
Fluffy, The Sissy Maid.

The story of a former wife who offers her down on his luck ex-husband a position as her Ladie's Boy servant. He's powerless to stop his gradual sissification until he finally ends up as Fluffy, the feminized, chastized, browbeaten maid.



By Patricia Michelle

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Fluffy, The Sissy Maid

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Chapter 1-The ex-husband comes begging

Marsha divorced me almost two years ago. Which started my downhill spiral to where I am now. Broke, desperate and realizing that I still really loved her.

When I met her I was at the top of my game. I owned an advertising agency going great guns due to all the dot.com clients we had. I was raking in a half million a year, huge house sitting on five acres, Rolls Royce in the garage, Condo in Cancun. Marsha was one of my smartest moves, hiring her away from a

competing agency as my creative director. She was absolutely brilliant, and clients loved her.

We started dating and within a year we were married. Two years later, after twice cheating on her, we were divorced. Naturally she got everything, except the business. All my own fault. I saw no reason to remain faithful when there were so many women out there for a big shot like me to conquer. I still had the agency and it was still going great.

Which didn't last long. The love affair with dot.com companies evaporated so fast it left my head spinning. In six months every single one of our clients went belly-up, and there was nothing left but to close the doors. Not only that I was left owing \$75,000 to suppliers that I couldn't pay.

With the economy going down the tubes, even though I looked for months, I couldn't even get an interview. So taking the cowards way out I left the city, a failed dead-beat.

I really hit rock bottom when I found myself pan-handling , sleeping in homeless shelters. As I lay there surrounded by snoring drunks I flashed back to when times were great, realizing that my greatest mistake had been Marsha. She was a fantastic woman who I'd lost through my own stupidity.

I wondered if she'd be at all sympathetic, or even a little forgiving. I decided to clean myself up as best I could, shed any dignity and pride I had left, which wasn't much, and go begging for any help she would give me. I didn't really expect any, but I really wanted to just see her again.

Going up to the house that had once been mine I looked about. It seemed to epitomize how far I had re-

ally sunk. When I knocked on the door a very attractive, college girl answer.

"I-I was wondering if Marsha was available," I stammered.

"Do you have an appointment?"

"Ah no, would you tell her, her husband, ex-husband is here and would like to see her?"

"Wait here. I'll see if Ms. McCray is available for you," she said, slamming the door in my face.

I'd kept up with what Marsha had been doing these past years. She'd always wanted to write the great American novel, and was always working on her first at nights. Well, it not only got published, it became a best seller. As did her second and third novels. Now, she was famous.

Finally the door opened again.

"Ms. McCray is quite busy, but she can give you fifteen minutes, if you'll follow me," she said, rather curtly and giving me a disdainful look. Obviously I was not well thought of. Which I should have expected.

What had been my study was now Marsha's, completely redecorated. When she looked up from her desk my mouth dropped open. She'd always been beautiful, now she was stunning. Very sophisticated, successful looking and casually yet expensively dressed.

"I can give you fifteen minutes Paul, what is it you want?" she asked, getting up from her desk. She was wearing

a chic, tailored dress with a short skirt that showed off her great legs, and something she'd never worn when we were married. Very high heels. In deference to my height, I was three inches shorter than her, she'd

always worn flats. My ego had always been so sensitive about her being taller that I'd asked her not to wear heels when we were together. She agreed, but hated getting dressed up and having to wear flats.

"Sit down and tell me what you want," she ordered, in a self-assured, commanding tone which she'd never had before. Frankly I was suddenly intimidated.

I babbling on about how the business had gone bad, how I still owed money, now I realized that I still loved her.

"That's rich, you still love me. I really don't have time to listen to your sob stories. Obviously you've hit rock bottom. God, just look at you, besides which you could use a bath," she said scornfully, causing me to absolutely wilt.

"A-Any help you can give me, I owe so much money, I can't get a job."

"What I figured. You've come begging for money. Well you're not getting it from me. And I don't need any help, if that's what you're asking. But here's \$20 for a good meal, unless you've started drinking too," she said, taking \$20 out of her purse and giving it to me.

How far had I sunk? I actually took it. But before I had hold of it, it fell to the floor. I actually got down on my hands and knees to get it, only to find that she'd put her heel on it.

"I'll let you have it if you apologize for how you treated, and humiliated, me," she said, but when I started to get up she sternly added, "Apologize from down there and look up at me."

Spinelessly, on my hands and knees I looked up and pathetically apologized for all the wrongs I'd done her.

"My, my, you actually sound sincere, Paulie. Very well you can have the twenty," she said, using the nickname, that I so hated, that she'd heard my mother say she'd called me when I was growing up.

"Thank you f-for the money Marsha, I-I'm sorry I bothered you. A-And I'm really happy for your success," I said, not able to look at her as I backed my way to the door.

Just as I got there she said, "Come back tomorrow, same time, I may have something for you. And for god's sake get a bath."

Chapter 2- A humiliating proposal

I really thought hard about not going back. The whole scene had been just so humiliating. If I'd felt like a worthless failure as a man before, she had certainly left no doubt. But, I had no idea what she'd meant, so I went back with my hopes high.

What she had in mind not only floored, but crushed me.

"What I've been thinking about for the last couple of months, Paulie, is that what I need is a full time maid...1

"Y-You want me to be your maid?" I said in disbelief.

"No, of course not. Well, not exactly. What I mean, after I thought about it, is I could just as well have a

manservant as a maid, or rather instead of one. You need a job, I'm offering one. And before you're overblown ego, which I'm all too aware of, rears its ugly head hear my terms first. You work one year in the position I'm offering and at the end I'll pay off the \$75,000 that you owe. Plus, I'll give you \$20,000. Enough, I think, for a fresh start."

Well, my protests, at least temporarily, died. I'd be free of debt, and have enough to maybe even start a business. Could I put up with being a servant for a year? My ego was really saying "no." I knew that for that year not only would my ego suffer but whatever pride I had in being a man would as well. After all I would spend it being my ex-wife's servant. On the other hand I didn't have much pride left anyway.

Could I endure a year being ordered around by the woman I once lorded over, and, looking at her, I still loved.

But, in a way she settled it for me.

"It's not forever you know? Just a year. It will give me a good opportunity to judge whether you're really a changed man. It'll also give you a good dose of humility, which frankly, I think you're in need of."

Was she actually opening the door just a little? Hinting that just maybe we could get back together? Well, that did it.

"Well, as you say it's just for a year," I said lamely.

"Then you'll take it?"

"Yes, I'll take it," I heard myself saying.

"Before you do, here's the rest of my terms. There won't be any backing out. You'll sign a contract to work as my manservant for one year. If you decide to

void it at any time you not only don't get anything I'll tell your creditors where to find you, and they in turn, I'm sure, will call the authorities. Understood?"

Oh god, she really had me.

"Y-Yes, I understand," I said meekly.

"I will expect you to act, and conduct yourself, at all times in accordance with your position. And, of course, you will, at all times, be appropriately attired. If that is all understood you can sign here," she said, handing

me a pen, and with much misgivings, wondering what I was getting myself into, I signed it.

"You don't want to read it?" she asked.

"Well, ah, it looked a like standard employment contract to me."

"You really should have read it. This clause, for example, states that fulfilling your one year contract doesn't actually start until I feel you've been properly trained in how I expect you to act and conduct yourself, and that you completely understand your duties and what's expected of you."

"H-How long could that be?" I asked, a bit shaken, cringing that I was to be "trained."

"That's really up to you, isn't it? If you take it seriously it could be little time at all. Now this clause, the penalty clause..."

"P-Penalty clause?" I blurted out.

"The penalty clause I put in as insurance to ensure that you always conduct yourself and carry out your work as you're expected to. When you don't you'll be given a mark, which I'll call a 'bad servant's mark'. The first month for every twelve marks you get in a week

will add one day to your contract. Which you'll fulfill in whatever capacity I'm in need of at the time," she said, which I should have questioned her about, but, too late.

"As I said, it's simply a bit of insurance. If you conduct yourself properly and do the work you've been trained to do it really shouldn't even come up, should it?" she asked.

"Ah, well no, it shouldn't," I had to agree as, at the time, it sounded like not a big thing. Much later I realized how wrong I'd been.

"Now, just one last clause," she said.

Moaning to myself I really didn't want to hear what it was.

"Until the end of your contract there'll be no sex unless I decide otherwise. I don't want you getting any ideas in your head about eventually seducing me, at least, not yet," she said, sending my head and heart suddenly leaping. Those four words, "at least not yet" made more than my heart start up. It made me forget what she was really saying. Sadly, much later, I should have paid more attention than to those last four words.

When she asked if I understood, I said, "Yes, I think I do, Marsha."

"You will address me as befitting your position, Paulie. As the Mistress of this house that's what you'll address me properly as, is that clear?"

"Y-Yes Mistress," I replied, mortified, too shamed to look her in the eyes. But, that was only the start of what I thought, then, was the worst day of my life.

Just then the young girl that had first answered the door came in.

"This is my research assistant, Lisa Browning, who you'll address as 'Miss Lisa.' When I'm not here she'll be in charge of you. Although, on a daily basis you'll report to my cook, Martha, who also acts as my housekeeper, and who will be in charge of training you. Lisa, this is my new servant, rather manservant, Paulie."

"Is that Paulie or Polly?" she asked contemptuously.

"Whatever," Marsha smirked. Then turning back to me said, "First thing we have to do is get you out of those rages and into something half way decent. Then get you down to my beauticians."

"B-but I, ah, don't have anything else. This is all I have. B-Beauticians? Why there?" I asked.

Suddenly she had me firmly by my chin, her face just inches from mine.

"Now listen carefully. As the Mistress of the house I do not expect to be questioned, contradicted or argued with, ever. When I tell you to do something, as a servant, I expect you to do it. No questions. No argument. Got that Paulie?"

Completely intimidated, cowering, I meekly replied, "Y-Yes Mistress."

"That goes for Lisa and Martha as well, well?"

"Yes Mistress, I understand."

"Not, 'I understand', its 'Paulie understands Mistress.' Now say it," She demanded, and wanting to cry I said, "Yes Mistress, Paulie understands."

I couldn't believe the shame of it. I was to refer to myself in the third person, as if I was someone else I was referring to.

"Now, as to your questions, which I will answer just this once. Even if you had other clothes, and by some miracle they were actually clean, they'd no longer be appropriate. I want you to take a bath and give yourself a real scrubbing. In the meantime I'll find you something for you to wear. As to the beauticians, I thought I would save your precious ego from being embarrassed. A lot of my friends are still those who will remember you, and you'll undoubtedly be running into them, as well as old business associates of yours that I still deal with...."

"Oh n-nooo..." I moaned. How humiliating it would be if they saw me as my ex-wife's servant. I think I could bear anything but their laughter and scorn.

"What I thought was to have your hair changed to a different color and style and have my beautician do whatever she could to change your appearance enough so that maybe no one would recognize you. But, I'll leave it up to you," she said.

Well, there was no way I wanted anybody to recognize me, so foolishly I agreed.

Taking me upstairs to an attic room, barely furnished my shame was complete when she said, "This will do nicely as the servant's quarters. It has it's own bath so there'll be no reason to come downstairs when you're off duty. Here, put this in the tub. You could certainly use a different aroma other than the street. Before you get in the bath put your clothes outside the door. When you get out I'll have put something you can wear there."

I did as I was told, not liking at all, the lilac scented bubble bath liquid she'd given me. But I poured it all in and naturally when I got out I smelled awfully girlish.

How I smelled was quickly forgotten when I opened the door to get the outfit she'd gotten me to wear. I couldn't believe she actually expected me to wear it. They were all women's clothes for god's sake, down to white, satin panties with lace trim and a pink bow at the waistband. No way was I going to wear them. But, I really didn't have any choice. Right then and there I should have run like crazy, but I didn't. Instead, in disgust, I slid the panties on. They fit, but they were really tight. The white blouse was satin and not really so bad as it was plain, except for the pearl buttons, the sleeves, which were a bit too full, puffed at the shoulders, and they didn't quite come to my wrists. The gray pants looked plain enough, except for the zippers on each side, thankfully, not noticeable, and the cuffed hems which didn't cover my ankles. What did make me cringe is that they didn't have a fly in front! The knee socks were actually gray opaque nylons. I didn't like the shoes either. Black, patent leather with heels that looked a half inch too high and tiny bows on the toes. I figured that unless someone took a ruler to them I didn't think anyone would notice. At least I hoped they wouldn't.

The short, gray vest I could live with, as well as the striped tie. As I looked in the mirror I vainly tried to convince myself that I looked all right. At least it wasn't too obviously feminine. The pants had been really tight to zip up, but I didn't realize how tight they were until I started walking in them. They seemed to stretch out in back, like ready to split up the seam if weren't careful. And I could feel my ass really sticking out in them.

As I headed, blushing, back to Marsha I realized she wasn't trying to be mean or humiliate me. There

weren't any men in the house, so obviously, no men's clothes. Which was the case, at least I thought it was.

She apologized for the women's clothes, it was all she had. "Actually I think you look rather sharp, don't you think, Lisa?"

"Oh yes, Polly looks just right in that outfit," she said, but with a smirk and a giggle. I could have died.

She couldn't have been more than twenty-one or two, but I really didn't like her. And Marsha had made it

clear that when she wasn't around the girl was going to be in charge of me. Something I really didn't forward to. It was obvious she looked at me disdainfully.

Chapter 3- Paulie gets a make-over.

Walking into the beauty salon I tried to convince myself that the strange looks I got was because I was the only guy there. Marsha's beautician, Erma, was an attractive lady in her forties. "As we discussed on the phone Erma I want a whole new look for Paulie. The style and coloring as I dictated and for god's sake do something with his nails, and anything else you can think of," Marsha directed.

Then to me, pointing a finger, she said, as if to a child, "You be a good boy for Erma now, won't you Paulie? As I've already made my wishes clear there'll be no need to pester her with childish questions, will there?"

"N-No Mistress," I said cringing.

One of the young assistants offered me a soft drink, which I was grateful for. Then my hair was being washed and shampooed. I felt my hands being given a

manicure, and yet another assistant had removed my shoes and socks and was giving me a pedicure. My goodness, I'm really getting the royal treatment, I thought, just before I fell dead asleep. Not having the faintest idea the drink had been doctored.

When I finally awoke Marsha was standing there with a grin on her face.



“Erma, you’ve really outdone yourself. He’s absolutely adorable. Even I don’t recognize him. Has he seen his new look? No, well turn him around to the mirror,” she said.

When I was for several moments I couldn’t speak. No, this can’t be me, please someone tell me it’s not, was all I could think, or pray. Marsha was right, nobody would recognize me, not even I did. I’d had brown hair which I’d kept sort of medium long. but it was no longer brown. My hair was blonde, as were my eyebrows. Which were much less bushy and more arched. Something had been done to my eyes, I wasn’t sure what, but they actually looked bigger. Nor did my mouth look right. It looked, well, fuller.

The total effect was to make me look a lot younger and, the best word I could think of was-delicate. I couldn’t bring myself to think girlish. Then, to my horror, I saw that I’d had my ears pierced and on each I was wearing a gold “M”. Two “M”s, I was wearing Marsha’s initials.

In stunned disbelief I sat there and listened to Erma detail exactly what they’d done. And it was much worse.

“He has beautiful hair but it was a mess. So after I trimmed it I permed it then styled in just cutest uni-sex fashion. I love the dramatic, sweeping bangs, don’t you? I thought blonde was the perfect contrast to the drab brunette hair he had, and with the style, makes an obvious, dramatic change. But, his facial features were still the same. So I changed the eyebrows giving them a different arch. Then we glued on much longer eyelashes, added a hint of eyeliner, and a dark, natural color of eyeshadow so that his eyes look much bigger. The eye shadow and eyeliner we used is more like a

dye, so it's quite long lasting. Then we changed his mouth making the lower lip a lot fuller. Again using a dye so that he wouldn't have to spend time each day getting it just right. And, as his complexion is quite pale we rouged his cheeks a bit to add a more healthy tone and color, although he'll have to rouge them himself each day.

"Piercing both ears on, ah, men now days is really 'in', and I love the earrings. They're your initials, aren't they? I think it's very appropriate for a servant to wear his Mistress's initials." She commented, although they made me feel 'marked', like I was her property.

Of course it only got worse. Told to hold up my hands I discovered that much longer oval tips had been added. "His hands we absolutely couldn't do anything with. He's bitten them down to nothing. The only thing we could do was add nail extensions, and don't worry, he won't be biting these off. He won't be able to make a dent in them," she declared. Oh my god, they made my hands look so feminine, I moaned to myself.

Looking at my hands, then in the mirror at myself I don't know what overcame me, I just started crying.

"Good grief, what brought this on? I've never seen a man actually cry," Erma declared, which Marsha made worse by caustically remarking, "I don't think I ever have either, but apparently Paulie does. Stop crying this instant Paulie, you're embarrassing me, and yourself."

"B-But I-I look g-girlish," I sniffled.

"Nonsense, you don't look girlish. A little sissyish I'd say," she said, which, somehow made it worse. I wasn't a man anymore? I was a sissy.

"You may look a bit on the sissy side, but I think it's for your own good," she declared.

"It's for my own good that I look like a sissy?" I asked, mortified.

"Well, I don't think anyone who remembers you as your former macho, mister 'big shot', lady killer, looking at you now, would ever recognize you with your new look, now would they?" she asked smugly.

"No, I guess they wouldn't," I had to admit. Although I didn't know which was worse. Not being recognized, or looking like a sissy.

As we walked out I was acutely conscious of the double-takes and snickers of the women customers. I wondered if I could sink any lover. Sadly, I would know by the end of the day.

Once outside she curtly said, "In public a servant always walks directly behind his Mistress."

Then looking me over critically she added, "That almost looks like a servant's uniform, but I keep thinking something's missing. Now I know, gloves."

Steering me into a department store I was naturally dismayed when she headed straight for the women's glove counter.

To the salesgirl she said, "I need to get a nice pair of gloves, light gray, for my servant."

"But these are women's gloves, Maam."

"Yes, I know. But he has, as you'll see, very tiny hands. I doubt if anyone will notice," she declared. I couldn't help but bow my head shamefully as she tugged a pair of gray, leather gloves on my hands that were too long, thankfully, going half way up to the elbows. I was also aware that she had dropped referring

to me as her 'manservant', in favor of 'her servant'. I wanted to say something, but I was too intimidated to bring it up.

"No problem,' Marsha said, unbuttoning my cuffs and rolling up the sleeves. I stood there in the middle of the lady's department, mortified, as they were put on me, and then the four buttons at the wrist were fastened.

Rolling down the sleeves she said, "You see, I doubt if anyone will notice. Now, I'd also like a pair of white satin gloves and black velvet, the same length for when he serves."

As we left my face was burning with shame as I heard the girl's giggles behind me.

When we finally got back I breathed a sigh of relief. When Lisa opened the door she took one look at me and covered her mouth to hide her giggles, unsuccessfully.

"What do you think of Paulie's new look?"

"Oh, I think it looks absolutely darling. But he looks more like a Polly, than a Paulie, to me," she laughed.

"Well, you may be right," Marsha remarked, cruelly turning the knife, "but at least it's a big improvement over that ratty, homeless look when he first showed up."

Chapter 4-The housekeeper lays down the law.

Finding the housekeeper, who also couldn't help smiling smugly, she said, "I'll turn him over to you now Martha.

Get him In something he can work in. But first correct his posture. Then go over the house rules for servants I gave you. Then teach him how to serve. I'll expect him to do at least a half decent job of it tonight."

When the housekeeper started collecting something I could work in I breathed a sigh of relief when she produced a pair of jeans. They had a bib, but like a workman's. The shirt I was handed I knew was a ladie's blouse, but it wasn't too bad. It had short sleeves with tight blue cuffs. It was when I tried putting the jeans on that I realized they too were girl's jeans. First off I had the hardest time just getting them over my hips and when I finally did they felt like they were glued to m cheeks. They came only to mid-calf and were rolled up. When I looked down I absolutely cringed as when were rolled up they showed dainty, white lace insets. The shoes were just as horrible, patent leather black with a buckling strap with heels just too high to be men's heels. They made my feet look like a little girls.

"You'll need an apron and gloves to protect your hands and clothes," she stated, as she fit the most awful apron on me. Sparkling white, it was trimmed in two rows of pink above the hem and was edged in lace ruffles! Even the big pockets were trimmed in pink. In the back she tightly tied a huge bow, the rubber gloves she had me put on were pink and came almost to my elbows.

"Sorry if you look a bit, well, frilly but it's all I could find that fit for you to work in," she smirked, but I could tell she wasn't the least bit sorry.

"Very well dearie. We'll start with how you're to stand. Left heel touching the right toe, left toe turned well out. Well, are you going to it? Your Mistress has

informed me not to hesitate to give you a bad servant mark when you give me any trouble. Do you want one now?" she asked sternly.

"N-No Maam," I stammered, standing as ordered, all too aware that my feet were girlishly posed.

"Guests are 'Maam'. You'll address me as 'Ms. Martha." she instructed.

"Now, shoulders back, erect posture, no slouching, hands behind you palm to palm, head bowed, look down at your toes," she barked, and there I stood so servile and submissive.

"In the presence of your betters dearie, and that includes me, your head is always to be bowed, even when you speak. The bowing of a servant's head is obviously a gesture of submission to those above you, isn't it?"

"Y-Yes Ms. Martha," I simpered, now not only Marsha intimidated me, the big, burly housekeeper, towering over me did too.

"From now on every time you dare raise your head you get a bad servant mark, understood?"

"Yes Ms. Martha," I cowered.

"When you walk shoulders back, hands palm to palm behind you. Walk quietly so you don't disturb and annoy anyone. As to sitting, it really doesn't matter as servants are not allowed to sit anywhere in the house except in your room. But, when you do sit, knees together, sit erectly on the edge of the seat, and cross your ankles, well?"

"Yes Ms. Martha."

"Now these are the house rules, which I strongly suggest you memorize. But I'll go over them with you

so that they're perfectly clear. If not you may ask a question after you've gotten permission to speak by raising your hand."

"R-Raising m-my..." I started to say, humiliated that if I wanted to speak I not only had to ask permission but raise my hand like a little child does. I truly wanted to scream, but, of course, I didn't.



"Did you have permission to speak?" she almost screamed at me.

"N-No Ms. Martha," I stammered.

"Apologize immediately," she ordered.

"I-Paulie is sorry he spoke without permission, Ms. Martha..."

"Fine, but you still earned your first bad servant mark. Now repeat each rule after me. And if you have a question what do you do?"

"P-Paulie raises his hand t-to ask permission t-to speak," I cowered, wanting to stand up to the battle ax, but spinelessly, I couldn't.

It seemed like the rules went on forever and as I heard myself repeat each one I felt myself sinking lower and lower. I realized she meant for me to act precisely like a servant, and if I heeded all the rules I'd be reduced to a cowardly, submissive wimp. They literally had me by the balls for the next year, if I had any that is. If I did I would have run as fast as I could out of there. But, I didn't seem to have the nerve to even make it to the door.

So I just stood there repeating rule after rule.

"A servant never speaks in the presence of his Mistress or her guests, except to respond to an order."

"A servant never does anything without the express permission of those supervising him."

"A servant never contradicts, argues or questions any said to him, or that he's told to do."

"A servant is never to be anywhere he hasn't been given permission to be."

And on and on. Finally she said, "Do you understand all the rules, dearie?"

"Yes Ms. Martha," I replied miserably.

"Since you understand all the rules, they go into effect immediately," she barked.

She worked me like a dog for hours. I think purposefully picking the most demeaning, menial tasks. Cleaning all the toilets, tubs and sinks. Scrubbing the bathrooms, then the hallways, then went back and waxed them. All on my hands and knees. I knew she was watching me so there was no slacking off. But, if my girlish attire wasn't humiliating enough a couple of times when I happened to turn around there was Marsha just staring at me with an amused look on her face. Then, without saying anything she' walk off.

She kept me at it for at least six hours by which time I was totally exhausted, my arms ached, my knees and back were killing me. I was actually relieved when she said it was almost dinnertime and she needed to teach me how to serve.

When it was time she loaded up a tray and sent me into the dining room. I thought I would just be serving Marsha, but the girl was there, and to my shock Marsha's older sister, Vicki, and another woman, who I later learned was her publisher, were sitting there.

I was especially shamed to have Vicki see me in my new role, looking like I now did. She'd always been nice to me, we'd been good friends. She just gave me a quizzical look when Marsha introduced me as her new manservant. "How interesting," she remarked, "While most women have a maid you have a manservant. I think everyone will be so jealous."

"Well, a lot of his duties will be the same of those of a maid," Marsha said.

"Then perhaps it would be more fitting to introduce him as your male maid than as your manservant," her publisher laughed.

"Male maid? Somehow that really seems more fitting," Lisa joined in, then cruelly added, "You could teach him how to curtsey."

"Well, I don't know about teaching him how to curtsey, but Martha he will need to learn how to bow and when he's expected to do so," Marsha said.

"Yes Maam, I know. I just ran out of time. I'll instruct him first thing tomorrow," the housekeeper promised, then to me said, "You're finished serving dearie, go stand where I told you to."

Which I did. What I'd been told earlier was that when finished serving I was to stand facing my Mistress against the far wall. "Do not stand against the wall, stand as still as you can, and no slouching. If you fidget you'll draw attention to yourself and be a distraction which will annoy those in the room. The same applies if you're in your Mistress's presence and she hasn't dismissed you. Just stand facing her against the wall until she needs you, or dismisses you. If she needs you she'll snap her fingers. At the dinner table if they need

something they'll simply snap their fingers. So you'd better keep your ears open," she warned, then added, "How you act reflects on me. So this is my rule, not hers. Screw up in front of her, or her guests, and you get not one but two marks. Embarrass her and you get five, Clear?"

"Y-Yes Ms. Martha," I quaked.

So I stood there submissively, head bowed, facing Marsha the whole time they talked about me as if I wasn't even there. It was all so demeaning, and what I heard made me wish I'd never ever knocked on her door. I think life panhandling would have been preferable.

"So tomorrow you'll teach him how to bow and when. Then I want you to take him back to Erma so she can teach him different ways to style his hair. I think it would sharpen his over-all appearance if his hair style matched his uniforms. It especially needs to be pulled back, out of the way, when he serves."

"Perhaps a ponytail, Maam?"

"Yes, that would look good, but I also think his hair in a tight bun, or French roll, would look attractive. And for heavier chores she could teach him how to braid it." she directed.

"How about double braids with loops even, or I know, wouldn't pigtails be even better?" Lisa giggled.

"So, Erma will teach him how to put his hair up in a ponytail, a bun, French roll, single and double braids, and pigtails," she instructed Martha.

I couldn't believe how I was to learn to put my hair up! I wanted to look up to see if she was serious, or not, but I didn't dare. And it actually went downhill from there.

"Now after you have him trained to his domestic duties," she said, as if I were one of her horses to be trained, "you can start him on his laundry duties. Then outdoor cleaning including the pool, yardwork, then chambermaid, or boy, duties. Set up a daily schedule so that he knows what's expected of him. Have I left anything out?"

"You did plan to teach him seamstress skills, didn't you? I expect all my maids to be proficient at sewing so they can do any alterations I may need," I heard her publisher say.

"Yes, an excellent idea. Martha see that a sewing machine is put in his room. Then contact my seamstress and have her come over a couple times a week to give him lessons," Marsha directed.

"There's nothing like a well trained male-maid I always say," Lisa giggled, causing my face to burn in shame.

"Now, now Lisa, that wasn't very nice. Paulie is my servant who will simply be learning some maid's duties," Marsha said.

"Oh, I'm sooo sorry. I just keep forgetting," she said, making it clear that she wasn't.

"I do have a few pieces of advice. Since he's totally untrained I have a tendency with a new maid to be especially hard on them to see what they're made of. Long hours in which I work them pretty hard for the first month. A good fourteen to sixteen hour days, seven days a week. Little, or no, free time, except if you're really satisfied with his work you might give him two or three hours off on Sunday. But only if you don't need him. After a month I usually let up on them."

"I'm also especially strict with new maids until they develop what I call a 'servant's mentality'. He should never be out of uniform..."

"Not even when I give him time off?" Marsha asked.

"Oh my no. I'm sure you can create a more casual looking uniform for him. And, even when off, I'd al-

ways keep him gloved. Put them in normal clothes and you run the risk of them thinking they're other than a servant. You don't ever want them getting 'uppity' on you. My philosophy is to put them in their place, then keep them there," her publisher stated flatly, and it was at that time that I really started hating this woman.

"Yes, I think, Martha, that those are all wise suggestions. Oh, I almost forgot, I'm having the woman who designs some of my clothes come over for lunch tomorrow. After which she'll be measuring him for uniforms I want her to create for him."

The meal seemed to go on forever. I felt like I'd been standing there forever, totally ignored. Every muscle in my body ached. Relieved only when I heard a finger snap. Then I would scamper over to refill a wine glass, or remove a serving. Unfortunately I must have been daydreaming because I was curtly prompted by the housekeeper.

When Lisa said, "Martha, could you tell the, ah, servant to stop fidgeting. It's most annoying," the housekeeper hissed in my ear, "Move so much as a muscle dearie, and you'll regret it."

As soon as the women left the room Martha came at me looking furious. I couldn't believe what she did. Grabbing my ear, like one does to a child that's been bad, she gave it a painful twist.

"Apparently you're going to be a slow learner. However I have a way of dealing with slow learners who find it difficult to do as they're told, dearie. You embarrassed your Mistress I front of her guests, didn't you?" she asked, twisting my ear even more.

"Y-Yes Ms..."

"Five marks. Twice you didn't hear their fingers snap, did you?"

"N-No...."

"Four marks. I also saw you raise your head up slightly, two marks. I caught you not posing your feet properly, three marks. Another two for slouching," she bellowed, then leading me by the ear marched me into the kitchen.

"Wash, dry and put away the dishes, pots and pans. You have thirty minutes. One mark for each minute past that," she dictated.

As I washed as fast as I could I couldn't help the tears and sobs that escaped me and ran down my cheeks. Which is how Vicki found me, crying my eyes out like a sissy.

"Oh my, you poor thing. That must have been so hard on you. There, there, you have a good cry now," she said, hugging me as I buried my head on her shoulder.

"Oh Vicki, this is s-so horrible," I sobbed.

"I'm sure it is honey. I really can't imagine how you feel reduced to being your ex-wife's servant, and in what used to be your house. And looking so, so...."

"You can say it, I look like, like a sissy, don't I?" I cried.

"Well, let's just say that you don't look, ah, very manly. But I'll have to admit you do look awfully cute," she said.

"B-But I don't want to look cute," I whimpered.

"I know, I know, but at least none of your old friends would ever recognize you. Wouldn't that be

just so terrible? On the other hand Marsha did come to your rescue, didn't she? Basically when you knocked on her door you were a penniless bum in rags. Now she's given you a roof over your head, a job and she's told me of your agreement and how she plans to help you at the end of the year. Frankly, I thought she was being awfully generous. She didn't have to do any of that, did she?"

"No, she didn't," I had to agree.

"You might think she's purposefully trying to belittle you and she's doing this all out spite and revenge. That is what you think, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes..." I admitted.

"Well, as I'm sure you noticed Marsha is a much different person now. Brimming with confidence, very sure of herself. Incredibly successful and, of course, wealthy. She's put her disagreeable past with you far behind her. She hadn't thought of it, or you, in ages. And was shocked when you appeared, looking like you did. Her idea of having you become, what does she call you, her manservant, was more out of need for one, or a maid. Not revenge, and she obviously took pity on you." she said.

Which, somehow, made it even worse. My ex-wife, who I all too late realized I was still in love with, offering me a position as her manservant out of pity.

"I think she's also curious how changed you are. She always hated your huge ego and the macho image you always had. You've obviously hit rock bottom and I think she's wondering if your ego can suffer the embarrassment for the chance she's giving you to start anew. You'd earn her respect, and she just might see you in a new light, if you proved you could accept an

admittedly less than manly role like, well, a man. Frankly, instead of crying and feeling sorry for yourself, I think you should be grateful to her," she remarked.

What Vicki said was right, of course, I really didn't see any revenge, or spite, in Marsha's eyes. What I could see was more scorn and pity, she's obviously lost all respect for me. Yet she was giving me a chance, perhaps she was challenging, or testing, me. Vicki's logic was hard to swallow, but there it was. I could prove myself as a man by accepting my role as her, let's be honest, sissified, browbeaten servant. Well, I said to myself, I'd show her I could take it.

"Just a couple of suggestions. I'd really watch out for her young assistant, Lisa. She obviously doesn't like you. And I'd be very careful around her publisher. It's plain she doesn't like men" she said, both warnings I planned to heed.

However my new found resolve and determination all but dissolved when the housekeeper came in.

"You haven't put away the dishes, two marks."

When I had she followed me up to my room.

"What do you see hanging on the wall?" she demanded to know.

"I-It's a paddle, Ms. Martha..."

"That's right. In the last household I worked in there was a maid I was having trouble with. A lazy girl with the wrong attitude. I cured all that after a couple of good, old-fashioned, over-the-knee spankings with that same hairbrush. You give me any more trouble, or embarrass your Mistress again, dearie, and you'll get a spanking so hard you won't be able to sit for days, understood?"

"Y-yes Ms. Martha," I quaked, as there was no doubt she was dead serious.

Chapter 5-Measured for new uniforms.

I didn't think any day could have been worse than the previous one, but my second day would surely tie it.

The first thing I was taught was how to bow.

"With your feet posed, arms straight down, hold your pants, or apron, with just your thumbs and forefingers. Head bowed, knees bent slightly as you bow," I was instructed. It was not the way I'd been taught to bow, it was more like a kind of curtsy I saw myself doing in the mirror.

And I'd be doing it a lot to my dismay.

"You'll bow, like all well trained servants, before you talk. When given an order. At the doorway before you enter or leave, whether it's occupied or not. Whenever anyone enters or leaves a room you immediately stop what you're doing and bow. Whenever you must walk past anyone you stop, face them and bow," she barked, making me practice over and over until my knees started to give out.

Marsha didn't say anything when I stopped in the doorway to bow, but of course, Lisa did.

"I thought you were going to teach him how to bow. That looks more like a curtsy to me," she laughed.

"It's a modified version that I feel is more graceful and distinct," the housekeeper said.

"Well, its definitely much more appropriate," she said scornfully.

After breakfast I was taken down to the beauty parlor and turned over to one of Erma's assistants. Who kept me there several hours until she was satisfied that I know how to do my hair in all the horrible styles that I was expected to wear it in. One looked as crushingly sissy as the next, although I breathed a sigh of relief that at least a ponytail would look manly. Usually I just pulled it back and fastened it with a rubber band.

"No, no, no sweetie. That's now how you do a proper ponytail," she said, brushing my hair back so tightly it hurt.

"There, that's how it should be worn," she declared, turning me to the mirror. To my despair she hadn't been brushing it back, but up. So that my ponytail, like a girls', was more on top of my head, and fastened with a wide, white band that made it stick straight up. And worse, she'd left long tendrils dangling down on either side.

Which, to my absolute shame is how I left. More shameful was appearing in my girlish ponytail to serve Marsha and two stunning women, one quite a bit older than the other.

"So this is your new servant. I think you're the only one I know with a male servant. Quite a status symbol I'd say. Think of all the envious stares, from other women, you'll get when you take him shopping with you," the older woman, who's name I learned was Nikki Warner, said.

"Do you really think so? I guess a male servant would be a sort of status symbol," Marsha commented.

"Oh, I absolutely agree with Nikki. Some of my model friends in New York have male servants. Al-

though there they refer to them as 'Lady's Boys,' the tall girl, obviously a model commented.

"I like that. Don't you think 'Lady's Boy' is some how more fitting than manservant?" the woman stated. And to my dismay, when Martha came in Marsha said, "Martha, from now on we will refer to Paulie as my Lady's Boy rather than manservant."

"Yes Maam, I think it's a much better title. Much more descriptive," she agreed, then, perhaps to test me asked, "Don't you agree Paulie?"

I wanted to scream that I hated it. I didn't want to be called a Lady's Boy! But, like a wimp, and remembering I was never to contradict anything I was told, I meekly replied, "Yes, Ms. Martha, P-Paulie agrees."

"Now let's get a good look at him. Have him stand where he is and slowly turn," the woman ordered, although she could have said it to me as I was standing just a couple feet from her.

"Do as the woman wants. Turn slowly until she gives you permission to stop," Marsha ordered. Which I did feeling like I was some prized horse on display. Which, of course, I was.

Then to my shock, I heard her say, "I really can't tell much with his clothes on. Have him remove them will you, they'll have to go in any case for April to measure him. He can leave his briefs on."

It was then that I made the big mistake of looking up with pleading on my face to Marsha. For I wasn't, of course, wearing briefs but frilly panties.

"I'm afraid he's a bit shy. You see he's wearing panties. When he arrived he was wearing the only clothes he had. So I put him in some things of mine.

And, naturally, all I had were panties," Marsha explained.

"Actually a lot of men like to wear panties, so I'm not going to be shocked."

"You heard the woman get those clothes off now," Martha hissed in a voice that made me jump to start unbuttoning. I had the feeling I was going to be in for it later.

Can there possibly be anything more humiliating than standing in front of four women, two complete strangers, clad only in peach satin panties with lace trim?

"Turn him around and let's take a good look," the woman dictated, which I did, my face beet red.

"Well, he's really quite cute, isn't he, and very nice legs, what do you think, April?"

"Like you said, very cute, nice shapely legs, which I think you'd want to show off. But what I noticed right away, as most women do, was a very sexy behind, don't you think? Nicely rounded, not muscular like you see on most men, more plump. I'd definitely show it off. The women will all die," she remarked.

"Actually it's the first thing I noticed as well. I just didn't want to embarrass him," the woman said.

"Oh, I'm sure you're not embarrassing him. You do know a male's behind is almost always the first thing that women look at, don't you Paulie?" Marsha asked.

"I didn't..." I started to say, then caught myself and replied, "Yes Mistress." Even though I hadn't known.

"You should think of it as a compliment that women think you have a sexy behind and would natu-

rally think it should be put on display for them all to admire, don't you think?" she asked.

"Yes Mistress, Paulie agrees," I was forced to say. Although it was the last thing I wanted.

As the young girl measured me all over with a tape measure the older woman asked what different uniforms Marsha had in mind.

"Well a basic uniform, of course, for around the house. Something for light duties, another more serviceable one for heavier chores. He'll need something nicer for when he serves, a dressier one for evening, one for more formal occasions, a fancier one for parties, one for outdoor duties, and a more casual one for when he's off duty. Oh yes, include matching gloves for each."

"So nine altogether. You're certainly going to have him changing uniforms a lot."

"Yes, well I think he should be appropriately dressed in all circumstances. And what I really don't like are those dull, drab servants' outfits I always see. They should be tasteful, of course, but bright colors besides black and gray, and stylish rather than boring traditional. Some of his dressier outfits can be a bit flashy as well," she said.

"Alright, now what's your favorite color?"

"Now Nikki, as you well know, it's peach."

"Hence the peach panties on him," she chuckled.

"One of my friends in New York has an adorable pink uniform that her Lady's Boy looks absolutely darling in," the girl commented. Oh god, no, I pleaded silently to myself, not pink, please.

"Pink? I really hadn't thought of that. Well do one and we'll see how he looks," Marsha said.

Chapter 6-Sissie's first spanking.

When they finally left I mistakenly started to get dressed.

"Stop what you're doing. Were you given permission to get dressed," Martha hollered at me.

"N-No Ms. Martha..."

"Stay just as you are, don't move. You won't even need your panties for what comes next," she said ominously. So I stood there, rooted to the spot, scared to death.

When I saw her return I nearly fainted. She was holding a mean looking wooden cane.

"You were a bad Lady's Boy at lunch, weren't you?"

"Y-Yes Ms. Martha," I said, hanging my head fearfully, like a puppy about to be spanked, which I was.

"What did you do?" she demanded to know.

"P-Paulie looked up..."

"What else? You weren't going to remove your clothes when you were told to, were you?"

"N-N-No..."

"You also forgot to bow twice, didn't you?"

"I-I don't remem...I, Paulie means, 'Yes Ms. Martha," I cowered, utterly defeated.

"What did I tell you I was going to do if you ever embarrassed your Mistress, dearie?"

"T-That you were going to spank me," I trembled.

Sitting, she ordered, "Well, get over here, across my knees. Now!"

I truly didn't want to. I was a man. Men don't get spanked. Then I remembered, I wasn't much of a man anymore. And all pride left me as I went over her knees.

"We won't be needing these," she declared as I felt her pulling my panties down. I couldn't remember the last time I'd been spanked, if ever. So the first swat shocked my by how much it hurt and how hard it was. Then the blows just rained down on my unprotected, naked cheeks.

It seemed to go on and on and despite my resolve to take it like a man, I didn't. I was soon crying, then sobbing, begging her to stop. Then wailing uncontrollably, kicking my feet wildly. Then to my relief, which was short lived, it stopped.

"Oh Lisa, was there something you wanted?" she asked. I was mortified that the girl, of all people, should see me like I was. Lying across the housekeeper's knees being spanked.

"No, I was just working upstairs with the window open and thought I heard someone being spanked," she said.

"Yes, the Mistresse's Lady's Boy and I were in the midst of correcting a problem, weren't we dearie?" she asked.

"Oh, y-yes Ms. Martha," I sobbed out in utter shame.

"Well, please don't let me interrupt you. Do you mind if I watch? I've never seen anyone his age being

spanked. At least not a real man. But then you're not really much of a man, are you Polly?" she demanded to know.

"N-No M-Miss Lisa," I whimpered.

"Only a sissy, too afraid of standing up for himself would let his adorable panties be taken down and let himself be spanked, wouldn't he?" she said scornfully.

"Y-Yes..." was all I could get out before the spanking started again right in front of Lisa.

Finally, finally it was over. But not my humiliation.

"Before I let you up I want to hear you apologize for being a bad Lady's Boy and that you admit you deserved to be spanked. If you don't sound absolutely sincere I will just continue spanking you until you are," she dictated.

By then I was thoroughly broken. I had no pride left in me. All I knew is I couldn't take any more.

"P-Paulie is so sorry he was a b-bad Lady's Boy, a-and he deserved to be spanked," I blubbered.

"Very well, pull your panties up and get dressed," she ordered.

As I did so I heard Lisa ask, "Where do you keep the paddle?"

"It's always hanging on the wall in his room."

"It's just that when Marsha is gone she's leaving me in charge of him, and I'll want to know where it is if I need it," she said.

As I got up she came over to me and whispered, "To me your not even a Lady's Boy. To me you're nothing more than a sniveling sissy, male maid. Understood?"

“Y-Yes Miss Lisa.”

“Well then, say it!” she snapped.

“P-Paulie is nothing more t-than a sissy, male maid, Miss Lisa,” I cried in shame.

“Just so we understand each other,” she said gloatingly.

Chapter 7- Paulie is whipped into shape.

My new uniforms, which I dreaded seeing,, were still a week away. In the meantime the housekeeper trained me in the duties and chores of the Mistress’s Lady’s Boy. Martha was absolutely relentless in training me. Another term I found so belittling.

I wasn’t to be “taught”, or “shown”, I was to be “trained” in precisely how I was to do each chore, and “trained” just precisely in how I was to act.

And by “precise” she meant exactly that. Precisely how I was to polish the Mistress’s shoes. Precisely how I was to wash, iron and fold. Precisely how I was to vacuum and dust. Always with one hand on my hip, girlish fashion.

She created a daily schedule, almost by the minute, of what I was to do each day of the week. Everything was taken into consideration so that in the morning my entire time was planned until, as she said, “I was put to bed.” Looking at it I realized there was no need for me to think, or to question anything.

When I saw my following days schedules I know my face turned pale. I was used to long hours, it was how I’d built my business. But if the rest of the days were the same I would literally be worked to the bone. I was to be up at five every morning, uniformed and

report to the housekeeper by five-thirty, then worked, sometimes till ten or eleven at night. With a notation stating, "If the Mistress is out you'll will remain up and uniformed until her return."

There was not one minute of rest. I had three, what she called "toilet privileges" a day at specific times.

Breakfast, lunch and dinner were limited to ten minutes each. I was expected to not only perform each chore exactly within the time allowed, but each had to be done absolutely perfect.

Her explanation of my schedule I found nothing less than demeaning. "What I've found is that by creating very strict daily schedules you'll know what is required of you, and you won't find it necessary to take any initiative, think independently, or have any need to ask questions. In any case dearie, as a servant, thinking is really not a requirement. I'll allow you a one week's grace period to learn your chores, then each chore not done perfectly, or not done on time, will earn you a bad Lady's Boy mark," she declared.

You can't imagine what that first week was like. Each night I fell into bed totally exhausted. During the day I was constantly berated and criticized for the smallest fault. And during the day I had to scurry to the Mistress to do her bidding whenever the bell rang summoning me.

Responding to bells reminded me constantly of my servant's status. One bell for my Mistress, two meant the housekeeper, and the dreaded three bells meant I was to report to Lisa. Whenever I heard those three bells I literally cringed. As she never passed up an opportunity to show me what I'd become. She delighted in putting me down, especially in front of the Mistress.

Hearing the dreaded three bells, the next day, I reported to her.

"I've just come and have gotten mud on my shoes. Wipe them off," she ordered, making it clear I was to do so with her wearing them. I had to actually get down on all floors to wipe them. Making me scramble around as she crossed and uncrossed her legs. All in front of Marsha. I burned in shame wondering what she must be thinking.

When I'd finished she smirked and said, "Well, they look halfway decent, Polly. Do you want him to do your shoes?"

"No, I don't think they need it just right now. And you really shouldn't call him that. I'm sure it embarrasses him."

"I know I shouldn't, he just reminds me more of a Polly than a Paulie. You don't mind if I forget sometimes and call you Polly, do you," she asked innocently.

"N-No Miss Lisa," I replied, loathing having to say it in front of Marsha.

On Friday, at the dinner table, Marsha asked Martha for a report on my progress. "I'm sure within the next couple of weeks I'll have him whipped (she emphasized) into shape. He appears a bit dull-witted and slow to understand precisely what's expected of him. And he gets a bit careless, or lazy, towards the end of the day," she said. I wanted to either scream or cry. I didn't know which. I was being called "dull-witted" and "slow" and here I was with a Masters degree in business. And how could I help being a bit careless after fifteen plus hours, working non-stop. It was so unfair, especially being thought of as "lazy." How could I

possibly keep up on the brutal schedule she had me on? But, like the browbeaten shell of a man I was becoming, I just stood there hanging my head and said nothing in my defense.

“Well, I have every confidence that you’ll eventually turn him into a perfectly trained Lady’s Boy,” she said, then turning to me asked, “Aren’t you so excited about tomorrow, Paulie? Kate and April are bringing over your new uniforms.”

“Yes Mistress, Paulie is very excited to see his new uniforms,” I said, which was the last thing I was looking forward to.

Chapter 8-Paulie’s new uniforms

I had the feeling I wasn’t going to like them, but I would tough it out, I promised myself, regardless of how horrible they were. That determination fled like the wind when I was once again reduced to my panties in front of the three women. This time I was wearing pink satin panties with not lace, but ruffles.

“Oh, pink panties! They’ll go perfectly with the pink uniform Kate designed. He’ll look so precious in it,” April giggled.

As one after the other was put on me I could just see myself in the full-length mirror. With each new one I came closer and closer to breaking out in tears.

Especially over the woman’s enthusiastic description. “Keeping in mind that we want to show off his shapely legs and put his behind more on display for the ladies, what I’ve created I call the ‘britches’ or ‘liveried’ look. Somewhat English, but updated., per your request. All the pants are various lengths for britches

from well above the knees, which will really show off his legs, to a longer length at about mid-calf. For dressy occasions they're quite tight fitting to show off his legs. For every day chores they'll be a bit looser," she explained.

"We solved the problem of drawing more attention to his bottom by going with the concept of side zippers, such as are on his pants, instead of a front zipper. It enabled us to give the seat a very tight fit, perfectly smooth across the cheeks, with the front smooth and flat. Put the peach outfit on him April, and I'll show you/" she directed.

I couldn't believe what I had to put on first. White, over the knee, opaque stockings with elastic tops.

"For the shorter, above the knee, pant lengths, knee length stockings, as you'll see, just don't look right, and really spoil the look," she explained.

Then came a white satin shirt that had long pointed collars, much too full sleeves and gray cuffs with peach buttons. I actually had to step into the outfit as it was like a sleeveless jumpsuit in peach, which made me cringe. I could feel it was of a stretchy material, and when the side zippers were closed the seat felt absolutely molded to my cheeks. I could actually feel them sticking out! The "pants" were equally tight fitting, not coming even to my knees.

When I looked down to see the shoes I almost did start crying. They were shiny peach with a tiny vamp supporting a flat, gray, satin bow.

The reason for the over the knee stockings she pointed out as I bent down to put the shoes on.

"As you see, with the length of his, ah, britches hemmed above the knees his bare knees would show

when he bends, completely ruining the look, wouldn't you agree?" she asked, to which Marsha agreed.

Which might have been true, but what she failed to point out was that it made me look as though I was wearing stockings, or worse, nylons. Which apparently didn't concern anyone but me.

Naturally white gloves with peach trim went on my hand, then a wide peach ribbon was wrapped around my ponytail and then tied in a bow, and not a small one! Then, oh god, a peach apron with ruffle trim.

As Marsha congratulated Kate, telling her how much she loved the "look" I could only look wretchedly in the mirror at the effeminate sissy staring back at me.

I won't go into a description of all of them. Needless to say in none of them did I look , in the least, even a little manly. The gray pants for chores were looser and longer, but the shoes were awful. The same girlish strap shoes they had me wearing, only these had even higher heels.

"Buckle and strap shoes are simply more practical, don't you think?" she proclaimed.

The pink outfit with pink shoes I prayed, pathetically, nobody would ever see me in.

"Now I really think you're going to love his serving uniforms. They're more traditional English livery, with a few updated touches that I added to give them some flair. One new addition to his undergarments that I added is a body slimmer. I feel it will not only enhance his figure, but improve his posture. April and I both noticed that he has a tendency to slouch. April, hand him his panties. Since he's obviously one of those

males who enjoys wearing women's panties he'll have a matching pair for each outfit." She said.

I wanted to protest that I really didn't like wearing panties. Just the opposite, I wanted to protest that I was only wearing them because Marsha didn't have anything else. But my protest died on my lips as I meekly took the panties, turning around to put them on.

They were horrid! Black satin panties in front, but sheer in back. And worse, the waistband and legs were trimmed in black sequins. It fit incredibly tight and I prayed, as I turned around, that I wouldn't get excited.

Again I was handed a pair of thigh-high black stockings with seams. But these weren't opaque and were a lot sheerer.

Then I was given what she'd called a body slimmer. It was very high and wrapped around my waist.

There were a dozen hooks in front which looked so far apart I was sure it was the wrong size.

Raising my hand I tentatively said, "Excuse me Maam, but is it the right size?"

"Oh yes, it stretches a bit and will take a little getting used to hooking up. Take a deep breath, no deeper, and then pull as hard as you can," she instructed.

Which I did, pulling with all of my might, just managing to get the first one fastened. By the time I had all twelve

fastened I was exhausted, my arms trembling weakly, gasping for breath. It was so ungodly tight I felt like I was in a vice.

"Measure his waist now, April." She ordered.

"Why it's a good three inches smaller, and look at his figure, it has a lot more shape to it now, doesn't it?" she asked. I dearly hoped Marsha wouldn't agree. I didn't think I could bear wearing it all day. My hopes, of course, were dashed.

"Yes, I agree, it really does improve his figure. Please tell Martha that it should be worn under all your uniforms, will you Paulie?"

"Yes Mistress," I answered miserably.

"Now this next outfit I think is perfect for when you have guests over that you really want to impress, so you'll want him to look extra sharp," she proclaimed. First she had me put on a white satin shirt with a stiff collar. It had short, puffed sleeves and wide, tight fitting black, satin cuffs that were trimmed in dainty, lace ruffles. Then came white stockings with of all things seams in the back. I was then handed gray, velvet britches that zipped up the back and when I finally managed to get them on fit skin tight, and I was all too miserably aware of how they made my cheeks stick out so prominently. Like the sleeves the hems very tightly banded in black satin and ruffle, lace trimmed. Then a wide, black satin cinch, which took all their might to zip up, was put on me, and I could see in the mirror how it showed off my suddenly much slender, almost girlish figure if I admitted it.

Then when she took a pair of shoes out of a box I prayed they weren't for me. They were black, patent leather with a bucking strap and floppy, sequined bows on each toe, and, of course, they were for me.

What she said next I just wanted to cry over. "Now, beside his britches being so form fitting to amply show off his much enhanced behind, they also put his

shapely legs on display. And to enhance that, 'leggy look' the heels are just a bit higher than his others,"

Oh god, what next? I thought miserably.

What came next were white, satin gloves banded in black satin, then a wretchedly frilly, short apron edged in ruffles and finally a black satin ribbon tied in a much too large bow holding my ponytail. I just barely stopped bursting out in tears when I saw myself in the mirror. If anyone looked like a totally sissified male it was certainly what they'd turned me into. But clapping her approval the Mistress absolutely loved it.

"Why it's absolutely adorable. All the women are just going to die," she declared. None of which I wanted to hear.

And what followed I couldn't help letting out a dismayed gasp over.

"I couldn't agree more. Actually with the, ah, body slimmer taking his waist in his behind actually looks even bigger, doesn't it? Oh yes, one more suggestion. As we have him in stockings with all his outfits, and several of them are quite sheer, I think it would be wise to have him keep his legs shaved to avoid embarrassing runs."

"Oh my, why you're perfectly right! I never thought of that. You really don't want anyone to see you with an embarrassing run in your stockings, do you Paulie? I mean you don't have much hair to begin with, so you really won't miss it, will you?" she asked seriously.

"S-Shave my, ah, N-No Mistress," I whimper

She was right, I didn't have much hair. It wasn't that. Just the act of shaving my legs like a girl. It was just so horribly humiliating.

“So when you’re excused please ask Martha to show you how to shave your legs. And why don’t you stay in this uniform until dinner. I’m just dying to show you off to my publisher and her friends.”

All I could think as I went in search of Martha was the utter shame, and snide remarks, I was sure awaited me appearing to serve in my sissified uniform.



And, of course, at dinner, it got much worse.

"Oh my god Marsha, what an improvement. I just love the uniform. It looks so darling on him. I think one of my maids would look so cute in it. Maybe I could borrow the pattern," her publisher said, then giggling, added, "and just look at his behind, so inviting and, well, big. Really, it's hard to believe you were actually married to just a cute little thing."

"You were actually married to him?" another woman asked in disbelief. Which prompted Marsha to tell the story of my downfall and how I came to knock on her door one day.

"Knowing you it's hard to think you were ever married to someone, well, like him," a third woman scornfully remarked.

"Yes well, I was, unfortunately, quite a different person then," Marsha said.

"I simply can't image any real man accepting the position of his ex-wife's, what did you call him, your Lady's Boy?" the first said cruelly.

Appearing to come to my defense Marsha said, "Yes, I know, but in a way, it speaks well of him. He's been able to put away his pride and ego to try to make a fresh start. So I wouldn't be too hard on him. And according to my housekeeper he seems to be adapting nicely."

"If that's true then perhaps this is his true nature showing through. Maybe a Lady's Boy is what he was really always meant to be," her publisher said with contempt in her voice.

"I mean he's so submissive and obedient, maybe that he-man, macho image you say he always projected was just a charade."

What was she saying? I absolutely seethed at her suggestion that I liked being a servant, that I liked looking like a sissy for Christ-sake! For some reason I expected Marsha to come to my rescue. But, giving me a quizzical stare, all she said was, "Well, I guess time will tell."

I was totally crushed, I wanted to tell them what a real man I was but spinelessly I was too cowardly to speak up in front of them. So, I just took it like the wimpy, Lady's Boy the woman said I probably was.

When they left all I wanted to do was run to my room and cry. I was doing that a lot recently. I couldn't stop myself. And every time I did I felt less like a man. Before this I couldn't remember the last time I'd cried.

Imagine my shock when after they left Marsha came over and gave me a big, warm hug.

"You really were a big hit tonight. I know Kate was a little mean to you, but I really think she's just jealous. And everyone really loved your uniform. I think you look very sharp in it."

"I-I do? I mean I was," I said, overcome at her warm compliments, so unexpected.

When Martha came in Marsha said, "I'm very pleased with Paulie. He made a big hit with everyone tonight. As a reward I'd like you to give him some time off tomorrow."

"Time off? Oh no Maam. Really I don't have him scheduled for any time off for at least another couple of weeks," the housekeeper protested.

"I know you have him on a rigid schedule, but when he's been a good Lady's Boy it's only fair to reward him," she said earnestly, but the way it came out made me feel more like she was referring to rewarding

a house pet when it had been good, or especially obedient.

"Very well, I'll give him an hour off tomorrow," she said.

"I was thinking more like tomorrow afternoon..."

"All afternoon? You're being much too generous. Give him an afternoon off every time he's been good and that's what he'll come to expect."

"Oh very well, what then?" Marsha asked exasperated.

"I'll give him two hours off, which will be spent in his room, remaining uniformed in case you need him," she said grudgingly.

So it was settled. I was to have all of two hours off. Yet even then I was to be restricted to my room. Obviously any meager free time I was to be allowed I wasn't to have any say in what I could do.

The following day the housekeeper curtly said, "I don't approve of this free time when I have work for you, but it's your Mistress's dictate. Very well, you'll spend it in your room. No sitting or lying down on the bed, it'll wrinkle your uniform and mess up your hair. There's a few books you can sit in your chair and read, or you can stand by the window, "

Which really was all I could do as there was no TV or even a radio. The books, to my distaste, were all women's romance novels. So I stood by the window enviously watching Marsha play tennis. It was a beautiful, sunny day and I wished I could spend my meager two hours outside. But except to scrub the front entrance and walkway I hadn't been out at all. I finally sat and picked up one of the romance novels. At least it

was something, and just sitting in a chair was like heaven. Sadly all too soon I was back hard at work.

At the end of the week I was handed the list of faults I'd committed. I was shocked at how many there were.

"This represents a total of nineteen extra days in the employ of your Mistress at the end of your contract. Keep it up dearie, and by the end of the year you'll stay a Lady's Boy a whole hell of a lot longer," Martha warned.

Well, as you can imagine, I was appalled. I obviously couldn't go on like this, lord knows how long I'd be a Lady's Boy! All I could think of was to try as hard as I could to act like they expected, and do everything precisely as they demanded.

Chapter 9- Paulie learns his chambermaid, or boy, duties.

I got better, but it seemed every time I did something else was added to my duties. So it was that one day that Martha, to my astonishment, grudgingly admitted she was at least "fairly satisfied" with my performance, which didn't last long, when she added, "So it's time to get you trained to your chambermaid, or chamberboy, duties," she dictated.

Ordering me to follow her out to the car she said, 'I'll be depositing you each morning with Erma at the beauty salon for the next two weeks. She has a list of what tasks you're to be trained to perform.'

I really had no inkling at all of what tasks I was to be trained to do. But being taken to a beauty salon should have given me a hint, or warning.

"Well, my goodness, aren't you looking, ah, cute. A noticeable improvement," Erma commented. "So, I'll start you off with Diane. She'll teach you how to give manicures, pedicures and tend to your Mistress's hands and feet. She's quite good and when she's finished you'll be an excellent manicurist."

Ignoring my stunned expression she went on, "Then I'll have Amy teach you how to shave your Mistress's legs and underarms. Then, after she thinks you have the hang of it, she'll ask some of the customers if you can practice on them, no charge, of course."

"Gretchen, our masseuse, will train you in various massage techniques starting with giving foot massages, which you can also practice here. Joyce will be showing you how to comb your Mistress's hair and put it in simple styles.

"Let's see, yes that's all that's on the list," she declared, although I was hardly relieved. I was, in fact, mortified.

I couldn't believe what I was expected to learn. But I didn't have time to feel embarrassed or humiliated. I was taken over to the manicurist, a friendly, bubbly girl who was actually a good, patient teacher. I was even complimented, although not one I would treasure. Being told I was very good with my hands and would probably make an excellent manicurist.

Once I'd gotten over my initial humiliation I actually came to look forward to my mornings at the salon. All the girls were so nice and friendly treating me as if I was, well, one of the girls. It was almost restful compared to what Martha would have me doing.

However I was to find out that my chamberboy duties included more than just learning beautician skills.

"You will also need to learn how to dress and undress your Mistress. Which you will do carefully, not daring to actually touch her," Martha sternly warned.

Picking up a wooden ruler she said, "You will practice dressing and undressing. Each time you touch me I'll say, 'hand out.' And you will hold out the offending hand so I can give it a reminder not to touch."

I didn't realize just how hard a task it was going to be, but eventually I learned, after my hands were spanked enough times.

"Now, one last duty to learn," she said leading me into the sumptuous bathroom. "Naturally as all lady's Boys do, you will attend to your Mistress as she bathes. And there's a ritual which you will strictly adhere to. When she informs you that she's ready for her bath you'll fill the tub nearly full, and add the lotions that she likes. When she enters you'll remove her robe and shoes. As she bathes you'll stand against the wall facing the tub. When she gets out you'll have a towel ready and briskly dry and dress her."

Finally she said to Marsha, "I believe your Lady's Boy is trained enough to be put into service as your, ah, chamberboy."

"Already?"

"Yes Maam. The girls at the beauty salon were all very complimentary of his hand skills. Even Erma said that he'd make an excellent manicurist," she said, and how unmanly I felt hearing Marsha being told that her ex-husband would make an excellent manicurist.

"Then I'll try him out tonight. I have a benefit party to go to. I'll need my nail polish changed, legs and underarms shaved, and a bath. You have told him that

I'll want my feet massaged after my bath, and always when I come home?"

"Yes Maam. He knows it's the first thing he's to do whenever you come in, and Erma told me her customers were also very complimentary of the foot massages he gave them as practice."

I really was on pins and needles as I entered her room to exhibit all my newly learned chamberboy skills. I was nervous and couldn't stop my hands from shaking. Especially as I knelt, removing her panties, mere inches from them. When I got them down to mid-thigh I looked up. Which I should never have done. For mere inches away from my face was her glorious pussy that I'd once so selfishly used, or abused, and which was now denied me. I couldn't help it, I got instantly rock hard. I could feel my erection straining so mightily against the front of my pants.

As I stood up I prayed that she wouldn't see it, but, of course, it was impossible to hide. Nor would it go away as I painted her toes and nails, and shaved her legs and underarms. I almost died, when looking out of the corner of one eye, I saw her looking straight at what was trying so futilely to poke out from my pants with a very annoyed, disdainful look that made me turn beet red.

She didn't say a word. I prayed I could get control of myself, but I couldn't. Standing submissively in front of her as she bathed I couldn't help sneaking peeks at her stunning, naked body that I so desired, missed and wanted. Now, I wasn't even permitted to touch her. Each time I peeked my erection seemed to get even stiffer, and standing with my hands behind my back it was so obviously on display that I wanted to shrivel up and die.

She looked so elegant and sexy as I finished dressing her. So much the confident, assertive woman I'd never known.

As I knelt buckling her heels she reached down and patted my head, much as one does their pet. "All in all you did quite well Paulie," she said.

"I did, I mean Paulie did? Oh, thank you so much for you kind compliment," I said in sheer relief, quite forgetting being petted on the head like a pet.

"You're rather slow, but I'm sure you'll pick up speed. You'll have to be more careful dressing and undressing me. I did feel you actually touch me several times..."

Thinking of the painful consequences I contritely babbled, "P-Paulie is very sorry Mistress..."

"Well you performed your duties so well, and the foot massage was really heavenly, that this time I won't inform Martha that you touched me, as she's asked me to," she declared.

"Oh thank you Mistress, P-Paulie thanks you," I slobbered pathetically.

Chapter 10 – Humiliated and chastised

In my room as I relived the performance of all the intimate duties I'd carried out, and I couldn't help it. I got immediately hard inside my panties, and not being able to stop myself I jerked off into them. Gasping in relief at the first sex I'd had in weeks. Then realizing what I'd just done I knew this wasn't sex at all, but my pitiful excuse for it. Is this what I'd been reduced to? Dressing my ex-wife, then jerking off in my panties?

Nothing was said by Marsha for several days in which the front of my pants uselessly displayed my shameful, excited state. Then one evening, in her room, she called me over to where she was sitting at her vanity.

"I'm quite disturbed and offended at these immodest displays you're making of yourself whenever you attend to me. Don't think I haven't noticed, how could I not? I do not expect such uncouth displays from a Lady's Boy, is that understood?" she asked so sternly that I felt myself withering, literally shrinking in shame in front of her.

"Y-Yes Mistress," I managed to sob out.

"And you'd better not be going back to your room and jerking off like a little boy," she said scornfully.

Oh my god, did she know?

"When I said, 'no sex' I meant 'no sex' of any kind. Well, do you go back to your room and jerk off?" she demanded to know.

"N-No Mistress," I lied.

"You'd better not be. From now on you'll wear this under your panties," she said, handing me what looked like a thong, bikini bottom, only it was made, of all things, of rubber.

"Go to your room and put it on, then get back here," she ordered.

I had thought my panties were tight, but this was ungodly so. It took all my strength, which I seemed to have less and less of, to get it on. When I finally had it on it wasn't just tight, it was actually painfully tight. There was no room at all for my organs and they were squashed out of existence. When I looked in the mirror

I nearly cried as, between my legs, I was perfectly, girlishly flat. No evidence whatsoever of my manhood or sex.

It was, I found, painful to wear as I headed back to my Mistress's room. I couldn't believe I was to always wear it.

"Much better," was all she remarked viewing my femininely flat crotch. There was only one horrible thing about it. It didn't lessen my excitement. In fact, if anything, it prolonged it. I got painfully, tormentally aroused, yet there was absolutely no evidence of it.

That night I never felt so low. I'd thought, recently, that Marsha was actually beginning to see me in a new light. Several times she's praised or complimented my efforts and had even given me a few warm hugs.

When I left her room all I could see was the disdain plainly evident on her face. After that she became much more impersonal, almost cold despite my best efforts to please her.

It was a couple weeks later that I did something that caused her to lose all respect for me. Despite the wretched garment hiding my excitement, which, in her presence, I couldn't stop, I just couldn't control myself at night when I took it off. I'd think of her sitting there doing her make-up completely naked, or soaking in the tub, or worse, being so close to her pussy and not allowed to touch it. I was too erect to stop myself from picking up my panties and jerking off into them.

One evening at dinner she sternly said, "Report to me tomorrow morning before you get dressed."

I had no idea why, but her cold tone made me nervous.

The next morning dressed in the only nightclothes I had, a frilly, pink nightie, panties and high heeled mules with puffs on the toes, that she'd initially given me to wear I entered her room.

"Come over her boy and stand in front of me," she ordered. It was obvious from the way she'd emphasized "boy" that she was really angry.

And to my horror I saw why. She was holding up the panties, filled with cum, that I'd jerked off into. I'd meant to wash them out, but had forgotten.

"I told you there was to be no childish jerking off, didn't I?"

"Y-Yes M-Mistress," I quaked.

"This is disgusting, jerking off in your panties. You're like a little boy who can't control himself, aren't you?" she demanded to know.



Hanging my head in utter shame I replied, "Y-Yes Mistress."

"Obviously you can't be trusted to do as you're told. Take your panties down," she ordered.

"Now spread you legs and don't move a muscle."

I didn't have to worry about getting excited, I was too scared and humiliated. I had no idea what she planned to do.

I was shocked when she took hold of my limp organ then felt her wrapping something cool and a bit slippery, was the only way I could describe the sensation. I could feel her fingers fiddling with it and as she did whatever it was started getting tighter. Then when I thought she'd finished she started all over again, getting me panicky as it was getting really too tight!

"P-Please Mistress, w-what are you doing? It-it's awfully tight," I pleaded.

"good, that's exactly how I want it to feel. Since you can't be trusted I'm just making certain that you never give even a passing thought to jerking off like a little boy again," she declared as I felt something cold and like a metal ring being closed behinds my balls. Then heard an ominous click and strangely the tinkling of bells?

"Now you can look down," she commanded. When I did I nearly passed out. About the only way to describe it is she had laced a miniature corset on me! And it was fastened by a lock around a steel ring. Nor was I mistaken when I thought I'd heard bells tinkling, for dangling from the tip of the straps encasing the nob of my penis were two gold bellls.

"It's made of heavy gauge rubber so it never has to be taken off. And I think the bells are the perfect touch.

I think, when you hear them they'll be the perfect reminder of why you can no longer be trusted. Now get out of here, get out of here I'm going to inform Martha to work you to the bone today. Well, do you have anything to say, boy?" she demanded to know.

"N-No Mistress," I meekly replied, hanging my head, then virtually fled the room humiliated beyond words.

From then on I was truly only her servant. Never speaking to me except to order me to do something. And when she did it was with utter disdain in her voice. From then on I was "boy" and only addressed as "Paulie" when I'd pleased her. Which now was almost never.

Looking down at my corseted, locked-up penis I felt that she had been testing me, and that I'd failed miserably in her eyes. I didn't feel much like a man anymore. How could I? I had a penis, but it was quite useless.

After she'd locked me up I could no longer think of her as Marsha. I was too humiliated even to look up. When I did I think she deliberately flaunted her naked body in front of me, knowing the useless reaction it was causing. At this she was completely successful, I just couldn't stop myself from getting excited being so close to her.

After a month Martha finally let up on me, somewhat. She declared that she was satisfied that I was reasonably trained. Her version of letting up on me was to reduce my work day to fifteen hours, and allow me, duties permitting, an hour of free time a day, and three on Sunday. All to be taken in my room, what I was allowed to do dictated by her.

I could, she suggested, practice my sewing. A seamstress had been brought in to teach me basic alterations. I actually didn't mind as I got to sit for a couple hours, and the seamstress was a nice, elderly lady.

Not all, to my dismay, was roses. I found it almost impossible to stand quietly for several hours if meals ran long, or Mistress had company. I mean, who could? I think a lot of the time she simply forgot I was there, so I was just left standing.

Chapter 11 – Pollie's gets her face slapped

The one time Martha went into an absolute rage Mistress had a bridge party, which seemed to go on and on, and I had to be corrected twice for distracting them. As soon as they left she stormed over and without warning painfully slapped my face, several times.

"Do I have your attention now, boy?" she screamed at me.

"Y-Yes Ms. Martha," I sobbed.

"I've had quite (slap) enough (slap) of you embarrassing (slap) your Mistress (slap, slap) in front of her guests (slap, slap). I will deal with it tomorrow. Now get to cleaning everything up."

The following morning I was scared out of my wits not knowing what she was going to do to me.

When I got downstairs she had several narrow wooden boxes about 18" high by four inches wide and deep.

"Pick them up and follow me," she ordered, going from one room to another, directing me on where to

place each. I even put one in the front hallway and on the patio.

"These are your stations. From now on whenever you haven't been dismissed, or you're needed to stay in a room, you'll stand on that room's station. Stand on this one," she directed.

Which I did, or I tried to. Even pressing my feet as tightly together as I could I could only get half of each shoe on the top. With my heels at the very back edge my toes didn't fit on.

"This should improve your annoying fidgeting. I doubt if you'll do much daydreaming. I imagine you'll have to concentrate as hard as you can to remain perfectly still," she smirked, and I believed her. If I moved a toe or heel even slightly I felt the box begin to wobble and I had to immediately straighten and not move a muscle.

Then she really terrified me, "If you lose your balance and fall I'll spank your ass till all you can do for days is stand, understand me, dearie?"

"Y-Yes Ms. Martha." I whimpered.

I couldn't help cringing, wondering what Mistress thought of me the first time she saw me standing at my station. In reality I was no more than a statue, or a window mannequin, on a pedestal.

The other thing that I was constantly being admonished for was the noise I made as I went about my chores, or attended to my Mistress. Even though I tried to be as quiet as I possibly could.

"Really Martha can't you do something to get him to go about a room quietly," she complained one day, "it really is most distracting.

Her solution I found out a couple days later when I put on my shoes and started walking out of my room. I was surprised to hear a loud tapping with each step I took, then suddenly I slipped and lay sprawled on the floor. Looking at my shoes I discovered, that of all things, large steel taps had been put on the heels.

Martha came in as I was just getting up. "I see you've discovered my solution to the constant noise you make. I've put taps on all the heels of your shoes. Now here's the way it's going to work. Today I will count up the number of times I hear a tap. Tomorrow if I hear less that's fine. However if I hear one more, or even the same number, you'll get the bottoms of your feet spanked. I'm sure that will get your attention," she declared.

What I instantly learned is that the only way I could walk, or even stand, without hearing an ominous "tap", was to walk and stand on my toes. And to do so I had to take shorter, more mincing steps. Which was torture especially towards the end of the day. And, of course, it was immediately noticed by my nemesis, Lisa.

"My, my aren't you mincing ever so daintily now days. Just like a girl or, at best, a sissy, aren't you?" she sneered.

"Yes Miss Lisa," I replied shamefully, for it was true, yet I couldn't walk any other way.

"Well don't worry Polly. I'm sure you soon will be mincing naturally just like all little girls do," she laughed, then added, "did I hear someone having their face slapped a few days ago? I assume it was Martha slapping your face for another mistake you made?"

"Y-Yes Miss Lisa," I said, hanging my head.

"She must have slapped you a good twenty times. And you just stood there and let her, didn't you?"

"Y-Yes..."

"Head up Polly," she ordered. When I raised it I couldn't believe it, she slapped my face.

"Is that how she did it? Or was it more like this, or this?" she asked slapping my face even harder.

"Well?"

"Y-Yes Miss Lisa, it, it was like that," I sobbed.

"And you just stood there and let her do it, like this (slap), and like this (slap)?"

"Y-Yes Miss Lisa," I cried.

"It's what I thought all along. My god, were you ever a real man? Don't bother answering because if you were you aren't now, are you?"

"N-No Paulie I-isn't..."

"When you're in my presence you're not Paulie, what are you?" she demanded to know.

"Polly, Miss L-Lisa," I whimpered, like the miserable coward I was.

"You don't even belong in those sissy pants. You're not even man enough for sissy pants. If I had my way you'd be in skirts, that's where you belong. Now mince on out of here," I was ordered.

I only had the bottoms of my feet spanked once, which was enough. From then on I minced on my toes, even if my feet were killing me.

Chapter 12 – Paulie's hopes are crushingly shattered

I tried to act as servile and servant-like as I could whenever I heard the bells summoning me to the girl. I was terrified not knowing what she would want, knowing that her favorite new past time was humiliating Marsha's Lady's Boy in some new way.

So it came about, as I knew it would, that I was summoned by my Mistress wearing my pink uniform. The girl had never seen me in it, and of all my uniforms I cringed most looking at myself every time I had to wear it.

The top was nothing but a pink, very tight fitting vest. The pink "britches", or let's face it, sissy pants, were snug, but at least not skin tight. Except, naturally, across my cheeks. But, they were so short! Barely past mid-thigh. The stockings, which I seemed doomed to always wear, were white with the elastic tops just barely hidden if I stood straight. The problem was the slightest bending of a knee and the tops of the stockings were clearly visible. And worse, the tops were lace.

The pink patent leather shoes had an open toe with a bow perched on each, and ankle straps that were so long I had to wrap them several times before buckling them.

Naturally I wore gloves, but these were horrible as they were fingerless, and pink and had bows. Over them went large, stiff white cuffs with pink buttons that matched the separate collar and pink bow tie. And then, of all humiliating things, a maid's cap was tied to my head.

With a real sense of foreboding I minced on my toes into Mistress's office, praying Miss Lisa wouldn't be there. But she was, and my heart fell to the floor.

"Oh my god Marsha, your boy (she emphasized) is wearing pink!" she laughed.

"Yes, do you like it? Nikki thought he'd look good in pink, but I wasn't sure. It's, well, a bit of a girlish color," Marsha said, looking up for a moment from her computer.

"Oh I think pink looks absolutely precious on him, and so appropriate. You should change all his outfits to pink," she said, then added, "But there is one thing that really spoils the look..."

"And that is?"

"Well it's sleeveless, and what really spoils the look is all that unsightly hair under his arms," she declared.

"Oh my, you are right now that you bring it up. Lisa is right," she said to me, "Be a good boy and keep your underarms shaved from now on Paulie," she instructed, and then dismissing me from her thoughts, totally unaware or, more likely unconcerned, of my horrified reaction, went back to what she'd been doing.

"You might as well go do it now Paulie. Then come back and show us," the girl ordered, not hiding her amusement.

"Yes, much better," Mistress said a while later, as I held up my arms.

I really hated that girl. I knew what she was doing. Turning me into a thoroughly browbeaten, wimp of a sissy. Too cowardly to stand-up to her and she knew it. Slapping my face as I took it, not daring to even raise a hand up had proved it to her. To her I was no longer a

man. Actually I don't think she saw me as one from the moment I agreed to become Marsha's manservant. And as I looked at myself I mournfully had to agree.

My run-in happened in the afternoon, and of course it was unbearably humiliating. But what occurred that evening truly shattered me. I foolishly had kept my hopes alive that Marsha would eventually see me as more than her servant. That, I think, was permanently dashed when I was summoned to her room in the early evening. My spirits sank as I saw Kate was there picking an outfit for Marsha to wear that night. I stood silently ignored as they debated what she should wear.

"The decision you need to make Marsha is, do you want to fuck him on your first date?" Kate said.

"Well, I've had a good day and I'm feeling really randy so I could use a good fuck. And I think Brad is just the man to give it to me. What a stud, you wouldn't believe the muscles on him."

"From what other girls have said he's not much between the ears, but between the legs he's huge, and can keep it stiff as a board."

"Then I won't even bother with panties, just lift your dress and stick it in, if you can get it in that is," Kate giggled.

"You're right. Paulie I think tonight's the night for the crotchless pantyhose. You'll find them in the bottom drawer," she instructed.

I was on the point of sobbing as I knelt putting on the crotchless pantyhose. My nose mere inches from where I dreamed I'd once again be one day. Instead it was to be some well-hung guy that was to be fucking her, not me. Nor were they the least bit sensitive to the

fact that her ex-husband was the one dressing her to be fucked.

After I had her dressed in the shortest, sexiest, black leather dress she had me unzip it and take off her bra.

"Might as well drive the poor man wild," she laughed, then to me said, "Get my fuck pumps Paulie, the one's with the stiletto heels."

"My god Marsha, I'll be surprised if you come back in one piece. If he doesn't have the stiffest hard-on when you walk down the stairs looking like that, I'll be shocked."

But, my humiliation, to my dismay hadn't as yet started. I let out a tortured sob, I couldn't help it, when she said, "As usual I'm running late. Paulie, go downstairs and let Brad in when he arrives and offer him a drink."

Miserably I did as I was ordered. And my humiliation was complete when I opened the door. For her date was everything I wasn't. He had to be 6'3", athletic, and muscles bulging everywhere. I cringed as I wondered what he could be thinking of me as I minced I front of him.

When Mistress came down the guy's mouth dropped open. "God, you look incredible, very hot," he exclaimed.

"Yes, I know; and I'm feeling especially hot tonight Brad," she said, giving him a long smoldering kiss right in front of me. I couldn't help it. I actually felt myself starting to get excited. It didn't last long, but I was truly disgusted with myself. Is this what I'd come to? Denied sex I now got excited watching Marsha kiss another man instead of me

When she finally broke free she said, "I see Paulie got you a drink.

"Yes, ah, he did. Could I ask, well, what exactly is he?"

"Paulie's my Lady's Boy."

"Lady's Boy? What exactly is that?"

"Oh, he's a combination servant, maid, seamstress, beautician and chamber boy all rolled into one. He's really quite valuable. A lot of women have Lady's Boys. They've become very 'in' among hi-level women and executives.

They're really quite a status symbol to have one," she declared, and I was sure from her description that he didn't think of me as much of a man.

Just before they left she said to me, "Lisa really liked your pink uniform. It was a big hit with her. That will be your afternoon uniform from now on. And since I'm feeling in such a good mood tell Martha you can be put to bed a half hour early."

"Yes Mistress, thank you so much Mistress."

Under normal circumstances I would have been overjoyed. An extra half-hour of sleep was like heaven. But it was little consolation. All I could do when I got to my room was cry. It was obvious that to her I wasn't a man anymore, I was simply her Lady's Boy. It was a bitter, humiliating pill to take.

Chapter 13 – Paulie gets his bottom pinched.

I felt sorry for myself, wallowing in self-pity for days. Martha had me busy cleaning the whole house

spic and span in preparation for a party my Mistress was having that weekend. Between feeling sorry for myself and being kept extra busy I didn't think much about the party. Not until just a few hours before it when the housekeeper said, "Since this is a fancy party the Mistress want you attired in your dressy uniform."

I'd never worn it before and thought falsely, hell it couldn't be any worse than any of the other uniforms. My face turned pale however when I took it out of the bag. It was almost identical to my serving uniform, the one with the sequin trim, but, to my despair, everything was opposite. The short, velvet bolero jacket with sequin trim was now fully sequined with velvet trim. As were my pants. Oh god no! Sequined pants tied at the bottoms with velvet bows. Even the shoes were sequined with ankle straps and velvet bows. The floppy bow tie was sequined as was the band around my bun ,as was the ruffled apron!

There was nothing to do but put the wretchedly sissy outfit on, mince downstairs and present myself.

"Oh my, I do think I'm jealous, Polly. You glitter even more than I do. Wait till Marsha sees you," Lisa, dressed to the teeth in a glittering red gown laughed.

"My, my, I think you look absolutely perfect for the event. I'm sure all my lady friends will just die of envy." Was all Marsha said when she saw me.

You can imagine how I felt answering the door that night and serving. First drinks then dinner. It was the one time I was thankful that I'd been trained, more conditioned, to keep my head bowed, not daring to look up in the presence of my "betters." I really was too embarrassed to even want to look up. I didn't know if they were laughing to each other, or at me. All I saw the whole party was her guest's feet.

Over and over I had to suffer the shame of listening to Mistress explain what a Lady's Boy was. And the answers to her women friend's questions.

"Yes, he really does shave my legs and underarms."

"Oh absolutely, he gives the most wonderful foot massages whenever I come in."

"Yes, I'm sure all the other Lady's Boys dress and undress their Mistress's too."

"Of course he does my nails and toes. My beautician said he'd make an excellent manicurist."

I'm sure I got the oddest looks and smirks, I was just glad I couldn't see them. Then two things occurred. One was so humiliating, the other so shocked me that I fled to the kitchen in tears.

In utter dismay, as I went about the room, I realized I was serving not only people who knew me, but some of my best friends. And they didn't even recognize me. I didn't know whether to feel relieved or humiliated. I suppose I should have known better than to think anyone would possibly recognize me. I think if I tried to convince them of who I was they would have laughed themselves silly. That was bad enough. But what happened next is what caused me to flee to the kitchen with tears streaming down my cheeks.

A few moments later Lisa came in.

"I saw you break into tears and run, well mince, here. What's the matter?" she asked.

"S-Someone pinched m-my rear-end," I choked out.

Lisa couldn't help herself and started laughing hysterically. "Well, you should expect that. I think you've got the biggest, sexiest ass in the room," she gloated. Then inched me saying snidely, "Poor Polly, got his

sexy little, or should I say, big, sissy ass pinched, like this?"

"Y-yes..." I sobbed, too cowed to add that I was sure I'd been pinched by a man.

I survived two more pinches that night without running off to the kitchen, and when it was over hoped that Mistress's next party was a long way off.

Things got back to normal, if you could call my sissified Lady's Boy status as normal. But, it was a couple weeks later that Mistress made an announcement that sent sissy chills down my spine, and I got an awful sense of impending doom to come.

"I'm going down to New York to do some business, then I'll be on a two week tour. While I'm gone Lisa will be in charge of you," she said, then to Lisa added, "Try to be nice to Paulie."

"Oh, I'm sure we'll get along just fine, won't we Polly?" she grinned devilishly.

"Y-Yes Miss Lisa," I replied, thinking two-and-a-half weeks having to report to the girl who'd made it quite clear she detested me. Oh god, what was I in for? I thought. I got an inkling when she strolled past me and whispered, "I've got you by the balls now, don't I? Oh, I forgot, you don't have any, do you?"

I was determined to be extra careful around her, and try my hardest not to cause her to get on me. So when she summoned me I bucked up what little courage I had left and nervously entered the office in my pink uniform.

"All dressed in pink, that's perfect. From now on you wear pink all the time, it suits a pansy like you, understand?"

"Yes Miss Lisa."

"You know what a pansy is, don't you Polly?"

"N-Not exactly Miss Lisa..."

"A pansy is a male, who used to be a man, but has been so sissified you can't really call him a man anymore. A pansy is the lowest form of a male. Meek, timid and oh so submissive. That's what you re, aren't you pansy Polly?"

I wanted to scream "no" but like the coward I'd become I just hung my head, not wanting to set her off, and said, "Y-Yes Miss Lisa."

"Pansies aren't even actually males. They're more like effeminate, little boys. You certainly don't even remotely resemble a real man any more do you Pansy?"

"N-No Miss Lisa," I sobbed.

"Oh goodie, you're crying just like a Pansy and I haven't even spanked you yet. Go get your paddle," she ordered. Oh please no, I pleaded to myself.

"Wait. I'm going to prove what a pathetic excuse for a man you no longer are. In a second Polly I'm going to order you to kiss my feet. You won't want to do it of course. It'll be such an admission of what a spineless wimp you've become. You don't have to kiss my feet. But then you'll wonder what I'll do to you if you don't. Alright Pansy, kiss my feet," she ordered.

She was right, of course. If I kissed her feet I'd be acknowledging what a true, spineless, wimp I'd become. I really didn't want to, it was degrading. But she was also right. I was terrified of what she'd do to me if

I didn't. So with a cowardly sob I knelt and kissed the toes of her shoes.

"You call that a kiss, get back down there, chin on the floor and give my shoes a loud, slurping, French kiss, and I want to see plenty of tongue," she demanded then added, "now be a good Pansy and lick them!"

As I did so she scornfully said, "It's almost impossible to imagine you once thought of yourself as a man, let alone actually married to Marsha. Even those ridiculous pants are too good for you. What you belong in is skirts. Now listen carefully Pansy Polly. For the next two-and-a-half weeks every time I summon you the first thing you'll do is get down and kiss my shoes, then you'll lick them, and it'll be the last thing you do when you leave a room I'm in. When Marsha comes back you'll continue to kiss my feet whenever she isn't present. Got that Pansy?"



“Y-Yes M-Miss Lisa,” I cried.

“That’s a good Pansy. Now go get your hairbrush,” she ordered.

When I came back I was literally quivering with fright, after I kissed her feet.

“Poor, little thing. You’re so scared thinking I’m going to spank you. Which I’m sure I will, but not right now. Marsha doesn’t talk much about her marriage. When she does all she thinks about is all those wasted years. She did let one thing slip about her sex life when she was married. Oh, besides what she now realizes, how did she put it? Oh yes, how ‘under-endowed’ your organ was compared to a real man’s, like Brad’s. She says it’s absolutely enormous, saying that it had to be twice the size of her ex-husband’s. Anyway what she let slip out is that her ex-husband, that’s you, she keeps forgetting, never liked to go down on her, and eat her pussy. Is that true?”

“Yes Miss Lisa,” I admitted.

“Well, by the time she gets back you’re going to be the best pussy licking Pansy there ever was. And I’m just the one to train you. In my bag there’s a pair of shoes. Get them and put them on my feet,” she demanded.

I actually grew faint when I took them out. They looked positively lethal, having the highest heels I’d ever seen

And the sharpest toes. But what caused me to nearly faint were the steel caps on the toes and heels.

“I’ll train you using what I call, ‘the heel and toe method’, with liberal use of the hairbrush when needed. When I spread my legs and snap my fingers

you get in there and start licking like your life depended on it," she instructed, snapping her fingers.

When I got down on all fours she grabbed me by the ears and positioned me exactly where she wanted me, then clamped her athletic thighs around me like a vise.

"Well, get started," I heard her holler, which she punctuated by viciously jabbing me with the steel toes and heels. I don't know how long I licked. It seemed like forever. And just when I thought I couldn't go on she jabbed me repeatedly, spurring me on. And when I thought I was beyond exhaustion she took the hairbrush to me. Raining down blows until I managed to speed up.

"That was pathetic. Christ, you're even a miserable excuse for a pussy licker. Apparently you're going to need a lot of intense training," she declared.

Which I got. At least twice a day, sometimes more. Each morning I woke up dreading the abuse, mental and physical, she was going to deal out.

And the mental part was just as bad. A couple days went by when she said, "You really look so precious in pink Pansy. But, I can't help thinking that something's missing. However, don't worry I'll think of what it is."

What could she possibly do to make me look more sissified than I already was? Sadly two days later I found out.

"I finally figured out what's missing. Actually two things. Head up," she commanded. When I did she took out a tube of lipstick and applied it to my own.

"Now look," she ordered.

When I did I saw that my lips were not only glossy, but pink!

"I got the idea when I was shopping, trying on lipstick. Then I saw this shade, it's called, 'Petal Pink', and I thought, why this is perfect for Pansy Polly. Now let's have you practice putting it on. You'll be wearing it from now on," she declared.

"U-Until my Mistress gets back, Miss Lisa?" I asked timidly.

"Oh no, you'll be wearing it permanently, all the time. And when I don't see enough of it on your lips I'll slap the

shit out of you, and make you wear bright red, what I call, 'hooker red,'" she warned, as I practiced in misery.

"And you know what's great? The lady at the counter says it comes with matching nail polish. Which, naturally, you'll wear. From now on I want to see ten perfectly polished, pink nails. They're perfect with you finger-less gloves," she laughed, then added, "do your toes too."

Chapter 14 – Polly exhibits his new pussy-licking duties.

Finally, finally Mistress came back. I was so relieved. Then I remembered Lisa's instructions. When Mistress was sitting down at her vanity I hesitantly raised my hand.

"Yes Paulie, there was something you wished to say?"

"Y-Yes Mistress. Miss Lisa has been teaching Paulie a, a new duty she thinks you'll enjoy."

"And just what is this new duty?"

"If-If you'll snap your fingers and s-spread your legs..." I stuttered.

"What on earth? Oh, very well," she said, snapping her fingers.

"Good lord, Lisa taught you, ooooh," she moaned as, now thoroughly trained, I performed my new duty. I felt her climax once and then a second time before she finally pushed me away.

"Lisa taught you this, that little minx. I should scold her, on second thought maybe I should give her a bonus," she said, still gasping.

The next day I was serving Mistress her breakfast when Lisa arrived.

"Well, how did you like the new duty I trained your Lady's Boy to do?" she asked with a wolfish grin.

"First I was thinking of scolding you, you were very naughty. Instead here's a thousand dollar bonus. It's a duty I'm sure will be most gratifying to take advantage of in the future," she said. As she passed a check over to the girl I couldn't help but feel degraded. Her my ex-wife was paying a college girl for training me to lick her pussy.

"Wow, that's really unexpected, but I'm not really finished training him yet."

"You're not? I can't imagine what else you could train him to do, it was really most, ah, satisfying," Marsha commented.

"Well I'm really not satisfied with either his stamina or technique just yet. And I've just taught him one position," she said, looking at me, daring me to say anything. All I could do was hang my head.

"Then just continue with him. You've really got my curiosity up," she said, as if having the girl continue training her Lady's Boy to lick her pussy was just some other assignment she passed out to her.

"Oh I will. Now the next time you use him be sure to wear your heels. I've taught him using what's called, 'the heel and toe method.' He's much more responsive to them, aren't you boy?" she asked.

Feeling more like I was to be like a trained seal to perform on demand, I miserably replied, "Yes Miss Lisa."

"Oh, I know. From now on when you snap your fingers and you're not wearing heels he'll automatically put a pair on you. Make sure it's a pair with the highest heels and most pointed toes," she instructed me.

Later that evening I obediently started licking after she'd snapped her fingers, and I'd put on her feet a pair of red, patent leather pumps with at least four inch stiletto heels. She didn't know quite how to use them, at least not at first. But, when she caught on I found myself being vigorously spurred on. She seemed not to be aware of the painful effect on me, and like a wimp I didn't dare complain.

"My goodness, I can see what Lisa means by the 'heel and toe method'. That was even better than yesterday. Very, very good, Paulie," she said, patting me on the head like you would an obedient puppy.

Chapter 15 –Sissy summer uniforms for Paulie.

It was a couple weeks later that Nikki, the fashion designer, and the model she employed as her assistant, were having lunch with Mistress.

“The reason I asked you to lunch is now that we’re getting into summer I’m wondering if you could design a couple of summer uniforms for Paulie. I’m thinking some of his current uniforms are a bit heavy for summer.”

“Of course, what do you think April?”

“I think I’ll need to measure him. It looks like he’s lost a bit of weight, but for sure whatever you come up with should have shorts. His legs actually are looking shapelier,” she remarked.

I was all too aware of how girlishly soft my legs were becoming, and all too aware of how much weight I’d lost. The prior week I’d weighed myself and was shocked to see I’d lost almost thirty pounds. No wonder I didn’t seem to have half the strength I used to, and was now becoming so easily exhausted even doing light chores.

“Could you have him take his clothes off, just down to his panties?” the girl asked, and I soon stood there in just my panties as she measured me all over.

“Well, he’s obviously lost some weight. The body slimmer is much looser than when he first struggled so to put it on,” she stated, which was the only good thing about the weight I’d lost. It was finally becoming easier to put on and more bearable.

"Then the first thing we'll need to do is get a smaller size one for him," I heard her say to my misery.

"I'd like you to design a special uniform for him to wear at the Fourth of July garden party I'm having. I'm thinking of some patriotic theme," Mistress instructed.

"Oh, that sounds like I'll have a lot of fun with that," the designer said.

"Just make sure one, or two, of the uniforms are pink. Lisa seems to think he looks best in pink," she added.

I really didn't think too much about it. Wanting me in some summer uniforms appeared reasonable. Besides, I thought, how could they get any worse?

As I modeled my new summer uniforms a week later I realized, to my intense distress, how much worse they could be. However first I had to struggle with all my might, which now wasn't much, to fasten the new body slimmer. When I finally had it all hooked up I was gasping, completely out of breath from the effort.

"Much better. I was hoping we could take another three inches off him," the girl declared as she measure my waist, then added, "He's really developing a quite sexy figure."

Sexy! I don't want a sexy figure, I protested, but to myself of course.

All the new uniforms had shorts of various lengths, which I foolishly thought I might actually prefer. Surely shorts were less sissy, and, of course, they wouldn't have me wearing stockings with them. Well they didn't. Which actually was worse, as without them I was showing off my shaved legs. Something I hadn't thought about.

I didn't know why, but instead of regular panties I was handed what she called a thong panty, which didn't cover my cheeks at all. Nor was I grateful for the short pants as each fit unbelievably tight and some were so short I cringed. I knew what hot pants were and these were even shorter. I could actually feel them riding up my cheeks as I bent over.

"If we put him in regular panties he'd run the risk of immodestly showing them off. And wearing a thong there's no telltale pantyline," I heard her explain.

I won't describe each uniform, one was as horrible in it's own way as another. But the peach uniform, the one I'd be wearing the most, was actually a one piece, that had a halter-top leaving a good portion of my back bare. The halter came up to a very high, tight collar that had six buttons in back. The collar was white and edged in lace with a much too large, floppy peach bow in front. On my feet were peach shoes with bows on the toes, a too high wedge heel, and a sling slap. The gloves were white lace with peach trim.

Miserably I couldn't decide if I looked more sissyish or more girlish. Probably, I thought, a little of both. But, of course, everyone loved it, except yours truly.

"I really love how it shows off his sexy behind even more, don't you think?" Lisa delightedly pointed out, then added, "and how much sexier they make his legs look."

"Yes, I think you're right. It looks perfect for a summer uniform. And I'm sure your relieved that it's a lot lighter aren't you Paulie?" Mistress asked. What I really wanted to shout is, 'Can't you see how girlish and sissy it makes me look? But obviously she didn't see that, or most probably it didn't matter to her, so, of course, I agreed.

But there was one even more horrible thing I discovered looking in the mirror after I'd put the matching apron on. From the front it looked like I was wearing a skirt. You couldn't see that I was wearing shorts at all. Oh god! But, of course, there was nothing I could do about it. I certainly didn't have the nerve to point this out to them. Especially not with Lisa there, who wanted me in skirts. Which, with relief, I didn't think there was any way she could manage that. If I'd only known.

I served that night in what the designer had called my, 'dressy summer uniform.' When I saw myself in the mirror in my room I just wanted to cry. It took all my will just to leave my room dressed in it. Black sequined hot pants and vest, elbow length gloves and sequined shoes with bows.

Chapter 16 – Disaster for Paulie at Fourth of July party.

I'd completely forgotten about the Fourth of July garden party, and the special uniform Mistress had asked be designed until a couple days before. Martha ran me ragged with the preparations.

Finally a couple hours before the guests would start arriving she said, "It's time for you to change. I understand the Mistress has a special outfit she wants you to wear?"

"Yes Miss Martha," I said, hurrying to my room to change. I swear I nearly fainted when I saw myself in it. It was a sleeveless, one piece outfit in stretchy satin with red, white and blue vertical stripes and sequined patterns of stars everywhere. On my head was a glitter-

ing sailor's hat at an angle with a chinstrap. The white gloves had big sequined red stars. My shoes I cringed at when I saw them on my feet. Red sequined with an open toe, a wedge heel and red and blue satin ribbons I had to wrap several times around each ankle before tying them into much too big bows. My earrings were star shaped, red and positively huge with Mistress's initials in white.

Turning my back to the mirror I couldn't help noticing how the stripes made my ass look enormous. The white satin apron was shorter than normal with red stars and made me look more like I was wearing a min-skirt, and put my soft, girlish legs ever more on display.

I desperately didn't want to go downstairs and out onto the back lawn, but what could I do? I served never having the courage to even look up once. It was about an hour into the party as I was serving a group of women that a voice suddenly said, "Are you one of Marsha's maids, girl, or were you rented for the day?"

I was about to say I was her Lady's Boy when another in the group said, "I think she's one of Marsha's girls. You are, aren't you?"

What I started to say was, "Yes Maam, I'm my Mistress's Lady's Boy," but all I got out before I was shut off was, "Yes Maam..."

"Well tell Marsha that we all love your uniform, it's so appropriate."

"Y-Yes Maam," I said, now too embarrassed to contradict her, or them, as they all obviously thought I was a maid. It had also been drilled into me that a Lady's Boy never contradicted his betters. All in all I thought not saying anything was the wisest course.

However, to my dismay, it happened twice more before the party started winding down. And each time I just let it go. As I was cleaning up Martha came out and said, "Your Mistress has a guest staying over. She wants you to go upstairs and make the front guest room presentable."

Doing as I was told when I entered I found that the guest was already there.

"Ah, I presume Marsha has sent you up to help me get settled in. You can start by unpacking my luggage and hanging everything up like a good girl," she said. She was, I realized, one of the women that had mistaken me for a maid. Well, best to say nothing, I thought, it would keep me out of trouble.

When I finished hanging everything she said, "You can undress me then get the black pantsuit."

By now I was quite adept at dressing and undressing Mistress. However I'd never done so with another woman and soon found myself kneeling, face inches away from her pussy, as I removed her panties. I couldn't help blushing, but obviously mistaking me for a maid she didn't feel any need to be modest.

Over the weekend I was in her room helping her in different ways. I learned that she was Mistress's editor.

It was in the evening of that Sunday after her guest had left that the housekeeper curtly told me to follow her to the Mistress. When I entered the living room Lisa, my tormentor, was also there. I swallowed hard as I saw, out of the corner of one eye, that Mistress had a furious, angry look on her face. Obviously I was the cause, but for the life of me I didn't know why. However I soon found out, and it was a disaster!

"You have created a real problem for me, boy," she said, and I knew I was in for it as she only addressed me as "boy" when she was thoroughly upset with me.

"My new editor who stayed over the weekend, appears to think you're my maid. Not only that but apparently so do several other women. Is that correct?" she demanded to know.

"Y-Yes Mistress..." I stammered.

"And you did nothing to correct them?"

"I-I, Paulie didn't, he means he's not..."

"Yes or no? Did you allow these women to think you were my maid?"

"Y-Yes b-but..."

"Do you have any excuse?" she thundered.

"A-A lady's Boy isn't supposed to contradict..." I started to say.

"How stupid. Of course you should have explained who you really were immediately. Now I'm stuck in a very embarrassing position. Too late now to tell them who you really are. Especially Christi, who I spent months trying to get as my editor. I can't just suddenly call her up and explain that the maid who so intimately dressed and undressed is really a boy. Now can I?" she spat out.

"N-No, Paulie is, is so sorry..." I tried to say, absolutely wilting.

"Sorry doesn't cut it. If I lose her as my editor over your stupidity I guarantee you you'll really be sorry," she declared angrily.

"Fortunately Lisa has come up with a solution. Whenever my editor is here, or any of the other women

that you allowed to think that you were my maid, then that is what you'll be. I'll have to tell my publisher the truth as she knows you're not a maid. Thankfully we're good friends and I'm sure she'll keep your deception a secret," she said, then added the most horrible edict, "Lisa has said she's not too busy, just right now, so she's volunteered to see that your masquerade while any of these women are here is completely convincing."

Hearing what she said my heart sank. Especially when I saw the gloating look on Lisa's face. She'd wanted me in skirts. They were where I belonged, she'd said numerous times. Now, I not only was to be put in skirts, she was going to do it.

"We'll have to tell Nikki, I'm afraid, as well. She'll need to create some maid's uniforms for him. And, I guess we'll have to tell Erma too. She'll need to teach the girl (she emphasized) how to do her make-up. I'll call and ask Nikki if she can come over first thing tomorrow," she stated.

As Lisa was leaving she whispered gleefully in my ear, "I always thought a simpering pansy like you belonged in skirts. In my book you never were a real man. But I'll give you one last chance to prove me wrong. A real man

would never let himself be put in skirts, or submit to being transformed into a feminized maid. He'd rather die first. So here's twenty dollars. I'll leave the front door unlocked tonight. If you were a real man you'd run as fast as you can. It's your last chance."

Naturally the first thing I did when I got to my room was to have a good cry. Then my resolve stiffened. No, I wasn't going to let her put me in skirts, I

said to myself. No way, I thought, as I picked up the twenty dollars and headed for the door.

Which was as far as I got before my resolve suddenly wilted. All it took was one look in the hallway mirror. I could escape, all I had to do was open the door and run. But, of course, I lost my nerve. What was I to do, where would I go? At best I looked like a sissified male, the first guy who saw me would probably rape me. Then too the first thing Marsha would do is call my creditors and maybe even the police. I'd have to spend all my time hiding.

Sobbing in utter shame I minced back to my room, praying the next day would never come, but it did.

Chapter 17 –_Paulie becomes Fluffy.

And so I found myself shortly after breakfast standing in just my panties in front of an amused Nikki, April, Lisa and the housekeeper listening to the most horrible conversation as they discussed how to turn me into a maid.

"He must be absolutely convincing that he's a maid. The worst thing that could happen is for someone to ask why a male is dressed as a maid. Which I explained yesterday. Obviously to ensure that there's no doubt he'll need a big pair of boobs," I heard Lisa gloatingly say.

"Yes, I'd have to agree, so to get him started I brought along an ample set to try on him. April, could you put the bra and his tits on him," she asked, when the housekeeper spoke up.

"I do think it would be wisest when he's in this, ah, persona to refer to him as 'her,'" she remarked, which everyone agreed with.

When she had the bra on with the falsies inserted my god they looked huge. They seemed to stick out like twin mountains.

"I think a B-cup will ensure that she looks sufficiently, er, girlish. Unless you think they should be bigger?"

"No, I think they're more than suitable for her, for now," Lisa laughed.

"The next thing I thought we'd need to do is to improve her figure. So instead of a body slimmer I brought a corset which with not only reduce her waist, but give her all the right girlish curves," the designer said.

I nearly passed out when I saw what they intended to put on me. As it was wrapped around me I heard her explain, "It's an hour glass corset designed to mold her figure with stiff stays inserted. I'm sure it will do the trick."

It had about a dozen hooks in front and when they were all fastened it felt as ungodly tight as what I'd been wearing. But, it also laced in back and when the girl started tightening them it suddenly started growing a lot tighter. Just when I thought she was mercifully finished she started tightening them all over again.

"Oh p-please, it, it's too tight. I-I can't breathe," I begged.

"Nonsense. You're still breathing, so obviously that's not true. April, another inch please, Lisa instructed maliciously.

"I don't think I can take them in any more than about another half inch," the girl said.

"Well, I suppose that will have to do for now. Martha, let her get accustomed to it for a couple weeks then start lacing it tighter. All us girls know you have to endure a little suffering and sacrifice to be attractive and have a nice girlish figure," she snickered.

"Don't you think to get, ah, her accustomed to it she should always be wearing it, even when she's a, ah, Lady's Boy?" Martha asked.

"Oh absolutely, an excellent idea Martha. So she'll need to take in all her Lady's Boy uniforms so they fit her new figure," Lisa dictated.

"What I brought was a sort of temporary uniform you can put her in until I finish her more permanent ones," the designer said. When she referred to them as "permanent" I truly cringed at the thought.

What I eventually was dressed in made it all to clear the servants station that I'd been reduced to. I looked like the perfectly uniformed house maid. It was a dark grey uniform with ruffed, puffed sleeves fastened with dainty bows as was the chokingly tight ruffle and lace collar. On my legs were sheer stockings with seams that I was told were to be kept perfectly straight at all time. The full skirt fell just above the knees with two lace petticoats plainly in view. Over it was a long ruffle trimmed bibbed apron with a maid's cap pinned on top of my head.

"Fluff your skirt and petticoats out girl and let's see how they look. I particularly like the hem to just above her knees, it really shows off her legs, don't you think? And, or course, heels will only make them look longer and sexier," the designer commented.



“I love her skirts all fluffed out like that,” Lisa remarked, then inspired she grinned and said, “Polly is much too close to Paulie. I know, her pet name will be Fluffy. I think if we address her as Fluffy enough times Marsha will start using it too. Don’t you just adore your new, pet name, Fluffy?” she giggled.

No, I wanted to scream, I hate it! But I knew that's exactly what she wanted me to say. There was no telling what she'd do if I did. I had also noticed, as soon as I'd come in, that she was holding the hairbrush, obviously just waiting for an excuse to use it. So, like the browbeaten coward of a what, a sissy, turned pansy and now a maid I could barely choke out in a whisper, "Y-Yes Miss Lisa."

"Yes Miss Lisa what, and speak up girl," she ordered, smacking the hairbrush, like a crack, against the leg of her chair.

I couldn't help it, I literally jumped in fright. "Yes Miss Lisa, Polly, I mean, Fluffy likes his p-pet name..."

"You mean Fluffy adores 'her' new name, don't you? Well?"

Crumbling in defeat I hung my head and said, "Yes Miss Lisa, F-Fluffy adores h-her new name."

"Yes, I thought you would," she looked at me contemptuously, as I heard the disdainful snickers of the other women in the room. Obviously any respect or sympathy they'd been showing me for my plight was now out the window in their eyes.

"Now for the shoes. I'm really not sure, he, I mean Fluffy," the designer said scornfully, "will be able to navigate in the five inch heels as you specified, but we'll see. Put your shoes on Fluffy."

Well, I tried. They looked both too small, and had wickedly pointed toes and pencil thin heels with a pink bow on each toe. I was sure I'd never be able to walk in them. When the housekeeper tentatively asked if perhaps they weren't a bit too high I silently said a little prayer thanking her. But Lisa, god I hated, her said, "She's used to mincing about, so I really think five inch

heels will give her too much trouble. Besides she's just a servant girl and if she's told they're to wear five inch heels that's what she'll do. Isn't that what you'll do Fluffy?"

"Yes Miss Lisa," I replied, wondering how on earth I was even going to be able to stand in them, let alone walk.

"What's the matter Fluffy, you were told to put your shoes on. Get them on, girl," she demanded.

I tried and tried, but the corset refused to bend even a little. I just couldn't get to them.

"Let that be a lesson to you girl. Panties, nylons and heels first, then corset. April, I guess you'll have to put them on for her," Lisa laughed hysterically.

I never believed my feet would fit into them, but she made them fit. Ordered to stand up my poor toes screamed I protest as they received my full weight. I could immediately feel how severe the arches were, and the narrow heels made me wobble, terrified of losing my balance and falling.

Lisa ordered me to walk in them, which at first, I absolutely didn't think possible. I breathed a sign of relief that I actually made it across the room and back without tripping or twisting an ankle. Nor could I believe it when she said, "You see, she didn't trip or stumble once. She'll be a natural in heels so make sure all her new shoes come with five-inch heels. At least, that's where we'll start her, but I'm thinking that with her legs a six heel will really show them off."

"Well girl, get your duster and get to work. You have the whole house to by the end of the day<; the housekeeper ordered.

Chapter 18 – Fluffy gets prettied up.

Promising to have my new uniforms ready in about ten days the designer and her assistant left. Leaving me, fearfully, in just Lisa's presence.

"You know, of course, that once you put your heels on and then your corset you won't be able to get to them to take them off. You'll be in heels all day," she gloated, then added, "but if you're a really good, little maid I'll tell Martha to let you sit for a couple of minutes. I think you look presentable enough to be taken out."

"O-Out, I-like this, oh please..."

Cutting me off she said, "You have an appointment at the beauty salon. I'm sure Erma can make you look more like a girl, although frankly, it's not going to take much, Fluffy. Since that's your pet name maybe I should get a leash for you."

"Oh p-please d-don't..." I pleaded to her laughter.

As I sat in the chair in the beauty salon with Erma examining me, she said, "I think I can make a fairly attractive girl out of her. There are, however, a couple things I'll have to do that won't be too easy to hide when she's dressed, ah, not as a maid. Her eyebrows will need to be plucked to give them a more feminine arch. I also think she needs longer eyelashes, which really need to be glued on as it takes forever to apply them. And I think we should make her lips fuller."

"Well, if that's what it's going to take, then do it," Lisa instructed.

"However the biggest problem is her facial hair. She doesn't have much but, of course, girls don't have any. What I'd suggest is waxing. I don't normally recom-



mend it for the face because it's so sensitive and the process can be a bit painful. On the plus side it's quite long lasting. On the negative side again, too many waxings will eventually kill off all the hair," she explained.

“Oh I’m sure Fluffy can endure a little discomfort, can’t you Fluffy?”

“Y-Yes Miss Lisa,” I replied in dismay.

“Fluffy?” Erma asked.

“Yes, that’s the pet name we’ve given her because of how fluffy her skirts are. She just loves her pet name, don’t you Fluffy?”

“Yes Miss Lisa,” I had to agree, or else, in front of Erma and her assistants.

Well, they did all they said they were going to. First they permed my hair and put huge rollers in it, wrapped so tight they hurt. Then they plucked my eyebrows and that hurt too. The longest, fluttering eyelashes glued on. My lips were made so much bigger and girlish with a dye that they used. And my face was waxed. Which truly was so painful I wanted to scream. I silently prayed I wouldn’t have to go back to have it done again. When they were finished I was left there so that Erma could teach me how to apply my make-up. Foundation cream, powder, rouge, blue eye shadow, mascara, eyeliner, and cherry red lipstick. I put it all on, then took it all off. I lost track of the number of times she made me do it until she was satisfied. When my hair was combed out and fluffed out I had a most feminine style. I moaned miserably to myself when she gloatingly assured me it would last a good three weeks, if not more.

When I got back Lisa told me I was to serve the Mistress supper dressed as a maid to see if she approved. Which I found extremely traumatic. Appearing in front of my ex-wife in skirts, boobs bouncing, and all made-up I found, obviously, a humiliating thought. What man wouldn’t? Of course I wasn’t a man any-

more, not looking in the mirror. Staring at my reflection there was no evidence, anywhere, of what I once looked like. I couldn't even remember what I had looked like. I'd gone from Paul, to Polly and now to, god help me, Fluffy.

There were several hours before I was to serve. I hoped I'd be allowed to undress enough so that I could at least loosen the corset. It was truly becoming unbearable. Or just sit for a few minutes and take the heels off. My toes, the arches and the backs of my legs were positively screaming. To my misery Lisa had other plans.

"First you have to learn to walk properly. When you walk I want to see one foot precisely in front of the other. Legs together, and with each step I want to see that ass gyrating side to side like a couple of well-oiled pistons," she directed.

It seemed like I walked back and forth forever, but nothing I did satisfied her. Finally bringing me to a stop she said, "We're running out of time. We'll work on your walk tomorrow. But, for now, you have to learn to curtsy properly to your Mistress."

The only thing that stopped her was approaching dinner time. I was literally on pins and needles as I winced into the dining room on my high heels. I had absolutely no idea what her reaction to me was going to be. I was sure I'd want to crawl into a hole if she broke out laughing.

When I entered and dropped a curtsy there was dead silence for quite a long time.

"It's hard to believe this is actually Paulie. He's actually quite attractive in skirts, isn't he?"

"Yes she is. Fluffy was actually quite easy to transform," Lisa said.

“Fluffy?”

“That’s like a pet name Nikki, April and I gave her this afternoon. From how fluffy her skirts look on her,” Lisa smirked.

For some stupid reason I thought she’d object to my being called Fluffy. Instead all she said was, “Cute, it seems to fit, ah, her.”

With that I realized I was now officially Fluffy, at least in skirts.

About half way through her dinner she said to Lisa, “You really are going to have to teach her how to walk in heels.”

“Yes, I know. I spent a little time trying to teach her. I’ll keep practicing her until she’s perfect,” she said, then the wretched girl added, “I think it might be a good idea to keep her in heels all the time whether she’s in skirts or not. Otherwise she’ll never learn.”

“Good idea, but of course, not when I have guests and she’s, he’s, a Lady’s Boy.”

The following day I was uniformed as a Lady’s Boy. Only now I not only was laced agonizingly tight in a corset, but I wore high heels. Staring me back in the mirror was a high heeled, corseted girlish sissy. I just wanted to lie on my bed and cry.

Right after breakfast I followed Lisa into the long hallway. She was carrying a long leather leash, what looked like a very heavy book, and the dreaded, wooden cane. I was shocked when I felt her tying my hands behind me, then put a stiff collar on my neck and attached the leash to it. Then she placed the heavy book on my head.

"You'll walk to the end of the room and back. Each time you don't place one foot precisely in front of the other, or I don't see that ass twitching like crazy, I'll correct you like this," she said, spanking the backs of my legs. God, I couldn't believe how it hurt.

"If the book falls you get five here," she dictated, taking the stick to my ass and wacking it, "got that?"

"Y-Yes M-Miss Lisa," I yelped, terrified.

I never tried so hard to walk exactly as I'd been told to. And she was unrelenting. I had to exaggerate everything and at the same time keep the book on my head. She kept me at it for one solid hour without rest. By the end I was a painful, nervous wreck.

"You'll practice one hour a day until you're mincing and twitching like a pro. Then we start all over in five-inch heels. I suggest, throughout the day, you try as hard as you can to walk properly," she warned.

By the time my maid's uniforms arrived I was a high-heeled, mincing sissy. And yet another embarrassing and humiliating thing occurred in-between. One day Mistress's new editor came for a meeting, which meant I had to be Fluffy the maid.

Part way through the meeting she said, "I'm sorry Marsha, but I really have to say something about your maid that's really been bothering me."

"Oh, is , ah, she doing something wrong?" Marsha asked concerned.

"Wrong? Oh no. It's just at the party I noticed how flat chest she was, poor thing. However you obviously have tried to rectify that. She's suddenly grown boobs, I see."

“Well, er, yes. I thought a set of falsies might, ah, enhance her figure.”

“And I think that’s admirable. However anyone could tell they’re not real. They don’t have any bounce or jiggle to them at all, and it’s obvious they’re a cheap pair, there’s not even a hint of nipples. Come on now Marsha, give the poor girl a real set of boobs, you can afford it,” she cajoled.

Turning to Lisa she said, “Can you see what you can do? Don’t worry about the expense. I don’t want my friends thinking I’m cheap,” she directed.

Later in the day the girl held up what looked like paint chips to me, finally selecting one without explanation.

“Tomorrow morning corset, panties, heels and hose only,” was all she said.

I had no idea why, but glumly I figured it wasn’t going to be good.

The next morning I waited in my room. When she showed up she had a package. Opening it I saw the most enormous, realistic set of tits and nipples bigger than I could ever remember seeing. They jiggled and bounced as she held them out for me to see.

“Congratulations you’ve just graduated from a B-cup to a D-cup. I thought about just C-cups but to you’re your masquerade more believable I was sure you’d want to exaggerate your, ah, charms. Wouldn’t you agree?” Lisa asked, just daring me to object. Of course, like the brow-beaten thing I’d turned myself into miserably I said, “Y-Yes Miss Lisa, Fluffy a-agrees.”

“I thought you would, now hold perfectly still,” she ordered and after swabbing my chest with some sort of

sticky adhesive she firmly applied them, even ordering me to hold them, “until they set.”

When she finally told me I could let go I couldn’t believe how heavy they felt and how huge they were, and with the feathered edges they blended right. I cringed as they bounced and jiggled wildly about with even the slightest movement I made.

Lisa couldn’t help going into hysterics. “Oh my god, you’ll have every tit man literally foaming at the mouth. Since Christi noticed the lack of bounce in the old pair I had the girl, where I got them, add a couple pounds to them. I don’t there’s a bra made that can control them,” she laughed so hard she was almost crying. Which was what I was doing inside. And she was right the bra she handed me to put on did nothing to control their madly bouncing and giggling.

“You’ll stay dressed as a maid. Christi and Kate will be over for a meeting,” I was told.

A while later I saw her on the phone, when she saw me she had this most devilish look on her face. All I heard was, “Yes, really plunging necklines,” and, “definitely off-the-shoulders.”

Chapter 19 – Fluffie’s new uniforms.

By her look I knew it had something to do with me, I just couldn’t figure out what. Sadly, a couple days later I was to find out.

When the two women arrived her editor took one look at my bouncing tits and exclaimed, “Now there’s a real set of boobs. Jesus, look at them giggle, isn’t she wearing a bra for heaven’s sake?”

“Yes Maam, she is. But you said they should really bounce and giggle,” Lisa said innocently.

“Well, they certainly to that,” her editor chuckled.

Throughout the day I couldn’t believe how much they got in the way. And by the end of the day my chest ached from the strain. Attached to my nipples they actually felt like they were real. It was with the greatest relief when I finally freed myself of them that night.

When the designer finally had my maid’s uniforms finished I was appalled as I put one on after the other. The longest skirt still fell well above my knees. Most of them barely came even to mid-thigh, and a couple were even shorter.

“She has really shapely, sexy legs so I thought it would be a shame not to show them off,” she said.

If showing my legs off would be my only concern it was something I’d have to live with. My real concern were the necklines, or the lack of them that, I’m sure purposefully, put my breasts and cleavage so shamefully on display.

The most awful of the uniforms was the one she called a classical French Maid’s uniform. It was so horrible, I didn’t know what to cover first. It was black satin with skirts so short they barely covered my lace panties. And the layers of stiff petticoats made them stand nearly straight out. But it was the peasant style top and it’s plunging neckline that made me absolutely cringe. It was as close to sheer as you could get so you could clearly see my tits. About the only things holding it up were my nipples that stuck out and were impossible to miss. One wrong move, I knew, and I ran the real

risk of one, or both, of them popping out as what was even worse is that I wasn't wearing a bra.

The short, puffy sleeves were ruffled, I wore trampy, fishnet, seamed stockings, a tiny apron and cap and then there were the shoes. With heels a full six inches high with ankle straps I was terrified just standing in them. Yet, Lisa showed me no sympathy. Then did something I couldn't believe. With tiny padlocks she attached them to the ankle straps. "You thought I wouldn't notice how often you slipped out of your old heels when you thought no one was looking. Didn't you girl?" she demanded to know. "Yes Miss Lisa, F-Fluffy did," I was forced to admit.

"Well you won't be taking these off until you're put to bed, whenever that'll be," she declared.

"I'm sure you'll learn to walk in them eventually, they're only an inch higher. Although I'm thinking that such sexy legs are just crying out for even higher heels," she giggled.

"I must say I was a little concerned when you had me alter the necklines to more show off her breasts. But, I can see I really didn't have any reason to, they look incredibly real. A bit to revealing and scandalous, but then that's what a French Maid's uniform is designed to be, isn't it?" she remarked.

"Well, it certainly does that. She looks more like an oversexed tart, and I couldn't help but notice how immodestly she shows off her panties whenever she bends. Her skirts literally fly straight up, don't they?" Lisa said laughingly, causing me to, by instinct, reach behind me and try to pull them down.

“Stop that immediately. If your skirts fly up and show off your panties, and your ass, I believe that’s what they’re meant to do,” I was told.



"I wouldn't let her wear this particular uniform when there are too many men around, there's no telling what could happen to the poor thing," April chuckled.

"Or when one of Marsha's dates show up. Fluffy will have them in heat before she even comes down," Lisa said mirthfully, then with a gleam in her eye added, "Now listen Fluffy, this is the uniform you'll wear whenever a date comes to pick Marsha up. Understood?"

"Y-Yes Miss Lisa," I meekly answered as I choked out a sob. Would she never let up humiliating me? But, I forgot, it was what she loved to do most.

That night Mistress had her publisher and editor over for dinner, and Lisa insisted on a fashion show of all my new uniforms. When I appeared in my French Maid's uniform I heard Marsha gasp and the other two women couldn't help chuckling.

"My god, I didn't realize how sexy, ah, she could look. Doesn't leave much to the imagination does it? I mean literally everything is hanging out," the publisher smirked.

"I agree, she actually does look sexy, but I can't have her appearing like that in front of guests," Marsha commented, to my utter relief, which didn't last long.

"Well for sure if you have any males around she'll give them a heart attack and get their dicks twitching," her editor laughed.

"I was thinking it might actually be perfect when you have a really hot date. To sort of get them in the right mood, shall we say," Lisa stated. Foolishly I expected Mistress to dismiss the idea.

“Actually that’s really not such a bad idea. I’ve got a date this Friday, let’s give it a try,” I heard her say. Words that left me in misery just thinking of how humiliating it would be flaunting myself in front of Marsha’s dates.

From then on I lived in dread of just waking up. I never knew if I was going to spend the day as a Lady’s Boy or as Fluffy the maid. I gradually realized that I was almost wishing I’d be told I was to spend the day as Fluffy. I couldn’t believe I was actually thinking that. But it was beginning to dawn on me that a day as a maid was far less traumatic and embarrassing. I was dressed so sissy as a Lady’s Boy that I just knew, at best, I was getting odd looks, at worst I could hear her guests snicker and hear their snide, belittling remarks.

However as a maid nobody paid the least attention to me. I found myself much calmer, and not nearly as jittery. But there was also something more subtle that took me a while to realize. Dressed as a Lady’s Boy the Mistress, and everyone else, treated me impersonally and coldly. She was more apt to snap and get upset with me. But when I appeared as her maid she was much warmer, sometimes almost friendly. And I much preferred that.

Chapter 20 – A humiliating hit with Marsha’s stud dates.

To my dismay I was a big hit with her stud date that Friday. Although you can believe how humiliating it was answering the door to her date with my boobs bouncing and jiggling and ready to pop out at any second. The guy’s mouth fell open when he saw me and I could see his eyes glued to my breasts. And when I

bent over I knew he was getting an eye full of my brazenly displayed, barely pantied ass.

When Mistress finally came down she planted a big, smoldering kiss on him and said, "Mark, it's so good to see you. I do hope the maid has kept you entertained?"

"Oh, she's certainly done that, I heard him say lecherously.

When they left Lisa came over and said, "Marsha told me to tell you that you made a big impression on her date. And I'll have to agree. How does it feel to give a real man a stiff hard-on? That's what Marsha said he left with."

I couldn't help it, I just let out the most wretched, miserable sob. I couldn't imagine feeling any lower.

"That's what I thought," Lisa gloated meanly, then added, "Marsha is so pleased with your, ah, performance that she said you could be put to bed a half hour early as a reward."

Which didn't really hearten me at all. Imagine how I had to feel being rewarded for giving her date a hard-on.

"Her date's hard-on has really given me the hots, Fluffy. Why don't you just get down on your knees and get under my skirt, here and now. It's 'lickie' time girl."

I never got over displaying myself in the slutty, immodest French Maid's uniform. They say you can get used to anything. But giving men hard-ons was something too degrading to ever get used to.

As the weeks went by I found myself more and more dressed as a maid. It got so that I was more in skirts than out of them, sometimes for two or three days in a row. If this occurred I was told to simply

leave my boobs on. It got so that I actually felt a bit undressed without them. I'd gotten so that I'd finally learned how to navigate around them, and when they weren't there I felt awkward.

The day eventually came when Lisa said, with great satisfaction, "You're probably not even aware of it Fluffy, but do you realize that you've been in skirts all week, and you will be over the weekend as well."

"No Miss Lisa, Fluffy wasn't," I said, and I really hadn't!

"Months ago I told you I'd get you into the skirts you deserved to be in, and now you are. From now on you're a maid full time. I wonder if Marsha will even notice," she chuckled.

I was sure, of course, that she couldn't help but notice. But, to my chagrin, she didn't. I was now Fluffy the maid full time. I didn't know what to think. I wanted to cry or just go somewhere and drown myself. She obviously had completely forgotten I was really a male, let alone her ex-husband.

Which, finally resigned, I came to grips with. It actually settled me down. I no longer woke up nervous and wondering. I knew my place, what was expected of me, and went about them free of ridicule and disdainful looks and comments. As the weeks went on, while I never forgot I was a male, I didn't really think about it, or wallow in self pity as I had when first put into skirts.

I began to receive more compliments and praise, even from the housekeeper who gradually assigned me less strenuous chores, noting that my strength and endurance wasn't what it once was. Me, the guy who used to work out several times a week, now had to

strain just to lift the dining room chairs. I'd been robbed of all my manly strength and whereas months ago I would have found it utterly humiliating, no, assigned lighter chores, all I felt was relief.

I became more girlish in all respects. My walk, my every gesture, even my speech was completely girlish. Miss Lisa had seen to that. I was not only dressed as one, but I was even attractive. And I even found myself thinking like one. I was at peace, that is until the terrible day that Mistress reminded me of what I really was. She didn't even do it cruelly or with any malicious intent.

Chapter 21 – Fluffie's final reminder that she's no longer a man.

It started off one day in her office as I was serving her coffee. She stopped what she was doing and said, "I've been meaning to have a talk with you Fluffy."

"H-Has Fluffy done something wrong, Mistress?" I asked nervously.

"Oh my no, in fact just the opposite. You're fitting into your maid's position and duties really quite well. I've been getting nothing but compliments on you, which really pleases me. You've obviously have learned your duties and know what's expected of you. Martha has grudgingly admitted that she's finding no fault in your work. And even Lisa, who I know is hard on you, has had a few words of praise for you over the last couple of weeks..."

"S-She has?" I blurted out, not surprised, more shocked.

"Yes, she's surprised at what an excellent maid you've become. She thinks you're a natural and tells me she hasn't had to spank you in over two weeks. However, as I promised, I've left your training totally up to her. As a

reward I've told Martha to plan into your schedule not a half hour of free time, but a whole hour, per day. Plus you may now have all of Sunday afternoon off, which I've told Martha to allow you to spend outside on the patio if you want. And with her permission you can take a walk through the garden. I know you don't really get out of the house much so I thought you might enjoy a little time outside," she said.

"Oh yes Mistress, Fluffy would really enjoy being allowed outside. Thank you so much," I said, truly pleased. Although I couldn't help thinking that I was being grateful for having permission to go outside. I couldn't help wondering if she knew that except to serve occasionally on the patio I hadn't actually been out of the house one time in the past seven months.

"I'm glad it makes you happy. But I've kept thinking of some kind of really special reward I could give you. I was thinking of allowing you a television in your room. Would you like that?" she asked.

"A-A television? Oh yes, I really would," I exclaimed.

"What you'll be allowed to watch, of course, will be decided by Lisa. I'll leave it to her to decide what she thinks is appropriate viewing for you. Now, that was not the special reward I finally thought of. Take off your panties and hand them to me," she instructed.

Which I did immediately, too trained now to think of why.

"Skirts up and hold them there," she ordered next. Then to my absolute shock she got out a key, unlocked the sheath, draped my panties around my penis and slowly started masturbating. Naturally I got instantly erect.

"I know I said no sex till your contract is up, but I've decided to amend that as a reward when I'm very pleased with you. Besides this really isn't sex. You'll simply be having a discharge," she said so matter of factly. Not being cruel at all. But it devastated me. I would have wilted then and there, but I didn't. With no release for months I couldn't help become even harder.

"Be sure to inform me when you feel you're about to discharge Fluffy, then wait for my permission, of course," she dictated. It couldn't have been more demeaning. Here I was being slowly, torturously kept aroused, yet not able to spurt without permission.

She actually went back to reading pages she'd typed. Then got a phone call.

"Oh, I'm just reading some pages and giving Fluffy a reward for being such a good maid recently," I heard her casually remark.

The first time I urgently said that I was going to discharge she said, "Now, now fluffy, it's much too soon, I want you to really enjoy this."

It was the most indescribable form of torture that I wanted desperately to stop, and yet didn't want to stop. When I couldn't help moaning she said, "Stay quiet Fluffy, it's most disturbing, and stop fidgeting."

Then, I couldn't believe it, she put the panty down and started making notes on the pages she was reading. Which I thought was momentary. But minutes ticked by, at least fifteen, as I stood there silently hold-

ing my skirts up. My god, I thought, she's forgotten all about me.

Which was confirmed when she happened to look up. "Oh my, I'd completely forgotten all about you. I thought you'd gone. Sorry about that."

Taking up the panties she quickly had me on the very edge once again, as I strained not to move a muscle or utter a sound. Finally I couldn't take it any longer.

"Oh p-please Mistress..." I begged.

"Yes, I think it's time. You may discharge now Fluffy," she announced, gripping me like a vice as I spurted and spurted as forcefully as I can ever remember doing until I felt completely drained.

Handing me the panties with one hand and the restrainer with the other she said, "You can wash these out, and put this back on."

Without any thought of rebelling I put it back on, in front of my ex-wife, who had already turned back to what she was doing, and locked myself up.

When I left my mind was in turmoil. It had been the most intense, indescribable sensation. It had also left me completely shattered as a man. In the oddest way she couldn't have done anything worse to confirm in her mind, and mine, that I was no longer a man.

I had a penis, and like any red-blooded man it had become stiffly erect as she'd manipulated it. Yet she'd made no acknowledgement of it, other than to state that she didn't even consider what she was doing as sex. She'd expected me to stand there holding my skirts up, not expected to show the least sign of pleasure. I was, more like a store mannequin, expected to stand there not move a muscle or utter a sound.

Despite my obvious male equipment and its reaction to her manipulation it was obvious I was to her a girl, her maid, and nothing more. I felt completely debased and emasculated. Then she fully expected me to voluntarily lock myself back up. Which I did, now too conditioned to ever, for a moment, even hesitate to do as I was told.

Worst of all, as I lay miserably sobbing in my room, I wondered when she would reward me again. Had I really sunk so low?

I didn't receive the "special" reward with any frequency. However I learned that I might expect it if I really impressed her guests and they complimented her on me. Or, I knew I might expect a reward if she'd had a date the night before and she'd gotten, as she'd say, royally fucked. On the day after she was always in a very generous mood.

I truly wanted to kill myself when I found myself waking up the morning after she'd had a date with some young stud hoping she'd gotten "royally fucked" the night before.

I really didn't think I could be humiliated or degraded as a former man, but, of course, I was wrong. Even when I received my "special reward" I always had the feeling that she was doing it reluctantly, as if it were a disdainful, but necessary, means of rewarding me.

Which, I found, proved true. In the office, with Lisa there, one day Lisa asked her how her date had gone the previous night.

"Oh my god, Carl has the stiffest cock. I swear it was like a piece of iron," she said excitedly, paying absolutely no attention to my presence. It was just two

girls talking sex and guys, as the maid I was obviously a nobody, my presence not even acknowledged.

She was completely oblivious of how I cringed when she talked about her dates and the hot sex that she'd had. After all I was her ex-husband. I could remember with vivid clarity the great sex, at least to me, that we'd had. So you can imagine what her talk of, "Carl's piece of iron" was doing to me. And her graphic description of the previous night's gymnastics. And all I could do was stand there, totally ignored. And to my utter shame as she would describe her "royal fucking" I felt myself getting excited, thinking of myself as her hot stud, at least I tried to get excited. I never got very far.

"Jesus, he really reamed me out and thirty minutes after his dick finally exploded he was ready again. I swear he absolutely wore my pussy out," she laughed, then as an after thought said, "I do think Fluffy had a lot to do with getting him well primed. He mentioned my sexy maid several times, and even before we left I could see the stiffest hard-on that went nearly half way down his pants. So I was thinking of giving Fluffy a special reward that I sometimes give her whenever she's really impressed my guests or one of my dates. The thing is I'm really worn out and exhausted. So, since you've basically been in charge of Fluffy from the beginning, would you mind? I'm sure I've mentioned she special reward to you, haven't I?"

Chapter 22 – Fluffy gets a pussy.

"Yes, I think that you did in passing one day. Not really something I'd look forward to doing. But when she's

been an exceptionally good, little maid it seems, I suppose, only fair that she get some form of reward," she remarked.

Obviously I stood there in shocked disbelief. I couldn't believe that she'd mentioned my special reward to the girl. And if so she had to know about the restrainer I was locked into. Which was all too correct when she got up to leave and handed Lisa the key.

"I'm heading for my room. I'm finished for the day. Here's the key, after you've given her her reward she'll automatically put it back on."

I waited in dread for her to leave. As soon as she did Lisa ordered me to stand in front of her, hand her my panties, and hold my skirts up. Expecting the worst from her, I got it.

"Oh my, when Marsha said no sex until your contract was up she really meant it. Poor Fluffy," she said in mock concern. "How horrible, locked up for weeks are you? With, pardon the pun, no place to go. Worse than sexless, neutered is more like it," she laughed.

She was being so cruel I couldn't help sobbing. Which seemed to only goad her on.

"I know real men have cocks and dicks, but whatever do you call this little thing? Well?"

"It-It's Fluffie's p-penis, Miss Lisa," I whimpered.

"That little thing? Don't be ridiculous. Besides girls don't have penises, do they Fluffy?"

"N-No Miss Lisa," I cried.

"What girls have are pussies. So what is it that you must have Fluffy?" she demanded to know.

"Oh p-please Miss Lisa..." I begged.

"Now be a good girl and tell Miss Lisa what you have between your legs that real men don't have."

"A-A pussy Miss Lisa, I-I have a p-pussy," I sobbed out.

"Yes, that's what all girls have. So don't let me hear you call it anything other than what it is," she dictated as she unlocked me and started jerking me off harshly and as fast as she could.

In no time I cried out that Fluffy was going to discharge. Ordered suddenly to lean forward she viciously slapped my face. "I want to hear you clearly announce, 'Please Miss Lisa, Fluffie's pussy is going to discharge.' Now say it," she ordered, and with tears rolling down my cheeks I did.

"Louder, I didn't hear you girl," she screamed at me.

"P-Please Miss Lisa, Fluffie's pussy is going to discharge," I said as loud as I could.

"Well, go ahead. Let's see if you have enough in you to even fill your panty," she said, jerking me off as hard as she could.

"Just as I thought, not much at all. Now thank me as sincerely as you can for permitting your hot, little pussy to spurt," she ordered.

"Oh thank you so much Miss Lisa for permitting Fluffie's h-hot, little pussy to discharge," I said as sincerely as I could, wanting only to flee as far from her as I could.

"Now lock your pussy up like a good girl," she instructed.

As I did she disdainfully said, "I can't imagine Marsha actually enjoying giving you your special reward."

God, I hope she doesn't make me do it again." I prayed that she wouldn't either.

Every time she rang for me from then on I just trembled like the simpering, effeminate mouse I'd become.

So it was that a couple weeks later she summoned me, and with a sinking heart I minced into her presence. As I stood meekly before her she had this wolfish grin on her face.

"Panties off, skirts up," she ordered. I did as I was ordered but couldn't help wondering why I was about to receive a special reward. The Mistress had been away on business for a couple of days, and all the girl had done was criticize and berate me.

"I've been discussing your odd shaped pussy with Marsha. I suggested that what you deserve is your very own pussy just like all the other girls have," she said. Oh my god, I thought, ready to pass out, is she going to cut it off?

"Oh p-please d-don't Miss Lisa," I pleaded, quite fearing she was going to do just that.

"Spread your legs, don't utter a sound, or move a muscle. Unless you want me to cut it off," she ordered.

I couldn't see what she was doing, my skirts blocked my view. I did hear her tearing off something, then felt my "pussy" being inserted into something, like a tube. Then she was pressing something hard against me. When she was finished she gave me a triumphant look and turned me to a mirror.

"Take a look at your new pussy Fluffy," she instructed gloatingly. When I did my only reaction was to sob wretchedly. For I now did have a pussy complete with curly pussy hairs.

"Don't try to remove it, you can't. It's sealed with surgical tape. Now let's see if it functions," she said, fondling and stroking me. To my shock I felt myself becoming excited. She was barely touching me yet the sensations it produced were unbelievably acute. Whatever the sheath or tube my pussy was in (I could no longer bring myself to think of it as my penis) it hardly seemed to expand at all. It clamped down around me as if I was being held in a death grip. I could also feel that it was completely lined with what I could only describe as hard rubber nubs. Before I knew it I was on the verge of having a discharge. Yet before I could cry out that my pussy was going to discharge she suddenly stopped.

"Oh p-please don't..." I couldn't help begging pitifully.

Which only produced the cruelest chuckle.

"Don't what? Stop playing with your hot, girlish pussy?"

"Y-Yes..." I whimpered.

"I won't. All you have to do is tell me what a shameless slut you are and beg me to play with your pussy," she dictated, which I just couldn't bring myself to do.

"Can't bring yourself to say it?" she laughed,

"Here, I'll help you along," she said, fondling me again. Oh god, I c-couldn't stand it.

"Come on, say, "Fluffie's a shameless slut, you can say it," she encouraged.

"Ooooh, F-Fluffie's a-a shameless, aaaaa, s-slut..."

"Please Miss Lisa, play with Fluffie's hot little pussy, say it!" she ordered, and I couldn't help bleating it out as she stroked me vigorously.

"Now I have you just where I want you," she said, taking my left hand and putting it firmly on my pussy.

"Now finish yourself off," she demanded, and, god help me, I couldn't stop myself, I crying out shamelessly, nearly collapsing.

Gripping my chin, her face just inches from mine, she sternly said, "Listen carefully. While you now have a pussy it doesn't belong to you. It belongs to your Mistress and me. If I see you so much as touch it I'll cut it off and not tell Marsha. You do believe I'll do that, don't you?"

"Oh y-yes Miss Lisa," I said horrified, absolutely believing it.

"To ensure that you don't you'll be subject to frequent, unexpected pussy checks. Believe me I'll know not only if you've been playing with your pussy but if you've so much as touched it," she threatened.

True to her word, totally unexpected she'd order my "skirts up." Pull my panties down and inspect me by hand. To my utter shame I couldn't help getting stiffly excited. Despite having an erection I didn't feel like a man. Her inspections actually left me feeling completely emasculated. After all I no longer had a penis, or cock, to her she was inspecting my pussy. If she was satisfied, after she'd intimately inspected me, she'd smirk and, patting me on my pussy, say, "Good girl Fluffy, a very pristine pussy. See that it stays that way."

Then I'd be dismissed with a quivering, stiff hard-on that I didn't dare touch.

Chapter 23 – A horrible choice, pants or skirts?

never breathed a sigh of relief more than when my year as Mistress's manservant turned maid came to an end.

That afternoon I was called into her office. The housekeeper was there as was Vicki. Who was the only person who'd been nice to me throughout the unbearable, past year.

"Lisa will be leaving shortly. She's going back to school to get her masters degree. And I'll be gone most of the next three months on a book tour. And since I don't want to saddle Martha with you, and you won't have enough to do on a daily basis, I've decided to give you to Vicki to finish out the rest of your contractual obligation. Martha what do the girl's demerits total up to in days?" she asked.

"A total of an additional two years, two months and eighteen days," I heard her say, but shocked, couldn't believe what she'd said. At first I'd been so conscious of demerits I'd received. But as the weeks went by, and they'd diminished, I'd ended up forgetting about them. Miserably I realized I should have been keeping count, because the housekeeper obviously had been. I couldn't believe I was to be in skirts more than another two years! Surely she wouldn't hold me to it, I thought. Hadn't I been through enough?

But apparently that's exactly what she was going to do.

"While we have our coffee Fluffy can go up and pack all her uniforms and you can take her when you leave," I heard her say.

When I came down with suitcases packed with uniforms and all my worldly possession, which meant hardly anything, I saw Vicki and Lisa talking, both occasionally looking at me.

Coming over to me Vicki said, "Lisa asked me to remind you to pack your paddle and the hairbrush, did you?"

"N-No Vicki, I d-didn't," I said nervously. God, how I hated that girl.

"Well hurry upstairs and get them. And Fluffy, for the next two years I will be your Mistress. So remember to address me properly."

"Yes Mistress Vicki," I curtsied.

As we drove to her place she was relaxed and friendly as she always was.

"I'll bet you're glad to get away from Lisa. My goodness she certainly was hard on you wasn't she, poor thing," she asked, patting my knee.

"Oh y-yes, she was so horrible and mean," I replied not being able to stop breaking into tears and crying like the hopeless, girlish, sissy in skirts that I'd become."

"Well I have you now, so you're out of her clutches, and that of the housekeeper."

"T-Thank you for rescuing me," I couldn't help saying in relief.

"Rescuing you? Well I suppose I did. Now you have a decision to make. If you want you can go back to being a Lady's Boy. We can always send for your other uniforms. Or, you can stay in skirts as a maid. I'll leave it up to you. But, it's just my opinion, I do think you'd be, let's say, more comfortable in skirts. And less

noticed. You looked darling as a Lady's Boy, but Marsha had you dressed so sweetly and sissyish that I couldn't help but hear all the mean snide remarks and laughing you produced. However I won't stop you if you really want back in pants," she said.

I wanted back in pants in the worst way. What normal, red-blooded male wouldn't. But they wore men's pants, no horrible sissy pants that never failed to draw such humiliating remarks and giggles.

"You'll need to decide by the time you serve dinner tonight, and I've had a chance to paddle you."

"P-Paddle me," I gasped.

"Yes, actually it was Lisa's idea. She thought, coming to live with me, you might relax as I've always been rather friendly and consoling. She thinks a good spanking will remind you of your servant's status, and keep you from getting, 'uppity' on me. It's really not something I look forward to, as I'm sure you don't either. But Lisa thought it was an excellent way to immediately assert my authority. So as soon as we get you to my place, and I show you to your room, please get your paddle and remind me, will you?' she asked brightly.

"Y-Yes Mistress Vicki," I replied miserably. Apparently things weren't going to change much, if at all. I'd hoped that my situation would improve at least somewhat as Vicki had really been my only sympathetic friend. So I half expected a token spanking, more love pats.

Sadly, I couldn't have been more wrong. As I bent over a chair, and raised my skirts she said, "I had thought, oh, maybe a dozen. But Lisa strongly suggested no less than forty and that it would do you little

good if you weren't paddled very vigorously. You'll remember to count and what to say won't you, I'd really hate to have to start all over."

"Y-Yes Mistress Vicki, Fluffy w-will remember, Yeoooo!" I yelped. Oh god, that was actually harder than even Lisa had ever spanked me. I suppose I should have expected that. My new Mistress was not only taller and bigger but very athletic.

"Oh my, you forgot already. We'll have to start all over," she said.

"O-One, Fluffy is sorry she's been bad," I remembered to bleat out. By the time she'd reached thirty I was yelling and begging her to stop, it hurt more than I can ever remember.

"Just another ten now Fluffy. Which Lisa suggested be administered to the backs of your legs. Yes, yes I know it hurts, but after all I good spanking is meant to hurt now, isn't it?" She asked so casually.

When she finally finished any relaxing I thought I'd be able to do had been thoroughly spanked out of me. I didn't ever want to be spanked like that again!

"There now, that wasn't so bad, was it?" she asked cheerfully.

"N-No Mistress Vicki," I sobbed, by now so completely conditioned it didn't cross my mind not to agree with her. Despite what my cheeks and the backs of my legs felt like.

As I served dinner she asked me if I'd made my decision yet. I couldn't believe I heard myself say that I'd prefer to remain in skirts. I just couldn't bear the humiliation and scorn that women and complete stranger heaped on me.

""That's great. I was really hoping that would be your decision. Frankly, you just seem more at home in skirts and heels. Now two things that need to be settled. Skirts up, panties down," she ordered suddenly, and without thought I did as I was told.

"Lisa said you now refer to this as your pussy. She said she felt it was more appropriate, and I'd have to agree."

"Y-Yes Mistress Vicki," I replied, absolutely wanting to crawl in a hole and die.

"As I understand it your contract with Marsha specifically forbids sex in any form. Including playing with yourself, which I understand Lisa caught you doing..."

"Y-Yes..." was all I could get myself to miserably eke out.

"And Marsha finally had to restrain you from constantly making a shameful display of yourself, and that when you've been a good maid she rewards you by allowing your pussy to have a discharge," she said, and to my shock she unlocked and removed it.

"I know Marsha didn't like it when you got all excited when you were around her. But, it really wouldn't bother me. Actually I think it would be kinda cute. As long as your skirts hide it. As to rewarding you by petting your pussy and allowing it to discharge, I'm afraid that's out. It's really not something I think I'd like to do. However, I don't mind if you feel the girlish urge to play with your pussy, as long as you do it in your room. If you're in your nightie and in bed I'll allow you to play with it between 11:30 and 11:45. I'm sure you'll still be up by then and out of uniform. Don't let

me catch you with your hands down there at any other time. Is that absolutely clear?" she asked sternly.

Yes Mistress Vicki," I said miserably. I could tell by her tone of voice that she was just trying to be friendly and considerate. Obviously she had no idea of how devastating and emasculating it was to hear her say she thought it, "kinda cute" for my "pussy" to get excited around her. And I'm sure she thought she was just being thoughtful allowing me to play with my pussy nightly if I wanted. But at a precise time and only for exactly fifteen minutes.

I hadn't felt sorry for myself in a long time, but when I got to my new room I just dissolved in tears. This night I had, in essence, asked to be kept in skirts, to remain as Fluffy and as her maid for the next two years. Actually most probably longer. What kind of a man would ask that? No real man would, of course. Then the realization really hit home. I wasn't really, in any way, a man anymore, was I? Nothing more than a brow-beaten, sissy maid, and I let it happen.

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