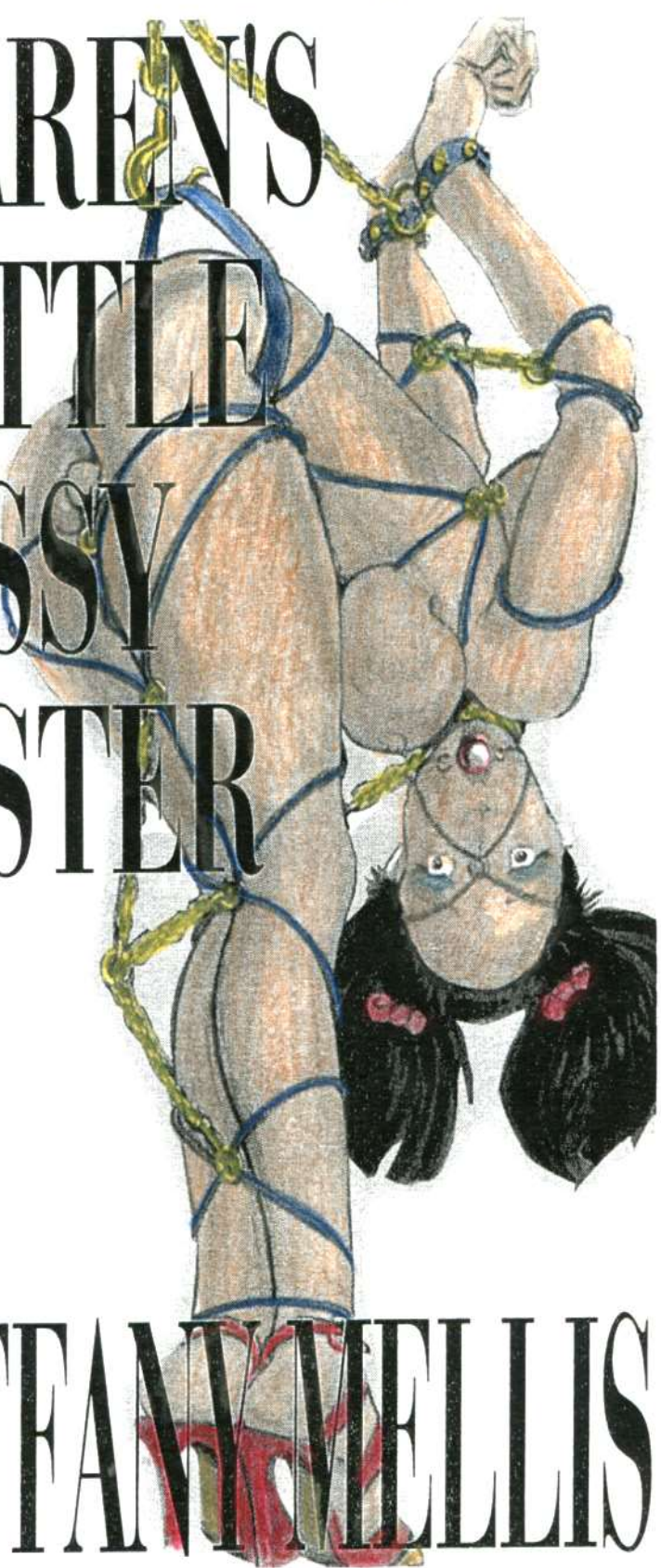


**KAREN'S  
LITTLE  
SISSY  
SISTER**



**TIFFANY WELLS**

# KAREN'S LITTLE Sissy SISTER

by

**Tiffany Mellis**



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Donald was close to being my first boyfriend, though he certainly wasn't my next - nor will he be my last - that's for sure! Donna wasn't my first girlfriend, and he won't be my last. I did have vague dreams for years about being Mrs. Donald Smithson, but they ebbed and flowed - you know how it is? And the way things look like now? Well, let's just say that it's complicated. Maybe you can figure out what our upcoming relationship will be.

If the above has you a little confused, let me explain.

I've never been what anyone in their right mind would describe as being pretty, but I was attracting boys from a very early age. Just my personality I guess. Maybe a genetic strain?

I really liked - like - boys. Lot more fun than stuffy girls. Love to get a boy all hot and bothered more than just about anything else. Get a boy randy? He'll do just about any damn thing you want him to do. I learned that at a young age and being what I am, learned to take advantage of it pretty damn quick. At the same time, I have always had a tendency to enjoy sex with demanding boys and to humiliate the ones that were gentlemanly and polite. This tends to create some rather peculiar situations....

I met Donald at Sunday school when I was about twelve. He was probably a year older than me, but I could tell he was interested - right from the start. The other girls just drooled over him - he WAS a good looking kid. Had just about perfect manners - knew just how to behave around a girl and, not only that? His family was insanely rich! What more could a female want? So the girls flocked around that boy like he was a flame and they were nothing but a bunch of fluttering moths. Even at that tender age I knew damn well that my family hadn't the money to be attractive to his for a social match, so had it figured that if I *did* want him? I'd have to go after him, hot and heavy.

I wasn't too sure if I *was* attracted to him to tell the truth. That's why I treated him as if he didn't exist. Oh, I'd wish him a 'good morning' or a give him a neutral 'Hi Donald' in greeting, but that was about the extent of it. Did give him the honor of buying me an ice cream cone or two over the years, though I made sure that he fully understood the honor I was bestowing on him. Poor love struck boy. He was SO grateful!

I knew that he was supposed to be a good tennis player and a good swimmer so I bugged the shit out of mom for private lessons in both these sports. Her reaction was strange. She never asked why - even though she KNEW I wasn't athletically inclined, but paid up the costs of private coaches and trainers without a murmur. I knew I couldn't reasonably be expected to compete with him - hell, his house supposedly had TWO tennis courts and a lovely pool, so he had to have had LOTS of experience - but I had something at the back of my mind. I started the lessons when I was about fourteen and was reasonably proficient within a year,. (Even at that young age I was a firm believer in strategic planning - even though I'd no idea what I was planning for).

Something I should explain. Mom and I lived pretty good lives. When I was an infant, I have some dim memories of a series of baby sitters. Strangely enough? They were all men. Gentle and kind. Soft and nurturing.

Now I'm not saying that mom wasn't soft and kind and nurturing - but she wasn't in their league as far as that went. She was - and is - a decidedly good looking woman. Lots of men still turn their heads when she goes by. Quite tall, maybe about five ten or so. Good shoulders, slim waist. Long legged with an athletic prowl. Slim hiped and a medium bust. Dark Mediterranean complexion - with an imperial nose - nostrils that can open like tunnels. (Believe this, you don't want her turning her dark eyes on you with her nostrils flaring - trust me!). I'm an adult - or close to it now, and have some of her traits but when she turns the intensity up? I shut up and back off - and quickly!

She always dressed well. Not flashy or anything. Yet, though she could never, ever, be described as masculine, she certainly would not be considered overly feminine either. Good plain jewelry with a tendency to tailored clothes. I once heard a woman describe her as being predatory, but didn't know what it meant at the time. Now? I can see what she meant. I've seen both men and women come on to her - and as far as I can tell, she never raised a finger.

But she really isn't predatory. Doesn't have to be. I don't know if spiders in their webs are considered predatory, but she was more of a spider than a hunter I think. Her customers come to her. I got used to smiling, deferential, men

coming to call, with her interviewing them in the big room with the doors closed. I guess I got used to seeing some men in leaving the house in tears - and gradually learned that they were the ones she turned away! I know that she had a few girlfriends over the years as well - she was kinder to them than she was to the men, I think, though don't know for sure.



She must have been torn when it came to raising me. She was, and had been, a dominatrix for years before I was born. That was her profession and, as far as I can determine, she was more than competent. While I was an infant, she had not wanted any of her new customers to know that she had ever been so weak as to get herself impregnated (at least this is how I see it) so had some of her 'regular's' be my nanny, so to speak— hence my early memories of soft spoken males I guess.

Bit as time went by she started getting less worried about what *any* male, client or not, thought of her. She was also VERY frugal - and what is now known as a 'clean-freak'..

We couldn't seem to keep a female servant for more than a week or two because of her demanding ways. By the time I was about eight years old, she had started bringing her male clients home - some of them to stay for the occasional week end, some only on a daily basis - to be my nannies, and to do the housework, naturally. It became perfectly natural for me then, to expect that men were to be used for the menial tasks around a house - male maids, so to speak. But there again? I never thought to question this. It was just the way things should be, I thought.

As I got older though, I started visiting friends in their houses and suddenly realized that men weren't quite the docile little creatures I'd become accustomed to. It was quite a surprise to me - men actually bossing women and girls around! Who'd have ever imagined such a thing? Strangely enough, that was when I'd start getting crushes on strong males. Mom and I have had quite a number of talks on this subject. She firmly believes that ANY male can be dominated. To my mind, this is utter bullshit. There's LOTS of sissies around - even ones you'd never guess at and they're easy enough to get under your thumb. But a *real* man? Uh Uh!

And at school? Boys were starting to come out of their shells, and I started realizing that they looked on ME as being one of the *weaker* sex! It would have been laughable, if I hadn't found it so appealing. So, curious, I started to eavesdrop on mom and my 'nannies'. There, in my house, it was different. A few times, she'd punish them by making them go and stand facing into a corner, even in front of me. (I had to laugh out loud at times at how embarrassed the poor dears got when I was there to witness their humiliation - which made them even more humiliated I guess. But to me, it was just good clean fun). At other times, when mom thought I was long gone, or out of the house she'd actually *spank* my nannies! Put them over her knees and spank them! They'd never fight or argue with her, just go over her knees, get spanked - and *cry* like little girls. One night, I had a tummy ache and went into mom's bedroom. I didn't know what she was doing to my latest nanny - but he was wearing a woman's nightgown - and wearing makeup and perfume! He let out a feminine scream - and a mild curse when I appeared, but then hid under the bedclothes. I heard him crying later that night, but the next morning he was gone, and I had a new nanny that afternoon.

Then, as I started getting older and wasn't showing too many signs of interest in the slightly abnormal gender situation in our house, mom started bringing fewer nannies home - but more maids - all males of course, but pretty ones now. None of my friends ever figured out that the occasional serving girl that would answer the door was not anything other than what she seemed to be.

They didn't stay overnight - well not unless mom wanted them for something - just came early in the morning and left after dinner was all finished and the washing of dishes taken care of. Accordingly, our house was spotless - no thanks to me - I never did a hands turn around the place. Housework is for *men* to do!

Around that time, Donald's father died of a massive heart attack. To tell the truth? I think both he and his mother were relieved. She's a sweet woman who wouldn't hurt a fly, although she can be a frightful snob. I don't know exactly when I discovered that she was his step-mother, but was surprised when he made it quite clear that he didn't have much respect for her - something he'd got from his dad I suppose.

His father, on the other hand, had been a very aggressive, competitive male. He was the one who'd pressed Donald into tennis and swimming - though they were two sports he considered as being fit only fit for pansies. He'd done this largely because Donald wasn't big enough for the manly art of football and he, himself, didn't care for baseball - so installing tennis courts and a swimming pool had only been a matter of money - and they had plenty of that. He was not what you'd ever describe as a nice man, though as a matter of fact? One of the things that attracted me to Donald at first was the possibility that he might inherit some of his dad's nastiness - but he took after his step-mother in just about every respect.

Then one day, as my sixteenth birthday approached, mom got a hold of me one day. "Karen? If you've got a minute-there's something I'd like to talk to you about."

"If I'm in trouble, I'd just as soon not," I quipped.

She laughed. "Nah. But there IS something we've got to talk about. So why don't we go and sit and talk in the living room?" "Getting formal on me?" I asked as she followed me in there shutting the door behind her.

“Maybe. How serious are you about Donald Smithson?” “Huh?”

“I’m not prying for no reason Karen. Are you at all interested in him?”

I saw she was serious, so thought about it. Grinned. “The only thing I *really* like about him mom is the amount of snotty girls I’d piss off if I bagged him.”

She nodded. “I know you prefer the more macho type - but I need to know if you think there’s a possibility you might change your mind in a couple of years, say.”

“How come? What’s got into you all of a sudden?” I asked.

She paused and was obviously choosing her words carefully. “I know he doesn’t appeal to you much at the moment - but he IS a catch and I think that if you play your cards right you could put him in your hip pocket now - sort of keep him there until you make up your mind. An ace in the hole, if you know what I mean.”

I couldn’t help it. Preened a little. “Mom? I think he’s in my hip pocket *now*. Been there for a long time. He’s been hanging around me like a dopey kid for years now - and I don’t even give him the time of day. God knows how the poor guy could stand it if I was actually nice to him.”

She shook her head. “Maybe that’s true - but there’s a lot of pretty little pickpockets out there who might just have him away from you before you even knew it had happened.”

I started to interrupt, but she held up her hand. “Karen? Maybe I used the wrong analogy. Let me try another one, okay? What I think is this. If you think you might have the slightest idea of marrying him down the line? Wrap him up! Wrap him up in a nice little parcel, then tie it with a lovely ribbon - with a knot that only you know how to untie. Later on? You want him? Unwrap him. You don’t?” She shrugged. “Give him as a present to somebody else.”

I wanted to make a smart assed comment, but she looked so assured in what she was saying that I was impressed. Plus, the thought of wrapping up a boy, for my own personal use? Had a certain amount of appeal to it. “You know how to wrap a boy up mom?” I asked “You seem to

know a lot about it?” “Bet your ass I do sweetie,” she laughed. “What do you think I DO for a living?”

Her tone of voice was drawing me in. All of a sudden I started understanding the closed door. Had the feeling I could get a lot of questions answered. “Mom? I’ve often wondered about that. I know you must make good money at what you do - for one thing you must pay our maids pretty good money for starters - the shit you give them.”

She stared at me blankly for a second - then burst out laughing! “Honey? I don’t pay *them* a dime. They pay ME!”

It was my turn to look astonished.

“Hold on,” she said. “It’s about time you got some idea what’s going on in the world. Want a glass of wine? I’m gonna have a drink. It’s time my daughter and I discussed the facts of life!”

Ever heard of a precocious girl of sixteen (nearly) turning down a chance to get all sophisticated and have a drink a glass of wine with an adult? Well, if you have, it certainly wasn’t me. - I grabbed at the chance. Learned more about life in the next half hour than I’d ever imagined. Mom didn’t pull any punches - or try to evade any of my questions. She explained how she enjoyed the domination she could exert over men. Had seen some similar traits in me and had often thought of introducing me to the ‘business’ when I was old enough - but had also seen the attraction that macho men had for me. Had figured that she wouldn’t interfere, let nature take it’s course, sort of thing. It was just now that she felt that Donald was at peak ripeness for plucking. If I didn’t act quickly, there was a strong possibility that he’d stray.

“But he’ll be going off to college in a year or so mom. I don’t think I’ve got the brains that he does - and I’m pretty sure you can’t afford the fees where he’s talking about going. Could I wrap him up that quick?”

She grinned. “Easily. But you obviously don’t understand one of the basic concepts I’ve been talking about honey.”

“Huh? What do you mean?”

She shook her head. “Do it right? He doesn’t go *anywhere* without your permission. Trust me.”

I felt the grin spreading on my face. “Verrrry interesting mom. Tell me more!”

She smiled and came over to the couch and sat down beside me. Patted me on the thigh. “I have great hopes for you, young lady! Now let me explain the opening moves.”

The following Sunday, we bumped into Donald and his mom coming out from church. I said ‘Hi’ to his mother then gave him a sweet smile. “You look very pleased with yourself today Donald. Isn’t it a lovely day?”

His eyes widened at my words and smile. He blushed. “Yes. Yes. Karen. It IS a lovely day!”

I turned to mom. “Mom? Excuse me, but I think I’ll just walk home through the park today, if you don’t mind?”

“I’d join you honey, but I have to go visit a friend in hospital for a while. I was going to drop you off - but if you want to walk, it’s okay by me. Got your keys in your handbag?”

I nodded. “How long will it be before you get home then?”

“An hour or so, I’d guess,” she said.

“Oh Karen” Donald spoke up quickly. “Could I escort you home? I mean, I know the park’s safe and all but..”

“What a perfect gentleman your son is Mrs. Smithson,” mom interjected. “Not too many of them around these days, is there? But it’s perfectly okay Donald. I’m sure Karen can take care of herself.”

“Of course he’ll accompany her!” Mrs. Smithson said quickly. “In this day and age? A pretty young lady should not be walking by herself.”

So, with adult approval and Donald now securely hitched in tow, I led him into the park. Then I suggested that we sit on a fairly private bench. Squeezed in tight beside him.

“Karen?” He said. “Would it be all right if I put my arm around you?”

“Certainly NOT!” I said. “Keep your arms to yourself!” And then I smiled tenderly and put my arm around HIM, pulled him into me and kissed him lightly on the lips. His eyes opened in astonishment as I pulled myself back.

“Oh Donald! What must you think of me?” I sighed. “I’m sorry, I just couldn’t resist. You’re so *cute*.”

“Eh ... What... How come... I didn’t think you liked me!” he finally blurted out.

I stared back at him, to all appearances astonished. “How could you possibly think that? You’re the nicest boy around. Don’t tell me you didn’t know that!” Pulled him in and kissed him again! His hands started to come up.

“Now STOP that Donald!” I said sharply. “The reason I like you so much? You’re not one of those boys who have to go around showing how *macho* they are. Now just you keep your hands down! Put them in your lap- and keep them there!” I put some firmness into my voice. Made it a command more than a request.

And mom was right. He looked a little embarrassed, but blushed prettily at what I was saying and put his hands down and sat there, in my embrace with me kissing him softly and telling him how much I liked him. I started to fondle him about the chest a little with my free hand and had to smile as I saw the sweat starting to form on his brow. Then my hand ‘accidentally’ brushed across the front of his pants and I felt the small bump there. Then I paused, then put it back and laid it gently on top of his pants. “Oh Donald!” I sighed. “Do you feel that way about me too?” Then I gave him a lingering kiss, keeping my hand there all the time. He squirmed under my controlling hand, but didn’t try to escape.

“Huh? Feel *what* way too?” He panted when I let him go. “Sexually attracted to me - the way I am to you!” I said shyly, working hard to work up a girlish blush.

“Oh Yes Karen! Oh yes! I’ve been in love with you for years!” “Why didn’t you tell me - you silly boy!” I cooed.

“I thought you didn’t like me,” he moaned.

“Ridiculous!” I said firmly. Then I softened my tone. “Donald? I know you’ll think me shameless. But may I ask you something?”

“Anything Karen! And I won’t think you shameless at all!” “Okay then! Can I see it?”

“See what?”

I didn't say anything, just gave him a kiss and squeezed his erection gently.

"Eh Eh Eh!" He panted as I started to pull his zipper down. "Oh Please Karen!"

"See! You DO think I'm shameless!" I said, a little coolness entering my voice.

"No. Honest! It's just that somebody might see!"

"If that's all. Here. Hold my handbag in front of you," I said, handing it to him.

I felt like laughing as he took it from me and daintily held it in front of him while I extracted his tiny pecker from his pants until it was standing at attention. "I've never seen one of those before!" I gasped. "I can't imagine putting *that* inside me! Are they all that *big*?"

He had the grace to blush. "I don't look at other chaps... things... but I'm sure there are lots that... are... at least that big," he stammered.

"May I? May I... *touch* it?" I breathed excitedly, but timidly. The tips of my fingers already caressing it, light as feathers. "Ooooh!" he said, almost wailing. "Please Karen? You sure you want to?"

"I've always wanted to see what one would feel like," I said. "But tell you what. Why don't you give me the white handkerchief out of your handbag?"

"My handbag?" he faltered.

"Well - the one you're holding," I said impatiently.

And Donald, the poor boy, opened his handbag and gave me the white silk handkerchief with the scads of delicate lace trim, then closed the bag. Let out a cross between a sigh and a moan as I draped the hanky around his erection.

Then I pulled him further into my embrace and bent him so that he was now lying in my arms, holding on to 'his' handbag as I kissed him softly and told him how cute he was - caressing his penis through the white, lacy, silk. Then, I felt him start to convulse. "Why Donald, what's the matter?" I said, continuing to stroke him - faster now. Then he started to ejaculate. "What are you doing?" I squealed - though I made damn sure to get the material folded enough keep his semen

contained within the hanky. Certainly didn't want him to squirt on *me*. Then I said, "Oh Donald darling! I'm SO sorry! I've heard other girls talk about that sort of thing happening, but never dreamed it would happen so FAST! I'm sorry!" Then I kissed him again. "You might want to wipe yourself off?" I suggested.

He really WAS kinda cute I thought, staring up at me all docile and shamed, his eyes all wide and helpless. And, to tell the truth? I'd sort of enjoyed the experience. I mean, I'd jacked guys off a number of times - but had never felt that I exerted that much control over them. It left me feeling kinda weird - but contented in a way that I'd never been before.

He used the hanky to dry himself off, then obviously didn't know what to do with it. "I'd tell you to throw it away Donald but it's a very expensive handkerchief that my Gran gave to me before she passed away" I said, lying in my teeth. "Maybe you could wash it for me? Give it back the next time we meet?" "I'm sorry I made such a mess of it," he said, blushing as he straightened his clothes away. "Yeah. I guess I could throw it in a washing machine..."

"Oh NO Donald! You'll have to hand wash it in lukewarm water, then air dry it until it's just damp - then iron it with a cool iron," I interrupted, having fun with the pictures of him doing all of that in my mind. But then added. "Well come on then. Time we were going. It's getting kind of chilly, don't you think?"

It was really amazing how right mom had been. Naturally, she hadn't predicted everything that would take place, but had given me enough tips so that I'd had a number of contingencies in my mind at all times. No, what I mean is that her fundamental statement was basically this. Get a male sexually aroused then bombard him with small commands. Don't give him time to think. He might rebel but, if you just kept pushing? He'd come around and be as meek as a little lamb. I smiled as I imagined a woolly Donald saying 'baaa'.

"You know Donald?" I said shyly, looking down at the ground modestly. "I know I sound awful. But I sort of enjoyed what we just did. Did you?"

His face got bright red. "Oh Karen! It was wonderful! I've never felt anything like it before!"

I stopped and stared at him. Got my voice cold. “Donald! I won’t have you *lying* to me!”

“Eh?” he said, a panicked look on his face.

“Don’t you *dare* tell me that you’ve never played with yourself?”

I said. “Girls have told me that boys do that ALL the time!”

He got even redder. “Yes, well, but..”

“But WHAT!” I snapped. “You said you’d never felt anything like it - so you *lied*!”

“But Karen? I meant that what you did to me was away better than anything I’ve ever done to myself. I’ve never felt anything like... what you did.”

“Oh darling Donald!” I gasped. “I’m SO sorry! I just HATE people who lie to me! And now I understand what you meant. Please forgive me?”

“You called me *darling*!” he exulted. “It’s true! You love me!”

I put a disbelieving look on my face. “I don’t know any girl who wouldn’t love you Donald. You’re nothing at all like those other boys. You’re sweet and cute - and don’t come on all macho.” I wrinkled my nose in disgust. “I just hate those guys who want to do nothing but paw at a girl - want to boss her around all the time. Can’t stand a mere girl, telling *them* what to do! You’re not like that, are you Donald?”

“Oh no!” he agreed ardently.

“That’s why I didn’t want you to put your arms around me, back at the park bench. I think it’s perfectly okay for a boy to be embraced by his girlfriend instead of the other way round, don’t you?”

“Yes. It was fine with me,” he said, grinning at the memory. “That’s exactly what I was talking about. You’re not at all like those jocks that are too stupid to do anything else but walk around flexing their muscles. Let me show you what I mean,” I said. “Here darling, carry this for a while, would you - please?”

He gulped, audibly, when I held out my handbag to him. Took it from me between his finger and thumb as if it

were dangerous. “Donald? Carry it properly! By the straps, the way it’s supposed to be carried!” I said coolly. Then I smiled at him as he walked alongside me, carrying my handbag - exactly the way a girl would. He blushed.

I swung my arms. “Gosh! It’s great to get rid of that thing - even if it’s just for a little while. And you’re passing the test with flying colors.”

“Test? What test?”

“Carrying my handbag - and carrying it the way it should be carried. So many boys wouldn’t have the strength of character to do that! But now I want you to promise me something Donald.”

I noticed that he wasn’t as enthusiastic in his reply this time, but he was quick enough. “Yes Karen. What?”

I got all shy and diffident, gazed downwards. “Did you really mean it when you said you’d never felt anything like what... what.... I did to you back there? You were telling me the truth?”

He paused for a few seconds before answering. “Oh yes. Absolutely!”

“Well? I want to be the only one that does that to you from now on! I know it sounds awful, but I want you to come to me when you need that sort of thing any more. I’ll be VERY upset with you if you go back to doing it to yourself again Understand?”

“Oh Karen. I couldn’t do that!” he said. “I’d be too embarrassed!”

But I could see the delight in his eyes - little did he know what was in store. “I want your PROMISE!” I told him firmly. “And you’d better believe that I’ll know if you cheat! You do? I’ll get Amy... to... well never mind. But I’ll KNOW! Now, are you going to promise or not?”

He nodded.

“Say it!” I demanded.

“I promise.”

“Promise WHAT?”

“To come to you for... for...”

“Sexual release!”

“For sexual release.”

“And will not play with myself anymore!”

“And won’t masturbate anymore.”

“Oh Donald darling! I love you!” I said and wrapped him in my arms and kissed him. I was actually astonished that he stood there compliant and docile as I treated him that way - but he did.

I ‘rewarded’ him by letting him carry my handbag all the way home. Didn’t invite him in - it wouldn’t be *proper* with my mother being away - but gave him a sweet kiss, then watched from my window as he strode away jauntily, whistling to himself.

Mom nodded approvingly later that evening after the maid had been sent home for the night and I’d filled her in on what had happened. “You DO have some talent honey. Getting him to hand wash your hanky-and iron it? Stroke of genius! But getting him to promise not to jack off on his own?” She shook her head. “It’s an awful lot to ask of a young guy - and if he does, and you don’t find out? You’ll lose an awful lot of credence as a mistress in his eyes. And, why bring Amy into it?”

(Amy is a jock, and a half-assed relative of mine. Forty second cousin? Something like that). I think that she’s sexually bi- curious - is that the right term? Anyway, she screws around with a guys a lot. Has a girl, Wendy who follows her around like a dog, but I think Amy also has the hots for me. Is basically my attack dog. Anyone gives me too much static? They find Amy breathing at their neck.

This is well known around these parts. She’s not big by any means - just a presence about her and I honestly don’t know of anyone, male or female, who would want to even think about tangling with her - so if I take advantage of that fact? Who’s to blame me?. I explained to mom that I felt I could use her as a threat. I didn’t want to go out on a limb and threaten to punish him myself... so?

Mom nodded gravely and complimented me on my thinking.

The next step in mom’s strategy was to get Donald to

acknowledge the superiority of females over him. I wasn't too sure of this, arguing that letting too many people in on this act would surely diminish my own authority, but under mom's careful tutelage, I soon saw that she was correct.

Over the next few months, I gradually strengthened my control over him. I mean, I didn't even wait for him to come to me for a hand job. I'd call *him* "Donald?" I'd say. "I feel *vibrations*! Isn't it time you were coming to see me?"

"Oh gee Karen! I've got a kinda lot of homework tonight and

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"Are you denying me the enjoyment I get from your company? Or don't you love me anymore?" I'd say coldly. "But there again - if you don't WANT to see me...?"

He'd graduated from the handkerchief to my panties. I'd have him grope up under my skirt and pull my panties down and off, or if I were wearing pants, take my jeans down and take them off - then I'd jack him off in them - then I'd have him wash them, then hang them up outside to dry (It was a well concealed drying area that my mom liked her new maids to use to hang her lingerie - embarrassed them. Donald was no different). Then I'd call him the next day to bring my panties in and then iron them. Then? While he was at it? Why didn't he hand wash my lingerie - that I had used? Didn't take that much longer, did it? And would he mind terribly hanging my other stuff outside too? Then, maybe a light touch with an iron?

We had three 'girls' working as our maids on a fairly regular basis at that time. Did NOT want Donald to see them - on the off chance they'd spill the beans or get overly familiar with him. Their names were Tiffany, Priscilla, and Jessica. (These guys just LOVE feminine names!). Anyhow, none of them, liked the idea of having their hours cut and got quite indignant about it. Tiffany was astute enough to figure out that Donald had something to do with this - and stupid enough one day to ask ME to stop bringing my boyfriend to the house - in front of mom yet!

She made him get over MY knees - and gave me a paddle to spank him! I was almost as embarrassed as he was at first, but once I had lifted his petticoats out of the way and

seen his quivering ass all bedecked in lacy satin panties? It was fun to have him squirming and squealing, his legs kicking girlishly in the air as I whacked him on the ass with the paddle. After that? He was just as nice to me as he was to mom. I started giving all three girls evil smiles about then - not for any particular reason, but you should have seen the flustered sissies with their petticoats flashing as they'd scurry to get away from me. Such fun!

So anyway, when Donald came over to our house for 'dates' with me? It was just the two of us - or at least he thought it was. (Mom had actually installed mini-cams in the house to check up on her sissies work habits - and I knew that she liked to watch what we got up to now and then from her monitor up in her office). As a matter of fact it was her that suggested that I wear pants or jeans a few times after she'd seen me jack him off on the living room couch.

"But mom!" I'd protested. "It means that he has to practically undress me - and I have to jack him off while I'm sitting around, nude from the waist down myself!"

She sighed. "I'll tell you why soon, but go along with me a few times, okay? And, for your information it's good for a sissy to see you walk around in undies - or in the nude. Gives him the notion that you don't see him as a threat - almost as if he were another girl."

That made sense to me, so I went along with it.

I'd convinced him that I was burdened with housekeeping chores - so started getting him to 'help' me. (You should have heard the wails from the three girls when they weren't allowed to polish the silver for a week - and had to let it get a little tarnished! I think their professional pride was hurt.) Donald didn't mind helping me out - but I know he was embarrassed to be wearing one of Priscilla's aprons when he polished the silver for 'me'. Was even more embarrassed when mom came home 'unexpectedly' to find him doing this. She was at her most charming, however. Chided me severely for taking advantage of 'this poor boy', with her arm comfortingly around his shoulders - but didn't miss the opportunity to point out a few areas on the silver where he could have done a better job. Did not seem to see - certainly made no comment - on his frilled apron.

After that, it happened frequently enough that he seemed to have lost his embarrassment at being caught doing chores around the house wearing his apron. She'd always make a big fuss of him. "I can't help it Donald! I'm starting to think of you as one of the family. The son I never had!" Put her arm around his shoulders. Hug him. Even kiss him sometimes. Then she'd chide me for not being as neat as him, or as smart as him. "You should model yourself on your brother more!" She'd say. "A perfect role model!"

Donald had also discovered during this period that I HATE to lose - at anything. We'd played checkers, monopoly, gin rummy lots of games - and he soon learned that for him to win led to dire consequences. I became cold and angry. Hateful. Sent him home. Told him never to come back! He learned to lose- at everything. Kept me happy, affectionate - and very loving.

After a while, I had promoted him to wearing panties. He probably argued more with me on this on anything, but I pointed out that I was getting fed up getting MY undies all soiled - and that he'd better go back to playing with himself, because he wasn't going to get any more satisfaction from me if he didn't start trying to get along with the few simple things I asked of him! He complained that he had to get almost totally undressed - because the panty material was too thin to contain his jism, it had to be wadded - and the only way *that* could be done was to take them off. At that point I understood mom's genius. "You didn't complain when It was ME had to take MY pants off so that we could use MY panties for YOUR fun!" I 'explained' to him logically and laying on the outrage just a little bit. He capitulated immediately.

Then, after that it was SO easy. I'd take him in my arms and teasingly play with the front of his pants. He'd get all weak and docile and lie back in my arms as I slowly unfastened his zipper then took his pants down, his socks and shoes off, then had him sit on my lap while I caressed the lace of his panties and told him how pretty they were - even sometimes told him how pretty HE was. Then I'd slide his panties down his legs - ever so slowly, then take them off and fit them around his penis. Kiss him. Stiffen my tongue and slide it in and out of his mouth make him suck it as if he was a girl giving a guy a blow job - then caress him into convulsions. At first I could tell that he wanted to play a more active role in

our sexual activities, but wouldn't allow it and gradually he became soft, and totally subjugated. "Come to Karen Donna," I'd say. "I want to show you that I love you." A shamed look would cross his face, but he learned to do nothing but slide into my embrace, then lie there, face turned up and his lips pouted for my kisses, his own hands uselessly at his sides as I fondled and caressed him.



It had been such fun taking him into Estelle's, a local boutique, to buy him a dozen pair of panties. He mumbled a weak complaint once I had him in there. "But darling!" I said. "You can't be wearing MINE all the time, can you?"

I said this loud enough to catch the interest of a young sales lady who was over beside us in nanoseconds, smirking. "My name's Maria. May I help you?" she said.

"Of course," I said. "My fiancE is just dying to buy ME some undies - and so I've brought him along to pick out what HE likes. What HE thinks are the prettiest. Don't you think that's sweet of him?"

She pursed her lips in a disbelieving smile. Laid a soft hand on his arm. "We don't get many men customers like you - sir - you are so sweet. We have some simply gorgeous panties I'm sure you'll love. What size did you say you were?"

He looked at her helplessly. "Isn't it a size four darling?" I said softly.

"You don't know your own size miss?" the girl asked me. "Oh! How *silly* of me!" I said, pretending to be all flustered. "Of course it's a size four!" Then I patted him on the arm. "Donni darling? Why don't you go with this nice lady? I'm sure she'll make sure you see a *full* selection of what panties they have here. I think I'll go and have a coffee next door. Be back in half an hour." I grinned at the salesgirl. "Make *sure* he buys pretty ones now! Will that be enough time?"

"Please Karen! Don't leave me!" he gasped, obviously terrified. I answered him sternly. "Donni dear? Once we get married I'll be expecting you to do this a lot - so you may as well get started getting experience now, don't you think?"

"Yes Donna. Why don't you come along with me dear? Just wait until you see the pretty panties! You'll adore them!" The girl laid a hand on his arm and gradually steered him away into their lingerie department. He looked at me helplessly. "It's for your own good dear!" I mouthed at him as he was led into the female bastion of silks, satins, and laces.

When I returned about forty-five minutes later, she had him show each individual pair of panties he'd bought 'me' by

having him drape them over his forearm and let me feel the material and make appropriate ooohs and aaahs at the satin material and the lace hems - the quality of the manufacturing. By that time, she'd obviously exerted some kind of control over him because he acquiesced to whatever she suggested, very quickly. (I could have sworn she patted him on the ass just before he went to pay for them).

Once he was wearing panties all the time, mom had said that he'd be powerless to argue and, as usual, she turned out to be one hundred percent accurate. According to her, the hard part was over now. The next step was to keep convincing him of the superiority of *all* females - and that women were the stronger, more dominant sex - especially where he was concerned. At this point, she asked me if she could participate in some of his being 'gentled'. "I just love to be the first one to spank a sissy!" she said, grinning. "After that? Oh, they're so pretty and docile!"

"You think he's ready to get spanked mom? What you gonna do, force him?"

"You crazy?" she said. "We can set it up so that he *volunteers!*"

I laughed. "Aw, c'mon mom! He's a wimp - but not *that* much of a wimp!"

"Maybe not, but I'll betcha! A pound of Lady Godiva chocolates?" she boasted. (We both love them).

"Hey! Not without a time limit!" I countered.

"A month?"

"Two weeks!"

"Three!"

"Okay! Shake!" and we shook on the bet.

"How you gonna do it?" I asked.

She smiled. "That's for me to know and you to find out, young lady. Just watch closely."

Donald, by now was well used to his panties. When he'd wondered how he could possibly keep them at his house, I'd suggested that he establish his own 'lingerie drawer' in my room. "That way Donald? You don't need to be washing out your panties every single time you wear them. You can just

throw them in our laundry basket - and do a wash once a week?"

He pounced on this suggestion immediately. I could see him thinking. "Once a week hanging up undies on the line? Once a week, ironing my panties and Karen's? It's a win-win situation! Of course, the poor sissy didn't understand that mom had taken this into her considerations - so now, instead of just a few of *his* panties? He's looking at a full laundry load of mom and my scanties - along with his own stuff! (Poor Melissa actually cried when he was told that he wasn't to do this little chore any more). So there, once a week, Donald is kept very busy doing a lot more laundry than he'd expected. (Naturally, mom wasn't supposed to know ANYTHING about this).

So, at the time the bet was made, Donald had been doing our laundry for quite a few weeks - and was actually doing quite a nice job! Better than Melissa I commented to mom. (She nodded agreeably). I watched what mom was doing like a hawk - to see what she could possibly be setting up for the bet - but about the only thing I saw was that she was spending a little more time in telling Donni - or Donna - more and more how she looked on him as one of her children - just the SAME as me!

A week went by, then two. I was looking forward both to the chocolates and humbling mom when she pounced!

Donald and I were sitting playing gin rummy. Me winning (naturally) when mom came bursting into the room, her face scarlet with fury! "KAREN! You *know* this is one of my antique lace slips!" She waved a piece of ivory lingerie trimmed with a light blue lace trim in her hands.

I had NO idea what she was talking about, when it dawned on me that she was on the move. I couldn't very well block her, could I? "Yes mom?" I answered innocently. "What are you so mad about?"

"You've been careless when you ironed it! SCORCHED it! I've warned you and warned you about being careless ironing my things! This time you've gone too FAR! This is not only very expensive? It's something I LOVE!" She brandished a wooden paddle out from behind her that she'd been carrying in her other hand. "Get over my knees young

lady! NOW!”

Mom has NEVER spanked me in my whole LIFE! I gazed at her, totally blown away. She *knew* I hadn't ironed her goddam slip! What was she up to?

Donald spoke up. “Please mummy? (She'd got him calling her that - made him sound like a ten year old girl!).

She whirled on him. “This is not any of your business Donald. My daughter screwed up! Now she must pay the price! Karen? Get OVER my knee!” Then she sat down. Held the paddle up in the air dramatically.

Then it dawned on me. “Oh mummy! Please don't spank me. You hurt me so!” I squeaked in pretended terror.

Donald spoke up again. “Mummy? It wasn't Karen's fault. It had to have been mine!”

She turned her head sharply towards him. “Donald! You may consider it part of a gentleman's duty to protect a young lady - but in this case I am determined to spank her. You have nothing to do with this. Stay OUT of it! Karen, get over here!”

I could actually see him tremble. “Mummy? It was ME that ironed your slip. I remember doing it just the other day. I'm very sorry - I just don't remember scorching it.”

She leaned back in her chair and I could see the cruel determination in her face. “YOU ironed my lingerie? Since when have you been acting as a *housemaid* around here?”

He swallowed. “Well mummy? I wouldn't put it that way - but I've been helping Karen with her ironing for quite a while now.”

“Ironing my *undies*? Ladies *lingerie*?” The scorn was highly evident in her voice.

He blushed furiously. “Yes” he mumbled.

She sat silent for a few seconds, then continued. “Well? It still doesn't matter. Karen was ultimately responsible for doing a correct job of ironing my clothes. The fact that she delegated the task to you does not mean that she is absolved when YOU screw up. Karen! Enough already. Get over here!”

I looked at her in awe. Could see exactly what was coming. *Knew* I'd lost that bet.

“That’s not fair mummy! It was my fault!” he squeaked. “Donald? Do you realize *for one second* the position you put me in? You know that I consider you my child - just like I consider Karen. You can see, surely, that I can’t let you off with any different or lighter punishment than I’m thinking of giving her?”

“Yes. I see that,” he answered.

“Want me to spank you - instead of her?” she asked.

He didn’t answer. Just looked down at the carpet.

“Very well then,” she said. “I think you’re being very heroic - but somebody is going over my knees pretty damn quick. Is it going to be you?”

He finally said the words. “Yes mummy.”

“Fine! Unfasten your pants and drop them. I’ll spank you on your underpants. *Now*, Donald!”

Donald shot me an apologetic look - obviously accepting the blame for what was happening. As it so happened, his panties that day were a bright yellow, with black lace trim. Mom gave me a smile as she arranged him, face down, over her knees. “My Donald!” she gasped in mock surprise. “What *pretty* panties. But that’s something we can discuss when I’m finished, okay?”

He nodded slowly.

She gave him six quick, resounding, swats with the paddle. He let out a gasp as the pain of the first registered and tried to buck, but mom held him down easily. He started to cry at the fourth stroke, and was hiccupping to fight back the tears by the time she was finished.

“There, there, my little bunny! I’m sorry! Did that hurt?” she cooed as she pulled him upright so that he was sitting on her lap, her arm around him, his head on her breast.

He nodded and blubbered a little more.

“You understand that I spanked you for your own good, don’t you?” she asked. But she didn’t wait for an answer. “Here! Let me dry those tears.” She pulled a tissue from a nearby side table and gently dried his tears and wiped his nose which had started to run. “Now why don’t you tell me all about why you like to wear girl’s panties?”

“I... I... don’t know... I guess... I just like them,” he stammered. “It’s all *right* Donald! I’m pretty sure that I understand. Want me to explain?”

He looked up at her, his eyes round, and still filled with unshed tears. “Yes mummy.”

She smiled tenderly and patted his face lightly. “I’m so SILLY! Should have thought more about it when I saw you helping Karen by doing her chores - and wearing those frilly aprons. Now? I find you wearing lovely panties - and discover that you’ve been washing and ironing my lingerie. Tell me, do you like the feel of it when you touch it? I think that you must. Come on now, admit it.”

“Yes,” he admitted.

“Of *course* you do! But darling? Most boys wouldn’t do what you’re doing - or wear panties for that matter. Do you know what a transvestite is?”

“Kinda,” he mumbled.

“Well that’s what you must be darling. See? They just *love* to do girl things like housework and laundry. Get turned on by wearing pretty girl things...”

He made a muffled sound of protest to interrupt her, but she over rode him. “Don’t be *ashamed* darling. It’s perfectly all right. Now tell me. Do you have a girl name you like?”

His eyes were pleading with me to help him out of this jam, but I looked back at him with my most innocent expression.

“I sort of like the name Pamela,” mom said. “Would you like us to start calling you that?”

He shook his head, obviously terrified.

“How’s about Donna mom?” I suggested. “It’s close enough to his real name...”

“Well, I don’t know,” she mused. “It’s rather masculine and most little sissies prefer something really feminine..”

“It’s okay mummy! Donna’s fine!” he gasped.

Mom beamed. “Very well Donna! Now you’re my honorary daughter! Truly? I understand your embarrassment at your little secret being found out. But I just want you to know

that you can come over here and wear pretty clothes any time you want! I'm sure that Karen's skirts and dresses will fit you perfectly well!" Then she paused. "But you can't be expected to wear another girls clothes all the time, can you? Where did you buy your panties? They look very much like Estelle's brand. Was it there?"

Dumbly, he nodded.

"They sell such lovely stuff there! I'm so glad you have the sense to buy decent quality clothes. But when you were there, did you see that electric blue silk shantung dress? I think it would look *stunning* on you! And have you bought any bras or slips yet? You should, you know!"

"I think I'll go out and do some shopping" I said. "Feel like buying some chocolates all of a sudden." I saw his pleading eyes, but ignored them. "I'm sure you girls have a lot to talk about!"

I got up and walked over to them. Gave mom an air kiss on the cheek. "See you later mom." Then I kissed Donald too. "Bye Donna. Don't do anything I wouldn't do!" Seconds later, I was gone.

When I got back with the chocolates for mom he was back with his pants on again, though I could still see his panty line, so knew he hadn't changed. From that point on though, there was a difference. He was now "Donna" both in name and in deed.

This new relationship went on for a while - mom suggesting that we let him settle down into his new persona.. Naturally, we couldn't leave him on his own *too* much and I introduced him to the pleasures of shopping with girls in the mall, while mom was ensuring that he was becoming more and more used to 'expressing his feminine nature' around our house.

For example? I had him join me, Amy and her friend Wendy when we went to the mall. Wendy is a pretty little thing, very tiny and feminine. Has the attention span of a kitten. Dotes on Amy and obviously wants to be her girl. She was puzzled by my control of Donald at first, but once she saw him responding to the name 'Donna' came to the quick conclusion that he was my girl and our pairings within the group changed. She and he would walk behind Amy and I,

their arms linked, while Amy and I led the way. It was often the case after that, that Amy and I would stand looking impatient while Wendy and 'Donna' would stop to look at store windows - women's clothes or accessories of course.

I couldn't figure it out for a while. He was obviously embarrassed by her treatment of him but seemed totally incapable of breaking away from her and, let's face it, she was SO tiny and feminine that *surely*, I thought, he didn't consider her a dominatrix. But then it dawned on me. Between mother and me, we'd met one of her original objectives. He now saw a woman - *any* woman - as someone to be obeyed!

This was verified by something else. We always made a point of stopping at Victoria's Secret or Estelle's Boutique. He didn't mind Victoria's so much - though it was a lot more public. The place was so big, however, that it was highly unusual to get the same serving girl all the time. At Estelle's, however, he was absolutely terrified of Maria - and she'd zoom in on him the minute we walked in the door. She'd promoted to a senior position on the floor so could usually foist any customer she had on a junior salesclerk, then come bearing down on us. "Karen!" to me, then to him. "My favorite *maul* Come back for some more pretties?" At this point she'd often hook a surreptitious finger into his panty line and snap it, just a little, then beam at him as if daring him to say anything. He wouldn't, naturally. Just blush girlishly.

That woman! She just loved to tease him. I think at times, even Wendy was scandalized at what she'd make him do. Once she had him take off his shoes - then made him step into a pair of lacy pink satin panties - and pull them up over his outer clothes. Then he had to get fastened into a matching bra - again over his outer clothes. After she had padded his bra, she led him through the store to where Amy and I were sitting enjoying complimentary cokes. I couldn't help it - couldn't stop giggling at the poor boys mortification. "Why are you wearing panties and a bra, Donna?" I finally managed to say. "I mentioned to Marie that I thought you'd like them," he said. "She suggested that you'd get a far better idea of how they looked if I modeled..." he blushed an even deeper shade of red... "them for you"

"Oh darling! You're so sweet! But you know? I'm not sure if I like that shade of pink. Did they have any in the same

style in blue?”

He looked at me, then Marie. “I don’t know...” He started. “Of course we do!” Marie interrupted. “If you’ll just stay there for a minute Donna? I’ll go and get a set for you.”

Poor Donald. Looked totally ludicrous standing there, the hot pink of the bra and panties contrasting so vividly with his own clothes. Some of the other customers looked a little askance but there were more smiles than anything else. Quite honestly?

I think a lot of women get a bit of enjoyment at seeing a male humiliated. I mean, let’s face it. Put a woman in men’s clothes and she’ll feel uncomfortable - but she’s not going to stand and tremble and look totally embarrassed, is she? Not gonna start thinking she’s a man, surely. But put a man in a bra and panties? My god! It’s like the end of the world!

That was fun that day. I made him buy the pink bra and panties “After all, Donald, you wore them - didn’t you? Can’t very well expect *another* girl to *buy your* castoffs can you...?”

But to tell the truth? I was getting kinda tired of the little sissy. At home, mom was stepping up her campaign to ‘Let him give his feminine side free rein’ putting him in ever frillier aprons while working with her in the kitchen - “allowing” him to do housework. Would sit beside him and chat about girlish things while he carefully ironed our growing collection of lingerie. Once, “just for fun” she had him dress in full lingerie regalia - and heels - just to see how it appealed to him. Obviously, it didn’t - but she simply pooh-poohed him for being shy then draped a flimsy negligee around him. I think it took him a little while to realize that she wasn’t about to release him until he finally admitted that he *loved* being dressed in this fashion - agreed that it had been FUN - and that someday, he’d just love to do it *again*.

Then I started, gently, to drop hints about how much I’d love to see his house - but not when his mother was home. This bothered him some as they had quite a few maids there and I was sure he was scared that they’d tattle to his mother, but he finally plucked up his courage one afternoon and suggested that we might want to go look at his place - it was such a lovely afternoon and he thought the place might look its best, so why didn’t I join him?

His place WAS fantastic! I couldn't help but be impressed. I also couldn't help but laugh at the maids they had there. With one exception, they were all much less attractive than our 'girls'. I soon found that her name was Charlotte. She was dark and pretty. Had an air about her that was fresh and cheerful. Didn't seem too much in awe of Donald. I decided to have a little fun.

"Would it be possible to have a drink out here beside the pool Donald? A coke perhaps?" I asked him.

"Don't see why not!" He answered cheerfully, pulling out a chair for me under a beach umbrella then bellowed "**Charlotte!**"

"What a disgraceful way to treat a young lady!" I gasped. "I hope that you're *ashamed* of yourself?"

"Huh?" He said, looking stupid. "She's the *maid*."

"She's a woman!" I snapped. "And deserves respect!"

"Well? I don't have a maid's bell out here - and didn't want to walk all the way into the house," he said apologetically. "Didn't mean nuthin'"

"We'll see!" I said shortly. "It meant sumthin to me!"

The girl came out walking sprightly and cheerfully, the skirts of her uniform flouncing delightfully under her apron - matching the oscillations of her flounced cap perched on her auburn hair. "Master Donald?" she said, bobbing a curtsy. "Ma'am?" to me.

"We'd like..." he started .

"You're Charlotte?" I asked sympathetically. Interrupting him. She was obviously confused at the young 'master' being so obviously over-ridden and wasn't quite sure who she should respond to. Then saw my confidence.

"Yes Miss. Charlotte's my name." She said and curtsied. "How long have you worked here Charlotte?" I asked "About a year miss"

"Donald here treat you okay?"

"Oh yes ma'am. Always nice and friendly. Likes to tease us girls, but it's all in fun, you know?"

I felt the stirring of some upcoming fun. "Mmm. teases

you, huh? Tell you what Charlotte. Why don't you sit here and tell me all about this teasing he does. Donald? Why don't you go and get cokes for all three of us, huh?"

Charlotte was dumbfounded although her eyes were sparkling. "Oh NO ma'am! I could never agree to do anything like that. The mistress would fire me, just like t/iot!" She snapped her fingers.

"Not if master Donald here, told her not to. Told her that he'd offered to serve you for a change. Surely?" I was looking at him as I said it.

He sighed. "No problem. Let me go and get them. Have a seat Charlotte. You can chat with Karen while I get the drinks." With that, he got up and walked away casually.

Charlotte did think highly of Donald. He was always nice and friendly - though he could be an unmerciful tease with the maid's aprons.

"In what way?" I asked.

She smiled fondly. "Oh - he's a rascal! The mistress is bound and determined that our bows at the back are perfect. I haven't been here that long but the other girls tell me that ever since he's been a little boy, he'll sneak up behind us and tug at one of the strings and untie the whole knot. Means we have to fuss with the bows more often than we should, which can be a pain - but there's no harm in him."

"He still does that?"

"Not so much anymore. Just when the mood strikes him I guess."

"When was the last time?"

"Just the other day. He got Angela - she's one of the other maids - real good. We were laughing about it."

What were you doing when he called you out here?" "Polishing the silver."

"Did you have much left to do?"

"Not much. A coffee pot and a tray I think."

I saw Donald approaching with our drinks. He deposited mine in front of me and Charlotte's in front of her, then came around the table and put his glass on the table and

went to sit down. “Thanks dear, but would you stay standing Donald. Please darling?”

He shrugged and smiled. “Hey I’m not going to be made to stand in a corner am I?”

I smiled at Charlotte. “Isn’t he silly?” Then, “would you take off your apron for a minute or two Charlotte? Please?”

She looked at me askance but shrugged, stood up, untied the puffy bow at the back and took it off

“Now Donald, would you put the apron on please? And make sure you make a pretty bow at the back.”

She looked at me wide eyed, then smirked as she held it out to Donald.

“Aw, c’mon Karen,” he said, blushing.

“Donald? Please!”

He swallowed, then took the apron and put it clumsily over his head. “I don’t know how to tie a bow,” he said sheepishly. “Sorry.”

“Charlotte? Would you be kind enough to instruct him on how to tie the kind of bow your mother demands from you maids?”

“Sure!” she said, grinning at Donald’s discomfiture. “C’mere Donald and let me show you.”

It took him about ten tries to learn how to tie it passably well, but he persevered valiantly, though obviously humiliated at being made to do this in front of the grinning Charlotte. Then I piled some more on. “Charlotte? You look all out of kilter, just wearing that cap. It’s obviously made to go along with the apron. So why don’t you take it off too - and pin it on Donald’s hair?”

Her mouth made a delighted “O” and she stared at him brazenly as she took the tiny, feminine, piece of lace and pinned it to his hair.

“Now Donald?” I started. “Now you know how it feels to be treated like a maid. Would you like me to yell **Donaldine!** at you when I wanted something?”

“No Karen.” He admitted.

“Well, I think you owe Charlotte a nice apology for yelling at her when you wanted her to get us the drinks. Surely you see that that is no way to treat *any* woman!”

“Yes Karen. Sorry Charlotte,” he mumbled, his face averted. “Donald? Not good enough!” I said firmly. “I want you to look her in the eye and - tell you what? Why don’t you say you’re sorry - and curtsy while you do it?”

“Aw Karen. This is embarrassing.”

“But darling. You know I’m only doing this for your own good - don’t you?” I winked at Charlotte while I was saying this to him. He didn’t see it, but a delighted grin crossed her face and she smiled widely.

He paused long enough that I actually thought he might be rebelling, but he didn’t. Just mumbled “I guess so” instead. And he curtsied (very well too, to my surprise) and apologized to Charlotte nicely. He shot me a sheepish smile. “Okay to take this off now Karen?”

“Certainly not darling. You’ve done very well up to now. But answer a question for me, would you please?”

His face fell at my not granting his request but he answered politely enough. “Yes? What is it?”

“Was tying that pretty bow in your apron easy?”

He smiled. “Heaven’s no! That must take some getting used to. Right Charlotte?”

“Oh yes sir! But I’ve got lots of practice,” she answered.

“And that’s what I think *you* need dear,” I said.

“What?”

“Practice.” I answered, then spoke to Charlotte. “Where were you working when we interrupted you dear?”

“The dining room miss,” she answered.

“Very well then. Donald? Would you go and find the other maids? Have them join Charlotte and I in the dining room. Please?”

“Like this?” he plucked at his apron skirts helplessly.

“Yes dear. Do I need to tell you again?”

“No Karen,” he said. “I’ll go and get them.”

I gave him an approving nod and he left. I giggled to myself at the way his apron flounced, but have the feeling that Charlotte caught it.

We strolled back into the house, chatting like old friends. Donald had got the three other maids there by the time we arrived. They were rather plain in appearance, although nicely dressed. Their faces showed how mystified they were, but there was some evidence of restrained mirth in their eyes as their young ‘master’ stood there in an apron and cap identical to theirs, blushing furiously.

I went and stood beside him. Put a possessive arm around his shoulder. “Ladies? I’m Karen - a *dose* friend of Donald’s. But before I meet you all individually, would you care to have a seat? I’d like to say a few words. You too Charlotte, if you don’t mind.”

They looked nervously at each other, but with Charlotte taking the lead in sitting down, they all picked chairs and, smoothing their skirts underneath them, sat and looked up expectantly at me.

“As I said?” I started. “Donald and I are close friends. Close enough that I’ve been able to criticize him in some of his attitudes - and suggest certain minor changes. You see, I’m a feminist - an ardent one. Not only do I maintain that us women are the superior sex - I want my male friends to admit it! To *agree* with me!” I gave him an obvious hug, and a peck on the cheek. “And though Donald here has a few reservations about this? He’s trying really hard to see my point of view, aren’t you Donald?”

Poor Donna! Beet red he nodded to the women staring at him. I gave him another peck on the cheek as a reward. Then turned to the women again. “Now Charlotte told me earlier that he is a very pleasant young man to work for. You all agree?”

The four of them nodded vigorously.

“Wonderful!” I enthused. “But I am just about to ask Donald to do something VERY difficult. I truly want you ladies to understand that, though it is very easy for us? It’s EXTREMELY difficult for him. So I want you to be understanding. I don’t care how poorly he does it? I’d really

appreciate it if you applaud his efforts? Think you can do that?"

They all nodded, Charlotte being the only one who gave a slight indication that she knew what was coming. I turned to him. "Donald darling? These ladies all just gave you a very high compliment. What do you say?" I cooed this at him in a way that an elementary teacher will talk to a first or second grader. He managed a grin, but it was a weak one. "Thank you ladies. That was..."

I interrupted him quickly. "Now Donald! You know better than that! You learned to say thank you properly to Charlotte just a little while ago. Have you forgotten so soon?"

His face paled to the extent that it almost matched his apron but, obedient as ever, he took the sides of his apron in his hands and curtsied. "Thank you ladies," he squeaked.

Charlotte grinned and clapped her hands first, but softly. The other three were so stunned that it took them a few seconds to follow suit - and then they applauded politely.

"Goodness gracious Donald!" I chided him. "That was *awful!* Would you like to try it once more? Show these ladies how nicely you can curtsey? Come on! Just for me?"

Either I motivated him beautifully or the first curtsey had broken the ice. He dropped as pretty and feminine a curtsey as anyone could have possibly wished for. The maids weren't as slow to applaud this time. As he straightened back up they were clapping loudly "Isn't that sweet?" "Ooooh lovely!" and "Who'd have ever guessed!"

Charlotte was applauding just like the others, but got out of her chair and advanced on him, a glint in her eyes. "Mister Donald? (Though she seemed to mispronounce the word 'Mister'. Sounded more like "Miss). "May I make a suggestion sir?"

From the frightened look in his eyes, I knew that he now recognized another potential female dominatrix. He nodded dumbly.

"Would you like to try it again?" she asked. "This time, pulling the skirts of your apron out - just a teeny bit more. And take your right foot back behind the left-just a little bit further?" "Oooh!" said the plump one. "And maybe hold

your back straighter?"

"And look more into our eyes?" giggled another.

I stepped aside as they were all crowding around him now, their taffeta uniforms crackling as they engulfed him, making suggestions to him - and comments to each other - as he curtsied over and over again, until they breathed a collective sigh of happy satisfaction and turned their attention back to me.

"I think that Miss Karen has something else to say to us girls. Right miss?" Charlotte said, curtsying - even though she wasn't wearing her apron - then putting an arm around his shoulders and turning him to face me. The other girls took the hint, and stood alongside him, so that he was now embedded in a line of maids, waiting for my instructions.

"Now Donald. That wasn't so bad, was it?" I asked kindly. He tried to smile bravely, but wasn't very successful. "No Karen. Guess not," he whispered.

Charlotte whispered something in his ear. "No Miss Karen," he said - and dropped me a small curtsy!

"Well done girls!" I said, then underlined the mockery. "Not that I'm calling YOU a girl Donald. Far from it!" The girls all snickered. "But anyway? The reason I called you all here? Charlotte was telling me that Donald here has been a naughty boy in the past. Not showing you ladies proper respect."

Everyone except Charlotte looked surprised, so I explained. "Coming up behind a working girl and untying her apron - that's what I'm talking about Donald. It's very distracting and demeaning to her. I think you should be taught a lesson, don't you?"

He dropped me a pretty curtsy. "I didn't mean anything by it Miss Karen," he said desperately.

"Oh no Miss," another maid said. "He was just teasing - like boys will, you know?"

"Yes. I do understand. Honestly!" I replied. "But don't you think that what's fair for the goose should be sauce for the gander?" I spoke to Charlotte. "The silverware you were working at? Why don't you show him what remains to be done. You don't need to show him how to polish silver. He's

done my mom's at home - just keep an eye on him to make sure he does a proper job. Okay?"

He and she curtsied then she led him over to the large china cabinet. I addressed the others. "Ladies? You may go now. But may I suggest that you all drop in on Donald now and then. Maybe check that he's doing the silver correctly? Give him hints, suggestions, etc.? And may I suggest that you remember what I said? What's sauce for..."

I was interrupted by a small squeak of surprise as Charlotte gave Donald's apron string a tug, sufficient to destroy the bow, and have the skirts of the apron to open up. Then she stood staring coldly at him while he fumbled at tying a perfect bow again. "Not bad!" she said. "But I know you can do better!" - And gave it another tug!

It took him about a half hour to finish the silver. The poor dear was close to tears by the time he'd finished - but I noticed a decided change in his capabilities to tie a pretty bow in his apron, With all the experience he got because of the girls all taking turns at untying it, it's a wonder he got the silver done at all! By the time we left the house I had the feeling that things would never be the same again between he and the maids - and over the next month or so, I started getting indications that he was no longer quite the lord and master that he'd been.

A few times he was actually late for meeting with me and more than once I got a distinct impression that he was wearing perfume - just traces mind you, but nothing like mom or I wore - and I was positive that HE wasn't at the stage of buying his own.

Naturally, being the kind of girl I am, I'd developed the hots for a stud called Eddie. God, he turned me *OM* I really wanted to make out with him, but at the same time wanted a bit of fun on the side with Donna - you know how it is? Get into the habit of embarrassing someone, you just want to see how far you can go?

I was still jacking Donna off now and then, but started insinuating things to him. "You know Donna?" I said one time, caressing his erection through his panties. "I'm starting to get concerned about you."

"Concerned?"

“Yes I think you’re getting... well... kinda... well, .sissyish?” “Aw, c’mon Karen,” he said, bright red.

“Well Donna? You have to admit it - you DO a lot of kinda girlish things - I *mean* you’re always doing girl things with mom and Wendy - and you DO wear panties. Can you blame me for being worried? Suppose you can’t...” I tried to blush, “... act the man’s part on our wedding night?”

A horrified look crossed his face, then was quickly replaced with a sort of weak hopeful look. “Maybe we could... you know... sorta... try? See how I do?”

I slapped his face - hard! “What do you take me for, huh? Some sort of floozy?” I snapped. “I thought you were a gentleman, Donna!”

He shrunk back into my arms, and his eyes filled with tears as I took the hand I’d slapped him with and put it back in his panty-encapsulated cock. “I’m sorry, sweetie!” I whispered, “but a girl has her pride, you know?”

“I’m sorry Karen. Didn’t mean to offend you,” he said, crying a little.

“Well, you *did!*” I said, but teasing. “But can you blame me for worrying about you?” I sped up the rhythm of my hand as I spoke.

“No. I... I... guess not. I’m sorry Karen,” he said, totally subjugated.

“Wow! I just had an idea!” I gasped, slowing my hand speed down again. “And it’s *perfect!*”

“Eh... eh... eh?” he moaned, thrusting his pelvis up and almost pulsating under my hand.

“Stop being a naughty girl and listen!” I scolded him. Stopped my hand movement altogether.

He lay there passive, still undulating a little, only his eyes showing his hurt. “You called me a *girl* Karen!” He said this softly, hardly objecting at all.

“Oh for goodness sake! You *macho* men!” I snorted. “Would you just shut up and listen! SIR?” Started my hand moving again, ever so gently. He sighed softly and relaxed back into my embrace.

“Amy’s got a crush on you. Did you know that?” I

whispered although there was nobody listening - except maybe mom.

He giggled. "She likes girls. Even I know that."

"You're right, but she'll often fixate on a boy - and I know she's made out with boys before (which was true - she'd experimented with male partners for a while before she was sure of her true sexual orientation) and she fancies you." "She's never shown that to me," he whispered, moving obediently under my hand once more.

"Of course not! You're mine-and she's my best friend. She'd never dream of stealing you away from me."

"But I don't understand," he said weakly, moving quicker now. "I love you. I don't love her!"

I made disapproving 'tutting' sounds. "You know what? You sound like a sissy! I've been told that if you offer a *real* man sex with a girl, he'll grab at the chance. You telling me that you're different?"

"No... no." he said quickly then added doubtfully. "I'm not sure that I could perform with someone I didn't love."

"But maybe that's because you're still a virgin?" I asked seriously.

He blushed furiously. "Yes Karen it may be that - but I've never met a girl I wanted to do it with until I met you and I don't think it's right for a man to expect his wife to be a virgin, if he isn't himself."

"You expect me to be a virgin dear? If that's what you want, you're going to be disappointed."

He gulped audibly. "You mean that you're not?"

"Would you want me to lie to you?" I cooed, stroking his erection tenderly.

"No. No - of course not!" he sighed.

"But if my virginity is important to you? Maybe we should break up? Stop meeting? Stop talking about marriage?" I stayed the motion of my hand suggestively for a few seconds. "Oh Karen. It's not *that* important. Honest! I love you!" he said.

(I may be cynical about this statement from him as,

when he said it, his groin was trying to force its way up under my hand - but there again, maybe the poor, soft little sissy meant it).

I continued. "But darling? Surely you can see why I want you to make love to Amy. She's nuts about you - so you'd be doing my best friend a favor. And if you make out okay, I'll stop being so worried about our wedding night. Don't you see?"

Even if we're both experienced by then, when we come together in bed, we'll be virgins to each other!"

I almost giggled out loud at this utter line of bullshit, but I could see that he was taking it in - hook, line, and sinker. "Well? If you're sure about this, when do you want me to do it?" he asked seriously.

"Oh darling! How sweet you are to do this for me! But I don't want *you* to do anything! Leave it all up to Amy. She's very shy about this (HA!) so let her take all the time that she needs. I'm sure that once she gets over her shyness at being the initiator, you'll have a hard time holding her back!"

His relief at being told this was readily apparent - now the onus was off him if nothing happened. "Well okay then," he said. "That's fine. I certainly wouldn't want you to get mad at me if she changes her mind."

"Oh, I'd never do that!" I cooed playfully. "Might get jealous of her of course," I kissed him and immediately brought him to ejaculation and, gasping, he shot his load into the panties.

I waited for a few seconds until he'd recovered, then I said. "See? Told you so!"

"Eh? Told me what?"

"Just like a man! Tell a poor girl what he thinks she wants to hear - but I noticed that you didn't come until I was talking about you making out with Amy." I shook my head. "That in itself is almost enough to convince me that you're man enough - but not quite."

Despite my last words the poor little sissy was flattered out of his tree at me pointing out something - anything - manly about him. He didn't see the irony when I suggested that as he now needed fresh panties he should wear the satin periwinkle

blue ones - with the scads of lace - commenting that I really thought the color was terrific on him! He blushed after he had changed when I had him drop his pants to make sure he'd done what he'd been told to do. Told him how pretty his panties looked.

I let Amy in on what I intended - she thought it was a hoot, and started making sheep's eyes at Donna as if she was infatuated with him. I, of course, kept up the pressure on him by continually suggesting that he'd be doing me a great favor by helping one of my friends out. Reminding of a male's sexual drive and how hard it must be to keep it constrained.

I set it up for a Sunday afternoon. I was kinda disgusted when it started to rain, and by midafternoon had turned into a regular downpour. I had had to let mom in on my intentions some time earlier. She looked at me strangely. "You really want to do this?" she asked.

"Mom! I need to be with a real guy! Donna is just like a girlfriend now and I think it's about time that I had *some* fun with a man!"

She shrugged and grinned. "No accounting for taste - obviously, you don't take after me. And none of my business I guess, but if this is your outlook on the situation now, I'm starting to think that I better start working on him myself."

"*Start!* You must be kidding!" I laughed. "You got poor Donna conned out of her mind!" Then I paused. "See mom? I think of him as a girl most all of the time now."

"Don't see him as a potential husband?"

"Well? I must admit that I get a great deal of enjoyment out of humiliating him. But seeing him as a husband? Don't want to burn any bridges, but right now I don't think so."

She nodded.

So that Sunday everything was primed for Eddie's visit. I'd kept Wendy out of it and Donna, of course had no idea of what was going down. Mom had entered into the scheme with a great deal of enthusiasm and had come up with all sorts of little touches to make my plans successful. Frankly, having some idea of her plans for him, I couldn't understand her willingness to let Amy have him, but that's become clear

since then. Anyway, she had inveigled both Amy and Donna into dresses - supposedly for alterations.

Amy was in a ball gown of her mother's - supposedly getting it altered to fit her for an upcoming gala dance. She had laughed when trying it on. "I feel like a fruit" she'd confided in me, swishing the extremely full skirts and petticoats and laughing as they ballooned around her.

Donna, being very close to my size - especially if his bra was padded - was doing my mother a 'favor' by wearing a summer frock of mine, also presumably for some minor alterations. Naturally, following mom's normal advice that he should learn to 'enjoy his feminine side' he was wearing full lingerie underneath it. Looked very fetching too, he did in the colorful floral, sleeveless dress.

I noticed that he'd also become so used to heels that he walked with all the confidence of a young lady - had a nice sway to him. I should also add that the dress was the kind that had quite a few tiny little buttons down the back - one of the reasons I hardly wore it. Being tight fitting in the bodice, it was almost impossible to pull off over your head and my arms were always aching by the time that I'd have the buttons all undone. With Donna being unused to back-fastening clothes, his chances of getting out of that dress without help were minimal, to say the least.

I was sitting reading a magazine, trying to hide just how randy I was feeling as the two 'girls' and mom flitted about in the adjoining room. Dead on time, mom called out. "Karen? I think that's Eddie's car coming up the driveway now." "Eddie? What's he doing here?" I called back, pretending surprise.

"Oh NUTS!" mom said. "He called early this morning and asked if he could come over this afternoon. Guess I forgot to tell you."

"Eddie? Eddie Jansen?" I heard Donna squeal. "Oh Oh Oh! What am I going to do! Mummy, will you help me out of this dress? I can't let him see me like *this!*"

"I don't think there's time dear," mummy said. "And he'll probably only be here for a little while. Just relax." "Couldn't you send him away? Tell him that Karen's not here?"

“After the poor boy has come all this way in the pouring rain to see her? That would be very mean, don’t you think?”

“Oh please mummy! Help me!” he cried.

“I’ve got an idea,” she said to him. Then to me. . “Go on Karen. Answer the door, but take a few minutes before you bring him back here, okay?”

I opened the front door - and probably scared the hell out of Eddie as I jumped right into his arms. Oh god, it was so lovely to be in the arms of a strong stud! I shoved my groin into his immediate erection and rotated my hips. Took his tongue into my mouth and sucked on it as hard as I could. “Mmmm! What took you so long?” I cooed when we’d separated, and put my hand down over his raging cock. I think he was ready there and then - I had to fight him off from picking me up and backing me into the wall in the hallway. It was *great!* I almost let him have me - but managed, somehow, to keep my head. Managed to fend him off - but believe me, it was a struggle.

Donna was a redhead in a ponytail wig, when I got Eddie into the room a few minutes later and, fully made up now, was a fairly pretty girl. I was very impressed by the transformation that mom had worked in the few minutes she’d had. His eyes were frightened but, as Eddie was saying hello to mom, I whispered in his ears. “Don’t worry Donna. I’ll distract him so that he doesn’t pay any attention to you.” Then when it was time for them to meet, I introduced Eddie to Donna, explaining that “she” was Amy’s *girlfriend*. As Amy’s proclivities were well known, this immediately meant that Eddie lost any interest he might have had in Donna immediately.

Then mom ‘remembered’ that she’d an errand to run. “Behave yourselves you kids!” she mock-seriously warned us. “Don’t let me come back to find any hanky-panky going on!” To tell the truth, I wasn’t sure if she was actually going to leave the house or spy on us from the monitor but, frankly, was just too randy to care. “Could I maybe come with you, please?” Donna called out as she started to leave the room.

“Aw sweetie! I’m sorry I was mean to you!” Amy implored him! “Don’t go. You’ll get your pretty dress all

wet.” With that, she put an arm around his shoulders and pulled him in for a kiss!

“Okay you girls. Behave now!” Mom said, and left the room.

She wasn't gone from the room for two minutes when Eddie suggested that we put on some music, so I turned on the CD player and put a bunch of romantic music on. Naturally, we all started dancing - Amy and Eddie taking the boys parts, Donna and I following their leads.

Slow dancing - without a chaperone - can often lead to just one thing. A little while later, Donna and I are lying on the sofa, practically side by side, and under attack from Amy and Eddie. Then, once I knew I couldn't wait any longer, I gave Amy the pre-arranged sign. Her hands had been up under his skirts for some time, but now I could tell that she was pulling his panties down. Right then, Eddie finally took the hints I was making and I could feel my own moist panties slowly getting pulled down my thighs.

Then Amy pulled her voluminous skirts and petticoats up and dropped them all over Donna so that he was completely hidden from view - then mounted him - as Eddie was climbing on to me!

I could hear some muffled noises coming out from under the mound of Amy's skirts as she and I slipped condoms onto our partners, but it wasn't too long before I was making some enthusiastic noises myself - so wasn't paying too much attention. So there we stayed - not for long enough unfortunately - as Amy and Eddie did their thing, humping Donna and me enthusiastically, their bodies moving up and down almost in perfect unison. I don't know about Donna, but Eddie, me and Amy all came about the same time.

We all rested for a little while then started separating ourselves from our partners and once Amy got up, I could tell by Donna's face that he was very emotionally disturbed. Figured that I'd better get rid of Eddie quickly, so dropped some quiet and gentle hints that mom might be home any minute - and that if she twigged that we'd had sex, she might make things unpleasant.

He took off shortly thereafter and I couldn't help smiling to myself-just what the doctor ordered I thought. When I came back into the room Donna was crying. "You made love to him!" he said accusingly.



I shrugged. "Sure I did. Said I was going to distract him, didn't I? I didn't want to get intimate with him, but figured I was doing you a favor! But if that's all the thanks I get? And anyway? Weren't you humping Amy? Don't hear ME crying and carrying on about *that*, do you?" Then I turned to Amy. "How'd he perform? Okay?"

She held her hand out in front of her, palm down, and fluttered it a little. “Kinda strange, you know? Screwing a boy in a dress. If it hadn’t been for his tiny little cock? I’d have thought he was a girl - weak and soft. Nice and smooth - and his lingerie was really silky. But yeah. He did okay I guess.”

Poor Donna. He burst into tears at this less than wonderful testament to his manliness, so I went and put an arm around his shoulders. “That’s all right darling. See? You played the part of the man okay. Isn’t that right Amy?”

She paused, just long enough to have him gushing out with more tears, and mom chose that second to come into the room.” Girls GIRLS! What’s going on here! Why are you crying Donna?” She sniffed the air dramatically. “Have you girls been having sex? Don’t lie to me! The truth now!”

Amy and I gazed at each other disbelievably. Softly and tenderly, mom now came and bumped me out of the way with her hip. Put her own arm around his shoulders and led him to the couch where he’d just been screwed. Minutes later? He’s sitting on her lap - like a little kid!

She then proceeded to draw everything out of him - his embarrassment at being made love to by Amy. Of being frightened that Eddie would recognize him. His jealousy of Eddie being allowed to make love to me. His shame at being hidden under Amy’s skirts. Then she turned to Amy and me. “Why don’t you two scamps beat it? Donna and I need to have a heart to heart talk and it’s none of your business”. But there was a cruelty in the way that she said it and in her smile. That, reinforced by a half-wink, let me know that what was coming might be very interesting.

So, acting chastened, Amy and I shut the door behind us. She didn’t know why I grabbed a hold of her arm and started running for mom’s private office where the monitoring equipment was installed. Amy’s eyes grew wide when she saw me activating the monitor then selecting the camera and the sound for the room - though with mom having used it before, it only needed a bit more fine tuning.

Mom was in the middle of saying something. “... so Donna. See what I’m getting at? You admit that you didn’t enjoy making love to Amy - and that you were jealous. But

are you sure - *absolutely* positive - that it was Eddie you were jealous of, and not Karen?"

He looked at her blankly. "I don't understand mummy. Jealous of *Karen*?"

She nodded solemnly. "You *don't* understand, do you?"

He shook his head, his face clearly showing bewilderment.

She hugged him. "Donna? Do you have any idea what a pretty girl you are now? On second thoughts? Don't answer that, let me tell you." She turned Donna's face to look directly into hers, then continued. "You're not beautiful - but you're decidedly pretty. With a little better makeup job, you'd be even prettier. Get you some nice looking breast forms?" She held her finger to Donna's lips as he was obviously about to say something. "No Donna. Please let me finish."

She repositioned herself on the couch and started talking again. "So, you're pretty. In a dress and heels, you move naturally. You talk softly and are sweet and feminine. You're the next best thing to being a girl, aren't you?"

"But mummy? I don't.. "

"Hush dear! Don't you see that's your macho side arguing. You've been brainwashed all those years into thinking you're a boy. What I'm saying that it's maybe now that you're feminine side is coming out. Wasn't it Karen you envied? Isn't there the *slightest* chance that you wanted to be *Eddie's* girl?"

He let out an anguished wail. "No... No... NO!" and tried weakly to break out of mom's embrace, but she held him easily and spoke calmly. "Darling? I'm NOT saying that it's a fact that you want to be turned into a girl completely. But can't you see? Here I am - a completely unbiased observer - suggesting, just *suggesting*, mind you - that you might be that way - and you react this strongly? You know that old quotation - '*methinks he protesteth too much*'? Don't you think it might be appropriate here?"

"I don't think so..." he mumbled weakly.

"But you don't KNOW so, do you?"

"No. I guess I don't... but..."

“Well dear, as long as you have an open mind on the subject, I’ll say no more,” mom said - a little huffily.

I zoomed the camera in on Donna’s face. Amy giggled beside me. “Gosh Karen, your mom is a work of art, isn’t she? Just look at Donna’s face! Like a deer caught in the headlights!” “More like a rabbit in front of a very large snake,” I giggled. “Does she really think he’s gay?” she asked, peering intently at the screen.

I shook my head. “Don’t know. Don’t think so. I think she’s just trying to confuse him.”

“Ssh!” Amy whispered. “She’s talking again.”

Donna was now lying back in mom’s embrace. Eyes turned upwards as if waiting for orders. Soft lips, opened slightly. Now all appearances of masculinity gone. Meek, compliant - and feminine.

“Now Donna?” mom was saying softly. “You know that I love you. Look on you as if you were my own?”

He nodded.

“And that sometimes - if you love someone - you must do what appears to be a hurtful thing? Be cruel to be kind sort of thing?” He nodded again, slower this time.

“Well, I’m sorry dear. But I think it’s high time I stepped up your exposure to being a girl. So here’s what I want you to do. Karen and Amy are probably up in Karen’s room. I want you to go up there and ask Karen to make you up properly. I didn’t do that good a job when I made you up before - and Amy, that minx, mussed you up pretty good. Then ask Karen if she’s still got the nice breast forms she had when she was younger - and put them in your bra . . . just for me - please?” she added firmly seeing that he was about to protest. “So that when you come back here, you’re as pretty a girl as I know you can be. Okay. Will you do that for me?”

I didn’t wait for his response. “C’mon Amy! Let’s get out of here!” I said switching off the monitor and pulling her out of the office. Closed the door quietly behind us. Rushed her to my room and turned on my TV. Threw a magazine at her and picked one up myself. When Donna knocked on my door and came in, Amy and I were perfect examples of two bored young ladies on a wet afternoon.

Donna, naturally, passed on to us what mom had told him. I wasn't sure as to what mom had in her mind when she'd been talking about being cruel to be kind, but was pretty certain that the day's entertainment wasn't over- not by a long chalk. Amy was chafing at having to wear the ball gown, so stripped to her lingerie. I saw how Donna was immediately embarrassed - so followed suit myself. Poor boy! Two nubile young women walking around him in their underwear, ignoring him just as if he were another girl? And? As we worked on him, his transformation into a girl was accelerated up another notch. As I said, earlier he'd been fairly pretty - now there was no denying it - he *was* pretty.

We'd taken his dress and wig off and inserted my old breast forms into his bra. In a moment of genius, I thought of something and raided mom's lingerie drawer. Came back with a light blue, taffeta-faced, lace up corset. It was SO much fun lacing him into it tightly. Couldn't tell whether he was red faced from embarrassment or the constraint of the corset.

But with his new breasts and waistline? Amazing! I'd never noticed before, but he had the cutest, plump little ass! All soft and round! Got the strongest urge to spank it, so when he was silly enough to voice a small complaint, I gently pulled him over my knees and gave him a soft spanking on his panties. (I started to see where mom got her enjoyment from doing this to males. Just feeling him squirm around with our lingerie materials sliding back and forth between us? '*Tremendous*').

Amy was surprisingly good with his hair. I hadn't allowed him to have it cut for some time and it was getting just long enough to set with rollers - so that's what we did, with her calling the shots. I'd have thought that, with his hair up and wrapped in a turban, he'd look more masculine. Noway! After his spanking, his face seemed to lose much of its masculine characteristics and with its oval face and smooth complexion took on an even more feminine appearance - though the fact that we plucked his eyebrows may have had something to do with that.

The docile little lamb didn't even bleat when we put him under mom's portable hair dryer and then, while Amy worked on his toe nails, I worked on his manicure. No complaints about how he was to remove the polish, no

questions.

Altogether? We must have spent about two hours or more beautifying him. Once his makeup had been applied properly and his hair had been brushed out, he was fastened back into his dress. I then had a slight taste of the triumph that Dr. Frankenstein must have felt. Amy and I had created someone - someone entirely different than the person she'd - he'd - been before. A girl that had been a boy. A pair of white coral, clip-on earrings, a matching necklace and bracelet helped. I then, personally, applied the finishing touches with a few little touches of Nina Riche behind his ears and on his wrists. Again, Donna just stood there, fully accepting everything now, pretty as a picture.

We were just in time, because mom called up the stairs. "Girls? Time to come down. Dinner will be ready in about fifteen minutes. Make yourselves presentable, okay?"

Her last comment puzzled me, but Amy and I got dressed, although she put on her standard jeans and top instead of the ball gown. (That underlined another point. She'd taken over the male role from Donna when wearing a ball gown. Now, with her in more masculine clothes, he seemed to have accepted this role reversal as permanent, deferring to her exactly the way a girl would to a boy. Not necessarily intimidated - more like rolling his eyes at me if Amy did anything remotely masculine. I also noted him checking his lipstick and his hair in the hall mirror - exactly the way a girl would). Anyway, I took a little extra care in making sure that I was presentable myself.

I got quite a surprise when we got downstairs - because there was Tiffany - our male maid - in full maid regalia no less and looking very pretty. I knew that he 'made' Donna the minute he saw him, but mom must have warned him because he didn't let on. Then I saw why mom must have called Tiffany in. The table was set in the dining room - but for five? - and the smell of a delicious meal was filling the house (Tiffany IS an excellent cook) and there was a lovely fire blazing in the sitting room.

When mom appeared, she too had changed. Full length dress, very elegant. Full makeup.

She greeted the three of us warmly, giving us all

ceremonial air-kisses and telling us how pretty we were. Made no difference in how she treated Donna as compared to me or Amy. Then, surprising me even more, she had us sit in the sitting room and had Tiffany serve us wine spritzers - so I knew then that something was up. Didn't have long to wait and wonder. The doorbell went and Tiffany went to answer it. A minute or so later he reappeared, a fur coat over an arm and a ladies handbag in his hand. Behind him was a lady still engaged in shaking some moisture from her hair. Escorted our visitor into the room - Donna's mother!

I know that I was shocked. What in hell's name was mom playing at! But then when I saw Donna's face with the blusher on his cheeks standing out clearly against the white of his complexion, knew that his shock was MUCH greater than mine. Mom went and greeted her.

"Mrs. Smithson! How nice of you to visit on such short notice! And in such inclement weather too!"

Mrs. Smithson looked a little confused but was obviously impressed my mom. Got a little coquettish as she answered. "Yes, it is absolutely filthy weather. But you *did* say it was urgent that I come here tonight when you phoned, did you not? Something pertaining to Donald? As a mother I felt that I must come - but excuse me, I don't see any signs of danger or urgency here. You haven't brought me here on some pretext, have you?" She fluttered her eyelashes at mom.

Mom blinked. Donna's mother normally tended towards being a little distant. This woman didn't bear much resemblance to the lady who chatted with us after church at all. But she recovered rapidly.

"Mrs. Smithson? Yes, what you are seeing here that may appear calm on the surface, but there are undercurrents that have been years in the making. I asked you here tonight because there is a situation you have not been aware of - and it is HIGH time that you were appraised of it!"

"Oh dear! This sounds serious." Mrs. Smithson put a hand to her throat.

"Oh it's not a terrible thing dear. But may I suggest a drink? You may need one."

"Well? A Scotch and water might not go amiss. Thank you." Mom signaled Tiffany. "A Scotch and water for our

guest please and I think I'll join her. Same for me please."

Tiffany curtsied and wasn't long in returning with the drinks. Once the two women had them, mom said. "I think introductions are in order dear. Karen, my daughter, you've met. That girl beside her is Amy - a distant relative and friend.

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Both Amy and I stood, smiled, and mouthed our 'hellos' to our guest. Donna stood alongside us, pale as death and I could see his hands tremble so badly that the liquid in his wine glass threatened to spill.

"And Mrs. Smithson? You obviously haven't recognized him but this other young lady? Is Donald - your son. Although he prefers the name Donna now."

I'd heard the phrase "pregnant pause" but never knew what it was until then. I saw Mrs. Smithson look at Donna. Didn't see or didn't WANT to see what mom was talking about. Then she put a sort of half smile - half questioning look on her face and looked at me, then Amy - as if waiting for someone to laugh, and then explain the joke to her. Then her attention swung back to her son.

He broke the silence. "It IS me, mother. Can I explain?"

Mom broke in. "Mrs. Smithson? I know this must seem very strange to you. Please sit down. Donna? Perhaps you could let me explain?" With that, she took our stunned visitor by the hand and led her to the couch, where the two of them sat. Mom then scooted over to create a space. "Donna darling?" she said, patting the newly formed area between them. "Why don't you come and sit between us please? But please darling? Let me explain everything to your mother, huh? Of course, if I say anything *too* outrageous, I'll expect you to clarify things. Will that be all right?"

"Yes mummy," Donna said, totally oblivious to the shock that appeared on his step mother's face at his use of the term she probably thought should refer only to her.

But it didn't escape mom. "Mrs. Smithson? Please don't be offended at Donna calling me mummy. He started doing this some time ago and, looking on him as I would as if he were a child of my own, I was flattered. I should have

stopped him I guess, but I DID enjoy it so!”

But Mrs. Smithson was only paying half attention, staring at her son as he walked across the room, the skirts of his dress swaying gently around him, his arms held demurely at his sides. Not swishy in the slightest - just a pretty girl in a pretty dress walking slowly across a room. I knew that she was seeing exactly the same thing. She shook her head as if to clear it.

“Mrs. Smithson? May I call you Julia?” Mom asked.

“Please do. And your first name is?” Julia answered. “Stella” my mom replied. “Now Julia. Let me explain. Don’t hesitate to ask any questions if you wish. All right?”

Julia nodded.

“Well, as you know, Donald seemed very keen on Karen and started walking her home from church. Naturally, I was pleased. He’s such a well-mannered boy-so courtly. But one time when I drove past them? He didn’t see me - but he was carrying Karen’s handbag. Not only that, he was carrying it the way a *girl* would!”

“Oh mom!” I interrupted. “He carried it because I asked him too - that was all!”

“Yes dear. I know. It just struck me as strange that a boy should look SO comfortable in doing it. Most boys would raise a fuss - don’t you agree Julia?”

“Well - that would seem to be the case.” Julia answered uncertainly. “But it’s not very much to go on - is it?”

“Of course not,” mom answered smoothly. “But as weeks went by I started noticing that he seemed to enjoy doing Karen’s chores around the house. Attempted a small experiment by asking him to wear a pretty apron. Didn’t object one bit - even started to wash and iron his own aprons! Not only that? I found that Karen - the little minx- was having him wash and iron her *lingerie*.”

“You know? That’s strange!” Julia said reflectively, not shocked that I could see. She focused her attention on Donna. Patted his frock on top of his knees. “I haven’t said so dear. But you ARE a sweet looking girl. I’d never have guessed!” He blushed and lowered his head.

“But anyway?” she continued. “Remember a few weeks ago when I’d left the house, then had to come back a while later because I’d forgotten my glasses?”

I wondered what was going on. He was turning an even paler shade of white than he had been previously.

“Yes mother,” he answered as if he was being strangled.

She turned to mom. Not having my glasses on I wasn’t seeing too well - but I could have sworn I saw a new maid at the end of a hallway. Knew I hadn’t hired any new girls - but there *was something* familiar about her.” She turned back to Donna. “Was that you darling?”

This was a circumstance that neither mom nor I had anticipated - we looked at each other, shell shocked - and right before Donna answered, it dawned on me - Charlotte had to have been domming him!

He licked his lips making them red and inviting without realizing it. “Well... yes... mother... You see...” His voice trailed off apologetically.

“Ah Julia! So you may have *sensed* that your son had feminine proclivities - but being his mother, you were probably too close to him to recognize them for what they were?” mom interrupted, saying this while smiling understandingly. “Could be.” Julia said reflectively, then spoke to Donna. “But why didn’t you tell me about this Donald - sorry - Donna? I’d have understood.”

“Oh - you know MEN!” Mom laughed. “Admit that they enjoyed wearing women’s panties? Never!” Then she addressed Donna. “I’ll admit - I was surprised when I discovered you wearing them! Such pretty ones too!” She smiled at Julia. “Though, if you don’t mind - I’d just as soon not tell you how I found *that* out.”

Her effrontery surprised even me - but I knew that Donna could never admit the reason he’d started wearing panties - and the thought of admitting that mom had (supposedly) found out by spanking him - would never cross his mind.

Then mom got serious. “You see Julia? I felt so bad for the boy. Felt that I HAD to help him discover his feminine

side. Wasn't trying to *hide* anything from you - but didn't want to shame him either. It was a big help to find that Karen's dresses and skirts fitted him nicely and, as you can see, he took to being a girl like a duck to water. But today, something happened that made me wonder."

She paused for dramatic effect (I think). "You see, up until this morning I had just taken him for a transvestite - or a cross dresser - a male who enjoys wearing pretty things and *looking* like a girl. Saw no harm in helping him ..." She paused again. "But?" Julia prompted her.

"Today, I got some indications - faint one's mind you - that he wants to *BE* a girl!"

"Oh mummy!" Donna squealed, outraged. "How *could* you! I don't want to be any such thing!"

"DARLING! I know how hard this must be to discuss this with your mother," mom said sympathetically. "But didn't you admit today - just hours ago - that you didn't know for sure *who* you were jealous of? Eddie - or Karen?"

Indignation left Donna's face and was replaced by confusion. "Yes... but.. I... I don't... what...?" he stammered.

"It's all RIGHT dear!" Julia said. "I love you! You want to be a girl? Nothing *wrong* with that! Lot's of boys do..."

"Yes dear! Your mother is absolutely right!" mom interrupted. "Nothing wrong with wanting to be a girl. Nothing at ALL!"

Donna looked helplessly at both women, one at a time. Befuddled and confused. Dazed. Finally relaxed back onto the sofa cushions in a helpless fashion and I sensed that from that point on, whatever mom had planned would take place. And it did.

The two older women were now allies - it was obvious. Julia was out of her league - although I sensed that she was mulling the whole situation in her mind - maybe even enjoying what was being done to her step-son? Mom had just had too much time to set things up. Donna was now nothing but a pawn in mom's machinations.

"But what do you recommend we should do, Stella?" Julia asked.

Mom's eyes gleamed. "Well? I haven't had too much time to think about this, but there's a way that one can learn a new language - called "total immersion" I think..."

"Oh - I've heard of that!" Julia interjected. "The people actually live with people who never talk in anything but the language the person is trying to learn. Right?"

Mom nodded her head. "Absolutely! Now, I was thinking that Donna has lived all of his life up until now as a boy- he must therefore have been thoroughly brainwashed into masculine thinking... Maybe a spell of immersion as a female might open up his thinking? Might enable him to make a choice - based on knowledge, rather than brainwashing?"

"But how on earth could we manage that?" Julia asked, perplexed. "I mean, I see your reasoning, and it's flawless - but are there any places that would specialize in handling boys like him? I don't think it would work too well at our house..."

"Oh, I can see *that!*" mom said smoothly, "The maids you have there might not understand..." (The look of relief on Donna's face was incredible!) But then, as mom started to continue, he started getting worried again. "Mother? Mummy? May I say something?" he asked, desperation creeping into his voice.

Julia spoke. "Of course dear. Don't you think this to be a great idea? You'd be able to wear all sorts of pretty clothes - and I'm sure that no one would laugh at you..."

"Well it's not that mother. I just don't think that..."

"Donna darling?" mom interrupted. "I hate to say this - but do you realize how negative you sound? Like I've said before? I look on you as if you were my very own child - and your mother - well, you're step-mother, that is - wants nothing for the best for you, just like me. So please be a good girl and just let us see if we can come up with a solution to this problem."

I saw Julia's eyes widen at the sound of her son being referred to as a girl, but then she patted Donna's knee and said. "Yes darling. That's probably all that brainwashing you went through talking. Now why don't you do as Stella suggests - and be a good *girl?*"

I wondered about this new indication that she wanted

to humiliate her son - and came to the conclusion that marriage to his father may not have been a bed of roses - maybe she wanted a little of her own back on the male sex? He blushed and seemed to shrink a little inside his pretty, floral, dress. A satisfied smile appeared on her face. She turned to mom. "You were saying, Stella?"

Mom sighed happily. "Well? I'm sure there are places where they'd be glad to sort him out - but the question is, would they do it with the love and understanding that he needs? On top of that? I bet the costs would be *prohibitive*. But say he stayed here with Karen and me? He'd have Karen as a role model - and me as a chaperone! And you live close enough to visit him any time you wish!"

A speculative look came into Julia's eyes. "How long do you think it should take, Stella?"

Mom shrugged. "A week or two. Maybe three?"

"I've been planning on going on a one month cruise next week. Been wondering what to do with Donald - I mean Donna of course. I offered to let him join us - but he sneered at the thought of joining a bunch of women - as he put it!"

"A MONTH?" Donna wailed. "I can't go around dressed as a girl for a month! WON'T!" Practically stamped his pretty little foot!

"Donna darling?" mom cautioned him. "A month isn't that long."

"Yes dear. For goodness sake! You'd think we were killing you! Now just stop all that macho posturing and be quiet!" Julia was obviously losing patience - but yet I kept thinking I saw more and more evidences of delight shining in her eyes as she and mom gradually subjugated the poor boy in the pretty floral dress sitting between them.

It was all over bar the shouting. All of us went into dinner and ate a very civilized meal - Two women and three girls chatting pleasantly though one of the girls was a LOT quieter than the others.. Tiffany served up an excellent meal silently and efficiently. Shortly after dessert, Amy excused herself and went home. Shortly after that, Tiffany let mom know that the kitchen was all tidied up and the dishes done. "Will that be all ma'am?" he asked mom.

Mmm.” Mom mused. “I should have thought to have you make up a bedroom for Donna.”

“That’s silly mom!” What’s wrong with having him sleep in MY room?” I said, startling everybody, I think.

“No. That wouldn’t be proper dear,” mom said.

“Why not?” I asked, innocence spread all over my face. “When Amy sleeps over, she shares my room, doesn’t she? Seems to me that if you want Donna to have this ‘total immersion’ thingie you’ve been going on about? Should we be treating him any differently than any other girl?”

“I must say, “Julia said to mom, laughing a little. “Your daughter cuts right to the chase, doesn’t she?” Then she turned to me. “But are you sure you’d feel safe sleeping in the same bed, dear?”

I shrugged. “Safe? Of course. Donna - excuse me - Donald, has never been anything but •& *perfect* gentleman. If I wouldn’t allow him to make love to me as a man, do you *really* think I’d let him do it if he was acting, and dressing like, a girl?” I turned to him. “Aren’t I right Donna? You wouldn’t try to take advantage of the situation, would you?”

His blush was evident, even under his makeup. “Never! But I can’t be sleeping with you Karen. I *can* 7”

“I can’t believe I’m hearing this!” Julia teased. “You say you’re a boy one second - then you don’t want to sleep beside a pretty girl the next? What are we *supposed* to think?”

“Yeah! *I* should be the one that’s getting offended here!” I laughed.

Mom broke in. “Donna? Don’t let these two tease you! We all have perfect trust in you - I don’t believe that you’d ever dream of hurting a hair on Karen’s head. Isn’t that true?”

“Of course mummy!” he protested, totally confused.

“Then why don’t you run upstairs with Karen and see if she’s got any nightwear that’ll do you for tonight. I want to speak.

“*Tonight?*” he squeaked.

“Yes. Why not? Want to get all the work we’ve done today lost? Seems silly to me!”

“And to me!” Julia chimed in.

“And Donna?” mom added kindly, “I’d really like to talk to Julia, so please? Do as I ask?”

“Yeah Donna - come ON!” I said, assaulting him from another tangent by standing and taking his hand pulling him up from where he sat. Was actually surprised at how light he seemed. I linked arms with him and led him to my bedroom. Decided to have a little fun.

“Donna darling?” I said sweetly once we got to my bedroom. “Remember how I gave you a spanking earlier on this evening?”

He blushed furiously. Nodded.

“It didn’t hurt, did it?”

“No. Can’t say that it did. Though it WAS kinda embarrassing,” he admitted.

“I got the strangest feeling that you liked it though - or am I wrong?” I asked softly.

“Hrmp!” He cleared his throat. “Like I said. It was embarrassing.” Then he looked at me, his eyes full of pleading. “Please Karen - can’t we talk about something else?”

“In a minute,” I said. “You know something? You really offended me downstairs - acting as if you wouldn’t sleep with me - like you were some kind of stud and that I wouldn’t be strong enough to withstand you! And that really bothers me! I do feel *insulted* to tell you the truth!”

“Aw Karen! You know I didn’t mean that!” he said.

“Feel like putting you over my knees and giving you a *proper* spanking - not one of those FUN ones!” I snapped. “How’d you like *that*, huh?”

He’d come to accept my dominance so much, that he never even questioned if I *could* spank him!

“Please Karen? I didn’t mean anything. Didn’t mean to offend you.” he pleaded.

“You don’t *want* a spanking? Don’t want to KNOW who’s boss between us? Then ask me nicely. Ask me NOT to spank you!” I ordered. “Ask me NICELY!”

“But I AM asking you nicely! Please don’t spank me

Karen,” He was close to wailing.

I went and put both of my hands in his and gently pulled him close to me. “Look me in the eyes Donna,” I said. He managed to lift his soft, puppy eyes, although I could see that his natural inclination now was to look down when being talked to by a woman.



“You going to make any more fuss about being my special girlfriend or sleeping with me, huh?” I asked softly.

His lips trembled. “No.” he whispered.

“Cross your heart and hope to die, if you lie?” I asked, letting go of one of his hands and lightly tracing a cross over the front of his dress - making sure that I took in some of the swelling of his breasts.

“Cross my heart,” he said helplessly.

I gave him the kind of kiss one girl gives another. “Come on then Donna. Let’s see what we can find for you.” I giggled.

His mother was quite impressed when we went back. I’d felt that to put him in something gauzy and frilly might be pressing it too much - so went for simplicity itself - a long granny nightgown that had a lace yoke, under a lightweight robe. Feminine of course, but not ‘ultra’. Had him remove some of his makeup and replace it with much lighter shades. He now had a very strong resemblance to a young lady ready for bed. Of course I wore similar nightwear as well. I’d toyed with the idea of wearing pajamas, but discarded that as being a little much.

I sensed that something had happened between Julia and mom - there was a sort of sensuality in the air that hadn’t been there when Donna and I had left. Later, after Julia had gone and Donna had been sent to bed, I quizzed mom about it. She grinned. “Think she fancies me,” she said “But I’ll cross that bridge when she gets back from her cruise. In the meantime, what went on upstairs? Donna seemed a lot more receptive when you came back down.”

She shook her head approvingly after I told her. “You know Karen? I’m starting to think you maybe *should* marry him. He’s gonna come into a POT of money one of these days. I think that that’s what may be the root of some problems Julia has with him...”

I shook my head. “Still not gonna burn my bridges with him mom - but right now? I’d rather marry a *man*. Know what I mean?” Then added “Julia’s obviously got plenty money of her own. She want his too? Seems awfully willing to go along with making him a sissy.”

“Don’t think so. It’s just that I have the feeling that she was under her husband’s thumb for so long? Feels that she can get some of her own back by putting his son under hers.”

“Ah! That’s why she seems so receptive to us putting him into dresses?”

“Wouldn’t be surprised! We can talk more about this tomorrow. But isn’t it time you were joining your friend in bed? He’ll be getting lonely I should think.”

I grinned. “Night mom.” Gave her a swift kiss.

“Behave yourself up there!” she cautioned, but was grinning. “Of *course* mom!” I replied, then hurried to my bed - and my friend.

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Donald started to disappear over the next week. Donna gradually took his place. Went shopping with me and mom - went to the beauty salon with Julia. Got fitted with a pair of very realistic breast forms - I was amazed at how natural they looked, even without a bra - and kinda jealous - they were just a smidgen bigger than mine! Learned how to be a girl in bed with me too. She was okay I guess - just a wee bit too subservient - if you know what I mean.

After she started wearing a special kind of panty (cache sex, I think they’re called) it was even harder to remember that she’d ever been a guy - though I did enjoy teasing her a lot. Bought her a pretty tennis dress - then took her to her house and ‘introduced’ her to the maids. She blushed enough at their comments about how pretty ‘he’ was that I knew that some vestiges of maleness remained. (He had less after I beat him on the tennis court. Truthfully? I don’t know whether he was scared to beat me or the flounced dress that showed off his panties with just about every move distracted him - but I trounced him pretty good. I think that some of the maids enjoyed dropping by to ask if we were in need of anything, then watching for a little while as he minced and pranced his way around the court. This may have distracted him a little also).

Later that afternoon, after we had showered, we sat out on the deck and had soft drinks. Charlotte came and said ‘Hi’

to me and (I think) shot him a reproachful look - or maybe some *other* kind of a look? I don't know - but somehow Charlotte ended up sitting out and chatting with me - while he served us. (Very nicely, too - I must say).

And yes, it was probably cruel of me to lie in bed with Donna at night and go on and on about Eddie - and what a stud he was. This wasn't as much fun as it should have been because, after Donna's mother had left on her cruise, mom started making *her* play for Donna. The sneaky old thing would wait until I was off on a date with Eddie then was introducing him to some of the more *sexual* things associated with being a girl. When Donna started confiding to me what was going on, I damn near choked.

Mom had convinced Donna that she needed to become aware of what men did to girls! Had *volunteered* to act the part of a man - Donna's *boyfriend*! Donna giggled quite a lot about how mom had been so gauche and shy at first trying to pretend she was a man - but how quickly she'd become rather good at it! Had actually got to the level that Donna was actually picking tips up from her on how to act like a man - "when I finally get back to being one myself after this month is over," she giggled.

I giggled along with her- though I don't think we were giggling at quite the same thing.

After another week or so though, I sensed that things might be getting downright serious between mom and Donna. Not so much giggling in bed now - and not as many girlish confidences getting passed from one to another. Donna actually started getting rather withdrawn.

One night in bed, I put an arm around her shoulders. "You mad at me Donna?" I whispered.

"Mad at you?" He asked incredulously. His tone of voice told me that he was talking pure truth.

"Well? You haven't been talking much to me these last few nights. I didn't know what was going on. Didn't know what to think."

"I'm awfully confused," he said.

"That's understandable Donna. Who wouldn't be?" I said. (Probably one of the most honest questions I've ever

asked in my life, considering what me, mom, and his own mother were doing to him).

“It’s your mother. I think I’m falling in love with her!”

I didn’t hand him any BS about the disparity in ages. Just hugged the poor dear closer to me. “Donna? That’s perfectly natural! She’s a good looking woman! But? Do you love her as your boyfriend - or do you see her as the woman she is?”

“I... I... don’t KNOW!” He faltered. “Sometimes? She’s so gorgeous and beautiful! Sometimes she’s just... she’s just...”

“So forceful? Makes you want to nestle in her arms?” I interrupted.

“Yes!” he whispered, and tried to burrow his head into my breasts.

“But there’s something else bugging you, isn’t there?” I pressed.

He started to snifle. “Yes. She’s gone and bought some phony penises and wants me to react to them.”

Oh god! I thought to myself. She’s introducing him to *dildos*! “React to them?” I asked carefully. “How?”

He was silent for a while - and then, it was as if he HAD to talk it out. “She has me help to put those... those... *things*,.. ON her! Then?” He giggled. “It looks so funny somehow? She struts around with them bouncing around in front of her. Acts as if she’s a MAN! Even she can’t help but laugh - Tells me to kiss that, thing... Tell her that’s she’s such a STUD! Kiss it! Yech!”

“But DO you kiss it? Tell her what she wants to hear?”

I could feel the heat of his blush through his flimsy nightgown (he’d graduated to prettier stuff since that first night with me). “Yes,” he said simply.

“Do you really dislike doing it *that* much?” I giggled.

“Yeah. Kinda. But - *she* seems to enjoy it... and keeps saying that she’s only doing it - to help me make up my mind... you know?”

“You haven’t made up your mind? I thought you had!”

I said as if confused. “You’re SUCH a pretty girl - and I’d really miss you as a girlfriend now - if you went back to being a stinky old boy!”

“Oh Karen! I’m not a girl! Don’t want...”

“Hush!” I said, putting my finger over his lips. “Well, we’ll see at the end of the month, huh? In the meantime? I’m kinda horny tonight. Why don’t you just slip under the covers and be Karen’s girl for a little while. Put that tongue of yours to some work?” I kissed him softly and put some pleading into my voice. “Pretty please with sugar on it?”

That took care of that for a while!

A few days later though, I started seeing that I was being kinda unfair to mom - and maybe even to Donna. He was getting more and more attracted to her, but still seemed to have a lingering attraction for me. He also had the ridiculous idea that he could go back to being a guy again. I felt it might be a good idea to ‘adjust’ his thinking a little bit. What I did may sound cruel - and it was in a way I guess - but see what you think.

I didn’t tell mom what I had in mind. Just waited until I knew she’d be gone on business for most of the day. Once I was positive that she was long gone, I got hold of Donna. “Hey!” I said. “I’ve been thinking. Mom’s gone for a while - maybe until tomorrow... and I’ve an idea...?” Then I paused.

A glimmer of sadness crossed his face. “Yeah,” he sighed. “But what were you thinking?”

“Well. I’m not so sure that this total immersion idea is very fair to you...”

“You don’t?” He asked, in surprise.

I shrugged. “Well, I’m starting to think it’s like throwing you into the deep end. Maybe it would be an idea to give you some time off now and then? Give you a little break - Donald?”

His eyes opened wide. It was the first time he’d been called by his real name in quite some time and he immediately saw the implication that I might be thinking of him as a male again. Then, immediately following that I saw insecurity cross his face. I pretended not to see this. “I’ve looked you out some of your old clothes for you to wear. What do you say you try

them on for a while?" I suggested.

He paused momentarily before taking a deep breath. "Why NOT?" he said bravely.

It was obvious that he couldn't remove his breasts as this was a fairly lengthy process and he admitted that he'd just have to put them back on again. He didn't really want to wear a bra but compromised by wearing one of mine which, being a little smaller in size, cut down on the 'wobble'. His hair posed a problem too. It was not overly long of course, but decidedly feminine by this time. I pinned it up for him and, under a baseball cap, it was fairly well hidden.

The poor little sissy didn't know that he now looked just like a girl in boy's clothes. I truly hadn't noticed until then, but his walk had been modified. He wasn't in the slightest, swishy - he just walked like a girl now. Talked like one as well - you know how a girl sort of raises her voice at the end of a statement - almost like a question? His voice was also soft and girlish and - was I dreaming? Was he developing hips? It suddenly crossed my mind that the vitamin supplement program that mom had him on might not be exactly what she said it was. Then, he complained that his shoes felt big on him and, when I took a closer look at him, they did - and all of his clothes seemed big on him too. All in all, it was just like I said. He had that 'cute' look that a girl has when she dresses in her boyfriend's clothes.

Then I suggested we take a trip to his house - as a sort of outing. He really wasn't keen, but couldn't think up any reasonable objection. He was very embarrassed when, about half way there I told him that he'd forgotten to take his earrings off. He blushed furiously of course as he removed them. I didn't tell him that there were strong indications that he'd forgotten - and left his makeup on. Either that, or had just done what was now natural to him and applied some.

When Julia had taken off on her cruise, she'd given the maids permission to take vacations and work in shifts to allow them maximum time off. When we arrived then, only Charlotte was there and she, per my previous suggestion, had a bandage wrapped around her ankle and was affecting a limp. She made SUCH a fuss at seeing Miss Donna - sorry - master Donald again. Absolutely DEMANDED that she be allowed to serve us though (winning theatrically) obviously in great pain

as she hobbled back and forth.

Eddie arrived on schedule - and Donna behaved exactly the way I'd anticipated - horror struck! He couldn't figure out how Eddie had known I'd be there and was in too much of a panic to ask. He knew that he'd never pass as a guy - KNEW it! Knew that his breasts, although hidden by his jacket would show - and I think he was well aware of his now, almost-natural, femininity. I suggested then, that he go and hide with Charlotte - a suggestion he grabbed at.

So I gave Eddie a small tour of the place - stopping now and then for some heavy necking - with Charlotte hobbling out to us every so often, checking on our needs and winking at me cheerfully when Eddie couldn't see her doing



so.

After a while me and Eddie gravitated to the sitting room and settled down for some really serious necking. It didn't take too long before Charlotte appeared again, apologizing profusely for not being able to serve us herself - but her ankle was just too swollen for her to continue. She hoped we wouldn't mind - but she'd have to leave her new maid - Priscilla - to take care of us. She was a new girl and not too experienced - but she needed practice - so we had to be sure to make use of her services.

I'd never seen Donald - Donna - as a blonde before, but under the wig, she put on a very passable performance as Priscilla. Nice black taffeta uniform with white underskirts, pristine lace apron and matching cap - a little heavy on the makeup perhaps but altogether? A very pretty little maid. I made sure that Eddie and I kept her running - though I *really* enjoyed having her stand there, hands folded across her lap, waiting for pauses in the lovemaking that was going on in front of her. I knew I was starting to sweat from the exertion but managed to smile at her over Ed's shoulder - often rolling my eyes to show how much I was enjoying it. Then I'd say something like "Oh Eddie! You're making me so HOT! Priscilla? Would you get me a nice cool glass of water, please?"

And Donald would curtsy SO prettily, the taffeta skirts of his uniform just crackling with a sound that was almost electrical. I enjoyed this so much that a few times I said, "Priscilla? That curtsy needed a little *something*? Like to do it again?" And my ex-boyfriend would blush and curtsy very prettily once more - while I lay in the arms of my current stud - his hand well up inside my dress, and smiling happily at Donna as I undulated - yet found the time to wield my power over the little sissy.

Once I felt that matters were reaching a head with Eddie, I reluctantly dismissed Priscilla. "You can go now dear," I said, "bet don't be running off now. I'll call you when I need you." (I made him curtsy THREE times before I let him go).

Eddie and I then got down to some serious screwing - and it was GREAT! I let out a few screams of pure enjoyment - and Eddie was no slouch in the noise making department

either. As soon as we'd recovered, and Eddie was back to being presentable, I buzzed for Priscilla. "Priscilla? My friend has to leave as he has another appointment. See him to the door, would you please? Then report back here to me please Ask Charlotte to come with you if you don't mind - and if she's up to it." (Eddie *did* have to leave early and wasn't about to make a fuss - let's face it - I'd just *made* his afternoon!). I was nice this time, letting Donald away with making just one curtsy. Admired the way his skirts swished as he escorted Eddie away.

He came back in with Charlotte a little while later. "That was awful Karen! Why did you...?" He faltered as I put my finger to my lips.

"Charlotte?" I said, ignoring him. "I think Priscilla has great potential as a maid! Excellent service! Curtsies ever so nicely!" "But Karen..." he was almost weeping.

"Miss Karen to you - Priscilla!" Charlotte said firmly.

"Aw Charlotte. Please don't. You know my name's Donna," he said - not even realizing what he was saying.

"Well Donna - or Priscilla - whatever your name is? I just wanted to say thank you for helping out as much as you did." I said. "It IS all right if I thank you?" I added sarcastically. "Yes - well. Thanks b u t . . ."

I reached up under my dress and pulled my panties down and off. "Be a sweetie, would you?" I said, handing the sticky, moist, garment to him. "Give these a quick rinse - put them in the dryer - then bring back drinks for Charlotte and me. Would you dear?"

He held my panties with the tips of his fingers, distaste evident on his face. "But Karen .."

"DONNA!" Charlotte snapped. "Think a minute! Karen's probably exhausted, I'm a cripple. You're the only one available! You want Karen to be sitting around in wet panties for the rest of the day? Not only that - you've been dressed and acting like a maid for *hours* now! Think that Karen or I can keep track of all your personalities? Go on now. Do as you're *told!*"

He looked down at his feet. "Okay Charlotte," he said meekly - and left - but not before he heard Charlotte comment

to me.

“Honestly! I don’t know what young girls are coming to these days!”

We had dinner there. I even helped him cook and serve up the meal, though I drew the line at washing the dishes. After he was finished, I ‘allowed’ him to put his male clothes on again - though to tell the truth, I’m pretty sure that his confidence in his maleness had just about been demolished. If it hadn’t been, mom accomplished that feat as soon as we got home.

She was furious! “Where have you girls been? Have you any idea of what time it is! I didn’t have a clue where you were and have been worried sick!” Then she seemed to see Donna for the first time. “And what are you doing in those *ridiculous* clothes? Go and put on a dress - this instant!”

“Yes mummy,” he squeaked - and practically ran away to do as she had said.

That night, he was moved to his own bedroom - adjoining mom’s I may add. I never, ever, heard him mention anything about returning to malehood - but from that night on, he was mom’s creature - not mine.

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Four months have passed - and they’ve been fairly hectic. Been quite a few changes around here.

First of all? ‘Here’ isn’t *here* anymore. Me, mom, Donna, and Julia all live in the same house now-Julia’s. Well, not exactly. You see? Once Julia got back from her cruise, it turned out that she had quite a crush on mom. Also turned out that she is quite the submissive. I think - don’t know - but she invited us to stay, and we accepted. The other day - I have a feeling that Julia signed over her trust funds to mom - as Donna did some time ago. Don’t get me wrong. Mom never stole a dime - or cheated anyone in her life. It’s just that, given her nature, she likes to *control* people - know what I mean? I think that both Donna and Julia are going to learn fully what being *under control* really means in the near future.

Donna has turned into a real Miss Priss. So *sweet*, so *shy*. So *demure*. So *ladylike*! A real pain in the ass! She does

blush when mom makes her act as a ladies maid when she's entertaining Julia, but that's understandable I guess. I pass her in the hall in her high heels and taffeta uniform and she has the grace to be embarrassed. But I've got other things on my mind.

You see? I got pregnant! Ain't life a bitch! I don't like the idea of being a mother, but there's nothing I can do about it. It just totally goes against my grain to even think about getting rid of the baby - and Eddie? He's so delighted! Can't see straight - so we're getting married. (You know? He's not such a bad guy. I think he loves me - and he may get drafted by the pros - so who knows?)

Mom is paying for a nice small wedding - a honeymoon - and a massive down payment on a house - but I had to ask Dona to be my bridesmaid! Hell, I'd have done it for nothing! After all, the only other choice would have been Amy - and there would have been one UGLY bridesmaid - she's got so butch! Wendy might have been okay but she's off on some trip.

I couldn't help but laugh at an incident that happened immediately after the ceremony. Donna and I had retired to my room, where she was to help me change out of my gown. Oh lord! She had pissed me off with her hoity-toity attitude the whole time. I'll admit that she looked SO ladylike in the bridesmaids outfit that mom had bought for her. It was a light blue satin taffeta, short sleeved, lined with white lace at the bodice and sleeves, and scalloped in two tiers about mid-calf, showing a very pale blue Damask, ankle length, underskirt. She wore dainty blue lace gloves - and even carried a matching parasol! Had a flower arrangement in her hair - but what pissed me off the most? A set of matching earrings and pearl necklace. Could NOT believe how many times she preened and commented that mom had "loaned" them to her.

Anyway? A knock came to the door, and it was mom.

She smiled when she came in - and commented how nicely the pearls looked with Donna's outfit. Then she opened the door up slightly - and there was Julia - in a satin French maid's uniform! All smiling and perky! She did a theatrical curtsy and smiled at Donna. "Donald darling? Stella and I thought you might be jealous of Karen being on her honeymoon tonight and thought we'd compensate for all the

times you've acted as a maid for *us*. So after you've helped Karen undress, why don't you kiss her goodnight and wish her well. Afterwards? Come on up to the master bedroom. You and Stella are going to have some fun tonight! Isn't that right Stella?" She curtsied her son as well. "And I'm going to be there to dance attendance on you both! Make sure that you get everything you deserve!" Then she giggled. "I've always wanted to be a mother of the bride. Guess this as close as I'll ever be. But not only that? I get to *watch!*"

Mom smiled and came and whispered in my ear, but loudly enough for Donna to hear. "Hope you and Eddie have a great honeymoon sweetie - but just guess which one of us two is gonna be screwing a virgin tonight?" She went over to Donna and slipped an arm around her waist. "Did I ever tell you how beautiful you are in blue sweetie? You, me, and your mother! What a threesome, huh?"

The expression on Donna's face? Priceless!

***The End***