



Reluctant Press presents:

Impossible to Believe

Heather Berdrow



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Impossible To Believe

By: Heather Berdrow

Part 1

“And the award for Best Actress goes to...Kathleen Kelly,” the announcer declared. The applause was deafening as Kathleen gracefully rose from her seat, and walked down the long aisle towards the stage. Her long, sequined red gown, that sported a short train, hugged her every curve. About the only thing that kept her from stepping on the hem were the four-inch red stiletto heels in a rich patent leather. The bodice of her dress stretched across her ample breasts, the waist narrowed in comparison to her widening hips, and firm round bottom, that moved from side to side in a rhythmic sway. Kathleen was a statuesque young woman at 5 feet, 11 inches tall, and she weighed a solid 130 pounds.

Her skin was tanned a golden bronze, and her hair was a mass of highlighted blonde curls that were piled high on her head. Smaller ringlet curls hung down to frame her face. Large diamond studs adorned her perfectly shaped ears, and a matching necklace lay on her chest in a stark contrast to her tan.

Kathleen placed one foot in front of the other at a practiced pace that brought her to the stage in a minute, instead of seconds. The announcer, whose name had escaped her for the moment, extended a hand, then the statue in her direction. Long opera-length satin gloves closed around its base, as she pulled it towards her. With a wide painted smile and glowing white teeth, she thanked him, then turned to the waiting audience, and the cameras that had moved in close to show even the slightest flaw, which she made quite sure there were none. Both her skin and make-up were beyond perfect to the untrained eye.

As she began to speak, the listener would hear a low, slightly husky voice, one that matched her look to a T. The words moved from her mouth very smoothly and sexily.

“Thank you all for this award and for recognizing my most recent film. I would like to accept this not for myself, but for my co-stars and the crew who made this performance so easy,” she said. After raising the statue and mouthing another ‘thank you,’ she was led from the stage, then to the media room. Most eyes, of both men and women were locked onto the swivel of her hips and the sway of her behind, as she disappeared beyond a velvet curtain.

In her early thirties, Kathleen Kelly was a top box office draw. Her last 3 films had grossed more than 200 million dollars each in box office receipts. She had worked with some of the biggest stars, most on a kissing basis, as well as the A-list directors and producers. Fan clubs had popped up from coast to coast, and from the international community, and she required a dedicated staff just to answer the fan mail. She was one of the most popular actresses in Hollywood.

After a million or so flashes of press cameras, Kathleen answered a few questions tossed her way. With a bright smile and a barely noticeable dip, Kathleen headed for her limo, then to the after party that was given by a big name studio, that she had made that much wealthier. The limo slowly came to a stop at the roped-off red carpet, and the door was opened carefully to the intensely bright lights, and the eyes contained behind the barricades. Kathleen easily exited the car and strolled, unescorted, into the massive tent. Cameras continued to catch her every move she made, walking, sitting or standing. They would most likely end up in a newspaper, magazine, or on the web. She was quite used to being under a giant microscope. The tabloids were only interested in the one shot that could document any error she might make, and earn the photographer thousands of extra dollars.

As she entered the event, Kathleen air-kissed stars, their friends, directors and producers, for all to see in a most deliberate fashion, just as she had seen others do when she was growing up. Kathleen had made canoodling into an art form after years of practice in a mirror. Once the toasts were done, several glasses of the golden, bubbly nectar were consumed; everyone then sat down to a catered meal. The restrictions placed upon Kathleen by her dress and her own rules didn’t allow for much more than a taste of the items placed before her. A few brave or drunk stars, some current and some has-beens, asked Kathleen to join them on the dance floor. She accepted two or three from those that might be able to help her career down the road.

Depending on one’s perspective, it was either very late in the evening, or very early in the morning when Kathleen finally entered the limo for the short ride to her home. She had removed her shoes, and was trying to rub the circulation back into her tired feet, and some of the pain away. The limo stopped in front of her newly-acquired home in the hills above the city. Kathleen stepped from the limo and headed for the front door, which was opened for her. Once inside, she dropped her bejeweled clutch onto a waiting table, and headed for the winding staircase and her master bedroom.

In the sanctuary of her room, Kathleen gently sat down at her dressing table. First to come off were the earrings and necklace which were returned to the lockbox in her vanity. Next were the gloves, much to her relief. She hated wearing them, but she had to admit they did have their function. She then stood and pulled the zipper down. It was hidden in the seam of her gown. Due to its weight, it fell right off in a heap at her feet. Kathleen then

bent over and grabbed the dress by its thin spaghetti straps, and hung it on the stand next to the vanity. She next carefully removed the glued-on breast lifts, one at a time. Although her breasts were still as perky as a twenty something's, she needed the support. She took a long gaze at the image reflected in the full-length mirror. "Not bad for an old gal," she thought, and giggled to herself. Kathleen stood there in just a pair of pantyhose, very expensive, but pantyhose all the same, and the briefest pair of thong panties she could find. There would be no VPL's in the tabloid photos for her.

Once they were removed, only one piece of clothing was left; it too was glued into place. Very gingerly, she lifted the edges until it finally released its death grip on her skin. She quickly headed for the bathroom. "So much to drink and nowhere to go," she thought. With the commode business completed, Kathleen slipped on a pair of nylon panties and a matching short nightgown.

She loosened her hair clips and allowed her long locks to fall onto her shoulders and down her back. For as long as she had had long hair, she always loved the tickling feeling her hair gave her on her neck; it made her shudder just a bit. She next creamed her face, removing all the make-up that had been so carefully applied. After a quick once over with the toothbrush, Kathleen pulled the covers down on her bed and slid onto the cool softness of the satin sheets.

Although it had been more than a full day, one that had began very early yesterday morning, Kathleen had difficulty getting to sleep. All of the events of the previous evening flashed through her mind. One in particular seemed to dominate, that of her view of a sexy young co-star from her most recent endeavor. Her firm body, the sheen of her lovely skin, and the fragrance of her designer perfume filled her senses. But before she could shake the image from her mind, Kathleen felt the growing wet spot on the front of her panties, which told her she still had it, thankfully. Her hand snuck down the front of her gown, then her briefs, where she found her old friend, and slowly began to stroke him to his full potential. She closed her eyes and pictured Susan in a most reveling pose. It didn't take long before she had to run to the bathroom and change her panties. But it was well worth the effort.

Kevin answered the phone on the second ring. "Good afternoon. Miss Kathleen's residence," he said, in a most feminine voice.

"Hello. This is Mr. William Foster. Is she awake yet?" the caller asked gruffly

"Yes sir, Mr. Foster. I heard her begin to move around a short time ago. Would you like me to check for you?" Kevin said.

"No. Just have her call my office at her earliest convenience," Mr. Foster replied.

Kevin could have heard the sarcasm from across a crowded room. "Yes sir, I will do just that," Kevin said but the phone line was already dead.

Kevin smiled, as he replaced the receiver. Once again, he heard Ms. Kathleen stir in her room. Cautiously, he minced his way up the stairs, very aware that his very short skirt and petticoats had a lovely bounce to them and skimmed across his smooth legs with each step. He also knew quite well that the ruffled panties he wore each day were quite visible from just about any angle. These thoughts made him blush with excitement. When he

reached the master bedroom door, Kevin gave a gentle tap with his smooth, smallish hands that sported bright pink polish on each finger.

“Yes Kevin, you may enter,” Ms. Kathleen said softly. After entering, Kevin dipped into a nice curtsy, and relayed the message from Mr. Foster. “Thank you. But I think before I take any calls, please have Thomas whip up a light snack and some coffee,” she stated.

Kevin again curtsied deeply and said, “Yes Miss. I will tell him directly.” With that, he turned and left the room, but not before Kathleen had gotten a nice view of his ruffle-covered bottom. He headed for the kitchen to tell Thomas of the Mistress’s request.

Kathleen watched Kevin leave from her seat in the sitting area of her room. She had just stepped from the bath, had dried herself, before putting lotion on her skin. It soaked right in, as the hot lights from the night before had a tendency to dry out the skin. She then slipped on a light sundress and bikini panties. As she was prone to do, Kathleen stared out her bedroom windows at the world just outside of her gated mansion. She then heard another soft knock. Thomas entered, carrying a small tray and silver coffee urn. He placed the tray onto a bedside table, before dipping into a curtsy. Thomas had a preference for longer skirts, but still wore a uniform, and a very white apron he had tied in the back with a large stylish bow.

“I fixed some of your favorite fruits and, of course, your blend of roasted coffee, Miss,” he said, not looking at the Mistress.

“Thank you, Thomas. Have you started to develop a menu for my party next week?” she queried.

“Yes, madam. It’s nearly finished. I shall order the makings a few days before the event, to assure freshness, Miss,” he answered.

“Once again, thank you. That should be all for now,” she said, as she dismissed him. He curtsied again, and left the room silently.

Kathleen sat by the pool, watching the water shimmer before her. She was lost in thought as she looked back over her life and how she had gotten to where she was now. Kathleen had been born a boy to a single mom in a small Midwest town. She had begrudgingly named him Eric. His mother had been told that she was carrying a girl, and was thrilled. She had decorated a small nursery for a girl, and had bought clothes for a girl as well. When Eric was delivered and she was told he was a boy, she was heartbroken. After bringing him home from the hospital, she was determined to have a girl, so that is how he was raised, as a girl until he was school age. His mother moved to a new city, where everyone knew them as mother and daughter.

Just before school was to start, Eric became quite ill and had to be hospitalized. During a physical examination, it was discovered that he was really a girl. The authorities were contacted, and Eric was placed into foster care. Eric didn’t see his mother until much later in life. From the time he was put into a foster family, he was brought up to be a boy. But the seeds of gender identity had already been planted. Even with his “boy plumbing,” Eric considered himself to be a girl, and tried to maintain that identity. The foster family soon had him in counseling for the gender disorder. The therapist was not sympathetic to Eric and tried very hard to get him into a more conventional lifestyle.

Internally, Eric rebelled against convention, but outwardly he consented to the change. Eric was a smart child. He knew instinctively that he would have to wait until much later in life to live as he wished. As school progressed, Eric had no desire to play sports of any type, even with the encouragement of his foster father. Eric never really filled out physically as a male. What Eric discovered, once he had reached high school, was the theater arts program. He was a natural, and quickly became a leading character in most school plays and programs. In 11th grade, just prior to the big performance, the female lead became ill. Eric was asked to fill in for the performance. It took very little prompting by the drama teacher to convince him. His parents were not consulted and had no clue that the request had been made. In preparation, Eric went all out with makeup, clothes, even mannerisms. Not only did the department of theater arts love what he had accomplished, but one of the other students had a father who was a well-known talent agent. He was in the audience for the first performance. Eric had even gone as far as giving himself the stage name of Kathleen Kelly. That was the first time the world saw Kathleen, but it wouldn't be the last.

Because of the unique look he brought to the table, Eric/Kathleen was in great demand. As an actor, he/she could play a variety of roles, from very young to someone much older. And what had begun as small parts grew into starring roles almost overnight. By the time Eric graduated from high school, he was making thousands of dollars a year; as soon as he turned 18, he was offered more and more. But the requests were for Kathleen, not Eric. At this point Eric ceased to exist; he started to live his life as Kathleen, full time.

Kathleen's roles moved from television to the big screen. The offers began to pile up in her agent's office; she would stop by to look through them at least once a week. During one visit, by chance, she came across a role that seemed tailored for her. It was an independent film, so the money wasn't great, but the exposure was. She spent several months shooting the film before coming home. Even before the film's premier, the award buzz was rampant. She garnered a nomination for her work. This would be her first time down the red carpet, but not her last.

The outfit she chose for that night quickly became the talk of the town. The gown, makeup, and hair were a throwback to the glory days of the film business. She began to receive offers for magazine covers, as well as makeup and fashion lines; a perfume company developed a fragrance just for her. Before long, Kathleen could pick and choose her parts and was rewarded quite handsomely.

It was then that she purchased the mansion that she now lived in. Initially, a more conventional staff was hired; maids, cook, chauffeur, and personal assistant. As time passed, however, Kathleen found it more and more difficult to hide her true gender. She was nearly caught with her panties down on more than a few instances. It was then that Kathleen stumbled upon the perfect solution. She had been receiving fan mail from submissive men offering her their services. In return, they would be allowed to dress the part. Kevin was the first to be interviewed. Kathleen did this personally, in as much privacy as she could muster. She knew exactly the type she wanted to work for her. Kevin would indeed be the perfect maid. He was on the small side and had a natural feminine voice. His life's dream was to become the personal maid to a woman of substance. That not only would provide employment, but would allow him to spend the rest of his life in skirts, petticoats, and heels.

Kathleen was about as far from a dominant personality as possible but with Kevin, and later Thomas, she would be able to be free about herself, without the fear of discovery and negative publicity. The wrong news report could end her career as a leading lady, and she didn't want to risk it. But by fostering the perfect pact with these two submissive men, things just might work out. Kathleen took a leap of faith and hired Kevin. She took him to a fetish shop and purchased several maids outfits for him, as well as all the trimmings. Kevin was in tears as she explained the terms of his employment and service. He nearly threw himself on the floor and kissed her shoes, he was so appreciative.

First, there would be a test for Kevin. After several weeks, Kathleen called him into her bedroom. She made up an imaginary incident. She began to act very angry and told him that she had made a mistake, and should fire him on the spot. But he had a choice. Either accept the punishment for the incident, or join the unemployment line. Kevin chose to take whatever punishment she had in mind. He was soon over her lap with his skirts and petticoats up and ruffled panties down to his knees. She began to redden his bottom but good. Unexpectedly, this also had an unexpected effect on Kathleen. She got very turned on, to the point of nearly moistening her own panties. Kathleen had outed herself, as Kevin realized what had been poking him as he was being spanked. Kevin confessed to knowing her secret, and vowed his undying love for her. He would keep her secret with him until he was in the grave. Similar circumstances occurred with Thomas as well, with nearly identical results. Kevin and Thomas had been working for Kathleen for several years now.

Kathleen had made the decision to increase the size of her staff, after asking both Kevin and Thomas for their input. She wanted at least one more maid to help Kevin, and an assistant cook to help Thomas. She then retired to her office, where she kept files on possible additions to her staff. She read quite a few letters before settling on two applicants for each position. She contacted the men and asked if they were still interested in working for her. All said yes, very emphatically. So she arranged for the interviews to begin in a couple of days. She double checked with her current employees to ask if they were still okay with adding to the staff. Besides wanting the help, they both thought that having more submissive men around might add a little spice to the house.

The first to be interviewed was a slight man by the name of David. Kathleen was immediately impressed by his small stature, natural feminine features, and very quiet demeanor. He could hardly look up into her face during the entire interview. She explained what the position was, and what type of uniform he would be required to wear. Blushing deeply, he quickly agreed to all the duties without question. Kathleen tried a slightly different approach with David. Instead of making requests, she issued orders.

Firstly, she told him to stand, which he did very quickly. She then told him to strip down to his underwear. He began to protest, but Kathleen stood up behind her desk, menacingly. He complied with her request. She then saw why he was hesitant in his reaction. Under his pants he wore bright pink, nylon panties. She could also see that there was a growing wet spot on the front of them. She returned to her chair, scooted it back, then ordered him to her lap. The blush deepened across his face as he lay down across her knees.

"I need to impress on you the hierarchy here at the manor. There are rules, and I need to know if I have your full cooperation. Not only am I the mistress of this place, as you know, I am a movie star," Kathleen said, as she brought her hand down firmly on David's

panty covered fanny. "There are, as you might guess, many secrets behind these walls. You will be expected to sign a confidentiality agreement," she continued with quick slaps to his reddening bottom. Soon he could no longer hold back the tears and began to sob openly. As soon as she heard the whimpering, Kathleen stopped the spanking and helped him onto his feet. At some point during the spanking, David had made a large mess in his panties and on her short skirt.

Kathleen stood, and in full view of a sniffing David, removed her skirt. Her true gender was very obvious, as the bulge in her panties was quite apparent. "This is one of the most closely guarded secrets of this house," she said, as she touched the front of her panties. "Knowing this, do you still wish to work here?" she asked. His tear-streaked face brightened, as he readily agreed. She had him sign papers, contracts, and agreements. He could barely hold the pen, his excitement was so great.

"For the rest of today, you will shadow Kevin and see how things are done here. Then tonight, you'll be taken to a private seamstress where you will be measured, and have uniforms made just for you." David excitedly said that she would be very proud of his work and that it was an honor to work for her. "Just to let you know, if at any time I am displeased by your appearance, or the quality of your work, I will personally handle your punishment. Is that clear?" she asked firmly. David again blushed, but acknowledged her warning, before he was allowed to leave her office, in the company of Kevin.

After he was gone, Kathleen sat back in her plush oversized chair, and considered just how things were working out. Not only was her acting career skyrocketing, but the people she had surrounded herself with were both loving and loyal. The only thing missing from her life was that personal touch of someone special. Oh, she had many dates, and never wanted for one. All she had to do was make a phone call and some of the biggest names in the business would be at her beck and call. But she always felt like she was eye candy more than anything else. Not like she was worthy of getting to know. She wanted a real friend, someone to bring home and spend hours in bed with, so the paparazzi would have something to put her in the rags with. She realized she was in her thirties, and her time to shine was gradually running out. But for now, she had other things on her mind to keep her entertained.

The next interview both shocked and surprised Kathleen. Michael was escorted into the office by Kevin, where he took a seat in front of Kathleen's massive desk. Kevin had a wide smile and it took nearly all of his self control to keep from breaking out in laughter. Compared to the rest of the staff, Michael was huge. At more than 6 feet tall, and weighing in excess of 250 pounds, he dwarfed the entire household. Kathleen, too, had to stifle a giggle as she looked upon this mild mannered giant.

The more Kathleen observed Michael, the more she realized that there was something interesting to see. He may have been large, but his mannerisms were perfectly feminine. The way he extended his hand in a greeting, the way he gently sat with his knees close together, and that he folded his hands and placed them in his lap, were all quite ladylike. "Michael, please tell me why you have applied for the cook's assistant position? Your characteristics seem just a little out of place for this location," she said.

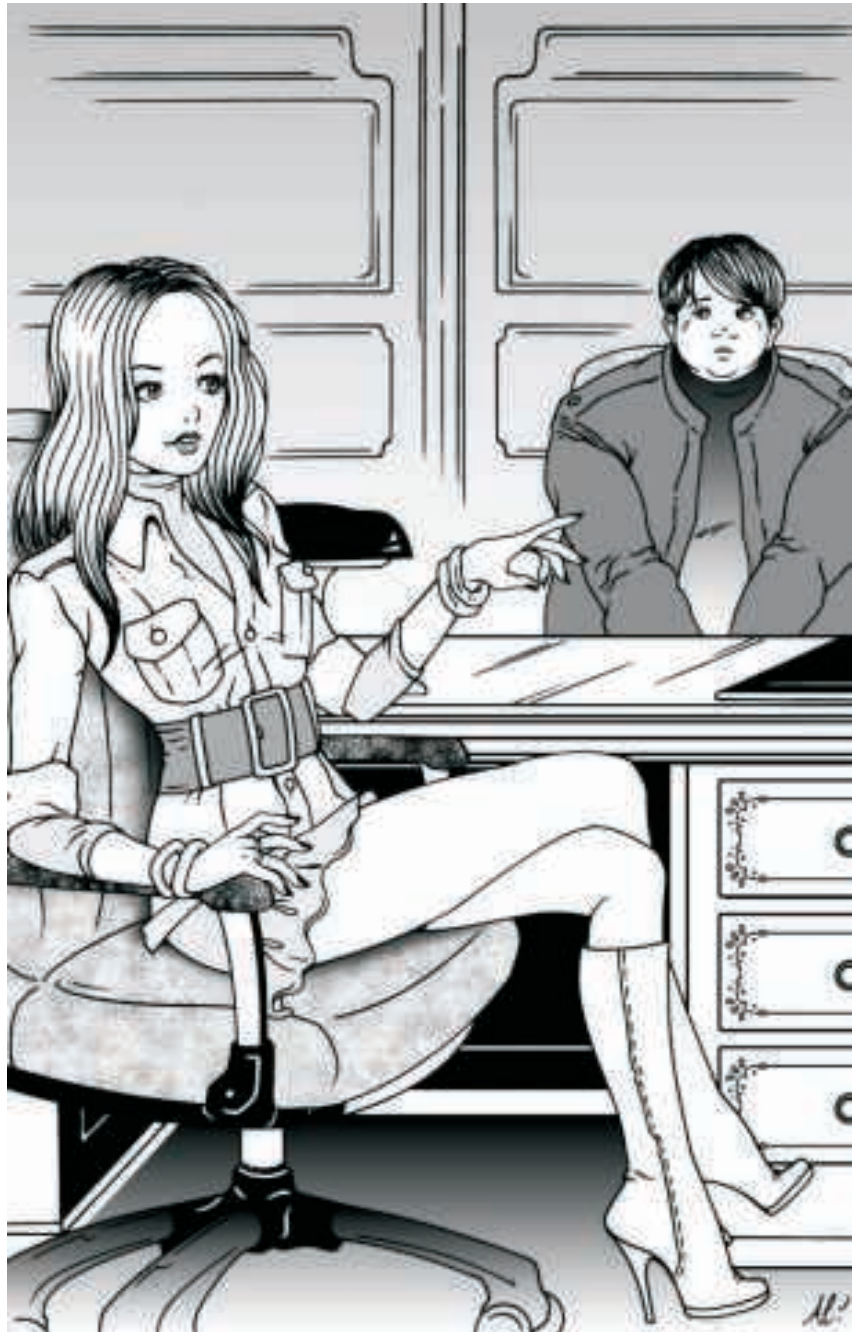
Michael cleared his throat and began to speak with a very feminine tone to his voice. "Oh Miss Kelly, I have been a big fan for so long. After I graduated from cooking school, I just knew that if the opportunity arose, I would do all I could to work for you," he replied.

Kathleen sat back and thought for a moment. "As you must have seen, all my staff dresses in a very ladylike manner. Do you think that this would be a problem for a man as large as you?" she asked.

"Not at all, madam. As you probably have already guessed, I am a submissive and I love women's fashions. I have dressed in the privacy of my home for many years, so that dressing for work would not be an issue," Michael responded.

Thoughtful once more, Kathleen turned a critical eye towards Michael, as she tried to picture him dressed like the rest of the staff. "I don't know how it would turn out, but I'll take a chance and hire you. Please stand and remove your clothes for me," Kathleen ordered. Without hesitation, Michael rose from his chair, and was down to his pretty panties which had rows of delicate lace. As with David, Kathleen let Michael know who the Mistress of the house was. He did fit over her lap, and soon he had a distinct redness and heat about his bottom. "When Thomas arrives, I would like you to go with him and show him that you know your way around a kitchen. I would also like you to make me your specialty for my evening meal tonight. Is that all clear Michael?" she asked.

"Yes Miss Kathleen, quite clear," he replied, with his cheeks tear-stained and red. But he did have a smile on his face as he replaced his shirt and pants. Thomas was



called to her office, where he collected Michael, and they both made their way to the kitchen.

For dinner that night, Michael prepared a most delicious vegetarian stew and fresh bread. Thomas told Kathleen that Michael was a wonderful cook, and would be a nice addition to the staff. Kathleen began to think. "I have a party in just a little more than a week; all my staff still has men's names, but dress as females. "I must change that," she thought. She gathered all her staff, both old and new. "I think we should come up with female names for everyone. Until I can get the names changed legally, the only time you will use your male name is when you cash a check. This way we all can get used to how to address each other. What do you all think of that solution?" she asked the group.

Thomas was the first to speak up. "I've always been partial to the name Linda. Would that be okay with you?" he asked Kathleen.

"Linda it is," she replied. Kathleen then looked to Kevin. "And for you?" she inquired.

"I like Nancy. But you could use Nan for short," he answered.

"So be it," Kathleen smiled.

Michael then raised his large hand. "I would like my female name to be Michelle," he declared.

"That's not much of a stretch from Michael, but I think that it fits you," Kathleen then said. "Well, that's three, and for you?" she asked, looking at David. He was blushing fiercely.

"I've never much thought about it, would you pick a female name for me?" he stut-tered.

"I would be honored. I think that you would make a lovely Debbie. Do you like it?" she asked. David smiled, and agreed with Kathleen.

"Okay. From now on, only use your feminine names when addressing each other and I'll work with my lawyers on something more permanent," Kathleen said before dismissing her new girls.

Part 2

Linda and Michelle had spent the better part of two days preparing the food for the upcoming party. Finger foods, snacks, dinner, and dessert were all made in advance. Kathleen was quite impressed with the amount of food that they had made. Everything was just marvelous. Nancy and Debbie also did a wonderful job. Everything was spotless, dust free, shined to perfection. The floors could rival a still lake. One could almost eat off the bathroom surfaces. Kathleen was thrilled, and planned on handing out large bonuses for all of their hard work. Her mansion had never looked so great. She had hired a landscape crew to do the outsides, which also turned out beautiful.

The morning before the party, Nancy came to Kathleen. "I am so sorry to bother you, Miss Kathleen," she said after a proper curtsy.

"What is it?" Kathleen asked.

"I think that Debbie is somehow convinced that you're dissatisfied with her, or her work. Could you speak to her? I know it would mean a lot," she asked.

"Of course I will. Why do you think she feels this way?" Kathleen asked.

"May I be honest, madam?" Nancy said.

"Of course, Nancy. I would hope that after all this time, you would always feel comfortable telling me anything," Kathleen replied.

"I think she needs a good spanking every once in awhile, and you haven't even tapped her bottom in play. I really think that she needs it as some sort of positive affirmation," Nancy finished, blushing brightly as she did.

"I think that maybe you're right, if our initial interview is any indication. When you see her, please send her in to see me," Kathleen said. Nancy curtsied once more, and was out the door. Not two minutes later, she heard a soft knock that barely could be heard. "Come in Debbie, and please shut the door behind you," Kathleen said sternly.

Debbie stepped into the room and promptly closed the door. "You sent for me?" Debbie inquired.

"Are you that unhappy here that you don't show me any respect?" Kathleen asked in a faux angry voice.

"No madam, not at all. I love working for you," Debbie stumbled out, as her cheeks began to glow. Kathleen turned on the seat of her vanity, and motioned for Debbie to stand by her. Debbie did as requested and added a deep curtsy as she stood there. Kathleen could see a light sweat begin to form on Debbie's forehead and upper lip. "I was very pleased with the work Nancy and you did on the cleanliness of the mansion. What I don't like to see is someone who is so unhappy that they can't manage even a weak smile or two," Kathleen said as she invited Debbie onto her lap. Debbie did so, as she gently moved the petticoats and skirt away.

"I think you need to be reminded that you love working here, and should always have a smile on that pretty face of yours. I want you over my knees. This instant," she demanded. Kathleen could feel Debbie's legs begin to shake, as she complied with the order. "Now, whenever you are in my home, I want to see you happy," Kathleen said as she moved the stiff petticoats and skirt up and out of the way. As she looked down, she could see the ruffled panties as they stretched across Debbie's firm behind. Debbie jumped as Kathleen only laid a hand on her rump. The feel of the silky material was always a turn-on for Kathleen, but since her first interview with Debbie, she had always worn a panty liner. Not only to catch any of her excitement, but also to disguise her less than ladylike parts. Kathleen kept quiet, as she paddled Debbie's ripe bottom. After an adequate amount of smacks had been issued, she had Debbie stand and straighten her uniform. She then made Debbie promise to let her know if she was feeling sad so Kathleen could do something about it. Debbie curtsied once again as she left the bedroom, with a wide smile under a tear-streaked face.

It was early afternoon and all was ready and prepared for the upcoming onslaught. The party would begin in just a few hours. The fact that word about the party had leaked

out would bring every photographer from miles around to Kathleen's front gate. Even with the local police and a private security company, the crowd would be several feet thick. The public, it seemed, had the need to see just who was coming to this shindig. Someone was sure to crash the event, so Kathleen was vigilant as to whom she spoke to. She had had many of these parties before, and tried to take as much of the complication as possible into consideration.

The staff was all shined up. Both Nancy and Debbie had new uniforms, and looked very proper. The uniforms remained quite skimpy. Linda and Michelle also had new uniforms, but theirs were more conventional. The lingerie they wore under those simple uniforms was not. Black lacy bras were filled with the newest high-tech breast forms, silky brief panties, as well as garter belts and seamed stockings were worn. With the amount of time they would be spending in the kitchen, heels were not practical, but wedge service shoes seemed to fit the bill.

Nancy was assigned the task of answering the door, as well as greeting each guest as they entered. Debbie walked through the throng of people at the entrance with a cart of finger foods and snacks. A very pretty woman was hired and dressed in a similar fashion, to act as bartender, to serve mixed drinks, wine and of course, Champagne. Debbie would spend most of the party with a deep blush as hand after hand would sneak up her short skirt for a quick feel or a gentle pinch, especially when she was bent over, serving a guest. One over-the-hill star even cornered her and tried his best to avail himself of her rear, but Debbie was just a little faster than he was.

A small band played on one of the many rear balconies and the music was piped thru-out the mansion. By early evening, there were more than 200 people in attendance, with even more arriving. Kathleen could look down from her bedroom window and watch each limo as it made the winding journey from the front entrance to her property to deposit its contents at her massive front doors. She could barely make out the crowd at the gate. She saw the police and the security people doing their jobs, but flash after flash, the photographers tried their very best to capture that one magical image they could sell to the tabloids.

Kathleen turned from her window and began to dress for the party. It was suppose to be a casual affair, but that just wouldn't do for tonight. It began with a royal blue cocktail-length dress. It was strapless of course, with the hem line just above her knees. Matching three-inch leather pumps were the perfect accessory. Her hair had been pulled back into a French braid which exposed her delicate features. What little jewelry she wore was elegant and simple. Not cheap by any measure, just not as over-the-top as she was used to. It consisted of a sapphire necklace hanging on a thin silver chain, a diamond cut watch, both gold and silver rings and, finally, diamond studs. She checked her makeup one last time before entering the crowd. Kathleen smiled to herself, took a deep breath, and headed for the party downstairs.

The grand spiral staircase wound its way from the second floor down to the first, where it terminated at a sculptured marble entry. Slowly, placing one foot in front of the other, Kathleen made her way to the foyer of her mansion. Most of the attendees stopped what they were doing and watched her descend. The party goers began to clap, as she waved her acknowledgment of those waiting at the bottom of the staircase. She was the

most glamorous woman there, by most people's judgment. Kathleen greeted everyone personally and thanked them for coming.

As Kathleen made her way into the party, she passed Debbie, whom she gave a little love tap on the bottom without a word. Debbie blushed and dipped into a slight curtsy. Kathleen made it to the bar and ordered a glass of the golden nectar. At every turn, she was complimented, over and over, for her most recent award, her taste in clothes, and on the house staff she had hired. It seemed like Nancy, Debbie, Linda, and Michelle all had made quite an impression. Kathleen was asked countless times where she had found the staff and would she consider parting with any one of them. Of course all offers were graciously rejected.

While standing near the bar, Kathleen felt a warm, soft hand on her elbow. She turned, only to come face to face with that dazzling creature, Susan, for whom she had such an attraction. Susan was about the same height and weight as Kathleen, but the proportions of her figure were somewhat different. Susan's bust line was much smaller, as was her waistline, but her hips widened more and her rear end was much more ample than Kathleen's. She was wearing a simple, long-sleeved white silk blouse, with the top several buttons undone, showing her taste in lingerie which rivaled even Kathleen's, as well as the expanse of her cleavage. The blouse was tucked into a short, black leather mini-skirt, and she sported smoky grey stockings and black, thigh-high boots that had spiked heels. Kathleen thought that Susan's outfit was somewhere between ultra glam and street trash, but she was still smitten by this mysterious woman.

The two stood very close together and made small talk while a never ending line of admirers constantly interrupted the conversation. Kathleen could still feel the heat and sexual tension radiated by Susan. If she hadn't worn protection, Kathleen was sure that her excitement would have become public knowledge by now. One director asked Kathleen if she had seen the latest script that he had sent to her agent. Kathleen told him that she was still in the process of reading; she turned, only to find that her connection to Susan was gone. She was no longer at her side. This development distressed Kathleen to no end. She looked over the crowd, hoping to catch another glimpse, but it was not to be. Susan had vanished as quickly as she had appeared, just as she had done the first time Kathleen had seen her.

Although the party was a big success, Kathleen felt very down. Once the last guest had left very early the morning, Kathleen complimented all of her girls, then headed for her room, slowly ascending the stairs. When Kathleen closed her bedroom door, she noticed a familiar aroma immediately. She knew the aroma, but just couldn't place where she had run into it before. She walked to the vanity area of her expansive master suite, then stopped cold. There on her vanity bench was Susan, in the flesh. Gone were the blouse and the skirt. To Kathleen, she looked even better in just her lingerie and high boots. On the vanity was an ice bucket with a bottle of champagne chilling and two glasses half-full of the bubbly. Susan was sitting there, one leg over the other, with a devious grin spread across her face. Kathleen matched that smile with one of her own.

"Well, it took you long enough," Susan purred. "I have been waiting here for some time. I thought that I would get comfy while I waited." Kathleen was not used to being on

the submissive side of a relationship. She always took control and worked to keep it that way.

"I had to see the last guest out. I wouldn't be much of a hostess if I didn't, wouldn't you say?" she stuttered back, just a bit.

Susan smiled. "I guess not. Care to join me in a night cap?" she asked a blushing Kathleen, who tried to get back to an even keel with the dominant woman sitting so sexily before her. She was not very successful, as Susan had a subtle way of keeping Kathleen off balance.

Susan then patted the bench beside her as an invitation to join her. Kathleen could see not only the lacy bra but the matching panties and garter belt that held up those smoky stockings. Kathleen moved to the bench, smiled, then gently sat down. "Hi Kathleen, I've been a big fan of yours from way back," Susan whispered, sending chills down Kathleen's spine. "In fact, since your first play in high school." Kathleen was shocked and speechless.

"You knew me back then?" asked.

"Of course, but we both looked much different then. Don't you agree, Eric?"

Kathleen didn't know how to respond, so she just looked at Susan, trying desperately to see who she really was. Was she a girl in the drama class, or was she someone Eric had known from elsewhere? But before she went completely crazy, Susan shared the information that ended the mystery.

"Don't worry, love. Back then, my name was Richard. I saw every performance you gave, after you filled in for the female lead that first time. From then to now, you have been my inspiration and role model. I got a bit part in that movie we did together, just to be around you," Susan continued.

When Kathleen tried to say something, Susan put two slender well-manicured fingers to her lips to quiet her. "Yes my dear, I know your secret. I have the same secret as well. I have been on a hormone treatment plan for years now. It began right after high school. With the help of a good diet and proper exercise, I now have this wonderful body. Maybe someday I'll need a few nips and tucks, and a boost here and there, but I have become what I have always dreamed of."

Susan grabbed Kathleen's hand in her own and looked deeply into her eyes. "I have been in love with you since high school, and I have worked my contacts very hard just to be around you. Now that I am here, nothing will ever come between us," she said. She then leaned toward Kathleen and began to gently kiss her lips, cheek, and neck. Kathleen melted into Susan's arms. When Susan stood up, Kathleen tried to see if there was any evidence of what used to be Richard, but she couldn't. She was either post-op or did a really good job of "tucking."

Susan pulled Kathleen to the side of her bed and began to undress her. First to come off was the dress, then the bra was removed and promptly deposited on the floor. Susan cupped one breast in her warm hand, while kissing and sucking on the other. Kathleen began to feel faint from the pleasure and sat down on her bed. Susan soon lay next to her. Susan worked on the other breast as her free hand traveled south, onto Kathleen's silky

briefs. Kathleen then felt smooth fingers slide under the waistband, onto the protection Kathleen had started to wear, finally stopping at her excited member.

Meanwhile, Kathleen had pulled Susan up and was kissing her new lover, as she removed Susan's bra. But Susan was single-minded. She wanted Kathleen and nothing was going to get in her way. Forcefully, she pushed Kathleen onto her back and began a journey towards Kathleen's obvious excitement. Kathleen found that her panties were now down to her knees; Susan started to pleasure her in earnest. Their pulses raced and their breathing was labored. Before long, Susan was rewarded with what she had desired for so many years. But as soon as she had caught her breath, Kathleen was now the dominant.



Susan found herself in the same position she had just put Kathleen in, with the same results. Once everything had calmed down, they lay in each other's arms.

"I had hoped you would be pleased," Susan said quietly. "I just want you to understand that I am not some stalker and that the feelings that I have for you are real. You're much more than just a fantasy for me. Like everyone else, I want love and romance but most of all, I want respect." Kathleen wanted the same things from a lover and life partner.

"I feel as you do," Kathleen replied. "But I would like to take things slowly, for both of our sakes, not just our secrets. I too want to romance and be romanced, get to know who you really are and have you know the real me, not what you might read in those awful rags," Kathleen added.

"The same goes for me, my love," Susan said. They snuggled up together, and fell into a deep sleep.

Several days later, Kathleen received an urgent call from her agent. One of the biggest producers in the business had called. He was quite upset that Kathleen hadn't returned several phone calls; he had a juicy role for her to play. After talking with her agent, she called Mr. Big, one William Foster. After a short wait, Mr. Foster answered the phone himself.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Foster. My staff has given me your many messages, but there is so much going on around me right now, I simply forgot. Will you please forgive me?" she asked in the sweetest tone she knew.

"Nothing to forgive, and please call me Bill," he replied.

"Thank you, Bill. Now, what is it you had in mind? My agent said you had the perfect part for me to play," she quizzed.

"How about we get together and discuss it over dinner and a drink?" he answered.

"Oh, that would be lovely. Just tell when and where, and it'll be a date," Kathleen said.

"How about if I send my limo over there tomorrow, let's say around 6 PM. Is that a good time for you?" Bill asked.

"That sounds just fine. I'll be waiting," she purred.

Promptly at 6 PM the next afternoon, a limo pulled to the large gates and buzzed for entry. It made its way up the long driveway and parked at Kathleen's front door. Kathleen was ready well before the date, so she simply had to walk out to the limo for the ride to her date with Bill Foster. When she got in the car, she found a dozen red roses with her name on the wrapper sitting in the rear seat. The chauffeur closed the door and smoothly pulled into traffic, then onto the freeway. Much like Kathleen, Mr. Foster enjoyed the opulence of his position. His manor was much larger than hers and more secluded. The driver remotely opened the gates and gently rolled up to the house. The door was opened for her and she exited the long black vehicle. After shutting the door behind her, he rushed around to move the car into the garage.

Kathleen enjoyed the architecture and furnishing of the entry, it was pure luxury. She observed cultured marble, cut glass, and deep velvets everywhere she looked. A maid greeted her and took her clutch and stole, leaving her wearing a bright yellow long-sleeved, silky blouse, a short pleated skirt in ebony black, and three-inch pumps. Tall doors opened just to the right side of the entry and Bill Foster stepped out to greet his solo guest. With a smile and extended hand, Kathleen walked towards this older, very distinguished gentleman. She heard her spike heels click on the marble flooring. "So nice to meet you Bill, I've heard many good things about you," she said, as she shook his warm and large hand. She could tell right away that he was a man of substance. Smooth tanned skin, manicured nails, and just the right amount of jewelry for a man.

"The pleasure is all mine," he said after kissing her lightly on the back of her hand, and then showed her into the opulent study.

Bill congratulated Kathleen on her award before asking Kathleen if she would like a quick tour of his place before the meal was served. Bill showed her around most of the first floor, before ending at the expansive dining room. The meal was served in several courses, all completed before the brandy was served. Both took their glasses, made their

way back to Bill's study, and on to the business of the evening. "I've come onto a long-running story that I think would make for a great trilogy. It's about an average housewife who is also a secret double agent. When I looked at the initial screenplay, I immediately thought of you. Sound interesting?" he asked.

"I'd like to read it first, but the premise does sound intriguing," she replied.

"Great. How about a refill on that drink, and I can show you the rest of my humble abode," he offered.

"If you don't mind, I think I'll have a glass of white wine, thank you," she requested. He got up from behind a massive cherry wood desk and pushed a small button that was hidden on the wall; it opened a fully stocked and mirrored bar. He went to a wine chiller and poured her a glass of his private reserve. Bill handed the glass to Kathleen and offered her an arm. She gracefully rose, straightened her skirt, and accepted the offer.

It took some time for Bill to show Kathleen the remainder of his home, before returning to a sitting room just off the dining room. They made some small talk, then began discussing the movie he wanted Kathleen to star in. "There is just a little something I wish to discuss with you," Bill said, in a serious tone. He reached to a table that sat by his chair, and pulled out a manila envelope. After he opened it, he began quietly thumbing through each page. From her view point, she couldn't see what he was reading, only that the paper was about 8x10 inches in size and had a white back. When he had looked through all the pages, he replaced them in the envelope, then handed them to Kathleen. She pulled the paper out and could feel herself pale. They were photos of her and Susan in her bedroom.

There were dozens, showing just how much fun that they had together. On many, the secret that Kathleen had been keeping for all these years was right there for all to see. "Where did you get these?" she asked, shaken.

"When one has money, my dear, one can buy just about anything and everything," he responded. "I was contacted by a photographer who had a very powerful telephoto lens. I was able to negotiate a reasonable price for all the pictures and their negatives."

Some color had flowed back into Kathleen's cheeks. "Just how much is it going to cost me to keep them out of the public view?" she asked.

Bill smiled in a way that made her skin begin to crawl. "I've given this a lot of thought," he said. "And I have many interests that no one even could guess about. How about a long weekend with just you, Susan, and I sound? Let's say from about 4 PM on a Friday afternoon, to early Monday morning at 6 AM. During that time, you both will be at my beck and call, and will do everything I order you to do, with no questions asked. If all goes well, you'll get all the photos and the negatives."

Kathleen could feel her temperature rise and her pulse begin to race even faster than before. She had heard many stories of Bill Foster and his casting couch, but he supposedly only chose young and impressionable starlets.

"I don't quite know. I am a little mystified and shocked at the moment," she retorted.

"Why don't you take a week or so to decide? Talk with Susan, then get back to me. Here is my cell phone number. I'll be the only one that will answer," he said as he handed Kathleen a business card with a written number on the back. The card simply read 'Bill.'

"Just remember, you have a week and no more. If I don't hear from you, the pictures will be mailed to every magazine I can think of," he said as he escorted a stunned Kathleen to the front door. He very gently kissed her hand, then called for the limo. "I really look forward to hearing from you. It should be fun," he laughed heartily.

"Maybe for you," she said under her breath. She didn't look back as she entered the limo and the door shut with a thud.

As soon as she got home, Kathleen was on the phone with Susan. "There is something that I need to discuss with you, but I don't want to do it over the phone. Can you come right over?" she asked.

"But of course. I should be there in just a few minutes. Are you alright?" Susan asked.

"I am just fine but we do need to talk," Kathleen said. She heard the line go dead, and in about 20 minutes, Susan was at the door. Kathleen had gone upstairs and looked out the window, as she tried to figure out where the pictures had been taken from. About a half-mile away was a small street. It had a perfect vantage point between two houses, and it looked directly into her room. She didn't see anyone with a camera, but she shut the blinds just the same. "How could I have been so reckless, this never should have happened," Kathleen thought, as she plopped down on the vanity bench. Both Nancy and Debbie tried to find out what was distressing their mistress so, but she wouldn't open up for either of them. She changed into a light house dress and low-heeled sandals, then went to her office. Once there, she poured herself a tall drink and waited for Susan to arrive, which



she did promptly. Kathleen thought that Susan must have broken every speed limit and run every light and stop sign to get there so quickly.

Nancy answered the door, invited Susan to enter, and escorted her to the Mistress' office. Once the double doors were closed, Susan said, "You sounded terrible on the phone, just what is so wrong?" she asked.

Kathleen took a long pull on her drink and looked directly at Susan before tears began to run down her face. "In all these years, I have been vigilant in protecting my secret. But the first time a pretty face comes by, I get careless, and I am now in deep trouble," Kathleen shared with Susan. "Please, don't get me wrong, as I don't lay any blame on you. It was my fault." Kathleen then shared her evening with Bill, and his so-called offer.

"Well, he is no more than a filthy pig. You're not seriously considering his blackmail threat, are you?" Susan asked.

"What else can I do? I have to protect my image, or my career is over. Very few people remember that I was once Eric. If this goes public, all this," Kathleen said as she waved her arms about, "is history. I am not getting any younger and soon enough the well that scripts come from will dry up." Susan considered what Kathleen was saying, and had to agree with her.

"If it had been just me, it would have been over and done with, but I have you to think about," Kathleen said as she began to sob once more. Susan moved to Kathleen's side, and put a comforting arm around her shoulders.

Once Kathleen had calmed down, she continued to apologize profusely to Susan for creating the whole mess. "Look, the way I see it, one weekend isn't a lifetime. Whatever he has in mind, we can handle it together," Susan said. Then, with a sly grin, she said, "Maybe if we are really smart about this, we can turn the tables on that pig. Would you like to do something like that?" she asked.

The positive attitude by Susan had an uplifting influence on the distraught Kathleen. She was even able to eke out a smile. "How are we going to get anything on Bill? He is way too smart for that," Kathleen asked.

"If what I have in my mind works, by the end of the weekend, you should have a new girl to put to work," Susan replied, why that sly smile.

"I am glad that you're on my side," Kathleen said with a giggle. The two thought up a plan to spring on Bill that very evening. Once all the details had been worked out, Kathleen called the number on the card she had been given. Bill answered on the first ring.

"Hi Bill, Kathleen Kelly here. I am sitting with Susan. After talking about it, we have decided to take you up on your most generous offer," she said, opening up the conversation.

"Wonderful. I know it will be a weekend to remember," Bill responded. "How about the weekend after next, does that give you enough time to prepare?" he asked.

"More than enough. Do you want us to drive over there, or are you going to send your limo?" she questioned.

“My limo of course, and don’t worry about clothes, as I will have everything that you’ll need. So it’s a date then?” Bill asked.

“Yes Bill, we all have a date for that weekend. Ta-ta for now. We will see you in a week or so,” Kathleen said, barely able to contain her giddiness. After the call ended, Kathleen needed to take a few deep breaths to calm her nerves. “Well, it’s all set. Where do we start?” she asked.

“Let me make some phone calls. Bill is not the only one with contacts, you know,” Susan said with that same sly grin. Kathleen was beginning to feel like her old self again. So much so that she began to make out with Susan, right there in the middle of her office. Kathleen made sure that the windows were closed, and the blinds drawn tightly.

Part 3

A few days after the phone call, Kathleen signed a long term, very lucrative contract with Bill’s production company. She would play the leading lady in an upcoming trilogy, sure to be a blockbuster. By the end of the contract, Kathleen and Susan would never have to work again, if they were so inclined. Bill’s lawyers and Kathleen’s agent did most of the work, as Bill complained that he was just too busy to bother with minor things like a contract. The women knew what he was referring to. Everything was now ready at their end, several days before their date with Bill. They were like two giggling school girls, and their love making was getting better and better every day.

They each had packed a small suitcase for the ‘date,’ with surprises neatly hidden away from prying eyes. That Friday morning, Kathleen called her house staff into her office for a private meeting. She told them about the weekend’s plans and why they were made. They all were aghast at the level that Bill had stooped to, just for a few nights of fun. “If all goes well this weekend, girls, we may have a new member to the staff. It will be our responsibility to train this girl in the right way of doing things. She may need plenty of discipline, but so be it. You all will have carte blanche in her training and transition. Any questions?” Kathleen asked, as she looked at each staff member. She could tell that Debbie had something on her mind.

Everyone was dismissed except for Debbie. Kathleen still thought she looked cute in her tiny maid’s outfit with its ruffled panties and three-inch heels. “Is there something you would like to say, Debbie?” Kathleen asked softly.

“First, I want you to know just how much I love working here, and working for you,” Debbie said as she looked down and began to stumble over her words. “I also know what type of girl that you want to be here.” Debbie was now blushing fiercely.

“Out with it, or you’ll find yourself over my knee,” Kathleen demanded.

Debbie dipped into a small curtsey. "I am so sorry, Madam. I would like to have the surgery to make me a functional woman but I don't want to stop working here either. I have come to love all the girls here, but especially Nancy. Can you help me?"

Kathleen stood up, came around her wide desk, and put a loving arm around Debbie's tiny and trembling waist. "Of course I will help you, if you want the surgery. It would be my pleasure to assist you. But I am becoming a little concerned. Are you and Nancy becoming an item?" she then asked.

"Yes, I guess we are. I want to be with Nancy more than anything, but I want to do it as a complete woman." Debbie blushed even deeper, if that was possible.

"What does Nancy think about all of this?" Kathleen asked.

"Oh, she would really like it. We've talked about it for weeks now," Debbie weakly answered.

"Well, after this weekend is over, the three of us will sit down and work something out. Do you two think you can wait that long?" she asked.

"Yes Madam, I am sure we can. Thank you so very much for listening," Debbie said as she curtsied and left the room. The excitement was written all over her pretty face.

Exactly at 6 PM, the door bell rang. Debbie answered it and admitted Bill's limo driver. He waited in the entry. That was where Kathleen and Susan had placed their small suitcases. "Mr. Foster said there were to be no bags, as he would provide all that you need," the driver said, forcefully. Debbie could tell right away that he was a man that was very used to intimidating others. Susan was coming down the stairs when she heard what the driver had said to Debbie.

"Mr. Foster may think he can meet all of a woman's needs but he is not a woman, therefore he has no idea what we will require. Now, put these bags in the trunk," Susan said with just as much authority. The driver flushed slightly but complied with Susan's demand. Once that task was completed, Kathleen and Susan were escorted to the limo and left for the weekend. The air was rich with anticipation and mystery, as the car traveled the streets of the city. Neither would admit to the other, but they both had butterflies.

The ride to the Foster manor was quiet and comfortable. The two women in the back seat said very little but held hands for the trip, from start to finish. Once they had arrived and their bags were brought up to the house, Bill appeared at the front door, where he invited his guests in.

"Your bags will be taken up to your assigned room, which I hope you find up to your standards," he said sarcastically. He then turned to the staff, and dismissed them for the weekend. Bill gave a smile with just a touch of evil in it. "Please come into the study and have a drink with me, before the weekend gets going in earnest," he invited the girls. Although he was being a gentleman, they both knew that whatever he had in mind for them would be fun only for him. They could feel the low opinion he had for women in the way he spoke to them.

Bill poured three glasses of very expensive whiskey, then handed each woman a glass. "A toast to a fun and exciting time that I am sure we will all remember," he said, raising

his glass. He swallowed the contents in one gulp. The women smiled at one another and finished their drink in more ladylike fashion.

After they had handed Bill the glasses, he said, "Will you please both go to your assigned rooms and change into the clothes provided? Kathleen, your room is the first door to the right. Susan, yours is just across the hall on the left. After changing, please join me in the game room. Its right over there," Bill pointed to a heavy oak door, just under the staircase. Both dipped into a nice curtsey, grabbed each other's hand, and walked up the stairs together. Bill watched as they reached the top of the stairs, where they passionately kissed and entered their rooms without looking down at a smiling Bill Foster. "This is going to be the most memorable weekend experience I've ever had," Bill thought to himself as he headed for the game room and another shot of whiskey.

After closing the door to her room, Kathleen saw her outfit. It consisted of a leather top and matching bikini panties in a rich black color, followed by a lacy garter belt, seamed stockings, and four-inch black leather pumps. "Doesn't leave much to the imagination," she thought, as she began to get undressed.

Susan found that her outfit was a ice white Merry Widow made of satin and lace, heavily boned, string panties, lace top thigh highs, and four-inch pumps, all in white as well. After she had put on the clothes that had been provided, Susan saw that her breasts were nearly under her chin, and that the cups exposed most of her dark brown nipples. Susan could only shake her head, as she thought, "Such a twisted mind. I hope he gets pleasure out of wearing these." She snickered to herself.

The two fluffed their hair, checked their makeup, stepped out of the doors and into the hallway. "Wow, you really look great," Susan said.

"Thanks," Kathleen said, as she gave Susan the once-over. "But I think I may have gone a different way." Both smiled.

"Later baby, just a little later," Susan replied, with a sly wink.

Carefully, hand-in-hand, the two women made their way slowly down the stairs and into the game room. The clicking sounds of their stiletto heels on the Italian marble floor echoed around the first floor and announced their arrival. They entered together and found that Bill too, had changed. He now wore an expensive velvet jacket with matching silk pajama bottoms and simple house slippers. He was sitting in an overstuffed leather chair, with a Cuban cigar in one hand and a glass of his expensive whiskey in the other. The only light in the room was a roaring fire in the grand fireplace. He motioned for them to come closer, which they did. "Very very nice, the both of you, I hope everything fits all right," he asked.

"Just perfect," Kathleen answered, with a little bit of sarcasm in her husky voice.

"Good. From this moment on, until Monday morning, you will do exactly what I say, no questions asked. Is that very clear?" he demanded.

"Yes sir," both women replied.

"I want you both to sit on the floor at my feet until I decide what is next," Bill said. Kathleen and Susan silently took their places, as ordered by Bill.

"I saw from the photos that you both seemed to enjoy a little of the submissive side. Is this true?" he asked. They both shook their heads yes. "I hoped so. That is something that I would like to see. Let's have Susan be the dominant and sweet Kathleen be the submissive. I want to see some of that nice hot sex between you two," Bill said, his voice somewhat strained. The two women looked at one another, lovingly, and began to seriously make out.

Kathleen lay on the floor, with her legs spread wide and Susan on top, between Kathleen's legs, being very aggressive with her kissing and touching.

"Not bad, but Susan needs to be more forceful. What is it you do when a house staff member steps out of line?" Bill asked.

"That person would find themselves over my lap with their panties down to their knees," Kathleen answered quickly, realizing too late that that was what Bill had on his dark mind. Soon enough, Kathleen and Susan realized that Bill must be impotent. Even with the skimpiness of the outfits, and their hot make out session, Bill remained flaccid. His only signs of excitement were a rapid pulse and labored breathing.

Begrudgingly, Susan placed Kathleen on all fours; she had dropped her panties down to her knees. She was gently giving Kathleen love taps on her bottom. "More, much more," Bill urged. "I want to see some red."

Susan apologized. Her strikes became harder and Kathleen's behind started to burn. Bill continued to smile wickedly as he had his hand down the front of his pajamas. Kathleen's face had turned as red as her rear was, but the mess on the floor told a different story. Submitting to Susan was a huge turn-on for Kathleen too, as was being the recipient of the sound spanking she was receiving.

Bill soon stopped the abuse. "Tomorrow, I want you girls to serve me breakfast in bed, wearing only the bras and panties I will give to you," Bill said. "Now, run upstairs, bathe and get some sleep. You both will need it." Susan helped Kathleen up and they went to their rooms. They showered and soon both were in their respective beds, just as Bill had wanted. It took some time for either of to fall asleep. The events of the evening were on the front of their minds.

Very early the next morning, both Kathleen and Susan were up, and started their plans to transform Mr. William Foster into something he never thought would be possible. He had had too much to drink the evening before so he never heard the two women enter his room. Kathleen had a syringe with a sedative in it and Susan carried the one filled with a high dose of female hormones. Carefully, they lowered his pajama bottoms and injected the sedative. He never moved a muscle. After waiting for a few minutes to assure he was in the drugged state, the first of many shots was put into his bottom. Now knowing that they were safe, the two hugged before dressing in nighties and robes, then made themselves a light breakfast. Bill's prophecy was right on the money. Today would be a full one and they all would not forget it. It just wasn't the way he had planned.

Now that Bill was under their control, the plan began in earnest. It was scheduled that he would receive a daily injection of both the sedative and the hormone cocktail. After just a few days, he had become as docile as an old house cat. The girls took Bill into the bathroom where they spread a strong depilatory over his entire body. Once he had been

rinsed, he would be hairless except for his head. Then they began to place him in lingerie, one piece at a time. The figure training they would institute would take some time to be noticeable. With continuous positive affirmations and frequent compliments, little by little, Bill began to enjoy wearing the panties, bras, and shapewear he had been made to wear.

Next in the plan was to take over Bill's production company. With the help of an attorney, Kathleen and Susan were placed on the board of directors. In short order, they had not only began to change Bill into a more compliant 'Willa,' but were now in control of his massive empire. At first Bill made a half-hearted attempt to resist the change, but over time, that too fell by the wayside. By design, Bill Foster "went on vacation" to a deserted island he planned to buy, allegedly with a young starlet.

Willa began to change soon after the initial injection. Her breasts slowly began to develop, her waist narrowed, and she developed hips and a cute little rounded rump that looked good in silky panties. The last part of the plan would be to get Willa back to Kathleen's for her training, then to sell Bill's manor and reinvest the profits. After the first month passed, it was decided that they could get Willa back to their home. Susan dressed Willa for her first trip outside the walls of Bill's home. As was expected, she was terrified, but Kathleen and Susan reassured her all would be just fine as long as she didn't make any kind of scene. After putting her into a bra and panty set, she began to protest just a bit too much. Her training would have to start sooner than planned. Willa resisted each piece of clothing that was set out for her to wear. She was covered only by the bra with silicone breast forms and the panties. It was time for a little payback.

Without warning, Kathleen took Willa by the arm and dragged her to a chair in her bedroom. Very little effort was needed, and Willa found herself over Kathleen's knees. Willa suddenly realized what was about to happen, and began to beg not to be spanked. Her cries fell upon deaf ears. "You will learn to listen to those in authority over you," Kathleen said sternly before pulling a thrashing Willa's panties down to her knees. She issued a much needed paddling. Willa began to cry real tears, maybe for the first time in her life. Kathleen and Susan would make sure it wasn't the last.

Kathleen dumped Willa onto the floor and ordered her to replace her panties. Once the sobbing and tears were over, Willa was much more willing to be dressed. Susan began by placing a camisole top, with much lace, over her head and into place. A short slip was next, followed by a short pleated skirt. A nearly transparent white blouse was put on and buttoned up the back. The blouse showed the lingerie she had on. Her cheeks got even redder as she realized that everyone could now see what she was wearing. She began to ask to wear something different, but a well placed smack on her bottom was all that was required to quiet her. A pair of low-heeled skimmers completed the outfit. Later in her training, Kathleen thought, she would be comfortable wearing four-inch heels. For now, the flats would do just fine.

Kathleen took Willa to the vanity in one of the spare rooms and began to apply a light covering of makeup, then a nice brunette wig. When she was shown what she had become, Willa was beyond amazed. "Who is that in the mirror," Willa asked, not taking her eyes off the mirror.

"That's you, silly. What do you think?" Susan asked.

"I guess she is cute enough. Are you sure people won't see the male that I used to be?" Willa begged.

"Do you see a boy in the mirror?" Susan replied. Willa, like the girl in the mirror, shook her head, and felt the longer hair tickle her neck. Willa blushed deeply.

Kathleen and Susan walked Willa out to a waiting car, slipped into the back seat, and left Bill's home for their own. Willa tried to slink down whenever the car was stopped in traffic, but the two women in the front seat would have none of that. The threat of a spanking in public put that practice to a quick end. Soon enough, they arrived at Kathleen's. As Willa entered the house, she was met by the entire staff, Nancy, Debbie, Linda, and Michelle. After the introductions were done, they all were invited into Kathleen's office for a meeting. With everyone having a drink, Kathleen began to set down the rules for Willa's training. It would be the staff's responsibility that she was trained properly, or there would be consequences. The staff all knew what that meant.

Willa meekly raised her hand. "Yes Willa, what is it?" Kathleen said.

"Just what kind of training will I be receiving? You and Susan have seen to the change from man to woman, what else is there?" she squeaked.

"Well, for now, you will become one of my maids. And because your training has yet to begin, there will be no punishment for addressing Susan and I by our first names. From now on, you will call us either Madam or Mistress, and you will show us the respect that we deserve with a curtsy before and after you have been given permission to speak. The girls here will show you everything that you need to know, but remember what I told you. As the new girl, you are the lowest on the totem pole, therefore they all have authority over you, and can and will discipline you for your mistakes. They do not need my permission. Is that quite clear?" Kathleen finished firmly.

Willa looked to her well manicured hands, resting very ladylike in her lap, and simply said, "Yes, Madam." The staff was then dismissed with instructions to get Willa dressed properly for her new position. She would be taken to Kathleen's seamstress for her measurements in the morning.

A few days later, Willa was called to Kathleen's office. Her seamstress was done, but wanted to do a proper fitting before finishing the order Kathleen had requested. She had brought a short stepping platform with her for Willa to stand on, and she could make the final adjustments. When Willa entered, she said, "You called for me?" Kathleen excused the seamstress for a moment.

"I gave you strict instructions on how to enter a room, and how to address Susan or me. Was I not clear enough, or have Nancy and Debbie done a poor job with your training. Which is it?" Kathleen snarled, pleased at the look of terror in Willa's wonderfully made-up eyes. Willa could tell the dilemma she was facing as she tried to come up with an answer and escape a spanking. Kathleen tried to hurry the worried girl with a clear, "Well?"

Willa finally said, "No, you were quite clear. Ms. Nancy, and Ms. Debbie have worked very hard. I guess I just forgot for a moment. It must be that I have a learning problem, Madam."

"I'll accept that statement. If you had said that it was my fault, a moderate spanking would have occurred. If you had laid the blame on the others, not only would you have received the paddling, but they would as well. So the truth has saved you a sound spanking. But because you simply forgot, only a small reminder is called for. Is that suitable for you?" Kathleen asked.

"Yes madam," Willa stuttered. Kathleen had Willa turn around, and bend over at the waist. She then raised the skirt up, exposing her panty clad bottom. After lowering the panties, one good smack was applied to each cheek, leaving a very noticeable handprint. Her clothing was returned to its original state, and Willa was allowed to stand back up. Kathleen could see the tears on Willa's cheeks, and in her eyes. This would be only the beginning.

After the seamstress returned, Willa was told to strip down to her bra and panties. The flush on her face grew, but she slowly complied. First, Willa was given a pair of black pantyhose to put on, then a pair of black panties with many rows of white, lacy ruffles. The handprints on Willa's bottom were still very obvious, which only furthered the embarrassment. Next, a long line waist cincher, and strapless bra were put on. "Your breasts forms will fill out the cups until yours have grown," Kathleen said, much to Willa's dismay. These were now followed by a set of very short, but very full, petticoats, also in black and white. Finally, the black, satin and silk maid's uniform was slipped over her head, and zipped into place. Only a few minor adjustments were needed.

A pair of two-inch pumps was put on the floor for Willa to step into, which she did promptly. She had gotten very used to walking in heels in just a couple of days, like she had done it all of her life. Willa was a natural, and Kathleen complimented her as such. Lastly, a white, lacy cap was pinned to her brunette wig. Kathleen had Willa walk back and forth across her office, and was very pleased. "I would like 5 more uniforms, exactly like this one. Two more in black, 1 in royal blue, 1 in ruby red, and 1 in a bright pink for special occasions," Kathleen said to the seamstress, as she left.

"Okay, Willa, back to work. You look very cute in that uniform. I expect you to conquer three to four-inch heels by the end of the week. Clear?" Kathleen said as Willa tried to curtsy and not fall off her heels.

"Yes Mistress. I will tell Nancy and Debbie your order." With that, she curtsied once more, and left a smiling Kathleen in her office.

The next time that Kathleen saw Nancy and Debbie, she told them about Willa's errors, and that she had accepted the responsibility and the punishment.

"Good thing," Nancy said. "If she had lied, which I would have expected from Bill, and blamed us, I would have given her behind a good blistering. Debbie would have also. She has been very tough on Willa, but Willa hangs on her every word, even with the occasional swat or two." Later, as Kathleen went by the maid's quarters, she heard Nancy and Debbie drilling Willa on walking in four-inch spiked heels. Indeed, by the end of the week, Willa only wore three or four-inch heels, which had the effect of giving her a cute bounce and wiggle to her fanny.

With all of the photos and negatives in hand, Kathleen could finally relax. Not long after Willa arrived, Susan moved in, to the delight of the rest of the house staff. Susan

brought liveliness to the mansion, and they all loved her for it. As promised, Kathleen assisted Debbie with getting her surgeries; within 6 months, Debbie was a complete woman. Once she was healed sufficiently, she and Nancy were married. Willa was working out well, with the exception of a rare spanking to remind her of her place. It took some time for her male attitude to be entirely removed, so having Nancy and Debbie absent was not so much of a problem.

Kathleen sent the two honeymooners on an all-expense-paid trip to Hawaii. They came back supremely happy, and well-tanned. They did keep their promise, and continued to happily work at the mansion for Kathleen and Susan. Now they were Mrs. and Mrs.; everyone noticed that since her surgeries, Debbie had become more self-confident. She was Willa's primary teacher, and showed her the ropes in a wonderful and kind manner. That didn't mean that Debbie went easy on Willa, by any means. Willa did have quite a few red bottoms at first, but she also learned quickly.

The mansion had become a very happy place. Linda and Michelle had also come to Kathleen with a business proposition. They wanted to start a catering business; with Kathleen's connection to the entertainment business, they thought it would take off quickly. They had spent many hours on the planning and fine tuning of the business plan. They also had been saving as much as they could so they wouldn't have to ask Kathleen for financial support. Both Kathleen and Susan looked over the proposal, and were quite impressed with the time and effort, as well as the knowledge that had been invested. The catering business was off and running in just a few months. Linda ran the business, as Michelle continued to work the Kelly residence. Not only did she cook for the household, she created new dishes for the business. Things were going so well that Linda had to hire several people to assist her and keep up with the requests. Their reputation for great food and service spread fast through the industry.

Susan's business savvy also began to pay dividends. In just weeks, her shrewd deals had nearly doubled the production company's profits. It was then that they noticed something odd. No one seemed to miss Mr. Foster. They heard many "good riddance" comments about the overbearing, money hungry shark. People that worked at the company, or had dealings with it, really liked the new board. Soon enough, everyone, it seemed, had forgotten Mr. Foster and his retirement to that island with his starlet. Kathleen was very proud of Susan and with the decision to remove Bill Foster from the world and add another cute girl to the fold.

Part 4

The new trilogy began shooting several months after that memorable weekend. Kathleen was teamed up with one of the best and brightest directors around and one of the hottest male leads in the business. Their chemistry was evident in every scene they shot together. The first chapter took about four months to complete. After a month off, the next chapter began. This one was completed in just over three months. The time between numbers Two and Three was extended, as the script needed some serious rewrites. The timing couldn't have been more perfect. Summer had just begun, which allowed Kathleen and Susan time to lounge by the pool and recharge their batteries. The subject of surgery was discussed at length and thoroughly. They both realized that body parts didn't matter,

they loved one another, either way. So there would be no surgery for Kathleen or Susan. Why mess with a good thing?

Willa, on the other hand, was a different challenge. She had fit nicely into her position and had even come to like it. When asked if she wanted to go all the way, like Debbie, to become a functional woman, she always seem to be on the fence. One week her answer would be "yes," the next "no," then "I'm not sure." With her hormone therapy, Willa had grown a nice set of small, perky breasts. Anyone could see the envy in her eyes when she was in the presence of large-busted women, a category which included Kathleen, Susan, and Debbie. Willa still relied upon her breast forms to fill out the cups of her bra.

It was Kathleen who finally made the decision for Willa. She took Willa to her private doctor, who arranged for Willa to get implants. Willa continued to waffle on their size, so Kathleen chose for her. She would be a nice 'D' cup, perfect for someone her size. Once the surgery was over and she had healed a bit, Willa was no longer afraid to show off her chest. She would soon only buy push-up bras, and every top she wore was cut to showcase her new curves.

The first chapter of the new trilogy had now been released into theaters across the country. It was an instant blockbuster hit. The picture made more than 100 million dollars on its first weekend alone. After its run was over and it was released on DVD, the worldwide sales numbers went through the roof. The critics loved it and gushed on and on about her and her co-star's performances, which added excitement for the following two chapters.

Chapter Three went into the can after three months of location shoots. Kathleen decided to host a post-production party for all the stars of the trilogy. There would be a separate shindig for the crew. Lind and Michelle went beyond all expectations; the food was out of this world. After the party, the catering company was offered a lucrative exclusive contract by another production company. Nancy, Debbie, and Willa made sure that the drink glasses remained full and food was always available. By this time, Willa felt right at home in a short maid's uniform and three-inch heels. She could be on her feet for several hours at a time, without a complaint.

It was during the cast party that the male lead, an actor by the name of Jeffrey King, became quite enamored with Willa. He flirted with her the entire night. It was scary for Willa, as she had never had any experience to compare this to. She had always been the pursuer, not the pursued. Even the rest of the staff was at a loss. Jeffrey was much smaller than Willa, even in her stocking feet, but he was not to be denied. Kathleen became Willa's best hope to teach her how to deal with a major crush on the part of a man who didn't know she wasn't a real woman.

In the days that followed the party, Willa received flowers and gifts on a daily basis, from a 'secret admirer.' "Ha," she thought, "some secret." After a week of this, Willa finally went to Kathleen. She knocked softly on Kathleen's office door, and waited for the invitation.

"Please come in, Willa," Kathleen said to the new girl. Willa made a well practiced curtsey, then asked, "May I have a word with you, Mistress?" Kathleen knew exactly what

the topic was, as she had been on the phone several times with Jeffrey. She allowed Willa explain, in detail, what the problem was.

"Mistress," she began. "I am very confused with regards to Mr. King. I like him, and he seems quite nice, but I am not really a woman. How can I let him down, and not hurt him?" Willa asked, with a small tear forming at the corner of her eye, and a slight sob in her voice.

Kathleen could see that Willa was truly hurting. "I am fully aware of your history, Willa, so we can move past that. I also know that you have no experience with someone that has a crush on you. Am I correct?" Kathleen then asked.

Willa looked to the floor, and answered, "Yes Mistress."

Kathleen looked over Willa. Her feet were encased in three-inch spiked heels. Her legs were tightly held together, from ankle to where they disappeared under her skirts, and her hands were folded in front of her. Kathleen was smiling. She and Jeffrey had many extensive conversations about dating and who they wanted as life partners. Of course, Kathleen was already spoken for, and she felt no desire towards Jeffrey. He had shared with her that he wanted a submissive woman. Not to dominate, but to share with. Jeffrey was 180 degrees different than Bill Foster had been. Jeffrey loved and respected women, and would treat a mate very well. He just had been born into the wrong era. He longed for an Ozzie and Harriet type of life, in the 21st century.

"Well, Willa," Kathleen began. "I happen to know a few things about your suitor. I think that he wants someone exactly like you. I don't think plumbing has anything to do with it," Kathleen offered.

"Mistress, I have been thinking and fantasizing about him from the first time we met," Willa confessed.

Kathleen opened the top drawer of her dresser, and removed an address book, picked up the phone after she had found the right number, and dialed. "Mr. King, please. Tell him Kathleen Kelly would like a few minutes." While they waited, Kathleen invited Willa to sit. Willa blushed, then placed a firm fanny on a chair located at the front of Kathleen's desk.

"Hi Jeff, how are you?" Kathleen said into the phone. "That is really nice of you, thank you so much for the compliment. I am calling on behalf of one of my employees. It seems like you have more than a warm spot for her," Kathleen smiled. "Oh you do? How nice. I am not at all surprised, considering the conversations we had while we were on location. I would say that she is a perfect fit for you," she continued, as she looked at a fiercely blushing Willa.

"Well, if you would like, we could all have dinner here, tomorrow night. Afterwards, you can spend a little alone time with her, to see if the sparks go both ways," she stated. "Oh, that would be lovely. About 6 PM then? Very well. Do you remember where I live? We'll see you tomorrow night. Bye for now."

Kathleen looked at Willa and said, "Well, it seems as though that Jeff is very smitten with you." Willa continued to blush. "And you have a date tomorrow. We have to get you something different to wear. You certainly can't go out dressed like this. You would be-

come too many young men's wet dreams," Kathleen giggled. "I know that you have a few casual clothes, but we need something more. Go change, we are going shopping. You'll find this a fascinating thing that women do."

Kathleen called for the limo, as Willa went to put something else on. The two women were taken to some high end, very private stores to find just the right outfit for Willa's first date as a woman.

They settled on a strapless floral dress with flared skirts that began at her narrowing waist. Kathleen made sure she also received matching shoes, a clutch, and an appropriate amount of jewelry. Willa modeled them for Kathleen, who declared the outfit just perfect. "You remind me of June Cleaver," Kathleen commented. Willa smiled widely and blushed.

The person who at one time was William Foster had made very few, if any, friends. His personality wouldn't have allowed that; his capacity for caring could have been held in a thimble. Willa on the other hand had learned a great deal about life, and the contrast between the two was obvious. Willa had become quiet, shy, and was very unassuming. She blushed easily at the slightest provocation and had become valuable to the Kelly staff. In the beginning, the staff had the responsibility of turning a crass, selfish man into something quite different. They were beyond successful; Willa said often just how lucky and thankful she was.

Part 5

The morning of her first date, Nancy and Debbie went out of their way to be helpful. After a long bath in scented water, the two older maids whipped Willa into a real knock-out. They first dressed her in the finest lingerie, then the outfit that Kathleen had gotten for her. Then they did a wonderful job of putting her makeup on, as well as making sure her hair was just right. Linda and Michelle made a to-die-for salad for the meal. Willa was a nervous wreck for the entire day. She very nearly fell off her heels at one point, which is something she had never done before, even when she was first learning how to navigate in heels. Before anyone knew it, it was 6 PM, and Jeff King was at the front door, with a jumbo bouquet of flowers for one special girl. He just didn't know how special she really was yet.

Nancy answered the door, then escorted Mr. King to Kathleen's study, where Kathleen was enjoying an afternoon cocktail. With her sat a very demure woman, who found it very difficult to meet his smile without blushing deeply. Jeff first went to Kathleen; they kissed cheeks. He then turned to the blonde in a floral dress sitting on the divan.

"Jeff, you remember Willa. She works for me, as you know. Willa, this is a good friend of mine, Jeff King," Kathleen said.

Jeff went to Willa, grabbed her hand, and gently kissed the back of it. "My sincerest pleasure, Willa," he said.

For just a moment, Willa was unable to respond, then she said, "The pleasure is all mine, Mr. King," as she flushed even deeper, if that was possible. The flush went all the way down to her chest. Jeff never let go of her hand, as he sat next to her. He could smell the perfume she was wearing, and was instantly attracted to her, even more than before.

The three talked for several minutes before Nancy announced that the meal was ready to be served. Jeff escorted Willa and Kathleen to the dining room, where he first seated Kathleen, then Willa. He sat himself down between the two women. Debbie served the meal wearing her cutest, most revealing, uniform, at Willa's request. It was a test, to see if Jeff had a wandering eye. He never once looked away from, or stopped smiling at, Willa. This was a good sign. He was a perfect gentleman during the meal, where they all made small talk.

As they sipped an after dinner brandy, Kathleen said, "See Willa. This is how a true gentleman treats a woman, nothing at all like that Mr. Foster." Willa could only look down at her pump-enclosed feet.

"You know that greedy, awful man?" Jeff asked.

"Just slightly," Willa answered.

"I'm so glad he's gone. Someone told me that he sold everything and bought himself an island," Jeff laughed.

"I hadn't heard that version," Kathleen responded with a wide smile, as she looked directly at Willa.

"If you both will excuse me, I'm expecting an important phone call," Kathleen said. "Willa. Why don't you give Jeff a tour of the house and the gardens? I see that they are in full bloom."

Jeff immediately stood, took Willa by the hand, and said, "That would be wonderful. Where should we start?" Willa was nearly too shocked to answer.

Kathleen then suggested, "How about the gardens?"

Jeff pulled Willa to her feet, tucked her arm under his, and then said, "Lead on." Willa and Jeff exited the dining room, to the outdoors. All eyes watched the two as they strolled together, from a second story window.

Jeff stopped and turned to Willa. "I find you quite intoxicating, Willa. I haven't been able to concentrate on anything since I first laid eyes on you."

Willa tried to muster up the courage to tell Jeff about her secret, knowing that he might just go running out the front door, screaming. "Jeff, I feel the same way about you, so I have to be honest. You deserve to know that I am not what you think. I wasn't born a female," she said, as a tear fell down her cheek.

Jeff took out a handkerchief, and blotted the tear. "I really don't care, as I have known from the beginning. If you stay as you are, I would be proud to have you as my wife," he said, as he produced a box, with an engagement ring inside. It had a very large stone on it. Willa was so shocked that she was unable to say anything. He grabbed her left hand and slid the ring onto the third finger. It fit perfectly. "Well?" he looked to her for an answer.

"I think we should explore things first. I don't want to disappoint you in any way, or hurt you," she finally said.

Jeff looked into Willa's eyes. "Together, there is nothing that we can't overcome," he said, as he moved towards Willa. His arms encircled her and pulled her close. Willa looked into Jeff's eyes, then their lips came together, and kissed passionately for more than a few minutes. When they finally moved apart, Willa was able to catch her breath. She noticed that a warm sensation was starting from somewhere deep inside her. The two walked silently to the gazebo near the center of the gardens. They sat closely as they talked and were honest with each other. After more kissing and closeness, Jeff brought Willa back into the house, where all the girls were waiting. Jeff thanked Kathleen and her staff for the wonderful evening as he headed for the front door and his sports car. After he had sped away, all the girls wanted to know every detail.

Willa smiled widely as she showed off her ring. They all gushed over the gift, and the giver. They all hugged each other. Willa once more felt a tear at the corner of her eye. "I want to thank each and every one of you. I don't think that I have been happier than I am right now. I would have never dreamed, as my other self, that I could feel this way about any one. Thank you all for helping me see the other side," she sobbed.

"So, when is the big day?" Kathleen asked.

"Not for a while, as we both have some things to overcome, mostly on my part, before anything like that can happen," Willa replied. The other girls all seemed to know that it would be sooner, rather than later.

Over the next few months, Jeff became a fixture at the Kelly mansion. He and Willa spent a great deal of time together. Then one morning, after an especially late night, Kathleen saw Jeff leave with a wide smile on his face. She knew that something had occurred, and she was pretty sure what it was. Not long after he had left, Willa, dressed in her uniform, brought Kathleen her morning toast and coffee. After Willa sat the tray down and began to pour the hot liquid, Kathleen noticed a dark love bite, low on Willa's neck, and was now sure she was right. "Willa, come sit," Kathleen said, as she patted the bed next to her. Willa sat, then smoothed her skirts.

"Please, don't be embarrassed. It's just us girls now. I saw Jeff leave and you have a lovely reminder on your neck. Have you and Jeff moved beyond that 'obstacle'?" she asked. Willa confirmed that they had been together, most intimately. "Was it what you expected?" Kathleen asked.

"Oh Mistress, it was so much more. He was warm, gentle, and very patient. He didn't hurry anything, it just happened," Willa replied.

"So, are you going to share?" Kathleen giggled. Willa smiled and laughed as well. Then in a whisper, she told Kathleen about the entire evening.

"Well. He took me to a wonderful restaurant where the food and drink were exceptional. He sat very close to me the entire evening, and I could really feel his heat. At first we just held hands, but before I knew it, his hand was resting very high up on my thigh. My temperature started to rise. After the meal, as we drove home, by accident, my hand slipped and landed right on his manhood which was as hard as a rock by this time. I don't know what possessed me, but I left it where it was. I noticed that he was very large. After

we went to my room, we just started to get more and more turned-on with each other. Soon I was wearing only my bra and panties, and he was just in his briefs." Willa had to stop, as she became very turned-on once more; her face became very flushed with just the thought of what had happened.

Willa continued. "He pulled me into bed, and the kissing got more heated. My bra was loosened, his hand was on my breast. It felt so good, so I grasped his excitement, and began to gently massage it. By this time, we were both breathing hard, and our pulses were racing out of control. Then, out of nowhere, I told him that I wanted to feel him inside me. He then had me on my hands and knees, with my panties down. I thought that I would be embarrassed with him seeing my private area, but I just wasn't.

"After he had lubed me up, I could feel him between my legs. He was very easy with me when he slowly entered my bottom. At first it hurt, but then it started to feel good. He began to move in and out of me, his hands were on my hips, and the tempo just kept getting faster and faster. With one final thrust, I could feel him release his passion deep inside of me, which sent me over the edge as well, and I made a mess on the sheets. Afterwards, we just lay together, kissing, hugging, and touching each other. I can only describe it as a magical moment," Willa finally ended, nearly as out of breath as Kathleen imagined she had been early this morning. Kathleen had never seen Willa so animated and talkative.

Just a few short months later, Jeff and Willa announced their engagement, as well as the date for their nuptials. The tabloids went crazy trying to find out all they could about this mysterious Willa, to no success. Kathleen offered them her garden for the wedding. Plans were made down to the smallest of details. Willa asked Kathleen if she and the rest of the girls all could sit down for a meeting. The staff and Kathleen all took seats in the massive living room.

"I really have come to love each and every one of you," Willa began. "So it only makes sense that I have you all in the wedding party." She turned to Kathleen, and asked, "I would be so honored if you were the one to give me away. It was you and Ms. Susan who brought me here, and made me what I am today." Kathleen graciously accepted. Willa then turned to Debbie. "It was you who did the majority of my training, and I feel a closeness to you that I can't describe. Would you be my Maid of Honor?" Debbie felt some guilt over just how hard she had been on the girl in training, but she accepted as well. Nancy, Linda, and Michelle would all be bridesmaids. Because the whole staff would be involved with the wedding party, Jeff was to arrange for the wedding and reception to be catered, so that they all could participate.

Everything from the wedding dress, to the flowers, to the cake had been chosen, and on order. A photographer, a close friend of Jeff's, was tapped to take all of the pictures. Tents were also arranged for the ceremony, for privacy. It would be a media circus which they didn't want to contribute to. Kathleen along with Susan was in her office, trying to finalize all of the plans when it struck Kathleen. "I wonder if Willa will take me up on my offer to help her with the final operation to make her as close to a true woman." She voiced her thought with Susan, then to Willa herself.

"Oh Miss Kathleen," Willa began. "I appreciate the offer very much, but I think Jeff wants me to stay just as I am." Both Kathleen and Susan smiled.

“Good for the both of you. I hope you are happy together for a very long time,” Kathleen said.

“I am sure we will, thanks to all of you,” Willa replied. She kissed them both on the cheek before a final curtsy, and then headed back to her work.

“Never in my whole life could I have predicted such a turn around,” Susan commented once Willa had left the room.

“I know. Just a short time ago, in a life far different than this one, she was one of the biggest abusers in the business. Now look at what she has become. I am so very proud of her,” Kathleen said.

With the exception of some paparazzi intrusion, the wedding went off without a hitch. Willa made a lovely bride and the rest of the staff all looked wonderful in their gowns. Jeff just beamed, as he watched Willa walk down the aisle. After the ceremony and reception, Willa and Jeff jetted off to a private island for their honeymoon. All and all, it had turned out like everyone had hoped it would.

Later that same year, Linda and Michelle saw their catering business really take off. More and more of their time was required to keep it going in the right direction. With the business advice that Susan had given them, they were both very well off, and found that they had little time to give to Kathleen. She always knew that this day would come. She had become a silent partner in the catering business, so she knew very well how it was going. Before long, Linda and Michelle both told Kathleen that they could no longer work for her. Kathleen asked if they could stay just long enough to train some replacements. They agreed, and Kathleen found herself searching her fan mail for someone able to cook as well as her current staff did. Within just a couple of weeks, Nancy and Debbie told Kathleen that they, too, would be moving on. A whole new staff would now be required. With advice from Susan, Kathleen set up several interviews of potential candidates.

The first new recruit was named Daniel, was soon changed to Dani. Kathleen saw that he was a slight young man, barely into his twenties. He was no more than 5 feet, 6 inches, no more than 120 pounds. She thought he was the perfect size. Although hesitant at first when Kathleen ordered him to disrobe, it turned out he wore very pretty lingerie under his male clothes. Like David, he, too, had trouble placing himself over Kathleen’s lap. But soon enough, he was hired as a new maid.

Next was Mark; Susan handled this interview with Kathleen present. Susan had a different tact. Instead of looking for an effeminate male, she chose someone just the opposite. After the oral portion of the interview, she handed Mark a frilly pair of panties, and a way too short skirt for him to put on. This led to the hiring of ‘Maria,’ as he had no problems with the uniform of the day, or with the regulation spanking for rules violation. By the end of the interviews, they had hired four new employees, two maids, and two cooks. Nancy became the tutor for Dani and Maria, and Linda did the same for Jerry who would become Jennifer, and Alan who was to be Elena. They all learned fast, and soon fit right into the Kelly staff. Kathleen and Susan still missed the old staff who had become friends. But the new hires turned out to be nearly as good.

Sometime later, Kathleen did an interview with a news magazine. It was then that Kathleen finally came out and shared her secret with the world. Susan was there as sup-

port. Kathleen felt she needed to break her silence, and help bring transgender issues to the forefront. Although there was some hate mail, the vast majority of the public was still behind her; she was just as popular an actress as she had ever been. With the proceeds from her acting and the sale of Mr. Foster's production company, Kathleen and Susan would never have to work again. They could afford fancy homes and cars and just about anything they desired. After building their dream home in Colorado, Kathleen sold her California mansion. It went quickly, at a large profit. Kathleen and Susan took the new staff and settled down in the new home.

Jeff's career as a leading man continued, and he nearly matched Kathleen in salary per movie. He and Willa adopted a couple of children, whereas Debbie had two children by Nancy. Willa never went any further with surgeries. The couple remained very happily married, and their secret continued to be well guarded.

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