

Feminized Maids Tales

Volume 2

4 More Delicious Tales of deserving
males forcibly feminized and
turned into maids.



Illustrated!



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Maid For A Comeuppance

by Patricia Michelle

Chapter-1 There must be some mistake.

Angela Carter and Beverly Dover had been boyfriend and girlfriend all throughout college. Both had been theater majors and had made a pact that as soon as they graduated they'd head for New York, and hopefully, fame and fortune.

Neither had much money but Angela found a boarding house, The Church Boarding House, that they could afford if they split the rent. Even better the website had read, "Actors Welcome." The only problem was that they would have to sign a two year lease, adhere to the house rules, which unfortunately neither bothered to read, and the first three months rent was demanded in advance.

They could do it, but it would leave them virtually without hardly any money left over.

"I'm sure once we get there we can find work while we go on auditions. You've been a waiter and I've been a waitress, so I don't see a problem," Angela had said, and Beverley had agreed.

So a week after graduation they landed in New York and an hour later were excitedly ringing the front door of the boarding house.

They were a bit startled to be greeted by a maid dressed in a sexy, maid uniform and towering high heels.

"My name is Angela Carter and this is Beverly Dover," Angela said, "could you show us to our rooms please?"

"Your room, are you sure you have the right place?" The maid asked.

"This is The Church Boarding House, so we're in the right place sweetie," Beverly arrogantly replied.

"Very well, I'll see if Mistress Church is available, please follow me," The maid said, giving them an odd look.

Chapter-2 An immediate dislike.

When Bridgette led my two new boarders into my office I had two reactions. Naturally I was surprised that one of them was a young man. And secondly I didn't like, at all, the way he was leering at Bridgette, even though she was a quite sexy, fetching sight after months of training all our maids went through.

The girl was tall and attractive, while the young man was several inches shorter and who I took an instant dislike to.

"Nice to meet you, now we'd like to see our room," he demand belligerently.

"I'm afraid there's been a bit of a mistake," I said.

"No mistake. This is The Church Boarding House, and you're obviously Church. We'll just dump our bags and be off," He said, still feasting his eyes on Bridgette, from her well displayed cleavage, to her ass when she happened to bend over, to her long, sexy legs.

What a miserable, arrogant, little shit, I thought to myself.

"The mistake, young man, is that this is a boarding house for women only, no men allowed," I said.

"What! It didn't say anything about that in the lease," he bellowed.

"Actually it was stated quite clearly in the house rules. Did either of you bother to read them?" I asked.

When the girl admitted she hadn't, he turned to her and said, "This is all your fault. I can't believe you didn't read the dumb rules."

"Of course your effeminate name probably had something to do with it. Obviously we thought you were a girl," I couldn't resist saying.

"Beverly is a man's name, and it was my grandfathers. So, just give us our deposit back and we'll be out of here," He demanded.

Chapter-3 Reality sets in.

Which normally I'd do. Instead I decided the little shit needed to be taken down a peg or two, or three.

"I'm afraid the advance deposit on the first three months is non-refundable, as the lease clearly states," I said.

"And you've signed a two year lease. You, dear, I can easily put with another girl who needs a roommate, so that's no problem," I said kindly to the girl.

"Well what about me?" He asked.

"You will obviously have to leave immediately. However it doesn't let you out of the two year lease that you signed. However if you agree to pay an additional three months rent, now, I'll consider waiving it," I stated, and was pleased to see his face turn deathly pale.

"I-I don't have that kind of money. I've barely got enough for the next two weeks.

Isn't there some other way,?" He begged, all the arrogance suddenly evaporating.

Chapter-4 There is a possible solution.

Pretending to think about it I finally said, "There just might be a solution, although I think with your manly ego you couldn't handle it, so I won't even bring it up," I stated.

"I can handle it, what is it?" His ego forced him to ask.

"Well, it's just that we're in need of another maid and with your rather boyish looks and hair you just might pass," I said, waiting for him explode.

"W-What? A maid, is this some kind of joke?" he, as I knew he would, exploded.

"I'm sure we could fix you up with your looks and hair, so that at least at a passing glance you'd pass. And, at first, we'd assign you chores that kept you out of view. But, as I said, I don't think your ego could handle it," which I was sure it couldn't until I added, "You could think of it this way. You want to be an actor, just think of it as a role you're playing. Of course, maybe you're not the actor you think you are."

"I could handle any role," He said defiantly, then turning to the girl asked, "What do you think of all this nonsense, she wants me to be a maid of all things."

"She doesn't want you to be anything. She's offering you a solution, which you should be grateful for, instead of being so nasty to her. And besides you'll be the one already with a job, I still have to find one. I think you could do it. Like she said, just think of it as a role you're playing. Besides Beverly what are your options?" She asked, making it clear that it was his problem, not hers. I'd already promised her a room.

"Why don't you think about it for a few minutes. If you decline my proposal I'll have Bridgette show you out, after you decide, in writing, how you're going to pay me," I said.

Chapter-5 We just found our new maid.

As soon as I left I went to find my housekeeper, Ruth Hamil. Laughing I said, "I think we just found the new maid we've been looking for."

"With all our special qualification?" She asked.

"No, but he'll soon have them. We're going to teach the little shit in the other room a lesson he, I mean, 'she'll' never forget. She's going to get a comeuppance she won't soon forget," I chuckled.

Ruth's question about, "special qualifications" was an important one. Starting three years ago the boarding house, which had been struggling financially, slowly started to turn around. Until now it was doing really well, and with almost no turn over in our boarders. We haven't had a boarder leave in almost two years because of a very important reason.

They're waited on virtually hand and foot. "Pampered" would also be a good description. And I owe it all to a well trained staff of maids who Ruth supervises with an iron fist. You see all our maids, in reality, are young men. All perfectly disguised and so completely feminized and frankly brow beaten that only a few of my longer term boarders are aware of who they really are., and they take full advantage of the poor things.

Their downfall, which is my gain, is that each, in their own way, love dressing up in frilly girly things. I fulfill their fantasies while working them to death for almost nothing. Unfortunately, for them, reality is nothing like their fantasies, too bad for them.

Ruth ensures that they're kept thoroughly under foot while running a very tight ship.

It's cut my overhead way down, they take up very little room as I've divided the unused basement, now the maid's quarters, into tiny, little rooms sharing one bathroom. I've acquired four of them in the past three years and now it looks like we have the fifth one we've been looking for. The amusing challenge is this one isn't coming to us voluntarily.

Chapter-6 A short history.

A short history will explain it all. Maid Francine came to board with us dressed as a woman. When we discovered her deception we offered, to her, a glorious opportunity to spend all her days flouncing around in skirts, petticoats and heels. But, as I said, she soon found out that it was far from her fantasy, but to late for her.

Maid Tiffany made the mistake of confessing her fantasy of dressing up one night to his girlfriend who was a good friend of me. What disgusted her was that he was dressing up in her clothes. So I took "her" off her hands.

Maid Polly was an actor that a director caught trying on a maid's uniform from a play when he thought no one was looking. Now she lives and works all day long in her maid's uniform wishing she'd never been caught.

Sexy, little Maid Bridgette was discovered by Ruth her fantasy was not only to dress up but to be submissive to a dominant woman. Well, she got her wish.

So obviously the arrogant young man in the next room really arrived at the wrong place and with entirely the wrong attitude.

"I think I'm going to enjoy this," Ruth chuckled.

"Come in after Bridgette shows the young girl to her room," I suggested.

When I went back in, all I said was, "Well?"

"I-I'll do it," He said, obviously reluctantly. I could see he hated saying it, a reaction I hoped for.

Chapter-7 Ruth and the new maid meet.

As soon as Bridgette left to show the girl to her room Ruth came in.

I could see the boy gulp nervously at the sight of Ruth, which I thought was a good sign for Ruth was quite formidable. In her four inch heels she was a good six foot, four inches towering over him who looked to be about five foot, five inches. She looked strong, and she was. Dressed in a tight, black skirt, white men's shirt and tie, her hair in a tight bun. But it was the

threatening scowl on her face, a practiced look, that obviously intimidated him.

What came next I was sure was going to knock his arrogant ego down by several notches.

“This is Ms. Hamil, my housekeeper. She’s in charge of all the servants and maids. For obvious reasons I’ve had to explain the situation to her, and what place you’re being hired for. And, frankly, she’s not very happy about it, but also because you have no previous experience and lack any proper training at all. However, she has agreed to help as best she can to ensure that virtually no one discovers your masquerade, and will see to it that you are trained to go about your duties to the high, exacting standards that all our servant girls and maids must adhere to, every hour they’re on duty. I could actually get in a lot of trouble over this, as Ms. Hamil has pointed out,” I said, laying it thick.

“I-I appreciate it, really I do,” He was forced to say, even though I could see his anger as he heard that he was going to be feminized to the point where no one would see through his deception, and then he was going to be trained to act as a maid by Ruth that he already looked half scared of.

And became even more so when Ruth angrily hissed, “You will address Ms. Church from now on as Mistress, understood?”

“Y-Yes I.....”

“And you will address me as Housekeeper, got that?” She demanded to know.

“Y-Y-Yes H-Housekeeper,” He stammered. I loved the frightened look on his face. What a change from just an hour ago!

Chapter-8 Formally employed.

“I’ll take him, I mean of course, her off your hands now Ma’am. First to the maid’s quarters then I’ll get her uniformed and will do what I can to at least a little improve her appearance.”

“Yes, however before you do so I’ve written up this employment contract that all servant girls and maids are required to sign, so that there will never be any misunderstandings. Read it then sign it,” I ordered, and for the second time enjoyed the shock he got as he was reading it, the first of a couple of shocks coming to him.

For it read, “I, Beverly Dover, do agree to act in the capacity as servant girl and maid in the employ of the Church Boarding House until I have paid the owner, Hilary Church, the sum of \$5,700. Equal to the first three months rent plus the additional three months rent I have previously agreed to. I further agree to adhere to the rules governing my work as a servant girl and maid. If I fail to live up to those expectations I agree to receive demerits equal to one hour of unpaid work.”

You can imagine how badly he didn’t want to sign that, but eventually the unsuspecting lamb did, I mean, what choice did he, now she, have. Both Ruth and I couldn’t help smirking.

Chapter-9 Beverly gets a real shock.

“Right, follow me,” I ordered.

I’m sure he was appalled as he followed me to the basement. Stopping at one room, slightly bigger than a walk-in closet that said, “Servant’s Quarters 5” I said, “This is your room, room and board for it is \$500 a month”

“\$500 a month,” He/she gasped.

“That’s right girl, now get undressed!”

“Undressed, but where are my things?” She asked.

“Obviously for the near future you would be needing them. As a servant girl everything will be provided for you. Now get your clothes off,” I demanded.

“Now just wait a damn minute here, you can’t tell me what..” was all she got out before, to his total shock, I slapped him as hard as I could across the face, then after I did it again, I grabbed him by the collar and yanked her towards me.

“Listen to me you arrogant shit. I’m not at all in favor of this ridiculous notion of the Mistresses. Now this is the way it’s going to be. I don’t care who you really are, as of now you’re simply a lowly servant girl not even a maid. And you won’t be treated as anything but that. You will act precisely as I expect a lowly servant girl to act. I don’t care what the Mistress thinks, give me even a hint of any trouble and I’ll throw you out on the street without a cent dressed as a servant girl and no identification to prove otherwise. Is that clear?” I shouted in her face.

“Y-Yes I-I understand” she started to say and got another slap in the face.

“I said you address me as Housekeeper,”

“Y-Yes Housekeeper,” She whimpered. Just as I thought. An, arrogant, Mr. Macho, one minute a cowardly wimp the next.

Chapter-10 A few temporary changes.

This time he didn’t hesitate a second to undress, stupidly trying to cover himself. Ordering him to spread his legs and hold his arms straight out I heavily spayed him for ears to toes with Nair, even spreading his cheeks and spraying there.

“Wait for twenty minutes, while I get your uniform out,” I directed.

“B-But it burns” She protested several minutes later.

“Well, it’s supposed to,” I said heartlessly.

Finally I said, “Go down the hall, shower, scrub until you’re pink then come back. You have ten minutes.”

When he came back she was blushing beet red, her body now girlishly smooth, everywhere.

I shocked her again by reaching between her legs, grabbing her organs, and yanking them tightly back between her legs.

“Now close your legs. That’s where you’ll keep them at all time. I don’t want to ever see them sticking out where anyone could see them, and that

means no standing at the toilet. It would cause an absolute scandal, or worse, for you, wouldn't it?" I asked.

"Y-Yes Housekeeper," She had to admit.

"This will help to keep them in place," I said, handing her a thong panty purposefully a size too small, and gloated watching her struggle so to get it on.

"Now lets do something temporarily with your hair," I said. Her brunette hair was a tangle at nearly shoulder length. Using a curling iron I formed an acceptable page boy style that would do for the moment.

Over the past couple years I had created a uniform for a new servant girl to wear to break them in. Once dressed in it I knew it wasn't the frilly uniform they always dreamed of.

I'd purposefully made it from the heaviest, roughest wool and tailored it to fit as tight and uncomfortable as possible. It quickly took the starch out of them and their fantasies.

As I knew it would of our latest acquisition.

The black stockings were also wool, over which came plain pantaloons down to mid-calf, made, I had to chuckle, of actual canvas. Then two equally long, outrageously long petticoats also made of canvas.

Then I really enjoyed the next article. Beverly's first bra. The stiffest, pointed torpedo bra, made of rubber into which I put heavy, tit-shaped wooden inserts. In the back I glued the tabs together so she'd have to cut it off to get out of it. They were only C-cup tits, but that would change in the future.

I couldn't help a satisfied smile when she saw herself in a mirror and let out a sob as she saw herself in a bra with her torpedo tits sticking straight out in front of him.

"For the same reason you never let anyone see what's between your legs the bra never comes off, even in the shower. When you need to look more believable I'm sure I can find more realistic substitutes," I promised her.

Chapter-11 Her first corset.

Then there was the next problem. Her waist was hardly girlish, and was too big for her dress. Handing her the stiffest corset I could find I said, "Wrap it around you and hook it up in front and then my assistant, who is in charge of training new servant girls, will finish lacing you in."

I could see Beverly's face tighten and her fists clench when she saw who was going to be in charge of training her to be a servant girl. For one thing Gretchen was obviously several years younger than Beverly which, I was sure, was a real ego crusher. Second she was nearly as tall as me so she towered over Beverly. And, of course, was dressed to intimidate her, which she instantly did dressed in tight pants tucked into black, high heeled boots and a white blouse.

"This is my assistant who you will address as 'Ms. Gretchen' understand girl?"

"Yes Housekeeper," she was forced to answer.

When she had the corset hooked up in front Gretchen said, "Raise your arms up and hold onto that post. No, higher! Until you're only on your toes, and stay like that."

Taking up the laces she told her to take a deep breath and began yanking as hard as she could.

"On please it-it's too tight," She pleaded.

"Slap her face please Gretchen, she didn't address you properly," I ordered, and couldn't help grinning when the girl did just that.

"Now apologize," She demanded.

"Servant girl Beverly is s-sorry Ms. Gretchen," she said, now almost, but not quite, as scared of her as she was of me.

"Two more inches or you'll never get into your uniform," Gretchen proclaimed and proceeded to do just that.

"Every morning I'll lace you into your corset. You will not try to loosen it. If you do I'll tighten it until you can't breathe," She promised.



Frankly I found nothing more pleasurable than watching a sissy being laced into her first corset, as did Gretchen.

Chapter-12 A uniform definitely not to die for.

And even that was a struggle for her, as it was meant to be. I'd had it made with no less than 20, tiny, hard to fasten buttons running up the front. The high, stand up collar fit more like a vise as I'd had stays inserted all the way around it, fastening in back with no less than six buttons. The long sleeves fit tightly down to the stiffest, white cuffs secured with five more tiny buttons.

Over the dress came a long, ruffled, pinafore apron made of rubber, a maid's cap with chin straps and white, rubber gloves, also with four, tiny buttons.

Chuckling to myself I handed her her shoes and told her to put them on. The other sissies had already worn heels, so I started her off with three inch, baby heels. Still the black oxfords looked wonderfully treacherous, I suppose, with their wickedly pointed toes and stiletto heels,

As I expected, in her corset and tight uniform she couldn't bend enough to get them on.

"Let that be a lesson girl. Stocking and shoes first. Hold up your feet," I said, and cramming them into the shoes I tied the laces as tightly as I could.

I'm sure Beverly felt more imprisoned in her uniform than dresses in it, which is precisely how I wanted it to feel.

Chapter-13 Developing a servant's mentality.

"Now stand as I dictate. Feet together, heels and sides touching. Shoulder pulled back. Hand laced in front of you with thumbs crossed. Head bowed, eyes glued to the tips of your shoes. To act in accordance to your position you will develop what is called a 'servant's mentality.' While standing, walking or being talked to, given an order your head will always be submissively bowed, eyes down. This is called bowing one's head to au-

thority. That is everybody above you," I said, laying it on thick, knowing this had to be a crushing blow to her over-blown ego, as it was meant to be.

"Now, at all times, whether you're in uniform or not, a servant girl never speaks to those above her, except to respond to an order or answer a question. You will, at no time, argue, question or contradict anything you are told, got that girl?" I thundered.

"Yes H-Housekeeper," She replied, obviously in shock, but I was just starting.

"You are never to raise your voice. When you are allowed to speak you will do so meekly and submissively. A servant girl never refers to herself in the first person, but in the third. Therefore, when you are asked a question your response will always be, 'Yes Housekeeper servant girl Beverly girl understands.'

"If asked your name you will reply, 'The servant girl's name is servant girl Beverly.'

In response to an order your entire vocabulary will consist of, 'Yes, No, The servant girl understands, The servant girl is sorry, The servant girl has no excuse.' Any other words will result in a demerit for each unauthorized word, understood?" I demanded to know.

"Y-Yes Housekeeper, servant girl Beverly understands," she absolutely cringed.

"Now when a servant girl or maid does not act as is demanded of her she receives demerits. For each five demerits she receives she works one additional unpaid hour.

For example, for not standing, walking or sitting exactly properly she receives one demerit. For her head not being bowed at all times, or if she just looks up even a fraction she receives three demerits. For contradicting, arguing or questioning anything she's told she receives fifteen demerits. For interrupting or repeating what she's been told five demerits. Each time she refers to herself in the first person four demerits. These go into effect as of now, is all this clear, girl?"

"Yes Housekeeper," She answered, obviously crushed..

But, of course, I wasn't finished.

"Back to the rules. A servant girl never sits, except in her room. A servant girl may ask a question, but only if it pertains to her work. If her question is not deemed frivolous she receives ten demerits. To ask a question the servant girl must first raise her hand. If ignored she will not ask again. A servant girl always curtsies..."

Chapter-14 When and how a servant girl curtsies.

"C-Curtsies?" She blurted out.

"That will be five demerits for interrupting me, five demerits for repeating what I just said. Wait, since you're obviously a slow learner perhaps Gretchen can help you remember," I said, which Gretchen did slapping her face about as hard as I did.

Can you imagine how defeating it was for a guy to be slapped in the face by a younger girl? Just wait, I thought, until her first spanking at the girl's hand.

"Do you think that will help you remember, girl?" Gretchen asked.

"Y-Yes Ms. Gretchen," she meekly sobbed.

"Now do as Ms. Gretchen tells you," I said.

"Do precisely as I tell you. To curtsy properly place the left foot exactly behind the right with only the toe touching and with the foot held perpendicular to the floor. Now hold your skirts daintily between your thumbs and fore fingers. When you curtsy you raise your skirts even with your knees. At all times your head will be submissively bowed, eyes fixed on the tips of your shoes. A curtsy is performed gracefully and will take exactly four seconds. Down one second, hold for two seconds, then one second up.

No slower and no faster, am I clear girl?" She wanted to know.

"Y-Yes Ms. Gretchen."

“Well see. Now practice and you’ll continue practicing until I’m at least partly satisfied with your curtsy,” She ordered.

Poor Beverly she must have done fifty curtsies, until she could barely lift her skirts, before Gretchen announced she was barely happy with her efforts.

“Now you will memorize when you are to curtsy. As a lowly servant girl you will curtsy before and after you speak. You curtsy when you’re ordered to anything. You curtsy whenever anyone above you enters and leaves a room you are in. You curtsy in the doorway before and after you leave a room, whether the room is occupied or not. You curtsy whenever someone walks past you, or when you must walk in front of anyone. You stop, face them and curtsy. You curtsy before you enter your room and before you leave it. Before you sit you curtsy first to your chair, and when you leave the chair.

Your room is visually monitored so we’ll know if you think you can get away with not curtsying, or trying to loosen your corset, in your room,” She warned, and then to add to her misery added, “I suggest you spend as much time as you can practicing your curtsy as every time you forget to curtsy you receive five demerits when means an extra hour of unpaid work.

Chapter-15 Unfortunately a servant girl’s work is never done.

“Now since you are basically untrained and unskilled your official title will

be as a ‘Probationary Servant Girl.’ Which is below that of even a junior maid. As such you’ll be assigned to the laundry room as the house laundry girl, and when not doing laundry you’ll become the house scrub girl, scrubbing all the floors in the house. Then before each meal you’ll be turned over to our cook to use you however she sees fit. Do you understand, so far,” I asked.

"Yes Housekeeper," She said, miserably as she curtsied before and after she spoke.

"That will be two demerits for not raising your skirts up high enough. Two more for not raising your left hell higher, and two more for curtsying too fast," I declared.

"Now as to wages as a servant girl you'll be paid at the rate of five dollars an hour."

"F-Five dollars.." She couldn't help blurting out.

"Do you want me to have Gretchen slap your face again?" I demanded to know.

"Oh n-no Housekeeper," She begged.

"As an untrained lowly servant girl that's all you're currently worth. The faster you're promoted the more you'll make. So I suggest you become a fast learner or you could be here for who knows how long. When you reach certain goals you'll be promoted and receive a raise. Now you won't have set hours rather each day you'll find a schedule of chores to perform that day. You simply work until they're completed. As each is completed you will inform me, or Gretchen, and one of us will inspect your work. Any work not done to absolute perfection will be done over on your own time without pay. You will punch in and out on a time clock. Each minute you're late punching in is a demerit. Got it?" I asked.

"Yes Housekeeper, servant girl Beverly understands," She replied, and this time her curtsy was a bit better. Eventually she'll be so conditioned she'll be curtsying without thinking.

"While your chores may vary from day to day this part of your schedule will not," I said, handing her a set schedule that she was to adhere to, to the minute. Which I went over with her, satisfied with the dismayed look on her face.

"Your alarm will be set for five o'clock. You then have precisely have twenty minutes to dress, apply make up, fix your hair and use the toilet. At 5:40 you'll report to Gretchen who will inspect you. She will expect you to

be perfectly attired and groomed. Demerits will be given, for example, for bows not perfectly tied, buttons not fastened, cap not exactly centered, seams not perfectly straight, for even a single hair out of place, for the slightest scuff mark on either of your shoes. So I strongly suggest, before reporting to Gretchen, you check the mirror and how you're dressed.

"So at 5:45 you will report to the kitchen using the back stairs. I don't want anyone seeing you as yet. When she's finished with you you'll begin your laundry chores, then back to the kitchen, then you'll be told what floors to scrub in the afternoon.

"Your official toilet privileges will be from 10:35 to 10:40 and from 3:05 to 3:10 and from 9:35 to 9:40 in the evening. If you absolutely must use the toilet in-between you will have to ask Gretchen for permission, which you will do on your own time, so make certain you clock out first," I stated, sure that there couldn't be anything more humiliating than being forced to ask a girl younger than her for permission to use the toilet.

The daily work schedule we had set up for all our maids ensured that we got a good fifteen hours out of them.

Chapter-16 Servant Girl Beverly's evening time, what's left of it.

"Now when you finish for the day you can go to your room and take your uniform off. You'll find night wear and slippers in your closet to lounge in. Gretchen will come in to loosen your corset two inches, which I'm sure you'll thank her for.

"Down the hall you'll find an activities room we've set aside for servant girls and maids. You can watch TV, there are books and magazines, a games table and even a ping pong table," I informed her, although all the magazines and books were women's and only the most girly stations were they able to watch.

"Gretchen, please take servant girl Beverly to our make up room and see what you can do to improve her appearance," I asked.

Chapter-17 Becoming more girly.

“Alright girl, let’s see what I can do to make you into a more foolproof girl, shall we?” I said to the servant girl that I knew was really a guy, actually an arrogant, macho guy that I was going to enjoy turning her into a girl. Boy, this is going to be fun, at her expense.

Once in the make up room I ordered her to kneel by the vanity table, hold her head up and not to move it. She gasped in shock as without warning I pierced one of her ears, giving her a healthy slap for daring to flinch. After I’d done both ears I inserted the heaviest dangling earrings I could find. She wasn’t going to forget, for a minute, she was wearing them, I chuckled to myself.

“I don’t know how much I can do myself, although with your face, it would be any trouble making it a lot more girlish than it already is,” I remarked, enjoying seeing her trying to control her anger, adding, “But I do know that any girl your age has had her ears pierced long ago. Do you want everyone wondering why you don’t have your ears pierced?”

“No Ms. Gretchen, servant girl Beverly wouldn’t want that,” she truthfully replied.

“The next thing I can do is something about your eyebrows. Why they actually look like a man’s eyebrows. Hold still,” I ordered and proceeded to pluck them into

unmistakenly feminine arches.

“Servant girls are not seen wearing make up however in your case I think some will really help you look so much more girly. That is what you want isn’t it, girl?” I asked, absolutely loving the humiliation I was purposefully causing her.

“Y-Yes Ms. Gretchen, servant girl Beverly w-would l-like to look more girly,” She was forced to say.

“I will if you ask me nicely,” I asked sweetly.

“Please Ms. Gretchen would you make servant girl Beverly m-more g-g-girly,” She said, near tears.

“We’ll try this complexion cream to smooth things out. What’s really nice about this cream is it’s very long lasting, maybe good for several months. Now your lips are too thin, they’re more like a guys lips for heavens sake. So I’ll just draw them more into a sexy, pouty set of lips and add this pink lipstick, which I’m sure must be your favorite color. It’s a special lipstick called Forever Pink, almost like a dye, and it too will stay on literally for months, but then we’ll simply re-apply it,” I stated with as straight a face as I could.

“Hands out, fingers straight. Your nails are an absolute mess, your days of biting them are over,” I said, producing a set of one inch long nail extensions actually made of steel. Once I applied there was no way she was getting them off. The I painted them pink to match her lips.

“Now your hair simply looks like an uncombed tangle, so what you’re getting is a good, long lasting perm,” I said, and I soon had her hair up in a mass of curlers and then put her under an old fashioned dryer.

When I brushed her out and turned her to the mirror I so enjoyed the horrified look on her face when she saw herself. Now longer Mr. Macho but un-mistakenly feminine, not a hint of him former self. I really thought she’d break down and cry, but she was too stunned. I couldn’t wait till I got a chance to really work on her, but that was in the future.

Chapter-18 You walk like a man for Christ sake!

“Well, you’re looking a lot more girly, now stand up, walk to the other side of the room and back, hands laced in front of you, head bowed, pivot only on your right heel, curtsy and return,” I ordered knowing that she’d never worn heels before. So, as expected, she barely managed to teeter and wobble across the room and back.

“That’s absolutely terrible. Christ you walk like a man,” I hollered. I could see she wanted to scream to me that well he was a man. Fortunately she didn’t, as she falsely thought I didn’t know she was really a guy.

“Now listen to me, when you walk keep your legs tightly together, thighs brushing each other, which will help your ass wiggle, which all girls do when they walk. Then, as you walk put one foot precisely in front of the other, and shorten your step, much daintier. Walk more on your toes, that will help your mincing.

“Well, that was even worse. So, even before I consider promoting you your goal will be to walk back and forth twenty-five times with this on your head,” I proclaimed, placing the heaviest book I had on her head.

As I thought she didn't get two steps before the book fell. “I suggest you practice as much as you can. However I think I can help how ungraceful you are. There's a ballet class we've arranged for the maid's entertainment, they all love it. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturdays. Servant girls normally aren't invited but in your case I'll make an exception. It'll help improve your gracefulness, lack of balance and co-ordination. I'll allow you time off to attend. I'll have a suitable dance outfit put in your room. Now your other goals before you can be promoted is that you must go three consecutive days with your daily demerits averaging less than five.

Chapter 19 Servant girl Beverly's first day at work.

It's time to put you to work,” I said, leading the girl stumbling in her heels to the kitchen saying to Mrs. Oates, the cook, “Here's your new help servant girl Beverly. She's totally untrained and appears rather slow.” Which I'm sure had to grate on her as I knew she'd just graduated from college.

As I left I heard cook sternly say, “Listen to me girl. When I tell you to do something you start doing it instantly, exactly as I tell you. I correct any laziness with a well earned slap.”

The cook, as I knew she would, worked the girl to the bone, then set her lunch down for her. A salad, no dressing, and a piece of melba toast. “Not much of a lunch, but the housekeeper says you're too overweight and has put you on a diet until you get your weight so your figure is at least marginally attractive. I'm betting at least twenty-five or thirty pounds off you be-

fore she'll be somewhat satisfied," She said, as asked, for the cook was also informed about the girls' real identity. She thought it was a hoot, and promised to do her part.

When the cook was finished with her Gretchen took her down to the laundry room. Pointing to a pile of bed sheets, pillow cases and table cloths she said, "These get washed, then you iron them and fold them neatly."

Pointing to another pile, and grinning to herself, she said, "Now these are the undergarments Ms. Church, the housekeeper and myself wore yesterday. Bras, panties, nylons and socks. All must be delicately hand washed, ironed, perfumed and neatly folded."

"And in this pile are all the undergarments our residents also wore yesterday. When you're finished inform me and I'll inspect them. Everyone not perfectly done will be done over on your own time," I said, and couldn't help wondering what she was thinking knowing she'd be tending to everyone's undergarments, but I wasn't quite finished. In a conversation with Ruth we both agreed of a way to make it even more humiliating. As we did with one of the maids who initially balked at washing and ironing as it wasn't part of her fantasy. So, what we did was set the ironing board up too high for her to reach. To help her we placed a wooden block she could stand on. Which initially she was grateful for, although not for long as the block measured twelve inches high by just four and four inches. Standing on the block her heels just barely could stand on it, even if pressing her feet as tightly together as she could.

So that's what we set up for the new servant girl. With a video monitor in the room we could watch her struggle trying to iron and balance on the block in heels she could barely stand in at the same time. We laughed our heads off every time she slipped and fell off.

Chapter-20 She foolishly thought she was finished.

She finally finished, or thought she was finished, with all the laundry around nine that night. I'm sure she was so relieved as she's just spent

nearly all day in an oppressively heavy, miserably tight uniform, struggling, half terrified just trying to stand, yet alone walk, in high heels.

Her relief quickly left her when I inspected her work throwing one garment after the other on the floor. Pointing out ridiculously minor faults like several panties not exactly folded right, other panties she either forgot to perfume or, I declared, weren't perfumes enough, then there were several bras with the tiniest of spots that she'd missed, and then there was the stockings that I declared were not delicately hand washed enough to wear.

She looked crushed, which was exactly how I wanted her to look.

"This is not how you're expected to deal with such delicate articles. Do all these over with, on your own time, damn it. When you're finished report to me," I ordered.

Three, long hours later she reported to me.

"Well girl, this has not been a good day for you. Even though you barely worked a full day you've acquired an unacceptable 27 demerits. You know what that means, tomorrow a full five hours of additional chores, on your own time, without pay," I declared.

"A-Another f-five hours?" She cried in disbelief, hanging her head and letting out little sobs.

Well, well you arrogant, little shit, I thought. Just this morning a big dictatorial, he-man lording it over your girlfriend. Now look at you a feminized, lowly servant girl with torpedo tits, permanent make up, in skirts and high heels. Oh how far the mighty have fallen.

I let her sob her heart out for a couple of minutes then said, "Well, I absolutely shouldn't do this, the Housekeeper would kill me if she found out, but just this once, and only because it's your first day, I won't count today's demerits."

"Y-You won't, oh thanks you Ms. Gretchen, I-I mean servant girl Beverly thanks you s-so much," She babbled, so pitifully grateful. Not knowing it was all planned.

“However tomorrow if you have more demerits than today I will double the numbers of hours you’ll work, without pay, is that understood?” I asked sternly.

“Oh yes, Ms. Gretchen, the servant girl Beverly understands,” She said, naturally Ruth and I knew she’d work twice as hard tomorrow. Manipulating sissies was so entertaining.

“Very well, I won’t. You may go to your room, and change into your night ware and you may stay up for an hour, then I’ll come and loosen your corset. If you sit in your chair remember to curtsy to it first and you have my permission to use the toilet if you need to,” I just couldn’t help adding.

Knowing just how confining her first corset must be she gasped in such relief when I loosened it two inches.

Chapter-21 Beverly’s night ware, not what she normally wore to bed.

Ruth and I opened her iPad to watch her change into her night ware. We watched as she put on the ridiculously ruffled pink, rumba panties with it’s completely ruffled behind and bows everywhere. Then there was the pink nightie, completely sheer so her torpedo bra showed thru. It was so short it only partially covered her panties. The long, ultra full, sheer sleeves ended in ruffles tied with huge pink bows. It was the trashiest, most immodestly revealing night ware we could find online at Fredericks of Hollywood.

We all watched in hysterics as she tried navigating to the toilet in the backless mules with bows on the toes. The heels were no higher than the ones she’d been wearing but they sat on three inch platform soles.

Chapter-22 Day two is not going well.

The next morning she looked nervously as I closely inspected her.

“Your cap is not exactly centered on your head, the chin strap is too loose and you call this a bow its not even on both sides, very sloppy. The bow in back of your apron needs to be twice as big and its higher on the left than on

the right. You have two strands of loose hair. Tsk, tsk. Now raise your skirts up in back. You were told your seams had to be perfectly straight, are they straight girl?" I demanded to know

"N-No Ms. Gretchen," She stammered.

"Now put you feet up on this chair so I can inspect your shoes," I ordered.

"The bows on both your shoes have not been evenly tied, and look at this smudge on the back of your left heel," I pointed out. Of course, all this was totally unfair. How could she see the smallest, almost invisible smudge on the back of her heel. But it all served a purpose.

"This is not a good beginning, is it girl?" I asked sternly.

"N-No Ms. Gretchen," She answered in such dismay.

"That's a total of nineteen demerits and you haven't even been put to work. Remember more than twenty-seven and I double the number of hours of additional work. Now how long did you practice walking with a book on your head and practiced your curtsy?" I wanted to know.

"I-I didn't, I-I'm sorry, I was just so.." She started to say till I cut her off.

"I'm not interested in any excuses from a lowly servant girl. The correct response is, 'No Ms. Gretchen servant girl Beverly has no excuse,' now say it," I shouted.

"That's five more demerits, now get upstairs to the kitchen, and I hope I see great improvement in you by the end of the day, or else," I warned. So her first inspection, I was sure, had the desired effect.

As I thought she worked her ass off so I made it so that she received two demerits less than the previous day. We called it the knuckling down treatment, and it worked every time.

Chapter-23 Caught standing.

A couple days later what I thought would happen did. Ruth caught her standing at the toilet peeing. She's gotten the thong off, probably thinking she wouldn't get caught, but we had it monitored as well.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing," Ruth screamed at her. "Get those skirts down instantly. What if someone had seen you standing there with that thing hanging out, peeing like a man?"

"I-I'm sorry, I forgot," She pleaded

"Bull shit," I said, and hauled off and slapped her face, not once but twice, angrily adding, "I'll deal with this later."

Dragging her out of the laundry room to my office I said, "Raise your skirts and spread your legs, I have something that I'm assured will keep you from stupidly revealing who you really are."

Hilary and I were quite proud of the modesty device all the "girls" wore. We actually invented it ourselves and had them made, which we referred to as their "pussy." Basically we took a plastic athletic supporter and glued a metal sheath to it into which we inserted our girl's pussies. Over it we then attached a flesh colored, curly pussy hair covering. When their pussies were nicely confined we glued their new pussies to them with surgical glue.

After I'd fixed Beverly's new pussy I let her see it in a mirror.

"This will keep you from trying to stand any longer," I assured Beverly, who's shocked reaction was typical. Then added, "to make sure you understand you are now a servant girl you will refer to this as your 'pussy.'" Now tell me what you have, girl."

"N-No please t-take it off I don't want a.."

"Would you like a good slap in the face girl, now tell me what you have, and say it properly," I demanded.

“S-Servant g-girl Beverly has, has a p-pussy Housekeeper,” She sobbed out. The other “girls” didn’t have the same reaction, they actually wanted a pussy, but obviously not this one.

Chapter-24 Servant girl Beverly’s first week.

By the end of her first week as a servant girl I was quite pleased with her progress. Her demerits slowly came down day by day as she knuckled under. I actually wasn’t surprised for by the end of the week she was quite nicely terrified of me, to say nothing of Gretchen. Which, of course, is how we wanted her. I’ve always thought it’s much easier to train a new girl, especially an unwilling one, and get them to do as we dictate and act like you demand they do if they’re too scared of the consequences than not doing as they’re told, or even daring to offer the least resistance.

On Friday I ended her day a bit earlier, much to her puzzlement. Although it was all planned.

“After you dress in your night wear attire you can go to the activities room and meet the other girls, they’re all dying to meet you,” I said, making it clear it was an order.

“Yes Housekeeper,” She obediently responded. But I knew it was something I was sure she’d do anything to avoid. After all she thought all the girls were actually girls. And all the girls thought the other girls were also girls.

Hilary, Gretchen and I opened an ipad to clicked on ‘activity room’ monitor. It was sure to be fun entertainment.

We couldn’t help giggling watching her scandalously dressed in her sheer nightie with her tits sticking out, her ruffle panties in clear view and still wobbling in her platform mules down the hall to the activities room.

Chapter-25 Servant girl Beverly’s new friends.

The last thing I wanted to do was meet the other maids. I was sure they’d immediately see right through me. I felt positively naked and so exposed



and indecent. Especially with those huge, fake tits leading the way. Would they see they weren't real? Or would they be able to know I was a guy the minute I started to speak, or know I wasn't a real girl by how I wobbled in my heels? The only way I could walk was to take very cautious, tiny steps.

As I got near the room I heard their voices and laughter and suddenly got so scared I nearly threw up. I just knew the minute I walked in they'd know right away I was a guy. I wanted to cry but knowing I had no choice. I fully expected them immediately to start laughing and pointing at me and asking why a guy was dressed like a half naked slut pretending to be a girl. Oh god!

I was just on the verge of running back to my room but the door suddenly opened and there stood this gorgeous blonde and to my surprise and relief she was dressed almost exactly as I was.

"Oh, you must be the new servant girl. We've been dying to meet you. Come in, my name is Tiffany," She said, dragging me into the room.

I honestly didn't know what to do, so I decided to err on the safe side. After a curtsy I said, I hoped, in my softest, lowest voice, "The servant girl's name is Beverly."

"We're allowed to address each other by just our first names and don't have to curtsy in the activities room," She said.

They all introduced themselves and I was again relieved that they were all dressed as scandalously as me.

I kept waiting for one of them to suddenly point and start laughing asking why, in hell was a guy dressed in drag. But, as minute by minute went by nobody said a word, instead they wanted to know all about me.

"Of course the Housekeeper did tell us a little about you," The girl named Polly

said, adding, "She said you were just eighteen, just graduated from high school and came to New York to break into the theater but ran out of money and took this job. But that you're totally untrained as a servant girl. But don't worry we all started as servant girls and now we're real maids. Sounds like most of us."

W-What, she told them eighteen and just out of high school? I didn't know what to say I was so mad and humiliated.

They were all so friendly I couldn't help slowly relax. Maybe I could get away with this if I acted as girlish as I possibly could.

"I'd ask you how your first week went, but I'm sure we all know, it was hell, poor thing, wasn't it?" Bridgette asked.

"Oh God, it, it was the worst week I think I've ever spent," I sobbed.

"There, there honey. You just have a good cry. Obviously you're scared to death of the Housekeeper and, of course, Ms. Gretchen."

“She, she slapped my face,” I said, expecting them to be outraged.

“Yes, she undoubtedly did, probably several times. She does it to get our attention,” She said, as if slapping someone’s face was an expected, normal occurrence to them that they accepted. But what she said next truly shocked me.

“Has Gretchen spanked you yet?” Francine asked.

“S-spanked me? You mean she actually spanks you? I asked in total disbelief.

“Oh yes, I don’t think there’s not one of us she has spanked, or paddled four or five times. She uses an awful paddle, but better she spanks you than the Housekeeper because she uses a cane and it really, really hurts.

“However they do it fairly. First they explain why you’re going to be spanked, then after you’ve been spanked it’s important to admit that you deserved to be spanked, or worse, caned,” Tiffany shuttered, then added, “I’m sure you’ll be spanked by next week, or the week after. The only way to avoid being spanked is to be the absolute best servant girl you can possibly be. Just a hint she has a fetish for tiny details.”

I swear I truly didn’t think I could try any harder than I already was, but to avoid a spanking I simply had to. I couldn’t believe a girl younger than me had the right to spank me if she thought I deserved it.

So we all relaxed and watch the latest episodes of “Desperate Housewives,” while Polly brushed my hair, that actually was quite soothing. To my disgust I actually found myself enjoying their company. It was the only bit of friendship and niceness I’d had all week.

Although they did have some, what they thought, were helpful tips.

“You should try keeping your legs together when you sit,” Polly offered.

“You obviously haven’t worn heels much, you really should practice as when you’re promoted your heels go up. See I’m now actually walking gracefully in my six inch heels,” Tiffany said proudly, getting up and showing me. I couldn’t even walk in three inch heels, yet alone ones that were twice as high!

“And I’m sorry to say that you really could lose some weight. Your figure is going to have to be a lot more attractive if you want to be promoted.”

Just before heading back to my room Francine said, “Did Gretchen explain that you’re allowed one public outing a week?”

When I said she hadn’t she said, “Make sure you ask her if you go with us, it’s lots of fun. You’ll need to fill out a permission slip first.”

Chapter-26 Servant girl Beverly learns how to scrub floors.

The following day I raised my hand to ask a question.

“What is it girl, and I hope it’s important,” I said.

“T-The maids said they were all going on a public outing on Saturday Ms. Gretchen. They asked me to ask you if servant girl Beverly could go with them.”

“Didn’t you read the rules. It clearly states that permission to go on a public outing must be received three days in advance. Let me think.” I said.

After pretending to ponder it, as planned I said, “I will let you go on one provision. Toady is the day servant girls scrub floors. If you show me how well you can scrub floors I’ll let you go. Since you’ve never scrubbed floors before I won’t expect perfection. However you’ll need to be trained in exactly how servant girls are expected to scrub.”

Early the following day she followed me to the long front hall. I handed her a heavy pair of yellow, rubber gloves half way to her elbows and watched her struggle to get them on, of course they were purposefully a size too tight. Once she had them on I put a bucket of soapy water next to her.

“The best way to scrub floors is on your hands and knees, so get down on them,” I ordered. I then strapped two of the heaviest scrub brushes on her hands.

Then gave her the rules, which we invented for reluctant servant girls who thought scrubbing floors was beneath them.

“To prevent your skirts from getting soaked you will always kneel on your apron. To prevent your shoes from getting wet and scuffed they are never to touch the floor, they’re to be kept raised at all times. When you need to change the water, remove the brushes, stand and curtsy, refill, then curtsy again before you continue scrubbing. I don’t expect to see any wasted time on your part. This hall will take a good four hours to finish. If you do a good job, you can go on the outing. If your skirt is wet you don’t go. If your heels are wet or scuffed you don’t go. If you don’t finish in the time allotted you don’t go. Well, stop wasting time, get to work,” I directed.

It was a torturous, and decidedly humiliating way to be forced to scrub floors, as, of course, it was meant to be. Hours later she hadn’t quite finished, to her dismay, and naturally she was beyond exhaustion. But as I planned all along I said, “Not quite finished, but the rest is acceptable. I expect you to improve, but, yes you can go with the maids.”

Pathetically she thanked me over and over.

Chapter-27 Servant girl Beverly’s first public outing.

“You’ll find a uniform marked for a public outing in your closet. One of the maids will have to escort you there and back. Servant girls are not allowed outside unescorted,” I added.

Fortunately Tiffany, who I really liked, volunteered to escort me on the outing. And even though it was only for one-and-a-half hours it felt great just being outside, and actually enjoying the girls company. The only negative was the public uniform I wore. Apparently even in public there was to be no mistaking me for other than a lowly servant girl. The only plus, a real relief, was it wasn’t anywhere as oppressive as the uniform I wore all day.

It was a lighter grey wool and quite long coming just above mid-calf, and had tow petticoats, so much lighter than the ones I wore all day. On my legs, instead of wool, I wore black, cotton stockings with seams. The shoes were the same lace-up oxford style and the same heel height, but were chunkier with a rounded toe, which I was eternally grateful for. There was-

n't an apron to wear but I did have a maid's hat pinned n my head, telling everyone of my status.

While the other girls still looked like maids their uniforms were obviously lighter than mine, and their skirts were attractively just at the knees, they wore real nylons and they all wore much higher heels than I thought I could ever wear, but they appeared to walk perfectly natural in them.

Dressed as we were, four maids and a servant girl people simply ignored us. At first it was humiliating, but as I saw the girls taking no notice, eventually neither did I.

What was humiliating was being treated like an errant schoolgirl with Tiffany insisting that a servant girl's hand must be held at all times while in public, "so I wouldn't get lost," She said. If I wanted to do or see anything I had to ask her permission. But I was having a good time so I didn't bring it up.

Chapter-28 Trouble in the kitchen, big mistake.

I took the girl's advice and practiced walking with a book on my head every night, and tried to remember to keep my legs together while sitting and while I hated it I practiced my curtsy over and over. And I tried much harder to do my chores as Gretchen demanded. And inspected myself to look as perfect as I could before she inspected me. I hated looking critically in the mirror ensuring I looked as girly as possible.

All of that convinced me that I was making it through the week without getting spanked. I just couldn't imagine how much it would hurt or just the humiliation of being spanked by a girl younger than me.

Then came my downfall. Something I never expected presented itself. And it was all my own fault.

It was Friday and I was in the kitchen washing dishes. The door opened and someone came in. I couldn't believe who it was, Angela! Without thinking I stopped what I was doing and minced over to her.

“Angela, oh my god, it’s so great to see you. Listen you won’t believe what that tyrant of a Housekeeper and her assistant have me doing, and look at what they turned me into,” I burst out.

To my surprise, quite coolly, she said, “You know we’re not supposed to speak to the hired help, especially servant girls.”

“B-But wait till you hear what I’ve..” I got out before she cut me off.

“And as I understand it you are not allowed to speak to the residents, isn’t that right?” She asked sternly.

“Well yes, but I mean I haven’t seen you..” I started to say when behind me the cook thundered, “You girl, what are you doing talking to one of the residents? It’s absolutely forbidden.”

“I-I know, it’s just that I know..” was all I got out before she grabbed my ear, twisted it so painfully, and literally dragged me back to the dishes and ordered me to get back to work.

“I’m so sorry the servant girl annoyed you Miss. Did she raise her voice to you?” The cook asked.

“Well, yes actually she did,” Angela replied.

“I also heard her address you by your first name, am I correct?”

“Yes, she did in fact,” Angela admitted, obviously not realizing the trouble she was getting me in, and this was my girlfriend, and it only got worse.

“Did she, or didn’t she, curtsy to you before and after she spoke?” the cook wanted to know.

“Curtsy, no she didn’t curtsy,” Angela said.

“Please Miss, if the girl tries to speak to you again, report it immediately to Ms. Gretchen, or the Housekeeper, who I assure you will take steps to see that it doesn’t happen again,” the cook warned.

“Yes, of course I will,” Angela assure her, which devastated me. I’d been praying that if I could only talk to her she might be able, in some way, to help me get out of this mad house.

After a short phone call the cook said, "Report immediately to Ms. Gretchen's room."

Chapter-29 Servant girl Beverly's first spanking.

Oh God, it was the last thing I wanted to do. You can't imagine just how scared I was mincing to her room like a condemned man, or servant girl.

And it was so much worse. As soon as she saw me she bolted out of her chair in a fit of rage. Grabbing me by the hair she painfully yanked me over a straight backed chair.

"Bend over the chair, skirts up, panties down, grab hold of the front legs, more so that your on your tip toes and spread those legs, no, more damn it," She screamed at me.

"Now stay like that. Don't you dare move a muscle. Here I'll give you something to stare at," She barked putting down the most fearsome looking wooden paddle for me to stare at.

Then she just left me like that, going back to her desk. As the minutes ticked by my anxiety and fear only heightened. It seemed to me an hour must have passed before I heard her come over.

"If I see a hand come off a leg, or even if your legs move a fraction of an inch, you get two more. Each time you're spanked you'll count and say, "Servant girl Beverly deserves to be spanked, please spank her again.' Lose count and I start all over, understand that girl?" she demanded to know.

"Y-Yes Ms. Gretchen, servant girl Beverly u-understand, Yeoww!" I screamed as the paddle came down on my poor, unprotected bottom.

At fifteen I was screaming, hollering, sobbing and begging and pleading with her to stop.

"Stop? I haven't even started on you girl. You actually spoke to one of the residents, you dared to raise your voice to her, nor did you curtsy to her, did you?" She demanded to know.

“N-No, oh p-please, no servant girl Beverly didn’t,” I had to admit, praying for it to stop. Which it did, after another ten.

“Look up, mouth open,” She ordered, cramming a whole, mushy bar of soap in my mouth. In and out repeatedly till I was gagging and retching till I was sure I was going to throw up.

“The next time you speak to a resident or raise your voice it won’t be a bar of soap it will be a real gag. Now go over and stand in that corner on that wooden stand. Keep your panties down, hands on your head, don’t you dare touch your bottom. You’ll stand there five minutes for every spank. That’s for the next one hour and

forty-five minutes. As soon as you stand on the box you will curtsy to the corner and say, “Servant girl Beverly deserved to be punished, please punish her again when she’s bad.’ I want to clearly hear it, any hesitation and I add another five minutes. If you fall off the stand I’ll add another ten minutes, are we clear girl” She asked.

“Y-Yes Ms. Gretchen,” I replied, not believing I was being stood in the corner like a naughty schoolgirl. Yes objecting was the furthest thing from my mind. I just wanted it to be over with. But, it wasn’t not for a little more than two hours and twenty minutes. It was so unfair, how can you curtsy on a stand you can barely keep you feet on without falling off.

When it finally came to an end I truly believed her when she said, “The next time girl, it will be much worse. You’re lucky the Housekeeper isn’t here, she would have taken the cane to you, and the spanking you just got would feel like love taps.”

I vowed to never let there be a second time. As I lay sobbing in bed I decided that I didn’t care how humiliating, and degrading, it was for me, as a guy, to be turned into a lowly servant girl. The Housekeeper, the Mistress and Ms. Gretchen had made it quite clear I was now a girl and I either accepted it or suffer the consequences.

Chapter-30 Getting help walking in heels.

I was sure her first spanking would be a turning point. And I was right. The following day I noticed she looked totally defeated, as if she finally had accepted that she was now a servant girl with literally no hope of avoiding it.

Having accepted her fate I started infrequently giving her little compliments.

A few days after her spanking I put the book on her head and said, "Let's see what improvement you've made walking and curtsying."

When she managed to walk and curtsy back and forth six times without the book falling I said, "Well, I'm surprised your curtsy is much improved, and you are making some progress walking. Although at this rate lord knows how long it will be before you can do it twenty-five times. Which you'll need to do if you ever want to be promoted. But I think I have an idea that would help you greatly, if you want?"

"Oh yes please Housekeeper," She almost pleaded.

The following morning I told her to hold her feet out. When she did I attached a set of what we called, 'gait trainers.' Slim, shiny, chrome bracelets that went around each ankle and were connected by a short silver chain. As I closed each there was an audible 'click.' Then I told her to walk, amused by her sudden shock as she tried walking her normal gait and nearly tripped and fell.

"Oh goodness, that's still much too long," I declared, shortening the chain from eight to six inches, then told her to walk again.

"Oh my your gait is still too long. It's needs to be much more mincing and

daintier," I proclaimed and shortened it to a meager five inches. As expected she could barely put one foot in front of the other.

"Now that's the perfect length all the maids have been trained to take. I'm sure they'll help you immensely and as they don't come off you can

simply wear them to bed, practice as much as you can and if you can walk ten times on Friday without the book falling I'll allow you to go with the maids and spend time in the garden which they all so enjoy" I said chuckling to myself.

Not surprising she made it not ten but eleven times.

"So for going not ten but eleven times as promised you may join the maids in the garden tomorrow. You will find an outfit labeled 'play suit' in your closet that will be perfect.

We couldn't wait to see her reaction when she was dressed for her outing in the garden. Hilary and I amused ourselves by occasionally redesigning the sissiest outfits we could imagine for our girls. Our latest efforts were undoubtedly the sissiest ever. We got our inspiration from a ridiculous style called "Lolita Fashions." Very popular in Japan but not really here. Then we added the latest craze, decorative bells. But it was the shoes that were the real find. Just the shoe to make our girls feel dainty and helpless. What we found were a pair of pink, high heeled, wedgies with a three inch platform sole making the heels, at least for Beverly, seven inches high. But that's not what we thought made the perfect sissy shoe. First the toe of the platform was severely angled back, while the heels were scooped inward. Then too the soles were made of cork so every time the wearer took a step it caused their feet to bounce. Making it just about impossible for the poor dears to attain any sense of balance. As finishing touches we added bows on the toes and to them we added two tinkling bells. So every time they took a step they tinkled crazily.

Absolutely hysterical!

Chapter-31 An outfit definitely beyond sissy.

I didn't understand what she meant that the gait trainers, as she called them, wouldn't come off. But when I tried doing just that I couldn't believe it, she'd actually locked them on my feet!

I really didn't want the girls to see that my feet were chained together, I expected them to be shocked. Imagine my continuing surprise when Tif-

fany said, "Oh I see you're wearing gait trainers. They'll really help you walk properly Beverly, we all wore them for a while. I think I only had to wear them for a month."

This, I decided, was getting so weird. But they were all excited for me that I was going to join them in the park.

I was really looking forward to being allowed to go to the garden with the them. When I took out the outfit I was to wear I sighed in relief that they appeared to be a pair of pink shorts with a bib attached. Thank God or small favors, I thought. With it was a white blouse with short, puffy sleeves trimmed in lace, a ruffle edged, broad collar with an attached, pink bow. The blouse was no problem but the shorts were another matter. It took all my effort to get them up they were so tight especially, I could feel, around my bottom. And all my strength to button the shoulder straps to the bib. The shorts, I thought, were really very girly with a row of buttons running up the front, and these huge bows decorating them. Down the front of the bib were four rows of tiny ruffles. First on my feet I put white, anklets trimmed with ruffled lace. They looked like the kind that little girls wore, but at least they were lighter than those damn wool stockings. I thought I looked a bit, well over the top, but when I saw the shoes I just gaped.

First of all they had, I'd say, three inch platform soles with wedge heels so high I wondered how I could actually walk in them. When I put them on and buckled the straps and tried to walk I nearly fell over. They were just about impossible to walk in. I couldn't walk on the toes, nor could I walk on the heels, worse every time I took a step they actually bounced. The best I could do was to sort of slide in them just barely as the damn gait trainers limited even that. Making them even more humiliating they actually had bells on each toe that tinkled with every step that would obviously draw attention to me which was the last thing I wanted. Worse the last things I put on were ruffled wrist bands and they too had bells, damn! If I moved my arms, or even my hands, a little they tinkled.

When I met the girls Polly exclaimed, "Oh my, you look positively darling, doesn't she girls?" And everyone agreed. I thought I looked sort of

like, well, a little girl, but then I saw that they too were dress in similar outfits including the same bizarre shoes.

“It takes a little while but you’ll get used to the shoes. Ms. Gretchen told us they were absolutely the latest style,” Francine said, as I wobbled, bounced and minced half terrified in them.

“Oh, ah, well yes, I-I think they’re really, ah, neat,” I said, then couldn’t help asking, “But what about these bells on our shoes and wrists?”

“Ms. Gretchen explained they’re for our own safety. The garden is very large you see and she said it would be easy to get lost, so the bells will tell her where we are at all times. The only thing she warned us about is that if there were residents in the garden we were to keep our bells absolutely quiet, ” Tiffany explained. Which sounded, maybe believable, but I was careful not to object to anything as they were so excited and the ridiculous shoes or bells or how, to me, little girlish I thought we all looked didn’t seem to bother them at all.

I thought we were about to go out to the garden, and I asked when we were going.

“We have to wait for Ms. Gretchen to take us out, we’re not allowed to go out unsupervised. But Beverly I guess you didn’t read the hair style code when dressed in your playsuit. That’s what these two pink ribbons you’re holding are for,” Bridgette said, taking a brush to my hair and then the tying the ribbons in my hair. When I looked in the mirror I couldn’t believe it. She’d put my hair into little girl pigtails of all things fastened with huge bows. And in the playsuit that’s exactly what I looked like, an oversized little girl!

Chapter-32 I not only looked like a little girl I felt like one!

When Ms. Gretchen joined us she handed us each a yucky romance novel.

“You are allowed to read sitting quietly at the table reserved for the domestic help, then I have the badminton net set up for you to play. Now line

up in a single file and I'll lead you out to the garden, no talking while in line," She cautioned, making me, at least, feel like a schoolgirl back in sixth grade.

The garden truly was beautiful and much bigger than I'd imagined. So, I guess you could get lost in it, and grudgingly admitted maybe there was a real reason for the bells after all.

"As there aren't any residents as yet you may take a leisurely walk in the garden, when you hear me ring the bell, return immediately to your assigned table. You may talk as long as you whisper, if you must giggle cover your mouths," she instructed.

Chapter-33 Not men, or girls, just sissies.

We had several cameras in the garden so we could observe our girls in their ridiculous sissy playsuits, wobbling treacherously in their impossible to walk in shoes, their hair in pigtails, bells jingling with every step, obediently obeying Gretchen's orders. They looked like the frilliest overgrown little girl sissies.

Which actually is how we treated them. Sissies, to our way of thinking were just immature, converted boys that we turned into servant girls and maids. They wanted to be feminized and live out their fantasy, well except for Bridgette and, of course, Beverly.

So why not take full advantage of them. They thought, at first, they were in heaven but reality soon came crashing in and they were trapped.

So we treated them as errant schoolgirls. It never entered their sissy minds that what they were allowed to do in no way was up to them. Actually thinking on their own was absolutely something we heavily discouraged. In reality they were conditioned not to do anything without permission.

When Gretchen rang the bell they all minced back to their assigned table.

"You may read for twenty minutes, then I'll allow you to play at badminton and as you've all been just good girls, so far, you'll each get a dish of

jello afterwards. As I see some residents coming into the garden I do not want to hear a single bell that would draw attention and annoy them," She ordered, giggling to herself.

We couldn't help falling over laughing as they tried playing badminton in their impossible shoes just to walk in yet alone try to play badminton in them.

Chapter-34 Humiliation in the garden.

I couldn't help but wonder if the other girls realized that we were being told what we could do almost to the minute. This was supposed to be our free time, but it was apparent, at least to me, that we weren't free to do anything other than what we were told to do. However, to be honest, our time in the garden was relaxing. Until four of the residents came into the garden all dressed in tiny, sexy bathing suits obviously to sun bathe and one of them was Angela! They all looked over at us and I just wanted to run and hide as her gaze fastened on me. Then she just turned away and started chatting with the others. As if, being a servant girl and maid, we weren't even there.

I truly did want to cry. Here I was sitting with the other maids, dressed like the frilliest, overgrown little girl in pigtails. And across the garden sat Angela, relaxed with a drink, laughing and having a great time. But to drive home my lowly status even more I could plainly overhear their conversation. Hear them talking about the great, new nightclub they were all going to. Hearing them talk and brag about the dates they'd been on. I couldn't help the anguished sob that escaped me when I clearly heard Angela brag, "Well, my date last night you'd have died over. A big time lawyer, so good looking, about six foot four."

"So tell us, did he rip your panties off, or what?" One girl asked laughingly.

"Oh I'm not that easy, maybe, no definitely, next time," She giggled.

Nothing was worse than hearing that. I'd hit my lowest point, not even the spanking I got was worse.

Chapter-35 Servant Girl Beverly is promoted.

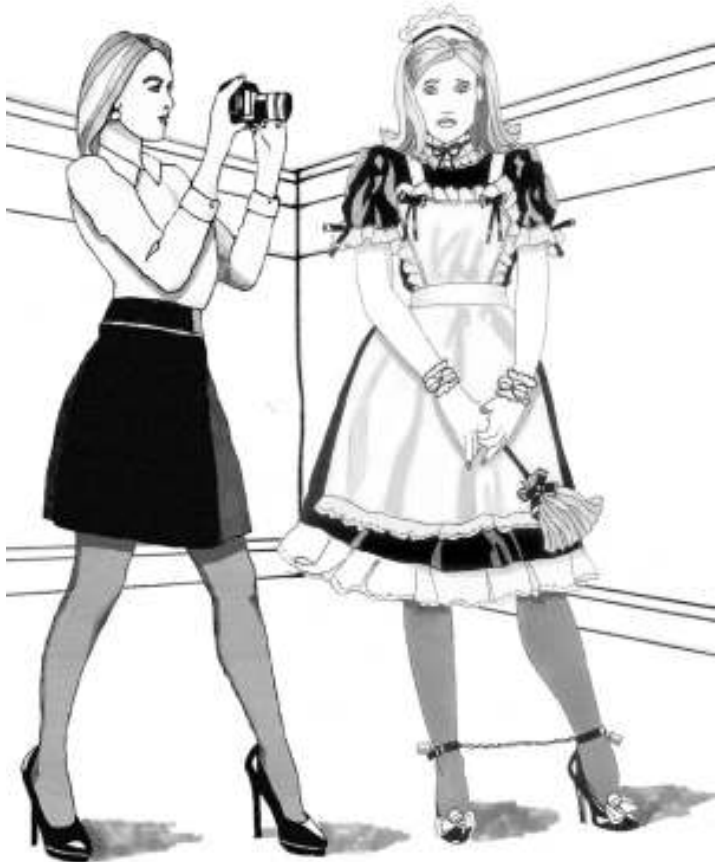
It took a while before, we could see, that Beverly finally realized that she really was stuck as a Servant Girl and that any thoughts of escape had left her. So, it was time to promote her.

Called into the presence of Gretchen, the Mistress and myself she was totally surprised when I said, "We've all been impressed with how you've finally learned your role and how well you've accomplishing your chores. So we've decided to promote you to a full-fledged Servant Girl."

"Y-You have, really?" she blurted out.

"Yes, in fact here's your certificate naming you as the official Number one Servant Girl in the house," I said, presenting her with a framed certificate that we'd made up.

"Among other things your chores will be a lot easier. You'll be our official duster, vacuumer,



polishing and waxing furniture and silverware. You'll be moved to a brighter room with a more comfortable bed and even a window that looks out over the garden. And most importantly Ms. Gretchen will see to your new uniform, that we're sure you'll enjoy more than the one you've been wearing. Plus the maid's have organized a party for you and Ms. Gretchen has been authorized to give you a very special reward," I said, with a big smile, which she mistook.

Chapter-36 But all is not roses.

The first thing I did was to remove Beverly's corset, then proceeded to lace her into a new one explaining, "As you'll be more around the house you need to present a more attractive appearance, starting with a new corset to enhance your figure."

"Oh please Ms. Gretchen, it's awfully tight," She protested.

"Do you want a figure you can be proud of, or do you want to go back to being a simple Servant Girl?" I demanded to know.

"No, no, but please not much tighter," She pleaded, which I ignored, tightening her corset mercilessly down to twenty-five inches.

She was, as we expected, more pleased with her new uniform. For one it wasn't wool, but cotton with a linen apron. The skirts and petticoats came down to mid-calf instead of to the floor. Her woolen stockings were replaced with cotton ones with seams. On her wrists she placed lace edged wrist band, each having two jingle bells.

"Now, isn't this much better?" I asked.

"Oh yes, Ms. Gretchen so much better," She admitted, but then it was time for her new heels. The three inch heels were replaced with four inch heels with locking ankle straps a decorative bow on each toe.

"You'll have to adjust to your new heels but they already make your legs more attractive," I said, then handed her a new set of gait trainers with the chain shortened from five inches to four.

"You don't have to wear these, they're totally voluntary, but I really advise you do as they'll help you adjust to your new heels. If you agree you can put them on yourself."

"If-if you think they'll help," She said, and on her own hobbling her to a much more mincing and dainty step. Imagine getting her to do so on voluntarily.

The girls threw her a big celebratory party with everyone complimenting her on her new uniform.

"Oh Beverly, you look absolutely divine in your new uniform. Your legs are so shapely I bet you simply can't wait to really show them off in a much shorter skirt, like mine," Tiffany gushed in her very short mid-thigh length skirt.

"And you have such petite, nicely formed feet, I'm sure you can't wait to wear much higher heels like mine although they're only six inches high," Polly added. Causing Beverly to wonder, I sure, how she could ever walk in six inch heels let alone the ones she was now wobbling in.

Gretchen whispered in Tiffany's ear prompting Tiffany to whisper a warning to Beverly.

"You're probably wondering why you have bells on your wrist and shoes. That's because it's their way of telling whether you're really working or not. So my advice is to keep those bells ringing," She warned. Thus insuring that we got a full days work out of her with no slacking.

It was then that Gretchen entered with a camera. "Hold still now Maid Beverly and hold your duster in front of you so I can take a picture that I just know you'll love to have framed," She giggled to herself, knowing it was the last thing Beverly wanted.

Chapter-37 Making a good impression.

"Now, since you're going to be more on display to the residents and guests you absolutely must make the best impression, don't you agree?" I asked, and what could she say but agree.

“The most important rule is whenever someone enters a room you’re in you must stop everything, curtsy to that person, bow your head and not look up, and remain standing with your hands folded in front of you until they leave. Do not fidget or in any way draw attention to yourself. That’s a big ‘no no.’ Curtsy before and after you enter or leave any room whether it’s occupied or not to give you practice.

“Now regarding how you go about your chores. You’ll do that in a very set manner. Regarding dusting. You always dust with your left hand, right hand behind your back, feet together. Before you dust a piece of furniture you curtsy to it first, and curtsy again to it when you finish. When vacuuming, you vacuum with your right hand, left hand behind you. Before you change directions you curtsy first then you may change directions. The same etiquette applies when polishing or waxing,” I stated, giggling to myself at the ridiculous rules we concocted for our amusement.

We all found it hysterical watching her go about her dusting and vacuuming curtsying before and after she dusted every piece of furniture and curtsying every time she had to change directions when she vacuumed. Regardless she appeared relieved not to be consigned to the more arduous chores and the purposely heavy and all too tight uniform.

Chapter-38 The new Junior Serving Maid.

It was only a month later that we were forced to promote Servant Girl Beverly. One of our long time residents took a new job across the country and she begged us to sell Francine, her Personal Maid to her as she declared she couldn’t live without her.

We didn’t often do this but, unknown to Maid Francine, we made a tidy profit selling her at a reasonable sum. However we had to promote the other maids which left us with no Serving Maid.

So we promoted Servant Girl Beverly. But, for her, it was a much more dramatic change. First we informed her of the good part. She’d be moved to the Maid’s Quarters with her own room, which really excited her.

“Now Beverly, as you’ll be serving not only the residents but their guests you simply must be made much more attractive. So before I turn you over to Ms. Gretchen there’s something I need to do, which the Mistress agrees with, follow me,” Ruth directed.

In her office she ordered Beverly to undress down to her panties. Removing her fake, wooden torpedo tits she glued on a pair of D-cup, totally lifelike tits.

“You could fool the residents and maids to some extent but when your serving you’ll be much more closely observed. So you have to have the closest thing to real breasts as possible, understand?” she asked.

She could see the dismay in Beverly’s face as she looked down at the huge tits sticking out from her chest, “Y-Yes Housekeeper Servant Girl Beverly understands,” she answered reluctantly.

“You are no longer Servant Girl Beverly but Servant Girl Cherise,” She smiled.

“C-Cherise, b-but my name is...”

“We decided that Beverly is much too common a name for a Serving Maid. All the other maids have much more glamorous and feminine names don’t they?” She asked, and she had to admit that they did.

“I’m so glad you agree and I hope you like your new name, which when you sign this legal name change, will become Cherise Sonnet,” She said, thrusting a document and pen at her.

“Y-You want me to legally change m-my name?”

“Of course, it’s just for social security and your health insurance, you can always change it back,” Ruth lied, smirking as she naively signed her old name away.

Of course to make her figure even more alluring Ruth tightly laced her into a new corset down to a breathless, mere twenty-three inches. Sheer, seemed nylons followed and then new five inch heels, of course. With gait trainers, voluntarily worn, but with the chain shortened from four to three inches.

With that Ruth turned her over to Ms. Gretchen.

Chapter-39 Serving Maid Cherise's new look.

I took our new Junior Serving Maid to make shift beauty salon, put her in a chair and into the hands of Diane our beautician.

"Now you just relax Cherise and I'll make you so pretty you won't recognize yourself," Diane said giggling to herself.

As she washed, shampooed and died her hair, her assistant was gluing much longer, three-quarter inch nails to her fingers and painting them a glossy red.

After her hair was tightly rolled in curlers and she was put under a dryer her assistant permanently attached large bells to each ear. Once out from the dryer and her hair combed out Diane glued ultra long, curled eyelashes, applied the brightest blue eyeshadow, outlined her eyes with mascara, and painted her lips the same glossy red as her nails.

Turned to a mirror Cherise was, as expected stunned. There was no sign of Beverly or more importantly the obnoxious young guy who belligerently first made his appearance.

For her hair was now blonde in a curled up pageboy style. Her make up you could best describe as dramatic.

"Don't you just love the new you Cherise? A great improvement over your, well, dowdy former appearance, and best of all your makeup is what we called 'Permanently Lush' you won't have to worry about putting your makeup on now for at least four or five months, isn't that great?" Diane enthused.

"F-Four or F-Five months?" She gasped in delightful dismay.

"At least and you won't have to worry about losing an earring, they're glued on," Diane gloated.

Chapter-40 A new uniform for Serving Maid Cherise.

Once Diane was finished with her new look I took her, still stunned, t fit her out in her new uniform. When dressed she wore a black satin dress, the hem falling to mid-thigh. The petticoats really fluffed it out. The squared off neckline showed an ample amount of cleavage. The short, puffy sleeves were trimmed in lace, ruffles, with a tea length apron, lace edged maid's cap black choker trimmed in ruffles around her neck.

On her hands were lace trimmed gloves each having two jingle bells to match those on her shoes.

"Oh my, don't you look just perfect. The very vision of a Serving Maid and notice your uniform is black like all the other maids. Don't you just love your new uniform?" She prompted.

"Y-Ys Ms. Gretchen, Serving Maid Cherise l-loves her new uniform," She was forced to reply. By her look obviously she not only hated her new look but her new uniform, but, of course, she didn't dare say so.

Gretchen expected one more question and it cautiously came.

"C-Could Serving Maid Cherise ask why she isn't wearing a bra, d-did you forget it?"

"Oh no, Ms. Hamil said she didn't want you wearing one for some reason. I didn't understand it, but she said all the bouncing and giggling your breasts would do as you go about your serving duties would help in your deception, whatever that means. Did you understand that?" She asked.

"Y-Yes, Serving Maid thinks so," she said, knowing precisely the meaning.

Chapter-41 How to serve and more humiliation.

"You'll be doing a lot of serving throughout the day. Breakfast, lunch, dinner, at the pool, in the garden and whenever and wherever they need you. So, like your previous duties you'll be expect to strictly adhere to a precise etiquette code. When you approach a table with residents or guests you

curtsy to each person. Then say, 'Serving Maid is here to take your orders ladies, or Ms. How may she help you?' Then after taking their orders you curtsy to each. When serving them food or drinks feet tightly together and bend only from the waist. I'll be watching you the first few days to correct any mistakes you make," She warned, adding, "There are a table of women in the garden, go and see what they need."

We all gathered around the video showing the garden to watch her reaction for her ex-girlfriend Angela was one of the women at the table. The video had audio so we could hear her bells jiggling as she approached stopping momentarily as she saw her ex-girlfriend.

"You must be the new serving maid. What's your name girl?" One of them asked.

"Junior Serving Girl Cherise Ms." She stammered out.

"Well she's certainly an improvement over the last one, isn't she girls? Quite the sexy thing and she must be so proud of her tits. See how they bounce and giggle, not wearing a bra, shameful," Another laughed, as they all did to poor Cherise's undying humiliating.

"She looks oddly familiar, although I don't know why, do I know you?" Angela asked.

"N-No Ms. Serving Maid Cherise is s-sure we've, we've never met," She could barely get out.

We all had to admit that had to be the ultimate putdown. Having to lie to her ex-girlfriend that they'd never met. We couldn't stop laughing with Ruth spilling her drink she laughed so hard. Gretchen suggested, and we all agreed, whatever table Angela occupied Serving Maid Cherise would be there to wait on her every need.

Chapter-42 Put to the test.

After several weeks had gone by we decided it was time to see just how trapped as a Serving Maid she now was.

So, one day Gretchen came to her and said, "The Mistress needs for you to run an errand for her. She needs for you to go to the cleaners and pick up a dress she plans to wear tonight. You can remove your gait trainers. Here's seventy dollars, the cleaners is four blocks away. I expect you to take no longer than forty minutes to be back by. You'll receive a demerit for each minute you're late, understood?" She asked.

This was her chance, if she took it, to run away and with seventy dollars in her pocket. We took bets on whether she'd actually return or not. Ruth bet she won't, but she lost. She not only returned but well inside forty minutes. Well, I thought, she had her chance.

Chapter-43 Another promotion and a real test.

Three residents shared one luxurious room with each having an adjoining suite. And to each room we assigned what we called a Senior Resident's Maid. Their only duty was to pamper and wait on the girls hand and foot. It was the main reason why we seldom had a girl move out. Who would want to when you have your own personal maid to tend to your every need.

"We're not sure you're ready for a promotion but we have a need for another Senior Resident's Maid. It's a big step up. A Resident's Maid attends to three residents that share a suite of rooms. Your only function is to cater to whatever needs they have. And their needs are a lot more of the personal area. You would have your own room in their suite and essentially be on call any time they need you," I explained.

"So Serving Maid Cherise would be on call any time of day?" She asked.

"That's right, you'll stay in uniform till the last girl goes to sleep. However you'd not only get a full day off, but a big one dollar-and-fifty cents an hour raise, that's more than double what you're making now. So you could really salt away some big bucks, or you could shop for whatever you like, as long as the purchase is approved by one of the girls," I said, which I could see really impressed her.

"Ms. Gretchen will see to your new uniform which will denote to every one your high status. It's a much more glamorous as you'll see," I enthused,

adding, "After Ms. Gretchen has you uniformed she'll turn you over to our beautician and manicurist to be tutored in your new duties. Then Ms. Gretchen will instruct you in precisely how your to act in the presence of the three residents you'll be tending to. If you accept I'll turn you over to Ms. Gretchen," I stated.

I could see all she was foolishly thinking of was all the money she was going to make when she said she was ready.

Chapter-44 A new uniform, definitely not what she was expecting.

"First thing first, a new corset to make your figure much more alluring," I told her, lacing her breathlessly into her new corset down to, as stated, a more alluring twenty-one inches. She was obviously puzzled when I told her to left her cheeks up as high as they would go and hold them there. At which time I tightly cinched a strap beneath each to hold them there and fastened each to the bottom of her corset.

"We noticed that your behind doesn't wiggle as much as it should, these cheek enhancers will really Accenture your wiggle when you walk," I explained, obviously something she really didn't want to hear, but, well, she really didn't dare object now could she?

Next came sheer, seemed stocking attached to four suspenders on each leg warning her that they should remain taunt at all times, and the seams perfectly straight.

"Each morning and throughout the day one of the girls in charge of you will be inspecting you so it's critical that you appear absolutely perfect at all times. Any faults will mean a dollar deduction," I warned.

"Now we'll change your lipstick and nails to the brightest pink," I declared, then it was time for her new uniform.

It was obvious she was shocked when finally uniformed for it was the most immodest, revealing shocking pink, French Maids uniform we could find. The white, satin panties fit so tight they only half covered her cheeks.

The skirt and petticoats, standing nearly straight out ballerina style, were so short the tops of her stockings were fully on display the neckline was so low it came down nearly to her nipples. On her hands were the shortest, white ruffled glove, each with two bells attached.

Then there were her new heels. She just gaped when she saw the six inch heels with ankle straps and pink bows with bells on each toe. Fitting them on her feet and closed the ankle straps and fixed padlocks to them explaining, with a silent chuckle, "These are a bit higher than you're used to and will undoubtedly take some time to adjust to. What we've found, previously, is that some maids took them off when they thought nobody was looking, which, I'm sure you'll agree, is no way to learn to walk in them. So until we see you walking naturally in them we take away the temptation by simply locking them on your feet.

"You'll notice your uniform and make up are pink, which you should wear proudly, as it demotes the highest status you can achieve among the staff. Everyone is going to be sooo jealous," I enthused, giggling to myself.

Chapter-45 Learning what pampering really means.

Once in Diane's hands she said, "Here you will learn the more intimate, personal tasks of a Resident Maids. First I'll turn you over to Betty our manicurist who will teach you in how to manicure, file, buff and paint nails and toes. Then I'll instruct you in combing and styling their hair. After which you'll learn how to shave legs, underarms and trim their more intimate areas. When I decide you've learned each task to perfection I'll turn you back to Ms. Gretchen who will tutor you in your other duties."

Diane reported, with a giggle, that poor Cherise was obviously shocked speechless when she learned of just what her duties were to consist of.

So Cherise began her tutoring. Each time she was taught one task Diane critically

graded her. If she got a passing grade Gretchen was called in for final approval. So, over the weeks she did her nails and toes. Then combing and styling her hair, then shaving her legs, underarms and, hardest on her,

trimming her pussy hairs. Imagine a former guy, turned into a French Maid now trimming a young girl's pussy. But, if she thought trimming pussies was the only humiliating task to perfect, she was so mistaken!

"So far you've done excellently Resident's Maid Cherise. I'm going to make a note to inform the Mistress how well you're doing," Gretchen said. Laughing to herself.

"Oh thank you Ms. Gretchen," She replied in obvious relief.

"Now you must learn the next level of personal, a bit more intimate duties you'll need to accomplish. This is Ms. Carter who is a specialist in teaching this next set of duties," Gretchen said, introducing a quite, intimidating, no nonsense looking woman.

Chapter-46 The next level of pampering.

I so enjoyed instructing a sissy in the next level of pampering that I termed, "intimate body pampering" which clearly left a blank on this one's face.

"The first service you'll learn is called, 'Foot Pampering.' The first step is washing, then drying a resident's feet. First get a bowl of warm water and soap then kneel in front of my feet and remove my shoes and stockings," I ordered.

When she had I said instructed her on precisely how to wash and dry my feet.

"Very good so far, the next step is the foot massage. First massage each toe individually, then work your way up to and including my ankles," I instructed, when she hesitated I sternly said, "Do it now, damn it, not tomorrow! Understand?"

"Y-Yes Ms. Carter," She fearfully stammered.

I had her doing it over and over until I was reasonably satisfied.

Each day she was taught a different task that would delight the resident's who would eventually take charge of her. The following day it was

the neck and shoulder massage, followed by the back rub, and then what I knew gave all sissies trouble dealing with-the cheek massage. It was obviously a degrading task for a former guy to perform and at first she didn't do well.

"That's so clumsy I'm sure you'd be thrown out of the room and demoted, is that what you want girl?" I thundered.

"I want those fingers to make love to my ass, or else," I demanded, laughing to myself.

Then, of course, it got much, much harder on the poor sissy. While I sat and she stood behind me I taught her the proper technique for massing my breasts. I wondered if her sissy pussy was getting any useless enjoyment out of it. I hoped not. I then had her practice on Diane and Betty before his final test with Gretchen.

"Now some of the residents really like an extra special treatment. It's not mandatory but if you can learn to do it I know they'd be ever so grateful to you. Would you like to learn it?" I asked, and naively she agreed, although I'm sure immediately regretted it when I said, "They really like to have their toes sucked and their feet licked. Start with the right, big toe."

As expected she blanched and hesitated, which didn't last long when I barked, "You agreed to learn, now do it or do you need a good face slapping."

Chapter-47 Gretchen takes over and final instructions.

"The final pampering service you'll provide is dressing and undressing the residents you'll be assigned to. Start with my jewelry and earrings, then my shoes, then remove my dress and lastly my bra and panties, then redress me," I instructed, having her practice over and over. I had her doing this over and over all day for several days before I said, "Now go to Ms. Diane and then Ms. Betty undress and then redress them. If they give you a passing grade you'll be ready to be put into service attending the three residents you're assigned to. As planned they gave her a passing grade."



“Tomorrow you’ll be introduced to the three residents you’re assigned to. They’ll be completely in charge of you. Now this is the specific etiquette you’ll follow. And beware any deviation they see and they have complete authority to deduct one to ten dollars for any mistake. They also have full authority to spank you if they feel it’s warranted,” I informed her, which caused her face to turn a nice shade of pale white.

“In their presence you never initiate a conversation. The means you don’t talk unless it’s to answer a question or to reply to a demand. When not tending to the ladies there’s a maid’s stand in the corner where you’ll stand until needed. Each resident has a bell to summon you, each bell has a different chime to it so you’ll know who has summoned you. When called you curtsy to that person and again when you leave her presence.

When passing in front of a resident you stop and curtsy to her. When given an order your only reply will be, ‘Yes Ms., your maid will do so immediately.’ They may, or may not, allow you to retire to your room where you can relax. It all depends on how you’ve pleased them.

In the morning you’ll dress them and do their hair. When they leave you’ll tidy their rooms and make the beds. Then you’ll hand wash the intimates they’ve worn and shine their shoes. For everything else they’ll set a daily schedule of tasks and duties for you to perform, and if you don’t pamper them to their expectations they can have you demoted all the way back to Servant Girl, is all this clear?” I demanded to know.

Poor thing, it was obvious I’d scared her to death, which, of course, I meant to.

Chapter-48 The big shock.

We couldn’t help watching on my ipad Resident’s Maid Cherise’s reaction when Gretchen introduced her to the three residents. Constance was the oldest resident and one of the few who knew the new maid wasn’t what she appeared to be. Jill was one of our newer residents and then, to our glee, was her reaction to the third resident, Angela!

As the oldest Constance was nominally in charge and pretended to regard her critically.

“Well, she’s not as attractive as my last one, and look at how she wobbles in her heels. She must be just off the farm. Are you going to be a good, and more importantly, an obedient maid, girl?”

“Y-Yes Ms. Constance, y-your maid will try her hardest,” She swore.

“Well, see this, I’m not at all shy about using it if you displease us in any way,” She stated, pointing to a wooden paddle on her desk. She grinned to herself when she saw her nearly pass out. This was not Constance’s first maid, and it was her philosophy that the only good maid was a scared maid. The paddle always helped them tow the line.

Most crushing for poor Cherise was that her/his ex-girlfriend showed absolutely no recognition of who she really was. Instead she looked at her critically and asked, “What is I can expect from her?”

“Oh My Angela, you literally won’t have to lift a finger to do almost anything. Maid Cherise will do your laundry, shine your shoes, clean up after you, give you the most relaxing and intimate of massages, brush your hair, give you manicures and pedicures, shave your legs, and she’s even been trained to trim your pussy, haven’t you Maid Cherise?” She demanded to know.

Obviously near tears she answered, “Yes, Ms. Constance, Maid Cherise h-has b-been trained to trim Ms. Angela’s p-pussy.”

“Boy, they really have her trained don’t they? But why is she dressed so sexy, and really more like a slut?” Angela asked.

“That’s easy, you never know when one of our boyfriends will show up, and the idea is for Maid Cherise to get them heated up for you. In fact, it isn’t at all uncommon that our boyfriends have a raging hard-on by the time we’re ready to leave,” She laughed, which, of course, drew the most distressed look on Maid Cherise’ face.

Chapter-49 Epilogue.

We gloated over the obvious humiliation we could see on her face at the thought of the most intimate pampering she be made to perform on her ex-girlfriend. But to our disappointment that evaporated in a few days when she realized Angela hadn't the faintest idea of who she actually was.

However what we saw developing was an obvious affection Constance began feeling towards their maid. It was several months later that Constance informed us that she's taken a job in Chicago and implored us to transfer her employment contract and let her take Resident Maid Cherise with her.

We discussed it and having had our revenge and fun transforming the arrogant shit we'd basically come to ignore her plight. So we agreed to do so, and both left very happily in their own ways, that is.

Maid For Me

Chapter-1 My happy homemaker.

After being disastrously married to a guy who thought the little woman should be at home, in the kitchen, where they belonged Doug was just what I was looking for.

He pampered me to death. He was also excessively neat, his house was spotless and gleamed. Being raise only by his mother he had the responsibility of not only keeping their house clean, but happily did the laundry, ironing and could even sew. Seeing what a slob I was he naturally assumed all those chores. Which I, as an up and coming executive, was grateful for.

There was only one quirk about Doug. Up front he admitted that he was "an occasional" cross dresser. To his surprise I didn't have a problem with that. I knew that with some men it was a hobby, so I accepted it.

I guess I shocked him why I suggested, "So, why don't you combine the two? Instead of Doug you can be my happy homemaker and dress up to your hearts content."

Well, he took to that like a duck to water, and I swear what I saw was the biggest tent in his pants, especially when I added, "Why don't you go and buy yourself some clothes that fit, instead of trying to fit into my old hand me downs? And you could try to do something with your hair and maybe some makeup. I'm fine with you being the homemaker, I just don't think you should look like a guy in drag. That would really turn me off."

The next day when I came home from the office I was frankly stunned by who met me at the door with a drink. There was Doug looking like some re-incarnation of a housewife from out of the 50's. There he was wearing a pink pok-a-dot full skirt, fluffed out by at least two, maybe three, petticoats, not panty hose but seamed nylons, pink, old fashioned, platform shoes with I'd say, three inch Cuban heels with bows on the toes, white gloves for God's sake just like the ones worn by women in the 50's, and a full, ruffled apron. But what made me do everything I could not to laugh was his ridiculous 50's style hairdo of all things.

When he hopefully asked me how he looked I didn't have the heart to tell him the truth as he seemed so happy so I told him I thought he looked great.

"Well, you look so perfectly girlish I can't keep calling you Doug now can I? What do you want me to call you?" I asked.

Shyly he told me I could call him, "Donna." I suspect after Donna Reed from the 50's "Donna Reed" show. Why wasn't I surprised.

So as the weeks went by I came home, relaxed reading the Wall Street Journal with a drink in hand, while "Donna" happily vacuumed or dusted and kept the house sparkling clean. I was happy, he was happy and life was perfect.

Chapter-2 Moving on up the ladder.

Then one day I found I was being promoted and had to relocate to another city.

As part of my elevated position I had to attend many high level parties and events. Besides myself there were several other women at similar positions. And when I attended several of their parties at their homes I noticed that they all had very attractively, actually scandalously dressed, maids.

When I cautiously asked the hostess why she had her maids so sexily dressed she replied, "My dear they're eye candy for all the men I'm having to deal with in my business. This might be a party but I'm working the room as if it's a business. And there's nothing more distracting for the men I have to deal with than having them drooling over the maids."

On my, I thought, how was I ever going to invite them to a, say dinner party, with Donna dressed as a 50's homemaker? I'd end up being the laughing stock of the company.

Chapter-3 There was only one solution.

It was obvious, Donna would become my maid.

"Y-You want me to be your maid?" She asked, quite taken aback.

"Yes, parties I went to the women had at least two or three maids. And I simply can't have important business people to a, say dinner party, I'm hosting with you looking more like a homemaker than a maid. I do hope you understand," I said.

"Well, yes, I guess I understand," She said, obviously resigned to the fact that I was going to turn her into my maid.



Chapter-4 Maid over.

“Oh I’m so glad you’re so understanding. So the first thing we have to do is sharpen you up. For a maid you simply don’t have the right look,” I stated, so the next day it was off to my beautician for a complete makeover.

When Sally finished with her her mousy brown hair was now a gorgeous blonde and styled in a darling bob that I’d seen several of the other women’s maids wearing. Her makeup was now quite glamorous and sexy. A bit overdone with much more arch to the brows, long, fluttering, glued on eyelashes, heavy on the mascara and eyeliner, and glossy, cherry red lips

“As per your instruction I used what we call Perma Glow which really won’t begin wearing off for at least four or five month,” Sally said, which naturally shocked Donna.

You see I had plans for my new maid and I didn’t want her getting cold feet and suddenly wanting to back out.

The next step was her breasts. Removing her modest bra and B-cup inserts I and Sally glue on, let’s say, overly ample D-cup size melons on her.

“Really Helen, aren’t these a bit too big?” She asked in alarm.

“Oh no, one thing I noticed about all the other women’s maids is that they all had really large breasts that all the men positively drooled over,” I replied.

“But I don’t want men drooling over my breasts,” She protested.

“Well, I’m afraid that’s what’s probably going to happen so just ignore them, Yvette.

Oh yes, that’s your new name. I just can’t have a maid with such a plain name as Donna, it really doesn’t fit your new image. Many of the maids I encountered had French names which is so much sexier, so in essence you’ll be Yvette, my sexy French Maid,” I declared.

“I don’t want to be a sexy, French Maid, let alone having men drooling all over me,” She adamantly declared.

“You agreed to be my maid, didn’t you? And what I want is a maid like all the other women have. Oh yes, in your position as my maid it’s entirely in appropriate for you to be addressing me as Helen. From now on you’ll address me as, “Ms. Connors,” I stated sternly.

“B-But that’s your maiden name,” She stated the obvious.

“Absolutely correct. What am I supposed to do announce to everyone that the maid you see is actually my husband, well?” I wanted to know.

“I-I guess that would be embarrassing,” She admitted.

“Yes, darn right it would be,” I agreed, so now to everyone I wasn’t married. I hadn’t thought about it, but it did present many possibilities I hadn’t thought of.

Chapter-5 Yvette endures a most humiliating inspection.

After she got redressed we headed for a shop called, “Domestic Issues.” It came highly recommended by my bosses wife, Gloria Wentworth who had three maids.

“My dear, if this is your first maid, ask for Mildred Gibbons. She dresses and trains all my maid although her methods are a bit unorthodox. But by the time she’s finished with them they know their place,” She shabbily assured me.

When we got to the shop and I explained that this was my first maid she said, “Just put yourself in my hands and that of my assistants.”

Then to Yvette she sternly said, “Take off all your clothes down to your panties leave your heels on.”

“W-what, take off my clothes?” She mistakenly said, and was just as shocked as I was when the woman hauled off and slapped her face, not once, but twice, really hard.

“She’s obviously not trained at all and is much too uppity. I hope you’re not shocked, it’s just my way of getting her attention,” Then to Yvette, picking up a cane, added, “As a lowly maid the first rule you’ll learn is that you

don't hesitate a fraction of a second to do as you're told. Test me and I'll use this on you. Now get undressed and stand on this pedestal."

Scared half to death Yvette quickly stood, as ordered, on the pedestal.

"Kate come in here, if you would," She called out, and shortly a girl in her early twenties entered wearing a black, pleated skirt, white blouse, tie and high heels.

"This is my assistant, Kate Doyle, a college girl studying behavior modification. Kate this is Ms. Connors and this is a girl she wants fitted out, like Mrs. Wentworth's maids are," She explained.

"So she wants the sexy, French Maid look?" The girl ventured.

"Yes, exactly. So give us your impression of her," She asked.

"Well she's got a good set of tits on her. They definitely should be kept on full display," The girl commented, walking around her as if examining a prize horse.

"Great legs that should be high lighted in heels much higher than those low ones she's wearing," She added, then shocked poor Yvette and, frankly, me by pinching her cheeks causing Yvette to jump and try putting her hands over them.

I was further shocked when the woman gave her a blow on them with a cane I hadn't seen.

"Don't move as the girl's inspecting you, unless you want another one," she barked.

"Obviously she'll need a cheek enhancer, her ass is almost flat, almost like a man's. But it's her figure that's positively atrocious, would you agree?" the girl asked.

"Absolutely, and you're right on. Now let's see you walk girl. Get down off the pedestal and walk across the room and back for us," Poor Yvette was ordered, suffering the humiliation of being inspected by a college girl several years longer than she was.

After she'd walked back and forth the woman said, "She walks like she's in a barn even in those low heels and her ass barely sways, totally unacceptable."

"I agree, she'll definitely need as ass twitcher," she girl added.

"What's the highest heel you've worn girl?" She wanted to know.

"T-Three-and-a-half," Yvette stuttered.

"And if you've worn a corset how tight have you ever laced it?"

"Three in-inches," She murmured.

"Very well. Get a pair of five inch trainer, hobble heels and that hour glass corset with rigid, steel stays," She commanded.

Chapter-6 Can you train her?

While the girl was gone I asked the woman about training my maid.

"It's just that I'm experienced at how to train a maid, and I really want her trained just like you trained Mrs. Wentworth's maid," I said.

"Oh yes, I have a very profitable business training maids to their employers exacting standards and Mrs. Wentworth sets very high standards. Unfortunately I'm all booked up for the next couple of months. But I had an idea before you came in. It's time to let Kate get some actual experience training a maid on her own. I think she'd jump at the chance. And I happen to know she's looking to get away from her two bothersome roommates. Why don't you offer her room and board and a modest salary? It would be the perfect solution for you. As you work long hours and aren't home till late hours Kate could spend the days training your maid," She said.

"That would really be so great, let's ask her," I said, solving a problem, till now, I had yet to solve.

"The only thing I have to warn you about is, in her enthusiasm, she does tend to go a bit overboard," She stated.

"You mean like slapping her face and using a cane on her?" I asked.

“Yes, you’d have to sign a domestic discipline waiver, as did Mrs. Wentworth. It’s nothing personal, simply an effective training technique. It’s really necessary if you want her as trained as Mrs. Wentworth’s maids are,” She said.

“Well, as long as I don’t have to be involved in whatever disciplining she feels necessary” I replied, as I did actually want to outdo the snobby old bag.

Chapter-7 Yvette’s new uniforms.

As we both expected Kate jumped at the offer.

“It’s perfect as it fits right in with my behavior modification thesis,” She enthused as she took out a garment I was unfamiliar with, and ordered her to take off her panties. Fortunately I’d convinced her that we needed to take some precautions with what was between her legs before we left.

“Heavens knows what they’ll want to measure so I have some to protect your modesty. Don’t worry it’s only temporary,” I lied as I glued on what was called an “Instant Pussy.” Totally lifelike even coming with patch of short, curly pussy hair.

The garment was a sort of girdle, nude in color, exposing, almost fully, her cheeks. It took both of them to get it on her. Finally when on the girl produced a treasuring tape and proudly announced, “Oh good, her ass is now nearly four inches bigger. You see, it has strong under wiring that pushes each cheek up and, at the same time, out. And what’s great is it’s breathable so it can be worn for at least a week.”

Obviously, I could see, something Yvette didn’t want to hear, but there was nothing she could do about it.

What came next was the most formidable, looking corset I think I’ve ever seen.

“It’s modeled after a Victorian hour glass training corset. The difference is that the stays are steel and don’t bend an inch. Notice how it pushes her tits up and out even more,” She pointed out.

“Start out tightening the laces to at least five inches, to start,” the woman ordered.

As the girl proceed to tighten the corset, in alarm, Yvette yelped, “Oh p-please it, it’s too tight.”

In response the girl asked, “Can I borrow your cane?” And very calmly gave her a very smart one right on her much enlarged ass.

Yvette moaned, but kept her mouth shut as the girl applied a padlock to the two sturdy straps in back, explaining, “She’ll want to try to loosen it, they all do, to this insures they don’t even try.”

“It’s an improvement, but barely, it only takes her figure down to twenty-five inches. Mrs. Wentworth’s maid are all laced to no more than twenty-two inches, a couple even to twenty-one,” The woman remarked.

“Is that actually possible?” I asked.

“Oh absolutely Ma’am. After she gets used to this I’ll simply keep taking it, say, an inch each month,” She flatly stated. Goodness, poor Yvette, I only momentarily thought, but if Mrs. Wentworth’s maids to twenty-two or twenty-one inches I was determined that Yvette was going to match them.

After long, seamed, nylons were attached to the corset her shoes came next, that gave Yvette a most fearful look. I would have too if I’d have to wear five inch, stiletto heels with ankle straps, which to my surprise, she locked on her.

“My goodness, those look, well, treacherous, I could never walk in them,” I remarked.

“Eventually she’ll learn. I actually see her in much higher at least six or better seven inch heels. Mrs. Wentworth’s, I believe are all in seven inch heels,” The woman said heartlessly.

What the girl did next was also a surprise. The attached a short, chain from one padlock to the next making her barely able to put one foot in front of the other.

“This is how we train a maid to take the daintiest, sexist little mincing steps. Once she gets used to it I’ll shorten it a bit more,” The girl, just as heartlessly, stated.

“She’ll have an assortment of uniforms. One for heavy chores, one for lighter chores, a pink one for when you’re home and a show off uniform for when you have guests over, especially if there’s going to be males there. Put her in that one so Ms. Connors can get the full effect and approve any changes she’d like to make. It’s an exact duplicate of the ones Mrs. Wentworth’s maids,” the woman ordered.

When Kate had her dressed all I think was “Oh my God” Yvette was going to have men drooling all over her!

True, it was modeled after a typical French Maid’s uniform, but truly scandalously so.

As her tits were almost totally exposed beneath a sheer, pok-a-dotted top. The skirt stood almost straight out, and was so short you could see the tops of her nylons, and even a hint of her panties. After a maid’s cap came the shortest tea length white apron.

“Now watch, bend over girl,” The woman ordered, and when she did her skirts flew straight up, completely exposing her sheer, lace edged panties that only just covered half her ass.

“Guaranteed to have your male guests panting every time she serves,” She stated, and I had to believe her. Just in passing did I think of what Yvette must be thinking being exposed front and back. Then I dismissed it.

Chapter-8 “Now get her accessorized,” the woman ordered.

Good grief, they weren’t finished with her? Apparently not, for ordered to hold out her hands the girl attached the longest nail extensions and painted them to match her lips.

“Oh my, those really look long,” I remarked, with nails those long I don’t know how I could even hold a pen.

“I just thought you would want to match Mrs. Wentworth’s maids. She insists their nails be no less than three-quarters of an inch long. She’ll get used to them, and being steel she can’t crack or chip them,” Kate said.

What came next surprised me. Large bells she attached to each ear. When I asked their purpose she said, “They’ll help you know where she is and if you don’t hear them jingling for some time you know she’s not working. They’ll also help her posture. I’ve just glued them on so they don’t accidentally fall off.

Even more of a surprise is what came next. It was a steel ball perhaps three inches wide. Ordering her to bend over and pull her cheeks apart she wedged it in as far as it would go.

“It’s called an ass twitcher and it’s designed to train her ass to, well, twitch provocatively. It weighs three pounds and every time she doesn’t hold it in as she walks she gets punished,” she explained. God, I couldn’t imagine trying to walk with that thing up my ass.

Apparently they were finally finished with an obviously humiliated Yvette. So I said I really had to get back to the office.

“Don’t worry about your maid I’ll get her home as soon as I get her collared,” Kate said.

When I asked her what that meant the woman said, “Mrs. Wentworth collars all her maids. It seems that with a few of them, after a couple of months, they leave to seek other employment. Which obviously upsets her, so she asked us to fit them with a stainless steel collar with an identification tag on it so any potential employer knows the girl is still under contract. It’ll be engraved with you as her Employer, her name, and status. In this case I suggest, ‘General Use French Maid’ then it’ll have your address and phone number.”

Chapter-9 A long day at the office, then home.

When I asked Kate how the day had gone she said, "I instilled some basic rules, and corrected her posture. Then an hour of her walking in heels. You relax and I'll bring her in."

Yvette, dressed in a slightly less immodest, pink uniform. Although with the heart cutout her giggling tits actually looked ready to pop out at any second and with a skirt only slightly longer. She stumbled out in her towering heels, mincingly with the hobble trainers.

"Notice how she stands. Feet together, head bowed, arms behind her with her tits thrust forward. She's been taught that when standing she's not to move a muscle. You'll be able to tell if you hear a single jingle. If so then I use this to discipline her," She said, holding a riding crop in one hand.

As she and I relaxed with drinks she explained her training schedule.

"I've devised a minute by minute schedule for her to relieve her of the necessity of actually thinking on her own. Which is highly discouraged in a lowly maid. Daily she'll be exercised with two, one hour sessions of walking, then there's going over what's called a maid's vocabulary. Oh yes, Ms. Connors is much too familiar. From now on she'll address you as 'Mistress' and me as 'Ms. Kate.' The Maid's vocabulary is limited to 'Yes Mistress,' 'No Mistress,' 'Immediately Mistress,' 'The maid thanks you Mistress,' and 'The maid has no excuse'. If she's forced to say she has no excuse, naturally, she's immediately punished. You can add to her vocabulary, of course, if you want.

Naturally several hours a day will be spent on Obedience training. She'll learn that any hesitation to carry out an order and she'll be punished. Any questioning of anything you say is also punishable."

Just then we heard a bell jiggle and without pause she got up and used her riding crop on her rear end.

"Now what is she good at and what do you want her to learn?" She asked.

I told her I thought she went about all her domestic duties proficiently, but thought she needed to learn how to serve properly, which she put down on her list.

Chapter-10 Frankly amazing progress.

I was gone a little over a week on a business trip, and when I got home I was amazed at the progress the girl had made with Yvette.

Picking up a bell Kate rang it and moments later Maid Yvette entered and curtsied in the doorway, then keeping her head down minced surprisingly well in her ridiculously high heels and curtsied again in front of me.

"To my surprise Kate picked up her riding crop, stood and thundered, "That's not the way you've been taught to curtsy. You lift your skirts up until your panties are fully on display, don't you?"

"Y-Yes Ms. Kate," She meekly replied, getting whacked with the crop.

"Your left heel was not precisely perpendicular when you curtsied," She declared, whacking her again.

"You were taught to hold your curtsy for three seconds, weren't you?" she hollered, giving her two more whacks.

"Your eyes weren't glued to your toes as you walked in. And your tits aren't thrust out invitingly as you know they should be. Do you have any excuse?" She demanded to know.

"N-No Ms. Kate, the maid has no excuse," She was forced to say, and immediately bent over and raised her skirts as Kate gave her not one but three whacks with her crop.

"I apologize for the maid's horrible curtsied Ma'am," Kate said.

"My goodness, you certainly are exacting," I commented.

"It's the only way she'll learn. However I hope you're pleased with the progress she's made in her heels. Another couple weeks and I'll replace them with six inch heels," She stated, something, I was sure, Yvette didn't want to hear.

Chapter-11 Showing up the snotty Mrs. Wentworth.

Just four months passed and I felt Yvette was ready to be put on display. So I held a swanky dinner party inviting many business associates and clients with a good amount of men scattered in the crowd. Yvette was dressed in her most immodest, revealing French Maid's uniform. Her tits and ass were even more evident by her amazingly petite twenty-two inch waist, one inch more than she was normally corseted to, but I really wanted to upstage the old bag, Mrs. Wentworth. Besides it was only for four or five hours.

I was also quite pleased with how daintily was walked in her seven inch heels.

Poor thing I caught her in the kitchen sobbing, so I asked Kate what the problem was.

"It's really nothing Ma'am. Just a couple of the men, with a little too much to drink, have been pinching her ass, and drooling over her tits, especially when one accidentally popped out," She replied, as if it was nothing.

Instead of coming to her aid and sympathizing with her I told her how proud I was of her, and how everyone complimented me on her.

To Kate I dismissively said, "Why don't you give her kind of rewardshe's been a real hit."

Maid In Hiding

Chapter-1 "Not this time!"

The instant I opened the door to my ex-husband, Frank, I knew he was in trouble again. He always came to me to bail him out. Now he was in real trouble. You see Frank had a gambling addiction and now he owed a bookie a little over \$15,000.

, and of course he didn't have it. Why I married him I'll never know. At twenty-five it was like he never grew up. Maybe it was because I was the successful one and he always looked to me to always solve his problems.

So he was shocked when I said, "No, not this time, you're on your own, time to grow up and take responsibility for your actions."

"P-Please Grace, at least let me hide our here for a while," He pleaded.

"This is the first place they'll look," I stated, but then I got an amusing idea. This will teach him a lesson her won't soon forget, I thought.

"Unless I could disguise you so nobody would recognize you," I offered.

"Hey, that's great, what would you disguise me as?" He asked.

"I could disguise you as my maid," I said, giggling to myself.

"As your maid, no way, that's crazy," He protested.

"Well, your friend Bob got away with it at last year's Halloween costume party. Jill did such a good job making him up a lot of people had no idea he was actually a guy," I said.

"That's true, actually I didn't even recognize him at first. And you think you could disguise me like I really would fool everyone?" He wondered, hopefully.

"Yes, but it would have to be absolutely foolproof. And you'd have to go along with whatever I decide. You know I have my business office here, and there'd be people in and out all day," I stated.

"Oh, that would never work then, would it?" He said.

"Actually here's my idea. I disguise you as a Mexican maid who hardly knows any English, so you wouldn't have to talk much. Then I dress you rather dowdy and plain so you wouldn't attract any attention," I went on.

"Hey, I think that would actually work," He said.

"Well yes, but you'd still have to act like a girl and you'd have to learn to act like a real maid or it just wouldn't work," I declared firmly.

"Yes, but you could teach me," He said.

“Oh I will, but first we need to convincingly disguise you. For now you can hide in the basement while I think about how to go about this,” I replied.

Chapter-2 Making him over.

The first thing I did was have a talk with Sally, my beautician. She thought the idea was hysterical. After doing some shopping I said, “I got you some appropriate attire, but first we have an appointment with Sally, my beautician who’s going to give you a make over so nobody will recognize you. Don’t worry I’ve sworn her to secrecy,” I said, smiling.

The first thing Sally had him do was to take all his clothes off and put a short smock on. First she tackled his longish hair changing it from the blonde hair he was so proud of to a raven black color, styling it in a bun, “Just like most maids wear their hair,” She explained.

Next he didn’t like it but she declared that all the hair on his legs and underarms had to go, which her young assistant did smearing Nair everywhere. He also didn’t like having his ears pierced but I said even maids have pierced ears as Sally put gold studs in them.

Then it was time for his face which started with plucking his eyebrows, then light blue eyeshadow, a bit of mascara and pale, pink lipstick.

“I used a form of longer lasting makeup so you won’t have to worry about learning to do your makeup every day. It only lasts a couple of weeks,” She explained.

When she turned him to a mirror he was stunned at first.

“I don’t believe it, I barely recognize myself. Do I actually look, well, like a maid is supposed to?” He asked.

“Oh I think it’s perfect. Girlish in a plain, dowdy, simple way,” I said, with Sally and I both silently laughing to each other.

Chapter-3 Dressed like a maid.

"I brought you some clothes typical of what a maid would wear, but first we need to do something about your figure," I said, which is when the bel-lachng really started. For what we fit on him was a corset and even though we only laced it three inches he protested that it was too tight.

"We could always lace it tighter, that would really give you a more real-istic girlish figure," I offered, which shut him up.

"Now we have to hide this, tuck it up as tight as you can between your legs and put this on," I declared, pointing to his dick, and handing him a size too small thong panty.

"Hey, that's really uncomfortable," He whined.

"Do you want it sticking your skirt out so everyone knows you're really a guy? Get used to it," I said sternly, getting fed up with him.

"Time for your bra," I declared, placing a pair of B-cup falsies in it, then making him practice putting it on and taking it off.

After putting him in a pair of plain white panties we got grey, cotton pantyhose on his legs and then came a simple, black maid's dress that had a below the knee, straight skirt, white collar and cuffs on elbow length sleeves, a plain , white apron and finally a maid's cap.

The shoes were what I thought a maid would wear. Black with four inch block heels.

"Christ, I'll never learn to walk in these," He complained.

"They're typical of the shoes maids wear, you'll get used to them, or it's out the door," I firmly stated.

"A-All right already," He capitulated.

Chapter-4 Learning to act like a maid.

When I got him home I laid the law down.

"First you have a new name. You are now Sophie Hernandez," I stated.

"I don't really like that name it's, well, sort of low brow isn't it?" He protested.

"Precisely the point goddamn it. If you're going to whine about every thing I'll gladly show you the door," I said, angrily.

"Alright, I guess you have a point," He reluctantly agreed.

"Now the first thing that will give you away is how you walk. I want you to walk back and forth placing one foot precisely in front of the other and taking shorter, daintier steps," I instructed, which he did hopelessly.

"Next, from now on, you will address me as Ms. Manchester. To keep your vocabulary short whenever I tell you to do something you'll reply, 'Yes Ms. Manchester,' 'No Ms. Manchester,' 'Right Away Ms. Manchester' and 'Your Maid thanks you Ms. Manchester,' that's all I want to hear from you. That's what maids say and that's what you'll say. Got it?" I demanded to know.

"Yea okay Grace..."

"What was that maid?" I thundered.

"I mean Yes Ms. Manchester," She wilted.

"Now when you enter or leave my presence, or I give you an order, or will say, 'Yes Ms. Manchester' and curtsy," I directed.

"W-What you want me to c-curtsy? That's humiliating," She declared.

"I don't care if you find it humiliating or not. Maids curtsy and so will you, or so help me I'll throw you out just like you are," I swore, then made her practice it over and over till I was reasonably satisfied.

"Now that we have the basics down every morning I'll make up a schedule of chores and tasks for you to do. All typical of traditional maids work," I said.

"You mean like dusting, vacuuming and stuff like that," She said, disdainfully.

"Precisely, and scrubbing floors, polishing furniture and silverware, doing the dishes, washing the windows, and anything else I can think of. If

you think you're going to spend your days loafing about watching tv, you're sadly mistaken. The more you act like a real maid the less likely someone will see through your disguise," I pointed out, although I could see she obviously didn't like how her days were going to be filled.

Chapter-5 Whine, whine, whine!

After just a couple weeks I'd really had it with my maid. All she did was whine, whine, whine. She hated her name, she made only the weakest attempt to act even a little girlish. The chores and tasks I assigned her she made only a half-hearted attempt at. The litany of her complaints was really getting to me. She thought it beneath her to address me as, 'Mrs. Manchester' and it was just too humiliating to her to curtsy to me.

And getting her to walk girlishly was impossible, she barely tried.

She was putting me in real jeopardy if that bookie came knocking. So, knowing you can find anything on the internet I googled stuff like, "Training A Maid," and "Proper Maid Etiquette" and "A Handbook For Domestic Servants." But as I was searching what came up was, "Training A Reluctant Male Maid To do As They're Told." That's a bit bizarre, I thought, but I clicked on it anyway and was totally blown away. It dealt with things like feminizing your male, how to turn your husband or boyfriend into your maid, obedience training your maid. How weird, but I couldn't help reading on, and when I finished I knew exactly how to deal with my maid.

Chapter-6 I give up, not really.

"This, obviously isn't working out. You're not even trying to act like you have to. However I asked around and that bookie has apparently given up looking for you," I lied.

"Oh god, that's great I really hate this," I said in relief.

"So what Sally has agreed to is to turn you back into a guy, so let's go and get this over with," I smirked, at least to myself.

A half hour later Sally had her/him back in her chair and gave him a cup of coffee "to relax," a doctored cup of coffee with a strong muscle relaxer in it. Half out of it he slurred out in alarm, "W-What are you doing" as we strapped his arms and ankles down to the chair and buckled another strap around her neck.

"Just this you miserable jerk. That bookie is still looking for you. If he comes to my house he'll know who my maid really is as you haven't made the slightest effort act like a real maid. And God knows what he'll do to you, let alone me. So Sally and I are going to make sure you look and act precisely like a perfect maid. Go to it Sally," I ordered.

The first thing she did was add extensions to her hair and restyle it into a more girlish bob. Then redid her makeup, this time, utilizing "Forever Glam" a semi-permanent makeup on her eyeshadow, mascara and much brighter glossy pink on her lips that would last, not weeks, but months.

Because she kept taking off her earrings declaring they were driving her crazy I glued big, bell earrings permanently to each ear.

Then I did the honors gluing the most realistic, D-Cup tits to her chest.

"You kept taking your bra off, I think you said, 'I'm a guy I don't have tits' well you won't have to worry about taking these off," I smirked.

"Now, let's deal with this," I said, cupping his dick and nuts in my hand.

"Oh God, p-please don't..."

"Cut them off, no but maids don't have dicks or balls do they? No, what they have are pussies. So we'll just have to give you a pussy, won't we?" I gloated gluing what female impersonators call an "instant pussy" on her, complete with pussy hair. It looked totally real with one exception. Underneath was a hard plastic cover so she could get as excited as she wanted, but couldn't do anything about it. We both loved it.

"Well, so far you have a real set of tits that any guy would drool over and a pussy both are quite impossible to remove. Now let's get you dressed," I said.

Chapter-7 My all new maid.

We managed to get her up out of the chair with Sally steadying her as I wrapped a much more formidable corset around her that had rigid steel stays. I laced her not three, or four but five inches. "Please Gloria it-it's too tight," She protested.

"You kept loosening your corset when I wasn't home, didn't you?" I asked.

"It was just too tight," He complained.

"Well, you won't have to think about loosening this one," I declared as I encircled her waist with a steel band that I locked on.

Then came sheer, seamed nylons fixed to her corset with four suspenders on each leg.

Next came her new shoes. As Sally held up one foot I inserted a foot into a shoe with five inch, stiletto heels and a wide ankle strap that came with a gold padlock. I so enjoyed the "click" that it made.

When she stood up, nearly falling over, she said, "Christ, I can never walk in these."

"Oh, I'm sure you'll learn, they're the only shoes you'll be wearing, and since I've locked them on your feet you won't be taking them off when I'm not looking," I proclaimed.

Then the uniform we got her into I thought was perfect. It had an above the knees skirt, fluffed out by three petticoat. Short, puffed sleeves edged in ruffles, but best of all was the ruffled, scooped neckline that showed off an ample amount of cleavage. A white, lace edged apron and maid's cap finished it off.

Chapter-8 This is the way it's going to be.

When I got her home I barked, "Stand with your feet together, head bowed, it is never to look up in my presence, eyes fixed on the tips of your

toes, hands folded in front of you. This is the way you'll stand from now on. Failure to do so and you'll be punished."

"P-Punished, y-you can't punish me," She protested.

Without any hesitation I dragged her over a chair, lifted her skirts, took out the cane the website recommended that I needed in dealing with an obstinate maid and let her have it three painful swats as hard as I could.

Naturally she screamed bloody murder but frankly I was fed up with her and had no sympathy for her. I did feel bad hitting her with a cane as it obviously hurt like hell.

But, it was the book's recommendation that a cane was much more effective than a paddle. And reminded me that you wanted "her" scared to death of you. Citing dispassionately that it was simply a "teaching" implement.

"Now tell me what I can and can't do, you'll get this not three times but five every time you don't stand precisely as I've told you to. Understand Maid Sophie?" I demanded to know.

"Y-Yes Glo., I m-mean Ms. Manchester," She sobbed, although I had absolutely no sympathy for her. The last thing I needed was a bunch of gangsters barging in on me.

"Now let me tell you how is really is. The extensions in your hair are glued in as are your earrings. Your makeup will last months, not weeks, and nothing you can do will erase it. Your tits are also impossible to remove as is your pussy, nor can you loosen your corset as I know you've tried to do" I stated.

"Now as to your curtsies you'll get five for an improper curtsy, and ten for forgetting to curtsy. Then you'll do twenty-five, what I call reminder curtsies. From now on you curtsy before you enter or leave a room, whether it's occupied or not. You curtsy when I give you an order. You curtsy whenever I enter and leave a room you're in. Failure to address me properly and you'll be punished. A surly tone in your voice, raising your voice or not speaking submissively enough and you'll be gagged. Questioning or objecting to anything I say and you'll be gagged for even longer. Work not

done properly, or not finished, or not in the time I allotted and after you redo it you'll be punished, am I getting through to you Maid Sophie?" I sternly asked.

"Oh my God, this is a nightmare, y-y-yes Ms. Manchester," she groaned in disbelief.

"All you had to do was act as girlish as you could and act like a proper maid and none of this would have been necessary, this is all on you, isn't it?" I demanded to know.

"Yes Ms. M-Manchester," She had to agree.

"I will inspect you, probably several times a day. Your hair will be perfect, your seams perfectly straight, bows perfect, not a scuff mark on your shoes. If you receive ten demerits in a day the following day you'll be put into what we'll call your 'punishment reminder uniform. Additionally I will check your walk if it's not absolutely ladylike you'll wear a special pair of 'reminder' shoes," I added, then handing her a list of chores I told her to get to work.

"You have six hours to complete all the chores perfectly or, of course, you'll be punished," I firmly stated.

Chapter-9 Maid Sophie unfortunately learns from her mistakes.

As expected she didn't finish all the work I gave her in the time I allotted her.

So she got caned again. The book I downloaded from the website titled, "A Mistresses Hand Book For Training Your Maid" was invaluable. It basically stated that the best way to train a maid was to terrorize her. To keep her in a constant state of fearfulness.

"It's nothing personal just an excellent technique," It said.

I had a maid's room prepared for her. Nothing more than a closet I cleared out with only a hard mattress, one chair and a closet for her uniforms. But I also showed her a much better room with a window and a very

comfortable bed. “When you can show me what a good maid you’ve become I’ll more you into this room,” I told her.

The following morning I inspected her. I’m sure she’d more careful the next morning after being paddled with my old sorority paddle twice for each minor fault. A poorly tied bow, a minor scuff mark on the back of one heel, a barely crooked maid’s cap, one hair loose, and a button not quite fastened.

Well, that quickly put an end to a sloppily dressed maid!

Chapter-10 Maid Sophie learns to speak respectfully, the hard way.

You’d think that a good spanking would have knocked some sense into her. Instead she was resentful of what we’d done to her. Directed to address me in a properly meek, submissive tone of voice, instead what I heard was a spiteful, angry reply, which I simply



wouldn't tolerate. She more spit out, "Yes Ms. Manchester." When forced to speak to me.

"Well, I warned you how you were to address me and in what tone of voice I expected to hear out of you. Open your mouth," I demanded, and having no idea why she did as ordered. At which time I shoved a ball gag in the mouth, buckled it tightly and locked it on in back.

"I think a couple of days with this in your mouth will bring you to your sense," I sternly told her, three days later she didn't dare speak to me in other than the most meek, submissive tone of voice. Knowing that I'd informed her that any angry, resentful, obstinate voice I heard out of her again and she'd be gagged for a week.

Chapter-11 Learning to walk like a girl.

The next issue to tackle was her walk. After a week she was finally somewhat adapting to her heels. But she was still walking like a guy, even in her heels.

"Your still walking like a man, which will be a dead give away. If you want to fool people you have to walk like a girl," I declared.

"B-But Ms. Manchester, I'm really a guy," She meekly and carefully tried to explain.

"No, you used to be a man, now you're my maid. And a maid is not a man, get that through your thick head. Sit down and take your shoes off," I ordered.

When she did I forced her feet into six inch, stiletto heels and locked them on her feet. The I attached a slim, four inch chain between them.

"These," I stated, "I'm sure, after a couple weeks, will train you to mince taking the shortest daintiest steps," I said, and true to my words her walk became noticeably, and totally girlish. I know it was a bit, or a lot, sadistic but I really enjoyed watching her stumbling around trying to adapt to their restrictiveness.

Chapter-12 Learning to do chores as I expected them to be done.

Having solved the manner in which I expected to be addressed, then solving how she walked I went on to her next deficient area, Properly doing her chores.

"I expect your chores to be done exactly as I demand them to be and within the time I give you to do them, do you understand?" I thundered.

"You're sloppy, you make only a half hearted attempt. All you seem to want to do is get them over with so you can relax and get off your feet," I stated.

"But Ms. M-Manchester I'm not used to doing them," she whined.

"Well, you're going to quickly get used to doing them and doing them perfectly. Any chore not done to perfection and you get fifteen with a paddle. Any not done in a timely manner and you get ten. And I have the perfect incentive to help you improve," I proclaimed, as I helped her out of her uniform and down to just her panties, that I also had her remove.

Then I commenced redressing her starting with new panties, only these were made of heavy gauge latex. What followed were latex hose up to her panties, and those were followed by shoulder length latex gloves. The top, also of latex had the tightest sleeves and a chokingly tight, stiff collar that I padlocked on her at the collar. Finally came her skirt. A full length, down to the ankles latex, hobble skirt. When I zipped it down the back I attached a padlock at the bottom. At best she could barely put one foot in front of the other.

"Comfy?" I asked, as if actually concerned.

"Oh N-No Ms. Manchester, it, it's horrible," she moaned in alarm.

"Well, I guess you'll eventually get used to it as it's what you'll be wearing when you do your chores. But here's the thing, you'll not only do your chores perfectly and still within the same time I set you don't get out of it until all your chores for the day are done as expected. You could be in your



chores uniform all day, and you still get the same punishment if they're not done perfectly and within time," I declared.

I had no sympathy for her as she tried desperately to complete her chores, knowing she wasn't going to get unlocked until she completed all her chores and still was, admittedly unfairly, punished at the end of the day. The book said the best way to train a male maid was to keep them terrified and it worked as she worked harder than, I'm sure, she thought she ever could. By the time she'd spent two weeks in her latex uniform, barely

able to put one foot in front of the other I'd cured her laziness and sloppy approach to doing her chores.

Chapter-13 Months later.

It did take, just about as long as the book said to train your male maid, about two months, but by then Maid Sophie has turned into the perfectly, totally girlish maid to the point when the bookie finally got to my door looking for Frank, there was no Frank, only Maid Sophie who served us drinks and the guy had no idea who she really was.

Maid To Work.

Chapter-1 What do I do with him?

When I married George I had no idea of his alternate self. That is until I caught him wearing some of my clothes. To say I was shocked is an understatement. I frankly didn't know what to think. So I talked with a friend of mine who was a shrink. Who advised me that he had this urge, not uncommon with some men, to dress up like a woman and that it wouldn't go away. My options were to either live with it, or divorce him.

So I made the decision to live with it. Bad move as it turns out. I really wasn't happy seeing Georgina, what he wanted to be called, flouncing around as a woman. There was also another result that I wasn't happy about. In the bedroom he, or she, became a flop.

What I caught him doing was jerking off in his panties when he thought I wasn't looking. That really pissed me off.

Chapter-2 Putting my foot down.

Frankly I became disgusted. So I told him as long as he was going to pretend to be a woman he might as well do something useful. I assigned him typical housewife's duties, like dusting, vacuuming, scrubbing floors and

such. Well he really didn't take well to that and only did a half assed job of them. To put him in the right frame of mind I got a maid's uniform to wear while doing his chores. That he really didn't like as the uniform had none of the frillies he adored wearing.

Chapter-3 Now what?

Talking it over with my shrink friend she suggested I go online and try googling subjects like "Male Maids," "Men dressed as Maids," and "How to deal with your man dressed as a maid." Which I did and was just as shocked at the number of women who had their husbands and boyfriends in maid uniforms.

As I was searching I ran around a site with the question, "Do you have a lazy male maid?" Well that one I couldn't resist opening. It turned out that it was a site called

"Madame Stern's unique solution to getting the maximum out of your male maid." What was her solution, it was something called, "Obedience Bells."

It read," Adorn your maid with a set of obedience bells and you'll have no problems getting her to do 'her' chores exactly as you want them done." This was all very mysterious so I called the contact number and got a woman named Grace Jeffrys. Who explained that she was in fact Madame Stern.

Chapter-4 How Obedience Bells work.

Grace explained that you simply fit a set of bells on my Georgina's ears, another set on each wrist, and a third set around "her" ankles. And that once on they were electronically locked on, impossible to remove without a password. I couldn't believe how ingenious her solution was, and told her so. Proudly she said she had a background in electronics and software and simply put the two of them together. And that her maid, Gretel, was immediately transformed from a do nothing maid to the best maid anyone could

wish for. Even though they were quite expensive I was sold and wanted to order a set, but she advised me that it would be best if she came and personally installed them as they could be a bit tricky and she'd have to show me how the remote worked. I agreed, as she lived just about an hour away and after she installed them we could have lunch as I could feel we would become good friends, each of us having a 'maid.'

I then explained the second problem I was having with Georgina. Namely that she couldn't stop jerking off when she was "dressed."

"Ah yes, the same problem I had with me Gretel. All she needs is what I call a Denier/Rewarder," She chuckled.

Chapter-5 Bells for Georgina.

Naturally Georgina panicked when I told her a friend was coming for a visit, but I calmed her by saying her husband had a similar urge to dress up and, to her, it was no big deal. And that she was also bringing her a present which I was sure she'd love. Well, that got her excited, in the wrong way as I could see the rise in her skirts.

When Grace got here she put Georgina at ease, actually complimenting her on her attire. After conversing for several minutes she kindly asked Georgina if she would sit down and close her eyes. "I have a wonderful pair of earrings for you, but I want them to be a surprise," she said.

I really had to suppress a giggle as she took out a pair, of all things, of cowbells!

They had metallic clamps that snapped on each ear.

Whispering to me she said, "They're now immovable which only you can remove by using the remote I'm going to teach you how to use."

Then asked to hold up her hands she clamped, on each wrist, a set of steel bracelets each cover with black satin and edged in white ruffles. Attached to each were a pair of jingle bells. Once around her wrists she asked her, with a grin to me, to hold her feet out saying, "These are simply ankle bracelets that I know you'll adore."

In reality the slim bracelets were a ring of Christmas bells. Obviously each set of bells gave off a different sound which she said was important.

Chapter-6 Georgina is shocked in more ways than one.

“Now then Georgina the bells on your ears, wrists, and ankles are electronically locked on you, only your wife can remove them if she ever wants to. Each set of bells has a microchip in them as well as a shocking element,” She explained.

“W-What, a-a shocking element? You’re kidding,” She stammered out.

“On no, not at all. So here’s how they work. Let’s say your wife assigns you to dust all the furniture or vacuum all the rugs. For either your ears, hands and feet will have to be in motion while you accomplish your chore. When your wife doesn’t hear your bells tinkling she’ll simply press one, or all, of the bells from this remote and you’ll receive a shock to get you working again. If she has to press either, or all of them, again you’ll get a much stiffer shock,” Grace calmly explained.

“No she won’t dare,” She stormed out. Belligerently.

“Jill press the ear button if you would,” She asked, and when I did Georgina let out a real yelp.

To me she asked, “See how easy it works? However you can even have more control by setting this button marked, ‘Duration.’ You can set it to any time. For instance if you give her an hour to vacuum all the rugs and she isn’t finished within that time all three sets of bells will shock her. And if you go out, or even go to work, simply give her a set of chores, and if she stops they all automatically shock her back to work.”

“However you can also set each set of bells to give her a shock after say, eight seconds. For instance I normally set Gretel’s ears bells, wrist bells and ankle bells to give her a shock if her head hasn’t moved in at least four seconds,” She added.

“Basically then, it keeps her working and puts an end to her laziness, and I can even



go to work and there's nothing she can do but keep working and I don't have to be here at all," I asked, to Georgina's obvious disbelief.

Chapter-7 Dealing with Georgina's disgusting habit.

"Yes, you'll always be in total control. Now let's deal with her compulsion need to jerk off messing her panties. Stand up Georgina and raise your skirts, do it or Jill will press all three," She ordered, and now knowing what would happen if she didn't she reluctantly raised them and lowered her panties when told to.

Ordered not to move a muscle Grace snapped a metal ring behind her balls, then fit another ring around her dick and connected the two.

To me she said," I've incorporated the Denier/Rewarder to the bottom of your master remote. And with the Denier button I've now activated it."

Then to Georgina she sternly said, "You've been a bad girl haven't you Georgina? Jerking off in your panties instead of saving it for your wife. Well, that's come to an end."

“So, let’s try it out, shall me?” She said, and to my disbelief stated fondling her. Almost as soon as she started to respond she cried out, “Yeooow!”

“You see no more being naughty,” She said, then to me added, “Now this button marked ‘Rewarder’ you can press if she’s been a good, little maid and done all her chores.”

With that she pressed the button and immediately the rings started vibrating and Georgina couldn’t help getting more and more excited until she was about as stiff as I think I’d ever seen her.

Clinically Grace explained, “The longer you hold it down the longer you can reward her. You can stop at any time or if she’s been a really good maid you can allow her ‘pussy’ to actually spurt into her panties which she obviously loves. But I don’t allow my Gretel her orgasm unless she’s been very, very good.”

I really couldn’t believe how well Grace’s unique solution worked.

“So, Georgina, let’s see how these bells will actually work. I want you to dust the entire living room, both bedrooms and the family room. I’ll give you two hours to get it all done while Grace and I have lunch. I’ll even be a bit more lenient and set the timer on all three sets of bells at six seconds,” I ordered. I thought it was an interesting test as it would normally take her a good three hours to dust everything.

While Grace and I had a leisurely lunch in the dining room we could monitor Georgina’s efforts by simply listening to the sounds of the different bells tinkling away and the occasional yelps if she slowed down.

“I can’t believe how they actually work,” I chuckled.

Those bells and the threat behind them worked like magic. Naturally Georgina hated her bells but what could she do but work as hard as she could on each chore I assigned her. No more lazy maid. So now I have the best of all maids and unlike her I couldn’t be happier.

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