

MAID FOR SEX

By Elizabeth Anne Nelson



ILLUSTRATED BY BAL

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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By

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The traffic on Market Street thinned out enough for John Bently to edge his cream colored Cobra onto the right lane signaling for a turn unto Fifth Avenue, pausing only long enough for the lights to change. But, even this pause tried his growing impatience to be on the freeway headed home. It had been a terrible day with his best friend running away with Tina, their maid. He would never have guessed that Mark was bisexual, the little bitch!

Undoubtedly his mother had planned the whole affair; for it was she who had hired the sexy little pussy. And he had no doubt that his mother had bought the girl's erotic clothes as a lure which made a bitch in heat seem coy. How could he have been so stupid as not to have guessed her plan?

John shrugged away his anger for the moment noticing the amber light flash for the side traffic and then the green for him. Moving out he dashed for the next light getting a nasty look from a corner cop. Beating out this light he had to stop for the next at the entrance to the freeway ramp. It was that kind of day.

And Mark? He had known Mark for six long years. He had even paid Mark's way through college. In fact, he had given Mark everything he had right down to the shorts he wore. And this was his way of repaying him, his gratitude. To run away with a little doxy, who couldn't afford to buy Mark a silk tie.

Shifting he glanced out the rearview mirror to check traffic.

She was obviously in her early teens, dressed in a bright yellow floral tunic blouse over light green stretch slacks. Her gleaming golden hair reached to her shoulders and back in a flowing cascade blown by the wind as her sandaled feet carried her between the cars in running panic until she spied John's open window. Before he could react in protest she reached inside and gingerly opened the car door to jump into the bucket seat by his side and slam the door!

At that moment the light changed.

"Go, please, man, go," she urged in frightened tones looking back over her shoulder to watch in wide eyed terror as two men dressed in dark suits dashed into the street looking both ways for their lovely quarry. "Please!"

"Say, look kid, I'm not Mike Hammer, and you're too young," John swore hearing the horns and knowing that he had to move. Releasing the clutch he spun up the

ramp watching the merge lane before he shot into the moving stream of cars gathering speed as he shifted to the left. "What is this all about?"

"Thank you, sir, you saved my life," the girl sighed in relief looking at the car's dash in wonder. "Say, isn't this a Cobra!"

Yes," John muttered wondering where he could drop the kid off now that he was on the freeway. He had to get home to change and pack so that he could meet Paul at the Harbor Club, and he had no time to play nursemaid.

"Mind if I smoke to soothe my nerves, sir," she asked politely before pushing in the lighter and pulling a pack from beneath her blouse causing the golden beads about her neck to sway and John to realize that she was as flat breasted as a child and that spelled real trouble. Taking a cigarette in her nervous fingers she lighted it with a few short drags like a kid who had just learned and wanted to impress somebody. "I needed that. Want one?"

"How old are you, anyway, fourteen?" he guessed impatiently, "And quit stalling. Who were you running from?"

"The police," she answered bowing her lovely head, "The fuzz are making a sweep for runaways, and if they caught me," she shuddered visibly. "Thank you, you have no idea what you saved me from, sir."

"I have half a mind to go back," John muttered to himself, "If I'm picked up with you, I'm in trouble.

"Look, miss, I can't take you home with me. Maybe you should go back to your folks. I bet they are worried sick about you."

She looked at him with huge luminous blue eyes that reminded him of the beautiful eyed waifs in the paintings Mark liked so much, and then she smiled saying, "I can't go home, because when I ran away from my grandparents three months ago I lost my home. And for your information I'm eighteen."

"Sure, eighteen year old chicks go around flat chested," he swore, "Tell me another lie."

She blushed nervously, "I'm a boy. And that is the truth, honestly, mister."

"A what?" John exclaimed almost losing control of the powerful car that swerved towards the next lane causing a little old lady to lose a few of her precious years.

"I'm a boy," the youth replied firmly allowing his slender hand to brush the golden hair from his face. "And that is why I'm afraid of the fuzz. Two weeks ago a couple of those characters picked me up as a runaway and when they found out I wasn't a girl they..." He swallowed hard, "They took turns with me in an alley."

John had heard some wild stories in his life, but he had to admit that either this kid had a vivid imagination fed by sex stories or was telling the truth, and he didn't know which was worse.

"Where do you live now, perhaps I can take you back?"

“On the street where I jumped your car,” the youth answered relieved that the subject was changed. Using the ash tray he continued, “I can't go back now, they know where my pad is. I guess I'll have to thumb a lift down the coast.”

“Don't you have any money?” John asked thoughtfully thinking that he might help the kid out, at least with enough money to send him home to the boy's grandparents. “I could buy you a ticket back to your former home. I'm sure your grandparents won't be too hard on you. After all, kids do run away from home. I'll bet they will be happy to know your even alive. Probably worried sick.”

“They died last month, sir, an auto crash,” was the polite sorrowful reply as the youth's lovely blue eyes studied John thoughtfully for his reaction to the change in story, “I'm alone, now. But, I'll manage.”

John reached into his jacket pocket and pulled from his wallet a twenty. “Here, this might help you for a few days.”

The youth looked at the money knowingly only to hand it back. “I can't take this. You've done enough saving me from the police.”

“What's your name, son?” John countered with a shrug leaving the money between their bucket seats.

“Hazel,” the youth replied with a laugh. “My grand parents picked the name I guess, and no jokes, please?”

“Sure, Hazel,” John chuckled liking the youth. He was a lot different than Mark, maybe he... “Say, look, Hazel, I'm headed out on a fishing trip this afternoon, and I'll be gone for the week. Maybe you might like to stay at my place for a few days before you move on. You can use Mark's old room.”

“Mark?” Hazel asked, “Your brother?”

“No, a former friend,” was the bitter reply causing the youth to nod even if he didn't understand. All Hazel knew was that here was the first real mark he had met since he had ran away from his pad that morning. He had soon found out what his past friends were like when his money was gone and since then he had learned how to survive alone in the City.

Hazel sat back in the seat wondering really if he should take the money. He might be able to do better if he wasn't too greedy. But, the driver might think it strange if he left it there. Picking up the bill, he slipped it into his pocket. “I might stay overnight, if you really don't mind.”

“Make yourself at home.”

The Cobra spun onto the off ramp to swing around the turn to merge with a country road until it reached a private road with high iron gates that swung open automatically in response to a signal from the car. Moving under an arch of trees it drove up to a large country estate house to pass through the open doors of a carriage house garage and stop.

“I'll take you up to your room,” John suggested noticing that the twenty was gone, “Unless you want to stop in the kitchen for a snack?”

“Whatever you want to do, sir,” was the quiet reply as Hazel realized that he had hit the jackpot, “What is your name, sir?”

“Bently, John Bently,” John answered as he led the way up a side stairway into the main house itself following a wide richly carpeted hallway that passed several rooms. John paused at a door and opened it. “Here is your apartment.”

Hazel could not believe his eyes.

The door opened into a living room with antique white furnishings, mauve shaded walls, a pure white pile rug, and rich royal purple brocade drapes. Too awed to speak, he walked across the soft rug seeing his figure reflected in the ornate wall mirrors. Pausing he opened a pair of doors to reveal a bedroom of pink and white satin that would have pleased a princess!

“Mark is a strange name for a girl, isn't it?” Hazel asked in bemused wonder surveying the beautiful room before turning towards this new friend with a quizzical smile beginning to understand. His mark was gay..

“Mark loved luxury,” John replied moving to the circular bed thinking of memories he should want to forget because of Mark's betrayal, leaving only his memories. “He decorated it himself and used it to show some of his customers. You see, he was an interior decorator of sorts.”

“I should repay you for your kindness,” Hazel offered sitting upon the satin covered bed knowing that he had guessed right about his host, he was gay.

Hazel ran his delicate fingers over the smooth pink satin bedspread to touch the lace ruffle of a pillow slip. He had always loved the slippery feeling of satin delighting in its soft coolness. It reminded him of the satin comforter he had on his bed back home, the one he used to enjoy lying naked upon while he dreamed his little fantasies of being loved. The lace reminded him of the slip he had borrowed from his grandmother's things. The slip that had caused all the trouble when his grandfather caught him wearing it and gave him a whipping in the shed. It was then that he had decided to run away.

Looking up at John he noticed that John had the rugged outdoor look of a man who enjoyed the perfection of his own muscular body and maintained it. A handsome man, with graying temples and strong features.

“How can I repay you?”

John gazed down at the femininely beautiful youth feeling inner passions stirring his loins into pulsing life straining against the confinement of his slacks.

“I think you know how to repay me, Hazel, don't you?”

Hazel wasn't surprised seeing the pants bulge in invitation before his eyes. John wasn't Hazel's first male customer. On the street sex for sale was safer than stealing or selling drugs. But, now with AIDS nothing was safe. Trembling with fear over the size of the bulging pants mixed with fascination his delicate hands reached up to draw down the zipper on John's fly to watch the captivated throbbing shaft of life emerge like a great pink hooded snake. Hazel place his hands about the base feeling the masculine hairs tickle his palms as he drew down the skin to kiss the warm moist head al-

lowing his delicate tongue to tempt it further tasting the masculinity of his new friend while his lips enfolded the head of the organ like a nursing calf eagerly urging on the tit until it pumped forth its bounty.

John went wild with the frenzy of the moment pushing Hazel onto the bed to draw down the youth's pants glad to see that he wore no shorts to block the portals he sought while he spread the youth's slender legs and ran his hand over the still plump pillows of youth before he poised over the now struggling youth allowing warm damp droplets to touch the object of his passions. And then like a wild stallion he mounted his lust with driving thrusts until his animal passions emptied themselves!

Satisfied with his greed he abruptly withdrew from the now crying youth to stand up and rezip his fly, suddenly realizing that Hazel had not expected to be taken so completely. Uncertain as to what to say John merely helped the youth replace his pants to cover those inviting hips. John was quite unhappy over having hurt the beautiful youth's feelings, but he had no regrets about taking his pleasures and thinking about how he might enjoy them more.

John allowed his hand to touch the youth's golden hair to discover that it was natural, like spun golden satin.

"Will you forgive me," he begged growing a bit worried by the youth's sobs, "Did I hurt you?"

"Oh, I'm all right, I guess," Hazel sobbed wiping his eyes on the corner of his tunic shirt as he sat up not wanting to stain the satin bed spread. "It was all so sudden, like an animal, just like the police did..." He burst into tears, "When they were done they paid me too....They forced a quarter up me..."

"Paid you too," John began suddenly realizing that the youth had done it because of the money, but he thought... Because the youth had so quickly taken to his largess like a pro. "You are gay, aren't you?"

The youth bowed his lovely head uncertainly, "I..I..don't know."

"You mean you submitted to me because of the money I had given you," John half swore under his breath. "I didn't expect..."

"Can I go now, Mr. Bently," Hazel managed regaining his control and standing up guessing that he had hooked his mark..

John fought with himself trying to think of what to do. He suddenly realized that he had kept Mark despite all their social pretensions, only maybe he was the only one who didn't think of it in these terms despite his mother's sarcastic comments about the friendship between the two of them.

"Would you like to stay, at least overnight?"

"Why, Mr. Bently," Hazel asked arriving at a strange calmness, "Do you want me to accept you again. I'm not a prostitute, male or female. But, usually expect at least..."

"Why you!" John burst into anger over his foolishness of thinking that he might want to keep this....this street queen! And then he realized suddenly that he did want to keep the youth around. At least he would be cheaper than Mark!

“If you don't stay, I'll call the police.”

Hazel looked at him in stunned disbelief!

“I'll tell them that I caught you breaking into the house,” John stated making up his mind as he studied the beautiful youth.

“And I'll tell them what you did to me,” Hazel countered defensively, not liking this turn of events.

“Who do you think they will believe,” John asked casually as he stood up and went for the pink phone by the bed. “I went to college with the sheriff, and frankly he might think your being raped was a fair punishment for breaking and entry.”

Hazel could tell that Mr. Bently was telling the truth. “Okay, I'll stay.”

“I have half a mind to be done with you,” John swore looking at the youth's beautiful body studying each curve revealed by the tunic and tight pants and then he shrugged removing his hand from the phone seeing as he did the look of relief in the youth's eyes. “Now that that is settled I think we should see if we can reach a more friendly arrangement,” John suggested with a broad grin, “How would you like to earn room and board and say, a couple hundred a week for spending money?”

“Doing what?” Hazel asked knowing in his heart what it was that John expected.

“You can help around the house, or something if you want,” John noted with a shrug. “Is it a bargain?”

“I guess so,” Hazel agreed bowing his head with growing shame. He hadn't any real choice, for he knew that outside he had no way of earning that kind of money.

“Thank you, Mr. Bently,” he sighed knowing that he had found a great pad and realizing also that his youthful looks had made him the quarry of everyone, either to pick him up as a runaway child or as a possible sex trick. Some flower child he had been. He remembered how the girls had talked so glowingly about their hopes for the step up from the street to being kept as a mistress. “Can I live in this apartment?”

Before John could answer the door to the bedroom swung open to reveal a tall matronly woman dressed in black accompanied by another woman, who was of Amazonian proportions that awed Hazel almost as much as the surprise he felt by being seen in the bedroom with Mr. Niles.

“Well, well, John,” Mrs. Bently exclaimed in shocked surprise mingled with the pleasure of catching her son with his new beloved. She shook her head in disapproval glancing at Mrs. Knox, their housekeeper. At least this was something new. A boyish teenager. But, at least a girl for a change. “I should think that seducing children would be above you, despite your attraction to men. How old are you, girl?”

“I'm not a girl,” Hazel began to protest, “I'm...”

“Ill mannered, that is what you are,” Mrs. Bently countered, “You must never lie to your betters, girl, and you must always address them properly.”

“Hazel, is my friend,” John stated coming around from his shock to confront his mother. “This is my house and you are my guest only because father insisted in his

will that you be allowed to stay here, even though he gave everything to me. Now, get out of here!”

Mrs. Knox had watched the separation of mother and son over the years; with Mrs. Bently clinging to the past of a society matron frustrated by the fact that she could no longer control her son's behavior, while he grew to object more and more to her meddling into his sex life.

“You plan to keep that, that fairy, in my home!” Mrs. Bently stammered in protesting surprise, “What will my friends say when they see him. At least I could make a story about Mark. Thank God, he ran away to prove himself to be a better man than you are, even if it was with a servant girl.”

“Well, he stays.”

“And what am I to say to our friends?” she complained to see that John had made up his mind. “I will be an outcast in my own home because of your queer friends and their long hair. Can't you at least find someone like Mark, who could at least pass as a man?”

“Mr. Bently,” Mrs. Knox interrupted seeing that she was about to view one of the family quarrels. She liked Mrs. Bently too much to see her son's odd behavior upset her again, “Mr. Carter called and mentioned something about bringing along some extra gear for a Roger Thomas.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Knox, at least you know your place in my household,” he swore under his breath remembering his appointment with Paul for the fishing trip. “I have hired Hazel to help about the house. Maybe he could work with the gardener or something. I will leave that up to you, Mrs. Knox.”

“And his hair,” his mother asked hopefully for at least this concession to family image. “Can't he at least get a decent haircut and be put into some more presentable clothes?”

“Mrs. Knox, I really don't care what you do to Hazel,” John noted ignoring his mother's questions, “Just so long as you make him useful about the house, available to me when I want to see him, and leave his hair alone.”

He turned towards the bemused youth saying, “I want you to trust Mrs. Knox. She is basically a good woman with sound judgment and I know she will help you if my mother causes you any trouble.”

With this John left to pack leaving Hazel to stare uncertainly at the two women feeling like a piece of meat left before two hungry cats, and wondering if he hadn't made a terrible mistake.

“What do you intend to do to him?” Mrs. Bently demanded of her housekeeper realizing that in the house of her parents a servant had more power than she.

“I honestly don't know,” was the hesitant reply.

Mrs. Bently looked about the room and then towards Hazel. Suddenly her face brightened with a wonderful little idea for revenge and she grabbed Hazel's hand! “I think I know what to do with you. Come along, Mrs. Knox, I will need your help!”

“Now, just a damned minute,” Hazel shouted in complaint, half in fear and half in objection over being towed from the room like a cranky child, as Mrs. Knox took a hold of his other hand to be sure that he couldn't break away.

Soon he found that they had pulled him from the bedroom to a back entrance of the beautiful apartment and then down a rear hallway where his shouts of protest to attract John were unheeded because by then John was in his own rooms. They went down a rear stairwell into another hallway that paralleled the kitchen and the household service area. The end of the hallway opened into a lounge and before Hazel knew Mrs. Knox began to laugh in surprised amusement when Mrs. Bently opened a door and half pushed him into the room.

It was a bedroom! It was furnished in early American colonial with powder pink walls, lace curtains that trimmed the steel screened back window, and matching lace that decorated the canopied bed and vanity.

“This is your new room,” Mrs. Bently announced with obvious satisfaction, “And I'm going to show you how you are going to meet John's conditions of being useful, available, and keeping that beautiful hair of yours.”

With this she swung open a closet door to take from the closet a pink nylon dress decorated with a white starched apron!

“You're going to be our new maid, isn't that wonderful.” she laughed to be joined by Mrs. Knox, who agreed completely.

“What a wonderful idea! Why, Mrs. Bently, it is sheer genius!”

“Now, just a damned minute!” he protested angrily as Mrs. Bently began to open bureau drawers after hanging the dress on the back of the door. “I'm not going to put on those clothes! Besides your son promised that I could have the suite upstairs and said nothing about my being a maid!”

“Take, Hazel into the bathroom and give her a good hot bath and wash out her mouth with lots of soap so that she will mind her words,” Mrs. Bently ordered knowing now that she still ran the household. “It is time that she began to know her true status in my household.”

“Yes, Mrs. Bently,” the woman acknowledged with a laugh grabbing him in her strong arms and literally carrying his struggling body from the bedroom through a side door into a private bath.

Locking the door with one hand she dropped the key down the bodice of her shirt-waist before picking up a bar of soap with the same hand and placing it under the sink faucet to wet it while she held the screaming struggling Hazel with her other arm about his neck turning his face and lips towards her to force the wet soap between his lips cutting short his screams of protests.

Frantically he tried to push the soap from his mouth with his tongue only to feel the pungent fumes as they broke into his sinuses causing him to gasp for breath and swallow again and again in desperation for air only to gulp down the slick soap suds!

His struggles against her powerful arm ceased in the face of his need to breathe, and then she removed the soap to allow him to run to the sink and wash away the awful taste.

“That is your first lesson,” she warned turning on the bath and dumping some bath oils into it. “Are you going to make it difficult for yourself, or will you be a good little girl?”

Meekly he bowed his head seeing no escape from the powerful woman.

“Very well then, get undressed,” she ordered watching him hesitate. Without a word she grabbed him again and as he struggled she removed his clothes and half dumped half shoved him into the hot bubbling scented water before rolling up her sleeves and picking up a brush and soap. “Okay, the hard way then.”

Hazel splashed helplessly in the large tub as the giant woman took his right arm and began to scrub him as if he were a very small child. Poor Hazel soon discovered the meaning of her words as the brush scrubbed every inch of his tender skin leaving him not a shred of modesty until she finished with his reddened body.

“Now, you drain that tub and wash it out,” she ordered with a sigh as she arose to look at her water drenched dress in dismay. “I’ll be back in a minute and by then I expect the tub to be refilled with very hot water and you seated in it.”

With this she removed the key and opened the bathroom door to leave. In a few minutes he heard the door unlock and she reentered the room carrying in her arms a vanity box. He watched from the tub as she relocked the door to return the key to a secure place.

“You can get out of the tub,” she ordered taking from the vanity box a straight razor and can of shaving cream. “I must admit that for a man you really don’t have much hair to brag about. But, as a woman, you will have to learn how to be more dainty.”

With these words she spread the pink foam from the can over his right arm and tested the razor before gripping it like a barber and shaving his arm!

He wanted to break free, but the razor caused him to freeze into docile submission and growing shame. She lathered his back and chest from under his arms to his waist and neck.

“Of course, some men like women with hair under their arms,” she mused aloud deftly removing the hair with each stroke from his trembling form.

She turned him around and finished his back before spreading the cool lather over his hips and between his legs. “I can see now, why John is fascinated by you, Hazel, you have beautifully soft and wide hips which would be the pride of any woman.”

“Please,” he protested feeling the edge of the blade as it moved along the natural fold of his rear while she held the soft cheek apart to make certain that no hairs were left.

“That is what I want to do, make you more pleasing for your lover’s wonderful organ,” she laughed, “It must be uncomfortable for John to breach a passage through those dainty lips with even that little hair. Now it will be as soft as a baby’s bottom. Won’t that be nice?”

Hazel swallowed hard only to be startled when she jabbed her finger up the lips she had spoken of in a single goose that made him jump in shocked humiliation.

“My, we are sensitive,” she laughed turning him around to see that his organ had responded to her humiliating gesture. With an impulsive laugh she squirted the foam all over his loins.

“How pretty it looks in pink lace,” she teased pushing him onto the toilet stool, “Spread your legs, girl, it's time to clean off that dirty bush of yours.”

“No,” he cried in terror as she made a downward gesture with the sharp razor as her other hand held unto his virility!

“Oh, I shouldn't want to cut you like a gelding, darling,” she laughed fondling him to be sure he was taunt as the razor skillfully removed every sign of his masculinity leaving him to appear like a child when she was done.

“There, all pretty for John's loving lips,” she teased spreading the pink foam unto one of his legs and before he knew his legs were shaven completely and she had him crawl into the tub to rinse off.

When he stepped from the tub she splashed astringent over his body filling the room with its sweet fragrance as he cried out in pain from its contact with his sensitive testicles. Desperately he grasped his organs trying to soothe them with the warmth of his hands to slow down the burning evaporation.

“Do you need to pee-pee, baby,” she taunted with amusement while sectioning his golden hair to soak it with permanent wave lotion before rolling it onto large pink plastic rollers and pinning each roll in place. “There, that should make your lovely hair more presentable.”

She took his tear streaked face between her strong hands to look into his lovely eyes in wonderment.

“I think that Nature has made an awful mistake giving such a beautiful face with such fantastic eyes to a man. Fortunately, we will remedy that.”

She took a tweezers from the vanity case using it to thin out and shape his brows. With a thin smile she also used the tweezers to remove the few stray hairs that touched his upper lip and chin causing little tears to come to his eyes from the bee like sting of each tugging removal. “We are lucky that you apparently haven't started your beard yet. How old are you really?”

“Eighteen,” he had to admit knowing that she would get the truth from him.

“You look more like thirteen, especially now,” she mused with a shake of her head in dismay. “Mr. Bently is asking for real trouble by keeping you.”

He bowed his head knowing that he had made an awful mistake thinking of John as a mark.

“Well, brush your teeth, child,” she ordered with a shrug, “I'm sure it will freshen your mouth a bit. It smells of soap.”

After he brushed his teeth she had him sit on the toilet while she gave him a complete manicure and pedicure.

“Okay, now we show your new mistress what you look like after a bath,” Mrs. Knox suggested unlocking the door and offering her hand to the very timidly docile young man leading him back into the bedroom where Mrs. Bently eagerly awaited after having selected his new clothes with special delight.

Mrs. Bently had not been very happy about hiring Tina, she was an inattentive young minx as a servant. But, Mrs. Bently had not hired the sexy little Mexican girl because she could make a bed, she wanted her to lie in a bed: John's. She hoped that the girl might lure John from his gay habits and encouraged the girl by buying her the sexiest clothes a certain fashion house made in Hollywood.

Unfortunately it was Mark who fell head over heels for the girl. Yet, Mrs. Bently made the most of the situation and offered the young lovers a dowry of ten thousand dollars if they left then and there.

Mark was a bit unhappy over Mrs. Bently's offer, but Tina grabbed at the chance and left with him shortly after he had packed telling Mrs. Bently she could keep the clothes now that she had her man she intended to settle down and be a housewife while Mark opened the decorator shop he had always wanted.

Mrs. Bently was at a loss to know what to do with the sexy clothes until Hazel showed up. Perhaps this time she would work it by degrees. Maybe John would at first accept a nearly woman before he decided on the real thing.

Smiling to herself, she looked up at the pink and white youth before her seeing that her housekeeper had started the transformation beautifully. Why with his hand hiding his sex so demurely he looked like a little girl.

Hazel gazed at the clothes upon his bed with trembling fear mixed with an almost compelling anticipation. As if in a daze he walked to the bed to pick up the pale flesh pink brassiere causing two little pink foam inserts to fall to the lace bed spread revealing to his startled eyes the natural shape of little rosebud like nipples. A shiver of dismay touched his eyes as he looked up at the two silent watching amused women and realized that he really had no choice in the matter.

Still, he wondered what it would be like to...

“If you bend forward when you put it on you will have a more natural cleavage,” Mrs. Bently suggested in soft urging tones.

Hazel replaced the falsies and gingerly arranged the bra before slipping his arms through the shoulder straps and bending over to secure the bra in back. Looking down Hazel saw the little cleavage Mrs. Bently had spoken of as well as the two pointed breasts with their little nipples appearing through the sheer net cups. Standing up straight Hazel touched them self consciously.

“I can't, Mrs. Knox, please don't make me wear them, please.”

“Never mind, child, they are very pretty,” she replied handing the frightened youth a pair of pink power net panties like those worn by women under a brief swim suit that concealed his sex under its smooth firm lines, and blended in with his skin to create an illusion that worried and fascinated him even more.

Mrs. Knox helped by picking up from the bed a pair of sheer nylon panty hose with a very brief panty that was flesh toned except for a black lace trimmed crotch. She glanced at her mistress and smiled to herself before showing Hazel how to put them on making sure that the sheer nylons were taunt against the smooth slender legs.

“And here is your slip,” Mrs. Bently suggested picking up a pink nylon delight with lace straps and lacy hems that trimmed the soft garment. Standing back she watched the nearly transparent pink slip flow over Hazel's lovely body creating the image of femaleness she so desired to see through the fabric.

“Ah, that is perfectly divine, darling, perfectly divine.”

“I had better arrange the bath room,” Mrs. Knox mused aloud seeing what Mrs. Bently had in mind and feeling a bit nervous about the idea. Smiling she left as Mrs. Bently handed Hazel a pink nylon form clinging uniform dress that zipped up the back so as not to hide from view the feminine lines of its wearer.

A dainty white silk apron completed the dress.

Mrs. Bently looked at her creation in the light of the room knowing that with this little light Hazel appeared somewhat modest to the eyes. Satisfied to see that her little plan was coming to light so to speak she handed Hazel a pair of white patent leather high heeled pumps having him sit by the vanity as he put them on remembering to turn out the vanity light before she did.

“Now, let me do something with your hair,” she noted seeing that the lotion had fixed the large curls. Taking comb and brush she deftly removed the rollers one by one and styled the hair with a pert little bang in front and into a French twist in back surrounded by fringe curls. On top of this golden beauty she perched a white silk cap to match the apron. Quickly she touched Hazel's eyes up by adding long golden lashes and appropriate mascara and liner. With a brush she made up the soft pink full lips. In a moment her work of art was finished. “There, my dear, you are ready to meet your master when he returns.”

Before Hazel could look in the mirror she had him stand up.

“Now we shall teach you a few manners for your new station,” Mrs. Bently stated as Mrs. Knox reentered the room to stare briefly at Hazel and then shake her head.

“Isn't she beautiful?”

“Too beautiful, much too beautiful for her own good,” Mrs. Knox replied.

“Well, she expected to please the master of the house,” Mrs. Bently stated causing Hazel to blush, “And now I think we should teach her how to stand, walk, and sit. And when to curtsy. Unlike Tina, Hazel is going to be not only very sexy, but very obedient and useful. Don't you agree, Mrs. Knox?”

Mrs. Knox gazed at the beautiful one thoughtfully thinking of all the work Tina had neglected for her love life,

“Yes, Mrs. Knox, she will earn her way.”

“Very well. Jane will be the downstairs maid and Hazel will work the upstairs to replace Tina. Also I want her to help Sarah in the kitchen as well as serving as laun-

dress," Mrs. Bently itemized with a sigh of pleasure knowing that she would have her way completely to teach her son's new 'sex object' the reality of what being a woman was all about.

"Since John goes to the Club Tuesday evenings and has his Board meetings of Thursday night and will not need her services," she paused to see Hazel wince, "She will have those afternoons and evenings off, as well as Wednesday and Friday mornings after breakfast up until lunch time. She may leave the estate only with an escort."

Mrs. Bently smiled with satisfaction knowing that her new maid would become very useful. She did not intend to make the mistake she had made with Tina. This girl would not only be a maid for sex, she would also earn her keep through hard work.

"For now, Mrs. Knox, I would appreciate it if you would take Hazel to the servants' lounge and help teach her the poise and manners of a servant girl along with the nature of her household responsibilities. I am going into town to buy a few things. Unlike, Tina, Hazel will need some practical work uniforms for day wear while John is not about. Don't you agree?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Mrs. Knox replied opening the door to the brightly lit lounge, "Follow me, girl."

With this order Hazel found himself stumbling after her on the high heels into the lounge where he began the first phase of training as a maid while Mrs. Knox began with the fundamentals of posture and breathing before teaching Hazel how to walk, turn, and sit in a ladylike fashion.

Once Hazel had the basic idea of these she dropped a book on the floor and asked him to pick it up. When he bent over from the waist to do so she suddenly stepped behind him, flipped up his dainty short skirts, and goosed him as hard as she could with her extended thumb!

"That is why a lady doesn't bend over to pick things up," she taunted with a delighted laugh seeing his deep crimson blush of frustrated embarrassment. Crouching in the motion of a deep curtsy she picked up the book to drop it in front of Hazel when she arose.



“Now, you practice it.”

Ruefully he crouched and did as she asked without protest understanding all too well why he should.

After several times with this she turned her attention to teaching Hazel how to do a simple curtsy explaining that hence forth as a maid Hazel would be required to curtsy when entering or leaving a room, when a superior entered or left a room, when he wished permission to speak or was given orders that required acknowledgment, and if by any chance he was introduced.

To get into the habit he was to consider everybody on the household staff as his superior.

He also learned that nobody on the staff would ever be told that he wasn't a girl and if he dared to reveal the secret himself she would personally have him whipped by Mr. Adams the chauffeur with one of the old whips that hung in the carriage house!

At this point she saw that her threat frightened him completely so she took advantage of his fear by asking him questions about what he had learned so far.

She then focused upon a story of his life as Hazel, a servant girl, learning a great deal about his real life and hardships as a run away. She felt quite sorry for the youth, but to her mind she was teaching him a useful occupation that was more suitable than being a male whore. Gradually by using her questions she began to teach him proper forms of deferential address until he learned to think in terms of; “Does Madam wish her maid to make the bed?”

For the next three hours she drilled him over and over again in his lessons until she was certain that he had at least grasped the fundamentals of her expectations and she knew that his resistance to her will was sufficiently passive if not broken.

When this point was reached she took him upstairs for a tour of his duties.

Hazel discovered that each morning he would dress, clean his own room, and then report to Sarah, the cook, to help with food preparation, serving, and clean up after breakfast. After this he would go upstairs and where necessary tidy up and make the various beds in each of the dozen or so guest rooms and master apartments. On a rotational basis each week he was to thoroughly clean each room and change the linens.

Mondays were set aside for the household laundry and on Tuesdays Hazel was to prepare for dry cleaning the clothes that belonged to John and Mrs. Bently as well as washing, ironing, and mending and clothes that required it before he would be allowed his afternoon off. Thursday morning he repeated the process by caring for his own clothes and the uniforms of the household staff. At each meal he would help with the serving and clean up except for Tuesday and Thursday evening meals when he would be free unless Mrs. Bently or John were entertaining.

After his tour of the upstairs and the laundry room he realized that the housekeeper planned to certainly make him useful about the house.

Following Mrs. Knox to the kitchen he curtsied politely while Mrs. Knox introduced the new maid to a large heavy set woman decidedly on the plump side with a happy disposition to suit her appearance.

“Sarah, Hazel is to help you with breakfast and serve the other meals,” Mrs. Knox explained after the introduction. “Mrs. Bently has just hired her and she is completely unskilled. You will require her to follow your instructions to the letter as well as being sure that she is properly dressed for her duties and displays perfect manners at all times. Mrs. Bently does not want her to become another Tina.”

“Yes, ma'am,” Sarah exclaimed a bit surprised by these instructions, but pleased as punch to take the girl in hand despite the sexy way she dressed. “Will she wear Tina's clothes, all the time, Mrs. Knox? They are not very practical in a kitchen.”

“No, Mrs. Bently is buying her new work uniforms now,” Mrs. Knox replied with a shake of her head, “However, Mrs. Bently does feel that at certain times she will dress to please the men..”

“Like Tina?” the cook asked knowingly gazing at the embarrassed girl with unconcealed disapproval.

“Exactly,” Mrs. Knox noted adding, “However, this girl will earn her wages as a servant girl, not a plaything. Mrs. Bently was explicit in her orders on that matter.”

“Well, I'm relieved to hear that,” Sarah sighed noticing the clock, “Would you like a bite to eat, girl?”

“Yes, ma'am,” was the self-conscious reply followed by a polite curtsy.

“My, my, that is a good start,” she laughed appreciating the girl's manners.

“I will leave her to your charge,” Mrs. Knox stated, “Mrs. Bently will expect her to be well trained and very polite, Sarah. I have spent the last four hours teaching Hazel her present manners and I hope you will improve on them. She is undomesticated and requires firm control. If she is disobedient, spank her until she apologizes properly and you are certain she means it.”

With these last instructions and warning she left Hazel in the cook's charge.

“Well, Hazel, my dearest, it would appear that you certainly are not going to be another Tina, despite your sexy dress.” She laughed heartily. “How about some sandwiches and coffee.”

“Thank you, ma'am,” Hazel acknowledged with a curtsy thinking over Mrs. Knox's parting words. “May your servant help you, ma'am?”

Sarah looked at Hazel for a brief moment in surprise and then shook her head.

“No, my servant can sit at the kitchen table and tell me all about herself. You have my permission to speak freely.”

“Yes, ma'am,” Hazel sighed curtsying with relief taking a seat as asked. Knowing the story of 'her' new life, and fearing the thought of being whipped, Hazel began by telling about 'her' grandparents and home before explaining how Mrs. Bently had picked her at an employment agency to replace Tina.

Sarah smiled at his having heard rumors about John's gay ways as well as knowing all about Mark and Tina. Sarah was content with Hazels plausible background and asked if Hazel knew what household duties were required. She listened with amazement as the girl recounted each duty in detail.

Watching Hazel eat she automatically began the girl's training by teaching her a few table manners and when the meal was over she had Hazel set the dining room table formally for two for lunch and showed the servant how to properly serve. Satisfied with this beginning she took Hazel into the kitchen to help her with food preparation while she explained what Hazel's duties in the kitchen and dining room would be.

As Hazel stood by the preparation counter helping to make the salads the back door opened causing Hazel to remember Mrs. Knox's instructions and turn with a dutiful curtsy with the light to his back.

"Say, Sarah, how about a cup of java and..." one of the two men began entering the room only to stop and stare in lusty appreciation of what he saw, as did the older man at his side.

From his vantage point with the bright lighting of the kitchen he could see right through the maid's sheer uniform every curve of her sexy little body; from the pert nipples of her naked breasts straining against the pink nylon of her slip and dress showing him that she wasn't wearing a bra, to the dark shadow of her inviting bush under the white silk apron that showed what else she wasn't wearing!

Tina had nothing on this piece of ass. And just like Tina she was on the make like a heated bitch. Both men could hardly wait for a trick with her.

"Wow!"

Hazel felt their greedy eyes and for the first time looked down to see what they saw in stunned shock realizing that she had been running about all but naked!

"This is Hazel, a new girl to replace Tina," Sarah explained with amused double meaning noticing the girl's surprise over the near nudity with bemused interest. "Hazel, the tall young brute is Joe Adams, our chauffeur, and the dirty old man leering at you wistfully is Bill Jones, our gardener."

Seeing Hazel curtsy to each nervously she had to admire the girl's control; for, she suspected that up until that point Hazel had not realized the potential danger that a light in the right place might cause to her modesty.

"Boys, look but don't touch."

"Boy, I must say someone has taste," Jones observed with a nod of approval going to the stove to pour himself a cup of coffee.

Joe Adams followed his lead managing to get his thoughts off of the girl feeling his masculine desires rising to a point where he needed to. As Adams turned from the stove he noticed that he was standing almost behind the girl, who was blocking Sarah's view slightly with the beautiful curves of her body.

Impulsively he reached out slyly and pinched Hazel's soft inviting rear!

"Oh!" Hazel's surprised half scream sounded almost causing Adams to spill his coffee as Hazel lost all control and dashed from the room in utter humiliation!

Tossing Adams a dirty look Sarah left her kitchen to go to the maid's room to find Hazel crying on the bed. Sarah had her own reservations about how provocatively the girl was dressed. But, if Hazel had accepted the position and clothes, she must have

guessed that this might happen. And to wear such clothes without any underthings except a slip, certainly no girl could be that naive!

“Hazel, I did not give you permission to leave,” Sarah stated coldly standing at the foot of the bed. “Now, you get up and apologize to me or I will give you a real reason for crying.”

Hazel felt the chill of her words in surprise and sat up angrily. “I'm not a prostitute or a slave! I have my rights! I quit!”

“You will have to speak to Mrs. Bently about that,” Sarah countered as if she didn't care what the girl did, “I only have my instructions, and if you don't get up and apologize this moment I will give you a spanking that you will never forget. If I don't let one of the boys have that special treat.”

The suddenness of this ultimatum caused Hazel to stand up in stark fear believing Sarah would do what she said seeing the cook pick a hairbrush from the vanity.

“Well, girl, what will it be?”

Hazel bowed his lovely head in feminine submission. “I'm sorry, ma'am.”

“Once again with a pleasing smile, proper words, and a polite curtsy!”

“Your servant apologizes for her misbehavior, ma'am.” Hazel forced a smile and curtsy.

“Now, a word on clothes. If Mrs. Bently wants you to look like a whore on the make you can either feel shame every time a man looks at you, or you can be proud. Shame will make it on his terms, pride on yours. It's that simple,” Sarah shrugged, “I'm going back to the kitchen. You have five minutes to decide.”

Hazel watched her leave thinking over what she had said. It was suddenly obvious that she was quite right, his personal embarrassment and shame could only appear submissive to an aggressive male. The idea of flaunting himself before a man as a seductive female heightened his desires to quit. But did he really dare tell that to Mrs. Bently? Was that what she expected to accomplish? Shame him away by humiliating him until he broke? Or did she see something in Hazel's inner make up that he was reluctant to admit?

In his childhood dreams he had seen himself as a little girl all dressed up in a pretty white organza frock going to a party. This haunting dream bothered him until the advent of puberty and then it became a part of his fantasies with the little girl becoming more of a woman each time.

Now, he was living in one of those dreams! Or, was it a nightmare?

Arising from the bed he walked with a model's grace towards the full length mirror allowing his hips to sway a bit more provocatively realizing at that moment he was far more beautiful than the girl in his dreams; although, he did think he would look better if the skirt waist was taken in a bit and the skirt shortened. Turning to view the lovely image from each side Hazel smiled brushing the smooth skirt front and apron with his soft hands thinking that poor Adams must have been frantic. Poor hapless man, like a child looking in a candy store window.

It than dawned on him that perhaps Mrs. Bently had a far more important reason for dressing him in such revealing clothes. She wanted no one to doubt Hazel's sex as a woman and this was certainly one of the most direct approaches she could use.

From this point Hazel suddenly understood something else. If John was suspect of being gay, what would be more convincing disproof than to have him hire and use a sexy little maid? It was beautifully clear that Mrs. Bently wasn't about to let Hazel quit. She was merely destroying his masculine pride so that he had no choice but to accept the completely feminine role she desired for Hazel, the maid.

Hazel understood much more about his situation and realized that this would be the price for being the girl of his dreams.

Straightening the lovely uniform Hazel returned to the kitchen to report to Sarah, trying not to think of the masculine stares of the two men except in terms of personal pride as a very beautiful woman.

Sarah had Hazel help her finish preparations for lunch and practice serving by attending the servants' table. Here Hazel met Jane, the other maid, a tall strikingly beautiful black woman, who accepted Hazel as a friend the very moment she saw the new maid. Sarah took the head of the table with the two men sitting opposite of the two maids. While Hazel served Sarah explained Hazel's status and the fact that Hazel was obligated to show proper manners and attitude all the time. By using Tina as a point of reference she inferred that Hazel was really hired by Mrs. Bently, leaving no doubt in the minds of the men seated at the table what might happen if they were so foolish as to press their masculinity upon Hazel and Mrs. Bently found out.

After lunch Mrs. Bently arrived to lunch with Mrs. Knox in the dining room where they were served by the attentive Hazel. As they corrected each of Hazel's errors they made a list of them to present to Sarah after the meal in Hazel's presence, as if Hazel wasn't there, with instructions for Sarah to make sure Hazel performed better the next time.

When Hazel had cleared the dishes and had loaded the dishwasher Sarah told him to report to Mrs. Knox's apartment in the servants' quarters.

"Good afternoon, ma'am," Hazel reported after knocking and entering with a polite curtsy to discover Mrs. Bently with Mrs. Knox unpacking several boxes, which were piled upon Mrs. Knox's coffee table in her living room.

"Please undress, girl," Mrs. Bently ordered in matter-of-fact tones causing Hazel to dutifully comply. When the servant had stripped down to the flesh toned under brief Mrs. Bently said, "That is far enough. We will leave that dainty panty for John's pleasure. You will wear that panty and others like it all the time, day and night, to avoid any detection or accidents due to you passionate nature."

Hazel blushed, but understood.

"Now, I have found a perfectly adorable little present for you," Mrs. Bently continued picking up a white box to remove its top. Taking from it a flesh colored object that looked a bit like a nude balloon she motioned Hazel to her. Once Hazel stood before her she took a tube from the box and carefully spread a clear glue like substance about his right nipple feathering it out into a circle with a diameter of about five inches

causing poor Hazel to nervously watch as she placed the soft skin like balloon in place before repeating the process on the other side making sure that each was perfectly fitted leaving no sign where the flesh of the sac met with his own skin.

Mrs. Bently giggled placing her fingers under each beautifully female breast and jiggling them while poor little Hazel almost died of shame!

“Ah, more bounce to the ounce,” Mrs. Bently teased seeing for herself that each was perfectly natural to the eye and touch. “John will flip when he discovers how womanly his little lover is.”

Self consciously Hazel explored these new charms in wonder discovering that they were perfectly secure. Half in panic he tried to remove one finding that the glue was already set and he couldn't do anything more than move them as if they were a part of his own body.

“That will be enough for now,” Mrs. Bently noted taking the trembling hands of her new maid from the lovely breasts, “I am sure they will stay pretty for about a month or so, and we will have to adjust them. In a way that shall be your monthly.”

The women laughed at this pun.

“Speaking of womanly problems, I have secured for you some little pills,” Mrs. Bently noted placing the bottle upon the coffee table from her purse. “You will take one a day. We shouldn't want you to become pregnant, would we?”

“But, Madam,” Hazel gasped in protest!

“You are female in this household and therefore I shall instruct Sarah to give you one a day as security. They will have no harmful effect except to make you appear a bit more feminine and domesticated.”

She smiled as if the matter were settled turning to Mrs. Knox as she arose.

“You will help Hazel dress in one of her new work uniforms and show her how to alter them to fit. It will give her a good deal of experience as a seamstress to care for her own wardrobe.”

“Yes, ma'am,” Mrs. Knox agreed waiting for her to leave before she turned to Hazel.

“Well, girl, you have a great deal of sewing to do.”

With this she helped Hazel to dress in a stretch panty girdle, cotton bra, nylon and cotton stockings, white cotton slip, starched cotton gray uniform, pinafore styled apron, and a pair of white nurse's shoes. A starched white lace cap completed the utilitarian uniform.

For the next several hours Hazel learned how to use the sewing machine by altering each slip and dress. First came the white cotton slips since Hazel's practice stitching would show the least on the slip hems. Then came the uniforms; pastel shades for each day in the week, blue, green, pink, orange, beige, yellow, and white; gray for afternoon wear; and black nylon for evening or service during teas.

While he worked under Mrs. Knox's instructions she selected a pink satin nightgown and robe for him to wear to bed that night before she told him what he needed to

know about protecting his hair, so that it would not be mussed while he slept, and other feminine bedtime rituals.

When Mrs. Knox left she locked the door behind her leaving Hazel alone to his sewing and confused thoughts. He could not believe how in a few short hours he had been transformed from a street wise youth into a sexy looking servant girl. His plans to somehow rip John off, or live in luxury as his 'mistress', had somehow ended with Hazel sitting in a maid's uniform working on sewing more maid's uniforms so that they would fit Hazel better!

Glancing at the steel screened window Hazel could see little chance for escape. Finishing the last hem he arose from his work to undress and prepare for bed. Soon his uniform was neatly arranged in the closet and his lingerie was hand washed and hung to dry. Very carefully he arranged the fringe curls and bangs into rollers before he covered his hair with a pink satin hair bonnet. Applying the night creams as Mrs. Knox had indicated, he slipped on the pink satin nightgown and crawled into bed.

He tried not to think what the women had done to him, but the full twin mounds upon his chest seemed a constant reminder while he discovered that he could not sleep upon them and he had to roll over on his back to feel their realistic weight with each trembling breath.

Yet, in time Hazel drifted off to sleep.

Hazel started the regular duties of a maid the next morning shortly after seven. From the morning alarm until the time Hazel sank exhausted into bed at night Hazel was constantly supervised each minute to be certain that everything was done to perfectly to suit the demanding standards of the women. Only once did Hazel lose his temper over their demands. After being spanked by Mrs. Knox, Hazel surrendered to his fate and did exactly as he was told from then on without question and with a docile smile, for Mrs. Knox wanted her girl to be happy.

After three days Mrs. Bently took Hazel into town in the morning to a corset shop in the Medical Arts Building where Hazel underwent one of the most embarrassing ordeals of his whole life.

That evening Hazel reported to Mrs. Bently's apartment prior to bed time to learn from her what Mrs. Bently expected of Hazel's relationship with John. The humiliated servant accepted her instructions slipping on the special garment and returning to his room to cry himself to sleep in shame.

The next day the morning started with Hazel back into household duties and by supper time he was exhausted, but he knew what Mrs. Bently expected so he prepared himself after supper in the early evening and reported to her as she added a new dimension to his training. And thus it was each of the days that followed until Saturday afternoon when Hazel was to display his new talents by serving a formal party for Mrs. Bently and her bridge club friends....

Hazel dressed carefully for the tea so that Mrs. Knox would be pleased during the staff inspection. First came black nylon panty hose with white satin and lace panties. The slip was of black satin with a bra line bodice and white ruffled under-petticoats. The uniform itself was of soft black silk with a high white French lace collar, sunburst bodice that practically hugged every curve of Hazel's lovely breasts, little puff sleeves with lace trim, swirl finger tip length skirt that floated on the dainty petticoats, and white lace ruffled apron that matched a little cap.

After primping up before the vanity mirror Hazel stepped into high stiletto heeled black pumps to practice walking. Curtsyng before the door mirror Hazel saw that with such short skirts there was a decided possibility of revealing panties if one wasn't discreet.

Hearing the buzzer flash a signal from Mrs. Knox Hazel quickly went to her apartment to report for duty discovering Adams and Jones dressed as butlers, Sarah in her cook's whites, and Jane dressed exactly as Hazel was. Adams was assigned to the door, Jones took the bar for those who preferred something stronger than tea, Sarah returned to her kitchen with Hazel and Jane to set up the hors d'oeuvre, and Mrs. Knox joined Mrs. Bently to help the guests with their wraps.

Suddenly the living room filled with twenty or so women all busy with the social gossip of the moment while Hazel and Jane served the refreshments under Mrs. Knox's hawk like control.

"Thank you, dear," a short dumpy matron in black observed accepting a Manhattan from the tray Hazel offered.

"A new girl, very pretty, Mrs. Bently told me she..."

Hazel moved on with the tray knowing that it was not proper to listen.

"I never like to hire young girls. Of course your Jane is married."

The women took a drink from the tray to look at Hazel's figure before brushing the smooth green satin of her after five dress thoughtfully and turning towards her group women. "I'll bet she is a real sex pot."

"Oh, my John hired her," Mrs. Bently countered with casual interest and then asked confidentially, "Do you think she is really..."

"Darling, a pretty maid hired by a man," a tall woman sighed expressively.

"Really, Selma," Mrs. Bently half teased looking to see if Hazel had heard, "She is quite useful."

Mrs. Bently turned to a tall slender woman seeing that she had made her point. "Have you found a child for adoption yet, Rose?"

"No," Rose replied with a touch of disappointment, "I think it is quite unfair that they only put children out for adoption by married couples. I certainly have more than enough to care for an adorable girl, in fact..."

Hazel was thankful for the change of subject and made every effort not to let on that she might have listened.

“So I told him I wanted a settlement based on community property, of course I waited until after Christmas....”

“It was a Dior original with a simply divine....”

“So I bid four no and she doubled....”

“A child his age....”

“My Arthur has been playing around with our maid, but with the shortage of girls...”

“Well, I don't approve of marriage in such cases...”

“A long scar from here to here. The doctor said that it was the most...”

Jane winked as she walked by Hazel and the slender woman called Rose exchanged glasses looking at Hazel for a moment thoughtfully and smiling as Mrs. Knox talked with her. And then she shrugged turning away to talk with Selma.

By six o'clock the party broke up leaving the staff to clean up after it and prepare for supper. When everything was in order in the living room and the party service was in the dishwasher the men and Jane were released for the evening.

Hazel had just begun serving the soup when Mr. Bently entered the dining room dressed in a dark blue suit with a white turtleneck sweater that contrasted with handsome tan.

John stared at Hazel in astonishment!

“Good evening, master,” Hazel greeted in accordance to Mrs. Bently's instructions. “Would Mr. Bently desire his maid's services?”

“Whose bright idea was this?” John demanded studying the beautifully feminine form before him from the golden hair to the high heels. He had to admit to himself that Hazel made a sexy looking broad.

“Well you did want her to be useful, available, and with her golden hair intact,” Mrs. Bently noted casually, “Hazel suits those requirements to a T and certainly will not cause gossip as a maid.”

Hazel smiled thinking of the gossip Mrs. Bently had in fact started.

“It has its practical aspects,” John had to admit taking his seat at the table while Hazel quickly and efficiently set a place for him blushing slightly when he patted Hazel's silken legs to half reach under the short skirts to use a finger over the soft cool satin causing Hazel to give a start in surprise. “Yes, indeed. For once mother, you have come up with a capitol idea, as father would say.”

“Why, thank you John, I thought you might be pleased,” Mrs. Bently laughed in amusement seeing Hazel's blush as the maid stepped gingerly away. She had won the first round. “Hazel has been a precious jewel. Of course, she was totally inexperienced, but she is learning to become very domestic.”

Mrs. Bently continued, warming up to the subject and going into detail on all the duties Hazel performed causing John to look at Hazel in surprise misinterpreting Hazel's smile of polite acceptance for pride.

It was clear to John that his little Hazel had adapted to the household quite easily and his mother was in complete charge as usual. He shrugged guessing that at least Mrs. Bently was getting her money's worth out of her new maid, a bargain indeed.

Mrs. Bently completed her summary, "Of course if she does not do as you require she should be reported to Mrs. Knox for punishment. We don't want Hazel to forget her position and manners. Don't you agree, John?"

"Well, she is your responsibility now," John countered with a nod of approval, "I would say that you have certainly earned her."

With this agreement Mrs. Bently smiled towards Mrs. Knox and changed the subject to the gossip of the party causing John to sit through it rather stoic while his eyes studied Hazel wondering at what other changes she had made in the lovely youth.

After supper John went to his apartment to sort out his fishing gear before packing it and slipping into pajamas and robe to relax by the TV. with a cool drink. About ten o'clock a gentle knock sounded on his door.

"Come in." John arose to snap off the TV. wondering who would be calling at this hour.

Hazel trembled slightly closing the door after entering and curtsying.

"Does my master wish to be served?"

John looked at the embarrassed 'girl' before him unable to think of any other sex to use in describing Hazel.

The long golden hair was brushed back through a pink silk bow and drifted in a loose falling cascade down the back of Hazel's smooth white neck. A pink satin bow held the ruffled pink lace collar of the sheer pink peignoir with the flowing short cocktail length skirts and little puff sleeves. The peignoir parted in front when Hazel curtsied to reveal the transparent gown which concealed nothing. Hazel's proud breasts pressed against the soft material outlining each dainty nipple. The naturally narrow waistline emphasized the full femaleness of broad inviting hips and the bemused John traced the smooth lines of Hazel's groin in wonderment thinking that perhaps his first experience with the youth had been in his imagination for Hazel obviously was a woman.

"Well, well, my mother has indeed changed you," John mused catching the scent of Hazel's perfume which only added to his sexual confusion. He had never been in bed with a woman and the thought that Hazel might be one somehow disturbed him.

"Perhaps my master would like his bed prepared," Hazel continued remembering the instructions with a curtsied smile that hid inner shame.

"Now that is an idea," John laughed following the lovely one into his bedroom to see Hazel pull back the covers before sinking submissively to the floor in a kneeling position. Smiling to himself he wondered what Hazel had in mind so he removed his robe and slipped into bed to turn on his side to look at Hazel.

"Does my master wish me to attend his needs?"

“Yes,” he chuckled enjoying the little game watching Hazel arise to go to the foot of the bed and lift the covers slightly before removing the peignoir and crawling under the covers allowing delicate hands to caress the silk of John's pajamas legs and then to part his pajamas fly.

The amazed John saw the little form under the covers and felt soft warm lips enfold his growing maleness as a delicate tongue touched the damp head sending a shiver through his loins in anticipation.

Not able to resist the temptation of his curiosity any longer John pushed the covers aside to draw those sweet lips from their suckling delights to draw Hazel to his side. Reaching under the silken gown he placed his eager hands on soft full breasts discovering the sighing mounds felt so real he had to see them for himself. Pushing the surprised Hazel against the soft bed and placing his knees between the yielding feminine legs John pulled the gown from Hazel to stare at the naked beauty in amazement.

Hazel was a woman!

Petting the soft breasts he allowed his fingers to play with them while poor Hazel closed lovely blue eyes in a permissive smile that hid the mind from this continued humiliation as the warm masculine hands drifted down the waist to dally between Hazel's legs touching the soft natural hairs of an all too female vulva!

“Since you look like a woman, let's see how it is...”

Suddenly he directed his animal energies along Hazel's thigh until the moist tip touched the soft portals discovering that Hazel had thoughtfully applied oil there to smooth the way!

Grinning at this dainty gesture he thrust his way into the warm moist passage resting upon the soft willing body as Hazel's legs clasped about his waist in frenzied receptiveness stimulated by the friction of their bodies and the parallel thrusts of John's organ along Hazel's.

Hazel's soft red lips sought his in a breathless French kiss until their bodies merged into a wave of mutual orgasms of spurting release and John withdrew. Hazel arose to replace the gown in utter shame and trembling.

“Is my master pleased with his new woman?”

“Yes, come lie with me for awhile,” he sighed knowing now what he had missed so much during the past week to feel Hazel return to his arms. “Who taught you how to crawl into bed that way?”

“Mrs. Bently, sir. She had read that harem girls entered the bed of their sultan by crawling under the covers from the foot of the bed,” was the soft almost tearful reply as the all too self conscious Hazel allowed soft fingers to cover the feminine bush between inviting thighs. “She wanted me to please you, master.”

John roared with laughter taking Hazel's lips for a kiss.

“I never would have believed that my dear mother would be so helpful.”

He drew Hazel's hands away to pull up the skirts so that he may again reexamine Hazel's loins causing Hazel to protest in uncomfortable shame.

“Where in the world did she buy this.”

“At a store in the medical building that makes cosmetic surgical supports and such,” Hazel managed covering the panty. “I thought I would die when she told me that you would take me as if I was a woman because of these.”

“And now?”

Hazel gazed at his long powerful legs and handsome body thoughtfully.

“I guess I just feel shame, like a woman might.”

“And well you might, my lovely little concubine,” he taunted taking Hazel back into his strong arms and kissing Hazel before he took the lovely one in passion enjoying the thrill of having his own slave.

When Hazel had withdrawn later in the early morning John watched the lovely one leave thinking how lucky he was that Mark had left him and his mother had decided to cooperate.

She smiled brightly when the front door opened in response to the ring. Casually her leather gloved hand brushed the fabric of her green silk shangtung dress before catching the brim of her large brimmed straw hat as the breeze quickened.

“Perhaps you had better come out of that wind, ma'am,” Jane noted sympathetically wondering why the woman looked so familiar. Picking up the two larger bags she carried them into the vestibule to be joined by the woman carrying a smaller bag and vanity kit. “Whom may I say is calling.”

“Tricia Upton,” she noted with a bright smile as she removed her hat to place it on the foyer table, “I am here to visit my dear brother, Mark.”

“I thought you looked familiar, ma'am,” Jane observed politely with a friendly nod, “You are the image of your brother, ma'am.”

“Who is it Jane?” Mrs. Bently asked hearing their voices to enter into the little room to see for herself, “I'm Mrs. Bently, may we help you dear?”

“Well, I am Tricia Upton,” she began again following Mrs. Bently into the entrance hall reception area with the large spiral staircase and then into the living room where Mrs. Bently motioned her to a seat. “My cousin, suggested that I visit him when I ever came out west. I thought I might surprise him.”

“Well, er Mrs...”

“Miss, please, but call me Tricia,” she countered with a sigh.

“Tricia, I am afraid that your cousin, Mark, has left us,” Mrs. Bently reported wondering how really pretty the girl was. “He was here up until a couple of months ago and then he married and left us. I'm sorry to say I don't have any forwarding address, but, John...”

"I simply don't know what to do," she suddenly exclaimed in disbelief looking at her hostess before fumbling through her purse for a hanky. "I had so counted on his being here. You have no idea what I have done...."

She began to cry suddenly causing poor Mrs. Bently to look to Jane, who was as astonished as she was.

"Dearest, I'm certain that nothing is as bad as all that," she tried to comfort the young lady discovering that she used the same scent as her dear friend Mrs. Devon. "I'm certain we can help you."

"I am so sorry, Mrs. Bently," the young woman managed after a moment, "I had hoped to find Mark, and now..." she trembled in tears, "I really don't know what to do. I have, lost all my vacation money and I will have no place to stay. I had so planned on Mark helping me."

Cousin like cousin was Jane's conclusion as she turned to fetch the bags hearing Mrs. Bently say,

"Well, dearest, I'm certain my John wouldn't mind if you were to stay a couple of nights in Mark's old room. By then you may think of someone who will help you find a bit of cash to tide you over. We girls have to stick together."

"Oh, you are so nice," she exclaimed rushing to Mrs. Bently to kiss her cheek. "I'm certain I can locate Mark and he will pay you for any inconvenience I may cause."

"Think nothing of it child, it will be nice to have another young woman in the house," Mrs. Bently countered liking the girl and beginning to think that perhaps a look-a-like sister might not be bad step from an almost woman maid.

Tricia Upton smiled in pleasure over her good fortune and Mrs. Bently's kindness.

"Do you have everything you need," Mrs. Bently asked taking a pair of keys from her purse, and a fifty dollar bill, "I think you might borrow the MG if you need anything in town. I am going to a charity bazaar this afternoon and...."

"Oh, may I join you, I would so like to be useful. After all, my mother always had me help her with her charity affairs and I do so miss...."

"Of course, darling, I will have Hazel help you change and we will leave in an hour," Mrs. Bently stated refusing to accept the money back. "Jane will take you to your rooms."

"Jane, tell Hazel we have Miss. Upton in Mark's old rooms, please."

"Yes, ma'am."

Tricia followed her up the stairs and entered the apartment to look at it in amazement. "Why, are you sure this is Mark's apartment?"

"Yes, ma'am," Jane answered opening the doors that led to the beautiful bed room before ringing for Hazel. "Your cousin liked frills."

"Frankly, I always thought he was a bit..." she smiled and shrugged to carry the vanity bag and travel case into the bedroom and then to a dressing room. "I must say he did like frills. Have you worked here long?"

"About seven years, ma'am," Jane replied hearing Hazel's knock on the front door as the maid entered dressed in gray starched cotton with a white pinafore. "Miss. Upton, this is Hazel, the upstairs maid. She will serve you."

"Why, isn't that sweet," she noted turning to look at the maid with a pleased smile. "You may hang my things up, dear," she began, "And I should like my suit pressed along with this pink shirtwaist which I'll wear to the bazaar. So do be quick about it because Mrs. Bently expects me to join her within a few minutes. You may first help me undress, girl."

"If you please, ma'am, your maid is not trained as a lady's maid," Hazel replied with a curtsy helping to unpack the dresses with Jane.

"Well, it is time you learned," she half pouted. "You will help me, as I wish."

"Yes, ma'am," Hazel replied doing as she instructed helping her undress down to her slip and then helping her into a hostess gown before taking her things down to a pressed.

When Hazel returned with Tricia's clothes she thanked the maid after making quite sure that they had been properly cared for to suit her taste. "How long have you been a maid here, girl?"

"Three months, ma'am," was the curtsied reply as Hazel dutifully helped her put on the shirtwaist dress.

"Now," Tricia began pulling suddenly away as if from a shock only to shake her head. "You must never touch your mistress on the skin when dressing her."

She smiled at Hazel's surprise.

"Now get on your knees and check my hems, girl, and remember to keep your fingers to yourself."

Hazel quickly did as told.

"What time is breakfast?"

"Eight, ma'am."

"Then I shall expect you at six thirty," she stated accepting her purse and gloves from the servant before going to the door. "I plan



on a warm bath tonight at ten. I will wear my green nightgown and robe with my gold slippers.”

“Yes, ma'am,” Hazel replied with a curtsy to sigh when she left the room. After straightening the room he went to report Miss. Upton's expectations to Mrs. Knox.

“Certainly, Hazel, you will attend her. She is Mrs. Bently's house guest,” Mrs. Knox noted taking Hazel back to Miss. Upton's room to have the maid go through the clothes and arrange them after separating those in need of cleaning and mending. She then explained to Hazel the duties of a lady's maid before leaving the servant to her work.

As was the ritual each evening Hazel met John at the door to accept his coat and hat with a pleased curtsied smile before serving him a cocktail in the living room and bringing him the evening paper. Hazel had just presented him with the evening paper when the door opened to reveal Mrs. Bently and Miss. Upton, the latter taking note of Hazel's sexy uniform with obvious disapproval.

“Miss. Tricia Upton, this is Mr. John Bently, my son,” Mrs. Bently began, “Miss, Upton is Mark's cousin.”

“How do you do,” John exclaimed arising to accept her hand looking strangely flustered, “I had no idea Mark's sister was so pretty.”

“Why, thank you, Mr. Bently,” she murmured with delight seeing that John's handsome face betrayed his curious interest in her, “Mark has told me so much about you that it is almost as if I knew you as well as he did.”

She turned to Hazel, “I will have a martini, girl.”

“I should like one, too,” Mrs. Bently noted pleased to see that Tricia was making herself at home. She was delighted when Tricia had offered her services during the bazaar and had volunteered to help out during the Charity League Sale, which was for the following week. In few short hours she saw that Tricia was a perfect young lady and she resolved to have Tricia stay.

To this end she had a long talk with Tricia to convince the wonderfully helpful girl that she would love it if Tricia would spend her vacation with her as her companion. She offered her full use of her cousin's former apartment, the MG, and pin money.

“Tricia will be staying with us for a couple of months, John,” Mrs. Bently noted seeing his surprise while accepting her drink, “I thought that perhaps you might squire her about to see the sights and meet a few of your friends.”

“Why, Mrs. Bently,” Miss Upton began to protest, “I shouldn't want to be a bother for your son. I'm sure....”

“I would love to be your host,” he offered gallantly, “Miss. Upton.”

“Tricia, will be fine, Mr. Bently,” she countered with a pleased smile, “Miss. Upton is too formal, don't you agree?”

“Wonderful,” Mrs. Bently noted arising thinking to leave them together. “I have to speak to Mrs. Knox about supper. I'm certain you two young people will have a great deal in common to talk about.”

“Oh, Mrs. Bently,” Tricia remarked matter-of-factly when she arose for Mrs. Bently to leave. “I have taken the liberty of having Hazel attend me as my personal maid. I'm sure it will not interfere with her normal duties, whatever they are.”

The young woman smiled towards Mrs. Bently, but Hazel could see her amused disapproval of the sexily dressed maid and John's uncertainty about what to do.

“Why, of course, dearest, you may have her,” Mrs. Bently agreed slightly amused by the idea of Hazel serving as a lady's maid. “She will be completely at your disposal to do as you wish. However she is inexperienced in such duties.”

“I shall teach her,” Miss. Upton noted possessively, “I believe a girl of her ability should learn how to be useful. Don't you agree, John?”

“She is quite useful,” John replied with a slight smile wondering at this turn of events, “But, I really know very little about such things.”

“Well, Hazel is a new maid and requires a firm hand,” Mrs. Knox added quite glad to see that John had offered no resistance. “If she is willful, report her to Mrs. Knox.”

“Oh, I'm certain she will be very obedient,” Miss. Upton countered sweetly, “As long as I have complete authority over her behavior and dress.”

“Fine,” was Mrs. Bently's concluding agreement. “Hazel, I think it is time for you to help with supper?”

“Yes, ma'am,” poor Hazel responded with a polite curtsy seeing John shrug as if to say, ‘I'm powerless to help you for now’. Meekly Hazel withdrew noticing also, Miss. Upton's smile of satisfaction.

It was nine thirty when Hazel came to Miss. Upton's room to arrange her bed and lay out her bed clothes. Retiring to the bath room Hazel made ready for the woman only to hear the door open.

“Good evening, Miss. Upton.”

“I see you have put my things out,” Miss. Upton noted walking about the curtsying maid to inspect the form clinging uniform.

“I think we shall put an end to your immodest dressing. A maid is not intended to be sexy, she is most properly a household appliance like a washing machine and she should look useful rather than passionate.”

She smiled at Hazel's wince of embarrassment.

"It is right that you should be ashamed of yourself, girl," she continued with a nod, "I suppose you have been permitted to dress pretty much as you please. Although I must say you were dressed quite functionally this afternoon. Well, from now on you will wear black cotton at night with a practical apron. You'll discontinue using make-up and colored nail polish. Do you understand, girl?"

"Yes, ma'am," Hazel responded uncertainly with a dutiful curtsy wondering what John would say about Miss Upton's instructions.

"I suppose you have an affair going with one of the staff," she mused casually taking her seat at the vanity after removing her shirtwaist dress and handing it to Hazel so that it might be hung up for proper pressing and cleaning.

Brushing the pink satin of her slip she smiled with amused tolerance.

"I suppose you have an amusing sex life. Servants are so want to enjoy such low animalistic pleasures. But, while you are working you will look the part of a plain servant girl."

Hazel blushed uncomfortably.

"I noticed that you take the liberty of attending to Mr. Bently when he comes home," she continued picking up her hair brush thoughtfully, "You may remove my shoes and stockings."

As the maid did her bidding she reached over to touch Hazel's golden hair with the handle of her brush as she frowned. "I believe that Jane is the downstairs maid, isn't she?"

"Yes, ma'am"

"Fine, then she shall serve Mr. Bently." Miss. Upton ordered, "I have no reason to see why you should serve at her station."

She watched Hazel place the shoes by her dress and hang the stockings for washing.

"And, your hair is not at all pleasing for a maid. It is too vain for a mere maid. You will have it bobbed with a short bang in front and simple about the head, like a page boy cut. During the day you will wear a cotton hairnet since you help in the kitchen. Hair nets are much more sanitary and practical, as befits a domestic. Do you understand?"

"But, Mr. Bently...."

"Really, girl, you don't expect Mr. Bently to be interested in a servant girl's hair," Miss Upton countered angrily causing Hazel to realize that he had to be careful about the woman, who might cause a scandal for John if Hazel said anything of the truth, "He is far above you, and if you think for the moment that he is really attracted to you...."

She suddenly reached into her vanity case to produce a pair of scissors. "Come here!"

Hazel turned as if to flee, but she grabbed the maid's hand and forced Hazel to the floor taking a mass of Hazel's lovely hair into her hand and cutting it off until the struggling maid discovered that she had trimmed the hair about the head just below the ear throwing the golden blonde tresses into the waste basket!

"There, now let's not have any more foolishness," she concluded allowing Hazel to stand in near tearful dismay before her. "You will start the bath using a cap full of bath oil and bubble bath. Use your elbow to test the water. I like it quite warm. After starting the bath you will give me a manicure and pedicure, and set my hair for bed." She smiled. "And then you shall take my nylons, rinse them; polish my shoes; and clean and press my dress after you leave. I will expect you at six thirty in the morning."

"Yes, ma'am," the shocked Hazel replied dutifully.

By ten thirty Hazel managed to escape the demands of Miss. Upton and went to the servants' quarters to look at the awful haircut and prepare Miss. Upton's things. Arranging the hair as best as possible Hazel slipped into a pink night gown and peignoir and returned to the second floor heading for John's room to talk to him about Miss. Upton knowing that it was at least a half hour past the usual time.

"Where do you think you are going!"

Miss. Upton opened the apartment door wide to stand with her hands on her hips to stare at the flustered maid!

"Well, girl?"

Without replying poor Hazel could but curtsy.

"Come into my room!" she ordered reaching out to half drag Hazel into the apartment slamming the door. Pulling the maid into her bedroom she looked at Hazel in amused amazement.

"Why I can see everything. You must be desperate to advertise so. What are you doing roaming the halls dressed so immodestly!"

"Please, ma'am," Hazel begged in protest clutching the sheer nightgown as if to cover what appeared so obviously, too embarrassed to think properly.

"Does Mr. Bently expect you to be dressed like that?"

Hazel trembled and lowered soft blue eyes in blushing confession.

Miss. Upton frowned thoughtfully.

"Does Mrs. Bently know about this affair?" She shook her head in disbelief, "I doubt that she would tolerate such behavior."

"She knows, ma'am," Hazel managed mustering what courage remained.

"You are lying!" Miss Upton countered angrily, "She wouldn't approve and you know it! Why I have half a mind to...."

Suddenly she grabbed Hazel to pull the struggling maid over her lap as she sat on the vanity stool to hold Hazel's arm twisted behind the maid's back. She then pulled up the silken skirts to pick up a hair brush from the vanity.

SWACK!

The blow struck powerfully against its tender mark followed by others that brought to Hazel's lips screams of rage that dwindled into whimpers of childish submission and tears. Satisfied that the maid was completely subdued she ripped the clothes from the girl to examine her closely noting that the soft rear had not shown any signs of the beating!

“What are you?” she demanded angrily allowing the naked maid to slip into sobbing shame on the pile rug. She examined the panty closely before arising and taking from her closet a plain cotton robe which she dropped upon Hazel.

“Put this on.”

Meekly Hazel arose all too frightened to do as she ordered.

“Why do you wear such a garment?”

Hazel couldn't answer because of the sobbing pain and humiliation.

“Probably because of a birth defect,” she sighed with a shrug, “I had heard from Mark that Mr. Bently has strange tastes. Well, you are one little piece of tail that will learn her proper place in this household if I have anything to say.”

Miss. Upton helped Hazel into the robe and handed the torn clothes to the maid before taking Hazel in tow from the apartment to Mrs. Knox's apartment!

“I found Hazel in these by Mr. Bently's apartment,” Miss. Upton noted taking the shameful night clothes from Hazel and giving them to Mrs. Knox.

“Oh, my goodness!” Mrs. Knox exclaimed in mock surprise seeing that Hazel's hair was cut short and the poor maid was in an abject state of tears. She really didn't know how to react to this sudden turn of events.

“Did you know about her behavior?” Miss. Upton asked turning to look at Hazel almost in surprise. “I should think you wouldn't approve of it?”

Knowing that she had the start of a scandal on her hands Mrs. Knox shook her head.

“I had no idea! The mere impertinence of the girl! I shall talk to Mrs. Bently about firing her in the morning!”

“I hardly think that is necessary,” Miss. Upton sighed with the knowledge that she had the maid completely in her control, “She has had a painful experience this evening and I know she will keep to herself from now on.”

She smiled thinking to herself that it would be far greater torture for the girl to stay on without being able to continue her affair. “It will suffice to have her barred from the main quarters after ten and away from Mr. Bently.”

“Very well, if you think so,” Mrs. Knox agreed wondering about Miss Upton's involvement with Hazel. It was clear that the woman was bent upon humiliating the girl

while keeping her away from Mr. Bently. Mrs. Knox guessed then that Miss Upton had her own plans for the young man and wanted no competition from a mere servant girl.

“I shall talk to Mrs. Bently about your suggestion in the morning.”

“Excellent,” Miss. Upton noted with approval turning again to Hazel. “If I catch you dressed like that again or wearing one of those silly uniforms I shall spank you until you wish you were dead, and that goes double if I see or hear of you complaining to Mr. Bently. From now on you are to keep respectfully mannered before your superiors and carry out your sexual interests with a man of your own station. Do you understand, girl?”

“Yes, ma'am,” Hazel sobbed with a curtsy causing her to nod and leave. Once she was gone poor Hazel burst into tears. “Oh, Mrs. Knox, it was awful, she spanked me and....”

“Poor child,” Mrs. Knox comforted taking the poor maid into her own apartment holding Hazel in her arms. “She didn't know, and it would be a terrible scandal. You poor little dear, what are we to do?”

“But, John,” Hazel cried, “he expects me, and...”

Hazel burst again into sobs causing Mrs. Knox to take the maid into her bathroom where she found some cleansing tissue to help with the tears. “I feel so humiliated, and so cheap.... She, she, even explored my panty.... It was terrible!”

“She knows!” Mrs. Knox almost fainted wondering why Tricia hadn't said anything!

“No, ma'am,” Hazel managed wiping the tears, “She thinks it is a surgical belt of some sort.”

The maid shuddered at the thought that she might have explored more!

“She said that her brother had told her something about John.” Hazel began to sob again at the mere idea of what had almost happened and what she had done to humiliate Hazel so before Mrs. Knox. “She is cruel, ma'am.”

“Perhaps she was jealous,” Mrs. Knox countered honestly taking poor Hazel to her bedroom to sit upon her bed after removing her robe so as to be more comfortable. “Why don't you stay with me for awhile and we can have a good cry.”

She took the poor child's crying face into her hands and had Hazel lie on the bed and sob into her lap to release the child's pent up emotions.

“Poor little, baby.”

Removing the maid's robe she smiled to herself and slipped out of her cotton nightgown to allow their naked bodies to rest together in the silence of the room placing Hazel's lovely face against the full matronly bounty of her breasts to hold the child there for comforting as she rested upon her back caressing the child thoughtfully.

“I will protect you, darling.”

Hazel relaxed completely in her arms surrendering to the infantile pleasure of those huge soft warm pillows and her gentle touch.

“You are so really gentle, baby,” Mrs. Knox sighed happily feeling Hazel's soft hands explore her breasts uncertainly.

“Love your mommy, darling.”

As Hazel's soft lips sought her full throbbing pap like a nursing baby she clung to the childlike body allowing her hand to rest between her aching loins delighting in the pleasures of their embrace as her playful fingers brought from the well of her loneliness the response to Hazel's love she desired.

Sighing she kissed the child in her arms until Hazel drifted into a soft infantile sleep while she thought of poor Hazel and how she might make Hazel happier.

In the morning she awoke to find those lovely lips about her pap and she barely had the heart to withdraw it. But, she knew that she had a call to make to a former employer and Hazel was expected to attend Miss Upton.

Smiling to herself she woke the childlike maid and helped Hazel bob the short haircut before she released the maid back to Hazel's room.

Hazel didn't know what to think about what had happened in Mrs. Knox's room that night before, but for some reason the infantile pleasures had seemed so natural and complete. Dressing in a pale green cotton uniform with white cotton pinafore Hazel took Miss Upton's things to her room to find her half dressed.

“Good morning, ma'am.”

“I see that you have dressed appropriately, girl,” she countered seeing that Hazel's rather plain blonde hair was in a white cotton net as required. She smiled to herself knowing by the maid's docile manner and utilitarian dress that she had desexed Hazel quite efficiently.

“I will wear my green silk dress, Mr. Bently is taking me to his Club this morning, after breakfast, and I think I should be my prettiest for him. Don't you agree, girl?”

“Yes, ma'am,” was the submissive reply as Hazel attended to her lovely reddish blonde hair in envy while she amused herself at her vanity by telling Hazel of her plans for the day....

Hazel had hoped that Mrs. Knox would intercede with Mrs. Bently in order to prevent Miss, Upton from turning Hazel into a rather drab commonplace household drudge, but Mrs., Knox seemed preoccupied with other matters that took her more and more from her duties until it appeared that she was planning to return to work for a former employer.

Mrs. Bently viewed Miss. Upton's efforts as being a sincere interest in helping with household affairs just as the young lady had become so very helpful in Mrs. Bently's charity work.

What disturbed Hazel even more was the fact that John hadn't even noticed this change in Hazel's appearance or status. It was as if Hazel was the household appli-

ance that Miss. Upton considered the maid to be and John took no more note of the maid than he might of a vacuum cleaner!

John was far more interested in Miss Upton, who delighted in telling the poor maid of their social activities because she knew how it disheartened Hazel.

And as Hazel's delights and hopes dwindled into a world of endless toil Mrs. Bently delights and hopes grew with the knowledge that John and Miss. Upton were more and more involved with each other each day.

About a month after Miss. Upton's arrival Mrs. Bently broached to Miss. Upton the subject closest to her heart while Hazel was serving the two of them lunch in the dining room.

"As you no doubt know I am quite concerned about John," Mrs. Bently began trying to be casual causing Tricia to smile politely.

"He is almost forty and still a bachelor, despite the fact that he is quite the most eligible young man about. It is a wonder that some young lady, like yourself, hasn't trapped him."

"I have considered it," Tricia revealed with a delighted laugh knowing full well what Mrs. Bently had in mind.

"But, frankly John is a bit shy about marriage as a serious topic. At least when he is with me. I must confess that I am quite pleased to hear that you think I might be worthy of your son's interest."

"My goodness, dear, I think you would be almost perfect for him," Mrs. Bently countered allowing the 'almost' to give her a polite hedge. "But, it is really his choice, isn't it?"

Miss. Upton nodded her agreement.

"I suppose you are right, as usual, Mrs. Bently. I haven't really seen Mr. Bently showing that kind of interest in me, although, I must confess, I have a certain love for him."

"That is what I had thought," Mrs. Bently observed.

"You would accept if he proposed?"

Tricia bowed her head.

"I suppose so, if you approved?"

Mrs. Bently knew then that she would have her way.

"I believe you should accept, my dear, and I shall try to help you if I can."

"Thank you, Mrs. Bently," Tricia sighed as if greatly pleased before she glanced with amused delight at poor Hazel, who held back tears. She knew that her maid did not want her to see how unhappy this news was to at least one being in the room. "I had secretly hoped that you might help me with John, he is so shy."

Mrs. Bently could well imagine that her son was very shy indeed about marrying a woman, but his mother had a plan.

Hazel paused by Mrs. Bently's vanity to see the pictures half hidden in an envelope. From what little the maid could see it looked as if they were of two men making love to each other!

Picking up one picture Hazel almost fainted for one of the participants was John standing while another man was kneeling before him obviously sucking him off!

Hastily Hazel glanced through the other pictures discovering them all to be of John, and the other man was undoubtedly Mark!

The maid quickly returned the pictures, hearing the apartment door open, and fled to the bathroom to look busy finishing up cleaning the toilet by flushing it so that who ever entered would know Hazel was there.

"I thought you might be interested in these pictures, John," Mrs. Bently commented casually handing him the envelope noticing that Hazel was in the bathroom, but ignoring the maid from habit as long as the girl was working hard. "I have the negatives in a safe place for your family album. Of course, they are excellent art studies and I am sure quite sure they would fetch a good price from a collector. Don't you think?"

"Blackmail, mother," John asked in disbelief, "How did you..."

"Your bedroom drapes provided a most interesting camera view," she noted with a shrug. "I took them out of amusement. But, now I find that they might serve as rather interesting investments."

"If I am ruined socially, what will happen to you?" he countered trying to see what she possibly could have on her mind. He wasn't certain how the members of their social circle would react to such pictures. It was chic to tolerate gays in society. But, one of their own? "I really don't see how these pictures could help you?"

"I would be shocked to hear of your unfortunate conduct," she stated with mock primness, "And would hasten to assure all my dearest friends that you were perhaps ill. Certainly if you were to suggest that I would know anything about such frightfully obscene acts you would be considered mentally ill." She placed the photographs back into the envelop and placed it upon her vanity with a saddened look upon her face. "I must confess that I have the distinguished position of being a very moral woman in this community. If you were disgraced, I would be disappointed in you, but very protective. In fact I have in mind a lovely little sanitarium. For we certainly wouldn't want the disgrace of a morals charge against you and Mark. Would we? I do believe that sodomy is still against the law, isn't it dear?"

John shuddered guessing that she wasn't bluffing. Their interpersonal battle had finally come to rock bottom with this blackmail. "What do you want?"

"No more affairs like this and Hazel," she demanded going to the bathroom to close the door. "I will give you the pictures as a wedding present."

John broke into laughter. "Is that all..."

Hazel was not surprised by the fact that John proposed to Miss. Upton. What did surprise the maid was Miss. Upton's strange reaction.

Miss. Upton seemed in a genuine state of shock when she entered her apartment that evening with the beautiful engagement ring on her finger. She didn't notice her maid. It was as if she were in a strange trance as she sat before her vanity mirror to look at her reflection for the longest time in silence.

“Are you ill, Miss. Upton?” Hazel asked with a polite curtsy.

“No,” she muttered as if greatly irritated by the question or Hazel. “I won't need you tonight, thank you. You may go.”

Hazel withdrew trying to puzzle out his change.

Hazel had expected the woman to gloat over this turn of events.

As Hazel was leaving the maid even thought that Miss Upton was crying....

“Ah, there you are,” John's voice noted casually as Hazel entered the hall from Miss. Upton's apartment; causing the poor maid to quickly curtsy in surprise mixed with fear that Miss. Upton might catch them talking alone in the hall, especially now that Miss. Upton was engaged to Mr. Bently.

“How may I serve you, sir?” Hazel politely asked realizing the huge gap that now existed between them both socially and in terms of their former relationship. Miss. Upton had seen to that, and he seemed all too anxious to please this woman.

“I only thought that I might apologize to you. Since Tricia has been here, I know that your life has not been all that easy, Hazel,” John earnestly apologized.

“As you must have guessed things have become awfully complicated. But, I will try to do what I can to straighten things out. But, you must understand that I do care about you. It is just that my mother has...”

Hazel wanted to say something, but the gap was too great and then the door opened from Miss. Upton's apartment as if to warn Hazel of his true status as Miss. Upton entered the hallway to see the two of them talking!

“Ah, yes, John, dearest,” Miss. Upton exclaimed with a bright smile in greeting to her fiancée before she kissed him, “I was just coming to talk to you about our engagement party.”

“Will that be all, sir?” Hazel asked with a docile curtsy towards John seeing Miss. Upton's amused smile of tolerance.

“Oh, that will be quite enough, Hazel,” Miss. Upton stated taking John by the arm and leading him back into her apartment to close the door behind them leaving Hazel to his thoughts.

But, in the morning all was changed, for Miss. Upton had obviously recovered from her initial shock.

The silent pause between the bolt of lightening was now over in the thunder of her acceptance of Mrs. Bently's desires for an engagement party for the formal announcement. The house became a frenzy of activity that swirled about the preparations.

Hazel was overjoyed when the party came, not because of being allowed to wear a most sexy black satin uniform, but because the party represented the end of hours of hard work. When the party was over Hazel was exhausted and quite delighted to receive permission from Miss Upton to take the rest of the evening off.

It was later that same night when Hazel was returning from helping Mrs. Bently, who had accidentally dumped a box of face powder upon her vanity top, that Hazel happened to be walking down the hallway only to hear John and Tricia talking.

With their approach from the stairs Hazel knew that Miss Upton would be angry over seeing her servant dressed only in a nightgown wandering the halls past the hour of her imposed curfew so Hazel ducked into a closet to hide despite the valid excuse at hand.

"...most of this morning with her and a bridal consultant making arrangements for our wedding. It was all I could do to convince her that we should delay matters for a month. I'm not too sure, but I feel a bit like a bride at a shotgun wedding."

"You've been a good sport about this whole thing. I had no idea that your little prank would become so very complicated. If only you can hold out until I locate those negatives and then we can have our lover's quarrel and you can go."

They stopped by her apartment.

"I think you should ask Hazel to help us. I'm sure they are someplace in the old bidy's apartment and a maid could search it a lot easier than you or I could. If you hadn't been so jealously cruel towards the child we could have had a valuable ally."

"I'm not going to play games with your little fairy. And if you go near him I will blow the whistle on this whole affair. Imagine having a boy fitted so you could make love that way. How quaint."

"Look, we've gone over that a dozen times. Frankly, I'm beginning to think that giving Hazel up for you was a bad deal all around. At least I wouldn't be forced into marrying the kid."

"If you keep that up, I'll marry you out of spite. It wouldn't be too bad of a deal you know with community property laws being what they are. Now, that Mark is supposed to be dead, how is a poor girl to make ends meet," she observed with a mock sigh of distress only to shake her head and add, "You'd better find those negatives or little Cinderella Hazel might be a bridesmaid, or something."

"Leave Hazel out of this, it's far too involved as it is. I just thought that he could help," John protested in the realization that Tricia would indeed go through with the

wedding and continue to find ways to humiliate poor Hazel, "I'll search her apartment for them when she goes to her bridge club meeting, but you leave Hazel alone."

"Well, if I'm forced to become a blushing bride you had better believe that your little chambermaid will have a bridal night that the little fairy will never forget," Tricia countered angrily causing a shiver to touch Hazel's spine.

And then Miss. Upton laughed to playfully kiss John.

"I have picked out the most gorgeous antique white slipper satin wedding gown. Your darling mother was overjoyed to discover that I was alone in the world and she could play the role of both bridal parents if she wanted. It is really going to be a dreamy wedding with all the frills. So if you don't find those pictures you had better plan on meeting me at the church on time. A single girl would be out of her mind to pass this up."

"Look, I don't...."

The apartment door closed out John's voice as he entered her apartment with her to continue their argument leaving Hazel to his thoughts for the moment as he tried to piece together the meaning of their discussion and then it suddenly dawned....

Tricia was Mark!

No wonder Hazel had never seen the lovely one in less than lingerie.

"My God, how the bitch must have loved taunting me!"

The pieces fitted together causing Hazel to almost dash into the apartment to confront them and tear the queen apart in a row that would bring the whole household up to expose them for what they had done to Hazel!

Crossing the hallway Hazel paused at the door to think that perhaps there might be some advantage in thinking over what he had learned that night....

Remembering Poe's story about the purloined letter Hazel searched the least obvious place first in Mrs. Bently's apartment; Her family photo album. But, this discovered nothing.

Slipping out of the album eight negatives of the same size as Hazel remembered seeing in the blackmail envelope Hazel placed the negatives of John's baby pictures into the starched cotton maid's apron pocket and continued the search.

A half hour later Hazel discovered the envelope stuck behind the paper backing of the bureau mirror. Pocketing this envelope too, Hazel cleaned the apartment and retired to the servants quarters to steam the envelope open. Exchanging the negatives the maid resealed the envelope and hid the original negatives under a bureau drawer.

Going into the library Hazel curtsied offering the envelope to Mrs. Bently, who almost fainted. "This envelope was on your bedroom floor behind the bureau, ma'am."

"Did you open it?" Mrs. Bently demanded anxiously seeing that it was indeed what she thought that it was, and that it was still sealed, causing her to sigh in relief.

“No, ma'am, is it valuable?”

“You have no idea how valuable,” Mrs. Bently replied with an amused smile.

“Perhaps, Madam should put it in her bank deposit box for better security. It could have been thrown away with the morning thrash.” Hazel shrugged.

“An excellent idea, Hazel, and excellent idea. I'll do just that,” Mrs. Bently noted with pleasure thanking her lucky star that Hazel was so well trained.

“Madam?” Hazel asked a bit thoughtfully as if uncertain it was really a matter for a maid to think of.

“Yes, Hazel, what is it?”

“Does Madam know that Mr. Bently and Miss. Upton have been quarreling? It would appear that Mr. Bently is most anxious to postpone the wedding for some reason.”

“Where did you hear this?” Mrs. Bently demanded angrily seeing the maid look down in fear. Realizing that Hazel was trying to help she smiled saying, “I'm surprised to see you carrying gossip.”

“It isn't gossip, ma'am” Hazel continued. “Miss. Upton told your son that she could delay the wedding a month. But, it would seem that they both are quite uncertain.”

“I know that John is nervous,” Mrs. Bently noted with amusement only to frown thoughtfully, “And Tricia has been a bit reluctant to set a date saying that she thinks John had better decide. You may be right, Hazel.”

“If Mr. Bently wished to delay the wedding then, ma'am, he could, couldn't he?”

“I think he might wish to,” Mrs. Bently stated matter-of-factly in cold terms, “What are you trying to tell me, girl?”

Hazel glanced nervously at the apron front, “Perhaps Madam should set the date and surprise them both? If they were committed to a certain date in certain surprise they couldn't back out, could they ma'am? Especially Mr. Bently?”

“I must confess that I can't see why you would want John married,” Mrs. Bently mused almost in wonder remembering why Hazel was in the house to begin with and then she considered Hazel's rather drab appearance, “Unless you felt that Tricia and John might leave so that you could wear your pretty uniforms again.”

“Madam?” Hazel asked in mixed surprise.

“Of course, you wouldn't know. I plan to give the couple a new home out of my life's savings as a present. That way I might have my father's home for myself and my friends once I have done my duty towards the family.”

Hazel nodded.

“But, I have no desire for you to join them,” she continued with a smile. “John will have his wife to serve him and love him.”

Mrs. Bently placed her valuable envelop into her purse as her eyes studied the lovely maid with approval.

“You will stay with me, now that Tricia has trained you so well to be a lady's maid. You can even wear your sexy uniforms in the evening and on special occasions. However, I do fear that will be as close to sex you will get in this house from now on.”

She saw the maid wince then blush.

“I want to thank you for two excellent ideas, Hazel, you have proven invaluable to me this morning. You may go, my dear, and thank you again.”

Hazel curtsied and left seeing that perhaps the plan would be better than the maid had thought, for if John and Tricia were forced to marry and live as man and wife elsewhere, maybe Hazel could keep the security of being a maid.

In any event if any thing went wrong Hazel knew that there was almost a thousand dollars of wages safely put away in the bank to pay for the time while Hazel was looking for a new job as a maid.

After all Hazel was a very good maid.

During Hazel's free time the maid had acquired a driver's license.

Mrs. Knox had given Hazel a Social Security card. Hazel had established a number of little credit accounts that were quite good.

And Hazel had developed enough friends among the merchants and a very nice bank manager to insure good character references.

Hazel had even talked Mrs. Knox into writing a letter of reference concerning the excellence of the maid's work. Hazel was quite surprised by the fact that Mrs. Knox was more than happy to write a fine letter, only later that same day Mrs. Knox made Hazel swear that she would be the first to know if Hazel wanted to leave.

And so Hazel agreed, giving her the letter back as security....

Tricia was suddenly caught up in the Cinderella turned princess game of being a bride-to-be feeling secure in the belief that John would somehow uncover the negatives before it was too late to back away from the march down the aisle to the altar.

While Mrs. Bently and the bridal consultant took care of the myriad of preparatory details for the wedding from altar flowers to the wedding photographer Tricia was kept busy by purchasing a complete trousseau according to the elaborate lists provided by Mrs. Bently, who wanted to keep Tricia too busy to think of when the wedding would take place.

Tricia soon learned that a bride's trousseau ranged from kitchen wear to honeymoon clothes in an array of possessions that would please a princess.

To Tricia the trousseau began to represent a pretty revenge since everything purchased was charged to John or his mother, and that was little enough repayment for this strange hoax.

It was not until the day that a Judge Simons visited his dear friend, Mrs. Bently, to have the young couple sign the wedding papers that Tricia began to have a strange premonition that the wedding might really take place!

John brushed off this 'feminine intuition' with taunting delight, but poor Tricia slowly became more frightened with each passing day feeling the trap closing tighter and tighter.

"What can we do, John," Tricia half cried half begged confronting the amused husband-to-be. "I don't want to be a bride, really, you must find those negatives!"

"I have looked all over her apartment for them," he replied with a shrug.

"But, if you don't find them?"

"We get married and then she will give them to us."

"Married?" Tricia whispered in growing distress.

"John, we would have to live as man and wife for months, maybe years! I don't want to be a woman for the rest of my life. It's a living hell, John. You have no idea how difficult it has been for me these past months. If I were a transvestite it wouldn't be too bad, but I'm not."

Tricia looked at the womanly image in the mirror in growing fear realizing what might happen.



"You can even wear your sexy uniforms in the evening..."

"I have to diet and exercise in aerobics class to keep my figure," Tricia complained thinking about hours at the health spa wearing a tight gaff while exercising with the other women in Mrs. Bently's country club set, who were very figure conscious to the point that they considered fat a greater sin than adultery. "I must spend hours in the beauty parlor with the other women, and during the past two months I have had to go through electrolysis treatments to remove any sign of a beard and other hair." Tricia well remembered the day that Mrs. Bently had delicately mentioned the name of her own private electrologist.

"I had no idea you loved me so much," he laughed stealing a kiss with playful delight, "You will receive your reward on our honeymoon night, darling."

"I..I," Tricia stammered trying to counter his jest only to feel more helpless by the moment. Falling silent Tricia looked about the feminine bedroom and nervously arranged the satin skirts of the hostess gown in growing concern over a worse fear. "How long will I have to be a woman, John?"

"How should I know? A few months, perhaps a year, at the most," John replied thoughtfully realizing that Tricia was certainly behaving like a woman about to have hysterics.

In a strange way it almost amused him to see how very much Tricia had fit into his mother's social circle. It had been so very natural that he really hadn't thought about the hours and hours of feminine efforts poor Tricia must have been forced to undergo to carry off this charade. As the summer months had passed Tricia's whole life and even physical appearance was more and more feminine. It was sort of poetic, considering that it was Tricia's idea.

"A Mexican separation. We will think of something. But, I doubt if the wedding will take place."

"I hope not," Tricia noted doubtfully trying not to think about the evening chats with Mrs. Bently about John and Tricia's sex life once Mrs.. Bently had seen Tricia go into his apartment one night.

Mrs. Bently insisted on Tricia taking one of her own birth control pills each night at the end of their `mother and daughter' chats to make certain that Tricia didn't have any `accident'!

"I don't think I could take being a woman even for a few months more. I'm afraid it is too risky." Tricia had already noted the soft pain within `her' breasts and `she' was all too aware of what continued use of the pills might lead too. But, how could `she' stop this ritual? "I'm being turned into a woman."

"Look, my dearest, if we don't find those photographs we will have to become husband and wife. And, if that happens I will expect you to be the perfect wife, in every way. Frankly, I think it would be a delightful improvement," John whispered sitting on the bed to part the slipper satin of Tricia's dressing gown's skirt, "Maybe you could even get a little panty like Hazel wears. She claimed that it makes her feel just like a woman and she adored my making love inside her sexy panty."

"I can just see you at the door in a pretty apron as the perfect housewife waiting eagerly for her hubby to come home for a night of passion."

Tricia reacted in a completely female way by slapping him and bursting into tears hearing his laughter as he rolled Tricia unto the bed and had his way with masculine delight.

When John was finished he left Tricia with the realization that John wouldn't resist the marriage one bit. In fact, she began to understand that if they had to be married John might very well force her to wear a panty like Hazel's so that she could become his perfect housewife. Tricia wondered if there really was an escape from this strange bondage....

After returning from her shopping trip Tricia discovered the wedding invitation upon her vanity. In shocked disbelief she read the words seeing that it was to happen that coming Saturday!

The trap had been sprung!

It was that simple.

Tricia looked at the thin piece of engraved white cardboard trying to think of how it had come to be placed where it was.

And then Hazel came to mind.

"If I find out that that little fairy..." Tricia swore and then hastened to Mrs. Bently to question her about the sudden time of the wedding to learn by inference of Hazel's role in this matter and thus guessing that the fairy maid must know of Tricia's little charade!

Perhaps John had told her maid the truth in hopes of finding the film? It was all too obvious.

Tricia could not back out of the situation without exposing the truth to Mrs. Bently. So Tricia thanked Mrs. Bently for her kindness in arranging the wedding date.

Once Tricia had returned to the lovely bedroom it was necessary to think over the facts and what could be done about them. It was clear that the wedding would have to take place, and that meant that Tricia would be forced to live as a woman for months more. Or even a year as John had suggested. God knows what John will do when he finds out!

There had to be a way to punish Hazel for the maid's part of rushing things. Hazel with the pretty panties like a woman's...and then Tricia thought of Joe Adams and a wonderful way to make Hazel's dreams come true!

"On my wedding night you will become a woman too, little fairy maid. I'll have you made for sex. A maid for sex."

Tricia laughed at the little pun and made a phone call to start a perfect revenge in motion....

Meanwhile Mrs. Knox had been doing some planning of her own for little Hazel. She suggested to Hazel that once the wedding was over, perhaps Hazel would like to leave and go to work for Mrs. Dutton. Mrs. Dutton, a former employer, lived down state far from the world Hazel lived in, and she did not know Hazel's secret. Mrs. Knox pointed out that her previous employer needed a maid and she suggested Hazel.

“You met her at a bridge party.”

“The woman who wants to adopt a girl?” Hazel remembered....

“Yes,” Mrs. Knox acknowledged with a pleased smile, “She is very nice. And I am certain that you will be happy serving her needs.”

Mrs. Knox then laid out her plans for Hazel to pack, draw his savings, and go to serve Mrs. Rose Dutton after the wedding....

Just prior to the wedding Tricia spoke to Joe Adams in private before the bridesmaids and Hazel entered the room to help the bride with the final touches on the lovely bridal gown as the organ began to announce the guests.

Suddenly the wedding was in motion and Hazel watched with amused triumph as Tricia walked uncertainly down the aisle to accept John.

As Hazel watched Joe Adams came to the maid's side and passed to Hazel an envelope.

Hazel opened the envelope to discover a motel key and a note:

HAZEL, I MUST SEE YOU. MONDAY, AT NINE P.M., LOVE, JOHN.

“What is your reply,” Joe asked as instructed.

“Yes,” Hazel agreed quickly causing Joe to grin in delighted anticipation, since it had turned out just as Miss Upton had promised.

After the wedding Hazel helped Tricia with her toilette before the wedding reception and dance delighting in the secret of the planned meeting with John.

Maybe Hazel would give him the negatives then.

The duties of the reception and evening preparing Tricia for the bridal bed passed by quickly enough and soon Hazel was free to return to the servants' quarters.

Sunday and Monday were spent helping Tricia pack for a honeymoon trip. Hazel could hardly contain himself when Tricia insisted on holding onto his service until almost eight o'clock. He fairly fled in a swirl of skirts when released causing an amused Tricia to burst into laughter once the maid had left.

“Good luck, little fairy, tonight you become a woman....”

Hazel quickly took a vanity case and a coat after asking Mrs. Knox if he could use a car and receiving permission from the bemused housekeeper.

In a few minutes Hazel drove to the back of the motel after checking the rooms in front for the number on the key. Hazel noted that across from the back of the motel was a nursing home and the coast looked perfectly clear. Parking the car he took the vanity case in hand and walked quickly to the motel room door. After knocking and waiting Hazel decided that John had not yet arrived so he opened the door to enter the comfortable room.

To his surprise he noted a bottle of champagne in a bucket by the bed with two tall champagne glasses on the night stand nearby. On the bed there was a white satin nightgown and peignoir set with pretty white satin slippers on the floor nearby. Going to the bed Hazel saw a little note.

I HAVE BEEN DELAYED BY BUSINESS. SHOULD BE BACK BY 10. WHY DON'T YOU SLIP INTO SOMETHING COMFORTABLE AND WE CAN SPEND THE NIGHT LIKE OLD TIMES TALKING ABOUT THE FUTURE. LOVE, JOHN.

Hazel quickly undressed and looking at his little gold wrist watch he decided that there was time enough for a hot bath wanting everything to be perfect for John. He knew that John had wanted to tell him something that evening in the hall.

What mattered was that John still loved him! Once he gave the negatives to John he would no longer have to be married to that bitch! And Hazel could have the last laugh!

After the perfumed bath Hazel brushed his golden hair until it glowed in scented delight. Hazel then slipped into a white satin nightgown thinking that it was quite appropriate for this night of love.

When a knock sounded on the motel room door Hazel fairly ran to it to open it for John only to discover Joe Adams!

"Hello, pet," he laughed happily entering the room as Hazel stared in shocked disbelief seeing his eyes devour the femininity barely hidden by the satin nightgown and lace negligee while he shut the door and locked it!

"I see you are ready."

"Ready?" Hazel stammered backing away from the huge man as he opened his coat to reveal that he was dressed in slacks and a polo shirt. "Get out of here?"

"She said you might scream, but the room is sound proof. They specialize in young lovers, dearest," he laughed pulling off the shirt to reveal a powerful chest covered with hair. "But, I promise to be gentle with you."

He smiled as he unzipped his pants seeing Hazel's fascinated fears as the zipper opened to show more black hair and a great virile snake uncoil from the black nest to unsheathe its form showing a moist pink head.

With each step he took the throbbing organ grew bigger and bigger before Hazel's eyes causing Hazel to back away until the bed blocked escape.

“Miss. Upton said that you were really anxious to crawl into bed with me and that you were a virgin so you might be afraid, even after you promised to come. But, I knew that once you agreed to accept me, because of her note, it would be alright.”

“Her...note,” Hazel cried in shock, “Miss. Upton! Oh, No! Go away!”

“Scream all you want if you think it will make it more fun,” he laughed suddenly pushing his hand towards Hazel thrusting the satin form to the bed!

“NO!”

Before Hazel could cry out another word he was upon the struggling youth allowing his organ to slither up the satin skirts as his strong hands pulled this dainty veil up until his eyes saw in the faint bedroom light the fuzzy bush his thrusting snake sought to bury its eager moist head into!

“NO!”

In a single brutal thrust the gigantic organ battered its way through the feminine portals causing Joe to chuckle in delight while his pumping loins sought satisfaction until Hazel's legs wrapped about his naked back in eager receptiveness while Hazel tried to break free from his animalistic strength and the sexual fires that burned suddenly in Hazel's loins from weeks of imposed chastity.

Suddenly Joe's energies paused into spurting fulfillment and he abruptly withdrew, having selfishly satisfied his own needs.

Standing up he redressed seeing the maid turn upon her side to begin to cry. Shrugging his shoulders he put on his clothes after a cigarette.

“Look, I have to run. Mrs. Bently has some errands for me to run,” he noted seeing that Hazel was still crying. “When we get together back at the estate maybe we can talk things over. Now, that you know me better...”

Shrugging, Joe just didn't understand why women made such a fuss out of sex. They always were crying. Of course he knew that Tricia was wrong, no virgin was that easy to enter. No, Hazel had been in bed with a man before. Smiling to himself he left Hazel alone in the motel wondering why the new Mrs. Bently had insisted that he be back to the house before eleven....

Hazel heard the motel room door reopen. Thinking that Joe had come back Hazel arose from the bed keeping his back to the door as he readjusted his satin gown trying to control his sobbing emotions.

“Please go away!”

“How sweet, white satin and lace,” Tricia's amused voice observed from directly behind Hazel just as a sharp needle struck deeply into his shoulder like a knife!

“I saw your lover leave and I see that he has found delight in your dainty panty, just as if you were really a woman instead of a fairy boy. Did he find out your little secret, sweetheart?”

“You planned this,” Hazel protested closing the lace peignoir, “What was in the shot. Poison?”

He turned to face Tricia, who was placing the hypo in a purse before removing a light blue summer coat to reveal a shirtwaist styled white nylon nurse's uniform!

“Poison? Oh, no dearest. I have a wonderful way to cure your queer homosexual ways so that you won't try to lure my husband again to those pretty panties.”

“Your husband. I know you are Mark, you are just as queer as any,” he protested feeling slightly dizzy, “How did it feel to be a bride?”

“Much gentler than rape,” Tricia countered seeing him bow his head in knowing shame over what Joe had done.

“I swore that if you ever tried to lure my John I would give you a spanking that you will never forget. I promised you that John will never be interested in you again, when I am done with you.”

Hazel backed away, but the room seemed too unsteady as if it were being slowly turned about him.

Suddenly he found himself across Tricia's lap with his gown skirts folded high and his rear exposed to Tricia's delighted view as Tricia picked up Hazel's own hair brush and struck with savage joy....

SWACK! SWACK! SWACK! SWACK!

“Beg girl, beg to be a woman,” Tricia ordered sharply hearing a knock at the motel door and smiling grimly to herself.

Hazel wondered at the spinning room and his helplessness finding it harder and harder to coordinate his efforts. He couldn't hold back the pain and humiliation he felt over being spanked like a small child over Tricia's knees as the hairbrush reduced him into uncontrollable sobs!

“Please, make me a woman, please, I beg you, please.”

Tricia bent over to whisper as the door opened, “Louder, darling, and I'll let you go. Tell me how you want to be taken by man,”

He found himself upon the floor released from her cruel hands.

“I want to be a woman, I want to be loved by a man, I want to feel him as he hold me close, I want to be a woman, please, please....”

“They do get hysterical at times,” Tricia observed casually as two aides and a doctor entered while Hazel tried to arise painfully from his knees before Tricia,

“Hazel must be reacting to the anesthetic. I guess you heard him begging. Poor child wants to be a woman so very much you see.”

“I heard him. Do you have the money?”

“Please....” Hazel cried and then his muscles failed him and he fell into the doctor's strong arms discovering that while his body refused to operate he could still see what was happening from a strange detachment!

“Yes,” Tricia noted handing him an envelope. “I am a practical nurse perhaps it would easier on poor Hazel if he knew I was close at hand?”

“Sure,” the doctor nodded helping the aides place Hazel upon a cart. “I have two abortions in the morning so I agreed to get this over tonight as you suggested. I don't know why these things always seem to be rush jobs.”

“They wouldn't help him at the clinic,” Tricia protested, “And Mark Upton told me about your little hospital for wayward mothers.”

“Yeah,” the doctor half grunted remembering the man who had once been an orderly. “Okay, let's go. I'll have the duty nurse call the motel to clean up. You just bring his clothes and things. They like things neat.”

Tricia nodded to quickly gather Hazel's things and follow them from the motel room.

Tricia knew all about the arrangement between the abortion clinic and the motel. Tricia knew that Dr. Smith was a skilled surgeon. The grapevine had soon told Tricia all about Dr. Smith, who had worked in the same hospital that Tricia had when Tricia was Mark.

Smiling Tricia looked down at the still Hazel knowing that he was aware of what was happening. It was a perfect revenge on the queer boy for talking Mrs. Bently into rushing the marriage before they found the negatives and arrange an escape. If Tricia had to live as a woman for another year it was only fitting...

In a moment they entered a brightly lighted surgical room.

“Are you sure he wants to watch this,” Dr. Smith asked uncertainly as they moved Hazel to a large maternity operating table in a near sitting position so that poor Hazel could see his legs straddle a delivery mirror!

“Oh, he wants to be certain that he is to be a woman. And there is no turning back,” Tricia answered with a shake of the head in mock disbelief, “How very strange he is.”

“Oh, they come in all types,” one of the aides noted with a shrug.

Hazel struggled with his body in mounting terror watching one of the aides began to clean the exposed loin as the other removed the nightgown and lace robe. Hazel saw Tricia take his hand as if to comfort him!

“Don't worry dearest. It will only take a few minutes to cut away those nasty growths between your legs,” Tricia promised with amused concern while a pan was inserted under Hazel organs and the surgical tools were made ready.

In absolute horror Hazel watched Dr. Smith insert a tube up the urethra to draw urine before taking the scrotum in hand to apply clamps at the base of the penis.

As Hazel watched the circulation faded until Dr. Smith nodded in satisfaction taking a scalpel in his other hand. Hazel's mind screamed in terror as the curved knife deftly made two quick slits in the pink sac and each testicle fell into the pan!

As Hazel's mind realized what had happened Tricia picked up one of the tiny growths to smile saying. “There, you aren't a nasty fairy boy any more.”

Dr. Smith signaled for the anesthesia and Hazel drifted deeper into dreamless sleep before the doctor slit the soft skin covering of Hazel's penis to peel it away as he

scooped out the core. The signs of Hazel's sex vanished under the skilled surgeon's hand and in its place emerged the vaginal tube made from the inverted outer skin of his penis lined with a piece of mucous membrane. Once a tube was inserted to insure that the vagina would be properly formed, the urethra was fixed and the delicate fold of the labia minora was developed followed by the creation of a little clitoris from nerve endings with soft tissue.

“Oh, that is pretty,” Tricia laughed looking at the little pink bud, “Will she have an orgasm.”

“Yes, I'm sure that she will be very easily aroused,” Dr. Smith noted with a smile using his skill to create the outer lips of the labia major.

“Oh, Hazel will love that,” Tricia noted with delight as the surgeon finished up and bandaged the new woman's loins. “She will just adore her new sex, I'm sure.”

“I'll remove the stitches after a couple of weeks. I can give her breasts then,” Dr. Smith observed pulling off his gloves with a sigh as an aide helped him with his gown and the other began to clean up the surgery.

“I'm sure she will insist on big breasts. Hazel had the American Male's weakness for such things.”

Tricia helped move Hazel back to the cart.

“Okay, put her in room twelve,” Dr. Smith acknowledged turning to talk to Tricia as an aide pushed Hazel from the room up the hall to an elevator, and in a moment Hazel found himself alone in the dark room knowing that he now was a woman.

Sometime later Tricia turned on the light to enter with a nurse who gave him an injection and left him with Tricia.

“See, sweetheart, I cured your homosexuality,” Tricia laughed giving Hazel a little kiss before leaving him while the world spun into blackness of sleep....

Mrs. Knox worried about Hazel.

The child wasn't in his room and all she could see that he might have taken was his vanity case. Mrs. Knox searched the room in hopes for a clue to Hazel's whereabouts. It was then that she discovered the negatives and the note that Tricia had written to lure Hazel away. Mrs. Knox looked through the pictures and then the truth about Tricia dawned on her!

“Is the poor child still missing,” Mrs. Bently asked entering the kitchen with Joe following with an armful of packages. “Joe says that the car is back.”

Suddenly Mrs. Knox remembered Tricia talking with Joe before the wedding.

“Okay, where is she?”

“How should I know,” Joe replied with a surprised look that revealed that he did know something.

"If you know anything about this, you had better tell us," Mrs. Bently insisted fearing a scandal after all her efforts to set things right.

Joe shrugged. "We had a date last night. I left her at Bedlight's."

"Bedlight's?" Mrs. Bently asked in wonder.

"A motel," Mrs. Knox countered grabbing her coat. "What room?"

"Twenty three, in the back," Joe answered anxiously. "Look, the kid asked me to meet with her at the hotel and Miss. Upton, I mean Mrs. Bently said it was okay."

"I just bet she did," Mrs. Knox swore under her breath remembering how strange it was for Tricia to come back home so early in the morning. "You drive."

"Okay," Joe replied opening the door for Mrs. Knox, who turned to Mrs. Bently,

"Don't say a word to Tricia about this, she claims that Hazel has run away."

"She misses the girl so. She is so dependent upon her maid, and she is leaving with John today. I do think it was unkind of Hazel to run away," Mrs. Bently muttered not understanding why her housekeeper was chasing after the ungrateful child. She shrugged and took her own packages to her room as Mrs. Knox and Joe sped to the motel.

"What did you do to her?" Mrs. Knox demanded.

"Look, Mrs. Knox, I'm just a guy who likes pretty girls," Joe protested, "When I left the motel room she was okay, just a little over emotional after bed games."

"You had sex with Hazel," Mrs. Knox exclaimed in surprise....

"It certainly wasn't her first time, if that is what you think," Joe countered angrily feeling defensive as hell. "Look it was all her idea."

"After Tricia arranged it?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

They drove into the parking lot behind the motel and rushed to the room to find the door open and a maid cleaning things up.

"A girl, blonde, when did she leave?" Mrs. Knox asked impatiently.

"Last night, I guess," the woman answered with a shrug as Mrs. Knox entered the room. "Maybe they know at the desk, although I doubt it."

"Hey, look at that," Joe observed pointing to the rug where the wheels of the hospital cart had marked the rug. "What's that?"

The maid looked at them uncertainly as Mrs. Knox quickly opened her purse and pulled out a ten spot. "You family?"

"Friends?" Joe ventured.

"You the fella, maybe?" she asked looking him over, "Yeah you're the kind to get a girl in trouble. You want to save the baby, eh?"

Joe nodded seeing Mrs. Knox's head motion. "Where is she?"

“Across the street,” the maid replied pocketing the money, “At the nursing home. Probably took her over this morning.”

“Thanks,” Mrs. Knox breathed dashing across the lot trying to think why Tricia would have arranged this. It was fantastic. In a second they both were in the clinic confronted by an orderly.

“We've here to see Hazel.”

“Hazel, who?” the orderly asked blocking the way seeing that his question had stopped them cold, and then he remembered the transsexual's name was Hazel. “You friends?”

“Yes, Dr. Smith said it was alright,” Joe managed seeing the doctor's name on an envelope on the orderly's desk, “How is she?”

“Sleeping,” the orderly noted leading the way down the hall past another orderly. “They are friends of the guy that was castrated this morning.”

Joe and Mrs. Knox both froze in disbelief, each in their own confusion, as the orderly opened the door, .

“Buddy, I can assure you Hazel isn't any guy,” Joe swore looking into the room to see Hazel's blonde hair spread like a lovely fan about her childlike face. She looked awfully pale.

Mrs. Knox bit her lip trying to recover from the truth behind the aide's words.

“Joe, I guess she is alright. Mrs. Bently will need you to drive John and Tricia to the airport. I'll stay with Hazel and see what happened to her?”

“Okay,” he readily agreed, really not wanting to get involved with girls in an abortion hospital. And in a moment he left Mrs. Knox with the aide.

“Now, when did you operate?” she asked recovering her calm once she had sat down seeing another man enter.

“Who are you?”

“I'm Mrs. Knox. Hazel works for me as a maid. And you?” she countered, “Ah, then you must be Dr. Smith?”

Dr. Smith nodded the aide out of the room.

“Now, er, Mrs. Knox, I operated on him this morning and he is now a eunuch with basic external femaleness. He paid me for the operation and in a couple of weeks he will be as female as possible. That was the deal.”

“I guessed as much,” she mused studying him. “Do I call the police or do you start from the beginning?”

“It is all very simple. A Mrs. Bently called me saying that her son, Hazel, wanted a sex change operation. He had been refused by the gender clinic because of recent state problems they are having. She wanted to know if I would take the case. I then met a Miss. Adams, who was a nurse, or at least she said she was one.”

He looked at Hazel beginning to wonder. He then described Tricia adding, "She was with him last night through the operation. She said she wanted to see it all, so I gave him a local. I use it on some of the more difficult bre..."

"You mean he was awake and saw what you did to him?" Mrs. Knox asked in horror.

"Yes. She held his hand and was very kind. I heard him beg to be made into a woman when we picked him up at the motel. He wanted to be changed alright."

Mrs. Knox looked at the doctor and nodded.

"And if he didn't?"

Dr. Smith shrugged.

"Too late now, he is a woman from the waist down," he paused, "If you are right, I had better prepare him for post operative shock just in case."

He checked the still sleeping Hazel allowing Mrs. Knox to look on.

"You say she is like a woman from the waist down?" Mrs. Knox asked looking at the childish maidenly form before her. A fantastic solution began to form in her mind.

"Yes, the surgical details call for an operation on her vocal cords, breast implant, and some minor cosmetic matters usual in such cases. She will be a real knock out. It is easy to see why she wanted to be a girl."

"Yes, perhaps you are right," Mrs. Knox noted. "How old would you take her to be?"

"Underdeveloped fourteen," he laughed, "A little plastic surgery and she could pass for twelve without a worry. Even with breasts she will look like a teen, maybe eighteen at the most. The range is just a matter of a few changes."

Mrs. Knox took out her check book and smiled,

"And how much would they cost doctor?"...

Perhaps if you visit Mrs. Bently you will see that she is quite happy entertaining her old friends in her family home.

She will tell you how very sweet her new daughter-in-law is, and how wonderfully she is with John, a perfect house wife.

She might even suggest that you visit the happy couple at their beach home. Now, Mrs. Bently is without Mrs. Knox; or the maid, Hazel, (who must have run away with some man). So, you do see why she would love to have you stay over at her daughter-in-law's home instead?

After all Tricia would love to have you as a house guest, if her mother-in-law wanted her to. When Tricia Bently is not helping her mother-in-law with various charities she is quite busy entertaining John's business associates, or her circle of country club matrons. She is becoming quite a homemaker, since her husband feels that she really doesn't need a maid.

Besides, you do know how hard maids are to find?

But, you will never know the strange bond that keeps her son and daughter-in-law together. It is not the sexy panty that John insists Tricia wear as proof of her role and status in their home. John wants Tricia to know that he holds her responsible for their life in mutual bondage.

A bondage held secure by a strange form of blackmail consisting of a little negative that comes in the mail on their wedding anniversary each year with a note that read:

TWELVE NEGATIVES, TWELVE JOYFUL YEARS FOR THE HAPPY COUPLE. AND IF ONE SHOULD FORGET THEIR VOWS AND FAIL AS HUSBAND, OR WIFE, THESE PHOTOS WILL RUIN THEIR LIVES.

Of course John thinks it is all for the best, you see.

Now, that he lives separately from his mother he has less reason to quarrel with her. With a home of his own he has grown to accept his mother's advice concerning living a socially proper life. He particularly seeks her advice concerning her daughter-in-law, because he knows so little about women, or managing a wife.

He plans to make Tricia happy by keeping her under his firm hand to make certain that she realizes who the master of the house is..

He has even agreed with his mother, despite his wife's protests, that he and Tricia should practice family planning until they are ready to have children. So each morning before he goes to work, after his wife has dutifully made his breakfast in appreciation of his services the night before, he watches as Tricia obediently takes her birth control pills that his mother recommends as being the strongest dosage of a perfectly natural balance for a woman's needs of estrogen and progesterone for her cycle.

Also, Tricia had to accept the idea of breast implants in order that she could be more at ease in her exercise classes and other activities with the matrons; or while wearing those skimpy bikini swim styles that John insisted on seeing her wear at the beach so that his friends might know how sexily beautiful his wife is.

Actually he has noticed that his wife has become even more docile and softly feminine over the years of discipline, hormones, and beauty rituals needed by any woman anxious to please her husband and the all too critical matrons of her social set.

In fact, John's mother has noted that she would love to have a grand child in time. But, whenever she raises the subject with her daughter-in-law, suggesting that it is a wife's first duty after serving the needs of her husband to have a child to make her complete, the poor girl becomes quite nervous almost frightened, particularly if John were about to agree that Tricia would be a wonderful mother. Mrs. Bently, considered her daughter-in-law's concerns about becoming a mother, as being quite natural. Some wives needed a little time before they accepted the idea of becoming pregnant.

She was certain that John would find a way to make her a grandmother.. He has done so well to make Tricia a happy housewife...

Mrs. Bently knows that John manages the household funds keeping Tricia on a strict budget with only credit accounts at the various very best shops and salons that a woman needs to maintain her social standing and image as a matron, but with no

money or credit cards to use for unnecessary expenses or trips away from her wifely responsibilities.

Of course, John wants his wife to have all the lovely things that a woman should have. He was particularly proud of her excellent taste in clothes, although his mother thinks that her daughter-in-law tends to wear clothes just a bit too sexually provocative to show her ample womanly charms. However, Mrs. Bently is very happy when her daughter-in-law confesses that she wears such clothes to please John. Mrs. Bently thinks that is quite right for a wife to do, especially considering his past sexual interests!

John is quite aware of the fact that his wife must be a gracious hostess and homemaker for all to see how happy she is serving his needs.

Since he knew so little about such matters he followed his mother's advice and asked Sarah, his mother's cook, or Jane, his mother's maid, to come over to his home from time to time to see how Tricia was doing as his obedient wife.

Although, the two women thought that John's request for them to thoroughly inspect his wife's housekeeping was rather strange, they were more than happy to make suggestions on how Tricia could improve her housework, remembering all too well how demanding she had been when they had to cater to her needs.

At first, Tricia seemed quite angry about their interest in her wifely duties; but, when they returned for a next visit they found that she had been crying about something.

They had to confess that the minute she greeted them she smiled happily and was very eager for their inspection and absolutely prompt in correcting her previous faults until John's home was perfectly spotless.

In fact, they both had to agree that Mrs. Bently's son did not need a maid, when he had such a good wife.

And, as you can see, he keeps Tricia with a firm hand making certain that she stays dutiful to love, honor, and obey her master as a woman should even when her husband is wont to spank her from time to time, and especially as an anniversary present...

But, if you visit the Dutton home you will find a still happier family.

You will see Mrs. Dutton's delight and joy, a lovely golden haired girl of thirteen, who she has just adopted, so they say.

Mrs. Knox, their housekeeper, constantly adores the child and both matrons cause the poor girl some embarrassment before her playful peers by insisting that she always be dressed in the daintiest of satins and lace.

But, Mrs. Knox thinks that it is their way of helping the child to forget her unhappy past. For, what ever Hazel's past may have been she now enjoys attending eighth grade classes at St. Catherine's School for Girls.

Of course, they delight in dressing up Hazel the most when little Hazel has her birthday and needs a very special party dress to entertain her playmates from school.

Why Mrs. Knox even makes a special trip to the City to select this adorable party dress for her employer's lovely teenage daughter.

While on this trip to the City Mrs. Knox always remembers another little anniversary, and that happy couple. So thoughtfully she sends a sweet little note of reminder, enclosed with a loving picture from their past, to celebrate yet another year of their future bliss....

Perhaps Mrs. Bently will still have that lovely grandchild she hopes for despite Tricia's all too feminine fears and John's desires to make both of the women in his life happy!