger and more comfortable-looking than a regular bra, though. I caught the sparkle of little solitaire diamonds at Julie's ears. She looked great.

Julie smiled and seemed less nervous now that everything was starting. She was getting into the mood and I realized for the first time that her modeling was a little like acting. Not that it was much of a stretch for Julie to act like a haughty rich girl. She *was* a haughty rich girl!

The make-up girl set the tray over Julie's lap and the photographer told her to adjust a few things as he looked through the big camera. Then they positioned me off to the left side. I had to bend over unnaturally to reach for the tray. It was not very comfortable.

"I don't want much more of you to show besides your arms. I want just a touch of your apron on the edge of the shot. Just enough to frame it and to make sure you visually read as a maid."

Suddenly, Miss Julie sat up a little straighter and looked at her Sunday New York Times. She was really pretty, and she smelled great too. She looked up at me and winked quickly before she stared over her paper at the camera with a look that could have bored through steel.

"Bap!" The flash went off. I jumped the first time, but as it went off repeatedly in rapid fire, I got used to it. They had me bend several different ways and adjusted Miss Julie's pose a few times. The make-up girl who was also doing some of the styling came and put a small gold ring on my finger and tugged at my apron.

"We got it. All set," Newton said suddenly after the last burst of flashes.

Julie pushed the tray away and threw off her covers. I was surprised to see she had old cutoff jean shorts on under the elegant chiffon jacket and bra-top. I guess it didn't matter, since it didn't show, but Julie was usually so coordinated. She saw

me look at the torn, faded shorts and she laughed as I picked up the tray for real to take it to the kitchen.

"I wear any old thing when it doesn't show, Bobbie. But I have to concentrate on the clothes that do show. Everybody does it different, but you have to present the clothes without looking too obvious about it," she said as the make-up girl took her away for a touch-up.

The next shot was in the den. I was dressed in a charcoal gray day uniform and a strict-looking full-bib cotton apron with a bit of ric-rac trimming at the edge. Julie sat at her desk like she was going through her bills or something. She had on a light gray linen suit. It wasn't a business suit, though. It was more a suit you'd go shopping in or wear on a Saturday lunch date. The jacket was easy and unconstructed and the skirt was trim, but not really tight. A bright rose cotton camisole with a touch of romantic lace edging at the bodice peeked out at the lapel of the jacket. Her make-up had been changed. Everything was toned way down and natural except her lips, which were wet and glossy in a rose shade that matched her camisole and nail polish.

She looked cute at the desk. They had her in a pair of wire-rimmed reading glasses, and she was told to bite her lip a little like she was trying to concentrate. A stack of papers and bills were in front of her and she was working herself into an exasperated look. (But it was a particularly *pretty* exasperated look, of course.)

The camera was set near her and just above her so its lens looked over her a little. I was standing maybe fifteen feet behind Julie with the upright vacuum.

"Can we put gloves on the maid, please . . . like maybe some kind of housework gloves," the photographer said.

"She's pretty much out of focus and I have to make sure she looks really domestic, or Julie will look like she's working harder than the maid," Newton added.

I told the make-up girl, who had sort of become my friend, where to find my rubber work gloves in the kitchen.

"You don't have to turn it on, but I want to see you push the vacuum back and forth. And lean into it a little. Your posture has to show the effort."

"Bap" "Bap" The flashes started going off rapidly. I was already sensing the rhythm. When Julie and I were doing things well, the flashes "bapped" rapidly. If we weren't doing so hot, the beat slowed down. (In a way, it was kind of like sex, I suddenly thought.)

The shot was designed to show the rich model going over her bills after she's gone shopping. She's beautiful and, more important, beautifully dressed. Who cares whether she's the best accountant around?

In the background her maid, uniformed, aproned, gloved, and looking *very* domestic, does the vacuuming. The message was clear. The pretty, perplexed young woman might pay her bills (or at least look at them) but she didn't do housework. She was too busy just . . . well, just being fashionable and pretty.

The fact that her maid performed all the more domestic tasks was completely assumed, as if any other arrangement would be ludicrous. Doesn't *every* fashionable single girl in New York have a full-time maid?

The next photo we did was more fun. In the laundry room I wore one of my sleek black day uniforms with a trim white nylon apron tied tightly around my waist. I stood at the ironing board with an elegant dinner dress draped over it. The dress wouldn't ever really be pressed at home, even by a maid, but I guess a touch-up with a cool iron wasn't too unrealistic. (What was I now, the technical advisor?)

Julie was dressed in acid green washed silk Capri pants and a hot pink blouse knotted up to show her midriff. She had her hair up in curlers, but her make-up was perfect. She looked like some 1959 prom queen or something. I thought she'd actually start blowing bubbles and popping her gum next!

The colors of her clothes were incredibly vibrant, and that was the main fashion point of the shot. Black or beige or gray weren't the only tones a fashionable city girl could wear, especially in the spring.

Julie leaned up against the wall with a phone to her ear, the long cord wrapping down around her as if she'd twisted herself into it. She laughed and "talked" while I ironed. The camera peered through the space between my arm and body with the dress and ironing board at the bottom. They said I was out of focus since I was so close. And the space framed Julie as she talked and laughed in her colorful retro getup.

This time the photographer actually set the scene for us.

"Julie's going out on a date later and she's talking to her girlfriend on the phone about the hot guy she's dating. Lots of giggles and laughing and stuff. Her maid is busy ironing the dress she's going to probably wear, but maybe she'll change her mind and have the maid press something else for her. Anyway, Julie's watching her maid iron her dress while she's on the phone."

When we got set up, he came to me and told me I had to stand very straight and kind of stiff.

"You have to look businesslike while Julie looks kind of frivolous on the phone," he said. "It's like the whole way you stand doing the ironing says that you're serious about making sure she's taken care of, even if she's a little scatterbrained herself. She's rich; she can afford to be scatterbrained."

As I listened to him I realized how good he was at this. Subtle little things that got the frothy, fun message of the clothes across were important to him. The slightly wacky rich girl and her steady-as-she-goes maid taking care of her clothes. It was the perfect scene for the fun outfit.

Next they did one with Julie alone while I watched. It was a lingerie shot in her bathroom. She was brushing her teeth while she looked marvelous in a wispy little bra and gorgeous tap pants with a lace border on the legs. How she managed to look good brushing her teeth in her underwear, I don't know. Not many girls could pull that off. But she did. And that's exactly why she gets the big bucks.

We did another one in her bedroom with her looking right into the camera as if it were a mirror as I brushed her hair. I'd

changed into my black taffeta evening uniform and a starched white linen apron. They wanted it pretty dressy, I guess.

Julie's clothes didn't show in this shot. It was more a beauty shot, and the caption would be about her make-up and lipstick and mascara. You could see my hands and the brush and some of my uniform and apron behind Julie. There was definitely enough of my uniform showing that it would be plain I was a maid brushing her bosses' hair. But Miss Julie's amazing face was the main attraction, of course.

Newton used some setting to make sure my hands weren't in perfect focus, though. By that time my hands looked quite feminine, with polished nails and everything. But there was still a hint of the masculine if you focused right on them. So he just made sure the camera didn't.

Finally, the last shot. It was nearly six o'clock as we got set up for it. All the make-up and lighting and clothing details made each shot go a lot slower than I would have imagined. No wonder Miss Julie's days were so long sometimes.

This last shot Newton called the "Cinderella" shot. We had to clear the hall outside the apartment and keep the front door open. I was a little nervous. I mean, what if the neighbors saw me or something.

"They know I'm a model, Bobbie," Julie said to calm me down.

"And it's pretty damn obvious with this crowd and all this stuff that we're doing a shoot here. They'll just think you're a model playing my maid, that's all. No one's going to think any of this is real," she explained as she gestured at the Hollywood-like mess scattered all around.

She was right, of course. No one would think anything about this was real. When you saw all the equipment and people, it had to be fake. I laughed at myself for being worried. This was perhaps the best disguise I'd ever have.

I stood at the door looking at Miss Julie as she breezed past me in her elaborate, full-skirted dinner dress to go out on her "date." They told me in this one I would show a little.

"It's just a profile of your face, though, and most of the light is on Julie's dress, so you'll be in shadow. That's O.K., isn't it?"

Julie stopped everything for a moment and went to talk to Newton. She came back and said, "I told him I would have to have approval on whether they used this shot, so you'll get to see it before it's printed, O.K.? I'm sure it will be fine, but we're going to shoot one without you just in case."

I appreciated her concern for my privacy. I mean, *Vogue* is a pretty public venue. If I was very recognizable even someone in my family might see it.

But I trusted Julie, so I told her it was fine if she saw it before publication.

Newton explained a few things and set the shot up and Julie began practicing breezing past me quickly at the door. Her perfume was great. And the feminine skirt swooshed about her pretty legs as if on cue. They wanted it to blur to show the motion and the shimmer of the material. I had to stand with my head bowed and my hand on the door in a very precise way.

"It's like you're a matador and Julie's the bull going through. You suck back and stay out of her way. Like she's real late for her hot date."

He used such neat images it was easy to get the message. Julie was being directed to be her haughtiest. She breezed past me like I didn't even exist. Her head was held up and she was in a hurry. But in a very pretty hurry with her wonderful dress swirling around her legs.

The big flashes did their "bapping" thing. And Julie almost got tired from all the motion she had to do for this "action" shot.

"O.K., that's it Julie," Newton finally announced as he took a big breath.

"We're done here, everyone. See you later at dinner, Okay?"

And he was gone as quick as that. He worked hard and fast, but when it was over, it was over.

Julie and I went to her room and I helped her get undressed while everyone else started cleaning up their stuff.

"Sorry about the apartment, Bobbie. You'll have some extra cleaning to do, I guess. Did you have fun, though?"

I didn't know what to say. I hadn't time to think about it with all the commotion, but I actually had had fun.

"You looked so *great*, Miss," I said.

"Like in the 'fifties outfit in the laundry room, and at your desk in that great suit. And this last dress. I mean . . . wow!"

Julie laughed, and I laughed too as I realized I'd just gushed about nearly every outfit she'd worn.

"He told me he thought you were doing pretty good, Bobbie. He said you looked like everyone's fantasy of a maid. The whole thing is supposed to be like some girl's ideal dream or something. You know, the cute clothes, the nice apartment, the uniformed maid and the exciting date and everything."

Julie had me get her tight, shell gray miniskirt and her oversized gray and rose sweater. She could pull down the sweater over her hips in the restaurant and pull it up to her waist out at a club later. Of course, either approach would expose lots of leg, but at least the sweater could cover her bottom, which the mini hugged so tightly it was nearly X-rated.

Since panty-lines would have definitely be a problem with the tight skirt, Julie had me get her a silky pair of sheer-to-the-waist pantyhose. They were the super-sheer 7-denier kind, close to invisible when on. Close to impossible to wash out without doing damage.

She still wore the sexy little Dior bra she'd had on for one of the shots.

I struggled to zip up the back of the very tight mini before I helped her on with the cashmere sweater and scurried off to get her shoes.

Everyone yelled through the door, "Bye - Bye; see you there!" as I was helping Miss Julie dress. When we emerged, only the make-up girl was still hanging around.

"I just wanted to thank you for doing a good job for us, Bobbie. Everyone just kind of takes off and doesn't say much, but we all thought you were great."

She suddenly looked nervous and said, "When Helmut told me there was going to be a . . . well, a *guy* playing the maid, I wasn't sure. But you were great. It's like you've been her maid for years!"

I looked at Julie with surprise as the girl packed up her last case and left.

"What did she mean, Miss? Does she think I'm just, like a model or something?"

Julie smiled and held my hand.

"Helmut knows who you are, Bobbie. I mean, he pretty much knew the whole story before. It doesn't bother him though; he thinks you're interesting. But the more I thought about it, the more I figured it would be safer to be discreet, you know? So the rest of the crew was told you're a female impersonator friend of mine from LA that I flew in to have model as my maid.

"They think I did it for the challenge or something. You know, having a male play the maid. And I guess there's some truth to that, anyway."

I laughed, relieved that people didn't actually know I was Miss Julie's maid. They all thought I was just playing a part.

"But what about when I served tea and . . . my room!" I said, remembering things that would blow holes in the story.

"You're a method actor and wanted to get into it. People do it all the time, kind of live the part. And I mentioned that the stylists and I'd done up the maid's room cuter than normal. Like I told you, they think I have a maid, but that she's old and fat. I gave her the day off for this craziness, of course.

"You're great, Miss," I said without thinking, laughing at how we'd fooled everybody. She had figured all the angles.

But maybe *I* was the real fool. After all, who'd be spending the next two days cleaning this mess up!

JULIE STAYED OUT LATE THAT NIGHT as I stayed home and took it easy for awhile. I picked up a few things and did a bit of half-hearted cleaning, but left any serious housework for the next day.

I don't know when she came in, but she told me the next day that they'd had a good time at dinner and some of them had gone out to a club to dance afterward.

"They couldn't stop talking about you, Bobbie. If you would have been a girl, they would have thought you did a good job. But a *guy*? Well, they just couldn't get over it. One of the girls said you looked more like a maid than anyone she'd ever seen."

Julie had to get to work, so we didn't talk long, and the excitement died down over the next day or two. And by the weekend I even had Julie's apartment pretty much back to normal.

I got to see the pictures about two weeks later, and the one of me in the doorway was fine, so we approved it for publication. Julie was so gorgeous as she rushed by in that dress, I could have been naked with a spotlight and nobody would have noticed me! The maid in the shadow of the door was just the right background for the breezy, beautiful girl. You could almost smell her perfume as she rushed past.

And the laundry room shot was good too. It was fun to look at because it was obvious Julie was having so much fun in the clothes and talking on the phone. The fact that the maid was diligently taking care of her dress for her just added to the sense of carefree fun.

Seven weeks after I saw them, the photos were in *VOGUE*. Normally the turnaround time is longer, but Julie and the designers that were featured were both suddenly hot properties, so the editor had moved them up a month. Everybody liked the photos, but they didn't go crazy. There are great, interesting photos in fashion magazines every month. These were better than average, and using the real location and the maid had been nice touches. But the fashion industry was voracious in its use of images, always wanted something new – always needing more.

So my modeling career was over before it had begun. I got a check from the photographer for \$1250. to pay me for the day, which I thought was fair. And Miss Julie had him make a big custom-framed blow-up of the doorway shot for me.

"This is for cleaning up the mess. And for being a good sport, too," Julie said as she gave it to me to hang in my room. An actual dye-transfer print of a published fashion editorial shot from one of the world's most famous photographers.

Not too shabby a tip.

BUT THE NEXT SURPRISE MY MISTRESS sprang on me wasn't nearly as much fun as the fashion shoot had been.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

FOR MORE THAN A WEEK I'D BEEN DREADING what was coming up. And now Friday was only four days away. The date Miss Julie had gone out on the Saturday about six weeks ago had quickly blossomed into something serious. After her dating and playing around and flirting with lots of guys, she was maybe actually starting to fall in love. I couldn't believe it. So *this* was what she'd needed to talk to me about.

I thought seriously about leaving her place and the job, and even talked to Miss Julie about it.

"Well, do what you have to do, Bobbie, it's a free country, after all. But I would appreciate you giving me at least two weeks notice if you go, so I can hire someone and start training her on how I like things handled," Miss Julie said, trying to sound unconcerned.

I sulked around for a few days, but Julie had sat me down that Monday morning and talked with me.

"Look, Bobbie, I don't see why you suddenly think my having a serious boyfriend changes anything. I didn't think I'd need to actually say it again, but you're my maid, Bobbie, and he's my *lover*. Why do you think that's so incompatible? I'm sure you realize a young woman needs a man, Bobbie. But I certainly need someone to do the housework and take care of me and my clothes, too. And you've been great doing that for quite some time now.

"Frank knows about you, Bobbie," Julie continued. "In fact, he'd heard rumors about my famous 'male maid' from some other model he went out with even before we met. He's nervous about this arrangement too, but I told him it would all work out.

"But you better hope he likes you, Bobbie, because if it comes down to a choice between you or my boyfriend, I'm afraid you'd lose."

That was disheartening to hear. But I knew the score with girls. Once they were with a man they liked I was usually out the door.

"You have to decide, Bobbie," Miss Julie kept insisting.

"He's coming to dinner here Friday, so I need to know what to do. If I have to get a catering service or something, you have to give me time to plan that."

I busied myself with housework and thought about my options. Finally, Wednesday evening when Julie came home I told her I had decided. Even after all the thought, I still couldn't quite believe it as I heard myself say, "I think I'll try to be your houseboy still, Miss."

"Good, Bobbie, I was really hoping you'd stay. You've become an excellent housekeeper and you'd be difficult to replace.

"But I think, with all the dresses and skirts you wear now, we can really refer to your job as "maid" now, can't we? I mean that's what you mostly are now, isn't it?"

I had to agree that over time I had become more Julie's maid than her houseboy, at least as far as uniforms go. The work was really the same regardless of what I was called or whether I happened to be in a skirt or a tight pair of pants, so if she wanted to call me her maid instead of her houseboy I guess it didn't make that much difference.

"Now that you've decided, Bobbie, let me explain some ground rules to you," Julie said seriously.

"First, you will address Frank as "Sir," and you will be respectful of him and wait on him the same as you wait on me," she explained.

"Second, you are simply not to get upset if we kiss, or if he feels me up or anything. I mean, I just don't want that happening at *all* Bobbie.

"It's better I tell you right now we've already been intimate. No need for you to wonder about that. He's my boyfriend now, so my body is pretty much his to enjoy, and I don't want to see you doing any silly pouting over that."

"Do you understand so far Bobbie?" Julie asked seriously.

"Yes, Miss," I answered, suddenly feeling as confused and lost as ever. This wasn't going to be easy. While I was jealous and upset, I wasn't really surprised Miss Julie had taken a lover. She was a beautiful, healthy young woman after all.

And secretly maybe even a little relieved. Before she began dating Frank, Miss Julie had been coming on to me in subtle ways. I would have nearly killed to have her feel this way last fall, but now everything was so different. Although I didn't know why, I knew I was barely getting hard whenever I got excited. And I often wore my tight gaff for days now without the slightest discomfort.

What if she finally let me be with her, and I couldn't even *do* anything? It would've been so humiliating. So as insanely jealous as it made me, I almost thought it was better that she now had a steady boyfriend to make love to her.

Of course, in retrospect Julie had probably come on to me because she was pretty secure in the knowledge that I wouldn't try to follow up on her little romantic forays. After all, I was a meek, shy boy when she'd met me, and now with my life as her servant mixed with her chemical tricks, she had to suspect I posed no threat to her sexually. I was an impotent sissy whom she could tease and play with to her heart's content. I wasn't going to do anything about it—maybe I wasn't even *able* to do anything about it.

My little problem was caused by the hormones, but my shyness and lack of confidence with women contributed to it. I don't think Julie realized how distressing all this was for me, especially since I didn't know the reason. I really thought I was turning into a sissy or something.

IT WAS FRIDAY MORNING, AS I HELPED HER dress when Miss Julie really dropped a bombshell on my already-fragile ego.

"I think you should know that I plan on asking Frank to spend the night with me tonight, Bobbie. We'll both be in my bed, of course, and we could be making love at any time, so you'll have to be careful not to disturb us. If you have any doubts, knock softly, and we'll let you know if you're interrupting anything," she explained as I stood in front of her dutifully buttoning up her pretty lace blouse.

I was completely shattered, but I just meekly said, "Yes, Miss, I understand," totally defeated.

Miss Julie saw that I was really in the dumps about how things were going.

"Don't be so down about it, Bobbie, it'll be fine," Miss Julie told me, trying to cheer me up.

"It'll be fun for me to have the two "men" in my life here with me together. You flitting about making sure everything is going smooth, and my boyfriend giving me a hug and letting me curl up with him on the sofa. It's really just the way it should be," she said with a dreamy look on her face.

Then she brushed my hair with her hand and kissed me on the cheek.

"Lighten up a little," she added softly, "life's too short to not have a little fun with it."

She turned away from me and said, "You can even help me decide what to wear for him, Bobbie."

Then with a wicked little laugh she added, "Besides, I'm always in a much better mood after I've been fucked by a real man. I won't be as bitchy with you!" (Boy, she was a big help with *that* comment.)

FRIDAY EVENING HAD ARRIVED way too soon for me, and I wasn't at all sure what I'd gotten myself into. Miss Julie was in a tizzy all afternoon, concerned that everything was perfect. I'd never seen her like quite like this.

Miss Julie had me dress her tastefully yet seductively for her intimate dinner with her boyfriend. She wore a designer's sheer white peasant top with no bra and a pair of soft but tight tan suede lace-up flared pants, slung very low on her hips over a nude thong in a special low-rise design. Her ankles and feet were bare, save for a little moisturizer and a nice pedicure. With light evening make-up, her hair pinned up and an accent of American Indian jewelry, she looked casual but gorgeous.

She dabbed a little Chanel perfume on her pulse spots, knowing she'd give off an alluring scent when her boyfriend nuzzled into her.

When she was ready she just nervously sat on the sofa constantly asking me the time. I checked on things in the kitchen and tried not to think too much.

Finally, the door bell rang.

"Bobbie, he's here!" Miss Julie whispered excitedly.

"Get the door, and I'll be on the sofa!"

In a sort of trance I went to the door and opened it, letting Frank in. I blushed and hesitated for a moment, but then meekly said, "Good evening, Sir. Miss Julie's in the living room," just like any well-trained maid.

"Thank you" the guy said quite nervously. I'm sure he hadn't known what to expect. Julie was the first girl he'd dated with a guy as her maid of course. Maybe he even thought I'd be like a big, hulking drag queen.

Frank was tall, with dark hair and broad shoulders and a big frame. His face was angular with a strong jaw line, and he looked nothing but masculine. Appearance-wise at least he was pretty much my polar opposite.

As Frank went into the living room Miss Julie sprang up and went to him quickly. She hugged and kissed him shamelessly. I could barely stand to watch.

As Frank hugged and kissed her, his hand slid down and cupped Julie's ass through her tight pants. I blushed and gulped as I saw this because he did it almost as a gesture of ownership.

"This pretty little piece of ass is *mine*," his actions seemed to say.

And she didn't mind at all that he was grabbing her ass right in front of me. I think she even wanted him to.

Worse yet, I could tell by how Miss Julie responded, going up on her toes and pressing her body tightly into his that she was falling in love. If something didn't intrude quickly, Miss Julie would be head over heels in a matter of days.

My pretty employer seemed reserved around her new guy. As he complimented her on her nice clothes, she looked at the floor shyly; almost submissively. She acted differently around

him, more like the relatively young girl she was and less like the haughty, worldly supermodel.

"This could be *big* trouble," I kept thinking as my stomach suddenly felt tight.

I'd never seen her be girlish like this, and it was a sure sign she was getting all-gooey over this guy. It wasn't hard to imagine that she'd take off her panties and lay back for him any time he wanted to take her.

Frank was older than me or Julie, probably about 30 or so. He was confident around Julie in a way few people were. I think he had had an easy time with girls his whole life, so even a drop-dead gorgeous girl like Miss Julie didn't overly impress him. Don't get me wrong, I'm sure he liked her and knew he was a little lucky to have a supermodel as a girlfriend. He wasn't *that* jaded. But I just didn't get the feeling he thought the fact that he was going to bed with a girl was so unbelievable. He was one lucky bastard, that was all I could say.

Of course Franks' masculine confidence and seeing her almost like just another girl was exactly why Julie was falling for him. Almost everyone else she met, and especially guys, drooled over her so much and fell all over themselves trying to please her. She didn't like that, at least in a man she'd want as her boyfriend. So the harder they tried, the quicker she dropped them.

I served drinks to the flirty couple, remembering to nicely say "Yes, Sir" to Frank when he asked for a refill. Miss Julie wasn't paying much attention to my behavior, however, she only seemed interested in gazing up into Frank's eyes like a schoolgirl.

After their third round of drinks though Miss Julie reached up and gave my behind a quick, sharp 'smack!' with her hand.

"Off to the kitchen now, Bobbie; go check on our dinner. We're going to cuddle here for awhile with the music. I'll beep you when I want you to serve," she announced.

I realized Miss Julie was just showing off her power over me for her boyfriend. I was somehow determined to pass this little test, however, so I swallowed my pride and respectfully curtsied.

"Yes, Miss; of course," I said meekly before turning and wiggling off to the kitchen in my cute maid's dress.

About a half-hour later (it seemed like an eternity to me) Miss Julie beeped me. I reported to the living room, where it was obvious some heavy petting had been going on. Julie's hair was partially down and more than a little tousled.

"Yes, Miss?" I asked respectfully.

"You may serve now, Bobbie!" Miss Julie ordered, giddy from her drinks and from making out with her boyfriend.

"Very well, Miss," I said, curtsying.

"See? I told you he's just a little sissy," I overheard Miss Julie say to Frank as I walked in front of them to the dining room. I blushed, but if I thought about it I would have had a hard time denying the truth of my young employer's words.

I served dinner, doing my usual job of being unobtrusive while instantly available to fetch things. When Frank emptied his glass halfway through dinner, Miss Julie snapped her fingers sharply without even looking up at me. I got the message and quickly scurried off to the kitchen to get Miss Julie's boyfriend another cold beer.

Her actions made it clear to me she was more concerned that I serve her boyfriend well than if I served her quickly. This guy had become very, very important to her, and she wanted me to know that and act accordingly.

When the meal was finished, Miss Julie leaned over to Frank and whispered something in his ear. Then Frank leaned back in his chair and confidently said, "You may clear the table and do the dishes now, Bobbie. We'll buzz for you in the living room if we need anything."

Miss Julie had whispered to him so I would be taking orders from Frank. I nervously curtsied and responded, "Yes, Sir," as Miss Julie giggled.

"You're so good with the help Frank," Miss Julie swooned as she hugged him and kissed him on the cheek, looking right at me with a dreamy smirk.

It was strange to be standing at the sink washing dishes while I knew Miss Julie and her boyfriend were making out in

the living room. Before, it had always been just me and Miss Julie. At least that way there was always some minuscule thread of hope in my mind that Miss Julie would someday see me as something other than her little servant. Now, with Frank in the picture, even that slight hope faded away.

As I finished with the dishes, Miss Julie came into the kitchen and took me by the hand, leading me to the Master Bedroom. She unzipped the side of her tight hip-huggers and wiggled her hips and gave them a push down her silky thighs. She sat on her bed and I pulled off her pants. Then I helped her off with her top, leaving her dressed only in her nude-tone thong.

I was surprised when she stood up and just whipped off her thong like nothing, leaving herself completely naked.

"What should I wear, Bobbie? A teddy, maybe? Which color do you think he'd like?"

I thought a moment as I picked up her tangled thong and put it in with the other hand-wash things. Then I hesitantly replied that her new black silk teddy and matching short robe might be good.

"It's pretty high cut, and the little frill of ecru lace at the legs and bodice is nice, Miss," I said, sounding like some boutique salesgirl.

"Perfect, Bobbie, I just *knew* you'd be good at this!" Miss Julie said happily, clapping her hands girlishly and bouncing with anticipation. (Which, since she didn't have a stitch on, was pretty exciting for me.)

It was one of the hardest things I had ever had to do, dressing Miss Julie in her sexy teddy, knowing that her new boyfriend would soon be ripping it off her and making love to her.

"Those little snaps will come in very handy tonight," Miss Julie said breathlessly as I knelt in front of her, carefully snapping the crotch of her pretty little teddy for her. I blushed as my hands inadvertently brushed her soft, sleek thighs.

I unclipped Miss Julie's hair and brushed it for her. She put perfume on in places I didn't even know women put perfume. Then I turned down the bed with a perfect turn of the covers

while Miss Julie adjusted the lights, turning them down low. She lit a large scented candle and put it on her night table for atmosphere.

"Go and get him, Bobbie. I want you to go and tell him, "My mistress wants you in her bedroom, Sir," Miss Julie enthusiastically said as she laid seductively on her bed, letting her robe fall open to reveal the exquisite little silk teddy.

"Do I have to really do that, Miss?" I asked sadly.

"I don't think it's all that odd a request for a girl to have her maid let her boyfriend know she wants him in the Master Bedroom. So, yes, Bobbie, you have to," she said, starting to get annoyed with me.

I hung my head and walked slowly to the living room. Without much heart, I softly said, "Sir, my mistress wants you in her bedroom."

Frank smiled a big smile and sprang up off the sofa. He knew what delights were in store for him. And with such a gorgeous creature, too. He tried to act cool, but it was obvious that in his heart he was running to Julie's bedroom.

In a moment, I got another beep from the Master Bedroom. The couple was already in bed snuggled close to each other under the covers as I stepped into the big room. Frank's clothes were in a messy pile near the foot of the bed.

"Pick up Frank's clothes and hang them up somewhere before they wrinkle, Bobbie," Miss Julie ordered.

"Yes, Miss," I said as I sadly bent to my task. All his clothes were on the floor except his boxer shorts. At least he still had something on under the covers.

"See? Bobbie's pretty useful to have around," Julie said to Frank as I was busy hanging his clothes on a hook in Julie's closet. When I came out Julie suddenly almost yelled at me.

"Bring us wine, maid-servant!"

After I served wine to the happy couple, Miss Julie quickly dismissed me.

"You go on to bed now, Bobbie. You're dismissed for the day. I don't think I'll be needing any domestic help with what I'm going to be doing with my boyfriend tonight," she giggled.

I hesitated a mere second before she lit into me again.

"Go on now Sissy-Pants, get going," Julie said as she sat up and reached over and grabbed one of her many bed pillows.

"It's time for the little servant-boy to GET OUT!" she yelled as she hauled off and threw the pillow right at me as hard as she could.

My eyes were moist as I swallowed what tiny bit of pride I had left and answered "Yes, Miss," mechanically to the couple in bed. It was a nightmare as I walked slowly toward the door.

"Don't disturb us before 11:00, Bobbie. And remember to knock first, because we might be *doing it!*" Miss Julie added as a final plunge into my heart.

I closed the Master Bedroom door to the sound of sexy lover's giggles.

In my wildest dreams I never imagined the whole experiment would go this far. She liked showing her power over me, especially in front of her new man.

And now that it was very plain she had a steady lover, I had to accept that I really was nothing more than her little paid lackey.

By the time I was out of my uniform in my room, I could hear my mistress being passionately screwed by her strong, virile boyfriend. Miss Julie screamed and moaned with pleasure as she was being loved hard by her new man.

Like the dutiful maid I had become, my first thought was what a total mess the lovers must be making of the pretty silk sheets, to say nothing of Miss Julie's silk teddy. Of course, the two lovers were totally unconcerned with such trivial matters. They'd be out playing tennis tomorrow afternoon, while I was tied in my bib apron toiling away in the laundry room carefully laundering and pressing the silk sheets their careless passion had twisted and stained.

But what did Miss Julie care about that? That was servant's work, and she needn't bother her pretty head over it.

I slowly dressed in my soft baby-blue cotton girl's sleepshirt and a pair of white satin panties. Sighing, I slowly slipped between the pink rubber sheets of my little bed. Through the

wall between my little room and the Master Bedroom, I could hear the lovers enjoying themselves in Julie's big comfy bed.

Miss Julie was pretty vocal, and from the sounds coming through the wall it was obvious she loved being made love to by her boyfriend. With considerable jealousy, I begrudgingly had to think that Frank might be good in bed. In everything she did, Miss Julie only seemed to choose the best.

With frustrated desire, I reached into my panties and began to play with myself while listening to my mistress' moans of pleasure through the walls. Moments later, my panties wet and sticky from my juvenile actions, I rolled onto my stomach and squirmed uncomfortably in my little bed.

I sighed heavily with intense jealousy. Sleep was not going to come easy tonight.

As I desperately tried to fall asleep, burying my head in my plump pillow, I heard my pretty employer apparently reaching yet another satisfying climax at the hands of her new lover. I took a deep, halting breath and tried to shut it out of my mind and go to sleep.

It made me feel tiny knowing Miss Julie was in bed with her lover. I could see her cuddled close in his arms, a sexually-satisfied smile on her face. In my continuing nightmare she was sighing softly and drifting contentedly off to sleep. Her pretty silk teddy was tossed on the floor, a testament to her nakedness in bed. How I wished I was the one with her there. But I was here in the servant's room, sleeping alone, like always.

END OF PART TWO

Author's Note: This novel is based on the author's personal experiences in fashion photography and the fashion industry generally. Additionally, it is based on the common phenomenon of young models employing male assistants. These assistants, often termed "bitch boys", serve in various capacities as the model's errand boys and housekeepers.

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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.

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!

THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY #57 & 58

That's actually their son and father! This

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!

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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.

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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

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"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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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!

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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!

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Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes "Tebby, Teen TV.

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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.

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Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!

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The continuing saga of Tebby.

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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.

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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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