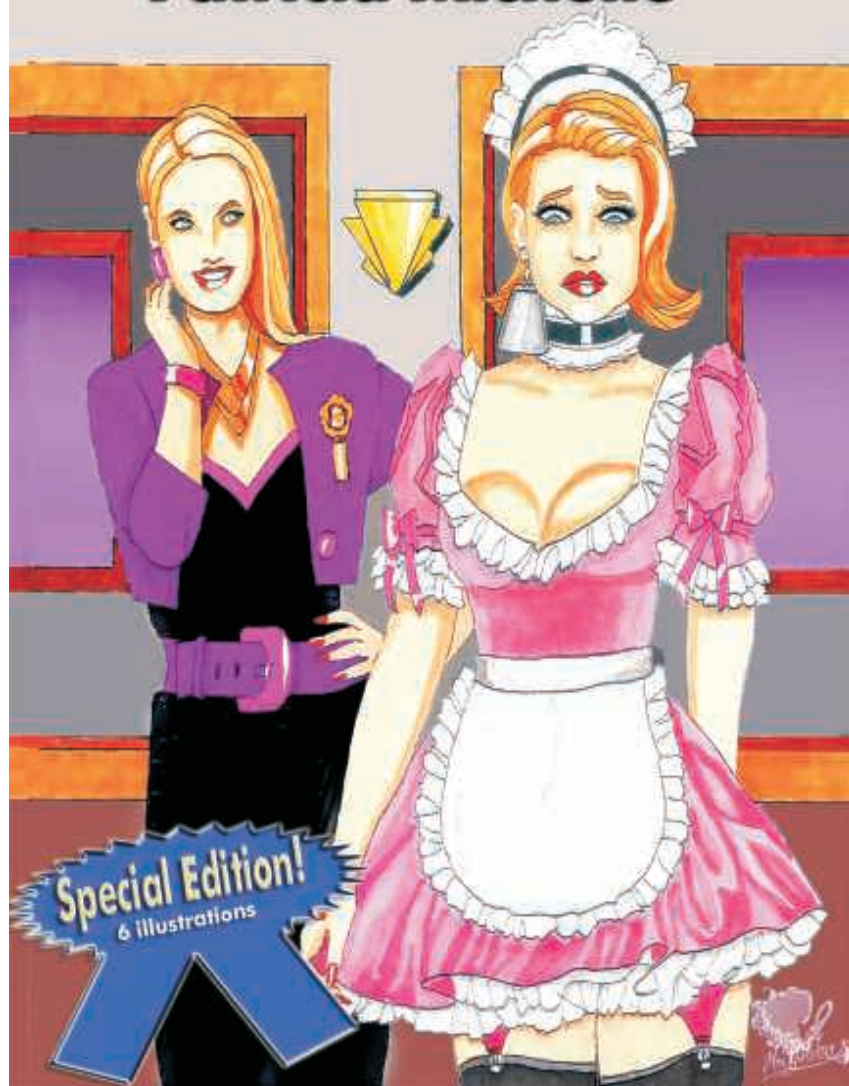


Feminized Maids Tales

Volume 1

Patricia Michelle





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Feminized Maids

Tales

Volume 1

By Patricia Michelle

Total Immersion

You'd think that when a wife discovers her husband secretly dressing in your clothes that she'd be outraged and disgusted. Well, I couldn't have been happier, as it solved a big problem. For months I'd been thinking about divorcing Frank. I'd finally met

the real man of my dreams, and unlike my husband, an enormously well hung one.

But Frank was wealthy and I wasn't about to give up a life of luxury and go back to being a secretary.

And then came the fateful day, for him at least, when I knew exactly how to solve my dilemma.

"So this is what you do when I'm out? God, you look ridiculous," I said, catching him prancing around in one of my best dresses, one day. Naturally he turned red, over and over repeating how sorry he was and that he just couldn't help himself.

To his total surprise I said, "Well, I've read about this, and to my thinking, it's harmless. But, if I'm going to let you do it you're going to do it right. I'll help, but only if I get a 100% commitment from you to everything I say." Pathetically he couldn't have been more relieved, or excited.

Oh god, how perfect is this going to be! I thought.

The following day I told him I was going to put him on a five step total immersion program. "Like what actors do to get into a role," he said.

"Precisely. You'll live, breath, act and think like a woman 24/7 or you don't ever put on another of my dresses. Understood?" I asked sternly, and got a nervous, "Yes".

"Very well, the first thing you'll do is to box up every stitch of male clothing as a test of your commitment and put them in my trunk," I said. With that done I explained Step One.

"First thing, obviously, is to look more like a woman. We're going down to my beauticians for a total make over. Give her even a hint of trouble, and that's it," I warned.

Poor Frank, I suppose he thought a makeover would involve a little make-up and hair styling. It didn't. It started with a full, rather painful waxing, includ-

ing his crotch. Plucked eyebrows, long, upper and lower eyelashes, much fuller, red lips, eyeshadow, mascara and eyeliner. She pierced ears and then I had her permanently attach the biggest bells I could find, then on each finger impossibly long, red nails. His blonde hair was permed, put in curlers, and dyed brunette. Then we glued enormous D-cup tits on him.

When he saw himself he couldn't believe it.

"Get used to it," I chuckled, "I told Helen to make everything permanent."

"P-Permanent? W-What do you mean?"

"Your make-up and lipstick I had her dye on. The glamorous eyelashes and steel nails are permanently glued on. As are your adorable earrings. And the same with your tits, impossible to remove without a special solvent that I told Helen to keep locked up." I gloated, loving the horrified look on his face.

"Isn't this a-a bit extreme? D-Did you really mean permanent?" he asked nervously.

"Oh it'll wear off in about two or three months. It's simply another test to see how committed you are," I lied. "A couple weeks as a woman really isn't going to be much of a commitment, is it?" I asked, and what could he say.

"No, I guess it wouldn't be," he said, falling like a lamb into a trap.

"Now, obviously we're going to have to give you a much more girly figure, aren't we?" I asked, and, of course, how could he say no?

I just loved how his face turned deathly pale when I held up the most fearsome looking, hourglass corset. It took me all my strength to lace him as tightly as I possibly could, all the time ignoring his desperate pleas to stop, that he couldn't breathe. "Well, at least that's a beginning," I giggled, fastening a padlock in back.

"Is-is that a padlock you put on? Why did you do that?" he moaned.

"You're not going to like being corseted all day, but if we're going to train your figure you'll just have to bear it. The padlock is to ensure you're not tempted to loosen or take it off when I'm not around," I smirked.

"Ready for Step Two? In Step Two you'll need to discard everything that reminds you that you were once a male, so that you think of yourself as a woman every minute of the day. Your name is no longer Frank, it's Francine. Now the biggest problem you'll have forgetting you are, or were, a man is this little thing," I said, holding his dick in my hand, which immediately got stuff.

"Naughty, naughty Fifi. Girls don't do that," I said, applying an ice pack to it. Once it was shriveled to a couple inches, at most, I pulled it through the stainless steel chastity sheath and locked it on.

"Now this will be difficult for you Fifi. Whenever I ask you what this is you will say it's your pussy. And when I point to the hole between your cheeks you will say that's your cunt. Now tell me what they are," I demanded.

"Oh p-please, please, I can't," he begged.

"Oh my, let me explain something about this total immersion program. It comes with a punishment/reward incentive. Step out of your role just a little and you get this. Bend her over and hold her, please, Helen," I asked.

All it took was ten strokes with a cane for Fifi to be screaming out that "she" had a pussy and a cunt.

Step three was initiated at Leather & Cuffs, a delightfully kinky boutique. Step Three was easier on Fifi, but just as humiliating. "In this step you'll be dressed the part. Which I'm sure will excite you," I smiled.

What she was dressed in was a sexy, black French Maid's uniform with the short skirt and several petticoats, fishnet stockings, apron, cap and five inch heels that she could barely stand in. It was when I dictated the alterations I wanted made that she turned pale.

"Shorten her skirts up to her ass, then make the hem in back three inches shorter than the front. I want her always showing off her panties, and her entire ass when she bends over. Then lower the neckline line to just the tips of her nipples so everyone can admire her luscious tits. Yes, I know she'll have to be very careful of that one, or heavens, both don't pop out," I laughed.

Step four arrived a few weeks later in the form of an express package. Francine's face had the most delightfully scared expression as I unpacked one item at a time. "These will all help to train you to act totally feminine at all times," I explained. First out were black, patent oxfords with six inch, spike heels that laced and locked on, to remove the temptation of ever taking them off. I then locked shiny, steel ankle cuffs connected by a short, eight inch chain to teach her to take the daintiest steps. A stiff, steel posture collar, to hold her head up and locked on. From it dangled two, above the waist strap with locking steel cuffs to train her to hold her hands posed correctly.

"And this will be worn eight hours for every un-girlish word, sentence or even sound that you make," I warned, shoving a ball gag with a locking straps into her then added, "I think you need a few hours with it to remind you when you're allowed to speak and what you're entire vocabulary will consist of."

"Now then Fifi, you have four hours to dust the entire house, for every piece of furniture not dusted you get another three with the cane, and for every piece of furniture not perfectly dusted, five with the paddle," I declared.

Poor Fifi, I had to chuckle watching her stagger around the room in her impossibly high heels, and with the hobbles she was barely able to put one foot in front of the other. And with her wrists chained to her collar she had to bend over in the tortuously laced corset to dust. Then there was the fact that the last time she dusted it took her all day.

Of course I just had to make her life a bit more miserable.

"Oh yes, the minute I don't hear your bells I'll have to assume you're trying to take a break, then you'll get a reminder with the cane," I stated. I simply loved terrorizing my new maid.

At the end of three months of intense training and conditioning I felt Fifi was finally ready for the final step of her feminization.

Standing her in the center of the living room I strapped her wrist and elbows behind her, attached them to an overhead chain, and slowly took the slack out gradually bending her over more and more until I thought her mouth was in the exact position I wanted it.

"I must say Fifi that I couldn't imagine you any more feminized than you are. However to be a woman you have to feel like a real one, don't you, especially in those most intimate times," I said, which was when the doorbell rang and I let in my lover, and one of his best friends, an enormous black guy.

"Fred and Bruce have kindly agreed to assist you, nightly, over the next couple of weeks in experiencing the total joys of womanhood. Frank, why don't you start in on Fifi's cunt? Remember she's a virgin, so be gentle, at least the first time. Bruce, on my god, that's huge, you do her mouth. Although ease up a bit when she starts gagging. Goodness, it'll be weeks before she gets all that down her throat. Now Fifi, just a couple

suggestions. The faster you do “suckies” the quicker it’ll be over, except for swallowing, that is. As Bruce shoots his load, which could take some time, try breathing through your nose so you don’t spill anything, Whatever you spill you lick up” I offered, reclining on my sofa with a drink to watch Fifi’s final feminization.

Or so he thought. I’m sure he was so relieved when her three month immersion as a woman was up.

“I really don’t like being a girl. It’s horrible. I’d like my men’s clothes back please,” he said.

“Very well, since you threw out all those men’s clothes of yours, I’ve gotten you some new clothes to wear. But first let’s get you out of that corset,” I said, giggling to myself.

“Oh god, that feels so good, and thanks for the new clothes” he said naively, in obvious relief as I unlaced and removed his corset.

“W-What are you doing, I said I didn’t want to be a women anymore,” he exclaimed in alarm as I started wrapping a new corset on him.

“Well, you see, Fifi I’ve decided, after how valuable you’ve become that you are simply too indispensable as my maid and that you make a much better maid than you ever did as a husband,” I said, as I yanked on the new, steel boned, hour glass corset.

Pulling as hard as I could on the laces I had taken off another two inches off her waist.

Well, twenty four inches is at least a start.

I then slipped trampy fishnet stockings on her legs, fastening them to the four suspenders on each leg. Then making her sit, I crammed her feet into her new shoes.

Seven inch heels with cute bows on the toes and ankle straps that I padlocked.



When I got her into her new uniform, tailored to her new figure I said, "Now then Fifi as long as you act like the perfect maid at all times, do your chores to perfection I won't make you suck anymore cocks or get fucked in your cunt. But the minute you slack off, in any way, or your chores aren't done to perfection Frank, Bruce or my current stud will give you a reminder lesson. Agreed?"

###

The Marriage Counselor

Lorin and I had been married less than a year and already it felt like the marriage was on the rocks. There was something troubling her and I couldn't get it out of her. Worse, our hot, torrid sex had dwindled down to nothing. I really was actually relieved when she suggested we see a marriage counselor.

The counselor turned out to be a stunning woman named Rachael Russell. I waited an hour while she talked to Lorin. I heard them laughing, but couldn't figure out why.

Then it was my turn.

"I don't normally divulge what patients tell me Duane, but in this case I feel I have to. In college Lorin had a very heavy affair with her roommate Margie. She felt, once she met you, that she'd gotten over her lesbian tendencies. But, in the last months, they've been returning and she doesn't know what to do," she said.

Well, once I'd gotten over the shock I said, "I don't want to lose Lorin, is there anything I can do?"

"Actually there is and I'm afraid it's the only thing I can think of that will save your marriage. You know that men have a masculine as well as a feminine side, as do women. What I'm suggesting is that you need to let your feminine side come out more."

"I see, but how do I do that?" I asked, not really liking at all the direction was going, but I was determined to do anything to keep Lorin.

"I will tell Lorin that you confessed that one of your fantasies is you always wanted to dress up in women's things. That you've always wondered how panties, a bra, nylons, heels, and nighties would feel".

Now that really shocked me, but I could see her logic. I didn't like it, what guy would, but reluctantly I agreed to give it a try.

"Great. Now I know you're not going to like this, but you have to pretend you absolutely love the girlie things she's going to put on you. And if she decides to have sex let her have her way with you. In her relationship with Margie she was very dominant, so be as submissive as you can. I think you'll be rewarded," she said.

On the way home Lorin hugged me. "You should have told me your secret. Lots of men love cross-dressing. Oh, we're going to have so much fun!" she gushed.

We made love that night and it was incredible, and humiliating. There I was, under her, dressed in a frilly, pink nightie, lace edged panties, matching bra filed with huge water balloons, nylons, garter belt, and pink heels with puffy pompoms. This after she'd shaved my legs and underarms. I hated it, but had to pretend how much I loved it.

I'd never seen this side of her. She was so aggressive and demanding, telling me precisely what to do, and giving me hard swats on my ass that actually hurt when I didn't do it fast enough. I don't know how long she grinded her pussy against my mouth ordering my tongue deeper, and only after she'd had I don't know how many orgasms did she finally ride my dick to an earth shattering climax.

In the morning she handed me panties, bra, garter belt and nylons she expected me to wear all day. This would have been really embarrassing if I worked in an office, but fortunately I worked at home.

When I showed up for my next appointment with the counselor I was in a panic.

I explained that within a week's time she'd added four inch heels for me to wear, made me practice putting lipstick on, then pinned a big bow in my hair. After which she dressed me in a tight top with ruffles and pink Capri pants.

"You have to help me, I don't know what to do. Two days ago she got really mad because I don't help out with any chores. She put this horrible, frilly apron on me and told me to dust and vacuum the house and scrub the floors." I pleaded.

"Well, she's obviously bringing out your feminine side. Tell me, have you ever seen her happier?"

"No, not since before we were married," I had to admit.

"You're seeing the masculine, dominant side that she obviously prefers. As to doing some household chores I think you've been selfish not helping her. I think, every morning, before she leaves you should ask her for a list of chores you could do for her.

Now, when we next meet I want you to come as she has you dressed," she ordered.

I couldn't help blushing as, the following week, I walked, more minced, into her office.

"Oh my, she's certainly going all out, isn't she? That skirt is so tight and so short, and those heels, they're so high," she said.

"She says I have sexy legs so she put me in even higher heels, stilettos she calls them and the heels are five inches high. I can hardly walk in them and they hurt, but she won't let me take them off..."

"Well, your legs do look very sexy, and I really like the seams. And I just love those long, dangling earrings. I take it she had your ears pierced?"

"Oh god, that's not the worst. She took me down to her beautician for a waxing. Then she had my hair permed and won't let me cut it. Just look at the hair cut

they gave me. I'll never be able to let my friends see me. P-Please, what can I do, I'm getting really scared," I begged.

"Yes, I would be too, if I were a man, I guess. But, for now you just have to go along with her. It's obviously saving your marriage, and she may grow out of this and see you for the husband she married," she said, and I swear I thought I had her chuckle. I left with a glimmer of hope.

I did go along, but I never should have.

A month later when I went in for my appointment her mouth dropped open.

"Goodness, where did she get that outfit? And those aren't real are they?" she asked.

What she was referring to was the black, satin, maid's uniform I wore. The skirt so short and fluffed out with all the petticoats that you could see the tops of my fishnet stockings, and if I bent over even the slightest there was a full view of my frilly, pink panties. But what she couldn't help seeing were my huge, jiggling, bouncing tits.

"They're not real, although they feel real and she glued them on, I can't take them off!

As to this outfit she insists I wear it to do my chores. She says it's more appropriate. Even worse she's making me wear a corset to improve my figure, that she laces so tight I can't breathe, a-and look at these" I nearly cried, sowing off my nearly one inch long, red fingernails.

"Those obviously will take some time to get used to. Now, I see you've been getting make-up lessons," she remarked.

"She insists I be made up by the time I serve breakfast to her. This is all so horrible, now she's taking to calling me Margie, a-and she makes me wear this," I

said, pulling down my panties and showing her the tight, rubber fake pussy that squashed me flat.

"S-She won't let me take it off, even when we're in bed. She just fondles it to make me cum, I mean have an orgasm, I'm not allowed to say cum," I said miserably.

"Obviously the sight of your penis reminds her that you're not really the girl she wants to imagine you to be. I wouldn't be all that concerned. After all you're still getting off and I do think you're saving your marriage," she commented with, I swear, a smirk.

A month later the counselor wanted to see us both, I went first and immediately started crying.

"When she asked what brought this on I said, "P-Please help me, I'm desperate. She acts like I'm her maid for real. She gives me so many chores I can't finish them, but I'm not allowed to make excuses. How can I get them all done in time when I'm now wearing eight heels. I can barely put one foot in front of the other. And now she has me in a corset, she says to improve my figure. It really hurts, but I can't even loosen it a little as she's locked it on. She inspects my work and if it isn't perfect s-she makes me bend over and uses a cane on me, a-and it really, really hurts. And just last week, I couldn't believe it, she started renting me out to her friends."

"Well, for what she's told me your business has gone to hell," she remarked.

"It did, I haven't had any work for weeks. How can I go to meetings l-like this? I lost all my clients," I sobbed.

"Well, it does mean you're now bringing money into the house, so you're contributing, at least in a small way, aren't you?" she said dismissively.

"Y-Yes, but it's so humiliating.."

"It seems as if there's some masculinity left in you that's all. So you can't be totally feminized, are you?"

"B-But that's not the worst. She's started dating men, and she makes me get her ready for her dates, and I have to listen to them making love. How can she suddenly go back to men, I'm a man," I pleaded to know.

"Yes, she did say, in our last session, that she felt she was growing out of her fantasy with her old roommate and was yearning for a real man with a big, stiff cock. Unfortunately Lorin simply doesn't see you as a real man anymore, and really can you blame her? Let me call her in and see what she has to say."

As soon as she walked in I started trembling. She looked so stern and intimidating especially with that cane in her hand that I was so petrified of.

"Did you curtsy and address her properly?" she demanded to know.

"M-M-Maid Margie is so sorry Mistress, she-she forgot," I meekly replied.

"That just earned you 100 hundred punishment curtsies and six with this when we get home, for two cents I'd give them to you right here," she threatened, then added, "I swear good help is so hard to get trained."

Out of curiosity I asked what a punishment curtsy was.

"Oh, well each time she curtsies her right knee has to touch the floor, and then her left. If she forgets I simply have her start over. And if she doesn't lift her skirts above her waist I have she hold her hands out so I can spank them," she said dispassionately.

"I understand you've been renting her out?"

"She's become reasonably skilled performing her chores, plus she now shaves my legs, underarms, trims and perfumes my pussy before a date and Jill,

my beautician, has trained her to do manicures, pedicures, bath and massage my feet, so I see no reason not to make some money off her. At least she's beginning to contribute something," she remarked scornfully.

To my shock, rather than helping me out of my terrible situation, she said, "I could use some help cleaning the house this weekend for a party, and I could use her to serve.

"Have you trained her to serve?" I asked.

"Oh my yes. And she has the most revealing, actually slutty French Maid's uniform that all the men absolutely drool over, poor thing, and don't you think her legs look so sexy in eight inch heels? Although make sure you lock them on her. For some reason when she thinks I'm not looking I've caught her taking them off," she giggled.

"That really sounds perfect, so could I rent her, for the weekend, I'll get her back Monday," I said.

"That'll be fine, I'll be busy with my newest stud. God, he's got a cock to die for. Hung like a bull. We're heading for Cancun for a week, so I'll give you a cut rate if you can take her off my hands for the next week. I'm sure there's a whole list of chores you can think of to keep her busy. You could have her wash and iron all your laundry. Or just lock her in your shoe closet and she'll polish all your shoes and boots. She works a sixteen hour day so you can get a lot out of her. But, you'd best take this," she said, handing her the cane, "She has a tendency to get lazy by the end of the day. So be sure to inspect her work, three strokes for every chore not done to perfection, five strokes for every chore not done in time," she said, handing me a wicked looking wooden cane.

Well, it, sadly, it did save my marriage, what was left of it, but not in any way I ever expected.



The New Junior Maid

Big mistake marrying on the rebound. Why I married Bruce I'll never know. Well, actually I do, a cock the size of a horse. But after several months I knew I'd made a big mistake. He married into wealth, mine. A huge estate, pool, tennis court, stable, and three maids I had since I was a teenager. It was obvious that he thought he'd married and gone to heaven.

Lately all I'd been hearing from the girls is that he orders them around like they were hired help. Which they were, but I'd always treated them as equals and with respect. The latest complaint really had me burning. Two of the girls had reported, in tears, that he'd pinched their bottoms. Well, I'd had it.

"You don't treat the girls like some hired help that's beneath you. And I won't tolerate you pinching or making any sort of advances to them," I dictated.

"Oh come on, they're just servants, hired help. It was all in fun," he replied.

"What you need is a healthy dose of humility and respect. Girls, I guess we'd better implement what we discussed," I said with a sigh, then to him added, "You're in their hands now. They have my authority to do anything they want to teach you a much needed lesson. You're both properly and conservatively dressed, but as we talked about the house could use a sexy thing to entertain our male guests, don't you think?"

"Oh yes Ma'am. Jill and I have found the perfect outfit. We're sure your male guests will literally be foaming at the mouth," Jill giggled.

With that the girls surrounded him and started dragging him out the room.

“What the hell’s going on? Tell them to take their hands off me immediately,” he hollered, which I smugly ignored.

Not too long later I heard the whistle and crack of the cane they were all so eager to use on him, and his screams over and over. I almost went up and used it on him myself, but I thought it better to leave it to the girls.

It was a few hours later that he stumbled into the room, and I’ll have to admit the girls had really outdone themselves. The girls were dressed in their conservative, grey uniforms, low heels and tasteful makeup. But, not the newest maid. “She” was dressed in the most immodest, revealing French Maids uniform. ‘Her’ skirts so short you could see the suspenders tops and a hint of her panties. The peasant top was full to bursting with her C-cup tits. They’d added hair extensions, the sluttiest makeup, long, heavy dangling earrings, and one inch long nails to each finger. It was obvious they’d put her in a really tight corset as her figure was dramatically improved, although it left her panting and gasping, poor thing. And there was good reason why she’d stumbled and tripped into the room. Even I would if I wore the six inch high stiletto heels they’d locked on her feet.

“Get over there and do what you were told to do,” Grace barked, slashing the backs of her legs with the cane.

Barely able to stand, let alone walk, she managed to mince, painfully over to it, gave an awkward curtsy, and sobbing, said, “N-New maid Bettina reporting M-Mistress.” Then, to my delight, she knelt with her head on the floor and kissed my shoes.

“She’ll perform this little ritual every time she enters and leaves your presence,” Jill smiled. Then said, “Tell her to lick.”

"Lick girl," I ordered. And that's precisely what she did. Slavishly licking away at my shoes. I couldn't help looking down and gloating, then inspired, I turned my shoes up and ordered, "You won't forget the soles and inside of the heels, I hope."

Feeling nothing but disgust I sternly added, "Every time the girls and I order you to do something you'll curtsy and kiss their feet, understood, girl?" I demanded.

"Y-Yes Mistress, Bettina the maid u-understands," she cried.

"Did you attach what we, ah, discussed?" I asked.

"Oh yes, she's fixed, although she put up a terrible struggle," Elizabeth laughed, then ordered her to stand up.

"Lift your skirts up, pull down your panties and spread your legs and show your Mistress your pussy, girl."

"P-Please d-don't make me," she begged, but did as ordered, displaying a shiny, steel, FLA Frenum Chastity sheath locked on what had been a very substantial organ, now reduced to the size of a pencil stub.

"What do you think girls?" she asked.

"Well, obviously she needs another session with the cane, double this time," Jill said.

"And I really don't like all this begging and sobbing. Let's keep her gagged for the next week. Maybe she'll learn that nobody cares what a slutty, bimbo servant girl has to say," she grinned.

Which is what they did, cramming a largest ball gag I'd seen in her mouth, buckling the straps tightly and then locking it.

For the next couple weeks, every time she was in my presence, she'd look at me with such a desperate, pleading look on her face, which I found most annoy-



ing and asked the girls to put a stop to. They did by repeatedly slapping her face every time she dared look above my feet.

Finally after a month, during which they punished her for the slightest deviation in how they dictated she act they declared, "We think she's ready." I'm sure she wondered what that meant, but to her disbelieving shock she quickly found out.

"The Mistress is having a big dinner party tonight and you're serving," Irene smirked, as they put her into an almost identical uniform, except for a couple important alterations. Her skirts were shortened four inches in the back, and despite her pleas they informed her, "No bra for you tonight." Then proceeded to glue on D-cup tits that bounced and jiggled wildly with the slightest movement. Of course there were her slutty, fishnet stockings, and "come fuck me" platform heels. Ten inch heels and three inch rocker, platform heels.

Brought to me I gave to her, her instructions, "You will act precisely like the slut you're dressed as. Then there's what I'm calling the "five pinch" rule. You'll act so slutty the men won't be able to keep their hands off you. You'll encourage them, every way you can, to pinch and fondle your ass, run their hands up your legs, and grab a feel of your tits. If you haven't been pinched, or fondled, five times before the evening ends you'll suck whoever's cock I point to. And if the man doesn't declare that it was one of the best blow jobs he's ever had I'll have the girls bend you over and have another guy ream your ass out."

She only had to suck one cock to get her, on her own, to act like a total, shameless slut anytime I had guests over.

Six months later I had her report to me. "Well, girl, do you think you've learned you're lesson?"

"Oh yes, Mistress, I'll never mistreat the girls badly ever again," she swore, thinking her nightmare was finally over, and that he was being given his pants back. "Yes, I believe you really have."

"So, I-I can have my, ah, pants back..."

"You're pants back? Oh, goodness no. Why the girls have all said you've become absolutely indispensable. They're so grateful to have you cleaning all the toilets, and licking clean all the floors. And you're such a hit with all my male guests that we've all decided to promote you. You were a trainee maid, now you've been promoted to a full-fledged junior maid. You were a big mistake as a husband, and as Irene will be leaving for college, you're the perfect choice to take her place," I declared.

"Now lift your skirts up, panties down, don't look down, we have a promotion present for you," we all giggled.

To her surprise she felt her chastity sheath being removed, then something else being put on down there. "There, now you can look down. Aren't you excited, it's your very own pussy? Now you're sure it's permanent?" I asked the girls.

"Oh yes Ma'am, quite permanent," they assured me.

"Now when you've gotten pinched, or fondled, five times, or more you'll be given that number of minutes to play with your pussy, aren't we nice?" I couldn't help laughing,

"Well get started, don't be embarrassed, we're all girls here-now."

##

Maid to Reform

Chapter-1 You'll reform or else.

When my sister tragically died she left me trustee of her considerable estate. The bulk of which was to go to her son. The stipulation was that I make something of the arrogant, lazy, spoiled snot who at twenty two had just been thrown out of his second college for assaulting a girl at a frat party.

My solution was this. Gary was to be turned into a maid and perform all maid's duties and chores in my household for one year. It would, I thought, teach him the value of hard work, would be an excellent lesson in humility, teach him much needed respect for women, and he'd certainly learn discipline. Undoubtedly it would tame his false sense of male superiority and the macho ego he exhibited.

When I told him what I'd planned he just laughed in my face and said that somehow he'd get his hands on his money.

He wasn't laughing a couple days later when he woke up with a jiggling pair of D-cup tits, or when he saw his plucked eyebrows, ridiculously long eyelashes and fully make-up face with pouty, shiny red lips. None of which he could remove as I'd had them dyed on. Nor could he ignore his pierced ears with the heaviest, dangling earrings I could find, or his now three-quarter inch, red fingernails. He looked thoroughly shocked to see his body didn't have a hair on it below his ears. Of course he couldn't miss his newly permed, page boy styled hair, or the fact that he was now longer a blonde but a brunette.

He ranted and raved which, due to the tightly laced corset that was locked on him, left him gasping and



completely out of breath. When he eventually stumbled to his feet, the three inch stiletto heels locked on his feet caused him to fall flat on his face.

He quickly turned contrite when I explained about his permanently dyed on make-up, nor how he couldn't get out of his corset or heels. And how his tits were glued on and were impossible to remove.

"However if you still don't wish to honor my stipulation you're certainly free to leave," I chuckled

"I can't leave like this, god-damn it," he bellowed.

"Apologize at once for swearing and address me properly as Ma'am," I demanded. He refused until dragging him by his ear I yanked him to the front door and slammed the door.

I listened to his begging and pleading I eventually let him back in.

"That's better girl. Now the terms are this. You will properly carry out all the duties of a maid to my satisfaction, in a presentable manner and with a proper attitude and at the end of a year I will grant you your inheritance. Please sign this paper which contains all those stipulations. Sign each page," I said, and was pleased to see him do so tearfully, and also pleased that he didn't bother to read it.

"Now, there is one more thing before we get you dressed. I have a beautiful daughter, Darlene, a couple years younger than you. I expect you can't help but find her attractive, even sexy. I'm also sure you'll be attracted to her and spend useless hours thinking how the big man on campus can get into her panties. Put your hands behind you and spread your legs," I barked so thunderously that he did precisely as I'd ordered.

He couldn't help but cry out when I shoved a freezing ice pack around his genitals. When it was reduced to almost nothing I first took an interesting rubber ring

that I found on the internet and slid tightly to the base of his cock. Then I took out of a box the most realistic pussy I could find. I attached it with surgical glue, instant pussy, I gloated.

"There, now you can dream your life away uselessly thinking of my daughter," I promised, then added, "As a maid, of course, you no longer have a dick, what obviously got you into all kinds of trouble. You now have a pussy."

Now, let's get you dressed so you can meet your new Mistress," I said, and a few minutes later I had her dressed in a grey maid's uniform. The skirts falling just over her knees, made full by the three petticoats. The tight, long sleeves under in white cuffs that matched the equally tight collar. A full, bibbed apron and maid's cap and she looked half way decent.

Chapter-2 Gretel meets her new Mistress.

After I'd gotten him dressed in a smart looking uniform I taught him, rather her, the basics of how to curtsy.

"W-Why do I have to learn how to curtsy?" He asked angrily.

"How to curtsy Ma'am, and bow your head. All maids curtsy and bow their heads to their betters. However you'll learn, I assure. As to why you need to learn how to curtsy it's to impress your new Mistress," I said. He didn't know what I was talking about, but he soon found out when my twenty-one year old daughter came into the room.

"Here's your new maid, Darlene. Her name is Gretel Monroe and she's just eighteen years old," I declared.

"Y-You want me t-to be her maid," he gasped in shock, with good reason, "and what's this rubbish about me name being Gretel Monroe, and being eighteen. I'm twenty-two, and you know it," he said hotly.

"Apparently you didn't read what you signed very closely. You see this, page nine legally changes your name. Obviously a maid can't be named Gary, who ever heard of such a thing. I think it's so fitting that I gave you your mother's maiden name. And the next document. Tell us what it is," I directed.

"It, it's a birth certificate," he said.

"Yes, and a quite legal one. It's amazing what money can buy, with your money,"

I gloated. "And how old does it say Gretel Monroe is, figure it out."

"It shows that Gretel Monroe is, is eighteen," he moaned in disbelief.

"And you, of course are now Gretel Monroe. Which makes you three years younger than my daughter, your new Mistress," I stated, hoping he'd find that humiliating, and it was obvious that he did.

"I'm sure you remember Darlene. Remember when you were growing up how many times you lifted her skirts to show everyone her panties so everyone could laugh at her? Or, in junior high, when you thought it was so funny to pinch her behind in front of all her friends. Then I'm sure you remember what he did when you were both in high school," I asked Darlene.

"Oh yes, the most humiliating day of my life when I found out he was telling all his buddies that he was fucking me. And all his buddies tried to make me put out for them. It absolutely ruined my reputation. Remember that, Gretel?" She demanded to know.

"Y-Yes I remember," he had to admit, undoubtedly thinking he was now in deep trouble. And he, or rather she, certainly was.

For without hesitation Darlene hauled off and slapped her face as hard as she could. Not once, but twice. "You didn't address me as Mistress Darlene. And you didn't curtsy. Now say it the way I expect you to speak to me," she ordered.

"Yes I-I remember Mistress Darlene," he said, now so nicely scared, attempting an awkward curtsy.

Which didn't satisfy Darlene at all, and she viciously slapped her again.

"You will always refer to yourself as, 'my maid,' now say it," she demanded, causing us both to smirk.

"Your curtsy is atrocious, but I'll soon remedy that," she assured her.

Chapter-3 Gretel learns how to curtsy, and when.

"Before I get to how I expect my little maid to act you have to be taught how to curtsy. The curtsy is a very symbolic gesture all maids learn. Every time you curtsy to me it's a reminder not only of your lowly position but who rules everything about you, me" she said smugly.

"When you curtsy you hold your skirts daintily with only your thumbs and fore fingers. You'll spread them out as far as they'll go and then raise them up until your panties are clearly visible for all to see. As you raise your skirts place your right foot precisely behind your left. As you bend you'll raise your right foot until it is exactly perpendicular to the floor with only the very tip of your toes touching the floor. As you curtsy your head, at all time, will be bowed with your eyes fixed on the toe of your left foot. Now you'll practice until I'm reasonably satisfied," she said, and it was un-

til her legs were turning to jelly that she finally admitted she'd done one right.

"Now, as to you when you'll curtsy. You will curtsy before and after you speak. You'll curtsy whenever you come into my presence or mother's. Before you enter a room you'll stop at the doorway, curtsy and stand there until I snap my fingers. You'll then enter, stand in front of mother or me and curtsy once again. You'll also curtsy in the doorway before you enter or leave any room regardless of whether it's occupied or not. When you pass in front of mother or me you'll stop, face me and curtsy. If you're in a room and either of us enter you'll immediately stop what you're doing and curtsy. You won't continue with what you're doing until either of us snaps our fingers," she instructed.

Well, as expected, over the next couple of days she didn't make much effort to do as I'd told her to do. And when she did she gave me a nasty look and a sloppy curtsy.

Chapter-4 Gretel gets a reminder.

Summoned into our presence I harshly said, "See that chair over there? Bend over it, grab the front legs with your hands." Not really comprehending she did as ordered.

"Get that ass higher, spread those legs until you're on your tip toes. Yes, that's how I want you. Mother would you get my old sorority paddle, while I raise her skirts?"

With paddle in hand I brought it down as hard as I could. She yelped in surprise, finally realizing what I was about to do. "Oh p-please, d-don't..." she begged.

"You're going to get a reminder of the position you're in, girl. I won't put up with your surly attitude

or sloppy curtsies. What do you think mother, a good twenty?" I asked.

"Twenty, hardly. A good thirty," she stated.

By the time I'd given her a good thirty, as hard as I could, she was wailing out that she'd do better. Finally begging and pleading with me to stop.

"We'll see. The next time I see a surly look on your face, or a sloppy curtsy, you get five, but not with this paddle. Mother hand me that cane by the umbrellas. I'll just give you two," she said, slashing her twice with it. She screamed bloody murder, and more when I gave her two on the back of her legs.

"Think about how five will feel. Now stand, curtsy and apologize for being a bad maid. And Gretel, if you don't sound totally sincere and contrite you get the full five," I threatened.

"Do you really think you've learned your lesson, girl? I demanded to know.

"Oh y-yes Mistress Darlene. Y-Your maid has learned her lesson," she swore.

"Well, in any case you've already added five days to your contract," I declared.

"I-I don't understand, y-you added five days? I only signed an agreement for one year, M-Mistress Darlene," she said, obviously mystified.

"Mom, hand her the contract she signed and turn it to article number nine," I asked. When she did I demanded she read it. As she did her face got the most horrified look, which I couldn't help gloating over. "Read it," I ordered.

"T-The Maid named Gretel will earn 'Bad Maid' marks if she fails to act as her Mistress requires her to and fails to perform her duties and chores as specified. For each six Bad Maid marks she receives one day will be added to her contract at the end of the year. Failure

to act as required, perform her duties and chores are defined thus: Obedience

-Failure to instantly obey an order -12 Bad Maid Marks.

-Failure to perform an order as instructed -8 Bad Maid Marks

-Questioning any order given to her -12 Bad Maid Marks

-Failure to agree with anything told to her -5 Bad Maid Marks Poise & Posture

-Failure to keep tits on display at all times, failure to twitch ass as required -3 Bad Maid Marks

-Failure to place one foot in front of the other when walking -1 Bad Maid Mark Curtsy

-Failure to curtsy at required times -5 Bad Maid Marks

-Failure to curtsy correctly -2 Bad Maid Marks
Speech

-Speaking without permission -8 Bad Maid Marks

-Speaking one word not in maid's vocabulary -3 Bad Maid Marks

-Speaking in a surly, angry, nasty or belligerent tone of voice -2 Bad Maid Marks

Chores

-Failure to start or complete a chore or task -6 Bad Maid Marks

-Failure to adequately perform a chore or task as required -5 Bad Maid Marks

"Of course, I want to be fair," I smirked, "Whenever I decide you're done something excellently one day will be forgiven, and if I decide you've done something outstanding two days will be forgiven."

"But just think, it's only been a couple days and already you're going to be my maid for one year and nine days more. I can't wait to see how many more

days you've added by the end of the year. You could be my maid for, well, hopefully forever. Wouldn't you so enjoy being my maid forever?" I asked.

Unfortunately, without thinking, she said, nastily "No, I-I wouldn't."

"Oh goody, you just added another two days for failing to agree with me, forgetting to curtsy, using unauthorized words not in your vocabulary, and speaking in a belligerent tone of voice. Now would you like to answer correctly?" I asked.

"Y-Yes Maid Gretel would like to be Mistress Darlene's maid f-forever," she forced herself to say, properly submissive and curtsying before and after she spoke.

Now I've got you, you miserable, little twerp, I thought.

Chapter-5 Hell week for Gretel.

Her first week as a maid was hard on her as she learned precisely how I expected her to act and conduct herself. Each day I tackled a new area starting with the rules.

"The rules you will live by girl are quite simple ones. The most important rule is that you will instantly do whatever I tell you. Do you understand, girl?" I barked.

"Y-Yes Mistress Darlene, your maid understands," she said, quaking in her heels

"We'll see. From now on whenever you enter my presence, after you curtsy, you'll get down on your elbows and knees and kiss my feet," I declared.

"Kiss your feet? You've got to be kidding!" She said belligerently.

"Please get my cane, mother," I asked.

"No, no, I'll do it," she said terrified, getting down on her elbows and knees and kissing my feet.

"Kiss the very toe of my right shoe, then my left, and then again," I ordered.

"See, that wasn't so hard, now was it Gretel?" I asked sweetly.

"No Mistress Darlene," she couldn't help sobbing.

"Does kissing my feet make you feel humiliated?" I asked.

"Oh yes, Mistress Darlene."

"Oh goody, I was hoping it would. We'll soon have that macho bullshit and your inflated ego knocked down to nothing. Now, in a second, I'm going to order you to lick my shoes. Won't you find that ever so degrading?" I couldn't help gloating.

"L-Lick your shoes, oh god..."

"Lick girl, get them nice and clean for me," I ordered. You can't imagine the satisfaction I got see the guy who told all his buddies he was fucking me.

"Oh my, you forgot to lick clean all the dirt on the soles, haven't you?" I said, turning up my heels, then watching her lick them clean.

I suppose it was mean, but the thrill I got from ordering her to perform such humiliating and degrading acts really got to me, so I said, "You got dirt on the floor girl.

Lick it up!"

"Now the second most important rule is to learn what's considered proper servants vocabulary. Your entire vocabulary will consist of, 'Yes or No Mistress, Ma'am, or Sir,' 'Your maid thanks you,' 'The maid is finished,' 'Yes, Mistress Darlene, your maid agrees,' and 'Your maid has no excuse.' Let me explain the last. If you are forced to say you have to excuse, wherever you are you'll immediately bend over, spread your

legs, raise your skirts and grab your ankles so you can be punished. One word other than your servant's vocabulary and you'll be gagged until the same time the following day, do you understand girl?" I sneered.

"Oh Y-Yes Mistress Darlene," she replied, absolutely terrified, which is how I wanted her.

"The third rule is once I tell you to do sometime you will do precisely that and will not deviate the slightest from it. For example, if I tell you to scrub the floor on your hands and knees you will stay on all fours until I say otherwise. If one hand even momentarily leaves the floor I'll beat your ass you until you won't be able to sit for days. Or if I order you to stand in the laundry room and iron, you stand precisely where I put you. Move one foot and you'll kneel on a chair and after you take your shoes off I'll spank the bottoms of your feet. Do you understand?"

"Yes Mistress Darlene, y-your maid un... understands," she said in terror. Well, I thought, I think I'm getting her in the right frame of mind.

"Lastly, as a lowly maid you never argue or question anything I say. Servants aren't paid to think. I'll do all your thinking for you, and whatever I say you will agree with, is that clear?" I demanded to know.

"Yes, Mistress Darlene," she said, obviously shell shocked, which is how I always wanted her.

Chapter-6 Shaping up the new maid.

The next day I decided it was time to shape up my new maid. To make it as purposefully as humiliating as I could I made her stand on a foot stool naked as I walked around her as if inspecting a horse.

"What's your waist, girl? I asked.

"T-Thirty inches, Mistress Darlene," she said.

"Absolutely atrocious, what did you have her corseted to, mother," I asked.

"I laced it three inches," she replied.

"From now on she'll be laced down four inches, at least that's a start," I declared, and between mother and me we tightened her corset another inch.

"Oh p-please, it's, it's too tight," she begged, which, frankly, was music to my ears.

"At twenty six inches you're downright chubby. What do you think an attractive waist on her should be?" I asked mother.

"Definitely not one inch more than twenty-one inches," she declared, which brought a disbelieving gasp from my new maid.

"I agree, although I'm thinking twenty or even nineteen. Now you're obviously a chubby thing, what's your weight, girl? I asked.

"138 Mistress Darlene,"

"Pathetic. No wonder you look so fat. What do you think Mom?"

"Oh, I think with a crash diet by the end of the year perhaps 114," she said.

"I'm thinking more on the lines of 108-109," I declared, and producing a tape measure, said "Now let's take a look at her ass. Christ it's flat as a guy's ass, just thirty-four inches. Get that cheek enhancer we thought we'd need."

The cheek enhancer was nothing but a flesh colored spandex panty that would leave both cheeks exposed. We had to really struggle get it on her. With good reason as it was two sizes too small. When we finally had it on her it really pushed both cheeks up and out, quite dramatically, as I hoped it would. When I re-measured her ass it added three inches to it.

"Now that's a fine ass you should be proud to show off, as I assure you, you will be doing, a lot, Can't you just wait to show your ass off to everyone," I asked.

"Yes Mistress Darlene," she said miserably.

"Yes Mistress Darlene, what girl?"

"Yes Mistress Darlene, your m-maid can't wait to s-show off her ass," she sobbingly answered.

"Now let's look at her legs. Actually not bad, although a lot too muscular, which by the end of a year will certainly have disappeared. You have her in just three inch heels? Much, much too low, especially with such tiny feet. These four inch heels will make them look even daintier and her legs much longer," I stated, as we strapped them on her feet.

"These will do -for now," I giggled.

When she tried to just stand in them she nearly fell over.

"P-Please Mistress Darlene your maid can't walk in these," she begged

"Of course you can, after all you'll be in them all day." I proclaimed, and then, as if I'd suddenly noticed, I said, "Oh my, what's this, why it looks like Gretel has a pussy, Mother."

"Well naturally maids have pussies, just like any other maid," She remarked.

"Is that right, tell mother and me what you have?" I demanded to know, as I fingered her pussy.

"Oh g-god, it, it's maid Gretel's p-p-pussy," she cried.

"Of course, I forgot, you no longer have a dick, do you?" I asked cruelly.

"N-No Mistress Darlene, m... maid Gretel no l... longer as a... a dick," she sobbed in despair.

Chapter-7 Girly Training

“Now then, right now you just look like a girl, it’s time to teach you how to act like one. First we’ll tackle your walk. When you walk you’ll put one foot precisely in front of the other and when you walk I want to see the tiniest, dainty, mincing steps.

Each step no longer than five inches, at least to start,” I said.

“My goodness, Darlene, how on earth are you ever going to train her to take such tiny, dainty steps,” Mom asked, although she already knew.

“Well I’ll admit I was at a loss for a while. But then I googled, ‘Gait training your sissy maid,’ and won’t believe all the simply terrible methods I ran across. But, this is the simplest,” I said, holding up a length of chain with steel rings on either end. Unbuckling her ankle straps I slid one end on the right shoe and the other on the left, then rebuckled the straps.

“Now walk to the end of the room and back,” I ordered. Not able to see what I’d done her first step resulted in her tripping and falling in a heap to the floor. Ordering her up she gradually got adjusted to her gait trainers that limited each step she took to no more than five inches.

“My goodness, how simple,” Mom stated, and heartlessly couldn’t help asking,

“How long do they stay on?”

“Oh Mom, they never come off, well, except to bed. And they’re adjustable. What I read is that you just keep shortening it until the sissy maid can barely put one foot in front of the other. One lady even stated that she eventually limited her maid to no more than a one inch step. Wouldn’t that be so amusing? Now girl, when you walk I want to see those elbows pinned back so you can show off those huge tits of yours, hands

out, wrists limp and your ass twitching like a couple of pistons," I ordered.

"Watch yourself in the mirror so you can see just how slutty you look showing off your tits and ass and legs as you walk," I demanded, a bit sadistically, then couldn't help adding, "You ruined my reputation so that everyone thought I was a slut, now who's the slut?"

Next to be tackled was standing. "You will stand at all times with your head bowed, eyes fixed on your toes, heels together, hands submissively folded in front of you, I instructed.

"You won't have to worry about how to sit as you are never allowed to sit anywhere but in your room, and then only if I give you permission," I said.

Chapter-8 Establishing her daily routine.

This was one area I couldn't wait to get to. I spent hours revising what her daily schedule would be to maximize just how totally I dominated her. As I described what her daily routine was to be I was rewarded with her face getting paler and paler and her expression showed just how humiliating my power over her would be.

"You'll be up at five o'clock each morning and within thirty seconds be sitting on your toilet. You have one-and-a-half minutes to pee and two minutes to shit. Three minutes to shower and twelve minutes to get dresses. At exactly 5:17 you have 30 seconds to get to the refrigerator where you will find your morning tasks to perform without stop until noon. At which time Mom has graciously agreed to teach you how to serve her lunch. You'll continue your chores until six o'clock when your change into your evening uniform. Once every two hours you're permitted to rest for five

minutes, kneeling. At three o'clock you have two minutes to do your afternoon pee. When I come home I'll inspect your work. You'll have a specific time limit to accomplish each chore. All chores not done to absolute perfection will earn you a, 'bad maid' mark. Five 'bad maid' marks equal one day in a special punishment uniform. Any chore not completed automatically earns you a day in the special punishment uniform I've found for you," I declared.

"As you're grossly overweight you'll be on a crash diet and limit your intake to one meal a day. After serving mother lunch you have two minutes to eat any table scraps that are left over," I said.

"After supper you'll receive tutoring in what I describe as your more intimate duties. I'll then assign you other chores to keep you busy until midnight. Mother and I both agree five hours of sleep is plenty. To teach you the value of a good day of honest work you will, of course, work 24/7 every week. Although I may give you a few hours off on Sunday if you've been an exceptional maid. After all I do want to be fair," I said, trying my best not to laugh in her face.

Chapter-9 Every maid needs to learn how to serve.

When I got home that night mother was in the living room enjoying a drink and asked if I wanted one. When I said, "I'd kill for one," she picked up a bell and rang it.

Almost immediately Gretel came mincing in and curtsied to both of us.

"Your Mistress needs a drink, fix her a martini," she directed curtly.

As she did Mom remarked, "I just love the dressy uniform you picked out for her. Pink is definitely her color. I think the heart shaped cutout trimmed in ruffles really shows off her tits, although it is a bit slutty."

"Well, she really does need to get used to showing them off. If you've got them you should flaunt them as the saying goes," I said, loud enough for her to hear, and was pleased to hear a humiliated moan from her.

As she bent over to serve me my drink Mom couldn't help laughing and pointing.

"Well if they don't enjoy her tits they'll definitely fall in love with her ass. I love how the tight skirt with the seam down the middle really shows off both cheeks, and how it rides up, very naughtily, showing off her half covered pantied ass. You do realize every time you bend even a little you're showing off your more than ample ass for everyone to drool over?" She asked her.

"Ooh, n-no," she groaned.

Chapter-10 Maid's first inspection.

After we finished dinner I inspected the chores I'd assigned her, and I wasn't happy.

"This is not good, not good at all," I declared, faking my anger. As what I'd assigned she would take a normal person two days to accomplish. "Four chores not completed, and eighteen bad maid marks. A total of thirty-eight bad maid marks.

That's a full week being punished. Is that what you want?" I asked.

"N-No Mistress Darlene," she quaked.

"I'll give you one more chance. Tomorrow you'll have half the number of bad maid marks you earned today, or you spend the entire week being punished,

however now it's time you learned an even more important duty," I smiled.

Chapter-11 Gretel's most important duty.

When we finished our dinner I said, "Now it's time to learn the most important duty you'll be performing." I'm sure she was wondering what new chore she was about to learn that was the most important one she'd be performing as she followed me to what was now my bedroom.

When we got there I pointed to a shoe box and ordered her to get it and bring it to me as I sat in my favorite chair. Bringing it to me I ordered her to kneel between my legs and remove my shoes. "Now open the box and put what's in it on my feet," I instructed. I could see her eyes widen as she took out a pair of shiny, black, patent leather, ankle high, lace-up boots with five inch heels. I'd never actually try walking in them, but they were perfect for her training. I'm sure what caused her nervous expression were the sharply pointed, steel capped toes, and the steel capped stiletto heels.

"These are your training boots. Do you know what they're going to train you to do?" I asked.

"N-No Mistress Darlene," she replied as she fitted them on my feet and laced them up.

"You once dated a good friend of mine, remember Betty Jeffrys? On your date she gave you a blow job, and when she asked you to go down on her you said only wimps licked pussy, not real men. Well, you're no longer a real man, I doubt that you really ever were. Now you're a sissy maid, my sissy maid to be exact. And these boots are going to turn you into the best pussy licker a woman ever experienced. Now arms behind you, and lace your fingers tightly together," I or-

dered, as I unbuttoned my skirt to reveal my crotchless pantyhose.

"What you're going to learn is what is called the, 'toe and heel' method of turning a reluctant sissy into an expert pussy licker. Your tongue will precisely mimic how deep and how fast I want you to lick. At the same time the motion of my heels will instruct you whether I want it to go up and down, in circles and how stiff I want your tongue. When you don't precisely mimic my heels and toes you'll get a reminder, like this," I said, sharply jabbing his sides with the toes, then jabbing him just as sharply with my heels. Both produced an instant, painful cry. I swear, music to my ears.

As she licked for all she was worth I heard a sound I'd been waiting to hear.

"Aaah, ooh," she cried out.

"Oh my, what's that, is your pussy hurting?" I asked, without a shred of sympathy.

"Y-Yes, ooh, Mistress Darlene," she moaned.

"Well, poor Gretel, I'm sure after weeks of training your pussy will stop hurting altogether. When your pussy tries to get excited you just have to learn to ignore it," I gloated.

A painful hour later I declared, "That was absolutely pathetic. But, not to worry you'll get plenty of practice. Licking pussy under the table as I have breakfast, lunch and dinner, then another session later each evening."

God, how great was it as I sat at my vanity early in the morning applying my makeup and my maid was furiously licking my pussy. And as I had lunch, casually talking to Mom, she was under the table licking like there was no tomorrow.

"How is she?" Mother curiously asked.

“She started out absolutely pathetic. Now, if I use my heels and toes on her repeatedly she almost gives me an orgasm,” I said, which wasn’t true, but I simply wanted her to work up to expert level.

As I figured, Gretel made rapid, albeit painful, progress.

Chapter-12 Zero tolerance for sloppy work.

Mom said, the next day, that she’d seen anyone work as hard as maid Gretel did that day. She followed me fearfully as I inspected her work. “Well, well much better, only fifteen bad maid marks,” I said, which brought a look of total relief on her face, which didn’t last long, as I added, “Which means instead of being punished a whole week, you’ll only be punished for the next three days.”

I was sure, I smirked to myself, that three days in the special punishment uniform

I created would cure her of her supposed lazy, sloppy work. After stripping her down and removing her corset I ordered to raise up as high as she could and hold onto the bed post. I then wrapped a new heavy, latex corset with unbending, steel stays on her and, with Mom’s help, we laced her down, not four inches, but a full five inches. Latex panties came next, followed by latex stockings up to her ass. The tightest latex gloves were kneaded on her hands. Then, not two, or three, but four, white latex petticoats were added which came to mid-calf. The latex dress, of course was the nearly the same length. It had the tightest sleeves, and a chokingly tight, high collar which zipped up the back. Over it came a white, bibbed apron and maid’s cap, both, of course, in latex.

So she was imprisoned in six layers of skirts.



Then came what I couldn't wait to put on her. High heels, but not any high heels. These I'd found on line and the description read, "Guaranteed to make your disobedient sissy really suffer. A couple days in these and you'll have a very reformed sissy." You see the heels were a staggering seven inches high with a three inch platform. But what would prove so punishing was that the platform soles were weighted five pounds! Maybe she could deal with them for an hour, maybe even two, but by the end of a very long day she'd barely be able to lift one foot in front of the other. Poor, poor Gretel I loved her reaction when she took her first few steps in them. Her eyes got big as saucers, and just looked at me in disbelief.

"Well, girl get to work, ironing first," I ordered, and when we reached the laundry I was really mean, I turned the temperature up to 90 degrees.

Imagine ironing encased in layers of latex, well, I thought to myself as I went to the tennis club, three days in this uniform would certainly reform her lazy, sloppy work.

By the end of that first night she was barely able to drag one foot in front of the other. After three days I was pretty certain she'd work like a dog to avoid another day in her punishment uniform. However, just to keep her on her toes I'd arbitrarily declare that she'd exceeded five bad maid marks, even though she hadn't, and she'd spent what I called, "a reminder day" sweating miserably scrubbing the floors, or, this is really hysterical, I had her mowing the lawn, poor thing.

Chapter-13 One month later.

After just a month's time there was such a dramatic change in Gretel that no one would have recognized "her." Besides the fact that if I told anyone that "she"

used to be a "he" they would have laughed themselves silly. But the biggest change is that, in just a month, I'd changed her from an arrogant, lazy, god's gift to women, Mr. Macho into a hardest working maid you ever saw. So nicely terrified of me she didn't hesitate to do anything I ordered her to, regardless of how humiliating. I was getting my revenge, and loving it.

In other areas I was making real progress. Her pussy licking for one. Using the toe and heel method on her she couldn't help but show dramatic improvement. She was almost up to an hour of what I call, "slow lickies" and I was tutoring her in what I called, "a quickie" when I didn't have a lot of time. She was now able to give me an orgasm in a little over five minutes, albeit with a lot of prompting with my toes and heels.

Of course, all was not rosy, except for her ass, as I training her to lick and tongue my ass.

"Keep that tongue stiff, dammit!"

"Get your tongue in deeper, pull my cheeks apart and get in there, I can barely feel it," I ordered, finally resorting to using my cane on her ass to prompt her," I hollered. In reality she was doing fine, I was just curious about just how far up my ass she could get her tongue.

On the plus side her figure was finally improving. When first corseted her figure was thirty inches, and twenty-six was corseted. After a month she'd lost a decent twelve pounds and an inch in her waist. Foolishly when I innocently asked her one day how her corset was feeling she naively admitted she was getting adjusted to it. The wrong answer, at least from her point of view, as two days later mother and I, pulling on the laces of her new corset, laced her down five full inches. Her figure going from twenty-six to twenty-four inches. Well, it's a start I thought.

It was, maybe, a week after that I casually said, "You seem to be navigating really quite naturally in your heels."

Mistaking it as a compliment she actually thanked me. Foolish girl. The next day she was wobbling around in her new five inch heels. As terrified as when we'd first put her in four inch heels. But learning to walk in her new heels was only half her problem as I had shortened her gait trainer from five inches to four inches.

The other experiment I instituted was actually mother's idea.

"I'm wondering, if you applied the carrot instead of the stick, at times, if you wouldn't get her more eager to actually voluntarily turn herself into the maid you're set on training her to be.

So, out of curiosity one day I said, "You almost gave me a quickie under five minutes. Five minutes and seventeen seconds by the clock. I'll make a deal with you. Today's Tuesday, if you can give me a quickie under five minutes without my needing to use my toes or heels on you by Friday I'll give you two hours off on Saturday. And if you can give me two quickies I'll give you two hours off on Sunday as well.

I really was surprised, Mom was so right. The carrot approach really worked. I got my orgasm in exactly four minutes and fifty-one seconds, and the second in even less time. God, you'd think any normal person would consider two hours of free time in a week some kind of joke. But, to give her an appreciation of what an honest day's work really was I'd been working her from five in the morning to midnight seven days a week for a month. So you can imagine how excited she was to have two hours off, two days in a row.

Well, if it worked once maybe it would work again, I thought. So one Saturday I said, "I'm really im-

pressed by how well you're finally not only doing your chores, but actually doing them on time. You only had to wear your punishment uniform once last week. So this coming week if you can do all your chores without my once having to punish you I'll allow you to go to bed one hour early from now on," I said.

And like magic it worked. Mother told me later she worked harder than she'd ever seen her work. And while I did spot a few minor things she missed I didn't bring them up.

Chapter-14 I go on vacation, and Gretel gets a talking to.

After a month's time I felt I had ingrained into her what I expected of her as my maid and how I expected her to act. Which was perfect timing as my girlfriends and I were booked for a three week Greek Island cruise.

"While I'm gone Mother has graciously consented to supervise you. I've specifically told her she not to go easy on you just because I'm not here. And while I'm away you'll be learning valuable, new skills and tasks from my beautician, Rita Rushing," I informed her, "and I'd better not hear that you gave her the slightest problems."

My girlfriends and I left the following morning and, as planned, Mother had a little talk with Gretel.

"I realize this past month has been a difficult and, at times, painful adjustment for you. I'll admit a few times I thought she was a bit excessive in how she treated you. But you need to realize just how badly you treated her while she was growing up, and in high school you absolutely ruined her reputation. So, she

has every right to be angry with you, and treat you as badly as you treated her, don't you think?" She asked.

"Yes, Ma'am, she does," she admitted sour fully.

"Nor do I think she's finished getting her revenge on you," she stated, which drew the expected dismayed expression.

"However I do think this past month, humiliating as I'm sure it's been, has taught you a few things. You've never really worked a day in your life, but now I feel you've learned what an honest day's work is, haven't you?" She asked.

"Oh yes Ma'am I-I really have," she groaned.

"Actually Gretel, you may not believe this, but my feeling is that this is really doing you quite a bit of good. You've finally learned to respect women and it's certainly had a deflating effect on your much over inflated, juvenile macho image you had of yourself as god's gift to women, hasn't it?" She asked, and what could she say?

"Yes, Ma'am, it has," she had to admit.

"Frankly I don't expect Darlene to go any easier on you. She's actually upset that after a month you've only earned an additional 65 days to your contract, and only one Excellent, which brings it down to 64. You have to believe me when I say she was quite serious when she said she hoped you'd end up her maid forever," she declared.

"Oh g-god, noo," she moaned miserably.

"Now, I'm sure all this talk about Darlene wanting to make you her maid forever is leaving you rather depressed, poor thing. However I see the next three weeks as a golden opportunity for you to impress her enough that she'll find it very difficult to find reason to give you as many bad maid marks as you've been getting, and actually start earning some days back. I can help you, if you want my help," she said earnestly.

"Oh yes, Ma'am, I really, I mean Maid Gretel really would like your help. Could Maid Gretel ask what she needs do to?" She asked, so hopefully.

Mom said later she couldn't help grinning, to herself, of course.

"First of all I'll be taking you to Darlene's beautician's, starting tomorrow, to learn more, shall we say, personal duties she wants you to learn. I think it's critical that you impress her with how accomplished you've become in learning your new duties, and that she hears nothing but glowing reports from Rita," she suggested.

"Yes Ma'am, Maid Gretel will try as hard as she can," she naively promised.

"Excellent, that's absolutely the right attitude. Now, there are several other things I know my daughter was planning on training you do. For one, you have to learn how to conduct yourself when your Mistress takes you out in public," she said.

"O-Out in p-public," she blurted out, so nicely terrified at the thought.

"Yes, of course, she's so anxious to show you off so everyone can die of envy. As you can imagine someone her young age having her own maid is quite a status symbol. I'm sure, once I have you trained, that you'll make her proud," she said as seriously as she could.

"Then there's a more intimate duty you can master that I'm positive will really impress her. I know that she's been training you to give her what she calls, 'a quickie' in under five minutes. Don't be shocked, my daughter and I share everything. So I know she not only rewarded you but deducted two days from your contract, didn't she." "Yes Ma'am," she blushed beet red.

“Well, before she returns home I’m going to train you to give her a quickie in under four minutes,” she declared, truly shocking her.

“Y-You going to, y-you mean..”

“You’ll practice on me, of course. You do find me attractive, don’t you?” She asked.

“Oh yes Ma’am, y-you’re g-gorgeous,” she stammered. Which was really true. I was a wonderful mistake she’s always said, having me when she was just seventeen. At thirty-eight we were often mistaken for sisters.

“Well then, we can start tonight. And I think I can ask Rita to add something that will make a four minute quickie all but assured,” she declared, but didn’t elaborate.

Chapter-15 Gretel’s first day at Rita’s.

Bright and early the following day Mom drove Gretel to her first day at Rita’s beauty salon. Rita was a tall, Nordic beauty who towered over Gretel and instantly was intimidated by her stern expression.

“Come with me Gary. Oh yes, I know who you really are. You don’t remember me, do you?” She asked.

“N-No, ah, Ma’am,” she admitted, and instantly got her face viciously slapped.

“You address me as Ms. Jeffers, and the girls who’ll be training you as ‘Miss’ followed by their first name. And you just earned not five, but ten bad maid marks for not addressing me properly. Oh yes, I’m well aware of Darlene’s bad maid marks. However while you’re here they all be doubled, although here we call them, ‘bad sissy marks,” She smirked.

“But M-Maid Gretel didn’t know,” she protested.

“Well, now you do, and you just earned sixteen bad sissy marks for daring to speak without permission and another eight for your tone of voice. Now I don’t wonder that you don’t remember me. I was Darlene’s geeky friend with the awful glasses and braces. The one you would point and laugh at. The one you’d call, ‘the twerk’ in front of all your friends. You made me the laughing stock of the school and made Darlene the class slut. And now Gretel it’s payback time. It’s no mistake that Darlene sent you to me. Since you made me the laughing stock I’ve turned into a real man hater, although I do, on occasion, like a good cock. Which I understand you no longer have.

Tell me what you have now,” she demanded.

“M-Maid Gretel h-has a pussy, Ms. Jeffers,” she sobbed.

“Poor thing, imagine a class stud without a dick,” she chuckled, then added, “so as a confirmed man hater what I have here is a special service area where I turn deserving men, like you, into full blown, brow beaten sissies. So, while you’re here you’ll be Sissy Gretel. Now follow me, we need to get your properly uniformed,” she ordered.

Chapter-16 From Maid Gretel to Sissy Gretel

She led her through what appeared to be a normal looking beauty salon to a pink door with a sign that read, “SISSY SALON.” Once inside there was another salon, all in pink, and a half dozen tastefully uniformed girls. Clapping her hands Rita announced, “Girls this is our newest sissy, Sissy Gretel. Please get her appropriately made-up, do something with her hair, it’s much too short, and in her sissy uniform. I’ll be back with her shoes, bells and teaser. If she gives

you the slightest problem feel free to use the sissy reminder on her as much as you think she needs."

When she left one of the girls named Tina held up a wicked looking, pink paddle at least three feet long with holes in it.

"This is what we affectionately call our Sissy Reminder, and, trust me, we're just looking for an excuse to use it on a new sissy. Now follow me into the sissy make-up and wardrobe room," she directed. When she did Tina pointed to a chair, "Sit and if you utter so much as a sound one of us, or all of us, will enjoy slapping the shit out of you. Understood, Sissy Gretel?" She demanded to know.

"Y-Yes M-Ms. Tina, S-Sissy Gretel understands," she quivered, scared out of her mind. She was in the chair for a good hour. She could feel her hair being worked on, as well as one of the girls applying make-up. They knew she desperately wanted to ask what they were doing, but, fortunately for her, she didn't utter a peek.

When they proclaimed they were finished with her she wasn't allowed to see herself. "We'll wait until we've got you uniformed so you can appreciate the full effect," Tina gloated.

It took them 20 minutes to get Sissy Gretel in her uniform, which was when Rita returned. Ordered to sit and extend her feet Rita said, "Now let's get you in your official sissy shoes. Six inch high heels we call, 'ankle breakers.'"

"S-Six inches? Oh please, M-Maid Gretel was j-just put in five inch heels," she miserably protested as Rita crammed her feet in them and tightly buckled the ankle straps.

"Oh dear, I'm so sorry, but all our sissies start in our lowest heels. But I'm sure by the end of three weeks you'll be swishing like you were born in them," she

said, attaching two bells to each toe, then dangling earrings, each with two bells

"Now for your teaser. Open your mouth and stick out your tongue," she ordered. When she did, having no idea why, she felt her tongue being swapped with something and then it went completely numb. She never felt the hole Rita punched in the tip of her tongue or the circular, steel stud she inserted and then glued.

"Now let's get you over to a full length mirror so you can see the new sissy you," she said, directing her on wobbly feet over to a mirror.

"Oh noth,p-prease, kaths nut meth. Wath half you dun to mith fongue," she lisped in horror.

All the girls and Rita couldn't help their satisfied smirks. Especially when a new sissy saw herself for the first time. And it was with good reason Sissy Gretel looked horrified at the vision staring back at her. For she wore high waisted shiny, pink pants, so short you wouldn't even call them hot pants as they rode part way up her ass with a center seam that perfectly displayed both cheeks in exaggerated prominence and with pink bows at the outside of each hem. The white, satin, skin tight top had very short sleeves accented with pink bows. The short, rounded collar had a darling pussy cat bow, but below that a vertical, cutout fully displayed not only her ample cleavage, but even partly showed off her nipples. On her hands were short, white gloves, also with pink bows that matched the ruffle and bow trimmed anklets. But perhaps it was her new hairdo that most horrified her. With the extensions the girls had weaved in it was now twice as long and done up, in all things, into ridiculous pigtails, each with huge pink bows. Her lips were no longer red but the shiniest pink, pink eyeshadow, and even pink, doll-like rouge on her cheeks. She looked like a total, sissified bimbo.

"Don't you just love the new you? We call it, 'the total sissy, bimbo' look," Rita smugly asked.

"Oh please don't let anyone see me like this," she pleaded.

"Oh no, of course not, just all the women who come in for the special talents you'll be taught," she chuckled.

Chapter-17 The Sissy Rules and Schedule.

"Now, there are certain rules you'll adhere to while in the Sissy Salon. You'll curtsy to all our customers, just pretend you're wearing a skirt. The other sissies will be arriving shortly. You'll curtsy to them and give each an air kiss on both cheeks. When asked your name you'll say, 'The sissy's name is, 'Sissy Bimbo Slut Trainee Gretel.' If asked who you belong to you'll say, 'The sissy belongs to Mistress Darlene Lewis.'" At all times you will smile and act eager, cheerful and excited to please," she said.

"Tina, why don't you go over Sissy Gretel's daily schedule?" She asked.

"You'll report to the Sissy Salon at precisely 7:30 to be uniformed and made-up.

"From eight till nine you'll be trained to give manicures and pedicures.

"From nine to ten you'll attend the customers who'll be arriving. As each arrives you'll ask them if, 'Sissy Bimbo Gretel can pretty please lick their shoes, then after thanking them for the privilege of licking their shoes you'll carry out any orders you're given.

"From ten to eleven you'll be trained to give what we call foot service.

"Then from eleven to noon you'll be trained to shave legs and underarms.

"From noon to one o'clock you'll practice what you've learned on the girls while they have their lunch.

"From one to two you'll attend our arriving afternoon customers.

"From two until three you'll be trained in how to trim, powder and perfume pussies.

"Then from three to four you'll commence your pussy licking training with your new, tongue pussy teaser.

"From four to five you'll begin learning to give various massages including; the neck and shoulder massage, leg massage, ass massage, breast massage and full body massage. Then from five to five-thirty we'll review your bad sissy marks and decide what punishment you're to receive. Does that sound like such an exciting day?" She asked.

"Y-Yes Ms. Tina," she had to say as her face crumpled in tatters.

Chapter-18 Unfortunately five o'clock arrives.

Five o'clock was Rita's favorite time of the day. It would become Sissy Gretel's worst time of the day, she mused, she just didn't know it yet.

Sissy Gretel stood nervously in line with the five other sissies as Riata said,

"We'll sissies time for your daily review. I'll start with Sissy Brenda."

She noted with satisfaction Sissy Gretel's increasingly scared look as one after the other she noted each sissy's faults during the day. Each was then ordered to grab their ankles and spread their legs as she picked up the pink, sissy reminder and paddled each to various degrees depending on how many faults they'd incurred. Regardless, when she was finished with each they were left sobbing hysterically.

Finally she got to Sissy Gretel. "You have not had a good first day Sissy Gretel, not good at all. You spoke without permission three times today. Mrs. Grey reported that you failed to lick the soles of her shoes. Then the high school tennis player said that you hesitated when she ordered you to lick her sweaty, undoubtedly stinky feet and did a haphazard job of it. You failed to air kiss Sissy Bambi or curtsy to Sissy Tammi. But worst of all several customers informed me that when you were either trimming, powdering and perfuming their pussies, or massaging their breasts, you weren't able to concentrate and they were most distracted by the many sharp, pained moans coming from you. I assume it was your pussy trying, and failing, to become excited, well?" She demanded to know.

"Yeth Ma'am," she replied shamefully.

"Well, it occurs with all new sissies. However I'm sure you'll be glad to hear that your fruitless, sissy urges will eventually completely disappear," she gloated, seeing her devastated look.

"You won't be punished for those, however as to your other faults, which total 42 bad sissy marks, Tina paddle her ass once for every fault, which also means you've just added a total of six days to your contract," she said smugly.

"As far as your reluctance to lick our customers' feet we'll put a stop to that tomorrow. Every time a new customer comes in you'll stop what you're doing and lick her sweaty, hopefully stinky, feet. Normally we average 35 customers a day," she said, noting Sissy Gretel's crumpled expression. Which was nothing compared to what she declared next. "Each woman will rate your licking either 'acceptable' or 'unacceptable.' If you get so much as one 'unacceptable' you'll spend the next day at the barber shop across the street licking the feet of all the construction workers who fre-

quent it. The last sissy I sent over there came back in tatters, barely making it out alive. Do you understand sissy?

“Oooh, yeth Ma’am,” she groaned, totally terrified.

Chapter-19 No sympathy from Mom.

When she finally was delivered home, still in her Sissy, Slut Trainee uniform, she couldn’t help breaking into uncontrollable sobs.

“Oh my, did you have a difficult day?” Mom asked, in mock concern.

“Oth goth, ith wath so horriblth,” she cried.

“Loth how I’m dresth, a-anth theth made me wearth higher heelth, a-and I wath spanketh, anth,” she went on and on until she ran out of words.

“Well, I can sympathize, up to a point. After all it was your first day with so many new things to learn and learning how Rita expects her salon sissies to act and dress. Yes, yes I know you don’t want to be a sissy, I mean what man would? But, I’m sure you understand how disruptive it would be to the other sissies to have you show up dressed as a maid. So, for the next three weeks you’ll just have to pretend you’re a sissy in training, even though you’re really Darlene’s maid,” she suggested, desperately trying hard not to crack a smile.

“And in your short pants and higher heels I can’t believe how shapely and sexy your long legs look. As to wearing a higher heel, I’m sure they’re rather treacherous and hurt your feet, but I see them as being actually helpful. Imagine how much easier it’s going to be when you switch to just five inch heels when you come home. And how impressed Darlene will be

when she sees how naturally you've learned to walk in them," she said, this time chuckling to herself.

"Now as to what they put on your tongue. It's called a pussy teaser, and I'll admit I called Rita and asked her to put one on you. I hope that doesn't shock you, but you do want to impress Darlene so, hopefully, she'll ease up on you, don't you?" She asked.

"Oh, Yeth Ma'am," she answered earnestly.

"Well I know that of all the things you do for her licking her pussy is her absolute favorite. A pussy teaser will not only drive her wild, I'm sure with one you'll be able to give her that four minute quickie she's been wanting. Now that will really impress her, and don't worry about the lisp, most of it will go away," she lied.

"Yeth Ma'am," she agreed, and Mom marveled at how easy it had been getting her to accept her pussy teaser.

Chapter-20 Mom just wants to help.

"Now here's where I can help you, if you want. I can tutor you when you come home to help you learn more quickly. Which will undoubtedly mean being spanked less and less. Would you like me to?" Mom asked, and naively she seemed eternally grateful.

"So why don't you go to your room, change into your maid's uniform and we'll get started. Oh yes, why don't you leave the bells on, they sound so delightful, and keep your hair how it is, I think Darlene will really like it," she suggested, although Maid Gretel knew it was really an order.

When she came back down, now as Maid Gretel, albeit with bells tinkling and hair still in the ridiculous

sissy pigtails, the first Mom made not of was how much better she was walking in her five inch heels.

"You see, I told you walking in higher heels at Rita's is helping you, aren't they?" She asked, and when Gretel had to agree, Mom thought, god, this is so easy!

"Well, let's start out with you licking my feet, then bathing, massaging, powdering and perfuming them," she said, as she reclined with a drink and the paper. When she finished Mom said, "Now that was actually quite nice. Not all women's feet are sweaty or stinking, are they?"

"No Ma'am," she had to admit in relief.

What Mom had said before I left was that the days at Rita's would be humiliating, and painful. Once home however what she needed was positive reinforcement, compliments and encouragement.

Even before dinner Mom had her give a neck and shoulder massage.

"That was really very good, you have very sensitive hands. It's hard to believe you've just had one day of training," she enthused. For which Maid Gretel thanked her, grateful for any compliment.

After dinner Mom sat in her favorite chair looking forward to her next tutoring lesson. "Now when I snap my fingers and spread my legs you know what to do, don't you?" She asked.

"Yeth Ma'am," she replied. And seconds later Mom was tutoring her in pussy licking.

"My goodness, that was quite good," she gasped, "Now according to Darlene the best quickie time was four minutes and fifty-one seconds. You just bettered than by nearly twenty seconds, four minutes and thirty-one seconds. I think I'll give you an incentive. Today's Monday, if you can give me a quickie under four minutes I'll give you two hours off not only on Saturday but Sunday as well."

By the end of the evening Mom has “tutored” her by having Maid Gretel give her a manicure and pedicure. Complimenting her again on how quickly she’d picked up the skill, and, “how really good you are with your hands.” She had the same pussy problems as she was massaging her breasts and trimming Mom’s pussy. But, patting her head she said she was sure the problem would soon go away. Seeing her expression Mom was certain Maid Gretel didn’t know whether to be relieved or alarmed.

Chapter-21 Sissy Gretel’s second week at the sissy salon.

I chatted almost daily with Mom on the phone about Gretel’s progress. At the end of the first week Rita and Mom got together over drinks to decide what they wanted to accomplish during the second week. Chuckling, Rita decided to introduce something new. Listening to their plans I thought it was going so well I decided to spend an additional week in Miami bar hopping.

So it was that Tuesday that Sissy Gretel received her first, “good sissy” mark.

“Could I have your attention every one, please?” Rita asked, clapping her hands. “Mrs. Markham just awarded Sissy Gretel her first, ‘good sissy’ mark for the manicure she was given,” she said, as everyone applauded.

Rita could see her obvious confusion so she explained. “To graduate to Assistant Salon Sissy you must receive ten, ‘good sissy’ marks in all the areas your receiving training in plus ten compliments on either your appearance or your demeanor and not be spanked for two days in a row. Then to become a certified Junior Salon Sissy you must receive ten, ‘very good sissy’ marks, and not be spanked for three days. And to be certified an Accomplished Salon Sissy you

would need to be rated 'excellent' in all the same areas, and I could see you actually being hired as a manicurist or even a masseuse, and not be spanked for an entire week. In fact I'm so sure of it I'm going to recommend to your Mistress that you continue here until you graduate as a certified Accomplished

Salon Sissy. Isn't that exciting?" She asked devilishly."

"Oh yes, Ms. Jeffry's it, it's so exciting," she lisped glumly, knowing she couldn't say what she really felt.

Later that week, laughing to herself, Rita announced that Sissy Gretel had just received a compliment from Ms. Young who declared, "Sissy Gretel had the finest rear end she'd ever seen on a new salon sissy."

By the end of four weeks Sissy Gretel needed only twelve more, "good sissy" marks before she became a certified Assistant Salon Sissy.

Chapter-22 Mom's advanced tutoring.

I was just as impressed, maybe more so, by what Mom had accomplished in just four weeks. On Monday of the second week Mom had a little talk with Maid Gretel.

"I think a week of tutoring you at home has done wonders. Rita said you're becoming quite proficient in several area and last Friday she didn't have to spank you at all. Now all you have to go is two days. That's really great progress!" She gushed.

"It, It is? I mean..." she said, obviously having mixed feelings. On the one hand she was being complimented, on the other she was being complimented on becoming a sissy.

"You're not only walking quite naturally already in five inch heels, but Rita said the last two days you didn't trip once in your sissy heels. Now, as I told you Darlene had planned to train you to other duties when

she gets back. I'm willing to spend time tutoring you in those so that you'll really impress her. Would you like me to? She asked innocently, and, of course, she thankfully, quickly agreed, not even knowing what they were. Poor Gretel.

"Great, so let's go to your Mistresses' bedroom where I'll tutor you in the duties of a chambermaid Darlene had planned to train you to do," Mom said brightly.

When they got there she said, "The first duty of a chambermaid is to dress and undress her Mistress. While here, to practice, you'll address me as, 'Mistress.' And as she and I are the same size we'll use her wardrobe. We'll start in the kneeling position where you will first take off my shoes, then belt, skirt or pants. Followed by pantyhose or stockings and garter belt, finally my panties. In the standing position you'll first remove my jacket, blouse, bra and then whatever jewelry I'm wearing."

Mom had her first undress her, then redress her in reverse order several times before she was sure she'd learned the proper sequence.

"Next, in order to know what to dress your Mistress in you need to study and memorize the name and description of every article of clothing in her wardrobe. For example if your Mistress were to say, 'Today I want you to lay out my Versace, cream colored suit, white, satin Armani blouse, black, patent leather, open-toed Jimmy Choo pumps, Calvin Klein belt, my satin, cream colored Victoria's Secret lift up bra, matching panties, garter belt and tan nylons would you know what to take out? She asked.

"N-No Ma'am, I mean Mistress," She had to admit.

"So, what you'll do after serving dinner and attending to any needs I may have is to spend some time each night, to start, memorizing all your Mistresses' shoes.

When you think you're able to identify them I will test you by choosing twenty pair at random for you to fetch. If you correctly bring the right shoes I will allow you to sleep in one hour more this weekend foregoing your early morning chores," She proclaimed.

When I heard what Mom had planned I almost felt sorry for her. As I had over seventy pair of pumps, boots, sandals and sneakers.

I couldn't imagine her memorizing every single article of clothing in my wardrobe by the time I got back. I could see Mom smiling when she said, "Oh, all I need to do is promise her a couple hours of free time and you never saw anyone try so hard."

Chapter-23 Maid Gretel's early morning Mistress ritual.

"Now as your Mistresses' Chambermaid you'll need to learn a certain morning ritual for week days and weekends as they vary. During the week first you'll start her shower, making sure it's precisely the right temperature, and then you'll wake her at seven o'clock with coffee. As she gets up she'll inform you of what she wants to wear that day. Lay out everything as fast as you can, then stand outside the shower with a towel to dry, then powder and perfume her. After you've dressed her you'll give her an early morning quickie as she does her make up. As soon as she's finished you'll serve her breakfast downstairs.

On weekends first you'll fill the tub adding bubble bath, you'll wake her at 7:30. Then after you've laid out her clothes go and kneel by the tub with soap and sponge in case she wants you to scrub her back or breasts. After you've dressed her you'll give her a ten minute orgasm as she does her make-up. Don't worry you can practice on me," she said. Which she did every

day till I came back. I giggled when I thought of her sponging Mom's breasts and back and the havoc it must be causing her pussy.

Chapter-24 Proper etiquette accompanying her Mistress outside.

"Now, the last thing Darlene was going to teach you was proper maid etiquette when accompanying your Mistress when she shops or meets friends for lunch for example. So today you'll accompany us on a shopping trip. But first let's get your properly attired," she said.

When she was it was quite a different uniform. A gray dress with a full skirt modestly a couple inches below the knees. The white, high collar had just a touch of lace as did the cuffs of the long sleeves. On her legs were black cotton stockings with plain round toed, patent leather, black pumps with just a two inch heel. She didn't wear an apron, but did wear a lace trimmed maid's cap.

"When accompanying your Mistress, or myself, you will always walk three paces behind me. The two most important rules are first, in public, a maid never speaks. She curtsies once for, 'Yes' and twice for, 'No. The second most important rule is that a maid always keeps her head bowed, she is to never look up. All you need to do is fix your eyes on my shoes and follow them. When I stop, you stop. If I'm walking and snap my fingers it means there's a door you must run ahead and open. When I'm in a store and I snap my fingers it means you are to stand precisely where you are and not to move, or distract people my fidgeting, until I snap my fingers twice," she instructed her, completely ignoring her stunned gasp at how she was expected to conduct herself in public.

Nor, when Mom was window shopping did she find it easy to never look up.

"I saw you in the window looking up," Mom accused her. "It's not important for a maid to know where she is, is it?" Mom demanded to know.

"N-No Mistress," she had to reply.

"And what did I tell you about not speaking in public? If either happens again I'll make damn sure it doesn't happen again," she warned, pretending to be angry.

Of course, Mom never for a minute, thought she could actually accompany her on a lengthy shopping excursion without being tempted to look up, or remembering never to speak.

As she hoped they ran into one of her older, rich, snotty friends.

"And who is this drab thing?" She asked.

"A new girl I recently acquired. I'm training her as my daughter's maid," Mom said.

"What's her name?" The woman asked, and mistakenly thinking she was being talked to she looked up, curtsied, and said, "Maid Gretel, Ma'am." "Not very well trained is she?" The woman remarked.

"I really have to apologize, it's her first outing," Mom said, secretly delighted.

When the woman left Mom turned to Gretel and acting enraged, said, "Well,

I've never been so embarrassed. Don't say I didn't warn you. Stick out your tongue."

Thoroughly cowed she immediately did so. At which time Mom took a heavy, clip-on earring out of the purse and clipped it to the tip of her tongue.

"Now, bow your head, no more," she ordered, and producing a ball point pen inserted it under her collar in back.

“Look up,” she ordered, and when she tried she got a sharp jab, not able to raise her head even a fraction.

And that’s the way she left her for the next three hours of her shopping with Mom adding, “You just earned another twenty-four bad maid marks.”

When Mom called to tell me of Gretel’s, hopefully humiliating, first venture in public, and to my delight it was, she added, “There’s one thing we never thought of, and you’re going to love this. When we got home she had a very pained expression on her. When I asked if something was the matter she said, ‘Maid Gretel’s feet hurt, a-a lot Mistress.’ Obviously forcing her to wear such towering heels all day is making walking in just two inch heels a painful experience after just a couple hours.”

“So,” she chuckled, if you ever do let her go back to being a guy he’ll never be able to walk in men’s shoes again, unless it’s on his very tippy toes.” Which I thought would always be a fitting reminder of what got him in his current predicament.

There was also one other thing Mom did while I was away. She noticed that after a couple weeks Gretel appeared to have adjusted to being corseted daily to five inches and that she’d lost another six pounds. So she got a smaller corset that when laced five inches took her waist down to twenty-three inches. Well, I thought with a smirk, it’s at least a start.

Chapter-25 My return and Maid Gretel gets a surprise.

The day I was returning would prove a momentous and very surprising event to her.

You see when Mom had first glued her pussy on she’d also slid a fascinating rubber ring down to the

base of her organ. What made it so fascinating was that by a small remote she could inflate it to the point where not only couldn't her pussy get excited, it produced a painful reminder not to even try.

But she could also deflate it. Which she did just before I was due to arrive. Then she had mashed up a Viagra into her meager lettuce salad that she was allowed to have for lunch.

Mom timed it perfectly. When she opened the door to greet me her pussy was quivering stiff. She looked in shock feeling her pussy suddenly so excited.

"My goodness girl you appear very distracted and fidgety. What in the world is causing this? Is it seeing your Mistress after all these weeks?" I asked, winking at Mom.

Poor Maid Gretel, she just couldn't bring herself to say.

Mom, pretended to whisper to me, to which I said, "Oh my, do you really think?

Maid Gretel, raise your skirts up," I commanded.

"Is it your pussy?" I asked, tracing my nails lightly over her panties, causing a frantic moan.

"Oh my god, your pussy is obviously most excited! Did it get excited, just seeing your Mistress?" I asked, planting the suggestion.

Thinking there could be no other reason forced her to say, "Y-Yes, Maid Gretel is, ooh, so excited to see her Mistress."

"Well, what a nice compliment. Let me think about what to do, after I get a report from Mother on the progress you've made while I was gone, and from Rita, when she shows up. I hope I don't hear a single negative comment from either of them," I warned, then added, "By the way, how did she suddenly acquire that lisp? It's adorable." "Oh, you'll find out pretty quick, I think," Mom winked.

To her complete surprise and obvious relief Mom, as planned, was quite lavish in praising what she'd accomplished. "She worked real hard and I was able to, ah, tutor her in several areas which she' actually become quite accomplished in. I've also trained her in her chambermaid duties and in proper maid etiquette while in public. Just so you won't have to," she grinned.

"That's incredible, and I also couldn't help noticing how naturally she's already walking in her five inch heels," I remarked.

"Oh that's nothing, Rita has her walking all day almost naturally in her six inch sissy heels," she said.

"Well, I must say I'm really impressed. Now how many bad maid marks did you have to give her?" I asked.

"Only 48, and just six the last week."

"You really must have gone easy on her. That's only six extra days added on her contract," I said, sounding disappointed.

"Honestly I didn't, although I'm sure she got a lot more from Rita," Mom assured me, then to Gretel said, "Why don't you give your Mistress a welcome home quickie, and she'll find out why you've developed a sudden lisp."

Exactly three minutes and forty-two seconds later I got the most earth shattering orgasm that left me panting.

"My God, for that I'm going to forgive all the bad maid marks Mom has given you," I declared.

"Oh thank you, thank you Mistress Darlene," she said, so gratefully.

I was just recovering when Rita showed up. It was obvious she scared poor Gretel to death.

"Why hello there Sissy or sorry Maid Gretel. Are you happy to see me?" She asked.

"Oh y-yes Ms. Jeffrys, M-Maid Gretel is so happy t-to see you," she said, although she clearly wasn't.

After she'd served Rita a drink I asked about her progress in the Sissy Salon.

"Well, the first week is always the hardest, of course. New Sissies are always in denial. We had to cane her every day and she earned 69 bad sissy marks just the first week. However by the fourth we only had to cane her once, and she only earned eighteen bad sissy marks. In total she has 157 bad sissy marks," she said.

"Well, that's more like it. Another thirty-seven days. So far you're up to just over three months added to your contract," I declared triumphantly, seeing her shoulders sag.

"Actually I'm quite impressed. It usually takes new Sissies twice as long to become a certified Assistant Salon Sissy, but Sissy Gretel only has ten more good sissy marks to earn. I think she should definitely go all the way and earn her Accomplished Sissy certification. I think she'll be one of the best sissies I've ever turned out," she declared.

When I asked Mom's opinion she said, "The girl never accomplished anything in her life, this would be a first."

"I fully agree. So I'm thinking three mornings a week, and all day when I'm out of town," I stated, noting, with satisfaction, Gretel's dismayed expression.

Chapter-26 Maid Gretel's Reward

After she'd served us dinner I had her follow me to my bedroom with an after dinner drink. As I reclined in my favorite chair I had her stand in front of me.

“As I said I’m very impressed with the progress you’ve made. I ‘m also impressed with how you’ve lowered your bad maid and bad sissy marks. However to keep you constantly improving I’m lowering the number of bad maid and sissy marks from six to five. So, from now on every five bad marks adds a day to your contract,” I stated, and while she started to protest she meekly curtsied in defeat and said, “Yes Mistress Darlene.”

“Now I want you to spread your legs as far as you can, no further, and hold your skirts up as high as possible and don’t let them drop,” I instructed. When she had I put the toe of my pump on her pantied pussy, causing her to gasp.

“I feel your pussy is still really excited, isn’t it?” I asked.

“Y-Yes M-Mistress Darlene,” she moaned, as I proceeded to lightly stroke her pussy.

“I’m so impressed with your progress that I’m going to give you a reward. I’m going to allow your pussy to have an orgasm. However, as with all things, you must have my permission before you do so. When you feel your pussy is about to have an orgasm you must instantly inform me by saying, ‘Please Mistress Darlene, may Maid Gretel’s pussy have an orgasm?’ and when I do you’ll, or course, thank me,” I informed her.

Poor Gretel, I kept her “on edge”, desperate to erupt for the next twenty minutes before putting her out of her misery.

“T-Thank you Mistress Darlene f-for Maid Gretel’s orgasm,” she could barely get out.

“You’re very welcome, and in the future, when I see you being an exceptionally good maid or sissy I’ll give your pussy another reward,” I said magnanimously.

Imagine a guy, well once a guy, thanking me for her orgasm, She was almost there, I thought. I let her have carefully space out orgasms, maybe once a month, after all I didn't want to spoil her, I giggled.

Chapter-27 Well, this is a surprise.

There was one surprising thing that occurred about mid-summer. I was rewarding Gretel by allowing to sit by the pool for a short time. When I came out I could see she was doing something with the notepad and pencil I'd left on the table.

"What the hell do you think you're doing with my notepad and pencil?" I thundered.

"M-M-Maid Gretel is s-so sorry, she couldn't help it," she babbled, completely terrified.

"Couldn't help what? Give it to me," I ordered, and was totally surprised to see a really well done pencil sketch of the garden trellis and stone pathway.

"So, you like to draw?" I asked.

"Oh yes, Mistress Darlene," she said with some passion.

"Perhaps the next time you've earned a reward I'll let you draw something.

Would you like that?"

Oh yes, Mistress Darlene, Maid Gretel would really like that," she said excitedly.

Chapter-28 Feminized, but not completely.

Still after several months while she certainly looked like a girl, a rather sexy, at times slutty one, talked like one, and acted completely feminine, if not

exaggeratedly so I wasn't totally convinced I'd actually turned her into one. I was pretty sure that was a guy in there dying to get back to what she once was. But that, of course, wasn't my plan for her. Finally I thought of something, admittedly rather cruel, that would once and for all crush anything male hiding in her.

One night when I had her dressed in her most revealing, slutty French Maids uniforms, that I knew she hated, as it left her tits virtually falling out, her half pantied ass on complete display whenever she bent over even a little, fishnet stockings and seven inch heels and she was assisting in dressing me for a particularly hot date I said, "Tonight when my date arrives you'll greet him at the door, escort him into the living room, making sure you walk in front of him so he can feast on that incredible, twitching ass of yours. When you serve him make sure your tits are below his eyes so he can drool over them, In short, you'll do everything you can to get him all heated up for me."

"Oh p-please Mistress Darlene, please, no," she begged.

"Here's the deal. I'll give you twenty minutes before I come down. When I do and you've given my date a very noticeable hard-on I'll let you draw for two hours on Saturday. And if you can get him to pinch your ass or try to feel you up I'll let you draw for three hours on Saturday and Sunday," I said.

It amused me no end to see just how much she wanted to draw, and in the process be reminded she was no longer a guy. When I finally came down Brad's pants were tenting nearly straight up, while Gretel stood obviously ashamed and humiliated at what she'd forced herself to do just to draw.

A week later she actually got one of my dates to pinch her ass!

Chapter - 29 One year later, and it's decision time.

I'll have to admit I was so pleased with myself at how Gretel turned out. I virtually led a pampered life, not having to lift the tiniest finger to do anything.

"You should be proud. You've turned a useless, lazy excuse for a guy into something productive whether she'll admit it or not. Now what are you going to do with her? Her bad maid marks only total up to a little over a year.

"Oh Mom, you really underestimate me," I grinned.

"Well Gretel, your one year contract is up," I said, the following day. "However you have acquired enough bad maid and sissy marks that it's added an additional thirteen months. You understand that?"

"Yes Mistress Darlene," she said dejectedly.

"The question is what to do with you. You see, with two of my ex-sorority sisters we're starting on own marketing research company and I'll hardly be home. Rita, however, has been pestering me to spend your extra days full time at her salon. Her foot licking sissy is leaving and she thinks you'd make a perfect replacement. Spending all day licking women's feet," I said, as seriously as I could.

"F-full time? L-licking feet, oh god, please, no..." she gasped, horrified at the thought as I knew it was the one thing she absolutely hated. Imagine what she was feeling thinking of licking sweaty, stinky feet for the next year.

"There is one other possibility that mother suggested, although frankly with your lazy attitude about studying, I doubt if you could do it. As with any new business we'll be operating on a shoestring budget.

But what we need is a combination receptionist, secretary, girl friday and office maid" I said.

The shoestring part was pure fantasy. You see Mom bought us this gorgeous house. We converted the front, downstairs half into our office. The back half into a living and dining room as well as our kitchen. The upstairs we divided into our individual living spaces.

"Please, Maid Gretel will do it," she pleaded.

"I doubt it. Still I'm willing to give you a chance. I'll enroll you at an on line university where you'll take secretarial courses in typing, shorthand and dictation, business software and filing. Plus you will adhere to a specific dress code and office etiquette. You'll have three months to complete all courses with no less than an 'A' in each. One 'B' and you go to the Sissy Salon. Plus all additional days you still have to complete you don't start working off until you complete all courses and we're satisfied with your performance, which will be decided on at a weekly review for the following six month probationary period. Your duties will include acting as our receptionist and secretary. As our girl friday you'll do whatever tasks we assign you. As our office maid you'll serve at all meetings. Plus you'll perform all the personal grooming skills you've been taught and, of course, will include all your more intimate duties." I declared. "After hours you'll perform the same maid's duties that you've been trained to do," I continued, noticing her suddenly less than enthusiastic expression. So to sweeten the pot I added, "On the other hand you'll no longer be required to be up at five, but at six instead. And you'll no longer have to perform any cleaning chores, we'll be hiring a cleaning service for that. In the evening you'll have one hour of free time during which you can draw if you wish. At your Friday performance review, if you receive an, 'excellent' you'll be allowed to draw for two

hours on Saturday and Sunday. After you successfully complete all your courses you'll receive a salary of \$5 an hour, which you can use to purchase art supplies. Plus a raise at the end of your probationary period."

Well, that, of course, did it, and we had our receptionist, secretary, girl friday and office maid.

Chapter-30 Two years later.

We've just been in business two years and we're not only wildly successful but with profits beyond our expectations. And, we all admitted we owed a lot of it to Gretel.

Normally we have her dressed conservatively in a tailored suit, tasteful make-up and hair, and just four inch heels. She won't admit it, but we can all see how much she likes her office look.

However when we have a meeting scheduled with men she's dressed and acts quite differently. Just last week we had a meeting with three representatives of a company, all men, wanting to hire us.

We had a lobby camera where we could watch their reactions at the sight of our receptionist, and they were priceless. There was Gretel behind her glass desk dressed in the tightest, red leather skirt so short her stocking tops and suspenders showed over a most inviting view. The tight, pink top she wore, braless, was unbuttoned to below her tits and clearly defined nipples. On her legs were black seamed nylons... Her feet were clad in seven inch high, red, spike shoes... Her hair we nicknamed her, "trashy, bimbo" look.

She sat there with her legs spread so the first thing they saw was her white, satin, thong panties. When she stood, to greet them, she bent well over, her tits threatening to pop out at any instant.

Reciting her lines breathlessly in her dumb, sexy, bimbo voice, that she practiced, she said, "Why hello there, my name is Candy Stiffson. I'm here to service you in any way I possibly can, please have a seat."

As they did she pretended to file something turning her back to them and bending was over. Which caused her skirt to ride half way up her bare ass.

"Oh my god, I think the pants of all three are already tenting," Olivia giggled. "Just wait, this is the part I love," Brenda chuckled.

Gretel, aka Candy Stiffson, brought in coffee for them, bending over until her huge tits were mere inches from their faces, which, naturally, they couldn't help drooling over, and nearly passing out, their tents suddenly even stiffer, as they smelled the heavy, musk perfume she'd sprayed them with. What made it even more torturous for them is we'd come up with the idea of spraying perfume on the bottoms of their cups.

"I think they're ready," I said to Gretel over the intercom who led them, all three covering their crotches with briefcases into the conference room.

They never had a chance as Gretel sat across from them sucking passionately on a pencil as if she were sucking their dicks. When we doubled our standard fee they were so sexually overloaded they couldn't think of anything to say other than to stammer, "T-That's fine."

Chapter-31 Gretel's surprise.

When they left Gretel, giggling, asked, "Well, how did I do?"

Gretel still didn't like giving our dates hard-ons, but she thought it lots of fun giving them to guys who



came into the office. Mostly because she knew if she played her part she'd be nicely rewarded.

"You were fantastic! Three for three. Two of them frantically headed for the men's room, obviously to get some much needed relief. The third, poor guy, tried hiding the huge, sticky stain coming thru his pants, but we all saw it," I said laughing, then added, "You not only deserve a big reward, but I think it's time for Gretel's big surprise."

When they all agreed, I said, "Go and change back into Gretel, then we're all going to lunch to celebrate."

After a very pleasant lunch, we headed back to the office. As we did we walked past an art gallery.

"Oh, let's stop in here," I suggested, and when we'd entered we all shouted,

"Surprise!"

For there on the walls were all of Gretel's sketches and watercolors in beautiful frames.

##

I Married For Money And Got A Maid

Chapter-1 What to do?

Frank was a nice enough guy, but I didn't marry him for love, I married him for his money. And to get ahead. When I joined his company I was one of a dozen secretaries. By the time I was finished wrapping him around my finger he'd promoted me to VP of Public Relations.

After the first time I fucked his brains out he got sex whenever he'd been a good boy, showered me with expensive gifts, knuckled under to what I wanted, promoted me, or gave me one of numerous raises. He wasn't the typical, hard-driving aggressive male I really wanted. And one day when I came home early I found out why. There he was trying to get into one of our maid's uniforms already in a bra, panties, nylons and heels. Worse I could see he had a hard-on. I was furious and disgusted. Ignoring his crying attempts to explain himself I said, "Don't say a fucking word until I decide what I'm going to do about this."

Going downstairs I poured myself a stiff drink and took my time thinking about what I'd just seen. I decided what I wanted to find out was just how deep my pansy husband was into panties and skirts and how I could turn it to my advantage.

"Honest Jill, I-I won't ever do this again..." he started to babble.

"Shut up and get your heels back on, Fifi," I ordered.

"F-Fifi?" He stuttered.

Chapter-2 From Husband to Maid.

"Who am I to deny you if you want to prance around in one of Mary's uniforms.

However, as long as you're uniformed you may as well start acting like a maid, Fifi. Here's a list of all the chores Mary usually does. You have until six o'clock to get them all done. For any that aren't done, or aren't done to perfection you'll be punished by being spanked," I declared.

"S-spanked? You, you can't..." was all he got out before I hauled off and slapped his face as hard as I could, not once, but several times.

"I think you were going to say I wouldn't, well, were you, Fifi?" I asked.

"N-no I wasn't" he sobbed.

"No I wasn't Mistress. Now say it. That's how you address the head of the house.

Understood?" I thundered.

"Y-yes M-Mistress," my pathetic excuse for a husband replied.

Throughout the day I kept him terrified with constant threats and demands.

"You better get moving girl, or you know what your ass is going to get."

"Y-yes Mistress..."

"How dare you speak without a proper curtsy first," I shouted.

"Curtsy, y-you want me to..." was all he got out before I soundly slapped his face.

"Do it," I ordered, pleased to see him attempt a pitiful excuse for a curtsy.

"When you're finished with your chores girls you'll learn to curtsy properly, and when you're expected to curtsy to the head of the house," I stated.

Both of which he learned, after I'd bent him over, pulled his panties down and spanked him with a hairbrush until I had the sissy crying and begging me to stop.

At the end of a long and painful day I marched him by his ear to the spare room reserved for Mary, our maid, when she stayed over.

"This is your room from now on. Here's your list for tomorrow. You'll be up, in the uniform you so obviously love, and hard at work by 5:30," I declared.

He didn't know it but these two days sealed his fate. I kept waiting for him to put his foot down and act like a man. But he never did and I felt nothing but contempt and disgust. So, I decided that he was going to take Mary's place, permanently. Now, he'll tell me to shove it, instead he just hung his head.

I did get an inkling of just how addicted the wimp was to his panties catching him jerking off in them when he thought I wasn't looking. I added that to my list of things I would put a stop to.

The following weekend I started by saying, "You look ridiculous with nylons on and that hair on your legs. Shave it off and do your underarms as well," I ordered.

Chapter-3 Fifi gets a "slight" make-over.

The week after that I told "her", which is how I was already thinking of him as, that while I would tolerate her dressing up and acting like a maid she was going to look at least presentable. "My beautician thinks your little fantasy is amusing and she's agreed to give you a professional make-over and do something with your hair. Don't worry, she's promised not to do anything too drastic," I lied.

So dressed as she was I strong armed my nervous sissy into Lydia's shop. Putting him at ease she said, "Really Frank, I mean Fifi, I think this will be so much fun. Now just take off your cute outfit, put this on and relax."

Handing her a short, pink smock and seating her in one of her chair he didn't grow alarmed as she shampooed his hair. He did, however, when she started putting curlers in her longish hair.

"I'm just giving it a light perm to add a little body, nobody will notice," she promised with a wink to me, as she also added long extensions. She re-assured her again that nobody would notice as she began plucking, "a few strays" from her eyebrows.

She then started applying, "slightly longer" eyelashes and spent the longest time on her make-up and after declaring that her lips were a bit too thin completely re-drew them then painted on the reddest lipstick, sealing them with a special gloss she and I had agreed on. As she was under the hairdryer she glued on, "a bit longer" nails to each finger.

She did panic when Lydia pierced her ears, but calmed him down by saying a little make-up would hide the holes.

"Now for your very own titties. I'm sure you're tired of stuffing your bra. These are the most realistic on the market, and aren't the nipples all so real? They glue on, so they won't fall off."

"T-they're not permanent, are they?" She asked nervously.

"Oh my no, they'll stay on about a week and then they just fall off," she lied, gluing melon shaped D-cup titties onto her chest.

After combing her out she declared, "I think we're finished with Fifi." Turning the chair to face a mirror you couldn't believe the satisfaction we both got as she

got the most shocked, horrified expression when she saw herself.

“Oh my god, w-what have you done?” She cried, staring at her now honey, blonde hair that had once been dirty brown and that now fell almost to her shoulders. The eyebrows now plucked into all too feminine arches. The full, pouty lips, the pierced ears with the longest, heaviest, dangling earrings that I’d been able to find and had told Lydia to super glue them on. Then there were the unbreakable nails, extending out by nearly one inch.

“Why Fifi, I think you look so adorable, although rather slutty for a maid, but you did agree to let Lydia give you a complete make-over, which she did, permanently,” I couldn’t help gloating.

“W-What do you mean permanently?” She asked in obvious disbelief.

“Well, I know you know so little about make-up that Lydia used dyes instead of normal make-up, don’t worry, they’ll start wearing off in five or six months. And your long, girly eyelashes, they’re glued on, you can’t even cut them off. Lydia also thought you’d look so much better with longer hair so she weaved in hair extensions and dyed you a blonde. Oh yes, you’ll never have to worry about keeping your eyebrows plucked, Lydia tells me they’ll never grow back. Of course you’ll also have to learn to adapt to your absurdly long, sexy nails as you do your chores. They’re steel so you can’t chip, crack or cut them off. You’ll also have to get used to your rather heavy earrings as they’ve been permanently glued on,” I added gleefully, watching her face turn deathly pale.

“Now, one last thing as a permanent reminder of new your new position as my slutty maid. Every time you look in a mirror you’ll see this. A nice, steel collar,

locked on, and your name right in the middle," I gloated.

Chapter-4 Reality sets in.

"T-The office, m-my business. I can't go there like this," he moaned, as it finally dawned on her the situation she was now in.

"Now, now don't you worry your silly little head about such things. All you need to do is worry about doing your chores perfectly and acting like the perfect maid you've obviously always fantasized about. I've thought about the business and it'll be in good hands, mine. You see, over the past month I'm afraid you signed a lot of papers that you didn't bother to read. On Monday I'm going to announce, poor thing, that you've had a nervous breakdown and that you've been hospitalized," I smiled.

"Nobody will ever believe that," she hotly said.

"Oh, I'm sure there won't be any questions at all, not even from your lawyers. You see, you voluntarily signed this a couple weeks ago. See, this is your admittance paper committing yourself to an indefinite stay and the same day signed this giving me power of attorney over all your assets. Which, in effect, transfers everything you own, including your business, to me. Now this is an interesting document that you also signed without reading it. It legally changed your name to Fifi LaFrench, which I really think is such a fitting new name for you. I've always wanted a French Maid, and now I've got one. Oh my, look Lydia, her face has suddenly gotten so pale. Do you think she's ill?" I asked, as if actually concerned, which I wasn't.

"I think it's just the shock of seeing how sexy she now looks. And, my goodness, I think I just caught her admiring her huge, new titties. Can you just imagine

how all your male guests and dates are going to literally drool when they see them? And Fifi, I told a little fib, I'm afraid about them coming off in a week. I used a special glue to make sure they're absolutely permanent," Lydia gloated.

"Now there's just this last paper you signed. It's an employment contract in which Fifi LaFrench agrees to assume the position of maid and servant girl in the employ of Ms. Jill Baker, for a period of one year. The contract is renewable at the end of each year, at my option, not yours. Which means that at the end of the year, if I'm pleased with your work, if you've been a very obedient maid and have learned to conduct yourself as I expect of a mere servant, I'll renew your contract for another year. However, if I'm not happy with you I will give you a bus ticket for anywhere you want to go, and I'll even put ten dollars in your purse. Or if I'm really pissed with you I'll just drop you off at the corner where all the hookers ply their trade. Oh, poor thing, you're crying. Well, you just go ahead and have a good cry. It won't hurt your make-up at all. I know, while you're having your little cry, I'll give you a nice reward, with the panties which you seem to be so addicted to, for sitting there so docilely while Lydia turned you into my slutty, French Maid," I gloated. And true to my word she totally soaked her panties as I jerked her off, for the last time.

Chapter-5 Just little addition.

"Now you just continue sitting there like an obedient, little maid as Lydia and I have one more addition before we dress you in a brand new uniform that I just know you're going to love," I cooed.

"W-What are you doing," she cried out in alarm as she felt the ice cold, freezing ice bag on her dick and

balls. She didn't feel a thing as we slipped her wilted dick into a chrome chastity sheath and locked it on. What we absolutely loved was the big, shiny bell at the very tip. Neither of us could help the satisfied smirks that escaped us when she looked down and saw what we'd put on her.

"I really think this is a necessary addition Fifi. I know how sexy and thrilling you find your panties and what naughty things you do with them. However these little thrills you can't help feeling will surely be a distraction, and I know you'll be able to concentrate a lot better without them. And don't you just love the bell? Every time you hear it, it'll remind you of what you once were. A panty loving pervert. However, I'm sure you'll be happy to know that when you've been a very, very good, little maid I'll certainly reward you by allowing you to stand in a corner and play with your pussy for two minutes. I'm sure that's all it will take," I laughed.

Chapter-6 Fifi's new uniform.

Fifi's new uniform was much sexier than the one she'd tried to get into. We thought she'd be so pleased and excited by it. But, once we had her dressed and she saw herself she started crying all over again. Perhaps it was the steel, stayed hourglass corset we laced her in, pulling the laces as tight as both of us could.

"P-Please, it, it's too tight," she pleaded and gasped.

"Nonsense. If you want an attractive, really girly figure you simply have to put up with a little discomfort," I smirked. "I'm sure it will feel better after you've worn it all day. Although, poor thing, you'll probably find it so unbearable for weeks at least that you'll undoubtedly want to loosen it, or heaven forbid, when I'm not around, take it off. Which is why I'll just

lock this strap in the back so you won't be tempted," I said, heartlessly.

Or maybe she was crying over her sexy new shoes. "You have great legs Fifi, and I just know you'll want to show them off. Those modest three inch heels you were trying to get into simply won't show off your legs like I know these six inch heels will with the oh so treacherous stiletto heels will," I said, as we crammed her feet into them.

"Like your corset I have the feeling you'll try taking them off when I'm not around which why I simply have to put these locks on the ankle straps," I snickered.

"However it could have been as we were dressing her, got her bra on, and then decided how much sexier she'd look without it.

Of course it also could have been when she saw herself in her darling, black, satiny uniform with an admittedly plunging neckline that so showed off her giggling tits that it would be a constant of them popping out at any second. Or her skirts that stood straight out due to the mound of frilly petticoats.

"Now Fifi try something for us, will you?" I asked innocently, "Bend over as if you were offering me a drink." When she did I said, "Now look behind you in the mirror."

"Oh, oh noo," she cried out, seeing that her skirts had popped straight up completely exposing the ruffled, sheer panties that only just covered half her ass.

"Goodness, how immodest of you. Why just imagine if Jill has a date or a party with lots of men how their tongues will be hanging out feasting on your barely covered ass. Or if they're tit men and go gaga over huge, giggling tits how you'll have them literally foaming at the mouth. Of course there's bound to be a few leg men there too, wouldn't you say Lorin?"

“Oh, without a doubt. With those legs without a doubt there’ll be a couple of them that will try to run their hands up her skirts,” she stated.

“Or, poor Fifi, I imagine at least one or two will try coping a feel or pinching her ass, don’t you think,” Lydia smirked.

“Oh no, p-please,” she cried.

“There you go crying again. Really Fifi, what can you expect, dressed the way you are?” I gloated.

Chapter-7 Training my new maid.

It took weeks to get Fifi trained to my expectations. I finally had to adopt a zero tolerance with her. She eventually came to understand that when I inspected her work I would tolerate nothing less than a chore done to absolute perfection. Zero tolerance meant five strokes with the cane for any chore not done to perfection. The tiniest smudge mark on a shoe, the slightest wrinkle she forgot to iron, forgetting to dust under just one lamp and she’d have to bend over the nearest chair to be punished, and then thank me for punishing her, forced to admit she’d been a bad maid and that she deserved to be punished. And heaven forbid if there were any tasks left undone.

Worked eighteen hours a day I felt there could be no excuse for any chore left undone.

And that was only for her work.

Zero tolerance also meant five strokes with the cane if she forgot to curtsy, but only three strokes for a curtsy not executed exactly as expected. The same if she dared actually looked above my shoes. “A simple maid should keep her head bowed in total submission at all times,” I informed her. I thought it amusing that Fifi actually could go weeks without seeing anything

of me except my feet, legs or pussy. And if she dared sound the least bit uppity, pouted, or even sounded anything less than totally cheerful I simply gagged her the rest of the day.

Lydia also proved invaluable in Fifi's training. After she learned the basics of how I expected her to act and conduct herself I'd take her down to Lydia's for more advanced training. Then she'd spend the day learning how to give manicures, pedicures, shave legs and my ass, trim, powder and perfume my pussy, breasts and ass, lick, massage and bath feet. Before she declared her ready she had Fifi practice on her customers. Who were all highly amused.

Of course the most practice she got was licking my pussy and ass. At this I really was most demanding. Using the heel and toe method and utilizing my training shoes with sharp, steel toes and heels.

I was constantly amused that she never got used to showing off her tits, ass and legs. Or getting pinched, fondled or men trying to cop a feel. Actually I was hoping she never would.

Chapter-8 I do want to be fair.

I did promise Fifi that when she was a very, very good maid that I'd certainly reward her by letting her get her little thrills off with her panties. But, I know it was a bit cruel, but I just couldn't help making it as humiliating as I could. So, when I finally declared that she'd been a very, very good, little maid I had her stand in front of me with her legs spread and her hands on her head as I unlocked her pussy and handed Fifi her reward panties. And I'd found the perfect pair. Bright pink, satin panties, dripping with ruffles and lace. However I'd had them monogrammed so they read, "*Fifi's Creamy Panties.*" I just loved the look

on her face when she read what I'd emblazoned on them.

"Now go stand in that corner, facing it, Fifi. Spread you legs, and put your right hand on your head. Very good, now wrap your pussy with your special creamy panties' with your left hand and follow my instructions precisely. 'Stroke, stroke, stroke,' no slower. Yes that's it. Now, 'stroke, stroke, stop!' I couldn't help it, I kept this up for at least the next fifteen minutes before saying, 'Now squeeze your pussy as hard as you can, five quick strokes and on the fifth stroke you can do creamies in your panties.'"

It was so delicious, I almost creamed my own panties. When I went over to inspect her efforts, I was pleased to see her sobbing in shame, but then I saw several globs that had escaped her panties and landed on the wall. "Oh my, look at what a careless slut you are. The walls are a mess, lickies now, clean that mess your made up," I ordered.

"Oh p-please, n-noo," she pleaded.

"I said lick, you made the mess, you lick those walls spotlessly clean," I shouted, cramming her face against the wall, and keeping it there until she'd licked each wall until they were spotless.

Frankly I was revelling in the total control I was able to exhibit over my once supposedly manly husband. So I couldn't help myself, I demanded that she'd thank me for her reward.

Chapter-9 One year later.

"Your one year is up tomorrow Fifi. And frankly I'm undecided whether to renew it for another year. I'm really quite unhappy with several areas of your performance," I said, although the exact opposite was true. But I wanted her terrified as I had further plans

for her. Fifi, was as expected quite terrified, knowing what would happen if I decided not to renew her contract. You see, a couple weeks ago I drove her down to the part of town where all the hookers plied their trade. When I told her I was sure she could make a fairly decent living sucking twenty to thirty cocks you can imagine just how terrified I had her.

"P-Please Mistress, I-I'll improve, I p-promise," she begged, completely frightened out of her wits.

"That's what you say almost every week, and still you have to be punished repeatedly, don't you?" I demanded to know in my sternest, fake voice.

"Y-Yes, I-I'm sorry when I've been a bad maid!"

"Actually I do believe that you really have been sincere when you've been bad these last couple weeks. Especially when I showed you where you could end up. I'm not saying I'll retain you, but if I do you realize you are going to have to improve in several areas. And it will have to be substantial improvements or else I'll terminate on the spot, do you understand?" I thundered.

"Yes M-Mistress, maid Fifi will work as hard..."

"Your obedience must improve girl. At times you appear to actually hesitate when you're given an order. What is hesitation a sign of, Fifi?" I asked.

"It, It's a sign that maid Fifi is thinking about what she's been ordered to do," she admitted.

"And is a lowly maid and mere servant girl ever allowed to think?" I demanded to know.

"N-No Mistress..."

"In the past I've caned you three times each time I've seen you dare to hesitate. From now on you'll be caned six times. Do you agree that will be a much better reminder?" I asked.

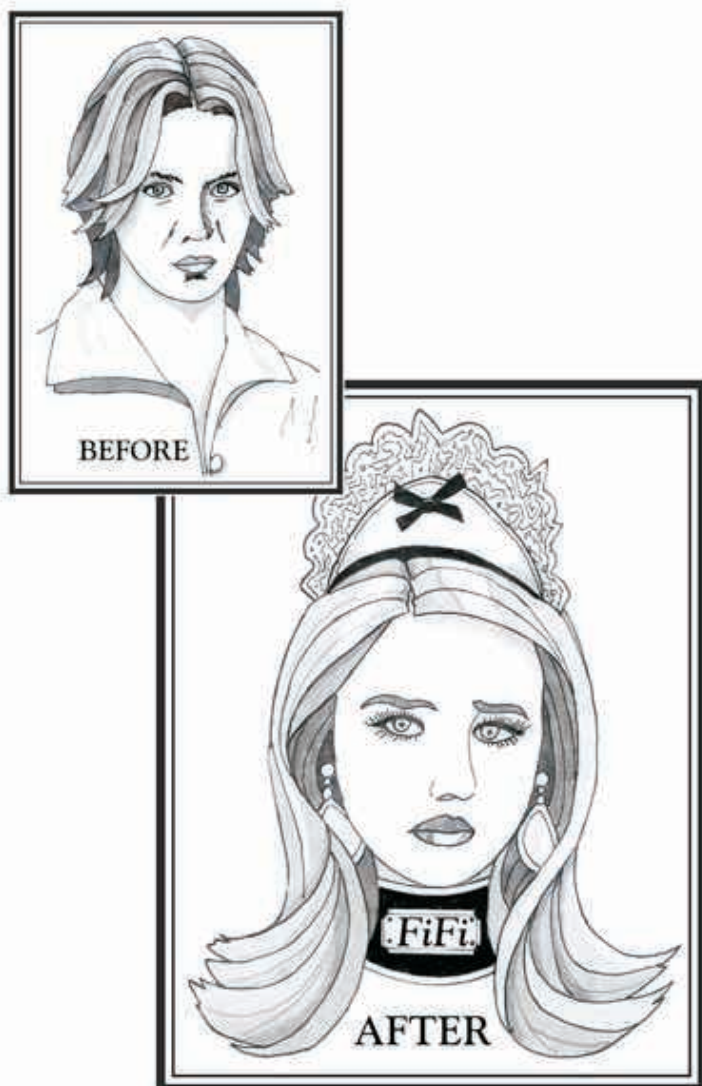
"Yes Mistress," she moaned, her face deathly pale.

"Now then, your figure needs to improve, it's truly not what one would really consider very girly, wouldn't you agree?"

Obviously she knew what was to come, but since she'd been trained never to contradict or question anything her Mistress said, trembling she replied, "Yes Mistress, maid Fifi's should be more g-girly."

"Much more girly. I find your current twenty-four inch waist find barely acceptable. You also admitted just a couple weeks ago that your current corset, laced four inches isn't as unbearable as it once was," I stated. Poor naive Fifi, the last thing she should have admitted. "Therefore I've gotten you a new corset which your will now be kept laced a full five inches until you're down to a twenty-two inch waist in six months. At the end of which you'll be laced down another inch until your waist is a perfect twenty inches. Undoubtedly it'll push your tits out to even more prominence and hopefully add another two inches to your ass. Which my dates and male guest will find even more enticing. I really do find it so flattering when my dates and especially the horny young men at my parties compliment me on how sexy my maids' tits, and ass and legs are. However this continual flinching, and pathetic little sobs, I see and hear whenever one of them playfully pinches or fondles your ass, tries to cop a feel up your skirts or gives your titties a little squeeze as you're bending over serving simply must stop. You should take pride that they find you such an enticing morsel that they can't help themselves. So, from now on when you get pinched, fondled, groped or squeezed anywhere you will not flinch an inch, you will smile and say, "Thank you sir for your ever so kind gesture,' If you do as an apology later you'll suck his dick, is that clear?" I sternly asked.

"Oh my god, y-yes M-Mistress, Fifi u-understands," she gasped, in total misery.



"Now then I think a higher heel will make your legs appear even longer and sexier, don't you?" I grinned to myself.

"A-a higher heel?" She stammered, obviously dreading what was to come.

"Oh my yes. It's just that now that you've finally managed to mince so daintily, and naturally, in your six inch heels, just think how much sexier your legs will look in these seven inch heels?" I asked.

"Yes Mistress," she replied in dismay as I crammed her feet into her new mid-calf length seven inch heels and, of course, locked them on. Then to add to her dismay I said, " You have six months to learn to walk in them, and until the end of next year to adapt to eight inch heels."

"Just one last area. I really do feel you could more useful in my bedroom when I'm fucking one of my well hung studs. So, from now on when we adjoin to the bedroom you'll follow, stand in the corner facing the bed and wait to see if you can be of any assistance. Certainly as soon as we get to the bedroom I'll want you to remove my dates shoes and socks, unbuckle his pants, pull them and his briefs for him. Then at times I may need you to help insert his dick if it's so huge I have a hard time getting it all in. Then when we finally finish you could be the greatest help getting up on the bed and cleaning us up, if you know what I mean," I couldn't help gloating as her face just collapsed with the most shattered look. Well, I thought dispassionately, Fifi was getting her wish all dressed up as a sexy maid, in the panties she so loved, in high heels she once drooled over, just not ankle breaking eight inch heels, poor thing, but really what more could she ask for?

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