

# MADEMOISELLE'S REPLACEMENT

*By Michelle Lange*



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

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A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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# **MADEMOISELLE'S REPLACEMENT**

**By Michelle Lange**

## **CHAPTER ONE**

Her name was Christine and today she was sixteen years old. She sat quietly, almost regally, on the large, red, Victorian, velvet chair. She felt so pretty in her new white satin dress. Everything she wore was new except for her mother's sparkling diamond tiara; her governess, Mademoiselle Lefevre, allowed her to wear it for this special occasion. Soon some of her best friends would be arriving for her fourteenth birthday party but now she was reveling in the spotlight —a princess.

Her whole body was tingling under the soft caresses of her new clothing. Mlle Lefevre had bought her a full complement of adult women's panties, slips, brassieres, camisoles, sheer silk stockings and even several lace garter belts. All of the clothing came from Victoria's Secrets and was very adult almost bordering on naughty.

She had marveled at how pretty she looked and felt in them and had even spent a long time admiring her body in front of the full length mirror in her bedroom. It was really the first time that she had understood what the word “sexy” really meant and she loved it. She luxuriated in the sensuous feeling of the expensive silks that clung to her youthful lithe, developing body. She felt a warm glow encompass her.

Her body felt so alive since she slipped into her pretties. The garter belt, that she wore for the very first time, made her feel delightfully naughty. She reveled in the feel of her low cut brassiere that pushed her budding breasts up and cupped them so firmly. She loved the sheer translucent panties that showed even her youthful blond pubic patch.

Her face blushed as she noticed that the outline of her nipples could be readily seen pushing against her soft satin dress. The heat that enveloped her seemed to cause them to enlarge and harden and several times she squeezed them to heighten the pleasure.

Mademoiselle Yvette Lefevre had been her governess for almost two years now, while Christine's parents, Robert and Amelia Appleton, who were both high ranking diplomats with the United States, traveled abroad. From the first moment both, governess and charge, had loved each other. Mademoiselle was brought over from Paris specifically to be governess for Christine. The two immediately developed a close relationship. Christine knew that she was special. Mademoiselle was forever referring to Christine using the proper terms of a superior. Terms such as “princess”, “young lady”, or “Miss Christine”, respectful terms that exuded confidence to the young lady.

Mademoiselle had brought along this young girl slowly into womanhood. She introduced her to the finer things; things that wealth, social standing and bearing allowed them. She opened up doors that were usually enjoyed later in life and had Christine experience and learn the true meaning of being a strong, adult woman of bearing.

For the moment Christine was alone in the solarium where the party would be held. The sunlight flooded in and seemed to highlight her. Mademoiselle had told her that she would present her special present to Christine so the young lady waited, waited patiently but regally not knowing what to anticipate. Mademoiselle had never disappointed her and she never knew of a gift from her that wasn't perfect, loving and charming.

Christine heard a small cough and she turned to the door and her breath, which was already raspy and hot, quickened even more. Mlle Lefevre stood there. She was a vision of perfect beauty.

Christine understood immediately her governess' birthday gift. It was Mademoiselle herself; that was the gift. The tall, stately, beautiful governess was dressed as a petticoated French maid.

She wore a short black, formal, satin French maid's uniform which was complemented by bright white, lace trimmings surrounding her collar and sleeves. The hem of the pretty dress was short, very short and was held up by several layers of pristine white, lacy petticoats. A fluffy white lace maid's cap sat primly on the older woman's head. Mademoiselle wore the smallest, laciest, whitest apron that Christine had ever seen. It was crisscrossed in the back and tied into an enormous bow with long apron strings that hung out over her petticoats and half way down her legs. Her long, sleek, well shaped, attractive legs were encased in sheer, black silk stockings. They seemed to rise forever until they were lost in the folds of her very short petticoats. Even though she was tall she wore 3 inch high spiked, black patent leather heels with three ankle straps.

The adult woman's face flushed a brilliant red with embarrassment at being so dressed in front of her young charge. But this is what she wanted, it was what she had dreamed about, fantasized about, since she met Christine. She was submitting to her own submissive tendencies. Mlle Lefevre was offering herself to become her lady's maid.

Mlle Lefevre minced gaily across the room, feeling her petticoats swaying delightfully and her large breasts jiggling seductively. She, realizing that the crotch of her pink, silk, ruffled panties was getting wetter and wetter with each step. The sunlight was bouncing brilliantly off the white trimming as she scanned Christine's serene and confident face. She presented herself by curtsying respectfully. Christine's face was a mask of amusement, surprise and satisfaction. The smiling and beautiful woman acknowledged the new order by saying, "Mistress Christine," as she submissively held her petticoats out and bowed low to the young lady, "I offer myself to you as your Lady's maid."

Christine experienced a strange feeling of déjà vu as she drank in every sight, every feeling. What seemed liked an all encompassing heat flashed across her body as Mademoiselle stood before her in one of the sexiest, exciting French maid's uniforms imag-

inable. Christine had always loved the older woman but in a way much different than how she loved her parents; in a way that the young lady didn't understand but pleased in. Mademoiselle delicately lifted up her short petticoats and with a warm smile, tear filled, adoring eyes, dipped her body low in a warm, beautiful curtsy. The young lady was thrilled. She had never seen anything so nice. She especially loved the coy smile that appeared on her face.

Christine loved the uniform Mademoiselle wore and would wear in her presence from now on. Even though Mademoiselle had the monetary and legal responsibilities for Christine she had always allowed the young lady to be the superior. Now their clothing would further announce the fact for Christine loved the new Mlle Lefevre. Mademoiselle would always wear short, satin French maid uniforms while she cleaned the house and took care of her young charge.

Christine felt so alive and so strong as this adult woman demonstrated her loyalty, adoration and unsolicited code of obedience to her. Since Mlle Lefevre's arrival two years ago she had introduced to Christine a whole new world of accepting what was good for her, demanding new and nicer things, luxuriating in expensive clothing and keeping up with the current fashions. She was taught proper etiquette and the ability to accept and move in an ever higher social class.

The door bell rang and Mademoiselle quickly looked at her young charge, smiled, curtsied and minced over to the door to let Christine's young guests in.

LET THE PARTY BEGIN.

## CHAPTER TWO

Christine had just turned eighteen when her relationship with her lovely governess brought her to a new plateau of pleasure. Christine was lounging in a tub of hot, scented bubbles when Mademoiselle came mincing in. She looked so adorable in her cute little uniforms. Christine, even though Mademoiselle had been wearing them for over two years now, never tired at seeing her as she swished around and about doing her darling, little duties. Today though, for some reason, the woman seemed different and Christine couldn't quite place why.

"Does Miss Christine wish for me to bathe her?" inquired the tall maid in a hot, breathless whisper.

Christine looked up at her, now aware that there was something different happening. "Yes Yvette," she said in a perplexed tone, "I'd like that." Christine had taken to calling her governess, now her maid, by her given name as it pleased her to establish her superiority, which also pleased her adorable maid.

Yvette's face was red and looked hot. Christine reached her hand out and touched it. It was hot. Suddenly Yvette started to cry and with a hot gasp she knelt beside of the bathtub, grabbed Christine's hand and kissed it. Christine looked at her and all of a sudden understood why her maid seemed strange.

A sudden and devastating heat surged through the young lady's body as she became a woman. She involuntarily writhed in the hot bath water and sank a little lower gently spreading her legs. "Yes, my petite Yvette, you may wash me." Christine had never before addressed this woman in so personal a manner using a possessive pro-

noun as well as the slightly derogatory adjective. The maid, Yvette, had never been required nor had she ever volunteered to perform such a personal act. Christine watched tears appear in Yvette's eyes and slowly run down her cheek. She handed her maid a cloth seeing a sigh of relief course through the woman.

Yvette seemed to accept her new role with resignation and an odd excitement. "Yes Mistress Christine," she said addressing Christine in a new tone with a new title. "Mistress is beautiful," she announced as her hand slipped into the bath water between Christine's legs.

Christine closed her eyes and reveled in this new world of excitement and unbridled passion. She felt the wash cloth dance around her body in Christine's hands as it explored her young, lithe body. She never realized when the cloth was dropped from Yvette's hands as the talented and experienced woman explored and exploited the young lady's erotic spots. After a lifetime of pleasure that Christine had only fantasized about, she gasped out, "Enough Yvette, I want to get out of the bath."

Yvette assisted the naked girl to a standing position and with a long spray hose she rinsed the girl's ripe, lush body. She draped a large, warm, soft towel around her shoulders after assisting her mistress out of the bath tub and began to tenderly pat her dry.

Christine's still budding breasts glistened in the sunlight that flooded in through the window with large drops of water. Yvette bent her head down and gently and tenderly sucked in several drops from Christine's breasts. Christine stiffened from the electrical shock of her maid's hot tongue as it explored the virgin territory.

The older woman looked up expectantly into the eyes of the younger woman and saw the desire in her eyes. Her hot red lips settled over the ripe, lush, hardening nipples of her young mistress and began to suckle on it. Yvette cupped the girl's other breast, heard her passionate gasp and felt her body stiffen as she tried to absorb the new sensations that ravaged her. She began to pinch her nipple between thumb and forefinger.

Yvette slipped to her knees as she reluctantly let the nipple slip from her mouth. She said in a hoarse voice, "Mistress is so lovely, so beautiful." Yvette reached out and slid her hand between Christine's legs. Christine gasped out in pleasure as Yvette's fingers lovingly touched and rubbed and squeezed her vulva, searching, desperately searching for her love knob.

Christine, raised Yvette's chin up and looked down at her, into the deep pool of green. She was naked and beautiful and she was in control as she led Yvette by the hand into her bedroom. The woman began to cry softly as Christine undressed her. Her cries turned to sobs then to soft moans of forbidden pleasures yet to come.

Christine lay down on the fresh, black satin sheets, her white inviting body a stark contrast as Yvette lay down on top of her. Both women were panting wildly as their rich, full, red lips met. Their hot, wet, inviting mouths opened as they sought each other's tongues.

The sun settled from the rich afternoon sun to a spectacular sunset but neither woman saw it, neither cared.

## CHAPTER THREE

During the past several months John felt an uneasy and strange feeling developing between his girl friend, Christine, and him. He didn't quite know why. It was just something that he felt in his gut. He had felt that their mutual respectful relationship was changing as Christine had been taking advantage of his quiet demeanor and, soft, submissive personality and had been quite demanding, almost to the point of being unreasonable.

John L. Kelly was 25 years old and a band member of a moderately successful local rock and roll group known as the "Deep Dish Apple Pies". He lived with his beautiful girl friend, Christine Appleton. They shared a large apartment in the friendly city of Boston with two other women, Mandi and Ebonee, both friends and former classmates of Christine.

Christine, a tall, beautiful, statuesque brunette, was a successful and well known model. She was a full two inches taller than John and weighed approximately the same although her body equaled her face in beauty. She was a confident and self-assured woman. Her friends and family could never understand why she had chosen John to be her beaux. They seem to come from different social groups. They were about the same size, when she was barefooted, but where John had a soft muscled, unmasculine body Christine had a full, hourglass figure that caused both men and women to turn their heads when she walked by.

The 3 bedroom apartment they shared with Christine's two large buxom but attractive girl friends was in the prestigious Beacon Hill section. Both, Mandi and Ebonee, who had attended the all female Wellesley College with Christine, had noticed the not-so-subtle change in the odd relationship of their friend and her live-in boyfriend. They had backed off from mentioning it because they liked John. Both women were, quite frankly, embarrassed for him as Christine bossed him around unmercifully and was equally surprised at how John quietly submitted to her orders.

The apartment that the three women leased was expensive, but ideal for their life style and professions. Each woman had her own large private bedroom. The common areas were also ideal as the kitchen, dining room, living room and two bathrooms were large and airy. There was also a small room next to Christine's bedroom that was used for storage.

In this section of Boston the monthly rent was in the stratosphere but the apartment and its prime location was worth it. Since money was tight for the women, even though they all came from wealthy parents, they had agreed to share the household duties on a weekly rotating basis. Each week one of them performed as housekeeper and cook. In that way, so the concept went, each woman would clean and cook for one week and be off the next two. Of course once John came to live with Christine he in turn helped a little when it was Christine's turn. He also contributed one quarter of the month's rent and helped with the food costs.

John was not able to fully understand this rather different Christine as she became quite bossy especially when it was her turn to clean. He, of course, realized that she

detested doing domestic duties as her upbringing had been one where she had been catered to.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Mandi Tremanth gazed out of the window at the bustling crowd that seemed to be in constant movement. She felt restless today and she didn't know why. "Oh well," she thought, "several more hours and I'll be home and in a hot bath." Mandi was a junior partner in a very exclusive women's boutique on the ritzy and Trendy Newbury Street across from the famous Boston Public Gardens. She came from Alabama, the daughter of a wealthy and successful attorney. Mandi was brought up properly and that was how she held herself but she also recognized and knew personal pleasure. She was the same age as both Ebonee and Christine, 25, and a health and fitness addict, who seemed to always be jogging or working out or doing aerobics. Mandi loved life and loved her control of it. She enjoyed dating, dancing and dining. She loved being adored.

Two doors down from Mandi was her roommate, the tall, sturdy, mischievous and dark skinned Ebonee, whose real name was Elina Woods. Ebonee ran an exclusive salon for women on the same expensive-to-shop street. She was from Chicago and had both the street smarts and survival instincts of someone raised in a ghetto. Her father and mother were active in the Chicago community because of their large real estate holdings. Ebonee enjoyed life and had a wonderful sense of humor. She liked her men big, black and strong. She too was having a trying day and was looking forward to closing the shop.

All three women were not only tall, strong, full figured and beautiful but they were all super confident with themselves and their life style. They were very fashion conscious and were considered to be quite chic.

John, was quite handsome and in a soft sort of a way, masculine but yet not quite manly. He and his best two friends formed "the pies", as they called their band, when they were in high school. They were very happy with the progress the band was making and had made it their full time jobs. This afforded the more carefree John much time at home while his three ambitious female roommates worked full time day jobs.

Christine was, by far, the most ambitious of them. Her parents were in the diplomatic corps and Christine fully intended on showing that she too, would be successful. However Christine was a rather spoiled person having come from a well-to-do family which just added to her secure confident manner. She easily fit into the life style of a model.

## CHAPTER FIVE

Once, Christine confided in John that when she was young both her mother and father had traveled extensively leaving her alone with the housekeeper, Mlle LeFevre, a French woman from Paris. During her adolescent years she had been doted on by this strong but rather submissive woman who treated the young girl as if she were a princess. Christine had loved her childhood. Mlle LeFevre's responsibilities also included Christine's wardrobe and she had a very generous allowance for it.



As Christine entered womanhood it was Mlle LeFevre who introduced her to expensive, designer lingerie and equally expensive fashions. The older, French woman spent a considerable part of her salary on her own wardrobe which included several quite frilly satin maid's uniforms. Mlle LeFevre explained it to Christine by telling her that she felt comfortable in a more submissive role. She wanted to give her young charge a taste of what high society offered and whenever she had girl friends to the house she insisted that they witness an unforgettable appearance of Christine being a debutante.

Christine loved the maid's uniforms and the way her maid would flutter around as she cleaned and served her. She especially loved it when the woman would serve her and her girl friends. As the maid doted on her beautiful charge the young lady reveled in the warm experience of being a princess.

Christine admitted loving to watch the woman as she floated around the house in a swirl of lacy petticoats and flashes of pink ruffled panties. She loved seeing Mademoiselle's blushing cheeks or hearing her tall heels clicking as she minced from room to room. In one of their cozy chats the woman had confessed that she loved the naughty feeling she had wearing her outfits. Christine loved the small confession and understood it. In fact she reveled in the knowledge and it became part of her own special fantasies.

Christine had a wonderful childhood and her transition from child to woman was nearly perfect, however, shortly before her seventeenth birthday her idyllic world ended. Her lovely and gentle servant had to return to France upon the death of her father. Christine felt empty as if something was missing from her life. She vowed to correct that.

John thought it to be a wonderful story and his heart went out to this beautiful woman for her loss. He was full of compassion and Christine knew it as she saw his eyes fill with tears. John was quite tender.

## **CHAPTER SIX**

Because of his life style John had an excess of leisure time; one day several months ago, he explored a different way of life that he didn't understand but felt strongly about. John had always been excited with women's clothing. He came from a broken home and had been raised by his mother and two sisters. His fatherless life had become meaningful only when he began to experiment wearing his mother and sister's clothing. The first time his body had touched silk had hooked him completely.

He became a closet cross dresser and enjoyed it until he moved in with Christine. At first he tried to fight his life long addiction but within weeks he had succumbed to the call of his roommate's sexy clothing. During the day, while the three women were away at work, he indulged himself with this clothing banquet. He was extremely careful but had become nervous and fearful about screwing up and any of them finding out so after several weeks he bought a very limited wardrobe of lingerie.

Living with Christine had taught John not to consider the cost when buying lingerie. Whatever the cost, designer lingerie was worth it. A new chapter in his life began the day he brought home his very first pair of E'glesis panties.

Within a month John had acquired an interesting but limited wardrobe of women's clothing. He kept them well hidden in a suitcase upstairs in the attic of the condominium. After a life time of enjoying the feel of silk and satin, he chose his feminine wardrobe carefully and at considerable expense. He was finally truly happy. Living with three beautiful women had also conditioned him to their mannerisms, speech, movements and general attitude. He was a very good learner.

John was home alone, as usual on this Friday afternoon and was wearing a coordinated silk lingerie set of contrasting purples and violets. The set consisted of a fully padded brassiere, matching panty and contrasting garter belt. The set was a deep shade of purple and on the side panels was several pretty hand-painted violets. He was also wearing long, black, silk, seamed stockings and his own 3 inch high, black, patent leather pumps with a set of very sexy double ankle straps.

He had recently purchased a pair of lifelike silicone breast pads so he was extremely vulnerable. They were maddeningly expensive but were so real and lifelike. John enjoyed cupping and squeezing and pinching them as they gave him such forbidden pleasure. They soon became an extension of his body and when he pinched his nipples he actually felt the warm sensations spread throughout his body.

He loved these moments when he was alone with his passions when the sun flooded the room making his skin feel so soft, so alive. He loved the tingle of the silk as it lightly floated around him. He enjoyed the feel of his bra, garter belt and shoe strap as they pressured him. He reveled in the feel of his silk encased legs. He adored looking down at his breasts, imagining them to be heaving with hot passion. He was in total rapture as he ran his fingers over them, as he squeezed and cupped them, and convinced himself that they were real and were part of him. It was pure ecstasy as he writhed passionately on the top of the bed.

It was springtime and the bedroom windows were open. The soft, warm spring breeze easily entered the room and playfully ran over his silk clad body. John was experiencing a tingling effect that bordered on rapture.

He writhed on the bed passionately imagining that he was in bed with another person who was running their fingers over the sensitive spots of his soft, white body. His back arched up as he mentally and physically reached a crescendo of warmth, excitement and forbidden pleasure. John soon became lost in his pleasure.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Christine pressed the elevator button marked seven. She was absolutely lovely in her favorite blue suit. She felt invulnerable, quite Teutonic, which was exactly the feeling she wanted. She was lost in her own fantasy, her most favorite fantasy. Only now she was going to live it.

*She could envision herself lying in bed with the morning sun streaming through the open window when a gentle knock sounds on the door. She stretches and looks down at her toes and with a stifled yawn says, "Come in." The door opens and she smiles as a prettily attired French maid enters the room carrying a bright, happy looking breakfast tray with a steaming hot cup of coffee and a plate of equally hot food, a freshly squeezed*

*glass of cold orange juice, the morning paper (dutifully ironed) and one red rose in a slender milk glass vase.*

*The maid literally dances into the room, her breasts jiggling seductively, her petticoats swaying delightfully and her soft sweet face smiling happily. The slightly blushing maid seems quite happy as she bids her mistress, in an enchanting, soft, sweet, lovely, melodic voice, "Good Morning Miss Christine. It's a lovely day, made especially for you."*

*Christine smiles as her pretty, little maid places the tray on her mistress's lap. She watches closely as the maid opens up the linen napkin and places it deftly on her lap. "What a wonderful way to start off each day," thinks Christine as she watches her young maid's face flush a pretty pink.*

*Christine's smile taunts the girl and she began to fidget in embarrassment. Christine envisions herself wiggling deep into the soft bed delighting in making her maid blush. "You look very sweet this morning," she tells the pretty little maid.*

## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

John was now lying in bed in a state of euphoria running his hands over his body and thighs, rubbing himself into a state of wild passion. Soon he began to grab onto his throbbing manhood and pummel it wildly; suddenly, a stab of fear gripped his heart.

He thought he had heard the front door open. He listened for a second which cost him dearly. His head turned to the door and he was shocked to find his tall, beautiful girlfriend standing in the open doorway smiling down at him. She wore a dark blue suit with a white lace blouse and was every bit as formidable looking as a German Mistress. The look on her face was one of stern, uncompromising control. Her red lips broke into a smile. "I thought so," she said with a mischievous smirk. "I wasn't sure until this past Saturday when I discovered your little secret hiding place and found the real you. So you like to wear pretty clothes like a little girl. Well, my dear little John-John you're going to really like what I'm going to do next." With that Christine's camera appeared in her hand and before John could move she began snapping several pictures of him lying in bed wearing the lingerie of a woman.

The whirl of the Polaroid camera mixed with the loud giggles coming from John's girlfriend and strangely enough another odd sound that he could not place. Everything was in slow motion as his mind refused to acknowledge the danger he was in. Then his mind opened slowly as he recognized the sound of his own voice softly crying out, "No, no...."

The pictures were extremely revealing as they showed him, an adult male, in his pretty lingerie with a huge excited hard-on. There could be no denying what he was or what he was doing or even who he was. He simply looked as if he was a male pervert jerking himself off.

The look on Christine's face was one of complete triumph as she walked over to the bed and handed the pictures to her blushing boy friend, one by one. John couldn't look at them and he quickly turned over on his stomach and buried his face into the pillow. He heard the gasp that escaped from his throat, heard the sobs as he fought

desperately to swallow them and finally he felt the wetness from his tears as they soaked his pillow.

## CHAPTER NINE

Christine put the camera away and sat on the edge of the bed beside of him. She began to rub the back of his panties and gently squeezed his silk clad derriere. She laughed and exclaimed, "See, my sweet little baby, doesn't it feel nice to have a woman know that you like to wear pretty, little panties?" Christine's hands ran up his back and felt the back of his brassiere.

John sighed. It felt so good. He elicited a little whimper.

"Little John-John is going to be a good little boy, isn't he?" Christine cooed.

Poor John almost couldn't stand it as he kept his eyes closed tightly. He could feel the heat as his face flushed with shame and he felt the heat in his genital area as Christine pulled the strap of his bra up and allowed it to snap back.

John heard himself squeal with delight and pleasurable pain, a weak mouse-like squeal. He opened his eyes quickly. Did he squeal? Did Christine hear it? He knew immediately that he did squeal and that Christine did hear it.

Christine smiled, "Was that a little mouse I heard, a pretty, little girl mouse?"

Another squeal escaped.

"Does my little John-John like wearing panties? Huh? Does my little baby like to wear a bra? You look terrific honey." With that she, with comparative ease flipped him over on his back. "Ohh, look at your tits. I bet you like having tits. Do you John-John? Do you like having tits? It's exciting to know that you're going to be so open and honest with me. We're going to have a lot of fun aren't we?" Christine began to run her fingers over his breasts, "Nice tits, nice sissy tits."

Then, just as suddenly as she had appeared in front of him; this beautiful woman stopped what she was doing. "Stand up, John. We've got a lot of work to do before Mandi and Ebonee come home."

He got very scared. "Please," he began to whimper out an apology. Then her words reached his brain and he reeled as he asked weakly, "What do you mean? You're not going to tell Mandi and Ebonee are you?"

She smiled and said, "Well you don't think that I'm going to let you get away with being a little sissy do you? You're going to have to earn the right to wear pretty feminine clothing and I'm the woman that's going to both benefit from your little secret, and train you to be the best little sissy in the whole world. As far as Mandi and Ebonee go how can they not help knowing all about you."

"Please," he stammered, "I'm really sorry for what I did. Let me change. I promise I'll never wear this stuff again."

Christine laughed, "Why, my little, sissy sweetheart, of course you will. You're not only going to wear this stuff, as you call it, but you're going to wear a lot more and do a lot more than you ever imagined. I thought about it and I've decided that I'm going to

like owning a little sissy. Now get in the bathroom right now, we don't have much time left."

At first he tried to balk but he instantly found out that he really didn't have a choice as his tall girlfriend slapped him lightly across the cheek and followed it up with a soft back hand. "Get your ass in gear little sissy OR ELSE," she said in a frighteningly stern voice.

As she pushed him into the bathroom her thoughts ran back to her childhood. "Mademoiselle you're back," she thought with a delighted sneer.

## CHAPTER TEN

In the bathroom she made him remove his pretty lingerie. By this time his eyes were watering freely and he was really worried. Opening up a jar of white creme she smoothed it all over his nearly hairless body except for his eyebrows, head and a small triangular patch of naturally soft and light pubic hair. She sat on the commode and asked John all kinds of personal questions. "How long have you been wearing sissy clothes?" "Did he ever wear any of her clothes?" "What about Mandi's?" "Ebonee's?"

"No!" he shouted too quickly.

She looked at him with a raised eyebrow and he panicked.

"Some," he shyly admitted.

Under Christine's onslaught he confessed everything. What he had tried on? What did he like the best? How had he felt in each item? She was ruthless until she finally decided that she knew everything. John was quite confused but was less scared and even less embarrassed but he recognized that he was excited although he didn't show it.

After five minutes his skin started to burn and in a soft, pitiful voice he told her so.

"Well sweetheart," she said in a rather delighted tone, "you're a man. If you can't stand the heat get in the shower and cool off."

He literally jumped into the shower as fast as he could and got the water going fast and hot.

As the water cascaded down over his body Christine's mind easily floated into one of her favorite fantasies.

*This time her maid was pouring hot coffee into her china cup as she, Mandi and Ebonee chatted after finishing a wonderful dining extravaganza. "That will be all. You may clear the table and start to clean up," she tells the petticoated maid. The three women smile as the maid begins her duties. The maid gives the three women the required curtsy and smiles as they laugh loudly. The maid loves being a sissy.*

*They can't help talking about their pretty little domestic maid even though it's making the petticoated creature blush. Their teasing and taunting is unmerciful but they all know that the silly maid is enjoying it, thriving on it, reveling it and deserves it.*

*Christine pictures her maids pink, ruffled, panties peeking out from under her very short petticoats. She feels the wetness oozing out of her. She closes her eyes and suddenly...*

A loud gasp pulls her from her fantasy.

John had felt something strange happening to his body but he was a complete innocent until he, in a panic, saw what was happening. To his horror his body hair was being rinsed completely off his body and settling in the bathtub before clogging the drain. "Christine," he yelled in a voice that was distinctly NOT MALE, "my hair, it's all falling off." He could hear his girlfriend laugh.

With the girlish scream Christine threw the shower curtain open and stood there with a taunting smile on her face staring at her little "plucked" boy friend. He looked so much like a little boy with his bleached, white skin shorn of unsightly hair and his soft, girlish muscles. His beautiful brown eyes were opened so wide that he looked as if he were a frightened doe. "My little Bambi," she thought approvingly.

Seconds later she towel dried him roughly in front of the tall, full length mirror. He was shocked to see his naked body shorn of hair except for a soft triangular shaped mound of pubic hair that seemed too feminine. His eyes fell to his small, shrunken penis — his wee-wee. He felt as if he were a small boy. He felt so vulnerable that his eyes filled with tears confirming that he really was a small frightened boy.

She made him sit on a stool as she snapped off several more pictures for posterity and blackmail. She forced him to stand up and tuck his male parts deep between his soft, full thighs. The pictures of him confirmed the fact that he already looked as if he were a small girl. She was so delighted with the picture that she quickly found a pink ribbon and gathered his hair on the top of his head tied it with the ribbon into a pretty little girl's pom poms. She took another picture. He really was a little girl. She dried his rather long hair, noticing that the back of his neck had long swirling fuzz as she slipped into another fantasy.

*This time she was slipping out of the bath tub as the petticoated maid, who had just finished washing her, smiled, holding a big, warm, fuzzy towel open. She could imagine the warm feeling as the towel is wrapped around her wet body. Her maid kneels at her feet and begins to pat her legs and feet dry. "Oh Miss Christine," the pretty maid says, "you're so beautiful." The maid is blushing and smiling. Her eyes are huge, wide, bright and beautiful. Her eyelids lower demurely and she realizes just how pretty her maid is.*

*Christine is pleased to imagine the wide eyed look of her maid as she looks up at her from her kneeling position. She also realizes that she feels so superior and it satisfies her as nothing ever had.*

Just as suddenly as she entered her fantasy Christine slipped out of it.

"You have beautiful hair, John-John, and when it gets a wee bit longer we'll be able to do so much more with it," she told him with a strong maternal instinct. She unbuttoned her blouse. She wasn't wearing a bra and she brought John's head forward until his small pink mouth was only inches from her right breast. "Does little John-John want to suckle on Mommy's tit?"

John didn't hear a word as he was mesmerized by the hard inviting nipple on her large, white, round breast. He sucked her nipple into his mouth and begins suckling. He felt so warm, safe and loved. He was a baby.

As John nursed on her breast Christine reentered her fantasy.

*She is approaching the apartment. She doesn't have her keys. She doesn't need them. She has a servant who is always home and always waiting for her. She rings the door bell once and the door opens immediately. Her pretty maid is there with a big smile and adoring eyes. "Welcome home Miss Christine," says the young lady in a soft, melodic voice. She wears a big, adoring, pleasant smile. "I'm so happy that you're home." says the bouncing, little, dark hair maid and her face show it as her cheeks turn a brilliant blushing red. "Yes," she thinks, "Mlle LeFevre was always so happy to see her when she got home from school."*

The soft sucking sounds broke her away from her reverie and she said, "That's enough, John-John," as she pulled her breast from his mouth.

He tried to follow it looking as if he were a new born baby, his lips still puckered, making soft sucking sounds, but she covered her perfect breasts with her beige, satin blouse and buttoned it.

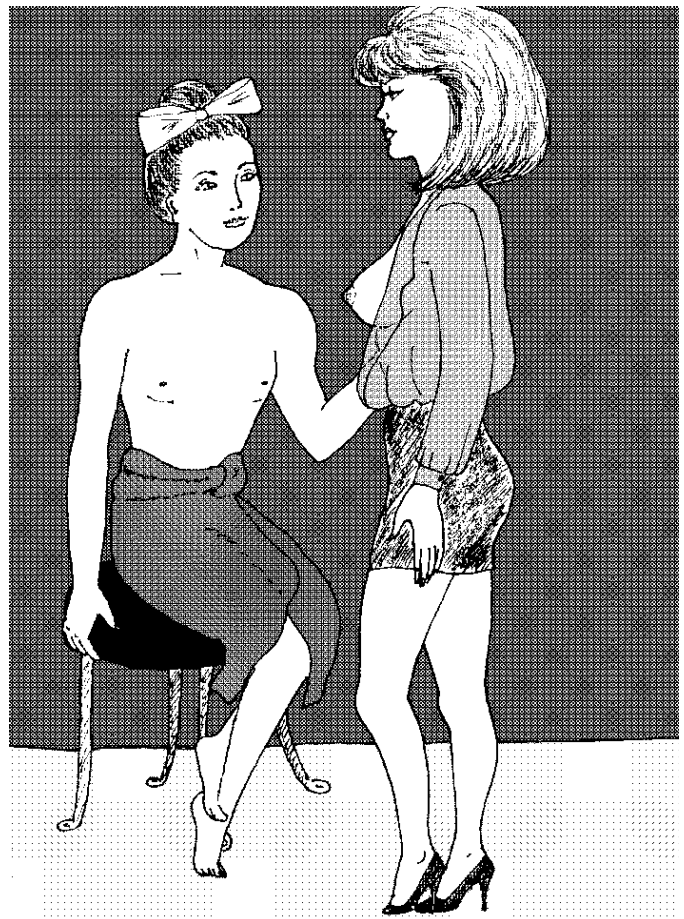
"Now, now, they'll be a lot more of that if you're a good, little boy, John-John." She watched his expression and knew that he would be a good little boy, yes, her little John-John would be a very good, little boy.

At this point he had been completely intimidated, his manhood totally compromised as he felt the odd sensation of being pinched above the eyes. With horror he realized that Christine wasn't pinching him but plucking at his eyebrows, shaping and thinning them, making them softer, more feminine. He closed his eyes as tight as he could realizing for the first time in his life why an ostrich hides her head in the sand.

He was completely speechless, and let her manipulate him but he couldn't help it. At first he didn't realize just what she was up to. He was too scared even to think. He was naked and could feel his manhood, which had gotten so hard and hot, as it thrusts up from between his soft, milky white thighs. He desperately wanted to touch it, to play with it, but he was so afraid she'd get mad. It's several minutes before the pinching stops.

Looking down at this person (he had ceased to be her boy friend) she realized that she was sexually excited and she lifted up her black, smooth leather skirt and placed his hand between her legs and on her pantied crotch allowing him to rub her for a few minutes.

He felt her hot wetness, smelled her tart aroma and felt her soft, wet vulva. He had done this so often but this time it was extra special. He knew that it was a



gift, a gift from a Goddess. He wanted to cry with relief and happiness at least until he looked up into her face and saw the look on it. Christine has a look of triumph and satisfaction. He thought that she looked like the proverbial “cat that ate the canary”.

Christine was in fact looking at him but once again she was lost in her own thoughts.

*Christine was seeing a pretty young lady with bouncing petticoats as she fluttered around the room holding a pink feather duster. The young lady was dusting and polishing the furniture, keeping the entire apartment sparkling clean. Ebonee and Mandi were due home momentarily and that made Christine smile. They, too, enjoyed watching the little maid as she fluttered around cleaning the apartment. They enjoyed seeing her petticoats as they swirled about with her with her soft, gentle, delicate motions. They delighted in seeing her pink, ruffled panties when she bent over or reached for something.*

*They loved the expression on her face when she saw them looking at her. The three adult women enjoyed their drinks while the pretty maid performed her little duties in her little short dress in her little dainty manner. They loved seeing her blush and squirm in her cute little embarrassed manner.*

Christine had a Cheshire cat's grin after a long minute of self satisfaction. She grabbed him roughly by the right ear lobe and ordered him, in a stern matronly voice, “Come along my precious, little sissy. That is enough fun for now.” She literally pulled him off the stool and into the bedroom as a mother would do to her 5 year old daughter. He couldn't fight as he tried vainly to keep pace with his precious ear lobe.

He almost has to run to keep up with her. He was fully aware that his penis was hot, hard and angling straight up as it had never done before. It felt wonderful as it swayed and bounced against his stomach muscles. He had never ever felt so sexually strong and so physically weak. He now realized that the more masculinity he lost the more he became a man in ONLY that capacity but it felt so good and he began to skip — a soft skip, an almost natural skip.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

To his chagrin lying on the bed was a black satin maid's dress and all of the paraphernalia necessary to become a well-dressed maid. He hadn't a chance to do or say anything as Christine shoved him down on the bed, aside of the mountain of frilly clothing. During the next ten minutes Christine, with a superior smile on her face, filed and shaped his fingernails, which he kept long and strong. Taking out a bottle of bright, vivid, pink nail polish she proceeded to paint then along with his toe nails as he squirmed and squeaked. It took twenty minutes for them to dry and during this time he tried not to look at her. Christine never once stopped searching his face as she giggled openly, expressing her satisfaction and amusement with him.

*Her mind drifted.*

*Christine's reading a book as her maid irons her clothes that had recently been washed. It's so amusing to watch one's very own submissive person press one's clothes. She, herself, had always hated ironing thus having her own maid take care of her wardrobe is ideal. She could hear her maid humming with soft, sweet tones to herself and that pleases her.*



Once again, she grabbed him by the ear lobe and pulled him up violently. "Now," she said with satisfaction, "we're going to give you the biggest thrill of your life." She picked up a pair of soft, silk, ruffled, pink panties, panties from the pile of fluffy clothes on the bed. He had never seen those clothes before. She held them open and, with a stern authoritative voice, ordered him to step into them.

His eyes welled with tears as he obediently complied. He looked down at her but he couldn't see her through his tear filled eyes as he gasped out a little mouse like protest. He daintily slipped his feet into the adorable, little, ruffled, silk panties fully aware of them.

She ran them up his soft legs causing sensual electricity to spark throughout his body. He was fully aware of the excitement of being pantied by his girlfriend. Christine was pleasantly surprised at how much she enjoyed putting panties on her boyfriend. She, too, was aware of every sensation. She had a little difficulty to stretch them over his thrashing, pulsating cock but it was a very pleasant difficulty. She always enjoyed his cock and now to see it trapped in its adorable silken prison had made her an even stronger person. She was pleased that he was excited. It made her tasks so much easier.

Next she opened up a black satin bra with "C" cups in front of him and openly chided him into slipping his arms into it. "Come on baby. You can do it. Hell you know how to wear a brassiere, all sissies do." Her face was flushed with excitement as she looked into his eyes. John with a sweet blush obediently slipped his arms into the brassiere and she pressed it against his chest. All of the time she was looking at him enjoying his sissy expressions and sometime blank looks. She reached behind him and hooked up his bra. She could barely hear him say "please" as he whispered out in soft protest.

She grabbed his large, silicone breast pads and said, "Ohh they feel like real tits. I guess they are — real sissy tits." He recognized them as his own. She laughed and said, "I bet my sweet, cute, sexy, little boyfriend is the sexiest dressed boy in the band, dressed nice enough to be lead female vocalist." She turned him around until he was facing the full length mirror. They could both see his full image from his darling, painted toe nails to his pom poms with the adorable pink ribbon still tied into a pretty bow. She slipped her arms around him and cupped his breasts in each hand. Her own breasts were pressing his back.

He could feel her leather skirt rubbing his pantied derriere. He melted, all of his senses had been sharpened. Their eyes met in the mirror and he mouthed the first words of his surrender, "I love you."

She accepted his first surrender. She continued on, "Doesn't it feel good to have somebody feel your breasts." She was cupping and squeezing his breasts sensuously and he felt as if his breasts were real and he believed he could feel the excitement as she began to squeeze the nipples on the breast pads between her fingers and her thumbs. "I bet your nipples get nice and hard when you're horny."

He could only close his eyes and enter that dreamy state of euphoria. He couldn't hide it any longer. It was obvious. He was enjoying himself. "Mmm," he said dreamily, "that feels good."

She sat him on the bed and she knelt in front of him slowly and seductively rolling a pair of black, silk, seamed stockings up his tender, soft legs. The feeling of the silk on his sensitive legs sent electric sparks through his body and he shuddered. His breath was rasping and deep and the front of his panties began to pulsate from his throbbing cock. She clipped his stockings to a black, satin garter belt that she has secured around his pantied hips.

All of the clothes he was about to wear had been laid out and the bed had been swept clean of bags and boxes except for one large box from Lord and Taylor. She opened the one big box and out flowed not one, not two, but three full, lacy petticoats. She ordered him to put them on, and he softly complied. Under her direction he stepped into the largest and most frilly one and slipped it up his legs and over his hips. She helped him position it so that it was inches above the bottom of his pink, silk ruffled, lacy panties. A different feeling engulfed him as the petticoat bounced up and down sending shivers of delight throughout his body.

The second petticoats had be slipped over his head and Christine helped him with it so his adorable pom poms was not disturbed. She fluffed the second petticoat over the first hanging the hem just a little lower than the first. The third was repeated but by this time John was jumping up and down with excitement ant joy. He looked at her, bit his lip and spun around twirling the petticoats out in a cascade of pretty lace. John giggled with delight. He was anxious to continue as he said, "They feel awfully nice, Christine. I love them."

She felt the change in him. His tears had stopped and his whimpering had turned to little squeals of delight. Her plan was working. Mlle Lefevre was coming back. Her mind drifted as John looked in the mirror and danced up and down, watching his image carefully, pretending to be the little girl he felt like.

*Her maid was standing in front of her for inspection. They were in the solarium and the warm morning sun was streaming through the windows. The delicate flower in front of her was obviously frightened (Christine liked that). The sun bounces delightfully off the maid's pristine white petticoats as the self assured, confident and highly amused woman ran her hands over her maid's body, straightening out some real or imaginary wrinkles, commenting on how pretty she looked and how pretty her uniform was.*

*The maid smiled coyly feeling as pretty as her mistress told her she was. Her long dark eyelashes lowered demurely as the blush in her cheeks reached a full bloom. Her bright red lips opened passionately as she whispered in her soft, husky, sexy melodic voice, "Thank you, Miss Christine." It was almost as if the words were sung out by a heavenly choir.*

A wiggle by the soft, young man standing there in the lingerie of an attractive girl brought her back from her latest revelry. With a quick smile, she helped the disappearing male into a black, satin dress with the short, fully flared skirt. The uniform cost her a pretty penny but she was sure it would easily pay for itself many times over. It was funny but she was keeping up a constant chatter about the clothes, how they belonged to him and how pretty he looked in them. The frightened male could hardly concentrate through his embarrassment. Why wasn't he fighting back? Why didn't he

stop her? Why did everything feel so good? What did he look like? Was he pretty? John looked into Christine's eyes and he smiled softly.

He heard the zipper slide up the back of his dress with a finality that made him shiver. Christine, now in a euphoric mood, said, "Ohh, John-John, you look so pretty and so natural." The word natural seemed odd to him but he didn't have time to think. He couldn't see the mirror but he knew that his dress had white lace trim around the low cut neckline, around the short hem and around the big puffy balloon sleeves.

Christine was talking down to him as she fluffed his petticoats up so that his dress sat upon the many petticoats that he was wearing until the bottom of his dress sat almost perfectly as if it were floating on a sea of pretty lace. "You're beautiful in your pretty dress, John-John. I bet you wish the guys in the band could see you now? Maybe they'd make you their lead singer or maybe you could become one of your own groupies. Wouldn't you like to be a groupie, John-John?" She laughed.

Next she took a white, lace, bridal garter and stretched it over John's head and around his neck. It made a wonderful neck collar, and had the same effect that each item of feminine clothing he wore had. His male genes were slowly being dissolved.

She clipped a set of white lace cuffs around his wrists. "You are going to become a very lovely young lady by the time we're finished, John-John and I really think you're going to feel as pretty as you look. That will be nice, won't it?"

Before he could stop himself he nodded an affirmative which brought an immediate chuckle from Christine. The color in his face became an even darker red as his male world started to crash about him.

She had him sit on the boudoir chair so she could slip the 3 inch high black leather pumps on him. The pumps had ankle straps that both gave him support as well as an extra sissy look.

His painted toes showed through his stockings and the open toed shoes. She remarked, once again, "You're making a wonderful little girl." and once again he was speechless. She laughed in his face. She thought to herself it was so easy and fun to transform HIM INTO A HER.

The clock was relentlessly moving on so she didn't waste much time as she ordered him back on the stool. Her fantasies had stopped as they were replaced by reality — the reality that sat in front of her.

Christine began to apply make-up to his face. She used soft subtle colors that contrasted sharply with the heavy black mascara, eye liner and eye brow color that she had used for his eyes. She chose a bright red lipstick. The lipstick was glossy, long lasting and impervious to water and normal wear. She was finally finished transforming her boyfriend. With an impish grin she reached under the front of his petticoats and found that he was as hard and excited as ever. He certainly couldn't deny that he was in seventh heaven. "I know you feel good, so I don't want you to lie to me, do you feel nice?"

He was frightened as he nodded yes and she smiled an all knowing smile.

Removing his cute little pom poms she slipped her dark colored wig over his head. It took her just a few minutes to attach it and to brush it out. "OK, young lady, stand up, we've got to hurry if we're going to make it."

John was too shocked to question what she meant.

She attached the cutest, littlest, white lace maid's cap that she had fashioned out of a doily. Now her boyfriend had been capped. Then she noticed how barren his ears were and she reached into her large box of jewelry and produced a set of large, gold hoop earrings and these she clipped to his lobes. She made a mental note to have his ears pierced.

Again she had him stand up and told him to hold onto the bed post of her canopied bed. She allowed him to teeter there for a minute and soon he started to sway gleefully. She watched him from behind and saw the little girlish movements he made which made her smile. She picked up the last item from the bed. It was a beautiful, white, lacy apron with a heart shaped bib top and the longest apron strings possible. John began to bounce about excitedly.

The apron's shoulder straps were made of lace and were attached to the top of his apron's bib, which came to the top of his breasts. They were thrown over his shoulders, crossed in the back and attached to the apron strings that came around his waist. She tied the apron strings into the biggest and prettiest bow possible. Now she had done it, she had aproned her man. Now he was her maid, her maid forever.

She led him to the full length mirror on the wall and for the first time allowed him to view his new self. The look on his face was priceless as his eyes started to water and his lower lip quivered. He involuntarily shivered as he tried to run but Christine, standing directly behind him, held him solidly. She had her arms wrapped around his waist and held him tightly, forcing him to face reality. He struggled vainly but the reflection told everything. The smiling Christine was too strong and he was too weak. The reflection told the truth and he ceased his struggles.

That pretty girl, dressed in the fluffiest, frilliest and laciest outfit that he had ever seen, was himself and John knew that she, that pretty girl, was staring back with the sweetest expression on her face because she was happy. His eyes went from his image to Christine's laughing face and back again. He didn't know what to do so he just stood there weakly and slowly melted into her arms. He surrendered into those deep blue eyes. He could feel himself slipping into a different type of world, a world of her design. He began to think of himself as a girl.

Christine's arms were wrapped so tightly around his middle yet the pressure made him feel so warm, so safe and so very secure. He raised both hands and brought them to his breasts. He asked quietly, "Am I pretty?" as he cupped and squeezed his new found friends sensuously. "Am I a pretty girl? I feel so wonderful. I know that you're going to be a good Mistress, aren't you? Please tell me you are."

Christine laughed as she looked at their reflections in the mirror. Poor John looked absolutely defeated. His words were still ringing in both of their ears. His sissy words were like a hot, hard penis rubbing against her clitoris. His capitulation's were a gigantic turn on. She picked him up and bounced him up and down gently. To her satis-

faction and amusement her little John-John giggled and seemed to get even softer in her arms.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

It was almost five o'clock when Christine and John were able to have a WOMAN TO Sissy talk. Christine sat down in the living room in the big overstuffed chair while John knelt on the floor at her feet with his pretty lacy petticoats spread about him. It was an unbelievable scene.

"OK, now listen to me John and listen to me carefully. I've always known that you were a weak submissive person. That's what attracted me to you. I was pleasantly surprised when I first realized that you may have worn my underwear. You were very good about it but once I suspected what you were doing it was fairly easy to catch you. Then, when I started to suspect that you had begun your own wardrobe it was easy. It only took me a few minutes to find your little hide-out. That's when I decided that it was time for you to come out of the closet into a more productive way of life and that's exactly what you are doing now. Believe me baby you are going to do exactly what I want you to do."

Several times John tried to speak but Christine nonchalantly silenced him by touching her finger to his brightly colored lips and saying, "Hush now baby."

"From now on you're going to be my personal maid. You're going to assume the wardrobe, the personality, the characteristics and the demeanor of a 14 year old girl that has been cuffed and collared into the time honored profession of a domestic maid."

"John-John, the term cuffed and collared is an old Victorian term used around the turn of the century when a young girl was accepted into the services of an upper class household. You, dear John, are not a man but a young lady, 14 years old to be precise. I have just accepted you to be MY domestic servant. Now don't say a word. I have pictures of you and I won't be afraid to show them to the guys in the band. Besides you've made it apparent that this whole thing may be more pleasant for you than you think."

"I believe that you're more than capable of performing the part that you are dressed for, so from now on you're going to be my little cute French maid, Yvonne. Isn't that a terrific name for you? From now on you're to do all the housework, prepare all of the meals and serve them as if you were already the perfect sissy servant you're going to be."

"You're going to take care of all of my personal needs and, of course, you will take care of my wardrobe. The hours are going to be long and the work is going to be tedious but the rewards will be worth it. You will be able to wear pretty clothes all of the time and I'm going to teach you how to think, act and behave as if you were a real little girl. You're going to be going to cooking class, to sewing class and maybe even to dance school. Doesn't that sound wonderful?"

John up to this point had been in a state of shock. The only thing that was really registering was the enormous heat and activity in the front of his panties. He could

only gulp. His eyes were as big as saucers and his chin quivered in a way that delighted Christine.

"I've given everything quite a bit of thought and I think that you're going to be one happy, little girl. Isn't Yvonne a sweet name? Don't you already feel as if you are a girl?" John Kelly looked at her with horror.

"Why," thought Christine, "he does look as if he really was a pretty little girl." "I fully expect you to be a loyal, obedient, dedicated, reliable, honest, trustworthy and adoring servant. I will demand that you accept your new and different way of life. I will command you to be a girl, a sweet, soft, little girl. The one I believe is locked inside you. You know John, I could always see Yvonne in you. I will expect that you will show me the deference and respect that's due me. You will, from now on, refer to me as Miss Christine. Do I make myself clear, young lady? You, from now on, are my dear little French maid, Yvonne."

It was then that John tried to balk he started to shout at her, "No, no, I won't be a girl. I'm not going to dress like this in front of Mandi and Ebonee. I won't. I won't." "Damn it," he thought, "he sounded as if he was a girl."

Christine had anticipated this and she quickly grabbed John by the back of the neck and with one deft move pulled him up and across her lap. Christine was, for a sophisticated woman, surprisingly strong and John was shocked to find how easily she had accomplished putting him into such a compromising position. Christine held him down as she pushed his soft skirt and petticoats up and yanked his panties down over the cheeks of his ass. It took only about ten slaps on his derriere for John to realize that he was in no position to argue with her or to refuse her in anyway. He felt powerless.

The petticoated male, his eyes tear filled, his voice whining and his quickly reddening backside quivering from the spanking quickly said, "Please, Christine, don't spank me anymore. I'll be good. I promise." John meant what he said. The spanking was horrible. It made him feel so, so, so naughty. "Oh, God," he thought, "he sounded as if he were a child." "Please," he whimpered, "pretty please."

Christine asked sternly, "Be a good what, Yvonne?"

John had no choice and he quickly said, "A good whatever you want me to be, Christine."

"No Yvonne," Christine said, "I want to hear you tell me that you're going to be a good little girl and a good little maid, MISS Christine and I want to feel that you're being truthful."

John began to sob but he did as he was told and to Christine's astonishment and pleasure he added his own commitment. "Miss Christine, I will be a very good little girl and a very good little maid. I'll do everything you want me to do and I'll make you proud of me."

Christine stayed silent and John nervously added, "I want to be a girl."

Christine glowed with jubilation; those words spelled victory for her. She had won and her little John-John was now her sissy maid, Yvonne.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Just then the door bell rang and Christine untangled her maid from her lap and pushed Yvonne to HER knees. As she stood in front of her brand new sissy maid she pinched the sissy's chin, shook a finger in HER face and said, "You'd better be a good girl, Yvonne. Now answer the door. I'm sure that it's Maison Robert. I ordered dinner for three for Miss Mandi, Miss Ebonee and me. Now be quick and make me proud and happy. Show me that you're already a good maid. Show me that you are going to be a good little girl and let me see you skip to the door, open it as sweetly as you can and find out who's ringing our doorbell."

John was shaky as he stood up. He wiped at his tear streaked face with the knuckles of both hands in much the manner of a little girl. He gave Christine a curtsy and tried to turn. His panties were still around his knees and he had to bend over and pull them up over his hips. He subconsciously and instinctively fluffed up his petticoats and tried to skip to the door but found out he couldn't because of the unfamiliar high heels. He quickly minced his steps to the door. The short steps made his petticoats sway and his breasts jiggle. He was so confused and nervous and still in a state of shock that he hadn't questioned Christine's orders or why he so quickly accepted them and why he responded exactly as she wanted.

He heard Christine laugh and he blushed wildly and shook his derriere.

Opening the door was one of the hardest tasks John had ever completed. Standing in the hallway was a young man in a tuxedo. He was the delivery boy from Maison Robert, the most exclusive French restaurant in town. He smiled as he saw the way the cute maid was dressed and then burst out laughing when he realized that the maid was a man. The delivery boy just smiled as he handed the dinner package to John. With a sneer he said, "That will be \$54.85," and with a long pause he added "Miss?"

John was so red faced and embarrassed that he let out a squeaky little moan that sounded so girlish. He felt as if he were a little squirrel. He did maintain a little of his dignity and said, trying to sound like a girl, "Stay here while I get the money." He realized almost instantly that he had openly and instinctively performed a delicate curtsy to the delivery boy.

He knew his face was flushed bright red and was a dead giveaway that he was a man. The hot flush coursed through his body and directly to his pelvic area as he delicately turned from the boy.

He wanted to run from the room but Christine's stare was as strong as steel chains. He turned to her and started to walk to her. He was able to walk in a delicate, gentle motion and went up to Christine who was standing in full view of the open front door and giggling openly. Again he subconsciously curtsied to her. He heard a guffaw from the open door way as the delivery man openly giggled.

Christine laughed as she said to him, "What do you need, John?" At the sound of his own name he recoiled, shocked that she had used it.

Instantly his eyes filled with tears but he was able to stammer out, "The man needs \$54.85, Miss Christine."

She handed him three twenty dollar bills and one five and said, "Here, John, go and pay the man his money and tell him to keep the change."

He turned to hurry back so he could get away from this humiliating situation when Christine said in a loud but authoritative voice, "Walk slowly, John. Practice walking as if you were a girl. Swing your hips, walk, think and act pretty so you can become a little girl faster."

The delivery man was now laughing uproariously at John as tears started to roll down the little sissy's powdered cheeks. John clearly saw his smooth soft hands with the vivid pink painted fingernails shaking with humiliation as he handed the delivery man the money.

As John started to close the door he heard Christine say, "This is my boyfriend, John. He likes to dress like a little girl." John quickly shut the door tight. He turned, leaned against the door, pressed his forehead against it and started to cry. He tried desperately to fight back the tears but they were unstoppable and he started to sob uncontrollably with loud, mournful, sounds and deep, heart wrenching gasps as he tried to breathe, tried to stop from sounding as if he were a girl. He failed. In the background John could hear his girlfriend giggle.

He asked Christine, "Why did you tell him I was a man, Christine. I was so embarrassed."

"Of course you were," she laughed, "but the question that begs to be answered is, Are you a man named John, or are you a girl named Yvonne? Come on answer me. Which are you?"

Poor John could only gulp as he said, "I'm a man, my name is John AND," he paused for several seconds; his mind working furiously and continued on, "I'm a girl, my name is Yvonne. I want to be a little girl."

Christine was triumphant, "Of course you do, now don't you forget it."

Just then the bell rang and John, after looking at Christine's face, knew that he had to answer it, he minced over to the door and opened it. "Now what?" he thought. The delivery boy from Maison Robert stood there and just smiled until John quietly closed the door.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Christine ordered Yvonne into the kitchen with the foil wrapped meals and had "the NEW young lady" put them into the oven to keep them warm. She had Yvonne set the table in the dining room for three persons. Yvonne set out the best dinnerware they had. Christine had made Yvonne use her finest linen table cloth and coordinated linen napkins as she rationalized, "I have a maid now so I don't have to worry about getting anything dirty, do I, Yvonne?"

The new maid, chastened, defeated and enthralled, took her cue and said in a soft, sweet, melodic voice, "No, Miss Christine I'll do everything for you, I promise." Christine and John looked at each other and before Christine could say anything, John presented her with a pretty curtsy.



Christine delighted in watching Yvonne (and supervising her) as she set about her assigned tasks. The crystal was washed and polished brightly by the young lady and sparkled on the table as did all of the dishes. Christine taught her new maid the proper way to fold dinner napkins and how to serve her superiors. The clock continued to tick.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Yvonne finished setting the table to Christine's strict satisfaction and had been surprised to find that he rather enjoyed it. He realized and even admitted to himself that it was a very pleasant feeling to be dressed as he was in front of Christine and an even better feeling to perform this simple domestic task. He looked up at her and gave her a pretty smile. He knew it was a pretty smile. He knew that it wasn't a masculine smile; it was a feminine smile. He felt himself turn a soft pretty red from his sissy blush. At this moment Christine seemed to be ten feet tall as she gave him a satisfied and triumphant smirk.

Without thinking he found himself presenting Christine with an involuntary but respectful curtsy and saying, "Isn't the table pretty Miss Christine?"

Christine burst into laughter and said maternally, "Yes, Yvonne, you're going to be doing a lot of pretty things from now on." It was time, she decided, to test the water. "How do you feel John about, well you know, about dressing up like a French maid?" There was a long pause and she realized that she had to fill it and fill it with authority. "Come now darling whenever I ask you a question you must answer me immediately and truthfully otherwise our special relation will be strained. Now how do you feel in your pretty little outfit?"

John was standing in front of Christine feeling small and weak and very vulnerable. All of his senses were exploding with sensual, sexual bliss. He realized that for the first time in his life he felt whole and real. He knew that he could trust Christine to love and protect him. She was slightly taller than he, and as he looked up at her his inner training, genes, senses and upbringing as a male flared for one last brief moment. He quickly lowered his naturally long and dark eyelashes so they rested on his powdered cheek and a pink, sissy blush flared and he whispered in a soft melodic voice, "I like it Miss Christine." He paused briefly and corrected himself, "No I love it."

"Yes I can see you do." Christine's smile cooled. She was now in full control. "You're going to be a lovely maid. Now, let's see how good a job you can do cleaning the kitchen before Miss Mandi and Miss Ebonee come home." As she looked into her former boyfriend's eyes she added, "You are pretty, John-John. You are very pretty."

The compliment from the tall woman had its desired effect. John beamed. His masked eyes sparkled and his lipsticked mouth smiled. They both knew that he would be her maid now, willingly, enthusiastically and for ever. He picked up his petticoats and curtsied. "Am I really pretty, Christine?"

"More than you can ever imagine, mon petite papillion (my little butter fly). Do you like your pretty uniform?"

Without any hesitation he spun around causing his petticoats to swirl out and said in a soft, weak voice, "Oh, yes Miss Christine, it makes me feel so wonderful."

"Feminine?" she questioned with a raised eyebrow.

The petticoated male gulped and admitted, "Yes Miss, it makes me feel feminine."

"Do you want to be feminine?"

He looked directly into her eyes, sinking into their depth, feeling her very being surround and encompass him.

She was watching him, her smirk playing on the corners of her mouth. She knew that at that very instant he was more girl than male. She scanned the body and face of her boyfriend. He was standing there delicately in the frilliest and fluffiest French maid's uniform she could buy. He had been truly pantied, petticoated, aproned, cuffed and capped. "Well."

John Patrick O'Malley Kelly answered her, his mind floating in a lacy warm mist. He answered without thought, his words coming from his very heart and soul. He knew how he felt and what he wanted. He wanted to wear pretty clothes and wanted to act like he felt. He wanted to flutter around the room as if he were a pretty butterfly. He wanted to mince about as if he were a little mouse. He wanted to let his sissy tendencies control him. He wanted her to love and protect him. He wanted to serve, adore and obey her, "Ohh, Christine," he sighed, "I've never been this happy before. Yes I want to be feminine. I want to be a little girl. I want to be YOUR little girl. May I, please, pretty please?"

In the most girlish manner the petticoated male held the sides of his petticoats and spun around. Christine could almost hear him say, "whee". He turned and minced over to the sink, his petticoats swaying delightfully and his breasts jiggling in his lacy brassiere. He was delighted with the sound of his heels as they clicked on the polished floor. He was obviously happy as he began to wash the dishes that the women had left from that morning. He half turned to look at his girlfriend and was pleased and excited to see the pleased look of disbelief on her face. It was a look that he would see (and love) more often than not. He began to hum and didn't hear the front door open and close.

John busied himself at his assigned task. He kept the thought that Mandi and Ebonee would be home soon pushed out of his mind. He felt so sweet and vulnerable and both feelings were euphoric. Soon the kitchen was in complete order and neat as a pin and so clean that the Queen of England could have entered and not been ashamed. He got down to his final tasks of washing the dishes. The hot water cascaded into the sink striking the soap and bursting into thousands of bubbles each capturing the colors of the room. Soon suds were flowing up from the rising water and Yvonne dipped her hands into them.

Christine heard her two roommates, who had just gotten home. She went out to meet them as they were totally unaware of what she had planned and accomplished. Christine wasn't sure of how they would respond to John's feminization but she would find out shortly. She planned to shock them by not warning them of John's transition into her sissy maid.

The last moments of John's manhood were fading rapidly as he felt the hot flush consume him. He felt constricted but free. He felt strong but weak. He felt as if he

wanted to fly, as if he could fly, as if he was flying, flying away, flying from his old life. One lonely tear ran down his cheek and dripped into the dish water. He quickly dried his hands and slipped one under his petticoats and rubbed the front of his panties. His cock was enormous and it felt so good.

He heard the rhythmic clicking of the three pairs of heels and the gay chatter of Mandi and Ebonee and it frightened him. He slipped his hands back into the dishwater when he heard them but his mind had already accepted that he had no choice besides he could feel his cock stirring in his panties and he felt a massive sexual thrill. He felt as if he wasn't wearing panties and a cool wind was blowing up his petticoats and tickling his pantied, little, round derriere.

Apprehension and fear gripped him. He didn't know what to do. Was she really going to show him to Mandi and Ebonee? What could he do? Then he heard the kitchen door swing open as the three women entered the bright room. He involuntarily shuddered.

His hands were deep into the sudsy hot water when he heard the shrieks of laughter from Mandi and Ebonee along with the possessive chuckle of a proud-as-a-peacock Christine. It sent a shiver through the now out-in-the-open sissy male as his two other roommates saw him for the first time, but obviously not the last time, wearing his adorable little satin maid's uniform and doing his little household chores. Miss Christine was laughing just as hard as Mandi and Ebonee were.

Mandi and Ebonee saw the prettiest apparition before them. Never mind who it was, just the fact that the person was wearing such an outfit was enjoyment enough. It seemed as if the kitchen was full of ruffles and laces as the apparition turned its head. All they could see was the back of the young lady. She stood on high heels. Her legs had seamed, black silk stockings that rose forever until they ended with an inch or two of soft, white thigh and then a wisp, a hint, of pink ruffles before they were engulfed by the lacy petticoats. The young lady's black satin dress was resting on her lacy petticoats while her lacy collar, lacy cuffs and lacy maid's cap contrasted delightfully with her black satin dress.

To their complete amazement the apparition turned her head and to their complete amazement she turned out to be their roommate, John. They could have easily told from the back that it was him if they had had any idea that he was a sissy but now he faced them with his pretty made-up face and tear filled eyes. "What the hell," shrieked Ebonee, "it's John."

John could feel the presence of the women in the room. He could feel their stares as they penetrated him. He could hear their laughter and it was strangely satisfying to him. He half turned and looked at them when the damn burst suddenly and he began to cry. His sobs were loud and pleasantly pitiful. Not only could the women see the feminine clothing he wore but they could see his feminine silhouette as one of his breasts jutted out. The women stopped laughing and drank in the vision before them. The silence was deafening until Mandi shrieked in a high pitched, highly amused voice, "Look, you can see his pretty, little panties." Immediately the three women shrieked with amusement.

The sound of the women's laughter rang off the walls and ceiling, getting louder and more boisterous as the three women let their emotions go wild. The laughter penetrated John as a cock does to a vagina, harsh, hot and merciless and giving him the same pleasure. Their laughter was ravishing him, bringing his senses into a sharp focus merging them with his libido. The laughter was entering him as a sailor does to a whore after being at sea for months. It was all encompassing, spreading the lips of his imaginary love nest, penetrating him. He felt himself being impaled and his whole body and mind began to scream and writhe on it as he surrendered to its passion and heat.

Poor John couldn't do a damn thing. He blushed, turned and quickly faced the sink, his shoulders bobbing up and down from the sobs that racked him. He was caught with his pants down, figuratively, and his panties up, actually. Christine walked over to him and gripped him firmly by the shoulders and forcibly turned him around to face his roommates. He felt as a woman does when her lover enters her fully and looks deep into her eyes as the pressures equalize. John's shoulders sagged in defeat as his eyes, heavy with mascara, looked up at the tall women. He looked as if he were a lost puppy dog and he acted as one.

He turned and reached for the pink, cloth hand towel, deciding to make the best of it. He dried his hands as every single one of his emotions was assaulted — pleasantly assaulted he realized. He could feel his manhood rub against the front of his panties. His cock was the hardest and biggest it had ever been. He felt as if he were on fire and once again he shyly surrendered to his submissive nature as he looked up at all three women (they were all several inches taller than him even without heels AND this time they were all wearing, as he was, at least three inch high heels).

He realized that they were all stunningly, beautiful women, all strong, all confident. All had powerful personalities. All of a sudden he understood what Christine had told him. He felt as if his whole body, mind and spirit were sliding into a different dimension. One, infinitely better than the one he had been in. He felt as if he was surrounded by a choir of angels. His body could feel, and luxuriated in, every square inch of silk, ruffles, lace and satin that encompassed his body. He surrendered.

His pretty, little smile told it all and with his whole heart and soul he performed a deep, respectful and sweet curtsy at the three amused and smug women. As his body gracefully dipped he smiled warmly at the women who now controlled him and found the words were locked in his throat. He lifted up the sides of his lacy petticoats and satin dress delicately and slowly pirouetted before he presented them with an ideal curtsy. His pert, young breasts stood out, filling the front of HIS dress. He felt as if they were heaving with passion. He knew that he was home. He had found his rightful place.

It was then that he had an intense, powerful and shattering climax. His fluffy lace panties almost instantly filled with his own juices. Yvonne, nee John Kelly, accepted the realization that HE BELONGED TO THESE WOMEN as he smiled and said in a surprisingly sweet, soft, girlish voice he sang out, "Welcome home Miss Mandi. Welcome home Miss Ebonee. I'm Christine's maid. My name is Yvonne." He felt wonderful, so complete and whole, as all of his senses assailed him. He even began to giggle softly, a pleasant, satisfying and natural giggle. He fluffed up his petticoats and said

with a sweet smile, "Isn't my dress pretty. Aren't I pretty?" and he spun around in a soft, girlish, delicate motion.

As he spun around he saw the looks on the women's faces as they recognized the tell tale sign of his naughtiness — the ever spreading dark spot on his pink, silk panties. This was neither the time nor the place to mention it but Christine filed it away to be used later when it better suited her.

He paused and took a short but deep breath that was deliciously noticed by each of the women and he continued, "Miss Christine is my Mistress. She's going to teach me to be a little girl, a maid, a servant, a cook, a..." and his weak, squeaking voice trailed off as he began to softly cry. He turned, put his soft hands to his face and pressed against the sink, openly sobbing his soft, little, sissy heart out while the women whooped with delight. His shoulders were shaking slightly as he tried unsuccessfully to stop sobbing.



## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The three women and the sissy maid stood there in the kitchen for a few minutes trying to assimilate what Christine had done, even she wasn't sure how she had succeeded in making John into Yvonne.

Both Mandi and Ebonee started to ask Christine questions but she simply shrugged them off by saying, "I'll tell you more about it later but right now I'm famished, aren't you girls."

The two smirking women wouldn't be denied satisfaction of their ravenous curiosity. Mandi, first, gave John a hug saying, "John you are pretty."

Christine corrected her immediately, "No Mandi, John is a man's name. The man John that we used to know is now Yvonne. That's a girl's name which befits 'her' new status. Yvonne is a girl, a sweet, pretty, young, little girl and I would appreciate it if you not only treated her as a girl but really considered her to be one."

Mandi laughed and repeated her statement but this time she used John's new name, "Yvonne, you are a pretty little girl wearing a pretty little outfit."

"Pretty little Yvonne," echoed a laughing Ebonee and she gave John a big, encompassing hug. She picked him up, burying his face into her large bosom and began to bounce him up and down until she felt him melt in her arms.

The women couldn't help themselves as Yvonne looked up at them. Her eyes were enormous and she acted so sweet and pretty. They started to poke the poor little thing making her cry out in the cutest little gasps. She sounded so girlish. The women were laughing as they teased her until she began to giggle and wiggle around. Because the women wore high heels they could look down on her which, of course, forced her to look up at them. Yvonne's eyes were deep brown and wide and with the eye liner and mascara they were quite beautiful. She looked up at them adoringly. It went without saying that John had accepted his new life with enthusiasm.

"Ohh, Miss Ebonee," the new girl bravely said in her sweet, high pitched little voice, "I love my new dress." The words came out in a sing song fashion that made little Yvonne giggle. Her posture was very feminine. She looked and acted as if she already was a girl.

"John-John," inquired Christine in a patronizing voice, "are you glad that I'm making you become a pretty, little girl?"

Mandi and Ebonee looked at their friend John and held their breath not knowing how they wanted him to answer.

John, standing there in his pretty little outfit and looking so sweet, pretty and vulnerable, took his time answering as he searched his soul for his true feelings. Several hours ago, in the eyes of his girlfriend and roommates he was a man, an adult male. He would have died a thousand deaths if they had found out about him, if they had found out that he enjoyed wearing women's clothing, that he had worn some of their clothing but now they knew. They knew now that Christine had feminized him, now that he stood before them in his frilly, fluffy, lacy, petticoated uniform. He accepted the truth that he didn't die, that he wasn't shamed into oblivion, that he wasn't humiliated beyond belief.

In fact, he had to admit that he never felt so alive, so wonderful. He actually felt pretty. He rather enjoyed the myriad feelings that the clothes he wore gave him. The restriction of his brassiere and garter belt and the soft, clinging feeling of his panties and slip made him feel wonderful. The fluffy feelings that his petticoats gave him and the tight support his sheer silk stockings afforded him made him feel feminine. The thrill of standing on his three inch heels, the sensation of his earrings, the wonder of his long hair and most of all the knowledge that his face was made-up and made him feel so pretty.

He looked down at the two breasts that dominated his chest. He looked at the three women and ran his fingers over them. He looked into each woman's eyes and saw their amusement and it excited him. He looked and saw their approval and it pleased him. He looked and saw their expectation and he wanted to serve them. He looked and saw their strength, their superiority. He wanted to be weak. He wanted to be used. He wanted to be their maid.

Christine, Mandi and Ebonee continued to stare at him, running their eyes over his silk clad body, looking at his pretty face, watching the adorable little girl expressions that he made with his eyes, his mouth, his little twitching nose, his shoulders, his breasts, his body, his hips, his legs and his feet. They knew it was John and they individually tried to find something masculine that must have remained in him. None of them could. The more they looked at John the more feminine he became and soon they were only seeing Yvonne, their pretty, little pet maid.

John couldn't stand still as something feminine inside took control of him. He unconsciously began to change his posture making him look as dainty as he felt. He subconsciously reached under his petticoats and fluffed them up. It was a gesture that he would use many times over the years because it made him, and whoever was watching him, feel so good.

He was looking at each of them trying to decide how to answer when he suddenly bit his lower lip and the women knew what his decision was. He began to giggle. Mandi remarked that she hadn't heard anyone giggle like that since the last time she saw her nieces.

John was looking back at them loving their expressions and loving their thoughts as he read their faces. He was mesmerized in the eternity of the moment. He smiled sweetly and said in his nearly perfect little girl's voice, "Ohh, yes Miss Christine, I love what you've done to me. I'm going to love being a little girl. I don't ever want to change. I want to be a girl forever. I want to be your maid. May I be your maid, Miss Christine? May I always wear pretty uniforms like this one and take care of the Town House and take care of you and Miss Mandi and Miss Ebonee, please, pretty please."

John was talking almost breathlessly. His eyes were bright with excitement and he was bouncing up and down in the manner of a soft, sweet, pretty, little girl.

The women stared at their used-to-be-male friend. His transition was immediate and thorough. His eyes were begging, pleading them. He was desperate as the tears slowly rolled down his powdered cheeks.

Christine didn't say a word, hell she couldn't, she was too flabbergasted at what John asking for. He was begging to be her slave, her servant, her maid. Her boyfriend, John, was pleading with her to let him be a little girl and wear pretty dresses and things.

John took Christine's silence that maybe she wouldn't let him be her pretty little maid and he panicked. He looked at Ebonee, who was just a few feet from him, with those wide, pitiful, brown eyes and said, "Ebonee, I'm sorry, Miss Ebonee, please ask Miss Christine to let me be the maid." The tall, black woman was also shocked into silence as her friend John was begging to be their servant and maid. John saw the indecisive look in Ebonee's eyes but he also saw the look of superiority in her shining brown eyes. He knew that she liked him in his little outfit.

He ran to Mandi who stood about six feet away. She opened her arms up to him and he ran into them. He felt her arms encircle him as he looked up, "Miss Mandi, I don't want to be John again. I want to be Yvonne." He slipped his arms around her and said, "My name is Yvonne and I'm a pretty, little girl."

By now John had lost all self respect, it was as if his only way to survive was to remain in the household at any cost.

The women all looked at him shocked and amazed at John's admission. It was Christine, of course, who spoke first. "Yes Yvonne. I'm very happy that you want to be our slave, servant and maid. You're going to have to work very hard. You're going to have to be very efficient. You're going to have to be very nice to each of us. Most of all my little pet you're going to have to be 100% feminine, 100% sweet, 100% obedient, 100% soft, 100% vulnerable 100% of the time. Do you think you can be all of those things, Yvonne, do you?"

Mandi spoke, "Hell not so much feminine as definitely not masculine. I'm going to want to see John be the biggest sissy in the world."

Ebonee added, "I think I'm going to like seeing how sweet a man can, look, act and think. I'm going to enjoy seeing this white male honky behave as if he was a little girl."

John was thrilled and the women looked in astonishment at how happy he looked. It was obvious; John was the happiest little girl in the world.

Mandi suggested that Yvonne show his new mistresses how a sissy can skip around the room and make them laugh.

John gulped hard and he knew that he really wanted to skip around the room. He began to hop and skip and jump around. He didn't feel strange at all; in fact he felt natural. The more he did it the happier he was.

When he stopped he was breathless, tired and helpless, Ebonee, Mandi and Christine gathered around him, held hands and began to play a little girl's game. They began to sing as they danced around him, "A tisket, a tasket, a green and yellow basket."

## **CHAPTER SEVENTEEN**

The adult women retired to the living room where Christine explained all that she knew about John, explained about why she decided to feminize and make him her maid and how they would each benefit. John remained in the kitchen making appetizers. He appeared at the door holding a silver tray and he minced into the room. The women loved it. He served them properly doing feminine things that came naturally to him. He bent with his knees together. He served from the right side. He smiled sweetly. After, Christine shooed him back to the kitchen to prepare their dinner.

When dinner was ready to be served, Yvonne announced to his mistress and led the women to the dining room where the table was perfectly laid out. Dinner by Maison Robert as served by Yvonne was almost idyllic. Yvonne had set out Christine's solid silver candelabra so the repast was by soft candle light. The women had to correct Yvonne several times, patiently explaining the proper etiquette in serving her superiors but "she" was quick to learn.

The food was excellent and the repartee delightful as Christine told her two dinner partners about the delivery man and John. The women enjoyed the story and vowed to be there the next time they ordered from Maison Robert. "Did you enjoy wearing petticoats and a dress in front of the delivery man, Yvonne?" asked Christine mischievously. It was a question that didn't need to be answered.



Yvonne was fluttering in and out and around and about, being helpful but not too obtrusive. She was quiet, not interfering with the conversation but the women knew her ears were perking up as they openly discussed her and her feminine charms.

Christine spoke of how she discovered John's secret, about how she went about her plans to change him. Finally she went into detail telling Mandi and Ebonee exactly what happened as John became Yvonne.

The meal was a 4 course affair as the restaurant provided everything, soup, salad, entree and dessert. Yvonne kept the wine goblets filled as the women imbibed heartily. When she wasn't serving them or preparing the next dish, she stood nearby, her hands folded as she waited scanning the table trying to anticipate each of their needs.

She removed the plates as the women finished their portions and Mandi and Ebonee remarked on her beautiful finger nails. "Oh, they'll be much prettier when she's grown them longer and we can have them manicured properly. I want her to learn how to manicure nails so she can provide us with that particular service."

"Ohh, yes," chimed in Ebonee, "I'm beginning to like this setup more and more each minute."

Mandi laughed, "Don't forget about pedicures?" This brought all three women into howls of gay laughter.

The women decided to have their coffee, tea for Mandi, in the kitchen so they could watch Yvonne clean up the dirty dishes. Yvonne was glad they did because she didn't want to be out of their sight especially on this first night of her service. She already felt comfortable with the women.

## **CHAPTER EIGHTEEN**

After the women finished their coffee and Yvonne finished the cleaning, the three women and brand new sissy retired to the living room where they sat. Yvonne sat at Christine's feet; her lacy petticoats spread about her as if she were an island of white lace on the dark green carpet. Her legs were held together and folded under her. The women stared at her, drinking in the moment.

Christine smiled at her best friends as her adorable new maid listened intently. "What do you girls think of paying a little extra rent money and not doing any housework, cook any meals and even have someone do your laundry, after all we do have a young lady here that can do all of that for all of us?"

Ebonee and Mandi shouted out in unison, "Yes."

Yvonne gently grabbed Christine's hand and said, "But, Miss Christine what about the band?" Each of the women noted that John hadn't complained about being a maid. He simply wanted to know how his new life style would affect his playing in the band.

Christine was quite pleased at his reaction and said, "I've thought of that. You can be a girl whenever you don't have a gig and then, someday when the guys find out that you're a pretty, little sissy then the real men can decide if you should continue in the band or not. Maybe you can be a member of the band as a girl. I think that someday we'd like to see that, wouldn't we girls?"

Ebonee and Mandi shouted out in unison, "Yes."

The discussion during the rest of the evening centered on the duties of Yvonne. She was given a pad of paper and dutifully wrote down all of their suggestions. Christine looked down at the rose colored paper and noticed that John's heavy male scrawl was decidedly soft and feminine.

The suggestions were numerous. She would be responsible for all of the cleaning, all of the cooking, all laundry including washing, drying, folding, ironing and even putting their clothes away. She would be responsible for all of the women's clothing, mending, dry cleaning, hanging up properly, etc. She would do all of the errands so that the women would never run out of make-up, tampons, etc. She would make the beds, polish their shoes, answer the door; the list seemed endless.

Christine ended the conversation by ordering Yvonne to develop, on rose colored stationery, schedules and plans and routines to maintain the house at the perfect level that the women deserved.

Yvonne nodded her understanding and agreement and with the cutest motion raised her hand to ask a question. Her eyes were sparkling when Christine nodded and the words rushed out of her mouth, "I'm going to need a few more uniforms so I can be pretty when I'm working. May I get more uniforms please, pretty please? Lots of them with lots of ruffles and lace to make me look and feel pretty."

"Of course, Yvonne. We'll get some special uniforms for you to wear. Of course you're going to have to buy them as well as more lingerie and your own make-up and shoes, etc. If you're going to be a girl Yvonne then you must have a full wardrobe. You're going to have to dig into your savings."

## **CHAPTER NINETEEN**

Yvonne was excellent from the very beginning. She was a quick learner. She made many of the more outrageous suggestions. Her mannerisms quickly became more fluid, gentle and delicate. She learned to dress herself and to put on her own make-up. She was an excellent creative cook but every couple of weeks they still ordered dinner from Maison Robert. Now when the delivery boy came Yvonne was not shy. In fact she carried on shamelessly, openly flirting with the amused man.

The women's friends, both male and female, were treated as royalty by the not-so-shy sissy maid. When Mandi or Ebonee entertained a male guest Yvonne would assist them by turning down the bed. She even began to pick up the gentleman's clothes and, if they stayed the night, would wash, iron and press their garments. The women were pleased with their maid's performance.

Ebonee was the first to feel truly comfortable as one night she removed her clothes, except for her panties and walked out of the room to get a drink. Yvonne was shocked to see the large, black breasts with their blacker-than-black nipples, as they bounced along in front of the woman who walked matter-of-factly into the kitchen. Soon the other women began to take the same liberties.

Once day Christine mentioned that when she was growing up her governess always picked up her clothes. Mandi laughed and said her mother did it for her while Ebonee said, "Shit, they just lay there until I couldn't get around them." Yvonne was then instructed to pick and put away their clothes from then on.

## CHAPTER TWENTY

It was only several weeks later when the boys in the band found out that their good friend was living a different life style. The band had two gigs since John's feminization and both times the women had sent John off wearing male outer clothes and full female underclothes. He wasn't discovered but they had a wonderful time as they debriefed him.

It was on a Thursday night while Yvonne was doing the dinner dishes when the front door bell rang. Answering the door had been one of Yvonne's assigned duties since she had become Christine's maid and, as had been their usual practice, the women were in the kitchen finishing their dinner when they heard the soft chimes. Christine decided that she'd get the door. "I'll get the door Yvonne. You finish the dishes."

At the door stood John's best friend and the band's lead guitarist. "Hi Christine, is John in?" asked the stocky, good looking, Italian boy who the girls nicknamed the Italian Stallion.

"Yes, Angelo, he's in the kitchen," said Christine mischievously and added, "right this way."

Angelo Martinelli followed his friend's girl friend and enjoyed the gentle, fluid movement of her buttocks. The kitchen door swung open with Christine's push and she said, "You've got a visitor Yvonne."

All five people stared at each other in shock, Christine from the suddenness of her actions, Mandi and Ebonee, who were sitting at the kitchen table, from the surprise at seeing this handsome hunk and finally the two men, John and Angelo, one dressed as a pretty, petticoated maid.

"What the hell?" shouted Angelo. He was not only surprised but he was pissed at what he saw. "What the fuck is going on?" he shouted, not at John but at the three women sitting there, staring with open mouths at the two males. "What have you bitches done to him?"

Yvonne was obviously embarrassed but not just because his friend had found out about him but also because he was protective of his mistresses and he didn't like Angelo's tone or language.

Christine, Mandi and Ebonee got up with as much dignity as they could each muster. To their credit they didn't burst out in laughter. They didn't jump all over this olive skinned, muscular, macho man and kick the living shit out of him (which the three of them probably could have) instead they simply smiled passively and left the two men (?) alone.

Ebonee, with her quirky sense of humor was the last to leave. She didn't shut the door completely and the three of them hovered in the hall listening and trying not to make any noise.

Angelo started to shout at John unmercifully, "Look at yourself, what the fuck is wrong with you."

The women looked at each other stifling their giggles.

"Ang," John started to say with a stutter, "please try to understand. I feel good dressed like this."

"You're a fuckin man not a goddamn sissy, John"

"No, I'm not," said John defiantly "I'm exactly what I want to be and," John continued with more backbone than he had shown with the women, "I don't ever want to hear you use that language in front of Miss Christine or Miss Mandi or Miss Ebonee again."

The strong, masculine jaw of Angelo seemed to grow as big as the Rock of Gibraltar as he grabbed John by the shoulders.

John tried to squirm out of Angelo's viselike grasp but the man was too strong. "Let me go," he demanded from his very weak position. "Let me go," he repeated only this time sounding small and girlish.

The three women heard several loud slapping sounds and rushed into the kitchen. John was standing there crying, his right cheek bright red from the quick right hand of Angelo. Christine, Mandi and Ebonee attacked the only male in the room and Angelo had to push and shove his way from the body blows of the three women, each one trying to mash his testicles as Yvonne did when she mashed potatoes — with no lumps.

Luckily he was able to break free but not without cost. Ebonee had raked his face and blood squirted from several long scratches. Christine had landed several body blows from her clenched fists and she was able to use her weight behind them. Mandi landed several blows with the tip of her very pointed heels on Angelo's shins but she was barely successful in penetrating his foot with one of her spiked heels.

The four women heard Angelo's foot steps as he ran out of the house. They heard the front door open but not close as Angelo didn't waste a second to get away from them.

That night was a night of mixed emotions as the women were high on the physical encounter with a man. They were also livid that Yvonne had been hurt, both physically and mentally. It took them almost an hour to stop her from crying. As they sat around the living room discussing, over and over again, the events that transpired Christine apologized to Yvonne. "I'm sorry, honey, I never thought he'd react like that."

Yvonne, once she had quieted down, gave as much comfort as she received. The women were tickled pink that she had defended them. Not only that but she had stood up to her friend about her new life style.

Ebonee remarked, "Yvonne is more of a man than I thought."

"No," countered Mandi, "Yvonne is more of a woman than I thought. She is stronger than a man as most women are and she proved it tonight."

Christine agreed.

By this time each of the women had changed into "something more comfortable"; each wore a white silk, see-thru, peignoir so as to comfort her. The voluptuous women came out as if they were angels. They proceeded to undress Yvonne down to her birth-

day suit. Then Christine gave Yvonne one of her sexiest pair of panties and a white negligee similar to the ones worn by them.

The women proceeded to dress her. Then they gathered on Ebonee's bed to discuss the events of the night. Yvonne loved being comforted by these women. She felt so warm and safe and, besides, each of the women's more feminine charms was so evident. Ebonee's bed was certainly big enough for two large people (she preferred big lovers) but decidedly crowded for four. There was quite a bit of brushing and touching as they comforted their young sissy maid.

"You know," mentioned Mandi, "I hadn't realized it before but there is no reason why we can't dress as we want to when we're all alone. Up to now I hadn't realized that it really doesn't matter if Yvonne sees us naked, half naked or anything." The women all agreed. Yvonne was on her way to becoming a more personal maid for the women.



## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Three days later, Larry, another member of the band, called to tell John that, because of what Angelo had told them, the band had decided to break up. John was heart broken but, as he told Christine, it really wasn't his fault that his friends couldn't come to terms with his new life style.

Christine got on the phone and asked Larry to talk to John personally. "Larry, I don't know what Angelo told you about what happened but you really can't hold that against John. He's the same guy you've always liked. He shouldn't be punished just because he's being open and honest and his life style is different."

Reluctantly Larry agreed and came over the house.

Yvonne opened the door when Larry knocked and when Larry saw John his expression never changed. He nodded curtly and asked where they could talk. Yvonne led

him into the kitchen and closed the door. The women heard Yvonne ask Larry if he'd like a cup of coffee as he was closing the door.

They sat in the kitchen and talked for over an hour. They had always been close; in fact their mothers were the best of friends. Larry didn't want to shut John out even though he was shocked and amused to find out about him and especially to see him wearing petticoats and a dress. He had to admit though; John was actually pretty.

After Larry left Yvonne approached the women and they had a special discussion about what was said. Since that evening (the household calls it — THE NIGHT OF ANGELO'S FAUX PAS) special discussions were held on one of the women's bed. Yvonne bought all four of them 2 sets of negligees; each set the same color and style for each of them. They had pink for good news and blue for bad news. Yvonne suggested that they wear their pink negligees. The women were relieved as they changed.

Yvonne loved these sessions (and they weren't called frequently enough as far as she was concerned) as they proved extremely sexy to her. She loved being surrounded by these half naked amazons and the women knew it. Several times they had discussed how the front of Yvonne's panties seemed to grow so big.

Yvonne told them of her conversation with Larry and he had confided that Angelo felt terrible about the incident and never failed to bring it up when they met. Hank and Rick, the other members of the band went through the same phases that he, Larry, had gone through. Laughing, ridiculing and finally reluctantly banning John from their minds and the band.

The band tried but they just didn't have the extra click that it had when John was there. John played the drums and they tried several other drummers but to no avail. It was Angelo, who finally admitted that he missed John and wished that he could make that night never happen. The guys had a long discussion and, to their surprise, found that the incident had matured them. They couldn't realize why John wanted to dress as a girl nor could they come to grips on why he didn't want to be a male but the truth was always there. He was their friend and they missed him.

It was decided that Larry would offer the first peace feeler.

John had never been hurt nor did he dislike the guys although he was happy that Christine, Mandi and Ebonee had beat Angelo up.

"Let's wait and see what their next move will be," suggested Christine and the others agreed.

Christine began to question Yvonne on how she felt when Larry was there. "Did you know that when you walked Larry to the door and said good night that you gave him a curtsy?"

John looked at her aghast and told her he didn't remember.

"Oh yes, you did, Yvonne," chimed in Mandi, "we were all watching."

John flushed, "I hope it wasn't a big curtsy."

Ebonee said, "It was sister. It was just as pretty and sweet as the curtsies you give us."

"You held the sides of your lacy petticoats out and up in that delightful sissy prim fashion of yours," finished Mandi.

All three adult women burst into laughter at Yvonne's consternation.

That night John relived the moments of Larry's visit. He had felt so wonderful as he welcomed Larry in. He admitted that he really loved being a girl in front of Larry. During their conversation John had used all of his little sissy expressions and mannerisms to tease Larry. Even when he got up to get Larry a fresh cup of coffee he had purposely dropped a spoon and had bent over to pick it up giving Larry a generous peek of his ruffled derriere. His curtsy had been calculated not done by rote. He remembered vividly the hot flush on his face that seemed to be directly connected to his penis.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

A not-so-surprised Christine received a phone call the next day at her agent's office. "Hello," she said sweetly, "this is Christine."

"Please don't hang up on me," a voice said in a rushed, begging voice, "this is Angelo and I've got to talk to you."

"Go ahead," said a cool but interested Christine, "I'm listening."

"First of all before anything else, I want to apologize to all of you. I acted like an asshole, which I guess I am, at least that's what everyone has been telling me. I guess I agree with them."

"Good because I agree with them. You really hurt a very good person. I know it must have been a shock to you and I apologize myself for springing it on you but you behaved abominably."

"Look Christine I want to apologize to each of you. I want to do it in person. I don't blame you for being mad at me and I certainly don't blame you for teaching me that lesson and I honestly want to make it up to each of you. More important though I want to apologize to John. He has been my best friend since grammar school and I never understood his feelings before. Hell I never even guessed that he had any."

"John is a very sensitive person."

"I know, at least now I do."

Angelo and Christine met for lunch that day and to his surprise after he sat down in the booth of this quiet little Italian restaurant he was strongly pushed aside as Ebonee squeezed in beside him. Across the table Mandi squeezed in beside Christine. It was the longest lunch Angelo ever had but to his credit he went through with it.

He did exhibit his charm by immediately saying, "Please don't beat me up again."

The women relaxed and waited for Angelo to begin.

Lunch lasted over an hour and by the time Christine passed the bill on to Angelo to pay all four of them were satisfied. Angelo was to drop by the apartment that night and formally apologize to Yvonne and to ask her to come back to the band. Angelo was still uneasy that the women kept referring to John as Yvonne and using the feminine gen-

der to describe him but by the end of the lunch he had, almost too easily, slipped into the same description.

That night to Yvonne's relief Angelo was a perfect gentleman and he did what was necessary by not only apologizing but stating that he respected John's decision and would abide by it as his best friend. Yvonne, nee John Kelly, cried openly and accepted Angelo's apology. To the women's surprise Angelo slipped his arms around his petticoated friend and gave him a very tender hug.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

The Deep Dish Apple Pies played in Springfield, about sixty miles from Boston, the very next Saturday. It was the first time that anyone in the band saw John since Angelo discovered the real person that was John. The first time since Larry met with John and the last time since Angelo gave John a sincere and caring apology and publicly accepted him as Yvonne. They were each well-aware that John was wearing lingerie under his male clothes but they accepted it with ease since John brought it up first.

"I can't tell you guys how wonderful I feel being back with you." John said with tear filled eyes.

The band members gathered around him, shook his hands which they noticed to be especially soft. They patted him on the back and feeling the bump of his brassiere, actually rubbed and traced it. They smelled the subtle smell of perfume on him. They saw the pierced ear lobes with the one gold earring (male style). They noticed the shaped eyebrows.

The guys were on their best behavior when John put them at ease. "I'm really happy guys. I know that you can't understand it but believe me I not only understand what I'm doing but I'm happy to be doing it. You don't have to treat me as a girl but that's what I am."

The guys looked at him and each of his pals gave John a warm hug.

The band played to a warm, mildly receptive audience which included their drummer's three roommates. The women decided that they didn't want John to drive alone with the guys, at least this first time.

The second time though, John drove up with the guys alone and they discussed his new life openly although they kidded him good-naturedly. He was quite happy and told them what he did, what he wore and how he felt. The guys listened quietly and simply accepted their friend for what he was. Once again the audience was mild.

Before they left for home John called home because he was going to be quite late and he knew that Christine would be worried. Christine was waiting up for him and had their pink negligees waiting for them. Mandi and Ebonee were still out on their dates. John assisted Christine into hers and changed into his. They hugged and slipped into Christine's bed. They discussed the entire evening, his feelings, what was said and the guys' reaction. A contented sissy fell asleep in his mistresses' arms. She



felt so safe, so warm and so contented while the satisfied woman smiled in the dark — SHE HAD MADEMOISELLE'S REPLACEMENT.

It took a long time for Christine to fall asleep so she thought about everything and suddenly she knew exactly what she had to do. Then she fell asleep.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Christine called Angelo the next day. She was anxious to sound out her plan with someone. They met for lunch and Christine told him her idea. Angelo was quite skeptical but he became mesmerized by Christine's deep blue eyes. The more they talked the deeper they got. Actually her suggestion began to make sense if they had the nerve to it. To her credit, thought Angelo, Christine was really looking after John. She was really fighting for him.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

The Deep Dish Apple Pies' next gig was two weeks later in Manchester New Hampshire and by the time the women had gotten there the guys had the equipment set up. The club was a popular local club that catered to the young people in the area. Yvonne was very nervous as she stepped from the comfortable crowd of women and went up to the guys as they tuned their instruments. There was a sizable crowd already there and she felt odd as her heels clicked across the dance floor. The guys looked up and checked her out with obvious interest and then stopped dead as they recognized their friend John. It was the first time that Hank and Rick had seen John as Yvonne and the first time that Larry and Angelo had seen Yvonne as the foxy young chick that strode across the dance floor.

Angelo jumped off the stand and greeted her with a hug. The other guys with huge grins on their faces followed suit. Christine, Mandi and Ebonee giggled as they watched these macho men hug their sissy friend.

They had dressed Yvonne in a simple but elegant, electric blue, silk dress with a plunging neck line carefully pinned to give the appearance of her having real breasts and a short eye popping hem line.

The skirt of the dress was mid-thigh and was worn with black sheer silk stockings and white lacy garter belt. When Yvonne sat on the drummer's stool there would be nothing to hide. Thankfully John was fashionably thin; and with a good shape and with the gaff to hold and hide his maleness, he looked not only beautiful but desirable.

At eight o'clock, with the club was almost filled to capacity and the stage stranded in a pool of darkness, a short burst of white strobe light illuminated the band. Designed to get everyone's attention, which it instantly did, a series of blue lights came on from several different directions. The lights started to dim and slowly got brighter until four of the band members could be seen; all except for the back of the stage where the drummer sat. A sultry women's voice came from the hidden loud speaker, "Let's welcome the Deep Dish Apple Pies." A smattering of not overly enthusiastic applause was non spectacular as the blue lights began to pulsate on the three musi-

cians. Talk died as the effect was spectacular and riveted the eyes and attention of the audience as the band members held still, not moving.

After a few long seconds, with the band blazoned in a sea of blue light, the announcer continued, "No apple pie is complete without — CREAM." and with the word "cream" a bright pink spotlight cut through the blue light and centered on the back of the stage which had been dark. The effect was breathtaking as the pink and blue light clashed in a sky blue pink effect. CREAM in her electric blue dress that seemed to capture and hold the pink light, sat there bathed in the pink light at the drums and she looked luscious in the spotlight. With the flourish of years of practice and talent the foxy brunette went into a fluid drum solo that caused whatever noise or talk that remained to stop dead as everyone gawked. The whole effect caused the club to go wild when CREAM finished her solo. The applause and resultant chatter were enormous as the crowd went wild.

Christine looked around with amazement as both Mandi and Ebonee and every woman in the place joined with the rambunctious males in wild applause. She, too, stood and joined the melee of appreciation.

The Pies went into their routine and were amazed as most of the crowd wasn't dancing as they usually did but standing on the floor, at their tables and at the stage gawking at the flying drumsticks of CREAM. Her dress was riding high and everyone could see patches of white creamy thigh above her stockings. Her white garter belt added another dimension of mystery. Christine had to stand on her chair to get a good look at her boyfriend as he combined his natural movements with his new found femininity. He created a different sound that was intriguing and exciting and it permeated the crowd.

At the first break the crowd refused to let the band stand down. The best the guys (and gal) could do was to keep saying, "OK, one more than we've got to break." Finally, after one set too many, CREAM got up and threaded herself through the maze of equipment to the mike; as hundreds of eyes undressed her. She screamed in a husky, sexy voice, "I've got to pee." dragging the last word out in a pitiful plea. The crowd went wild and opened a path for her and with the aplomb of a princess she went to the girl's room. The crowd loved her including most of the females.

The guys begged Christine to let them take CREAM to out for a bite after the most successful gig the Pies ever had. We have to talk, besides, we always go out for breakfast after a gig. Finally Christine said to them, "It's OK with me guys but don't forget CREAM is another guy. He's your friend John so no hanky panky." They all broke into laughter and finally they agreed to let CREAM drive with them to a restaurant they knew.

"If you tell us where the restaurant is we'll meet you boys there," said Christine emphasizing the word 'boys'.

Angelo quickly volunteered to drive with them. "I'll go with them so they don't get lost."

Christine noticed that Larry was opening the door for Yvonne as a gentleman should. A euphoric Yvonne slipped into the front seat carelessly showing great expanse of thigh and calf.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Life went back to normal for the women when Yvonne didn't have a gig.

The three women had a delightful time fixing up the small room up in a feminine, pink decor for their pretty little maid and without much fan fare Yvonne moved into it. She missed sleeping with Christine but her life was very busy trying to please and take care of three women and to work with the bank and their new found fame.

The women continued to invite both their female and male friends to the sparkling clean apartment, sometimes over night. This included Christine who had begun to date other men. Yvonne, of course, was upset at first and had a small tantrum but a sound spanking in front of Mandi and Ebonee quickly remedied that situation. Yvonne was severely reprimanded by Christine that it wasn't her place to question anything any of them did or said. A very chastised and sorry maid obediently curtsied and apologized to the women. Yvonne thoroughly enjoyed the looks of Ebonee and Mandi as they laughed at her spanking even though she hated the pain and humiliation of it.

Mandi found that she was not only pleasantly enthralled watching Yvonne be spanked but also found she was sexually stimulated. The following noontime she showed up at the apartment unexpectedly and on a small pretext threatened to spank Yvonne for being a naughty girl. Both knew that the maid had done nothing wrong but she stamped her foot at her lovely mistress.

"I'm sorry Miss Mandi," said the chastened and heavy breathing maid, "I deserve to be spanked for being a naughty girl." Yvonne pulled her lacy panties down and crawled onto the woman's lap. Mandi pulled her own skirt up and tucked Yvonne's erection between her bare thighs and proceeded to spank him until the little sissy maid burst into tears and, at the same time, experienced a shattering climax on her. Mandi was enthralled with the scene and as Yvonne scurried to get a wash cloth she rubbed the maid's love juices onto her own panties. "Look at what you did, you nasty little boy. Go get me a clean pair of panties and help me change or you'll be sorry."

Mandi sent Yvonne to her bedroom to get her fresh panties. The sissy scurried away. She brought back a beautiful pair of silk, French cut, light blue panties. Yvonne assisted Mandi in removing her soiled panties. He gently washed her vulva and dried her tenderly. She was standing looking down at the male as he held her panties open for her to step into. He was so gentle as he slipped them up her legs and over her hips.

Mandi kissed Yvonne on the cheeks before she went back to work and said, "I liked that."

He smiled as he held Mandi's soiled panties to his face and breathed in her aroma. "So did I," he admitted.

Mandi looked at him and smiled. "I like that even better," she said. A new task was added to Yvonne's list.

## C O N C L U S I O N

Angelo began to date Christine and they got very serious. When Angelo stayed over night with Christine, Yvonne washed, ironed and pressed his clothing as he did for each of the women's overnight guests.

Yvonne continued to be a faithful and efficient servant and maid for the women. Her male wardrobe was put away and was rarely used.

The three women went on to become quite successful in their careers.

The Deep Dish Apple Pies became a very popular group with their pretty drummer, CREAM. She soon became a much sought after female vocalist.

**THE END**

