

DOMESTIC BLISS



My Life As A Supermodel's Maid

Debra Rose

BOOK THREE OF THREE

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DOMESTIC BLISS

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By Debra Rose

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QUOTE BOARD

"Power was once considered a masculine attribute...in fact, power has no sex.."

Katherine Graham

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CHAPTER TWELVE

MISS JULIE'S BOYFRIEND FRANK IMMEDIATELY began to spend every weekend with her, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights. Wednesday nights, Julie would invariably stay over at his place, leaving poor little me alone. So they went from dating to sleeping together three or four nights week almost from the moment she'd had him over for dinner. It was a serious, passionate relationship right from the start.

I had some difficulty getting used to this new presence in Miss Julie's household. For some reason, it was a lot harder picking up messy boxer shorts off the bedroom floor than Miss Julie's sexy little panties. But I had to do it regardless, since Miss Julie fully expected me to wait on her boyfriend just as completely and respectfully as I waited on her.

After a few weeks Frank mentioned he would be late coming over Friday night because he had to take his laundry in to be done.

I overheard Julie on the phone.

"Just bring it here, silly. I'll have Bobbie do it for you. He'll iron everything too. Maybe I'll even have him press your boxer shorts, just to keep him out of our hair," she added with a mischievous giggle.

So just like that I was faced with a big basket of Frank's laundry every Friday evening. I would spend a good portion of

my Saturday doing it all and folding it neatly for him to take back to his place.

To add insult to injury, I often found myself in the somewhat demeaning position of ironing Miss Julie's boyfriend's shirts while she and Frank were in the living room, making out on the sofa. And once she actually did order me to iron all his boxers, which was nothing short of humiliating.

My weekends now were hectic. I now had two people to wait on, instead of just one. I'd be helping Miss Julie in her room, and Frank would call for me to get him something from the kitchen. I'd have to hurry in to get him what he wanted and then scurry back to help Miss Julie.

Miss Julie laughed when this began to occur with some frequency and told me, "I read a story about some rich people when I was a girl, Bobbie, and there was a line that said, 'their big house came complete with hot and cold running maids.' I always thought it was a neat line. Anyway, you scurrying back and forth between Frank and I reminds me of it."

But the nights were the hardest, of course. It was unbearable to have to hear Miss Julie moan and squeal with delight as Frank made love to her. And it seemed the two of them were almost constantly making love to each other! I tossed and turned in bed and stuffed cotton in my ears, all to no avail. I could *still* hear them in the Master Bedroom. And even when I couldn't hear them, I'd get curious and begin to listen for the slightest sounds of their lovemaking. The silence was as maddening as the noise.

Miss Julie insisted that I be every bit as respectful toward her boyfriend as with her. I had to say "Yes, Sir," and even curtsy in response to any orders he gave me if I was in a dress or skirt. Although at first he had been quite shy about ordering me around, he unfortunately got over this initial hesitation. Soon he had me scurrying around the apartment fetching snacks and cold beers for him as he watched football on TV, lounging messily all across Miss Julie's perfect leather sofa.

As the fall unfolded, Miss Julie began to go shopping Sunday afternoons with her girlfriends while her boyfriend lounged on

the couch. I found it especially unsettling to have to wait on him while Julie wasn't even home. But it became routine.

In a sense Frank became the "man of the house" rather quickly. In his new position, the fact that Julie's little maid would wait on him was just expected. And even though Julie was haughty with me, she totally gave Frank his due as man of the house. She let him do stuff and make messes I'd have been scolded for. And she also let him make most of the decisions, so my work and life were directed by Frank now as much as by Julie.

For awhile in fact, Frank wouldn't even allow me to see *his girlfriend* nude. Miss Julie kidded him about his jealousy toward a sissy, but on the weekends she'd dress and bathe herself to please him. In a month or so, however, Frank realized that I was simply no threat, so I was once again allowed to be Julie's personal maid.

Saturday mornings Miss Julie would take long, leisurely bubble baths while Frank was out playing racquetball or something. Once she reached down under the bubbles and stroked herself with her hand right in front of me as she stretched sexily and sighed.

"Frank's so good at making love, Bobbie," Miss Julie purred as she closed her eyes and arched her back, her breasts and hardening nipples sticking up through the soft clouds of bubbles.

Blushing very deeply, I suddenly felt that I couldn't even breathe. It was unbelievably frustrating and upsetting to hear Miss Julie talk about her lovemaking with Frank, especially while her tantalizing, wet body was inches away in the tub.

Miss Julie didn't really notice my distress however. She was busy thinking of her lover's touch. For a moment I was afraid she might begin to masturbate right in front of me, but Julie snapped out of her dreamy state and told me she was ready to get out of her tub.

As I patted her dry, I could see she was still a little turned on from her thoughts. Her stiff nipples caught at the silk kimono I helped her into. When Frank returned later that morning, Miss Julie unceremoniously kicked me out of her bedroom.

“Get out of here, Bobbie. Go do the dishes or something. Hurry up, O.K.? Go!”

I went to the kitchen and started doing the breakfast dishes. As I stood at the sink, I could hear them in the bedroom, loudly screwing each other’s brains out.

THE COUPLE STILL WENT OUT ON DATES most Saturday nights. Only now I had to help both of them to get ready. I’d help Miss Julie first because she took the longest. All I had to do for Frank was make sure his things were ready and lay them out for him.

Frank would sometimes hand me his shoes while he headed for the shower.

“Put a shine on these for me, Bobbie,” he’d say casually.

Julie would walk in to my room looking for me and giggle when she saw me polishing Frank’s shoes. She thought it was particularly cute that I had to do menial things like that for her lover.

She’d watch me my knees with my brushes polishing Frank’s shoes. Then she’d glare down at me with her hands on her hips.

“You be sure to do a good job polishing my boyfriend’s shoes, Bobbie.

“If you don’t do a proper job, I may have to give you a *spanking!*” she’d say, I think as a joke.

But I wasn’t taking too many chances. I’d obediently say, “Yes, Miss Julie,” and make sure I put a perfect shine on Frank’s shoes.

Oddly I have to say that I didn’t always hate doing things like that. Yes, sometimes it was a drag. But I also liked doing a good job, and if part of that was making sure Miss Julie’s boyfriend’s shoes looked great when they were out on a date, so what?

As they got ready to leave for their evening out, I’d help them on with their coats. Julie would always give me some last minute instructions at the door.

“Try to finish all Frank’s laundry and ironing tonight, Bobbie. I have other things for you to do tomorrow, so you won’t have time then. Turn down our bed and lay out my little black

LaPerla chemise for me to wear tonight. Frank loves me in that—don't you, honey," she said as she leaned over and kissed him on the cheek.

Just before they left to go out, Julie whispered to me.

"Now you know how Cinderella felt, Bobbie. Don't wait up, we'll be pretty late tonight. I'll beep for you in the morning when we want breakfast."

JULIE OFTEN DRESSED IN SEXY LOUNGING things at home, especially if Frank was around. Frank would reach under her top and leisurely feel her up as they watched TV together. I would always blush and leave the room if I caught them making out, but they were comfortable with it and openly displayed their affection for each other right in front of me.

The way this guy, who'd known her for much less time than I had, seemed to own her body was disconcerting. Frank would feel Julie up on the sofa or casually give her bottom a playful "smack" as she walked by. It was clear he was free to explore her charms anytime he wished. Her breasts were his to touch, her wonderful bottom his to caress. And he could lay her down and take his pleasure from her body pretty much anytime he felt like it.

Just as disconcerting was Julie's complete capitulation to her boyfriend on all this. Not only did he think her body was his — she thought it was too! This drove me a little crazy.

Miss Julie's girlfriends still came for dinner now and then on Thursday nights, and they were curious how the "sissy maid" was handling the new household situation. Miss Julie looked a little confused when they brought it up. She told them I was still her servant, of course, and nothing had changed.

"What does my having a boyfriend have to do with my maid?" she asked them with a puzzled look. She acted as if the question were stupid. Didn't they realize her maid was completely trained, and would do anything she said?

One evening Miss Susan rather boldly asked about my sex life just as I was walking back toward the living room with a tray of drinks. I stopped short so they didn't know I was just

around the corner listening. Unfortunately I heard Miss Julie's matter-of-fact answer.

"I guess the little sissy plays with himself, but what do I care as long as he gets all the housework done," she told her friends.

I blushed and hesitated as I walked into the room. Miss Debbie and Miss Susan giggled nervously, ashamed at being caught talking about my pitiful sex life, but Miss Julie just stared at me and sent me off to her bedroom to fetch her a sweater.

One of the hardest things I had to get used to was preparing Miss Julie for bed on nights when Frank was staying over. She always had me dress her in something sexy to please her lover. As I turned down the bed and fluffed up the pillows, Miss Julie would talk about what she was going to do with Frank in bed. It got pretty wild sometimes.

She made it clear that whatever Frank wanted to do sexually she was up for. She was his girl and she saw it as her duty to get him off any time and any way he wanted. She'd been so haughty and cool with me and now this guy had her wrapped around his finger. "Maddening" doesn't do my feelings about this justice.

Sometimes Frank would drift into the Master Bedroom to watch while I helped her get undressed. He would then tell me what he wanted his girlfriend to wear to bed with him. Julie would sit on her bed nude and giggle as I'd curtsy and obediently answer, "Yes, Sir, of course."

I'd scamper off to get whatever sexy outfit he'd specified and dress Miss Julie in it. He'd sit and watch in anticipation as Julie would stretch sexily and do a few saucy poses as I helped her on with some little bit of silk.

It was frustrating to see them hug and kiss each other while I was still straightening up their bedroom. And it was sheer torture to see his hands casually slip down her back and feel up her gorgeous rear through some ridiculously expensive pair of tap pants or whatever. To add to it all, Frank would occasionally even say something slightly mean to me.

"Get out, Bobbie. My girlfriend and I are going to bed now," was one example of his rather harsh dismissals.

For me, when he used the words “my girlfriend” was more upsetting as the rest of it. He simply owned her in a way I didn’t. The entire situation seemed designed to stretch the limits of human jealousy.

Wednesday nights, however, were even harder for me to get used to than Frank’s stupid, harsh comments. Julie would leave the apartment Wednesday morning for the studio and spend the night at Frank’s, not returning until after her Thursday shoot. As Miss Julie’s maid, it was my job to pack her bag for her overnight excursions to her boyfriend’s place.

Miss Julie would always remind me to be sure to pack her diaphragm, embarrassing me to no end. She’d giggle and tease me when she saw me blushing. I would usually pack a pair of her tight, low-slung jeans, and a T-shirt or sweater, along with a nice bra and a pair of panties for Julie to wear on Thursday. She’d also have me pack some cute, sexy thing for her to wear to bed with her boyfriend, of course.

I tried to keep myself very busy with the housework while she was gone, often working until I was exhausted Wednesday night. It was very lonely sleeping in the maid’s room while Miss Julie was away overnight. As bad as having to hear Miss Julie make love with Frank, it was almost better than being left completely alone.

Miss Julie told me she was happy I had been able to make the transition to being a couple’s maid. She had been afraid I might have a resurgence of silly pride and leave her when confronted with her steady lover. She had become dependent on my service and said she would have missed me if I’d gone.

“It would have been a shame to lose you over something as useless as misdirected pride,” Julie told me one morning as I packed her things for her night at Frank’s place.

“I mean, it’s not like you’re in competition with him or anything,” she added with a giggle.

“You’re a better maid than *he* is, hands down!”

Then she hugged me and kissed me on the cheek.

“You’re *so* much fun to tease, Bobbie,” she laughed.

"I like you, Bobbie. I really do in my own way," she said as she gave me a nice hug. I smiled in spite of the hard time I was having getting used to my life as a couple's maid.

After I got used to the new boyfriend situation it wasn't as horrible as it might sound. One Wednesday morning as Miss Julie told me to pack her latest little silk nothing, I surprised us both by blurting out a suggestion.

"Why don't you wear your new La Perla white silk teddie Miss; and the new pair of mules you got last week. They'll look perfect together – like some Hollywood starlet."

Miss Julie immediately smiled and kissed me on the cheek. "How thoughtful of you, Bobbie. And you're absolutely right, of course. Go ahead and pack that teddy and the mules. Frank will go absolutely crazy when he sees me in that get-up.

I felt like a fool after I'd made my suggestion. What was *happening* to me? I had actually suggested Miss Julie wear something that was sure to drive her lover crazy. Considering the circumstances, I should have suggested an ugly flannel nightgown. Frank would make love to her all night if she wore what I'd suggested.

It hadn't been easy to get used to being a couple's maid. Listening to Miss Julie make love with her boyfriend at night was extremely tough on my ego, and the lonely Wednesday nights weren't much fun either. But doing all the housework and laundry wasn't much different from before. And saying "Yes, Sir" to Frank and fetching him things was no big deal.

It was fortunate I got used to Miss Julie's boyfriend, because he soon became much more than just another boyfriend.

Only three months after they'd begun staying together on the weekends Miss Julie popped in one Thursday evening. I was happy to hear her come in because she'd been gone since Wednesday morning, having stayed over at Frank's. As I hurried down the hall and into the living room, I saw her standing there smiling at me, her left hand held out with her fingers wiggling.

"Oh, Bobbie . . . look, I'm *engaged!*" She said joyously.

I managed to smile, but my stomach felt tight and funny. She excitedly pulled me over to the light to show me her ring.

The large, brilliant diamond shone brightly on her finger. Perfectly gorgeous. From Tiffany's, of course.

That night I had a hard time sleeping.

"I guess this will be the end of all this strangeness," I thought. I was relieved but also sad. I couldn't bear the thought of not seeing Miss Julie and not living with her anymore.

AFTER THEIR ENGAGEMENT, MY DUTIES were unfortunately expanded. Miss Julie wanted to spend more time alone with Frank. And she wanted to spoil him in anyway she could.

"I think you should spend a little time at Frank's place, Bobbie. It'd be nice for you to do his housework for him. Maybe Friday would be a good day," Miss Julie announced one morning as I was helping her get ready for work.

I didn't like the idea of doing Miss Julie's fiancé's housework for him. But what I liked or didn't like never seemed to matter very much. So soon I was taking the bus over to Frank's apartment every Friday morning around 10:00. I'd spend the day cleaning his place for him. He was kind of messy, so there was always lots to keep me busy. And in the evening I'd do his laundry and ironing while he and Miss Julie sent out for food and spent a quiet evening alone at her place.

I'd wear a pair of girl's jeans and one of my white cotton girl's "man tailored" shirts when I went over to Frank's. I guess I looked kind of sexless by that time. But sometimes a girl on the street or the bus would look at me funny. I'd realize she'd figured out I was a guy wearing girl's jeans and blouse.

Once at Frank's apartment, I'd change into a housework uniform. I carried a little suitcase with a uniform, aprons, gloves, and a few special cleaning things.

Miss Julie insisted that I treat my new job as Frank's once-a-week maid as professionally as possible. She had Frank leave money to pay me on his kitchen counter, so there was some fairness to it. I basically became his "cleaning lady" for want of a better term.

With my new responsibilities at Mr. Frank's place, Julie had to update my IRS form.

"I don't know whether to leave your job title as 'houseboy' or just change it to 'sissy maid,' Bobbie," Julie teased me.

"That's what you really are now, you know."

Often when I'd arrive back home at 10:00 Friday evening after working at Frank's place all day, Miss Julie and her boyfriend would be heading for bed. And, unfortunately, they'd usually be making love just as I was getting undressed and getting into bed myself. It was very frustrating, but I was usually so tired from all the housework I'd fall asleep anyway.

ONE WEEKEND THE COUPLE WAS sitting around with nothing to do. With all their love and money and sex, they were actually bored!

"Well," Frank said, "we could go try to see that new movie everyone's talking about, but the lines for tickets are just insane."

"I'd like to see that too," Julie said as she lolled around on the sofa while I was picking up some dishes I'd served snacks on.

By the time I came back to the living room, I saw that for some reason Julie was energized.

"Bobbie, I have a *great* idea," Julie said.

"Yes, Miss?" I said like a horse ready for slaughter.

"Well, Frank and I want to go to that new movie. You know the one. It's playing over near Times Square I think," she said and then stopped.

"O.K. Miss, that sounds good," I said, not knowing why she was consulting me about their evening plans.

"Well, Bobbie. It's just that you have to wait in line for like *hours* to get tickets. And Frank and I don't feel like doing that. I mean it's a drag and we're kind of tired.

"So . . ." Julie said slowly, "I was thinking that you could go there and wait in line and get tickets for us. And then we'd come over when they were about ready to let people in and get them from you."

"I'd give you my cell phone so you could let us know when to get there and where you'd be so we could just get the tickets and go in."

My face flushed with the obvious unfairness of this. I wait for hours in some boring line, and they waltz right in with no wait at all just because I'm her houseboy?

"But, Miss, I have Mr. Frank's laundry to do still, and I'm behind on things as it is . . ." I began to protest.

"You can do Frank's laundry while we're at the movie, silly. And I'm your boss, and I'm saying the other things you're behind with right now aren't as important to me as you getting us tickets to this movie," Julie said firmly.

"You can wear a pair of my jeans again, Bobbie. And make sure you wear comfy shoes too. You'll be standing for awhile," she said, the matter settled.

She got a pair of her jeans for me and came into my room as I was getting out of my uniform. She tossed the jeans to me and sat down on my bed.

I was embarrassed to be standing there in my panties, but Julie didn't seem to even notice I was just in underwear. My cross-dressing was never a big deal to her. In fact she really didn't think of it as cross-dressing.

"A sissy wearing panties?" she said one time when the subject came up. "That's not really cross-dressing. Sissies *should* be in panties. They're really cross-dressing when they dress like a guy."

I pulled on her jeans, which were very nice (of course) but were a bit tight in the waist for me. Julie had very long legs, so the jeans were also a little long on me.

As I finished getting dressed in something I would look at least a little boyish in, Julie thanked me for doing what I was about to do.

"I mean, we were bored and thinking what to do. And then it hit me. It's kind of the perfect thing to have a servant for, really. All that boring waiting in line crap. I shouldn't have to do that, and neither should Frank. But you . . . well, I'm paying you, Bobbie. So it'll just be like your job. And it won't be any worse than doing all your housework."

Of course what she didn't mention was that I would have to do all the housework anyway. It wasn't like I was really getting out of anything by waiting in the line for them.

I waited for two and a half hours for those tickets. It was very boring, hard on the feet, and I couldn't even get out of line to pee.

About an hour before the show Julie started calling me every fifteen minutes on her cell phone. They wanted me to try to perfectly time it all so they had to wait the minimum time possible. She had me count people and time them to calculate precisely how fast the line was moving.

It ended up perfect for them. Julie and Frank arrived in a cab just as they started letting people with tickets in. I was in the line for seats now, and they just walked up and took my place. Julie handed me bus fare, and gave me a peck on the cheek before they disappeared into the hottest movie in New York history never having had to wait at all.

Julie told the story of that night at parties for weeks afterward.

"It was just great. Bobbie handed us the tickets and we just breezed right in. And then he took the bus back here and spent the night doing laundry or whatever he does," Julie would say as she mingled with her guests.

All it showed me was how unfair life was.

ON SATURDAYS, THE ENGAGED COUPLE went for their riding lessons. In part because of their association with waspiness, Miss Julie liked horses. And she had talked Frank into going with her to learn English riding. I must admit that I looked forward to helping her dress for her riding lessons. She'd wear a support bra, of course. And her jodhpurs were so devastatingly skin tight that she had to wear a thong panty under them to avoid panty lines. Her tight ass looked delicious in those riding pants. She also wore a crisp, starched cotton riding blouse with a high neck and a bit of lace trim, (that I'd carefully pressed for her, of course.) And \$1100.00 calf-high leather riding boots that I kept shined to perfection.

Late one Saturday afternoon the two of them came in from their riding lesson in Connecticut. I'd been busy in the laundry room when I heard the door close and Miss Julie yelled for me.

"Bobbie; Bobbie?!"

I scurried out of the laundry and hurried down the hall saying, "Yes, Miss; I'm here."

"Come on in the living room, Bobbie," I heard Miss Julie yell.

As I approached the living room, I saw with horror the thick mud tracked across the polished marble foyer. I dreaded the work the muddy floor represented. The marble was pretty and elegant, but was very hard keep clean and be polished to Miss Julie's satisfaction.

As I walked into the living room, Miss Julie and Frank were sitting on the sofa laughing and talking in their riding clothes. Frank had his muddy boots pulled off already, but Miss Julie's were still on her feet. How could she so carelessly walk across the floor and carpet I'd spent so much time keeping so perfect?

"*There* you are, Bobbie. Where were you?"

"In the laundry room, Miss."

"Well, come help me pull these boots off," Miss Julie said.

I was upset by the tracked-in mud and how casually Miss Julie had treated my hard work. But I quietly walked over and knelt down and grabbed the muddy boot Miss Julie was holding up for me. I pulled and pulled, but the tight, mud-slick boot didn't want to budge.

"Not that way, silly," Miss Julie said. "Stand up and turn around and grab my boot between your legs."

I stood and turned around and straddled Miss Julie's outstretched leg and grabbed the heel of her boot firmly. I bent and struggled for a moment before being surprised by feeling Miss Julie's other boot solidly planted on my bottom. Julie giggled as she firmly pushed my bottom with her foot, sending me and her stubborn boot staggering several yards across the living room floor.

"See, Bobbie? Now the other one," Miss Julie said as she held up her other boot.

I regained my composure and positioned myself in front of her again and grabbed her other boot. Once again, I felt Miss

Julie's foot push against my bottom, propelling me across the room as the boot popped free.

"You have a big, muddy boot print on your rear, Bobbie. You'll have to change your uniform I guess," Miss Julie said with a giggle.

"Anyway, that was kind of fun. I'd seen servants in movies take off boots that way, and I always wondered if it worked. I guess it does, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Miss," I said as I tried not to look at Frank, who was of course amused by the whole scene. I mean, Julie had just made a complete fool of me in front of him. Which, knowing Julie, had probably been a good part of the reason she'd done it.

Miss Julie got up and grabbed Frank's hand, pulling him up from the sofa.

"We're going to take a shower, Bobbie. Go ahead and clean the mud off our boots now before it dries. And tomorrow morning you can give them a good, thorough polishing for us. That'll be a good thing to keep you busy while Frank and I sleep in.

"Oh, and we tracked a bit of mud in, I think. You'll have to clean the floor in the foyer," Miss Julie casually added as she breezed off to the Master Bedroom with her fiancé in tow.

I took the two pairs of boots into the kitchen and carefully scrapped the mud off them with an old butter knife. Then I got out a pail and went to clean up the mess the two of them had made in the foyer. I got most of the mud up, but the foyer would have to be scrubbed and waxed to really repair the damage.

"You really *do* have a muddy footprint on you rear, Bobbie," Miss Julie said as she padded down the hall in bare feet and a pretty short silk kimono she'd recently bought.

"You'll have to change your uniform," she added seriously.

I silently put my pail away and went to change. As I passed her in the hall, I saw that her hair was still wet from the shower. And she smelled great, like you'd expect a gorgeous young woman to smell after a nice shower.

"And start our dinner soon, Bobbie. Frank and I are hungry," Miss Julie yelled back at me as I disappeared into my room.

I sometimes felt like leaving when stuff happened like the ticket waiting episode or the infamous "boot incident." But I didn't leave. I just stayed and continued to act and feel more and more like her servant.

It was almost like I had been *born* to wait on Miss Julie. And she did little to discourage such feelings.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

A FEW MONTHS LATER JULIE had a rare Friday off and she told me she thought it'd be nice to just hang out, like she used to. She wanted to sleep in, relax, and just lounge around all day.

"I want to spend some time with my maid and be pampered a little. I hope you don't get tired of me, Bobbie," she said happily.

Most of her days off were spent with Frank now, and she hadn't spent a whole day just laying around "being a rich girl" in quite some time.

I served her breakfast in bed and went about my housework while she ate and then went to sleep again at 10:00. She called me in to run her bath about 11:30. After her long bubble bath, she had me dress her in pretty silk tap pants and a long-sleeved silk pull-over top.

I gave her a massage as she laid on her bed talking to Miss Debbie on the phone. It was fun to hear their conversation and gossip, although some things they said about men I could have done without. Pretty girls are sometimes dirtier than you'd think when they are just speaking with each other.

After her massage, I went about putting her lingerie away in her dressers. She watched me for awhile and idly glanced at her novel. When I'd finished, she asked me to stay.

"Don't go quite yet, Bobbie. Come talk to me some, O.K.?" she asked. We talked for awhile as she stroked my hair and fiddled with my uniform. If I didn't know better I would have thought she was flirting with me.

"Kneel down here in front of me, Bobbie," Julie told me calmly as she slipped off her loose silk tap pants, tossing them softly onto the floor.

I was nervous. I thought perhaps I was going to be spanked or something, (although I didn't have any idea what I'd done wrong) but I obeyed her and knelt down in front of her.

"You've been a very good servant to me for quite some time now, Bobbie. I think it's time you learned to serve me more intimately, like a good personal maid should," Julie said as she looked down at me.

Slowly Julie guided my face to that soft, wonderfully intimate place.

"Just do me softly, Bobbie. Start slow and be gentle," she whispered.

I was way too nervous to even be excited. I began to kiss and lick my mistress lovingly.

Julie sighed and whispered "that's it . . .Bobbie," as she started taking small, halting breaths. As I continued pleasing her with my mouth and tongue, Julie spread her long legs and laid back on her bed, stretching luxuriously. The rich model caressed her breasts through the soft silk of her pretty top. The delightful sensation of her stiffening nipples getting caught in the silk made her tremble.

I was kneeling obediently between Julie's long pretty legs, my face buried in her crotch. Finally, I relaxed and became more and more excited and eager to please her.

I did my mistress for quite some time, slowly building up speed and pressure as instructed. Once, I made the error of touching Julie's thigh with my hand. Julie brushed it away and softly corrected me.

"No—just your mouth, Bobbie," she said as her rising arousal caught in her voice.

Finally Julie came with a surprising gentleness, squeezing my head between her sleek, silky thighs. I noticed her sounds were much more gentle than they were with Frank. And I realized with a little shame that with me it was more like she was just masturbating. She was just using my face and tongue instead of her fingers. But I loved my new "duty" anyway.

After Julie's body quivered with a delectable, unexpected little aftershock, I raised my head slowly and waited on my

knees for whatever was going to happen next. I could feel Julie's wetness, suddenly cool on my face.

Julie sat up slowly and looked down at me. Her face was flushed from her pleasurable orgasm.

"That was very nice, Bobbie. Thank you," she said softly.

She reached down and stroked my hair with affection.

"Did that turn you on?" she quietly asked.

"Yes, Miss," I said sheepishly, still taking quick, shallow breaths.

"That's O.K., Bobbie. I know you can't help it. Get me my robe and run a shower for me and then you can get back to your housework."

She smiled down at me and wiped a little of her wetness off my face with her hand.

"That's what I call real 'maid service', Bobbie!" she said happily.

"I think you'll have to perform that service for your mistress again sometime," she added.

She didn't use the term "mistress" very often, and I didn't see her in that harsh a way. But she was my mistress. She was my boss and controlled my life and work, and she absolutely ruled my heart.

I went to my room to freshen up and rubbed myself through my panties. I looked funny in the mirror with my hand up under my dress. I had to adjust my gaff a little, though, because I was so turned on it had gotten a little tight down there.

I somehow calmed down enough to go work in the kitchen. As I cleaned up Julie's breakfast tray and did the dishes, I thought how sad I'd be when I had to leave her. Especially now that I had served her so personally.

I had given up thinking she'd ever let me touch her, and now *this*. Why had she waited until she was engaged to be married to let me do that to her?

Anyway, she was getting hitched in a little over a month, so I knew I had to try to pull away from her. Maybe my chance to pull away would come next month when they got married. Julie had told me to take a vacation while she and Frank were in Hawaii on their honeymoon.

Maybe I just wouldn't come back.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

ALL MY BRAVE THOUGHTS OF LEAVING. But a week before the wedding, I started to get cold feet. I didn't know what I'd do without Julie, or where precisely I'd go. It made me mad, but I had to admit I felt sad at the thought of leaving.

"What's wrong, Bobbie," Miss Julie asked me as I was serving her breakfast one morning, moping around.

"It'll be hard to say goodbye, Miss. I mean, it's *weird* being your maid, but I've kind of gotten used to being around you and everything."

"What do you mean 'say goodbye.' Are you leaving me Bobbie?"

"Well, I mean when you get married of course, I . . . ahh,"

Julie started laughing and said, "So *that's* why you've been so sad-looking recently. You don't think I'll need a maid when I'm married? Of course I'll still need you, Bobbie—we'll need you. And here I was worried you'd leave me. We're both being silly!"

Julie explained that she had told Frank she'd like to keep me on as their maid even after they were married. Luckily, he agreed. Frank thought running the household was a wife's job, so he said it was her decision whom she had to do the housework.

"Besides, you and Bobbie have been together for a long time. I'm not going to fool with that. I've heard women get mad if anybody tries to take their maid away!"

MISS JULIE BECAME MRS. FRANK SMYTHE a week later. I even went to their wedding and stood in the back, dressed in one of Julie's stark, man-tailored suits. February seventh was a date I'll never forget.

The next morning as I was packing her things for their honeymoon, Julie was in a happy, playful mood. When she told me to get her suitcases out and I answered, "Yes, Miss," she corrected me.

"It's Ma'am" now, Bobbie. I'm married now, remember?"

"Yes, Mi--, I mean, Yes, Ma'am," I said as I smiled and curtsied to her respectfully.

It was a little embarrassing to have to pack one of her suitcases almost entirely with teddies and silk nighties and tiny little boy-shorts and top sets for lounging in. And these on top of a collection of sexy swimwear that would make Miss Julie the hit of the poolside scene wherever they went.

Boy, Frank was in for quite a time with Julie in Hawaii. From the looks of the clothes I was packing, she didn't really intend for them to spend too much time out of their hotel room.

Julie walked over and grabbed me and kissed me on the forehead. Then she looked at me sternly and said, "If you forget to pack my diaphragm, I'll kill you! Heck, I won't have to kill you—*Frank* would, if you forgot to pack that for our honeymoon!"

She was kidding, but it made me blush anyway. I was only glad they'd be thousands of miles away while they made love all day and night, instead of in the next room. Maybe they'd get it out of their system.

Julie had provided me with a small selection of semi-masculine clothes for my vacation. Some shorts, a pair of jeans, and several T-shirts and socks were laying on my bed one day. They were mostly girl's things, but they looked a little boyish at least. She'd even bought me a little Speedo swimsuit. It was a men's suit, but it was one of those tight bikini ones guys don't really wear anymore—except gay guys up in Provincetown, that is. So, with my skinny hairless body, it wouldn't be exactly the most manly swimsuit around. And the glossy mint green nylon it was made of made it even more obviously effeminate.

"I got you some new undies for your vacation, Bobbie," she said as she walked in my room as I was packing. She tossed five or six pairs of silky girl's underwear on my bed, mostly glossy satin bikinis.

She noticed me frown as I looked at the panties.

"I don't want my little sissy getting in trouble out of town. And if you try to make it with some bimbo while you're wearing your usual cute underwear, the girl would just laugh and . . .

well, let's just say that girls don't generally go for little guys who wear panties."

I looked at her sadly for a long moment.

"What a *pitiful* little look. But I'm serious, Bobbie. I mean, you've been gaffed and in panties so long now, you're used to it. And why would a sissy be in men's underwear?"

So, panties on vacation it was. I didn't mind. I'd been wearing girl's panties for a long time by them, and I actually thought they looked cute on me.

It was strange being on vacation. Except for a few weekends to go make an appearance for my family, I'd stayed at Miss Julie's all the time. And I'd stopped going away entirely the past six months, now that I looked so obviously effeminate.

I went to Florida and hung out on the beach for a week. I was embarrassed by my soft, totally-hairless body, so I wore clothes the first two days. Finally I said "the hell with it" and put on the little Speedo bikini and laid out at the pool to get a tan. So what if they thought I was gay or whatever.

Only one girl talked to me while I was there. She asked about my shaved body after awhile. I told her I was a swimmer. But with my skinny body I don't think she believed me. I'm sure she just thought I was gay—or a sissy. Mostly she talked to me about shopping for clothes or about the guy she was dating back home. She talked to me as if I was her girlfriend. And it was painfully obvious I held no interest to her at all in the boy/girl sense.

Mostly I laid there thinking about my life with Julie. My thoughts never left her, or my odd situation, for long. It seemed so crazy when I was away from her, but so right when I was with her. I didn't know what to do. I even drafted a few letters to her explaining why I had to go, telling her I was sorry. When I read them, it struck me funny that I was *apologizing* to her.

When the time came to head back, I climbed on the plane for New York. I decided I'd see how everything worked out with the marriage. If I had to leave, I could at least tell her in person.

I was in Julie's apartment a day before they arrived home. And it was home now to both of them. Frank had given up his place and all his stuff was being delivered. The first day they

were home went by quickly since I was kept occupied unpacking them, and had piles of their dirty laundry to keep me busy.

Frank and I seemed to get along better now. I think the fact that he was now married to Julie added to his confidence and helped him accept me. I'd never been much of a threat, but now we both knew it wasn't even a possibility. Julie was the type who'd maybe flirt now and then, but she'd never cheat.

I was still having a hard time though. Now they slept together in the next room seven nights a week. And as newly-weds, they made love at least six out of the seven! I even asked Julie for earplugs, but she thought I was kidding.

"Don't be silly, we don't make *that* much noise," she said.

"Anyway, we're trying to get that house in Connecticut, Bobbie, so we'll probably be in a bigger place soon."

Then she looked at me with a flash of anger and added, "Besides, you shouldn't be listening to us. You should be asleep."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

WE ALL MOVED TWO MONTHS LATER to a large house on four acres of landscaped land in the Connecticut suburbs. Julie had done her usual job of having the house re-modeled to her taste. One of the small bedrooms in what was the children's wing was made into my maid's quarters. This suited me fine because it meant I was finally sleeping far away from the Master Bedroom.

There was a big, beautiful laundry room with all new appliances and equipment. It was so large and well-done it was almost like a professional laundry. It would be easier keeping up with all the clothes and linens that three people (the Smythe's and me) went through each week.

Julie of course realized that having a male maid would be considered more than a little "kinky" in Connecticut, so we had to be discreet. It wasn't a big problem however, because by this time I had become to look and act so much like a girl that people would have a hard time telling I wasn't, especially from a distance. And in fact if I was quiet, I probably could have served at a tea party and nobody would suspect. The single

remaining giveaway was my voice, and Julie had me working on that.

The new house was different for me to clean because of its size. While Julie's apartment had been very large, this place was nothing short of a mansion. I had to hustle to get everything done.

Julie still used to the convenient "beeper" method to call for me, but with one improvement. Since I wouldn't always know where she was in the big house, my beeper now had a line of little lights on it. When it beeped I could look at which light lit up and tell if Mrs. Smythe had called for me from her bedroom, the living room, the den, or even out by the pool.

Other enhancements included a built-in button at the head position of the dining table to ring for me in the kitchen, and an intercom system that allowed my employers to speak with me in my room, the kitchen, or the laundry room from the Master Bedroom suite as well as from several other locations throughout the big house.

The intercom saved time and effort since they could not only summon me, but tell me what they wanted at the same time. This way I would go to them with whatever they wanted already with me.

Julie still modeled, of course. She was even more successful than before, at least financially. Her contracts had been renewed at even higher fees. But she started to turn down anything smaller or less prestigious, so she only worked two or three days a week now. She wanted to be around for her husband some, and have a life outside of work.

This new schedule allowed her to begin to truly live the life of a rich young socialite. She began to be one of the "ladies who lunch", and spent some of her time planning and attending charity events. From my perspective it certainly looked like a fun, glamorous lifestyle.

With the new house came a bit more "help." There was a gardening service that came several days a week, a squad of Hispanics buzzing about with loud machines.

And there was the expected cute, tanned pool boy, who drooled over Mrs. Smythe even more than I did. Julie knew it too, and she would often wear one of her most scandalous bikinis and put on a pair of high-heeled mules and wiggle her pretty ass out there and sit herself down on her padded chaise while he did his work. I looked out the kitchen window sometimes while I was doing the dishes and saw her teasing the boy. She'd twist or turn this way or that to give him a look at her amazing body.

She was a rich young woman with a rich, powerful husband and he was a pool boy. She wasn't ever going to allow him to touch her. But she liked him looking at her with his longing, puppy-dog eyes.

"Do you think Tommy thinks about me at night when he's . . . you know, when he's jerking off?" Julie asked me one sweltering day when she'd come into the kitchen to cool off.

"The way you tease him out there in your little swimsuits, I'm sure he does, Mrs. Smythe," I said. "But I really think you should leave him alone. I think you're being cruel."

Julie looked a little shocked, and then her eyes flashed with anger.

"Well, it looks like the service workers are standing together.

"Hooray for solidarity," she yelled, raising her fist.

Then she grabbed my chin and held my face to her. I had to look up at her because with her in heels she was considerably taller than me.

"Listen, Bobbie, I couldn't care less what some horny pool boy has to do in his little room at night. And I couldn't care less what my little sissy maid thinks about it, either. You just stick to your housework and your bowing and scraping. That's all a *servant* like you should be concerning himself with!"

Wow, I'd hit some kind of nerve by sticking up for the pool boy. Julie was really pissed at me.

"I'm going to my room to change. You go do the laundry now and just stay out of my sight today. You know how they say servants should be seen and not heard? Well, sometimes I'm not sure they should even be *seen*," she said harshly.

She'd gotten really mad that day for some reason. But I noticed she didn't go out there and tease Tommy anymore after that either.

JULIE AND HER HUSBAND HAD A CAR SERVICE with a big black limousine on call, especially on weekends. No bothering to find parking in the city for Julie. She just took the limo and let "driver" worry about such mortal details.

These additional people around the house inevitably saw me working away. But I don't think most of them figured out I was a male maid. I always wore uniforms now that were just like one would expect on a modern domestic who worked in a formal household. And since seeing a maid in uniform automatically makes one think "female", it was a pretty easy disguise to pull off.

Of course I had to wonder if it was a disguise at all anymore. I now dressed every day just like a female maid. My work and life were now just like that of a female maid. I addressed my employer's respectfully, and waited on them as expected. I lived in a small room like a female servant. I had no significant social life, and no sex life at all.

So instead of a disguise, it was really just my life. Yes, genetically I was male. But day to day my life was precisely the same as that of other female domestics who worked for wealthy young Connecticut couples.

Julie told me she thought I was cute going about my housework and laundry with such diligence. She said she liked hearing the quick click of my heels on the polished floors as I went about my housekeeping in the big house. Somehow, she said, it was comforting to know someone was "on the job" and "taking care of business."

"I couldn't ask for a better maid," she told me one day soon after we moved in.

She also announced that she and her new husband were giving me a 10% raise.

“Frank said that since this place is so much bigger that you should be making more money, Bobbie. I want you to know it was his idea to give you a raise. But I agree with him totally, of course.”

It was an unusual arrangement, but it seemed to be working for everybody. I can't say I was happy about it. But I wasn't always in the dumps about it either. Like any other life or any other job, it just became what I was and what I did after awhile. And I always knew I could leave if it all ever got to be too much. I didn't know where exactly I'd go, or what I'd do. But I knew I could leave.

Julie's husband Frank was in banking and he worked long and hard and wasn't around the house much except at night. He treated me with the same casual disregard a Sultan might have for the eunuchs who guard his harem. And he was smart enough to realize that the leisurely life I provided Julie conserved her energy and was partly responsible for her insatiable desire in bed.

Unfortunately he often commented to me (like I was one of the guys?!) that Julie was really great in bed, something I'd rather not have heard.

I guess Frank figured it would be stupid to complain about his wife's unusual taste in domestic help. And once he saw me in action, he admitted I was a good servant and housekeeper.

So our life continued in Connecticut not all that much differently than it had in Manhattan. Of course now that they were married Frank and Julie slept together seven nights a week, unless one of them was out of town on business. And since they were so much the official couple now, I felt even more like a regular employee than I had working just for Julie. When she was still single I could sometimes see it all as some kinky game some spoiled model was playing. But now, with them married, I had to accept that I was really just her maid.

A few months after we moved to Connecticut there was more big news. I was hanging up some new clothes Julie had bought

in her huge closet off the Master Bedroom when she came in and said she had something to tell me.

We sat on her bed for a moment, and then she just blurted it out.

"I'm pregnant, Bobbie!" she said happily. "What do you think of that? Me as a *Mommy!*"

I was happy for her, I guess, but didn't know what the new edition to the household would mean for me and my job.

First, of course, was the pregnancy. Julie toned down her modeling, but still worked some. And she was a royal pain in the ass during her pregnancy. I'd never seen her so bitchy; it was like working for a witch sometimes.

I even laughed about it with Frank, since he was getting hit with Julie's moodiness too. That's when Frank and I started to know each other and talk a little.

"Of course I think you're a bit strange, Bobbie," he told me one night when Julie was out at a pregnancy class that Frank had wiggled out of.

"But I'm not a guy who cares too much what other guys are into. Me, I couldn't be a woman's servant no matter *how* much you paid me. But somehow you seem to be O.K. with it. Maybe it's because you're a sissy that makes it different."

I blushed, but I couldn't really dispute the "sissy" comment anymore. Here I was in a maid's uniform keeping house for a married couple. Hard to make the case that you were some sort of macho man in that situation.

During the pregnancy there was some rushing around getting a Nursery ready. The Nursery would be right next to my room so at night I could help with the baby.

"I'm hiring a Nanny, Bobbie," Mrs. Smythe told me one day when she had about two months to go.

"I've spoken with an agency and they have a few girls available who will work a 45-hour week. They come in for eight hours every weekday and for five hours on Saturdays. That leaves you and me for the evenings and for Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday," Julie explained as I served her some de-caf tea one morning.

She talked to me about taking care of the new addition during the night and some on the weekends.

"I mean, at first I'll be up with the baby a lot at night myself. But after a bit I'll need to get my sleep if I'm going to model anymore. I can't have my mug in some big national ad with a mommy's tired-looking eyes, after all."

WHEN JULIE GAVE BIRTH TO FRANK'S BABY, a little girl, the Nanny came into our life. Her name was Cindy, and she was the same age as Julie. She was cute in a mousy kind of way, and just wore nice jeans and things to work. I was still the only uniformed servant in the household.

Julie had to explain to the girl who and what I was. She was a little taken aback, but after she saw me in action and learned that I had been Julie's houseboy/maid for a few years already she thought it was O.K.

Eventually Cindy saw me as a complete sissy to the point of being like a transsexual. And in a short time she just treated me like "one of the girls" like everyone else did.

With some training I took over some of the child-care duties from Julie and the Nanny at night and on Sundays. I was nervous, but got used to it.

Julie was her usual spoiled self. During the day Cindy handled all the diapers and things. And after a bit of training, I handled most of that for Julie in the evenings and on weekends.

Yes, Julie changed a few diapers, especially at the beginning. But it was more so she could say she had done it than anything else. And she had no trouble later calling for the Nanny or even beeping for me when Missy needed changing.

Julie would even joke about it.

"I love Missy with all my heart, Bobbie. But wet diapers and spit-up and all that is not something for a rich girl like me to deal with. I have help for that part," she said without any real shame about it.

The Smythe household never really settled back into a routine until Missy was a few months old. With a new baby and some renovation work being completed, the house had been in

turmoil. But by summer, things finally began to be more normal again.

ONE HOT SUNDAY MORNING IN JUNE Julie was lounging in the living room dressed in brilliant white linen walking shorts and a short jacket over a mint-green cotton camisole. It was after breakfast and she was playing with her baby while I was working in the kitchen.

As I stood at the sink, I thought I heard her say something, but I couldn't be sure.

Then suddenly I heard Julie call out sharply for me. "Bobbie! Bobbie! Come here quickly!"

"Yes, Ma'am?" I asked respectfully as I scurried in from the kitchen, still in the ruffled rubber apron I had tied on to do the breakfast dishes.

"Missy just wet her diaper. Take her to the Nursery and change her.

"We're lucky her baby pants didn't leak on my brand new shorts," she added with a sense of dread. Julie liked her fashionable clothes, and they didn't always mix well with a messy baby.

"When you've changed her, Bobbie, see if she'll go down for her nap now."

"Yes, Ma'am," I answered, bobbing a curtsy before taking the crying infant from her pretty mother's arms.

"I'm going out to the patio to read, Bobbie. When Missy's all set, bring me some iced tea."

"Yes, Ma'am" I said over my shoulder as I quickly swished off to the Nursery with the baby.

In the large frilly Nursery I attended to the Smythe's cute infant. I wondered if she would grow up to be as spoiled as Julie, or would go in some opposite direction and be very self-reliant.

Missy cooperated by falling to sleep quickly in her fancy crib. As I quietly left the Nursery I turned on my portable Monitor so I could hear if Missy woke up. It was yet another little electronic box clipped to my apron strap, along with my beeper thing.

Then I went to the kitchen and prepared Mrs. Smythe's iced tea. Placing it on a tray, I walked out on the stone patio to bring it to her.

Julie sipped her tea and looked up at me sternly.

"I see you're getting behind with Missy's things and our laundry. I want you to spend this afternoon doing nothing but laundry and ironing, Bobbie."

"Yes Ma'am," I said as I stood at attention, smiling slightly. It was true I was a little behind. Now I was carefully doing all the laundry and ironing for four people, and it was getting to be too much for me sometimes.

"Debbie and I are going into the city this afternoon for lunch and shopping. I'll be back at 6:30 and Frank should be home at 7:00, so plan on serving dinner at about 7:30," my employer said.

"Yes, Ma'am," I said respectfully.

"You can go now, Bobbie," Julie said haughtily as she leaned back on her chaise, done with me.

"Yes, Ma'am," I said as I bobbed a little curtsy to her.

Julie didn't even look at me as I curtsied and left. She had become used to having me be respectful towards her and was almost bored by it. For her, having me be her servant was like breathing. It wasn't something she seemed to think about very much anymore. And an effeminate sissy in a maid's uniform curtseying to her? Well, doesn't every fashionable girl have one?

When I look back, I think I sometimes oddly enjoyed the subtle humiliation of my servant's position. Whatever order she barked out, I just stood there and said, "Yes, Ma'am," sweetly and curtsied to her.

Somehow it was almost comforting to be treated as a menial by the beautiful Julie. And the arrogant way she would give me an order or shoo me off dismissively with her hand was also oddly exciting. It made our differing social positions so perfectly (painfully?) clear, but I didn't mind it enough to leave.

But these weird feelings were something I didn't understand at the time, and have never truly come to grips with since. Why would I *enjoy* something like that?

“FRANK AND I WILL BE OUT AT A PARTY TONIGHT, so you should have time to catch up with my hand-wash things. Christie will be over to baby sit Missy.”

Julie was ensconced on her beloved chaise again, out by the pool. And she was in total “rich bitch” mode.

“Oh, I also told Christie you’d be happy to polish her nails for her, since she has a heavy date tomorrow night. I told her what an excellent manicurist you are.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” I said, not really liking the fact that the pretty, demanding eighteen-year-old would be in charge. Christie had become Julie’s regular babysitter, filling in on evenings when the couple would be gone. Cindy, the Nanny, left at five o’clock.

Christie also knew about my true gender. She thought the whole concept of a “sissy maid” was more hilarious than particularly kinky.

“A guy who wears panties and sits when he pees?” she retorted to Julie once. “Well, I’m not sure that’s really a guy at all, Mrs. Smythe, is it?”

Of course Christie also suspected I had a pitifully childish sex life too. And out of Julie’s earshot she would tease me about that too.

“Which hand are you going to be dating this Friday night, Bobbie?” she asked me once as she leaned up against the wall watching me rinsing out some of Julie’s panties and bras in the laundry room.

All I could do was turn red in the face.

Then Christie sauntered over and gave me a quick slap on the butt and said, “Oh, don’t be so upset, Bobbie. I mean, it’s easy to figure out that a sissy in panties isn’t much of a “lady’s man,” so what else would you do besides, you know . . .” she said, forming her hand into a loose fist and making a jerking-off motion in front of her crotch. She laughed at my deep blush as I watched her mimicking a boy playing with himself.

It was humiliating knowing this young girl knew she had a considerably more grown-up sex life than I had.

So I wasn’t looking forward to having to give Miss Christie (yes, I had to address her as “Miss”) a nice manicure. It would

just give her the perfect opportunity to tease me, which she often took a teenager's delight in doing.

After dropping the bombshell news that Miss Christie would be over, Mrs. Smythe continued.

"By the way, Bobbie, our sheets weren't pressed very well this time. You'll have to pay more attention to your ironing," she commented, a little annoyed.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am, I'll be sure to do a better job next time. It's just that there're so large, and . . .

Julie shot me a dirty look that made it clear she didn't want to hear excuses from the help.

"Oh, and how could I forget! Last night I heard the baby crying just as Frank and I were going to have sex, Bobbie. Can't you ever remember to keep the door to the Nursery closed when you walk her at night? The reason I have you caring for Missy at night is so I can get my sleep, and still have a nice sex life with my husband. I was even thinking last night that I might have to spank you, Bobbie."

"I-I'm sorry, Ma'am," I said, blushing as I always did when my pretty mistress casually talked about having sex with her husband, or spanking me.

It was rare, but Julie still gave me a spanking if I'd been particularly disobedient or stupid in her eyes.

Then Julie just laid back on her chaise and began reading her novel. She waved her hand shooing me off, dismissing me almost like she'd deal with a pesky bug.

I curtsied silently in response, clicking off on my heels to the kitchen. As I walked across the patio, I was startled to see one of the neighbors out walking her dog, looking at me over the expansive lawn. By this time, everyone knew Julie had a live-in maid, but they were curious as hell to find out where she'd found such a treasure. And a maid who didn't mind wearing a proper uniform. Well, in these times that was like, unheard of.

The women in the neighborhood referred to Julie as "that model" in conversation. They were understandably envious of her spectacular beauty, and were nervous about how their husbands stared at her at parties. The fact that she had a successful, handsome husband and a cute baby made them

jealous. But having an exceptionally obedient and respectful live-in maid, well, that was too much for them.

Of course, Julie's real friends were still the models she worked with in the city. She didn't really care that much what these suburban housewife-types thought of her.

At 12:45 or so Mrs. Smythe left to go shopping, driving away in the sleek XK-8 convertible Frank had given her as a little wedding gift. I checked on Missy, who was playing happily in her playpen. Then I went into the laundry where I stayed for the rest of the afternoon, as instructed by my snobbish employer.

Although I had to stop my work to care for Missy now and then, I got a lot of work done. By the time Julie breezed into the house I had caught up with my laundry chores.

"I bought everything in the store, Bobbie." Julie said with a laugh as she walked into the laundry room.

"They'll be delivering tomorrow morning. You can press anything that needs a touch-up and put everything away in my closets. And remember to update my wardrobe book, Bobbie," she said as she pulled off her leather driving gloves.

Julie had become even more elegant and spoiled than she had been in New York, and strangely, I loved her all the more for it.

"Yes, Ma'am," I said, bobbing a small curtsy to greet my mistress as I stood in front of a mountain of freshly laundered and folded clothes and diapers.

"Is Missy up?" Julie asked, not even bothering to mention the results of my hours and hours of tedious laundry work.

"Yes, Ma'am. She's in her playpen now."

"I'm going to our room to relax. Bring Missy into me in a few minutes, Bobbie," Mrs. Smythe ordered calmly.

"Yes, Ma'am," I answered, curtsying respectfully.

I brought the baby into Mr. and Mrs. Smythe's large, luxurious suite. Julie had kicked off her shoes and dropped her gloves and purse casually on the floor. To my surprise, she had also thrown off her jacket and stripped out of her linen shorts. Her summery soft cotton panties matched her mint-green camisole perfectly, of course.

I liked the hot days of summer. Julie often wore cotton panties and camisoles to help stay cool. They were imported from Switzerland and were very expensive and delicate. Still, I could wash them in the machine on "gentle" if I was careful about mixing colors.

The young mother sat on her bed cross-legged in her pretty camisole and panties and played and cooed with little Missy.

"Straighten up in here, Bobbie," she told me mechanically, not even looking up from her happy, gurgling baby. It was one of those increasingly frequent times when she was treating me like I was some kind of machine, simply there to clean and serve. Perfect, respectful service was now just expected, just as she might expect the light to go on when she flipped the switch.

"Yes, Ma'am," I answered quietly as I bent to retrieve Julie's linen shorts and jacket. Both the shorts and jacket were wrinkled from riding in the car. Such impractical clothing required constant, tedious care. But that's why Julie had me, and she didn't worry her pretty head over such details.

I had heard Julie admit to her friends that without a full-time maid to do all the hand-laundrying and ironing required, it would be impossible for her to dress as fashionably as she did. As her laundress, I certainly had to agree. I had spent countless hours in the laundry room with Julie's pretty clothes. Every hour she spent looking marvelous out at lunch with her friends or at some fancy party meant more hours for me at the laundry sinks and ironing board.

Inevitably, Missy wet her diaper and began to fuss and cry. Julie soothed her for a second, but she kept fussing. Julie was loving with her baby, but the fussing eventually frustrated her.

"Take Missy and change her, Bobbie," she ordered, holding her baby up for me to take.

"And make sure she's in something cute for when her father gets home.

"Yes, Ma'am," I softly answered as I picked up the infant, noticing Julie's breasts swaying gently beneath her brief camisole as she reached up to hand Missy to me.

I stepped efficiently off to the Nursery in my day uniform and two-and-a-half inch heels. I changed Missy, and dressed her in a fuzzy pink shirt and matching anklets.

Suddenly my beeper went off. I looked at the light and saw that I was being called from the Master Suite.

I made sure Missy was safe in her playpen before straightening my apron and scurrying off to the other end of the house. Julie was still in her camisole and panties, but she had on her high leather riding boots. She looked a little kinky in her soft underwear and boots, but I had seen stranger things, I guess.

"I thought it might be easier for you to get a good shine on these if I was wearing them, Bobbie. Is Missy O.K. for the moment?" Mrs. Smythe said in her casual, self-assured way.

"Yes, Ma'am, she's playing now. And I have her Monitor on," I said pointing to the little box on my apron strap.

"Good. Go get your things and hurry back so you can get busy with my boots!" Julie said happily, like some teenage girl who'd just been elected homecoming queen.

Moments later I found myself on my knees at the side of my mistress' bed. Julie had one boot-clad foot up on a low wooden box and was looking down at me as I polished and buffed her nearly knee-high riding boot. I'd polished her expensive riding boots many times, but never while she was *wearing* them, and dressed only in her underwear.

I think Julie enjoyed the feeling of power she'd get when she ordered me to do overtly subservient things for her, like polishing her boots while she was wearing them. While she mostly employed me for the luxurious lifestyle I provided her, a naughty, slightly sadistic streak came out in Julie around me sometimes. I didn't really mind it, however. At least it was something.

As I was polishing her boots, Julie's husband Frank walked in. He laughed and said, "What the hell's going on here!" with mock suspicion.

"Oh, I'm just having my maid polish my boots for me, honey. Shall I send the little sissy away now?" Julie said as I blushed.

"No, that's O.K. It's kind of a turn-on, actually," Frank said.

I was surprised when Julie then lifted her camisole off over her head, shaking her hair in place. She held the little top girlishly by a thin shoulder strap and tossed it seductively aside on the bed.

"Is this making it *more* of a turn-on, dear?" she asked, staring at her husband with a smoldering look, her beautiful, firm breasts proudly displayed.

I was getting nervous, so I just concentrated hard on buffing Julie's boots, bending down close to them.

"I think a good little servant should *kiss* his mistress' boots when he's finished polishing them, don't you think, dear?" Julie asked Frank.

"It would show the proper respect, I think," he answered casually as he took off his jacket.

"Well then, Bobbie. Why don't you give each of my boots a nice, respectful kiss," Julie said as she leaned back and shook her luxuriant hair imperiously.

I glanced up briefly to see if she was serious and noticed that Julie's dainty cotton panties were moist between her legs. This little scene in front of her husband was turning her on.

I bent and kissed my mistress' riding boots as she leaned back on her bed like some pampered princess.

"Go ahead and take them off now, Bobbie," Julie ordered.

Frank was undressed down to his boxer shorts, looking on with interest as I submissively pulled off his wife's boots and set them carefully aside.

"Put them back in my closet, Bobbie," Julie ordered.

As I came back from Julie's closet, I saw her whispering to her husband. It was like a secret or something.

"Bobbie, you may stand quietly at attention over in that far corner," Julie announced.

"And stay at attention there with your hands folded in front of you."

I had no idea what *this* was all about.

Julie was breathing funny and her breasts were flushed.

"If you want, Bobbie, we have decided that you may stay and watch us make love from over there."

I was speechless, which I guess she took to mean I wanted to stay.

“Frank, do me good and show our houseboy how a man and a woman make love. I’m sure the little sissy doesn’t have much experience with such things.”

I turned so red I felt my face was on fire. I thought about running out of the room, but instead I found myself standing in the corner as Julie had instructed. It was like I was in a trance and couldn’t move. I was unexpectedly fascinated at being allowed to see my beautiful mistress being made love to.

“Do me hard, lover, and show our maid how it’s done.” Julie said as she laid back on the bed and pulled off her moist panties and tossed them on the floor.

Frank was a little taken aback. But he was also a man and turned on by the sight in front of him. So he went to the bed as beautiful Julie laid back sexily and spread her gorgeous legs. As her husband slowly slid into her, Julie glanced at me over his shoulder with one of her superior looks. A smile of pleasure appeared on her face unlike any I had ever seen before. It was the special smile a woman has when she’s being made love to by a real man. It was a smile a sissy like me rarely gets to see.

In spite of myself, I was fascinated by the sight in front of me. The jealousy inherent in the situation was beyond description however, and made me burn inside with intense frustration and desire.

Frank started slowly at first, almost relaxing as he strongly, surely took her. Though the couple covered their bodies with the silk top sheet, I could see Julie’s legs spread further and further apart on the bed; so far apart she was almost doing a split. Julie lifted her behind up off the bed and Frank put a hand under her and drew her up to him. They kissed and fondled and looked at each other’s bodies.

I could tell they were comfortable and practiced, and had been with each other many times before. And there was no hurry. The delight would always wait for them.

Frank began to love Julie harder. He showed none of the deference to her spectacular beauty I had imagined anyone permitted the honor of loving her would naturally grant. He

pinned her arms down to the bed with his hands, and when she squirmed under him once, he even gave the side of her bottom a sharp "Smack" to warn her to be still.

Instead of getting mad at having her pretty rear smacked, Julie panted and pleaded in a breathy voice, "I'm sorry lover; do me, please just DO me. I'll be good."

I couldn't believe it. Julie actually saying *she* was sorry for somehow causing Frank to smack her bottom?! She was usually so haughty with everybody. Why was she this way with Frank?

They made love for a surprisingly long time, Julie's husband pacing her pleasure by thrusting faster or slower—shallower or deeper. Finally the motion quickened, both of the lovers furiously going after their pleasure. In spite of my jealousy and strong, unrequited love for Julie, I was spellbound by the sight.

They came passionately together, Julie moaning and saying "Yes!" "Yes!" "Y-Yess . . ." and then nearly squealing with her final waves of pleasure as she exhaled strained little breathes. The husband and wife lay spent on the bed panting and sighing for several minutes before either one of them even remembered I was in the room with them.

After a few minutes Frank had rolled over off of his wife and was under the covers almost asleep.

"Go check on Missy," the tousle-haired, sexually-satisfied young woman whispered to me as she cuddled with her husband, tangled in their mussed-up silk sheets.

I curtsied and left silently, closing the couple's bedroom door gently behind me. I was dizzy with what I had just witnessed. I felt quite defeated, but had to admit that it had been exciting to see the beautiful model being loved. If I hadn't been so in love with her, it would have almost been enjoyable. With Julie's incredible beauty, most people would have been quite interested in such a performance.

TWO HOURS LATER, AS I WAS FINISHING DRESSING Mrs. Smythe to go out for the evening in a deep blue short-skirted taffeta party dress, Julie mentioned that it had been 'kind of kinky and exciting' to have me watch while she had sex with her husband.

"I hoped you learned something, Bobbie. Although a sissy like you probably won't often have much of an occasion to apply such knowledge," she teased.

I had found it exciting, but it had also been humiliating to see the girl I was in love with be so casually taken. Julie's husband took her like it was an everyday occurrence; which for him, of course, it was.

"You can think of us making love when you play with yourself in your little bed tonight, Bobbie," Julie teased me as I tied the pretty emerald sash around her sassy, feminine dress for her. (It was one of Christian Lacroix's latest creations.)

I blushed quickly at Julie's comment, remaining very silent as I diligently adjusted the taffeta bow of the sash "just so" at Julie's hip. How could I respond to such a comment? The rustling taffeta was the only sound for a long moment.

"Come *on*, Bobbie. I know you masturbate," Julie said, apparently annoyed at how I had silently blushed and pretended not to even hear her comment.

Julie had never actually caught me in the act, but she'd never tried to either. And she sometimes told me she knew even guys with girlfriends masturbated sometimes. After all those nights sleeping alone in my frilly room, I'm sure she thought it was inevitable that I masturbate. I guess she hoped the hormones hadn't gone that far.

My silence made Julie angry and brought out her nasty streak.

"That's why I have you sleep in rubber sheets. You can play with yourself, and even sleep in your messy panties, and your sheets won't stain. And you can clean them up quickly in the morning so you can get busy with your housework."

I just concentrated on adjusting the bow at her hip, pretending she was talking to someone else or something. This was a subject I did *not* want to discuss. What was I supposed to do, admit it? Is that what Julie wanted from me? Why would she care?

Julie suddenly gave my bottom a perfunctory "Smack!" and said, "Run along now and see if Miss Christie needs help with

Missy or anything. I'm tired of your silence, Bobbie. I don't care what you may or may not do in your silly little bed."

I was very embarrassed. My mistress had actually been correct in her suspicions. Some mornings I had to clean my rubber sheets before making my bed. Had my mistress seen me somehow? It was unsettling to suspect that Julie somehow knew so much about my juvenile, solitary sex life.

Fortunately, the evening with Miss Christie went pretty smoothly. I was even able to finish all of Mrs. Smythe's hand-wash things, and do a considerable amount of ironing as well. And, since Miss Christie was on the phone with a girlfriend as I polished her nails for her, I didn't have to put up with as much teasing as I'd expected.

"I have a sissy here on his knees polishing my nails," Christie said proudly to her girlfriend. "He works for that rich model I baby-sit for, and he has to do anything I say when she's gone. He's kind of boring actually, always blushing and everything. But he's O.K. to have around if you need something done."

That was about it though. One comment about me and she didn't pay much attention to me.

Late that night, true to my mistress' predictions, I couldn't help but think of beautiful Julie and her husband making love as I lay in my lonely bed. I couldn't get the image of them together out of my mind. It wasn't that the thought of pretty Julie being made love to was that unpleasant. It just made me so damn jealous!

After rolling around in bed for nearly an hour, I finally gave in to temptation. I reached into my girly satin tap pants and quickly played with myself. My thoughts had me so excited that I came in seconds, dribbling onto my rubber bottom sheet.

There was no worry about staining the sheets of course, but my pink satin tap pants weren't quite so practical. They'd have to be laundered in the morning.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE NEXT MORNING I DRESSED IN A CUTE pink taffeta uniform with a short, trim skirt over a little petticoat. In the Nursery I changed Missy's diapers and fed her her breakfast of

mashed bananas. I put her in her playpen and went to wash out the tap pants and camisole I'd stained in my little bed during the night. While I was busy in the laundry room with them, Mrs. Smythe called for me over the intercom.

Quickly, I wiped my hands dry and answered her call.

"If Missy's up and fed, dress her in something pretty and bring her into our bedroom, Bobbie."

"Yes, Ma'am. She's been up awhile, Ma'am. Shall I dress her in the white linen dress for the morning?"

"That would be fine, Bobbie. Hurry up, though."

"Yes, Ma'am," I replied as I heard the intercom click off.

When I got to the Master Suite with Missy, Frank was laying in bed reading and Julie was sitting in satin tap pants and bra at her vanity. The parents cooed and giggled at their baby and sent me off to the kitchen to rustle up breakfast for them. While the parents relaxed and picked at their food, they played with their baby on the floor. After awhile Frank left to go do some man thing or other.

"Did you think of us while you were in bed last night, Bobbie?" Julie asked me calmly after her husband had left.

I hesitated for a long moment, but finally stammered, "Y-yes, Ma'am, a little," in a slight voice while I looked sheepishly at the floor.

"I figured you would, Bobbie," Julie said with satisfaction.

"Isn't it good I have you in rubber sheets? I'm sure they save on laundry with a sissy like you."

My face flushed deep red, pretty much confirming that I'd played with myself.

She could tell when I felt weird about something, and sometimes she'd be nice and stop her incessant teasing. This was one of those times, and she just changed the subject.

"Christie said you did a good job on her nails last night. She thinks her boyfriend will like the way they look. Oh, and in place of paying her some of her baby-sitting money, she's bringing over her underwear and swimsuits for you to launder for her, Bobbie. She's been washing them out herself, but she told me it's a real drag."

Frank came back and he and Julie climbed back into bed. They began to softly cuddle. Soon, their cuddling became more urgent. Frank deftly unclipped his wife's pretty bra and tossed it on the floor. Next, her satin tap pants were suddenly tossed aside as well.

Julie giggled at me and said, "Take Missy to the Nursery now, Bobbie. And then get busy with your ironing—I'll need my tennis skirt later—we'll beep you if w-we . . . ahh . ahh . haaa . . ." she said as her voice trailed off in quick gasps of pleasure and girlish laughter as her husband caressed and tickled her in bed.

Red-faced, I curtsied and quickly left the room with the couple's little baby as they began to make love. I was surprised by how quickly it had all started—one moment they were barely touching, and the next they were all over each other, making love.

I put Missy in her playpen, which I had set up in the laundry room, and began the ironing. It was frustrating knowing that the "master and mistress" were luxuriously making love in their comfortable, silk-sheeted bed while I was stuck watching their baby for them and ironing their clothes.

I was feeding Missy in her high chair when Julie strolled into the Nursery an hour later. The "model wife" (Frank often called her that affectionately, and I had to admit I thought it was cute) had thrown a black silk chemise over her head. She had dressed herself. "My, how self-sufficient we're becoming," I mused to myself, suddenly ashamed when I realized I was acting just like some catty servant girl.

It was pretty obvious Julie had just been made love to. Her beautiful hair was prettily mussed, her eyes were sleepy-looking, and she had that dreamy "Mona Lisa" smile on her face.

"When Missy's fed and put down, come and run a bath for me, Bobbie. I'm so worn out, maybe I'll skip tennis today," she told me. She also reported that Mr. Smythe had left to play golf at the club.

Sexy Julie stretched and yawned, the short chemise riding all the way up to her waist. Julie was totally unconcerned if I saw her bare rear (or anything else for that matter.) She had no reason to be modest around me anymore. From her perspective,

I was simply her servant, employed to obediently serve her and her husband and baby. Besides, she knew I was sort of a sissy anyway, so why should she be modest around me?

Yes, Ma'am," I replied, somewhat red-faced at seeing so much of my mistress' perfect body. Missy suddenly spit messy baby food out on her bib and splashed mashed carrots all over my plastic apron, causing Julie to laugh out loud.

"Try to be good for Bobbie now, Precious," Julie said to her baby with a sweet smile. Missy laughed, sensing her pretty mother wasn't mad at her at all.

Julie followed me into my room as I changed, thanking me for being her baby's Nanny on the weekends.

"You don't know how glad I am that we're rich enough to have you, Bobbie," she went on. "At three o'clock in the morning I want to be *asleep*, not up dealing with a crying baby and wet diapers! And it must just *ruin* your sex life, too, if you don't have help."

"Well, I wouldn't know about that, Ma'am," I said with a touch of sarcasm. Julie tilted her head and shot back an equally sarcastic smile and turned to go to her room. Her pretty black chemise looked delicious as it swirled against her amazing body.

JUST AFTER DINNER MISS CHRISTIE CAME BY to have me help her dress for her date. As I began to unfold her clothes and got ready to dress the girl, Miss Christie instructed me on how to wash out her underthings and swimsuits. The basket she'd brought was very full.

"Be careful with my black bikini, Bobbie. It's new and it might run, so be sure you do it separately. And I'd like my satin panties touched up with a cool iron, Bobbie. They wrinkle a bit across the rear if you don't," Christie instructed me as she stood boldly dressed in nothing more than a pretty satin bra and panty in fashionable Navy.

"Yes, Miss," I answered. It was strange, but it felt nice to use the "Miss" form of address again.

Christie was quite relaxed and calm. It was as if she'd been dressed by personal servants all her life. Why were all the girls I met so immediately used to being waited on?

I dressed Miss Christie in a short camel skirt and silky Navy blouse over her bra and panties. A lacy garter belt held up her sheer Navy stockings.

"I think I have a hot date tonight, Bobbie. I'll let you know tomorrow what he thinks of the outfit," the girl told me as I knelt on the floor to slip sexy Navy patent pumps on her stockinged feet.

"Guys always go nuts over garter belts, Bobbie. They're nice I guess," Christie said as she lifted her short skirt and glanced down at her gartered stocking tops, "but I don't know why it makes them go so crazy. I don't even like wearing hose. But he said he likes it, so you know, you have to please the guys a bit, don't you Bobbie?"

As Christie sprayed on some sweet perfume and prepared to leave, she giggled and told me to "have fun" rinsing out her undies for her.

I was a little ashamed at being teased by the young woman, but I couldn't do much about it in my position. Besides, the comments were ultimately pretty harmless, said more in fun than with any true malice.

EARLY THE NEXT EVENING, MISS CHRISTIE came to collect her things. I had folded them and stacked them in the laundry room for her to pick up. Miss Christie inspected her underthings and swimsuits carefully while I stood by, however, just to be sure I had done a good job.

"Well, Bobbie, it looks like you really know how to rinse out a girl's underthings. I guess that's because you wear panties yourself," Miss Christie teased me.

"Oh, I almost forgot, Bobbie. He went crazy over that lace garter belt last night—just like I thought he would! What's the *attraction* of those things?"

After Miss Christie left, I served Frank and Julie a leisurely dinner out on the patio. As I cleared the table, Julie said, "We're going to our room now, Bobbie—do the dishes and watch Missy for us. And please don't disturb us."

The couple giggled as they held hands and literally ran off to their bedroom, leaving me to deal with all the dirty dishes and care for their baby.

“Go to our room” was a code Julie used to inform me that she and her husband were going to make love, an activity they still engaged in quite frequently.

What a great life they had. I often thought how nice it must be for them to make love while I dealt with the housework and watched their baby for them.

Missy went down about 8 o'clock, leaving the evening a little more free than I had expected. I rested for awhile in my room, looking through last month's fashion magazines. At around 9:30 a light on my board began to blink, summoning me to the Master Suite.

I knocked softly on the closed door and heard Julie say, “Come in.”

The couple was in bed, and by the looks of all the scattered clothes on the floor, they were undressed. When Julie sat up to talk to me, one of her bare breasts casually popped out over the sheets.

“Bring us some wine, Bobbie. Maybe we'll finish the Merlot we had with dinner,” Julie ordered with a satisfied sigh. Her hair was a mess, but it was still kind of pretty.

“Yes, Ma'am,” I replied, curtsying to the couple in bed.

I served Frank and Julie wine and then began to straighten up the bedroom for them. I picked up Julie's frilly panties and little socks on one side of the room and Frank's shorts and shirt on the other side of the room. And Julie's blouse and bra were bunched up on the bathroom floor for some reason. Frank and Julie laughed when they saw me roaming around picking up their widely scattered clothing.

“I guess we were kind of in a hurry,” Julie commented, holding her hand up to her face like a high school girl and giggling.

After Frank left to go watch TV in the living room, Julie sighed and said, “We just made love like crazy, Bobbie. Maybe I'll take a nice, hot shower. Go run one for me, please.”

"Yes, Ma'am," I replied, blushing at how intimate and casual my mistress was with me about her sex life.

After her shower Julie was in a playful mood, obviously satisfied and pleased with her pampered station in life. She sat on the edge of her bed and had me rub a special softening lotion into her feet for awhile as she scanned the latest issue of some fashion rag.

Julie looked down at me over her magazine and smiled.

"My little Foot Maid!" she said as she giggled and affectionately patted me on the head, causing me to have simultaneous feelings of shame and affection.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

THE NEXT SUNDAY AFTERNOON, Julie invited Miss Debbie, Miss Susan and, surprisingly, Miss Christie to a 'girls only' pool party. I was to wait on everyone in addition to all my usual household duties. Julie also had me wear my "pool" uniform, which was a tight, high-cut black Lycra maillot with a cute little white nylon apron that Julie tied tightly about my waist. The back of the swimsuit was dramatically scooped down to the small of my back.

White, high-heeled pumps completed the simple little pool uniform. Julie's girlfriends had enjoyed seeing me in the outfit when I had served at an earlier pool party, so Julie thought it would be nice for me to be uniformed in the glossy black swimsuit, little apron and heels again. With the heels making my butt wiggle back and forth, I'm sure I looked like a complete and total sissy. And I think the girls thought my sissiness was cute and funny to see.

I set up four luxuriously-padded chaises by the pool in preparation for the party, and prepared elegant finger food in advance. It was a steamy, hot, sunny day; perfect for tanning and lazing around by the secluded pool.

Miss Christie arrived early, wearing improbably large sunglasses and a short, hot pink cover-up over her swimsuit. Before I could even begin to lead her out to the pool, the girl threw off her cover-up, revealing a fire-engine red, tiny string

bikini in a glossy nylon and Lycra. (I had noticed in dressing Julie that hot pink and bright red often made a surprisingly attractive match, and Miss Christie's cover-up and bikini were an excellent example of this.)

Christie twirled her barely-covered body in front of me, her shapely young figure made sexier by pretty high-heeled mules in perfectly-matched red.

"What do you think?" she asked me.

"It's very nice, Miss Christie," I said, suddenly a little breathless.

The girl laughed as she struck a sexy pose and said, "Well, what there *is* of it is nice, I guess. This one drives my boyfriend absolutely bananas!"

"Pick up my cover-up, Bobbie; and bring me some iced tea," Miss Christie confidently ordered me as she sauntered down the hallway toward the patio and pool. Her sexy butt wiggled seductively in the very revealing little Brazilian-cut bikini bottoms, which she had pulled up very high and tight to bare a lot of "cheek." I looked hopelessly at the girl's tanned, curvy rear as it wiggled tantalizingly down the hallway. What could I ever do about such temptations?

I wondered if it was considered bad form for servants to assault the guests. But I knew if I ever tried anything like that, Julie would *kill* me. I wouldn't be able to sit for a week!

Julie was already relaxing out by the pool in the pretty white bikini I had dressed her in before Miss Christie had arrived. Julie's brief, elegant Gottex bikini sparkled with rhinestones at the waist and across the bandeau top.

Miss Debbie and Miss Susan breezed in together, peeling out of their shorts and shirts to reveal tight, form-fitting maillot swimsuits. Miss Susan's black Norma Kamali number was quite daring, since it had a V-shaped sheer panel down the front and an entirely sheer rear. Miss Debbie had on a "preppy" suit in a soft, Navy cotton/Lycra blend. It was sexy in an athletic way, with a gold anchor embroidered on the front.

Once all four young women were installed on their padded chaises, cold drinks in hand, I went to check on Missy and try to

catch up on some housework. I felt a little silly doing housework in my skimpy swimsuit, however.

I was beeped from the patio often, summoning me to poolside to fetch more iced tea or serve cool little snacks to the pampered young women. Miss Susan was trying to talk Miss Christie into being a model. She was acting bashful about it, but she was really enjoying the attention and the compliments, milking them for all they were worth.

"Really? You *think* so?" she said coyly. "Am I tall enough?"

I don't know if anyone else saw through her little act, but I certainly did.

Julie rolled over on her tummy and had me unhook her bikini top for her.

"Oil me up with some number eight, Bobbie," she said as she wiggled around on the chaise getting comfortable on her stomach.

"Yes, Ma'am."

Bending over my mistress, I smoothed the sun tanning lotion on her back and legs. When I was finished applying lotion to her back, Julie told me to bring Missy out for the girls to see.

I went to the Nursery and got Missy, who was up and active and prettily dressed in a cute pink linen baby dress.

I brought the baby out for the girls to see and handed her to Miss Debbie. I even thought to provide a clean, folded diaper for the girls to put over their shoulders in case Missy spit up.

I blushed as Julie rolled carelessly over on her chaise to say "Hi" to her baby. Since I had undone her bikini to rub lotion on her back, she was gloriously topless. It was hard for me to keep my eyes off Julie's great chest. Julie just acted like she was in the south of France or someplace, being entirely casual about it.

The girls all just loved Missy, of course. Girlish baby talk and lots of "She's so cutes" drifted around the pool. They played with her and passed her around for nearly an hour. Eventually I was beeped to come and take the baby back to the Nursery and put her down for her nap.

These beautiful young women were so spoiled, they were a little *scared* of babies. Just the thought of actually having to change a diaper seemed to terrify them. I hoped for their sakes

that they'd all somehow end up rich enough to have maids and Nannies scurrying around their homes, so they could continue with their spoiled lifestyles.

Later, when Missy was safely down for her nap, Julie had me bring out my things to polish her nails for her. I knelt at the foot of Julie's chaise on a folded towel and carefully polished her toenails as she relaxed in the sun and gossiped with her girlfriends. Luckily for me, she had decided to put her top back on so her more sensitive areas wouldn't burn.

"If any of you need your nails done," Julie announced, "Bobbie can do them for you when he's finished with mine. He'll be more than happy to, won't you Bobbie?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I said defeatedly.

"He lives to serve," Julie commented as she imperiously looked down at me and sipped her cold drink.

It was difficult for me to pay attention to my work with all the sexy, swimsuited girls around, however, and I accidentally knocked my elbow into the bottle of nail polish, spilling it all over!

"What have you done. Get something and clean that up right now, Bobbie—before it stains the stonework!" Julie yelled at me harshly.

"Yes, Ma'am; right away, Ma'am," I stammered as I quickly ran off to get something to wipe up the spilled polish, nearly tripping in my high heels on the uneven stone surrounding the pool.

As I knelt and carefully wiped up the spill with nail polish remover and a thick rag, Julie berated me in front of her girlfriends.

"Servants can just be so *stupid* sometimes. He was probably listening to our conversation, instead of paying attention to his work," Julie said in an exasperated tone.

"Or staring at our butts . . ." Miss Debbie suggested with a knowing glance down at me. Debbie had caught me gawking at Miss Christie's firm, young bikini-clad rear when I'd knocked the polish over.

"Bobbie, when you're done cleaning that all up, I think I'll need my hairbrush," Julie said decisively.

"Y-yes, Ma'am," I said meekly, not liking what I guessed was in store for me.

I returned to the relaxing women and handed Julie her big, flat-backed hairbrush.

"Go bend over the pool ladder back by the hedge, Bobbie. And stay that way and wait for me," Julie said to me firmly.

I was embarrassed, but I did as I was told. By this time I was pretty submissive to Julie. I'd been doing what she'd wanted me to for so long I'm not sure I would have known how to disobey her anymore.

"Excuse me, girls," I heard Julie said, "but I have to go take care of a little household discipline problem."

Julie got up slowly, her brilliant white bikini contrasting with her smooth, tanned skin. I could see her walking toward me as I was obediently bent over the ladder rail. It was a humiliating posture for me to be in, but it presented my bottom nicely so that Miss Julie could conveniently spank me.

"Smack!" "Smack!" "Smack!" "Smack!" Julie began to quickly spank my bottom sharply. My behind was mostly exposed by my very high-cut swimsuit, which had ridden up on my rear so far that it probably looked like a thong. Julie stood with one hand firmly on the small of my back, making sure I stayed bent over the railing. With her other hand she spanked my stinging bottom with her hairbrush. Fortunately, this part of the property was very secluded.

She stopped for a moment to scold me.

"I hate to have to spank you in front of my guests, Bobbie. But how could you be so stupid as to do something like that while I have company? Perhaps a red, stinging behind will remind you to be more careful in the future." Julie lectured me.

Then, just like that, she began to spank me again, harder and harder, the "smack!" of the hairbrush against my behind so loud it echoed off the house 100 feet away.

I could hear the girls giggling as I was being spanked. It was pretty humiliating to say the least.

Julie spanked me for quite awhile. I wiggled some towards the end because it really began to sting and hurt. When she was done my bottom was very pink and warm.

“Don’t you dare pull your swimsuit down, Bobbie,” Julie warned. “I want my friends to be able to see what a sissy’s bottom looks like after it’s been spanked,” Julie said as she took her hand off my back and let me stand up.

“Off to the kitchen now and fetch us more iced tea, Bobbie—go on now!” Julie ordered as she gave my spanked bottom an additional quick “Swat!” with her hand, hurrying me along to the kitchen.

“Yes, Ma’am,” I said as I jumped and grabbed at my stinging rear. My face was hot with shame as I wiggled past the girls in my swimsuit and heels. I could hear them giggling and making comments about my red behind as I went to the kitchen. Once I got there I realized my tight swimsuit had ridden up quite a bit in back, so I’d apparently walked by them with my cheeks on display like a girl in a thong.

I tried to be especially obedient and respectful the rest of the afternoon. As I quietly knelt by the side of Julie’s chaise dutifully polishing her fingernails, she looked down at me and said to her friends, “A good spanking always seems to make him pay more attention to his work. Maybe I should spank him more often.”

“Maybe you should, Julie,” Miss Christy said. “It’s probably the only thing a sissy like him responds to. Bobbie seems kind of like a naughty little boy to me.”

Miss Debbie giggled some and added, “It sure was neat seeing you wail away on his little bottom over there.

“And it has to help him know his place, being spanked like that in front of company,” Miss Susan said.

All these comments were a big help, girls. Really.

Julie had spanked me so soundly that my bottom remained quite pink for some time. That evening it was still warm and sore. And even the next day I could still feel a little heat from my spanking. Julie hadn’t messed around this time.

Finally the pool party ended. I fetched Miss Christie’s cover-up and the white cotton shorts and oxford shirts that Miss Debbie and Miss Susan had arrived in. Then I began to clean up the patio as the girls idly stood and talked. I scampered around them picking up towels, lotions, and empty glasses. I

was kind of mad at myself for being such a good little servant in front of Julie's friends. I probably should have stood up for myself, but I had forgotten how.

At the door, Julie apologized to everyone for having to "take care of household discipline" in front of them. Instead of minding it, however, all three girls again said it was "fun" to see me get my just desserts.

The true story had come out about the spilled nail polish, and Miss Christie said, "Bobbie should have been paying more attention to his work polishing your nails instead of looking at my rear. It serves him right, Mrs. Smythe."

Then she added, "I'm not sure I even like the fact that a sissy like him was gawking at my body like that."

"Well, he really should just learn to concentrate on his housework and serving and leave the girl-watching to the real men we *want* looking at our asses," Miss Debbie added.

The girls laughed at that and said their goodbyes with their usual frivolous air kisses.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

MRS. SMYTHE WAS LOUNGING on the sofa in the living room, still dressed in her sexy little white bikini when I brought Missy out to see her pretty Mommy. I handed the infant to Julie, who smiled and laid back on the sofa, cuddling little Missy to her breast.

"Is Bobbie taking good care of you, Precious?" Julie asked her child, bouncing her gently.

I left the mother and her baby alone and went to the kitchen to straighten up. I was still dressed in my swimsuit and apron, but I was getting used to it. At least it was cool. I checked my bottom in the mirror near the refrigerator. Still pink.

I pulled down the rear of my skimpy swimsuit by sliding my fingers under the elastic and stretching it down. When I pulled my fingers out the tight elastic and Lycra of the maillot snapped sharply against my warm bottom. I used the same quick motion a million girls used on a million beaches pulling down their high-cut swimsuits to cover their bottoms. Realizing that would have bothered me before, but by this time I lived and thought so

much like a girl that doing things like a girl just seemed natural.

Once around that time I was sitting in the bathroom peeing and thinking that I could barely even imagine doing that standing up anymore. Whenever I went I immediately turned my back to the toilet, pulled down my pants and panties (or hitched up my skirt and pulled down my panties) and sat. It seemed so natural I smiled to think I might need a remedial course in "standing at the urinal" when I got out of this weird life!

WHEN THE KITCHEN WAS DONE, Julie had me set up a portable playpen in the Master Suite and run her shower for her. I unhooked Julie's bikini top for her as she wiggled her pretty behind and pushed off the tight bottoms. Julie stepped into her steamy shower, still wearing a thin gold chain around her elegant, slender ankle. Of course, she carelessly left her expensive bikini laying on the floor by the etched glass shower door. She knew I'd pick it up for her. After all, that's what servants are for.

After the shower, I gave Julie a nice massage as little Missy happily played with her toys. Julie was laying on her bed nude except for comfortable tap pants in sheer, powder blue silk. The loose-fitting, easy tap pants were of a tulip-wrapped style and wearing them was nearly like wearing nothing at all. The rich woman grew lazy and sleepy as I rubbed her neck, shoulders, back, and curvy behind for her.

"I love getting screwed half the night, but it makes me so *lazy* the next day," Julie told me as I massaged her pretty bottom through the soft silk of her tap pants. I immediately blushed crimson at Julie's casual comment.

Missy began to whimper and cry, disturbing the peace of Julie's oncoming nap.

"I think you have another diaper to change, Bobbie," Julie informed me as she buried her head in her pillow. "Take Missy .. to the Nurser, . . . wake me in a' hour or so . . ." she moaned incoherently as she drifted off to dreamland, stretched languorously out on the satin comforter of her king-sized bed.

I got up and quietly left with Missy as my lazy mistress napped on her bed. I gently closed the master suite door so as not to disturb Julie's rest.

"She's had a very hard day lounging by her pool," I thought with a sense of irony. Life was *so* unfair. The pampered rich girl takes a leisurely nap while the hard-working servant cares for her baby for her and does the housework.

Later, dressed in a fresh, short gray uniform and ruffled starched white apron, I went and gently shook Julie awake. "Ma'am? Ma'am?" I said softly until Julie finally stirred. Julie yawned widely and stretched several times, boldly displaying her perfect, curvaceous body.

Julie sat on the edge of her bed, stretching and yawning, but was quiet. I asked her if I should get her something to wear, but Julie didn't answer. She was still sleepy and was staring out into space.

She slowly looked up at me dreamily and asked me gently, "Will you do me Bobbie?"

I was surprised to be asked so nicely. Julie mostly ordered rather than asked. I told her I'd love to and sank to my knees in front of her. I reached up and slipped off her tap pants and she laid back on her bed as I leaned forward and began what I loved to do best.

Since that first time just before she'd gotten married, we had kept this little secret from everybody, including Frank as far as I knew. This was something just the two of us shared. It was just between a rich girl and her personal maid.

Julie's mood picked up considerably as I licked and sucked her. I pleased her with my lips and tongue, my face buried between her sweet thighs. And she just laid back and went along for the ride. She came faster than she usually did, and was even a little vocal about it. I knew I'd done a good job servicing her.

But, boy, was I turned on afterwards. I was literally shaking with desire as Julie sat up and looked down at me.

"That was great, Bobbie" she told me. "Just how I like it. But poor little *you*, you're so turned on you're trembling!"

She asked me if Missy was O.K. and in a breathy voice I informed her that the baby was napping in her crib.

"Well, if you get me my robe, you can run off to your room and play with yourself, Bobbie," Julie said as she patted my wet face.

I fetched the robe quickly and handed it to my young mistress, still feeling aroused. Julie laughed and smacked my rear.

"O.K., Sissy-Pants, you can go play with yourself now if you want."

I ran off to the maid's room. It would be very hard to deny Julie's suspicions about my little sexual activities after this, but I was just so turned on by what had happened I didn't really see how I could stop myself. Pretty, tousle-haired Julie had giggled at my obvious hurrying and excitement.

I rushed to take off my uniform dress, heels, and slip, and rolled into my bed still in my panties and bra. I pushed my panties down quickly and wiggled out of my tight gaff. Then I thought of my beautiful mistress' sleek thighs and pretty pussy as I played with myself furiously. The delicious way the model had caught her breath as she was coming had been very exciting, and the memory of it filled my mind as my excitement built and I began to come myself.

In a moment my solo sexual activity was over. As I dribbled harmlessly onto the cool pink waterproof sheet on my bed, I realized with shame that my mistress was right. Rubber sheets were practical for a sissy's little bed.

After I finished with my childish pleasure, I rolled over to rest. I was startled to see Julie standing in the doorway with her hands on her hips, smiling at me.

"My goodness, that was certainly quick. Doing me must have excited you, Bobbie. It only took you, like, 30 *seconds!*" she teased me.

"You'd be completely *useless* to a woman in bed, Bobbie," Julie mused as she put her hand to her face and giggled.

Unfortunately, she was probably right. I had finished very quickly, and hadn't really even gotten that hard. It appeared that Julie had seen the whole thing, so she knew the score. The

only thing a girl would want me for anymore was to do her housework for her. I felt pretty ashamed of myself.

Julie walked over to the bed and sat on the edge of it, silently kissing me with affection on the forehead. She knew I was upset, and she stroked my hair and tried to calm me for awhile.

"It's O.K. Bobbie, you'll be all right. I'll take care of you."

Her voice carried a serious, confused tone as she looked into my eyes and said, "You have become quite the little sissy, though, haven't you?"

I looked up at Julie with questions racing through my mind. Why had I accepted the demeaning position of being her maid? Did I somehow *like* being a sissy and a servant? I was scared to think about what my future might hold.

She just looked down at me and stroked my forehead.

"I'm kind of flattered you think about me when you jerk off. I mean, it's kind of disgusting too of course. But flattering all the same."

Well, that just added to my confusion. She was flattered and disgusted by me at the same time?

Julie suddenly sprang up from my bed.

I was still ashamed of myself, but nothing could be done about Julie seeing me play with myself now. I squirmed uncomfortably in my little bed, hiding my face in my pillow. I didn't know *what* to think. My little secret was definitely out now, though.

"O.K., little maid," Julie said, breaking the silence, "clean up your cute sheets and straighten up your bed now. Then take a quick shower and get in uniform. It's almost time for you to start cooking our dinner.

"Mr. Smythe will be home soon, Bobbie, so don't take too long."

I kept my eyes closed as I slowly said, "Yes, Ma'am" obediently. Fortunately Julie walked away to go check on her baby, so I was mercifully left alone to clean my sheets. I took a hot shower and dressed in my uniform before hurrying to the kitchen to start dinner.

I tied on a pale pink apron and dutifully began preparing dinner. I noticed that I wasn't particularly unhappy once I began my work, even after the upsetting scene in my room. I hummed a tune while I chopped vegetables and began cooking Mr. and Mrs. Smythe's dinner. In some ways, it was a picture of domestic bliss. I was like a happy little homemaker who just *loved* to tie on her apron to cook and serve.

After I served the couple a nice grilled swordfish dinner, Julie sent me off to the kitchen to deal with the dirty dishes. Frank and Julie walked into the kitchen casually and hung around watching me work. They kissed and flirted with each other as I stood at the sink scrubbing messy pots and pans.

Just before dinner I had dressed Julie in loose, easy silk trousers, strappy gold sandals, and an organza shirt tied up to show her midriff. The outfit was particularly alluring because Julie was braless under the pretty shirt, and because the trousers were just sheer enough to barely show the softly-colored paisley Ungaro panties she wore underneath.

Frank kept grabbing at Julie's sexy bottom through her filmy pants, so I guess her layering strategy was working as planned. I was so used to them fooling around with each other now that I didn't always get jealous anymore.

I laughed with them as Frank chased Julie around the kitchen, grabbing at her pretty ass. I realized for the first time that I was happy she had a lover to satisfy her in bed at night. It was a shocking thought, but I knew it was true. I could serve her and wait on her endlessly, but a sissy like me would likely have been frustrating and useless to her in bed. And since I truly loved her, I guess I wanted her to be happy, even if I wasn't included in her intimate life.

As Frank gave up his chase for the moment, Julie began to tease me about my sexual sissiness. Luckily, she alluded to what I had done in my little bed with vague words and whispered anything truly embarrassing in my ear so Frank wouldn't hear. Frank just expressed the mild, bemused interest he had for all his wife's kinky antics with me.

The intensely personal services I performed for Julie in her bedroom remained a secret only she and I shared, however. In

spite of everything, I had a sense of pride knowing that, unknown to him, Julie's husband had reason to be a little jealous of me.

That evening I was intrigued as I walked by the Master Suite and heard Julie moaning with pleasure as her husband made love to her. Julie's desire went in streaks it seemed. Sometimes she wouldn't make love for days, but other times she couldn't seem to get enough. I giggled and shook my head, oddly more amused than jealous. Dutifully, I went about my housework quietly, so lovely Julie could enjoy an active, satisfying love life without being distracted or disturbed.

OF COURSE, I WOULD HAVE TO PICK UP Julie's sheer pants and pretty paisley underwear off the bedroom floor later. And I'd probably be called in to make the bed while she relaxed and played with her baby. But all of it was a small price to pay if it meant she was content and happy. *Anything* for Julie was my motto, of course.

My life was directed to making Julie's life as perfect, leisurely, and carefree as I knew how. I had an unexpected pride in my position and knew that against all odds I had become a pretty damn good personal maid.

With my help, Julie lived a life of feminine luxury and pleasure beyond most women's dreams. And she deserved it—like she somehow deserved everything.

That quick roll of the genetic dice, often so uncaring and merciless, had bestowed upon her a merit beyond merit. She didn't have to *do* anything; she didn't have to *prove* anything. Her incredible beauty was its own reward, and it excused all transgressions.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

SEVERAL WEEKS AFTER THE INCIDENT in the maid's room, I served Julie a late breakfast out on the patio. She was issuing another long, detailed list of household chores to me, her loyal maid.

The breakfast was late because I had pleased my mistress after her bath that morning. Julie thought it was just great to

have me “do” her whenever she happened to feel in the mood. Sometimes she’d snap her fingers regally and just calmly point at the floor between her legs. The finger snapping thing was done in humor, but she expected real pleasure from me.

I’d obediently kneel down and softly service her sometimes for 30 minutes while she’d casually lay back and read a magazine or something. Once she even talked with Debbie on the phone while I was doing her. She’d had to tell Debbie that she’d gotten a sudden chill to explain the sounds she made during her delicious orgasm, but Julie told me she thought Debbie might have been suspicious and figured it out.

“Of course she’ll think I was just doing myself. There’s no way she’d suspect you were actually down there giving me head,” Julie laughed.

Of course, pleasuring my mistress was my *favorite* duty. I had to agree with my employer that it was the ultimate in “maid service”. I loved seeing Julie’s excitement slowly rise to a quivering climax as her warm, silky thighs squeezed and trembled against my ears. She had trained me to “do” her exactly the way she liked it, and I was proud at how skilled I’d become at pleasing her and bringing her delectable little orgasms on demand.

After this morning’s session in her bedroom, I’d dressed her in a dazzling white Lycra maillot. Being so white, it was a little sheer and more than hinted at Julie’s pretty assets under the tight, stretchy fabric. I had carefully tied a colorful floral silk scarf perfectly around her slim waist to make a flowing, gentle skirt.

The pretty model was wearing a few gold bracelets and large gold hoop earrings. A sexy little chain dangled about one of her thin ankles, accentuating the fresh pedicure I had given her the night before. Her hair was pinned up prettily and a sporty pair of sunglasses was pushed back jauntily on her head. As always, she was absolutely beautiful.

The details of housework, laundry, and other domestic chores had always been considered “servant’s work” by Julie. She just assigned everything to me and forgot about such mundane things herself. When she’d completed her long list of household

tasks and instructions that morning, she sat waiting for my response.

"Well?" Julie asked impatiently as I stood silently in front of her, daydreaming again.

"Yes, Ma'am!" I suddenly said respectfully. I hadn't realized my mistress' listing of the day's duties had ended. I grasped the hem of my snug-fitting housekeeping dress and curtsied cutely to my spoiled mistress as I fought a sudden urge to giggle.

Julie smiled as she reached up and smacked my behind sharply.

"You'd better curtsy, you little *sissy!*" she said as she began to laugh.

I laughed with her as I wiggled and grabbed at my bottom protectively in response to her playful spanking.

My gorgeous mistress and I laughed for a moment, and then quietly smiled at each other. We looked at each other knowingly and with a sense of closeness. Perhaps even love.

OUR SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP ENDED not long after that morning. As little Missy got older, Julie sadly told me she thought it would be best if she hired more conventional household help. And I guess I knew she was right, but I also knew she'd never have another servant as devoted as I was. For me, serving her had truly been a labor of love.

It was about a week later when she explained to me about the secret doses of hormones. I was shocked and surprised, but laughed with a sense of relief after I'd calmed down.

"I thought I was going crazy at first, Ma'am," I told her. "I thought I was turning into a complete *sissy.*"

"Well, don't forget, you helped me with my housework and snuck around wearing my panties *before* I ever slipped you any hormones, so you were never exactly "Mr. Macho" Bobbie," Julie reminded me with a sly smile.

I blushed as I thought about it. Maybe I had something in my personality that made me particularly susceptible to Julie's intense femininity. Maybe it had just spilled over onto me somehow.

In either case, the male maid “experiment” had been a success even beyond Julie’s expectations. I had turned out to be a respectful and skilled maid in spite of my gender. I’d even been her maid through her courtship, marriage, and pregnancy. And my added duty as Missy’s part-time, weekend Nanny was a “plus” even scheming Julie hadn’t planned.

Since I had been a good servant to both Julie and her husband Frank, they let me stay in their house as I reverted to a more masculine appearance. Julie brought home some Levis and shirts for me and presented me with a pile of men’s underwear.

“But I left a few silky little panties in there in case you miss the feel of them,” she said as she smiled and patted my bottom.

I let my body hair grow out and laid in the sun and exercised. I didn’t look like John Wayne, but my old boyish appearance mostly returned. And in about a month I was ready to venture out into the real world again.

Julie had been right about the money, too. She showed me that I had about \$80,000 in my investment account. Her accountant had done a good job for me, even though investments were rather “up and down” recently.

And she even set me up with a good job as a full-time assistant at a rather famous photographer’s studio in the city. The photographer, who adored Julie, agreed to let me become an apprentice if I worked out, so I could maybe one day open my own studio.

“I’ll come and do some modeling for you for free to help build your portfolio,” Julie told me. She said I might have a chance at becoming a fashion photographer.

“You love women and you love the clothes. That’s half the battle right there,” she explained.

On my last day in Connecticut before moving to my new apartment in the city, Julie and I were both understandably sad. We really had been each other’s family, at least before she had met Frank. We had shared a lot.

Julie drove me into the city and showed me the new apartment on a Sunday afternoon in early September. I thought it was funny that we’d left Frank to baby sit Missy.

"Have fun with the diapers, Frank," I couldn't resist yelling to him as Julie and I got ready to leave the house.

"I paid the rent for two months in advance, Bobbie, but after that you're on your own," she said as we carried some of my stuff into the small but nice apartment. She hugged me and kissed me affectionately on the cheek as tears welled up in her eyes.

I was emotional too, of course. The only bright spot was that I would still see her now and then in the city. The other bright spot was that I had a new life to look forward to. A life not so filled with housework and serving.

Despite what she'd done to me, I knew I'd miss her. Beauty is its own excuse. And so is love, I guess.

As I settled into my new life as a photographer's apprentice, I often thought about my life as the model's maid. It all seemed so incredibly strange whenever I thought back on it. How had it become such an expected routine for three years? The key to the mystery was my strong, unrequited love for Julie, of course.

I would catch myself smiling when I thought of Miss Julie's teasing and her easy, confident sexuality. I also caught her beauty frequently in the pages of fashion magazines. Where would I ever find another woman like her?

By being Miss Julie's maid I had known her in a way that even her husband didn't. There was a casual, feminine ease she had that only fully blossomed when she was alone with me, or with other girls. As her sissy maid, I'd seen her luxuriate in her own sensuality. The feminine pleasures of silk tap pants caressing her bottom or a lace bra cradling her breasts were pleasures I got to see and grew to understand.

Being a woman wasn't all sensuous pleasure and pretty clothes, though. I also saw Julie go through the monthly hassle of her period. When she was single I saw she was fearful sometimes of creepy stalkers that were one of the downsides of being a famously sexy, beautiful girl.

And her pregnancy was not easy on her either, the hormones charging around inside her like ping-pong balls, playing hell with her emotions.

The love she had for her husband was so much a part of her I shuttered to think how she'd react if he ever left her. But that

wasn't likely. Julie was every man's dream wife, and a gorgeous supermodel. Where would Frank go from there?

It had also been fun to learn all about pretty clothes and things from Miss Julie, too. She was so enthusiastic that her interest in fashion had rubbed off on me. I was maybe even more interested in fashion than I had been before.

And most of all I had enjoyed Julie's company and friendship. Although she was commanding and formal and often teased me badly, she had been my friend as well as my haughty employer.

CHAPTER TWENTY

I WAS ENJOYING MY BUSY NEW LIFE as an apprentice photographer. I still missed Julie a lot, but I was getting along. And it was great not having to constantly do hours and hours of boring housework everyday. I hadn't fully comprehended how much drudgery my life as a maid contained until it ended.

I had gotten used to regular clothes again, too. They were much more comfortable than the restrictive maid's things I'd had to wear for so long. Pretty often I'd sleep in a big, soft T-shirt and satin panties, though. I can't explain it other than to say I just feel comfortable and somehow "cozy" in girl's panties in bed. Why wear rough, bulky cotton in some boring color when you can have soft, slinky satin in pretty colors? I was smart enough to know this view wasn't held by "real men", no matter how logical it might seem to my girly mind, however.

It was nearly winter when I ran into Julie again. We hadn't seen each other as much as we thought we would, although we'd talked on the phone quite often. She always laughed and talked about her troubles with her new maid. Although the maid had been trouble, Julie was still very satisfied with Missy's Nanny.

"It's so hard to get good help these days," she said with a sigh over the phone, both of us laughing at the tired cliché'.

I was busy in the studio arranging the next shot when I heard her unmistakable voice. She was striding toward me as she nearly yelled, "Oh, Bobbie, it's so good to see you!" I didn't use the name Bobbie anymore, but my slight embarrassment faded when she hugged me and kissed me on the mouth, making every guy in the studio jealous.

If anything, she was even more beautiful than I'd remembered. She was wearing crisp Navy slacks and a cream silk blouse with a high, romantic collar. She had a Navy jacket slung across her arm and pearls and gold jewelry splashed here and there. It all looked a little Chanel-like, I guess. Anyway, her perfume was certainly Chanel. She smelled heavenly.

She waited for me to finish my work and then took me to lunch. She told me she was in the city to shop, and had dropped downtown to the photo district for an appointment at a prospective client's.

"And I couldn't pass up seeing you," she said across the table, "I've missed you, Bobbie," she whispered.

We talked about all kinds of things like long lost friends (actually more like old *girl* friends). Everything was going along fine for both of us and we were both happy for each other. She told me Missy was talking now and was still a happy, healthy child. I could see her motherly pride and love show whenever she spoke about her daughter.

I asked about Frank and she said he was O.K. but working too hard and playing golf all the time.

"You know, just like all men," she said like she'd commiserate with a girlfriend.

There was a silent pause. Finally I asked the question I'd wondered about for so long. Why had she done it? Why had she made me be her maid? She knew I'd do anything for her. Why did she have to prove it?

"I wasn't a girl, Julie," I said. "And I'm not gay. So why did you do it?"

She looked at me seriously and said, "I never meant to hurt you, really. I mean, I knew I was *teasing* you, but I. . . well, I don't know. . ." She was quiet for a moment and looked around the restaurant as she reached over and took my hand.

"It's not like I *planned* it, Bobbie. It just sort of happened. I could tell you were falling for me and . . . and then you just started doing everything I said and stuff," she explained.

"I don't know, I guess I kind of got off on the power. Once I started, I just had to see how far I could go. Or how far you'd go

for me, you know? And I really did want to have someone do my housework and laundry for me.”

“And of course I knew you weren’t a girl or gay, Bobbie,” Julie said sarcastically. “But I *did* catch you wearing my panties, don’t forget. And when I thought about it, why *not* have someone who loves you be your maid? You liked being with me, so why not? Gays like women, I guess, but they certainly don’t love them like a guy does -- even a sort of sissy guy.

“I guess I’m a little kinky, Bobbie. Sometimes I got off on ordering you around and having you be in your sissy little get-ups.”

Julie lightened up and giggled a little, squeezing my hand.

“Oh, you were so *cute*, Bobbie. I mean after the hormones and stuff. And I apologize for them, Bobbie, but I knew it would make it easier for you,” she said.

“You know, sexually . . .” she added quietly. “And they were weak enough that once you stopped, everything was O.K., wasn’t it?”

I looked at her sadly, not letting her off the hook. Frankly I still wasn’t sure what the long-term effects of my wild three-year ride with the crazy model would be, either physically or psychologically.

I’d been curious about it all, but I wasn’t really mad. Julie thought I was, though, so she was explaining everything as best she could.

“Was it awful when Frank and I were in my apartment and stuff. I mean, the way you used to look when you’d slink out of our bedroom! I’m sorry, Bobbie, I really am. But you just kept *letting* me, you know? Frank and I felt guilty sometimes knowing you were so jealous, but you always seemed to accept everything. What was I supposed to do, give up a great maid? I started believing maybe you somehow *liked* being jealous.”

Julie leaned over the table and said softly, “You know, Frank admitted after you left that he got off on it sometimes too. He thought it was neat that you wanted me so badly and you did everything for me, and all he had to do was snap his fingers to go to bed with me.”

"He's glad you're gone, though, Bobbie," she added slowly. "He thought you and I were getting a little too close there at the end."

She looked at me briefly, acknowledging with her eyes that Frank's concerns were justified. So, she had been getting too close to me towards the end!

"You were good with Missy, too. Being her weekend Nanny was just something that happened too. It wasn't planned, but it worked out for us."

"Thank you, Bobbie," she said softly, showing her rare shy side. Then she suddenly laughed.

"I hope sleeping in those rubber sheets wasn't too uncomfortable. They were Debbie's idea, actually. She said it was inevitable that you'd have to have an outlet for all your pent up feelings. So we knew you'd masturbate.

"You always thought that was such a secret, Bobbie, but girls know guys do that if they aren't in a steady relationship.

"Anyway, I thought the sheets were a little much, but Debbie thought it would be a nice, shameful touch. They were really just a sign to everybody that you jerked off, Bobbie. It was just another way to embarrass you. I can't believe you didn't figure that out. When you actually consented to sleeping in them I couldn't believe it. I thought you'd just tell me to shove it when you saw those sheets.

"The funny thing is they actually ended up being practical. They really did save laundry work for you Bobbie, didn't they?"

I just blushed and shook my head back and forth "No." It wasn't that she wasn't right about the sheets, it was just that I still couldn't bare to talk about such incredibly embarrassing things, even with Julie.

After a few moments of silence, Julie discreetly put one of her hands in her lap and briefly touched herself. She was so elegant nobody would suspect such a thing from her, so she could get away with it.

As she did it she looked in my eyes and said, "you were good with *this*, too," as she brought her hand up out of her lap and touched my lips.

"I'm certainly never, ever going to have a maid that can do that for me, Bobbie. Just laying back and going for the ride like that with you servicing me. Now, *that's* luxury!" Julie said almost as if she was a bit aroused thinking about it.

I started to blush and smile and she suddenly saw I wasn't really quite as angry as I was acting.

"Come on, Bobbie. You *liked* it, didn't you? How many guys get live with a girl like me and help her get dressed and everything? And get paid for it, too.

"And I know you didn't really mind the clothes that much. You're a natural born cross-dresser, Bobbie. It's not anything to be all that ashamed about. Men's clothes are boring and mostly ugly, so I understand why some guys get into wearing girl's things now and then."

Actually I'd never worn girl's clothes before I'd met Julie. Maybe I'd had some sort of tendency, but I'd never actually done it.

I laughed and held her hand, squeezing it tightly, letting her know I was at least O.K. with it all. Then I looked at her beautiful eyes seriously.

"I certainly didn't like *all* of it, Julie. When you started going to bed with Frank, it was *very* weird. I mean, I had wanted to be with you, but once I was working for you and wearing sissy clothes and things I realized that wasn't going to happen. But I was still hoping you wouldn't be with some other guy. And right in front of me like that, too.

"Anyway, I think with what you did to me, I set a world's record for jealousy. It made me shake, I was so jealous. And that's even *with* that sissy stuff you were lacing my juice with!"

She laughed and grabbed my hand with both of hers.

"I'm sorry, Bobbie. I'm sorry for the bad parts, anyway. And I'm sure having us make love right in front of you had to be pretty hard on your ego.

"Can we still be friends, though? I wouldn't like to think you hated me."

I held her hands and looked in her eyes and said, "Sure, why not. But just once I'd like you to come clean my apartment for me. I even have a nice little apron for you to wear."

She laughed and shook her head "yes," but I wasn't sure she really meant it. It was a nice thought, anyway.

I walked her to her appointment and we kissed each other and said goodbye. We saw each other now and then, but our odd life together was in the past now. It was time for both of us to move on.

A few months later, though, she surprised me by showing up at my place, telling me she wanted me to take pictures of her. It was very helpful to me to have a famous, experienced model like Julie suddenly pop up when I showed my portfolio around.

When we came back from our studio session, she asked to come up.

"O.K., where is it?" she asked when we walked into my apartment.

"Where's what, Julie?"

She looked at the floor submissively and said, "My apron . . . Sir."

I laughed and said, "O.K., but remember, *you* started it!"

Julie pulled off the big, easy red top she had on, revealing a sleek black bodysuit underneath. With her snug black flat-front pants and the little white canvas espadrilles she had on, it was almost like a sort of maid's outfit. And knowing Julie I'm sure she had planned it that way. Fashion was never a coincidence with her.

I stood behind her and got a big kick out of tying the ruffled-edge white nylon waitress' apron I'd saved as a souvenir tightly about her trim, girlish waist. It went perfect with her outfit of course.

She stood very still and silent as I finished tightening the cute bow over her butt.

"Into the kitchen with you, maid," I ordered as I gave her wonderful bottom a hard, sharp 'Smack,'

Julie jumped at having her bottom smacked so soundly. Then she turned and giggled a bit.

"Yes . . . Sir," she answered submissively, bending her knees and lifting the edges of her apron in a cute curtsey before running off to do the dishes. I walked into the kitchen to enjoy

the view of seeing the haughty model standing at the sink, her rubber-gloved hands plunged into the hot sudsy water.

After awhile I could tell she was laughing and not really making much progress with the dishes. She was just play-acting.

"It's just not you, Julie," I said, laughing, and pulling her hands out of the water. "You just weren't meant to be the domestic type."

"Yeah, I know. I never was, even as a little girl," she said as she pulled off her gloves and reached back to tug loose the bow of the apron straps.

"I'd dress up my Barbie doll in all the fancy clothes all the time, but I never once put her in an apron or anything.

"But at least I had the best little houseboy and maid you ever saw once . . ."

For a second she looked about ready to cry as she put the apron on the counter and put her loose top back on.

"Thanks for putting up with me, and . . . my strangeness" she said softly as she kissed me and hugged me tight.

"It wasn't all that bad, Julie. At least I can keep house better than most women now," I said softly to her.

"Of course, I could *always* keep house better than you," I teased.

I brushed her hair back and went up on my toes a bit to kiss her forehead. Julie reached into her purse and pulled out a nice picture she'd taken of me last year dressed in a trim formal black maid's uniform, dusting her living room. She handed the photo to me and then carefully took out a neatly folded paper from her purse.

Silently I unfolded the heavy pink stationary and read. . .

To Bobbie:

*Sissy, my sissy, so busy with housework,
So cute in your apron and lace.
Knees on the floor, sponge in your hand,
Sweat on your brow and your face.*

*Spending days in the bath, scrubbing for hours,
While shopping I go . . . not a care.
You vacuum and dust, as I lounge as I wish,
Who ever said life would be fair?*

*Your weekends are spent, many tedious hours,
With laundry and ironing; so trying.
You folding and stacking, and hanging it up,
As I relax in my bath; just sighing.*

*Your bottom is round, and girlish and smooth,
And seems for panties just made.
Your legs so sleek, they're the envy of girls,
But sissies like you don't get laid.*

*Your panties so smooth, at the front like a girl's,
I made sure you were always well gaffed.
And remember that night, your hair up in curls,
We talked and giggled and laughed?*

*In my bath you could gaze, though never possess,
On my legs and breasts and rear.
But you're there just to serve, and never caress,
Your proper place made quite clear.*

*You laundered and ironed and put things away,
While your mistress was out on a date.
You were jealous and sad, but obeyed just the same,
And angrily pondered your fate.*

*You slept all alone, as good sissies should,
In your little room, so frilly and pink.
Twisting and turning in cute rubber sheets,
While you wondered how far you'd still sink.*

*Aprons you wore, some ruffled and frilly,
A flouncy white bow at your rear.
And prancing in skirts, girlish and silly,*

You curtsied before me in fear.

*I did you no harm, but enforced many rules,
And made sure you remembered to thank.
You obeyed me so well, like the servant you are,
And if not, your bottom I'd spank!*

*Slowly you learned, the tricks of the trade,
Caring so well for my house.
And Woman's work became Sissy's work,
As you became meek as a mouse.*

*Plastic aprons you had, and gloves galore,
To help keep your dresses from messes.
On your knees on the floor, cleaning some more,
As I relaxed and brushed out my tresses.*

*After dinner I'd send you, dishes in hand,
To the kitchen, to work at the sink.
We'd laugh and talk, and sip our liqueurs,
So giddy we can't even think.*

*In nighties you snuggled, all silky and warm,
In your lonely little bed by the wall.
I stayed out on my date, all silky and late,
As for my boyfriend I'd fall.*

*Bobbie now finds that I'm out all the time,
Yes, out past dawn—and more.
And soon he would know, my lover's control,
As he greets my new man at the door.*

*Choking back tears, confirming your fears,
As with my new lover I lay.
But breakfast in bed, a lovers' delight,
Was still served by my maid, on a tray.*

Yes, girls get married - but only to men,

*Not to sissies in panties and frills.
I walked down the aisle, new husband in hand,
While you stood in the back, getting chills.*

*To a house we did fly, much larger than this,
With acres of floors to keep clean.
Then you spent your days, and even your nights,
Doing housework, and thinking I'm mean.*

*Then baby arrived, all crying and wet,
But a Nanny we've already got.
All hours of the night, 'til early light,
You worked in the Nursery a lot.*

*While lovers make love, now husband and wife,
Wet diapers still need many changes.
But we never worry - making love all we want,
Since diapers our sissy arranges.*

*So sissies beware, girls know who you are,
And into an apron they'll sure tie you.
So if you wear panties, satin or lace,
You better make sure they don't find you!*

*Pretty girls never clean, or even go cook,
And we hardly love doing dishes.
So sissies take care; don't let down your guard,
Or you'll soon be obeying our wishes.*

*We know you are weak, and easy to order,
And know you look cute in your panties.
But sissies like you are not for our beds,
You're better at washing our scanties.*

*So don't feel bad if your bottom's in panties,
And you sleep all alone in the city.
No man is complete, your learned it so well,
Until he knows how it feels to be pretty.*

To the best maid a girl ever had . . .

Love,

Julie

Julie was not a great writer. But it was obvious she had spent considerable time and effort drafting up her little peace offering. And while it was meant as a joke, her poem accurately summed up my life as Julie's infamous "male maid."

I carefully folded the stationary and placed it deep in my coat pocket.

Julie looked at me with a touch of sadness in her eyes. She knew this was really going to be goodbye, and goodbyes are always sad. Even if all you are doing is saying goodbye to a servant.

I smiled weakly and said, "Thanks. The poem's great."

We were quiet for a moment, not really knowing what to say to each other.

"That was some wild-ass experiment, Julie," I finally said.

"Yes, it was, wasn't it?" she breathed softly before she turned and silently walked out my door.

I closed the door and sat down for a long time thinking. I was sad knowing she wasn't going to be in my life anymore.

Being Julie's little servant boy had not been all fun by any stretch of the imagination. It was frustrating, humiliating, and a lot of long, hard work, pretty much seven days a week.

But maybe in an odd way we'd both gotten what we really wanted. Julie had apparently always wanted a perfect little servant. And the amount of submissiveness she preferred in her servant called for a more personal relationship than you'd ever get from some girl "sent over from the agency."

And I had to wonder if some part of me really was the submissive little "sissy maid" I'd been to her for the past few years. I knew that sometimes, at least, I actually enjoyed my bowing and scraping. I liked the organized life that came from Julie issuing all the orders, and from me always obeying them.

Sometimes as I served Julie and her guests at one of her intimate dinner parties, I got off on the girly feeling of flitting around in whatever cute, servanty outfit she had me in. And I also oddly liked it when some girl would place her empty glass on my tray and say, "get me another of those" without even looking at me. Could it be true that the more a woman treated me like a servant, the more I was attracted to her and respected her? I had to admit that at least sometimes it was.

I had also actually wanted the girls to think my rear was cute in little short-shorts, or my smooth shaved legs were nice, even though I knew them admiring me that way also simultaneously meant they would never be interested in me as a boyfriend. In fact, as soon as they saw me as Julie's sissy little servant, I knew even the possibility of dating me would never enter their minds. I may be cute to them and helpful as a servant, but to them I was a sissy and therefore sexless.

I wasn't a "guy" in the sense the men they were flirting with were. I had had to face that fact when even Julie's girlfriends would whip off their tops or strip to their panties and bras to try on clothes right in front of me. They knew I was a sissy; they knew I wore panties; and they probably knew I sat when I peed, just like they did. To them I was just someone there to wait on them, and they knew I posed no more threat to them than some submissive little heart-torn lezzy would.

If I had ever dared to try to come on to any of Julie's girlfriends, they would've thought the idea so absurd and ridiculous they would have laughed themselves breathless. Of course, I never dared anyway.

But while all that was painfully true, and it was also true that Julie and I had never been lovers, I shared a certain intimacy with her and her pretty girlfriends that in some ways made me closer to them than the men they shared their bodies and beds with.

I came to share their interest in fashion in a way no man would ever really be able to. And being the sissy that Julie turned me into, I got to be an insider to her highly feminine and luxurious life. Unlike the "real men" who are girl's lovers and who share their beds regularly, I actually understood the

sensual attraction of a nice morning bubble bath, followed by a few hours lounging in pretty silk tap pants and top. And I knew the pleasurable feeling of a tight, brief little pair of short-shorts hugging your curves just so as your heels made your bottom swish back and forth girlishly. Did understanding and feeling all of this make me a sissy? I had to accept that most people would see it that way. But I also think it made me feel closer to girls and understand them better.

Whenever I began to feel ashamed about how I had consented to being Julie's toady little servant, I tried to think of the good things. And I remembered that there were worse fates than living with one of the sexiest and most beautiful young women in the world.

* * * * *

EPILOGUE

THAT WAS MORE THAN THREE MONTHS AGO, and I haven't seen Julie since. She called once to talk for a few moments. But it was obvious she was in a hurry and on to other things. More modeling, more shopping with her rich socialite friends, more time at home with her husband and cute toddler.

Of course, I still see her face now and then on the cover of a fashion magazine, or even on the occasional billboard. Julie's even in a new commercial on TV for lipstick. But personally we've begun to loose touch.

I recently heard a rumor that she might be pregnant again. I knew she didn't want to interrupt her modeling again, but with the time Julie and Frank spend in the bedroom which each other, maybe something just happened.

As for me, my career is progressing at a steady pace. Recently I got to shoot a few new model tests for an agency and not only do I feel free to make suggestions about the clothes and lighting during shoots now, but my suggestions are often taken.

I've just started dating a girl, too. Her name is Jill and she's an associate fashion editor at one of the smaller magazines.

She's small but pretty (though not in Julie's league – but who is?) Best of all she's friendly and not one of those girls who's only really after rich guys or big-shouldered football-player types.

Jill's interested in art and fashion in a similar way to me. She appreciates the fact that when we discuss fashion it is not all about how tiny the dress is, or how tight the girl's jeans are.

"You're different," she said on our first date, "most guys, if they consent to talk about clothes at all, are only interested in how much skin they show, or how quickly they can be ripped off before making love."

Just last night she was at my place for dinner. I cooked the meal completely, but I told Jill she would have to clean up. I'm trying not to fall back into my old pattern of being a pretty girl's servant.

Anyway, I was taking a shower to get ready to go out with her as she did the dishes. When I came out of the bathroom, Jill was standing at the sink with the little rounded white nylon apron on.

"Where did you get this? It's kind of cute," she asked innocently as she fingered the ruffled edge of the apron.

I turned my face quickly, hoping she wouldn't see me blush. I'd left it under the sink, tucked back pretty far, but she'd found it anyway.

"Oh, some crazy model gave it to me once," I said nervously, not adding that she'd given it to me as part of my uniform as her servant.

"Why'd she give you an *apron*?"

"She just . . . she just left it here, really," I lied.

"It looks nice on you, though. You can keep it, O.K.?"

Jill smiled and said, "Thanks. I like it. It makes me feel like Susie Homemaker or something. All domestic and girly."

I kissed her on the cheek and quickly said, "Let's get going, Jill. We don't want to miss the movie."

"Oh . . . we don't *have* to go to that movie," Jill said as she smiled and shyly walked over to me. She kissed me, throwing her arms around my neck. Her tongue was suddenly in my

mouth, wet and warm. She reached down and put her hand between my legs, pressing it firmly into my crotch.

Then, without a word, she led me toward the bedroom. Walking into my room, our bodies close, she tugged at the bow of the apron and let it fall to the floor.

Jill laid back on my bed and threw off her soft rose sweater and wriggled out of her jeans. With her dreamy eyes she gazed up at me as she stretched back in her pure white Dior panties and bra, inviting me to make love to her for the very first time.

The next step was clearly mine. I only hoped I could take it. It would be nice to end up as a girl's lover this time, instead of her servant.

The next few moments would tell if I would end up as Jill's boyfriend, or if I'd again be doomed to being yet another pretty girl's platonic "friend".

You know, the cute little guy who the girls go shopping with. The one they suspect might even wear panties under his a-little-too-tight jeans. The one they think is kind of a sissy, not that it matters to them much. He seems to be pretty good with housework, after all.

God, I was nervous . . .

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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.

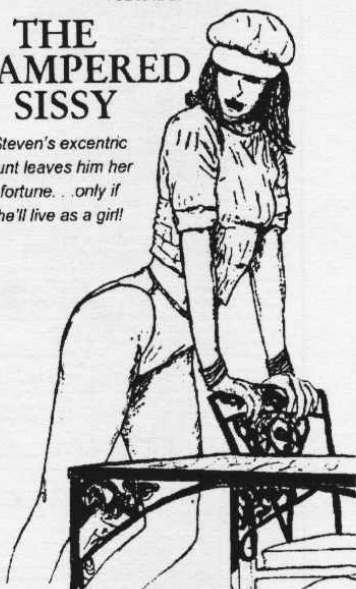
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OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

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.

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

That's actually their son and father! This

two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role.

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this? Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money! Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady! His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

A mother finds a way to put her son through college - both financially and in style. Illustrated!

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

We all know about people who get married thinking they'll change. This is a story of a wife who thought her love of feminizing men would go away after she married. It didn't. So Robert must do the changing...and changing and change. 92 pages! Illustrated!

WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niecely" FASHION SENSE!

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

Dana's unique adventures in flirty dresses, fitted skirts, silky lingerie, feminine makeup, and high heels.

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

In search of a roommate, a nurse is forced to let an old patient move in and she discovers a new girlfriend. Sharing clothes, makeup tips and much more! Great Classic!! Illustrated.

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

By a wonderful new writer! I was hooked on this darling story from page one! Each day both mother and aunt add a bit of femininity to Jesse's routine...making sure that Jesse learns some new ways.

CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & CALL HIM "SIS" #78

Heather teaches a boy staying with her all about the pleasures and pains of a girl's daily routine. From hair curling to a first dress...it's all here. Sexy too!

GOING AS GIRLS #79

By a new writer, it's the story of a husband who gets tired of his wife borrowing his things. So...he'll just borrow hers. Illustrated.

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

This is a story about a panty raid gone really badly. The boys go from stealing the panties to wearing them! After stealing the panties, the sorority teaches the boys what being girls is all about. Wonderful illustrations!

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

Tom never thought he had any feminine tendencies but that was the diagnosis. Why fight them?

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

some hemming. Their mothers help them with their hair...Did they go too far?

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

School was out for summer...perfect time for the boys to get into a little trouble. These boys get into more than that! Illustrated!

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

No one wants to get a pink slip at work. These guys get them with LACE! Too good for one book! Many Illustrations.

GIRLISH #87

What boy would carry his mother's purse at the mall? And then what? The women in his life would probably want to do his hair and then what? Great new illustrator!

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

Brad becomes Brandy with his mother's help! Illustrated.

GIRLHOOD #89

While most young men were growing into their manhood, one wasn't.

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

Boys can be crude and unkempt...but this one was taught to be a lady! Illustrated.

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.

GOING TO THE BALL #3

One man's journey exploring the feminine side of his life.

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

VIRGIN VOWS #8

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

FRENCH DRESSING #10

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

THE NEW GIRL #11

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

THE GIRL'S PART #12

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

GIRLIES #16

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home.

DOUBLE ISSUE**MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

DOUBLE ISSUE**REDTOES #21**

Two young couples make a bet. . . Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . . they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . . DOUBLE ISSUE

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . . with one catch. He must become a girl!

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

A LIVING DOLL #28

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

A SUMMER GIRL #35

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

SISTERS FOREVER #43

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him.

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

CHICKS RULE! #51

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

GIRLIE GIRL #54

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

FEMININE BUDDY #55

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

BECOMING EMMA #57

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

LEARNING CURVES #63

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

MY BETTER HALF #64

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

BIKINI BOUND #66

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

PURSE STRINGS #67

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

FEMININE PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

LUCK BE A LADY

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

A PARTY GIRL

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

TV VACATION #3

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

ACCEPTANCE #11

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

CHARM SCHOOL #12

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

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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.

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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!

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HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

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A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

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