

A Maid's Story



Blind Ruth



A "Her Tv" Novel



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A MAID'S STORY

By Blind Ruth

THE MAID

“Flossie, FLOSSIE, where are you, you good-for-nothing? I can never find that lazy maid when I want her. Come here at once, FLOSSIE!”

That's the Mistress calling. I'll tell you more when I have the time I'll have to go now to the drawing room. “Coming, Mistress. I'll be there in a moment.”

“Ah, there you are, you lazy bitch, hiding yourself out of my sight. Now that you are here, this is your order for the day. Tidy the house up and pay particular attention to Miss Irene's room for she will be tired after her long journey from the Far East. Then prepare cucumber, tuna, tomato sandwiches, canapés and such like for the finger buffet and put some bottles of white wine in the fridge. The ladies

from my club are coming this afternoon. Now let me inspect your uniform.” The mistress inspects my maid’s uniform.

“Oh dear, that will never do. Flossie, I expect better than that, the uniform is all grubby looking and not what I expect from my maid. You will go and change into the new uniform made last week, do you understand?”

I nod my head and receive a slap on the face by the Mistress.

“That is not the way you were taught. Such a stupid maid, do it properly.”

So there I am, holding out the edges of my black maid’s dress, bending my knees and giving a swooping curtsy to the Mistress.

“That’s so much better. Always remember what I taught you. We will be get on so much better, won’t we? I will not hesitate to take you across my knee and spank you even if my ladies are present this afternoon. You know that, don’t you, Flossie? Well, answer me.”

I am afraid and I answer the Mistress in the affirmative. “Yes Mistress,” I humbly reply.

“Good. I have much to do today in the office, I am up to my ears in work. I expect a good job for you, otherwise you know the consequences, don’t you?”

Another “Yes Mistress” and a deep curtsy as the Mistress leaves the house.

Mistress or Euphemia De Burges is or was my mother-in-law and I’ll explain that in a minute. Euphemia is a short fat woman but she takes good care of her figure or so she says. And as for Miss Irene, we were married. I may be the maid now but

that was not how I started life. I am a man. I sometimes wonder about that when I see myself dressed in these maid's clothes. Whether I am still married is a mystery to me.

Some weeks ago I overheard a conversation between the Mistress and her solicitor and words like 'divorce' and 'desertion' were dropped. My mother-in-law is a very devious woman; she never liked me and as the feeling is mutual. There is no doubt if a divorcé did go to court Irene would have good grounds for desertion as I have disappeared out of sight. No wonder as her mother put me in skirts. I do an injustice to Euphemia; it wasn't exactly her who put me in a skirt. It was my wife Irene but then it was fun. Euphemia found out and used it for her own purposes. Surely Irene wouldn't divorce me as she knows the whole story which I will get around to telling you when I have some time. But duty calls and I must get on with my work.

You heard the Mistress with my orders for the day. Her devious plan to catch me out was that I had to wash and iron the clothes. The washing is no problem as there is a washing machine but I have to iron all her precious skirts, dresses, and blouses plus my own. Which reminds me, this maids uniform I have on will stay on till all my work is done. Then it will go in the wash for I want the outfit she has bought me to be fresh and clean. See you all soon.

It took me all of the morning and a good part of the afternoon to clean the house and Miss Irene's room. Euphemia's clothes and underwear are all

there on her bed, clean and pressed for inspection. God help me if she is not pleased for she will not hesitate to spank me, an almost daily occurrence which she takes great delight in giving. The sandwiches are prepared for her upper class woman's club. I will stand by in the kitchen waiting to serve them their sandwiches and a tray of glasses with wine which I have done many times in the past.

You may as well stay here and watch as I change into my new maid's uniform. You won't see anything that Euphemia hasn't seen before. She took great pleasure lacing me up into corsets but I can manage it all by myself now. I'm used to it. In my chest of drawers, third from the top, is this dammed lace-in corset. She likes to see my waist nipped in. Second drawer from the top are the knickers and plenty of them. Who wears directoire knickers in the 21st century? I do. Look at them; long black silky ones, frilly white Chantilly lace round the knees. Then there are the petticoats I have to wear, at least four for she demands it. Anything for a quiet life. I select four of different colours. I like black so the black, then blue, pink and white. They will go on, not in any particular order. She doesn't care as long as there are plenty.

Black stockings are a must for the Mistress. So here I am all dressed in the maid's outfit, just my lace-up black ankle boots to put on. There we are. What do you think of me now? You may as well laugh although it's not funny to me to be dressed like this. As I said before, I'm sure she does this to humiliate me. Look at the time! I'll have to fly for she will be here at any minute to inspect me before her ladies arrive

Thank goodness that's all over. I was rushed off my feet her and her ladies. Euphemia seemed in a good mood this afternoon for a change although she did straighten my cap and told me to be more careful in the future. I stood by the front door to admit the ladies from her club, then I escort them into the living room where Euphemia greeted each one with a kiss on the cheek. I noticed as I have in the past the club secretary Mrs. Kathleen Smyth-Hyde, an elderly rather plump woman, receiving what I would call an unusual kiss on the cheek. I can't put my finger on it but it was a different kiss from the rest.

Mrs. Smyth-Hyde's husband is henpecked. She definitely is the one that wears the pants in that house. She and Euphemia are always chatting with each other. But I really hadn't much time this afternoon to watch them; I had other things to do like bringing the plates of sandwiches around her women and offer trays with glasses of wine. In the kitchen I listen for the Mistress ringing that little hand bell for me to bring more wine and sandwiches. I tell you it's a busy life being a maid.

I do from time to time hear snatches of conversation. 'My John will be at the Palace next week to receive his knighthood from the Queen.'

"Then I suppose we will have to call you Lady Doreen now," came the answer. The first woman said nothing but a big smile spread over her face. What a bunch of snobs. Euphemia may well have been Her Ladyship if her husband hadn't died. He was a nice man, we got on well and I may not have been in this maid's outfit if he was still alive.

I know you're sitting there thinking this is one of these Reluctant Press stories about the bad mother-in-law turning her son-in-law into the maid.

You're wrong this isn't a story but you are right about the bad mother-in-law turning me into her maid. Next you're thinking these things don't happen in the 21st century. They certainly do. I am living proof of that. I will tell you how it all began.

THE GIRLFRIEND

In another life I was a telephone engineer installing phone systems in offices, factories and such. I was at night school studying for my City and Guilds for I was aiming for higher things than just installing phone systems. I wanted to climb the ladder to become a manager and that first step was coming soon.

“Jimmy, this is your last job of installing a phone system. Once this job is finished you'll become my junior manager. You're on your way to the top. I have a lot of faith in you to go far.”

“Right, boss. Where is the job?”

“Ogden Clothes factory. They are scrapping their old phone system and putting a complete new system in, all electronic. They've been good customers in the past. I'll leave everything in your capable hands. You know what to do, there is no need for me to tell you.”

As you will have guessed my name is James or Jimmy Rankin. I almost have forgotten that because of answering to Flossie. I know Mistress would like me to forget it too. Ogden is big in these parts, making women's dresses and such. They have many factories all over the land. The one I am going to is their headquarters and takes up a large part of an industrial estate. I expect to be there many months.

I won't be the only one from the company there; I will be in charge of a team of engineers. I will be planning the job and giving instructions to all. The owner of Ogden clothes is a Mr. Henry De Burges. He is the person I shall co-ordinate with while the job is being installed. I shall probably take a week planning all the work before the team arrives and have the approval of Mr. De Burges for everything.

The first day I arrive at Ogden's head office Mr. De Burges called me into his office for a talk.

"Mr. Rankin, I know that you have been instructed to discuss all matters pertaining to this installation with me. I am a very busy man and may be out of the country for weeks at a time. I have therefore delegated that task to my daughter Irene who will in time take over from me. She is a very competent woman. She knows the company business like the back of her hand. Irene is not here today but I shall introduce you to her tomorrow, Mr. Rankin."

I met Irene De Burges the following day. She was a beautiful woman about my own age.

"This is Mr. Rankin, Irene. He is in charge of installing our new phone system. He will communicate with you should any problems arise."

"I see, father. I am sure Mr. Rankin and I will get along nicely. Don't hesitate to contact me, Mr. Rankin."

Irene gave me a nice big smile. I think we hit it off from the start and I must admit I rather fancied her.

The only problem that Irene would be involved in was the location of the PABX exchange which would need a lot of space and ventilation.

“Where would you suggest, Mr. Rankin?” Irene asked.

“Ideally somewhere in the basement for a lot of space is needed for all the equipment and ventilation.”

“I see. Then I will have one of our old stock rooms cleared out, redone, painted, and decorated. Will that be all right?”

“Yes indeed, Miss de Burges.”

Irene looked at me “I think if we are going to see a lot of each other in the near future, we should drop the formalities. Just call me Irene. What should I address you as?”

I was all for that and certainly wanted to get to know Irene better. “It’s Jimmy, Irene.”

“Good, then Jimmy it is. I think we will get on famously, Jimmy, don’t you?”

Irene De Burges was easy to get along with and most helpful during that job. She even invited me to the director’s canteen for lunch all the time I was there. We sat together and chatted. I learned she had been to university and had degrees in design for clothing. She certainly was not a snob, unlike her mother as I was to learn. She learned of my ambitions and that I was about to become a junior manager after I completed this job.

“On the way up, Jimmy. You’ll make it, never fear.”

With that encouragement why not ask her for a date? After all, faint heart never won fair lady. I surprised myself and did just that.

“Sure Jimmy, where do you suggest we go?”

I hadn't expected a yes and was stumped where to go. Irene saw that. “I know a small secluded restaurant, just the right place for us. What you say to Saturday night?”

“I'll pick you up at seven.”

“Okay, Jimmy.”

Then I realised I didn't know where she lived and told her so. She laughed and gave me directions.

So there I was Saturday night in my new car, a Volvo which I bought because of my pending promotion. Irene's home is a large country estate owned by her father. There stood the manor house before me as I parked the Volvo on the stone chipped driveway. On applying the lion-headed knocker, the large mahogany door was opened by a maid.

“Yes?” she asked. “And what do you want.”

“I have come to collect Irene De Burges.”

“Have you indeed? Is Miss Irene expecting you?” she said, looking at me as if I was a piece of dirt.

“Yes of course,” I answered.

“Then you may as well come in. I will take you to the Mistress.” Then she added, “Wipe your feet. I have enough cleaning up about this house.” If I thought that welcome wasn't friendly, more was to come.

“This gentleman,” said the maid sarcastically putting emphasis on the word ‘gentleman,’ “has come to see Miss Irene, Mistress.”

The plump woman, who was sitting on a well-upholstered chair, turned to face me. “Has he indeed? You may carry on with your duties, Helen,” said she dismissing the maid who I am sure would have liked to be privy to the ensuing conversation.

“So, you are the young man my Irene has been talking about Mr...”

“Rankin, Mrs. De Burges,” said I, assuming this was Irene’s mother.

“Yes, what university did you go to, Oxford or Cambridge?”

“Neither, Mrs. de Burges. In fact, I’ve never been to university.”

With that answer, Euphemia de Burges raised her eyebrows and gave me what I only can describe as a curious look. “Then you’ve never been to university, Mr. Rankin? Most unfortunate.”

“Correct, Mrs. De Burges, however I am making up for that at night school.”

Just then, Irene entered the living room. “I hope you’re not trying to scare Jimmy off, Mother,” she laughed.

I was so engrossed with Irene’s mother that only now I had time to see Irene. In that little low-cut black evening dress and black heeled shoes she was absolutely beautiful.

“Mother, I will have to leave you for Jimmy is taking me for dinner and a dance, aren’t you?”

“What? Oh yes,” I replied, mesmerised in the beauty of Irene. She gave her mother a kiss on the cheek as we left.

“You mustn’t take mother to heart, Jimmy. She still thinks I’m a schoolgirl and is trying to protect me from the wolf. She needn’t bother. I’ve already met him.”

“Who was that, Irene?”

“The wolf?” she laughed. “Harry Patrick. Hands all over the place till I slapped his face.”

“That name is familiar.”

“Should be, he is in line to inherit one of our biggest rivals when his father retires.”

“Now I’ve got it, Patrick Fashions. They’re always advertising on the telly. Women’s clothes and all that sort of thing.”

“Yep, got it in one. Harry went to University, got plenty of degree’s and, to put it in his own language, he was an absolute cad and a bounder and a womaniser to boot. I soon got rid of him. Funny thing, it was Mother who arranged our meeting. Harry is too macho a man for my liking. I go for the more gentle type like yourself, Jimmy.”

I wasn’t too sure about Irene’s description of me. I wouldn’t have called myself ‘macho’ but I had never thought of myself as a gentle sort of male. No more was said on that subject and we talked about more pleasant matters that night. After that first night Irene and I regularly dated even after the system had been installed in Ogden’s factory and I had left to start up duties as a junior manager.

At that time I lived alone in an apartment block flat in a respectable district. I had left home some

time earlier but kept in touch with my parents who lived in another town. I had had a few girlfriends in the past and we had sex but the thought of marriage never entered my mind. However Irene was different . The one thing that worried me was the fact that Irene's family had so much money and I had nothing. I was afraid she would turn me down but then I hadn't asked her yet. From somewhere I summoned up the courage to ask her to marry me.

"I would like nothing better than to be your wife, Jimmy, but don't you think we should be engaged first? You really knows nothing about me or I you."

"Yes of course, Irene. We'll buy the ring together, pick whatever you wish."

I was afraid she may have expensive taste in that department and bust my bank book. Not one bit of it.

"We'll need money to set up house so let's pick a sensibly priced engagement ring."

Of course after that, Mommy had to know we were engaged.

"My little girl is engaged? You're so young, do you really know what you're doing, Irene? Will Daddy approve of it."

"Oh Mother, it has nothing to do with Daddy or you. I'm a big girl now and as soon as Daddy comes back from his business trip, we'll tell him, won't we, Jimmy?"

If looks could kill, the one I got from Irene's mother would have finished me.

"I hope you will keep my daughter in the manner she is accustomed to, Mr. Rankin."

She never addressed me as James or Jimmy. I knew that Euphemia De Burges had taken an instant dislike to me for I had spoiled her little plan of marrying Irene to someone else. She would do everything in her power to stop our marriage and she almost succeed.

It was during the time we were engaged I found that Irene was kinky. As I said I had my own flat and from time to time Irene would visit me there. One time when we were snogging, she remarked, "You have such smooth skin, Jimmy, almost like a girl's. I have to confess that I have one kinky desire and I hope you don't mind me telling you, Jimmy. You may as well know if we are going to marry."

"Go ahead, Irene, it can't be all that bad."

"I'm glad you feel that way. It could bring us so much closer to each other. I've never mentioned this to anyone before, not even Mother. I have this desire to dress a man in female clothes. So there it is out now."

I stopped in my tracks for my beloved Irene was looking at me. "You don't mean me, do you?"

"You're ideal, soft skin and all that and not macho like Harry Patrick. I've always had that dream. Don't ask me why but it does something to me thinking about a male dressed in skirts."

Irene came closer to me. "Would you do it for me, Jimmy, would you? I'll be ever so thankful."

I had never seen her so passionate before. "Irene, behave yourself," I said, pushing her away. I was be-

ginning to get hot under the collar. Whatever could she be thinking?

“I knew it was too good to hope for but just once could you do it for me, Jimmy? You do love me, don’t you?” she pleaded.

I think with her pleading and sad looking eyes she had got me. Well, if it pleased her, just once wouldn’t hurt. Besides, no one would see me if it was just there in the flat.

“I suppose so, Irene, just this once if that is your fantasy.”

Irene was all over me, kissing, hugging, like there was no tomorrow. “Don’t worry darling, I’ll provide everything; dresses, skirts, hose, shoes, makeup, the lot. We’ll do it Saturday. You’ve made me so happy, darling.”

More kisses and hugs. Maybe dressing in women’s clothes wasn’t going to be so bad after all if Irene acted like this. I’d never seen Irene so excited; all that week she kept phoning me about Saturday, telling me what she had bought in lingerie and dresses. For me it meant nothing for what did I know about woman’s clothes then?

Irene arrived early that Saturday loaded with parcels.

“You didn’t need to buy all these, did you? After all, it’s only once.”

She never answered and I hadn’t even seen what was in the parcels. “You’ll need a bath, Jimmy.”

“What you talking about? I wash and shave every morning.

She looked at me. “You’re not going to spoil my dream, sweetheart, are you?”

“Okay, if it pleases you, I’ll do it.”

“That’s the spirit! I know everything is just going to be fine.”

So there am I, naked, running my bath and in comes Irene. “What you doing here?” I ask.

“I’m helping you with your bath.”

I try to cover my vital parts with a towel.

“Don’t you think when we are married I’ll see plenty of that?” she remarks. “Now don’t be a baby, let me get on with it. First of all, rub yourself this depilatory cream over your body.”

“Why?”

“To remove the hair from your body.”

Irene squeezed the cream from the tube and was rubbing it all over my body. even down below.

“Don’t you think this is carrying things too far, Irene?”

“You’re not going to give me problems now that we have gone so far, are you?”

I did after all consent. After all it was only once and the only person who would see was Irene. Irene now sprinkled sweet-smelling bath salts into the water. “There we are, you’ll smell so much better and I’ve got some nice lilac talc to put on you after the bath. We’ll soon have you smelling like a woman, won’t we, darling? Then we can get to work on that face of yours.”

I was beginning to wonder just what I had let myself in for. I had never seen Irene so enthusiastic about anything before. Irene’s sponged my back then it was all over and she towelled me down. She sprinkled that lilac talc all over my smooth body and

I could see all the hairs at the bottom of the bath. My body was hairless. Irene squirted some perfume on me. I couldn't tell you what it was but I smelled it on Irene before.

"You're beginning to smell like a woman should but there is more to do. Follow me."

Irene had me sitting before my dressing table mirror, her vanity case nearby. I was still naked.

"Put these on for me now," she said, handing me a pair of black silk panties. She watched as I pulled them up my smooth legs. They did feel nice, I have to admit. I said nothing, Irene smiled at me.

"Okay sweets, let's get started," said Irene, opening her vanity box. Within was a multitude of lipsticks, face powder, and eyeshadow, mascara, blusher, and God knows what else. First she took a pair of tweezers and started on my eyebrows.

"What are you doing?"

"Getting those bushy male eyebrows plucked out before we use the eyebrow pencil."

That finished, she used cleansing cream, preparing my face before the makeup was applied. Irene was happy in her work. Irene hadn't started on the makeup yet and was taking plenty of time before doing so. I told her that.

"We've got all day and I'm going to do this right for it is my dream. You're not worried, are you?"

"No, no, of course not." I didn't want to be put in a woman's skirt but no point in complaining right now. Irene just smiled at me and carried on, running her hand over my now smooth face. She was satisfied and the makeup started.

“You’re all ready. We can get to work on that face. I love this!” Irene had already applied face powder to my cheeks with the powder puff, then came the black eyebrow pencil as highly arched brows she pencilled in.



Now came the light blue eyeshadow followed by the sweeping up of my eyelashes with the black mascara. Irene kissed me on the back of my neck. I must admit I was getting an erection. She may have noticed but said nothing. A pink blusher was put on my cheeks. If I thought Irene was finished with the makeup, I was very much mistaken.

“Give me your fingers!” Irene took a couple of nail polish jars out of the vanity case and applied clear nail polish. She allowed it to dry, then a red nail polish was applied. “There we are, Jimmy, that’s the makeup finished. Now let me see, where did I put it?”

Irene opened one of her parcels. “Come here,” she ordered me.

“What’s this?”

“Your breasts.”

I look at them. They’re so life-like. Before I know it she is sticking a Velcro pad over my chest and pressing the breast forms on to them. Then I ponder for a moment in wonder. “How come you know so much about making a man look like a woman? The makeup I can understand for that would be second nature to a woman but these...” I say pointing to the well stuck-on breasts. “Where did you learn about them?”

Irene gave me a cute smile. “Listen sweetheart, when you have a dream like I have of seeing a man in a frock you read as many books on the subject as you can. You have all the knowledge at your finger tips ready if that opportunity should arise. It has and there is more.”

A brassiere, a flesh-coloured one, was now in the hands of Irene and she proceeded to fit it to me.

Next another parcel opened and she took out what I can only describe as a sort of padded panty girdle with suspenders hanging from it.

“Take your panties off,” she said, taking the item from me and making me step into this contraption of a panty girdle. It was tight as she pulled it up my body and it was snugly fitted round me. “You’ll appreciate that later when we’re finished.”

I’m wasn’t sure about that statement. Maybe *she* would. Me? I didn’t think so.

“Sit!” I was ordered like a dog and like a dog I obeyed. There is no doubt Irene has a certain command in her voice. She took a packet containing beige stockings, opened it. She proceeded to place a foot of mine into one of them and rolled it up my leg, then attached the top to the suspenders hanging from the panty girdle, all three. Then Irene repeated the same process with my other foot.

“You can stand now.” She was holding a white satin slip in her hand; this went over my head and slithered down my body. “Doesn’t that feel nice, Jimmy?”

I didn’t answer. What do you say to a woman who has put you in a slip? I felt foolish.

By now Irene was opening other parcels. She held up a dress, a white summery dress I knew it was light as it floated over my body. White open toe low-heeled shoes were produced and I was told to put my feet into them. A couple of clip-on dropper earrings in the form of a red rose and a pearl necklace was produced from her handbag and put on me. Have you ever looked in at a mirror at a man with all that one would associate with the fair sex, like makeup, dress, stockings and jewellery? The

one exception was the hair. The appearance was funny, queer to say the least. That was to change as Irene produced a long blonde wig and promptly put it on my head. The wig flowed over my shoulders.

“What you think of my handy work?” Irene pointed at the mirror. I did look like a woman. I hoped Irene was satisfied so we could call it quits. No such luck. Irene was producing a purse and coat and handing them to me.

“What’s this for, sweetheart?”

“We’re going out, that’s what.”

“But...but I thought.”

“I know what you thought. Now that I’ve gone this far, we not stopping. I’m going to fulfil my dream and show you in public. That will be the fulfilment of my dream of making a man look so much like a woman that no one will realise you are indeed a man.”

I had the feeling that something had been released from Irene that was unstoppable and events proved me right. So there I was in Irene’s Mercedes going to God knows where. I was trying to keep out of sight. But that didn’t matter to her. The last thing she wanted was to hide me. Where better to expose her skills of transformation than the local shopping mall?

“Well, what are you waiting for?” She took my hand and forcibly pulled me out of the passenger seat. This was one side of Irene I had never seen before and I wasn’t sure I was ready for it. Ready or not, I found myself inside the shopping mall. Irene slipped her arm round my elbow like girlfriends do.

I was scared to say a word so therefore I have to go wherever Irene took me. At that time of day on a Saturday afternoon, the place was crowded.

Suddenly a woman's voice was heard. "Well fancy seeing you here, Irene."

Instead of removing herself as quick as she could, Irene welcomed this intruder. "Hello Rachel, how are you?"

The two women stood there in the mall chatting. I gathered that they were students at university together. Then Irene turns to me. "This is my cousin Flossie visiting for a few weeks."

Rachel held her hand out to me. We shake. Irene was going to prolong this meeting as long as she can to prove her skills in transformation. After a while both women say their farewells and go their separate ways. Irene goes to various shops, me in tow, remarking as we go along. "You would look nice in that dress, Flossie". I didn't dare say a word.

We were on our way back to my flat in her car. "Wasn't that fun, darling. We must do it again." She gave me a kiss, opened the passenger door and pushed me out but not before giving me a playful pat on the rear. "See you tomorrow".

There was nothing left for me to do but enter just as I was in those woman's clothes. What if someone saw me? I entered the lift as a man stepped from it. He didn't give me a second glance. So far so good. As I made for my flat old Mrs. Rowan passed me and says not a word. In the flat, the phone rang. I answered. It was Irene.

"Did you meet anybody on the way to your flat, sweetheart?"

I tell her so.

“Anyone say anything?”

“No.”

“You’re just a natural, Flossie. I have so much planned for you. See you in the morning,” and she hung up.

What was that all about, I wonder. I still had to get the clothes and makeup off. Why was I being so pernickety taking these women’s things from my body and folding them neatly on the chair? As for the makeup, all I could do was use soap and water which made no difference to it. So there I was in bed in men’s pyjamas with a female face on me and that’s how Irene found me in the morning.

“I thought a summery dress would be right for today seeing it is so warm. And I’ve brought you a nightie. Can’t have you going to bed in these disgusting pyjamas can we?” says she, eyeing me up and down.

“We’re not going out in women’s clothes again, are we?”

“You’re not going to give me any trouble, are you? You do love me, don’t you?”

What do you say to that? Of course I loved Irene, more than anything but what was she doing to me? “Yes”.

“Well there you are. We are wasting time. Let’s get you into this.” She was opening a number of parcels she brought in with her. She sat me before the dressing table mirror, her vanity already opened and starting to remove yesterday’s makeup. “There we are. Now run along and take your shower, then we can get started on your face.”

I finished my shower. Irene was there with talc perfume and god knows what else of feminine delights. Soon I was once again sitting before the dressing mirror. She was plastering makeup on my face.

“I hope you are watching me, darling. Soon I expect you to do all this by yourself for we are wasting precious time, time that could be spent in a dress.”

“Yes dear,” I stupidly answer. Irene has me eating out her hand. The only excuse I have is that I love her.

“There we are. Now don’t you think you look pretty?” she says as a brunette wig is placed on my head. I was sitting there in my bra and panties, nevertheless I did look pretty for a woman, thanks to Irene.

“I don’t think you need a slip today, it is so hot, Flossie”. Irene was opening a parcel containing a pure white sleeveless low button-up front summer dress and started putting my hands into it, then buttons the front up. A pair of white sandals were produced and put on my feet. I am stocking less. She has already slung a necklace round me and put on a pair of clip-on earrings with the comment, “We’ll have to do something about that.” I could see none of this was cheap and told her so.

“Come come, Flossie. You know my father owns a clothing company so the clothes cost not a penny. In fact I have some women working on a few outfits for you, different from what you already have seen.” I was soon to find out what that meant and they certainly were different.

I was in her Jag this time. “You’ve changed your car, Irene.”

“I didn’t like the Mercedes.”

“But you only had it a few weeks.” I was to find out that Irene was forever changing her car, something she seemed to be doing with my dresses as well. I had no idea where we were heading, another shopping trip perhaps. No, we were in a country park. We exited her car but not before a picnic basket was taken from the trunk. We carried it between us. I suppose seeing two women carrying a picnic hamper on a hot summer day is not an unusual sight.

“Here!” Irene said. We put the hamper down on a picnic site. Irene spread a blanket and we set the hamper down on it. “Help yourself to whatever you want. I brought a small bottle of wine to wash it all down, sweets.”

After we finished Irene started a serious talk with me. “I have arranged to have your ears pierced but don’t worry, you won’t feel a thing”.

It wasn’t pain I was worried about. “What are the boys at work going to say when they see my ears pierced?”

“They must be a lot of old fuddy-duddies at your work. It’s the in thing nowadays for men to wear earrings.” I wasn’t thinking of wearing earrings to work in the first place but the piercings would be spotted right away by the eagle-eyed lot at the office.

“You’re not ashamed to wear earrings, are you?”

“Well err...”

I didn’t get any further as Irene interrupted. “Good, then that’s that settled. Your appointment is Thursday at 2:30. Liz is the beautician. Don’t be late, she’ll be waiting.”

“But I can’t leave my work just like that, Irene.”

“What you talking about, Flossie. You’re a line manager now. Who is going to argue with the boss?” Irene was correct. I had been promoted and was no longer a junior manager.

“I suppose you’re right, Irene.”

“Of course, I always am and don’t you forget it, sweetheart. Now you keep that appointment.”

Eventually we slowly made our way back to Irene’s car having spent some five hours or more in that country park. I suppose I couldn’t complain for that summery dress did keep me cool in the hot sun. I had looked at some males sweating in their shirts and trousers. At least I felt a cool breeze run through the dress. We reached Irene’s car and put the hamper in the trunk.

“I think it’s time I had some fun, don’t you?”

Before I could answer, my girlfriend was undoing the button-up front of my dress as I sat in the passenger seat. Irene’s hand slipped into my panties (nice cool white nylon ones if you must know).

“You’ve got a raging hard-on, Flossie you hussy.”

“Well what do you expect when you’re messing about with my cock?”

She giggled “Isn’t it fun? And it’s so much better when you’re in a dress.”

It was the first time Irene had ever handled my male member. Maybe being in a skirt had its advantages after all, I thought. I’m was thinking about putting a hand in her knickers but that was soon forgotten as she set to work rubbing my male appendage. It didn’t take long for me to cum.

“Sweetheart, you may as well take your panties off and put them in your handbag for tomorrow’s washing. Don’t worry, I’ll buy you a few more.” I wasn’t worrying. I was hoping I’d seen the last of them.

On the way back home, Irene remarked, “Wasn’t that fun? We must do it again soon, Flossie.”

“Why do you keep calling me Flossie? You knows my name is Jimmy.”

She gave me a look. “There is no way I’m going to call you anything else dressed as you are now.”

I suppose it made sense for it could turn heads if someone heard her call me Jimmy and seeing me in a skirt.

“I shall have to fly for Father is not keeping well. I am taking his place in a business deal this week so I won’t be around for a while. You keep that appointment with Liz. If you don’t, she will tell me. Let me see your bedroom.”

I was hoping that after our little escapade in the car we might be going between the sheets.

“Where do you keep your pyjamas?” my beloved girlfriend asked. I show her the drawer and Irene proceeded to remove the lot. “Now you will have to wear the nightie I bought especially with you in mind, won’t you? I don’t want to see any male pyjamas here when I come back.” With that, Irene gave me a kiss on the cheek and was gone.

Thursday afternoon I was at Liz’s beauty salon. “A lot of gay boys come here to get their ears

pierced,” the elderly woman said, giving me a serious look.

“But I’m not gay,” I told her.

“That’s okay dearie, your secret is safe with me. I’m known for my discretion.”

I could see no matter what I said this woman definitely thought I was gay so I let the matter rest. As Irene said, I felt nothing having my ears pierced after Liz inserted two keeper rings in my ears.

“You just turn the rings every four, five hours so that the holes do not close. After a few weeks you can try bigger earrings; we have a good selection here. You may wish to bring your boyfriend with you. I’m used to gay couples, no problem.”

I do have to say the elderly woman was very pleasant about everything. If I had been gay, I would have had no hesitation going there. Irene phones me that night and enquired about my piercing.

“Have any problems, darling?” I answered no. “Good, she is very helpful with the gays.”

“I gathered that she thought I was one.” Irene giggled on the other end of the line. “That’s not funny, Irene. I never was so embarrassed in my life.”

“Changing the subject, Flossie, we are going to a fancy dress ball in a few weeks.”

“Are we? I’ll get one of those Robin Hood outfits.”

“Oh no you won’t. I’ve already planned the dress you will be wearing there so don’t do anything stupid, okay?” We spent the rest of the call talking of wedding plans and purchasing a home.

It’s only after Irene was gone off the phone I realised that I was sitting in a white nylon lacy nightie,

silver rings in my pierced ears. Irene had slowly twisted my arm towards femininity. Trouble is, I love that woman too much and I knew it.

You do get used to wearing woman's nightie after a week of it with no prospect of ever seeing your male night attire again. If you have never worn a woman's nightdress, don't knock it. To feel the cool silk or nylon caress your bare legs just sends shivers up your spine. To be honest, I had an erection just thinking about it.

FANCY DRESS TIME

"You'll need to come down to the factory for a fitting, Flossie."

"This is all getting a bit out of hand, isn't it?" I answer.

"I have enough worries what Father not keeping well and the company to run. This would take some of the pressure off me and let me let my hair down for a few minutes." Irene fell into my arms with a tear in her eye.

"Okay okay sweetheart, I'll keep that date." I gave her a cuddle. She smiled, took a white silk lace-trimmed hanky out of her purse, dried her eyes and gave me a kiss.

"That was what I was looking for, Rose. You have done well."

"Thanks Irene, it was hard going. My, the dimensions on it! No wonder the women in those days took fainting fits."

"That came out the attic. It was my great, great, great grandmother's. She was one of the founders of

our company. She wasn't afraid to get her hands dirty. She turned out hundreds of these corsets and wore them as well."

"I'll be interested to see this fitted on your boyfriend. Does he know?"

"No, it will be a surprise."

"It certainly will, Irene," answered Rose with a giggle.

All this is going on and I knew nothing of the dress that I would wear for the ball. It was a different outfit every time for me with Irene. So there I was making for Ogden's HQ which as you know I was very familiar with, having been responsible for fitting their new phone system.

Rose greeted me. "Hello there, Jimmy. Got friendly with the boss' daughter, eh?" she said, giving me a wink. I felt sort of embarrassed at that.

Irene smiled. "We are wasting time. Now let's get down to the fitting."

"Okay Flossie, let's get those clothes off so we can try your corset on."

Rose gave a look at me because of my beloved addressing me as Flossie. She soon got into the act, holding out this contraption that is called a corset. "Flossie, get yourself into this."

Before I can draw breath she soon had it wrapped round my midriff and was busy pulling laces. My tummy was contracting.

"Christ, this is tight!" I wheezed, barely able to get the words out.

“Isn’t it just?” Rose smiled at me. “It took me some time to find the whalebones for it. You can’t get them nowadays.”

Irene chipped in. “Well done, Rose. You know money is no expense. Now we have the basis for the dress.”

Rose cut in here. “but I haven’t started on that yet.”

“Don’t worry, now that Flossie has had the corset fitted successfully, take her measurements. Then we can start on the dress. We still have plenty of time till the Ball.”

Rose was busily fussing about, taking measurements; hip, waist, bottom. As I looked in the mirror the latter was sticking prominently out. No doubt the corset had something to do with that.

“We’ll discuss the details of the dress when Flossie is not around so it will be a surprise on the day of the Ball,” said Irene. “We’ll take the corset home with us so that Flossie can put it on all the time and get used to it.”

Having now put my male clothes on it occurred to me that I’d have to tighten my belt up as the corsets pulled my waist in. From what Irene was saying I would have to buy a complete set of smaller male clothes. When I arrived back at the, flat Irene was pleased at my slimmer looking body.

“You’ll have to wear that corset all the time till the fancy dress ball and get used to it, Flossie.”

“Don’t you think this is carrying a joke too far, sweetheart?” I asked her. Irene gave me one of those looks.

“Okay okay, you win. I hope you know what you are doing.”

“Of course I do,” she said and promptly gave me a big kiss. There is no answer to that. Irene instructed me to wear this contraption all the time, even in bed. Irene was up to her ears in work and essentially running her father’s company single-handed.

I have to say here I was a busy man myself as the company had sent me on a management course. I sweltered under that corset, especially on a hot day. I would occasionally remove it for relaxation and then I would see the criss-cross patterns it indented on my body. Some of the women at work commented on how slim I was and wanted to know my diet for themselves. The corset had caused me to lose some weight with sweat and all that so I suppose in that sense it did some good.

My management course finished, I was back at the office. The Ball was only one week away. Irene kept asking me by e-mail if I was still wearing my dresses at home. Yes I answered but they seemed much larger now that I was wearing the corset. Irene was pleased to hear that. She’d have a new wardrobe sorted out for me after the Ball.

The Saturday arrived and Irene came early that afternoon. “Much to do and so little time. Let’s remove your corset for now. Take your scented bath, then we can perfume, oil, and scent your body before we clothe it with the finest of female dress.”

My bathroom cabinet had been filled with scented soaps, perfumes, talcum, and other ladylike accessories, all my beloved Irene's doing. I was getting used to the refined; life of a woman although I didn't realise then. She put a plastic cap in the cabinet. "What's that for, sweetie?" I ask.

"Your hair, Flossie dear."

"What about my hair?"

"You'll need to protect it when you shower after Debbie styles it."

"Will I? What's wrong with the wigs?"

"Wigs? You can forget about them. We've grown your hair nicely, haven't we?"

I looked in the bathroom mirror. Irene was right; my hair was long for a man. "My hair is all scraggly."

"Don't worry about it, Debbie will sort that out when she comes later. Relax. Now get in that bath at once."

Irene can be right bossy at times. I suppose it's natural what with her taking the reins of the company over. I'm was getting used to letting somebody else do the worrying and I'm getting used to wearing skirts. Irene was pampering me in frocks and if I admit it, I loved it.

Irene was using a sponge and washing cloth on my body. I was sporting an erection. Irene spied it. "No time at present for any of that nonsense."

That answer filled me with hope. Maybe we would find time later that night for a lot of that nonsense. We finished and I stepped out the highly scented bath water smelling like...a woman! Irene was there with the towel drying me off as if I could-

n't do it myself in my state. Then she sprinkled me with scented talc, dusting down my body with it.

“Stand still!” she ordered me, holding a medium-sized perfume crystal scent bottle with a small bulbous pump at the top. Between thumb and forefinger she gently squeezed the bulbous pump and a fine spray of the heavenly smelling perfume settled all over my body and I mean everywhere.

“You better get yourself decent before Debbie comes,” says Irene, handing me a pair of pink panties. Not the finest pair I had ever seen for Irene had put me in some gorgeous pairs in the past. Right on cue there was a knock on the door and who should enter but Debbie with all her accoutrements for hair-dressing. She was young and attractive, not what I expected, not like Liz the mature beautician but nice for her age.

“What can you do for Flossie’s hair, Debbie?” asked my darling Irene.

“I’ve had a look on the internet as you advised me, Irene. I think we will come up with something along the lines you suggested.”

What’s that all about? I ask myself.

Debbie opened her case and took out a teasing comb and bobby pins. “Right then, Flossie. On the chair before the dressing table mirror.”

She started teasing my hair out, combing it over my crown and eyes. For a brief instant I couldn’t see anything. Having done that, Debbie produced a wig which she had rolled up held in place with bobby pins. It is the same colour as my own hair. This she placed on the top of my head. The combed down hair was pulled over this wig and secured with the bobby pins. This gave height to my hair and the wig

was concealed by my hair. In the mirror in front of me I see my hair all piled up but Debbie is not yet finished.

She took hairpieces in the shape of curls out of her box and fixed them onto the hair with the help of bobby pins. The spaniel-like curls were all round the sides and back and hung to my shoulders. Then she used a hairspray to keep everything in place and give the hair style body.

White powder was then sprinkled over all the hair. Debbie then produced artificial flowers; red roses, white lilies. Those got pinned to the hair. From her case now came three large white feathers about a foot in length, all fluffy. Those went to the back of my head where they were pinned in. They projected above the hair which was already high.

“There we are, Irene a genuine 18th century hairstyle as per Marie Antoinette.”

“Lovely,” said my beloved. “Liz will soon be here to do the makeup, 18th century style of course.”

I was still sitting in front of the dressing table mirror when Liz arrived. “Just stay as you are”, said she, opening her makeup box.

She set to work with the makeup, not your usual makeup. First thick layers of white face powder were applied not only to the face but spread to the shoulders. Next Liz went to work on my cheeks with copious amounts of red rouge. My eyebrows were thickened, darkened with a black eyebrow pencil, and their ends tapered to make a half-moon shape. Kohl was put on my eyelids. Liz had a mascara wand in her hand and to my eyelashes it came with long sweeping strokes on the lashes making them a black colour.

“Let’s see these luscious lips of yours, honey,” laughed Liz. I think she was really enjoying putting woman’s makeup on a man, probably not for the first time. Redder lipsticks than I had ever seen before was put on my lips thickly and for whatever reason the lower lip was made wider than the top.



“That’s delightful, Liz,” my Irene remarked.

“The primping is not yet finished,” said Liz.

“Oh, isn’t it?”

“Oh course not. What would an 18th century lady be without a beauty spot?”

Liz took a black pencil out of her beauty box and proceeded to pencil a heart-shaped beauty spot on my right cheek.

I looked in the mirror as I stood in only a pair of panties with that enormous hairdo and painted face. I didn’t have long to wait for there was Irene holding out the dreaded corset.

“Come to mummy,” she giggled and like a fool I was going to her. The contraption was put round my waist, then she started to pull the laces from the back, ably assisted by all the women present. I was now tightly laced-in and had a nipped-in waist.

“It will all be worthwhile as soon as Rose arrives, then you will be ready to go to the Ball. You’ll be a knock out, Flossie.”

I didn’t say a thing; nothing surprises me with Irene anymore and after the time I’ve been wearing this corset, I’m used to it.

“Knickers!” Irene exclaimed.

“I beg your pardon,” I replied.

“Knickers, you have to put on now.”

“No Irene, at the time we are trying to impersonate, they were known as drawers,” Liz tells her. “But it is stockings that has to be put on Flossie first.

” Liz held up a thick white pair which was taken by Irene and put on my legs to the thigh. A fancy blue ribbon was then produced by my beloved, put

round the top of the stockings and tied in a delightful bow, thereby holding up the stocking.

“Drawers now?” questioned Irene.

“Yes,” answered Liz.

“Good, remove your panties,” said Irene, holding out an old-fashioned and long pair of drawers in front of me to step into. Old-fashioned they were but they were also fancy-looking white satin ones with white Chantilly lace at each leg opening. This was a pair like I’d never worn before. How soft and sexy they felt. I had an erection inside them and I blushed.

A pair of authentic red Morocco leather shoes with a buckle of blue and white gems set in fine silver on the top was fitted to my feet.

While all the palavering was going on, Rose had arrived with various parcels.

“We are ready for the *piece de resistance*,” triumphantly said Irene. I was beginning to wonder just what this *piece de resistance* was for a lot of trouble has gone into my hair and makeup so far, more than Irene usually did, all very intricate and painstaking.

Rose opened a parcel. “There it is now, a six-tier hooped crinoline made from light metal boning with a diameter of about 55 inches with draw strings on the top. She’ll have to sit down on the floor while I fit it.”

This I was told to do by Rose and I complied. I think I was becoming used to taking orders from women.

I was now sitting on the floor and Rose gathered the fabric, pulled the draw strings tightly and tied a

bow, Then she told me to stand up. Rose gathered the edge and turns it to my back.

“We want fullness at the back and less space at the front. This is easily accomplished if you will observe.” Rose put her hand up the inside of the crinoline to roughly above the top of my legs where two pieces of string were sewn in. she pulled them round to my bum and tied them tight. The result being that the back of the crinoline stuck well out beyond my backside while all was straight at the front.

Petticoats of satin in white, black, and blue were placed over the crinoline, all floor-length. I couldn't feel them as the crinoline held them well out from my body.

My dressing was not yet finished. I could never dress on my own in this outfit and there was still a frock to come.

“Give us a hand, Irene, to take the dress out of my car,” said Rose.

“Right you are. I want to see this dress myself,” Irene said, leaving the flat with Rose.

Both women re-entered the flat with something long wrapped in a parcel. When unwrapped, it revealed a fabulous pale blue floor-length gown with a long train at the back. It was made of brocaded gold and patterned with red apples and golden pears with leaves of red and brown, autumn colours. Elbow-length sleeves were trimmed with white frilly Brussels lace.

“That's marvellous, Rose,” said Irene.

“It's all hand sewn by myself from illustrations of the 18th century period. It is as authentic a representation of what ladies wore then as I could make

it. We must be very careful putting it on so as not to disturb the hairstyle and the makeup.”

“Stand very still while we put this dress over your head!” I was ordered by both women. I’m surrounded by the female sex.

The dress is finally draped over me along with the hooped crinoline too. Exclamations come from the women round me.

Irene opened her handbag and took out a three-strand pink cultured pearl necklace and put it round my neck. The matching earrings were fitted to my pierced ears. Irene produced a white silk lace-bordered hanky and proceed to put it between my bosoms which are very exposed in the low-cut dress. A red velvet soft handbag with cherubs and winged angels in a variety of colours on the outside was produced and given to me.

“You’ll need this, Flossie.” Irene hands me an ivory fan coloured in scenes of fields and hills with a river flowing through when fully opened. This I put in the handbag followed by a lipstick and a flick open powder puff case, all given by Irene. When finished, I am told to walk up and down in the room before the assembled ladies. I was to give an 18th century fashion show, it seemed.

I of course complied it. I had thought the dress would be heavy but it was not as heavy as I thought it would be. I surprised myself by finding that I could walk in this weird contraption. What I did find unusual was that when I stopped walking my movement caused the dress to still swirl and sway round me.

“It is time to go to the ball, sweetheart,” said Irene, holding a cloak out for me to put on. It was a

velvet carriage cloak salmon-coloured with a large hood and three hook and eye clasps at the neck cord with trimming round the edges Irene informed me as she carefully closed the hook and eye at my neck like I was some precious *objet d'art*. The cloak now concealed the exquisite frock beneath it.

“Irene,” I said, “what are you dressing as for the ball?”

“You being the Lady, I shall be your Lady’s maid. You just sit there like the fine Lady you are while I prepare myself.”

Soon Irene came out my spare room dressed like an 18th century Lady’s maid.

“The cab should soon be here, Lady Florence,” I was informed by Irene.

“What happened to Flossie?” I asked.

“You have been elevated to the right name for a Lady in the company we shall be in tonight, Lady Florence.”

I said nothing. I was becoming like a dog trained to comply with Irene’s commands.

When the taxi arrived, I received kisses on the cheek by the ladies present. Liz, I am convinced, regarded me as gay although Irene accompanies me to the ball. In the past she has known many straight women who do that with gay men as some sort of thrill.

We arrived at the ball held in a country house. Irene took great care with my hairdo as I alight the cab for it is so high. We ascended the steps leading

to the front door where Irene handed two tickets to footmen dressed in livery of green.

“The reception is straight through there, ma’am,” said a flunky in his green coat and tails, addressing me and not, as I thought, Irene.

“Follow me, milady,” said Irene. I think she was enjoying all this.

It is only when we went into the reception room that I realised what magnificent outfits many attendees were wearing. There were Robin Hoods and their Maid Marions, pirates, and at least two Marilyn Monroes, one of which looks suspiciously like a man.

“This is your drink, Milady.” Irene handed me a glass of wine and did a little curtsy I wasn’t sure if she was making a fool of me.

I had no time to think anymore about that as someone exclaimed, “Darling! How nice to see you. I didn’t know you were coming here. And who is this delightful creature you have in tow?”

I looked at this woman dressed in black as a witch with peaked hat and broom.

“Hortense darling, this is Lady Florence, my boyfriend. Isn’t she beautiful?”

This Hortense eyed me up and down. She quickly changed the conversation. I had the feeling she was uncomfortable seeing a man dressed as a woman. It made me wonder what would have happened if Irene had said not as word as to what I was. Later when I have Irene on her own, I tell her not to mention that fact.

“What a wonderful idea, Flossie! What a lot of fun that will be. Maybe you’ll get lucky and someone

may goose you.” Irene went into a fit of the giggles. Then her face turned more serious. “If they did, I would put that down to an achievement by me in making you so much like a woman.”

It seemed Irene knows nearly everyone in the place; it certainly is a high class do. Eventually one of the flunkeys in green suit and tails made an announcement that dinner was about to be served if all would make their way to the dining room.

We take our seats. Me being in this crinoline what happens as I sat down, the crinoline rose itself up to expose everything underneath; knickers, stockings, the lot. There were a number of male guffaws and roars of laughter. Too late my beloved said, “I should have shown you the proper way to sit with a crinoline”.

I think I excited the man next to me in a cowboy outfit who looked as if he could do with a good shave.

“Well hello there, girlie. What’s your name?” he said as he played footsie with my left foot.

“It’s Lady Florence,” Irene told him.

“Is it indeed? Well, Flo, maybe we could get better acquainted after dinner?”

I gave Irene a dig in the ribs as if to say “See what you’ve done now?” All I got back from her was a big smile. Irene can be quite devious at times. I was beginning to realise she had me round her little finger and do as she commanded.

After dinner I kept well out of the way of Wild Bill Hickok or whatever he calls himself, which was hard being dressed like I was. Irene left me on my own as she talked with some of her cronies while I saun-

tered around the beautiful grounds of the country house. I was admiring some of the pretty flowers on show when out of nowhere behind a bush appeared Wild Bill Hickok, beard and all.

“Come here, girlie!” He grabbed me and firmly planted a kiss on me.

“Stop it, stop it!” I tried to beat my hands against his chest which was useless as he had me in a vice-like grip.

“Stop it!” I said again.

“They all say that but you women like it, don’t you? I’ve seen what you’ve got under that skirt thing. We could have a good night in bed, sweetheart. There are plenty of empty rooms here,” the bearded cowboy told me.

I’m was wondering how the hell I could get away from the bearded cowboy who really did think I was a woman.

“Okay, I give up. Come here, I’ll give you a proper kiss.”

“That’s better.” He stepped forward to receive the kiss, lips all puckered up. What he received as he came forward was my fist with all the strength I can muster right in his face. The surprised expression on his face was something to behold as he hit the ground. I quickly got off my mark and hoped never to see his ugly mug again.

When I told Irene about the amorous escapade she was highly delighted and put it all down to her skill of making me look like a woman.

The disco had started. “Come on!” Irene was leading me on to the dance floor.

“You must be kidding! How do you expect t me to dance in this contraption. It takes all my concentration to walk in it.”

Irene laughed. “Don’t be like that, Milady.” She put her hand round my waist and there I was dancing with the Robin Hoods and their gangsters molls, Marilyn Monroe and the Hunchback of Notre Dame. Quasimodo seemed to be having a good time snogging Marilyn Monroe on the dance floor but which version I saw, male or female, I could not say. Whatever they were, they were certainly enjoying their snog.

The night seemed to fly by and Wild Bill Hickok didn’t appear again. Thank goodness, I said to myself.

“Your carriage awaits, Milady,” laughed Irene, holding out my velvet salmon colour cloak. She helped me like the Lady’s maid she was supposed to represent. As we exited the country house there were numerous taxis and cars waiting for their passengers and an extraordinary lot of characters we were too. Quasimodo and his Marilyn Monroe disappeared into a taxi. She, or is it he, was giggling while the other Marilyn Monroe was hitched with Maid Marion. They entered into a Rolls, the most unlikely pairing but then it was a fancy dress ball.

We arrived back at my flat. Irene was happy and looked it.

“How is your father?” I asked.

A slightly worried expression came on her face. “Thanks for your concern. Father is not so good. I

have arranged for him to go into hospital for the best medical care.”

I saw a tear forming in her eye so I changed the subject. “Well, my maid, are you going to help Milady out of this crinoline thing or not?”

That seemed to cheer her up. “Whatever you say Milady, come here.” Irene started undressing me. The blue gown was carefully taken up and over my head, exposing the three petticoats beneath. These were taken off one at a time. There I stood in the crinoline; the drawstrings at the back were quickly undone, leaving me now drawers, white stockings and shoes. Above my waist was bare with the two stick-on breast forms which the plunging neckline of the dress showed the tops of.

With the close proximity of Irene, I felt maybe this was time for the nonsense which she previously said she had no time for.

“Are you a real ladies maid and do all your Mistress asks?”

“But of course, Milady,” Irene said, getting into the act.

“Then come here!” I said, grabbing her with no resistance. I was kissing Irene and my hands pulled her skirts up to expose a multitude of petticoats underneath. It was what was underneath the petticoats I was more interested in.

However things changed quickly and I found it was Irene who became the aggressor for it is she who had her hands in my drawers. I knew and she would have to as well that there was no way she could get to what she wanted: my penis. There was a gaff stopping her.

She urgently whispered in my ear, “Get them off now, Flossie.”

I needed no second telling as my drawers reached the floor in double quick time. Her hands wasted no time helping me dispose of the gaff and my cock sprang out in all its glory. Irene’s whose hand was already round it, pulling the foreskin up and down. Our lovemaking is at a stage it had never reached in the past. I lead Irene towards my bed; our lipsticked mouths had already left their imprints on our cheeks.

I pushed her petticoats up to get at her knickers; again there was no resistance from Irene. Her breathing was heavy I knew now she wanted my penis inside her. Her frilly knickers were off and lay on the floor beside mine. Irene played with my penis.

“I may kiss it sometime, Flossie,” she whispered, “if you are a good girl.”

That made my cock twitch. “What do I have to do to be a good girl?” I queried.

“We’ll see, Flossie. It will be a surprise. I like keeping you in suspense.”

My false boobs were touching her real ones, the nipples of which have enlarged and hardened. I put a hand on one; Irene’s body trembled under my touch. Her hand was leading my penis towards her pussy. In it went to a grateful sigh from her. A hand was lightly traversing my smooth bottom I told Irene, “If you keep doing that, sweetheart, I’m going to come.”

“Are you? Well, come and come quickly all inside me, Flossie. I want you.”

Irene's hands were caressing me, floating over my backside like a butterfly. I couldn't hold back any longer and Irene's pussy became flooded with my spunk. I've had a few girlfriends and had sex with them but this surpassed anything before. Was it because I had dressed in women's clothes? This would not be the last time I was to have sex with Irene dressed in female garb. Every subsequent time seemed better than the last. I had become conditioned like Pavlov's dogs to respond to having sex with Irene when dressed in women's clothes.

Our passions were inflamed and it wasn't long before I had entered Irene again and again. What a glorious night of love.

WEDDING BELLS

Our wedding was fast approaching. I wondered if it would get that far as Irene's workload piled high what with her father being in hospital. I asked if she wished to delay the wedding till such times as her father health improved.

"No Flossie, I think Father's health is becoming better. Besides, he said he is looking forward to give me away at church. The thought is like a tonic to him and it will do him good. Let us carry on with our plans."

"Okay precious, but you seem snowed under with the company business."

"I'm beginning to be used to it now that I know the ropes. You forget I'm young and active. We'll manage, never fear."

I left it at that, however I was to have a reminder that all may not be smooth in our marriage.

Mother-in-law trouble was fast approaching even before I had the ring on Irene's finger.

Irene's father Henry discharged himself from the hospital. Irene was not one bit pleased at all. He said he must be out as it was so near her wedding. I must say he didn't look a well man. Irene hired a doctor and nurses so he would be attended 24/7.

Euphemia, my mother-in-law to be, decided to hold a coming home party for her husband, no expense spared. Among the guests was one Harry Patrick of whom I had heard plenty from Irene. His father had retired and he was now at the head of the company which was a rival to Irene's father's. I think Euphemia wanted to show me up and let Irene see what she missed by letting Harry go.

Euphemia made a point of introducing me to Harry. "Mr. Rankin," (I don't ever remember her calling me Jimmy), "this is Harry Patrick of Patrick Fashions, Harry went to *university* and has several *degrees*, haven't you, Harry?"

He nodded and answered Euphemia, "Yes, you could say I have a few, Mrs. De Burges."

"This is the man my Irene is soon to marry, Mr. Rankin."

This athletic looking man held his hand out to me. We shook and I noted that he had a vice-like grip. "You take good care of Irene, Mr. Rankin" I told him to call me Jimmy.

"Do you play tennis, Mr. Rankin?" my mother-in-law to be asked.

"I have played some in the past Mrs. De Burges. Why?"

“I just thought as Harry plays a little also maybe you two could have a game sometime so as get to know each other a little better.”

Harry jumped in here. “I’d like nothing better. Jimmy, what about Saturday? I can fix it up at the club and have a court on the morning.”

“Splendid. Irene and I will be there to watch.”

It was all done like that. I couldn’t get a word in and my devious mother-in-law knew something I didn’t.

Saturday morning came, I had no tennis gear but I came in sporting shorts and trainers.

“I don’t have a racket, Harry.”

“No problem, Jimmy. You can borrow one of mine.” He had a buxom blonde on his arm who he addresses as Mandy. Every so often she has a fit of the giggles for no apparent reason.

We came out the dressing rooms and onto the tennis court. “We’ll play a set first. Jimmy, you can serve.”

I lobbed the ball up and served. I was still standing on the base line as his return went past me like a rocket. It didn’t take Harry long to polish the set off, 6-0.

“Bad luck, old chap. We’ll play another set to give you a chance to even things,” he kindly offered.

“Oh yes, you must!” my mother-in-law said with a smirk on her face.

Must I? I said to myself. I noticed Irene sitting beside her mother. Like a fool, brave, stupid me took the offer only to be beaten up again.

“Oh well, there is always next time, Jimmy pal.” Harry Patrick was certainly no pal of mine. I looked to see Irene in earnest conversation with her mother. I pretended to be busy so I could eavesdrop on the two of them.

“Don’t you see, Irene, how magnificent a superior specimen of a man Harry Patrick is and how inferior Mr. Rankin is? Just think, if you hadn’t rejected him we could have united the two biggest firms in the clothing business. What a dramatic force that would have made.”

“Yes Mother, you’re correct however Harry would never make me happy for there would be plenty of Mandies to fight off. Jimmy and I know what we are about. You can forget Harry. I have.”

As we left the tennis club, Harry had his hand round Mandy waist, about to enter a two-seater yellow Lotus Super 7 sports car. She giggled. “Oh stop it, Harry. Not now, everyone will see.”

While my mother-in-law had made her opinions about me clear, Irene’s father was different. After the mismatch, he told me I had no chance against Harry. “Why would that be, Henry?”

“Very easy, Jimmy. Harry Patrick was a county junior champion as a boy. Some say if he had taken tennis up as a professional, he could have been up there with Sampras, McEnroe, and Andy Murray but the family business was more in his line. However he still keeps his hand in and is in the county side in the tennis league. I personally never liked him and was glad when Irene met with you, Jimmy.”

I had at least one ally in Irene's house.



As far as Euphemia was concerned, she was at present subdued. I hoped that was the end of her interfering. Well, it was until after the wedding. I was to find my mother-in-law a persistent nuisance in my marriage.

Be that as it may, our wedding did proceed. There was Irene radiant on her wedding day in her white wedding dress with its long train and veil. Her father proudly led Irene to the altar.

Euphemia had spent a lot of money on her mother-of-the bride outfit. Along with her daughter, she would be the centre of attraction that day.

Euphemia, I found, liked being that centre of attraction; she was chairwoman of her local church guild. Of course as such she just had to have a new dress for every meeting, hadn't she? Henry suffered her in silence and I am sure loved her for he never said a word against his wife, well not in public anyway. But they did seem a loving couple even if I did not see eye to eye with my mother-in-law.

Anyway the wedding and the reception were finally over. Irene and I were alone in the wedding suite in the five-star hotel where we did consummate the marriage. If you remember, I said Irene and I never had sex unless I was in female dress. That formula was adhered to on the wedding night for Irene had bought me a wonderful slinky white knee-length nightdress with lace detail on the deep hem and bodice. In the middle of the bodice was a pretty white bow. Lovely and delicate to look at and feel. Irene had even a pair of matching type ballet slippers with bows on the top to go with the nightdress.

“I want you to wear these every night, darling, before we go to bed.”

“Yes Irene,” I dutifully answered.

“I told you I don’t like macho men. You’d never catch Harry Patrick wearing anything like this.”

I didn’t quite know what to make out of that. I did know he never had sex with Irene and I did so there was a plus to my dressing-up.

After the honeymoon we settled down in a cottage we had bought before we married. Irene’s experiments with me in women’s clothes had not yet ended as I was soon to find out.

THE HOOKER!

Irene and I had settled into married life but not one that would be considered usual by any means. For a start our bedroom contained three wardrobes; the smaller one contained my male clothes which I only used for work. The other two had a mixture of Irene’s and my frocks and our undies. From our first day of marriage, Irene insisted I wear nothing but frocks at home and when we were in public like doing our shopping in the supermarket. I even had to wear them when we went on holiday which wasn’t that often because of Irene now being fully in charge of Ogden. I was 24/7 in female clothes; before dressing I would find myself under the hairdryer in Irene’s hairdresser getting a perm of the latest style. I was becoming completely feminized and accepting it without a fuss unlike previous times. My long hair seemed to be taken for granted for I was not the only man with long hair in the office. That took a

certain amount of fear of awkward questions off my mind.

Irene would discuss with me what sort of dress or skirt would be made to fit me. That was no problem; when one owns a clothes factory one can pamper her husband in made-to-measure female clothes.

Then it happened and it hit me between the eyes quite unexpectedly.

“I’ve got an outfit I want to try on you tonight, Flossie,” Irene told me. I was at dinner, sitting in a blue cotton housedress. Irene was always playing dress-up games with me. It had become routine.

Later that night in our bedroom, Irene told me to strip. The only thing that hid my nudity was the gaff becoming, an ever-present necessity when I dress as a woman.

“You’re shaping nicely, Flossie. It’s all that corset training nipping your waist in and pushing your bum out. If I say it myself, many a woman would be jealous of your body form. Look at yourself in the mirror! See that face, how nicely made-up it is and you did it all without my help. Your hands are so soft and woman-like and you have nail polish on as any woman would. And those elegant curvy legs! I tell you, Flossie, you have it all going for you except...one thing.” Irene hesitated.

“And what would that be, sweetheart?”

“I’ve never mentioned this before but it has been at the back of my mind ever since I told you I had kinky desires.”

“Yes and what is it?”

“BREASTS!”

I said nothing, just stood there flabbergasted with a stupid expression on my face.

“I know what you’re thinking, Flossie.”

Did she? I didn’t even know what I was thinking just then.

“You don’t need to go under the knife. I’ve worked it all out with the doctor. You can get herbal treatment and with the right dose, eventually breasts will appear. Not as large as with hormones or implants but passable as female breasts.”

“But Irene, small they may be but they are going to show at work. What excuse am I to make?”

“I’ve thought of that too. There is no need for you to work, there is more than enough money coming in from Ogden for the two of us. You can be the little housewife and make the meals for me after a hard day’s work. I can now take a further step bringing my kinky desires and fantasies to reality. I think such steps as I have outlined will bring us closer together, Flossie for I do love you.”

“Irene, what is going to happen? I mean this is something that cannot be hidden from sight. All your friends, all my friends, will know when I have breasts and walk about in skirts.”

“I’m not ashamed my husband wears skirts lingerie and likes it, I like it and that is all there is to it. We are going to out ourselves. It seems the done thing nowadays.”

There is no answer Irene when she is in the determined mood. It crossed my mind that I was going to be a...KEPT WOMAN!?

“You’ve put me off what I wanted you here for, Flossie. Put this on first.”

Irene handed me a small garter belt, then stick-on breast forms larger than I normally wore. Next a pair of black fishnet stockings were fixed to the hanging suspenders. A skimpy pair of small black satin panties was wriggled up my legs and snugly fitted over my crotch. Irene produced a small black satin dress with a plunging neckline. Showing my ample breasts, it hugged my body and stopped well above the knee. I was given a pair of black high-heeled platform shoes with ankle straps; their height must have been six inches. These I put on and Irene told me to walk around the room.

I glanced at the wardrobe mirror as I paraded before my wife. Walking in heels presented no problem to me for I was accustomed to walking in women’s shoes, although not at this particular height. My body in the tight skirt swayed from side to side as it had never done before. Irene watched intently. The expression on Irene’s face told me she was pleased.

“Okay honey, that will do for the night.”

“What’s it all for, darling?” I asked.

“You’ll see in time. It will be a surprise. Now come to bed. After that show I feel randy.” Who would refuse that offer?

“Well, what you think of the outfit?” Irene asked me the following night. I was wearing it again when she asked that question.

“If you really want to know, sweetheart, it’s is something a prostitute might wear looking for business.”

“Correct and that’s exactly what we are going to do tomorrow night.”

“Hold on, Irene, that’s a dangerous business. I’m not too sure I want to dress as a hooker.”

“You’ll do more than dress. It’s the excitement, the thrill, of it. Can’t you hear the heart beat as some John pulls up in his car and asks how much for a good time? Flossie, this is something new, something you’ve never experienced. You MUST try it for if you don’t. you’ll never know what you missed.”

Irene is persistent, she has her heart set on this dangerous turn of events. I was thinking she was pushing me to the limits of femininity. I have to admit, though, that there was a buzz of excitement in me. Was I so like a woman that a man would actually proposition me and if I got that far, what would I do? My options were obviously restricted; full intercourse as a woman is out. However there was a blowjob, a hand job, anal intercourse, and a few other things that can be done. There was also the risk that he would put a hand in my panties, find out that I was a man and beat me up.

“Okay Irene,” I say after some consideration. “What’s the plan?”

Irene was all over me kisses and hugs. "I knew you would see it my and co-operate. I've never been so excited about anything. This is what we will do"

That day started slowly at work. Iw was nervous and a little jittery. I gave a female colleague a telling-off for no particular reason. She gave me a strange look. The thought of what the night held had me excited, worried.

We ate in silence that night, knowing the seriousness of what lies ahead. Irene then broke the silence. "There is no hurry to dress and makeup, the girls don't start business till after 10."

"Yes Darling," I reply. I could see Irene seemed somewhat nervous too. Then the adrenaline began to kick in on both of us. Excitement, daring, something new in my femininity lay ahead. I have to say I was aroused. "It's the oldest profession in the world," I hear in my head, "and you are about to enter it."

Before I realised it, Irene had taken my hand and towards our bedroom we went. "Flossie, I will do your makeup for I know just how you should appear on the street tonight."

"Yes dear," I humbly replied, as enthusiastic as she was, probably even more so.

Irene had me sitting before our dressing table, comb and brush in hand, teasing my hair out, fluffing it. "What do you think?" I was asked.

"You're in charge, dear. You know more of what you want of me than I do."

Irene said nothing, she carried on then suddenly stopped. She produced a scrap book full of photos of hookers on the street, intensely looking at one. "That is what I am trying to reproduce, Flossie," she said, handing the book to me.

"I think you have captured the style, sweetheart." I began to think Irene had put a lot of research into this project. It hadn't been haphazard by any means.

"Do you really?" Irene gave me and happily carried on with the brush and comb. That completed to Irene satisfaction, the dressing began.

"Now, honey, we start your makeup, very different from what you have had put on before. We want you to look like a whore. First we start off with a water foundation and put it everywhere and cover everything. Next we put bronzer all over your face, although concentrated more on the cheek bones." Irene was giving me a running commentary as to what she was doing.

I watched as she took deep blue eye shadow and applied it with her fingers to my eyelids. Liquid deep red lipstick was put on the lips, lots of it. Black eyeliner was applied with a slight flick coming out from the corner of the eye. This Irene also used to form eyebrows. Mascara was applied thickly on the eyelashes, sweeping them upward. Pink blusher on the cheek bones was put.

Irene was using cheap trashy makeup and in the mirror I look like a cheap trashy tramp. Irene was not yet finished for glitter was put under my eyelashes. Two big round shiny gold-plated earrings were put on me, the largest I have ever seen. "A hooker's trademark," I was informed by my knowl-

edgeable wife. A chunky coloured bangle was placed on my right wrist and a shoulder bag containing a few notes and a flick knife was handed to me.

“What’s the knife for, Irene?” I ask.

“It can be dangerous out there on the streets. It’s not rare for the girls to get mugged and have their handbags snatched.”

What was I letting myself in for? Yet having come so far, a strange compelling force within drover me to go on.

“Put this on, Flossie.” Irene held a small fur jacket with two side pockets. The jacket stopped at my waist and she helped it over my shoulder. I found the shoulder bag fit snugly under the one arm of the fur jacket.

“Do a twirl, Flossie.” I comply.

“Lovely darling, your hips sway from side to side. However that may not be necessary tonight; just stand on the street and look pretty. I think all is ready. there is not much else can be done here. Are you nervous, darling?”

“Of course I am, Irene. My stomach is churning like I-don’t-know-what.”

“So is mine. Then let’s be going, dear.”

We went down the stairs, out of the house to the garage where we kept our cars. It was raining and looked as if it might come heavier. I mentioned this to Irene.

“It’s not going to stop the girls or us. I have an umbrella in the trunk which you can use as you stand on the street.”

Irene had thought of all possibilities down to the last detail. We made for Vernon Square, a well-known haunt for Ladies of the Night. The wind-screen wipers on Irene's Jensen Interceptor (her latest acquisition) went faster as the rain came down heavier. I was beginning to think I might well get soaked in that skimpy outfit.

Irene stopped the car just before we reach the square, about 150 yards from it. "Stay there!" she said, got out, opened the trunk, and came back with a clear plastic umbrella. She opened it and motioned me to come out which I did.

"Here, darling." Irene handed me the now-opened umbrella which fit nicely over my head. Irene put her hands round me and gave me a hug and kiss. "Best of luck, darling."

My wife was in the Jensen, driving off, leaving me standing in the rain. I walked towards the square which is very large and well lit, in the centre are gardens locked at night with iron railings all round it. Opposite the railings on the other side of the road are office blocks unoccupied at this time of night.

As I came nearer to the square I could see a number of women spaced every 10 or 20 yards along the railings, sometimes 2 or 3 together talking with each other. All the women seemed to be on the railing side, none on the office block side.

I crossed from the street where Irene dropped me and walked towards the square; water splashes from the soles of my platform shoes on the wet surface. I was not sure where to stop and position myself. I passed a few women who ignored me, more intent on sheltering from the rain. A car stopped some 20 yards from me. A young woman of 21 to 25 in a sim-

ilar outfit to mine stepped forward from the railings. Umbrella in hand, she put her head in the rolled-down passenger window. A short conversation took place. The passenger door opened. She went in and the car made off.

I made for the position she had vacated at the railings. My heart was pounding and I shivered not with cold but from fearful anticipation! I wanted to do whatever one must do as a streetwalker. I'm aroused. I saw another car slowly driving along. I couldn't observe who was in it. The car passed me and slowly turned a corner in the square to go on. I could see it no further as the bushes of the gardens obscured my view. My heart beat faster at the thought whoever was in the car may, *may* just have considered me as his companion for the night.

I found out later that when Irene dropped me off, she drove the car past where I now stood and went round the square. She stopped, rolled the passenger seat window down, and beckoned a hooker over.

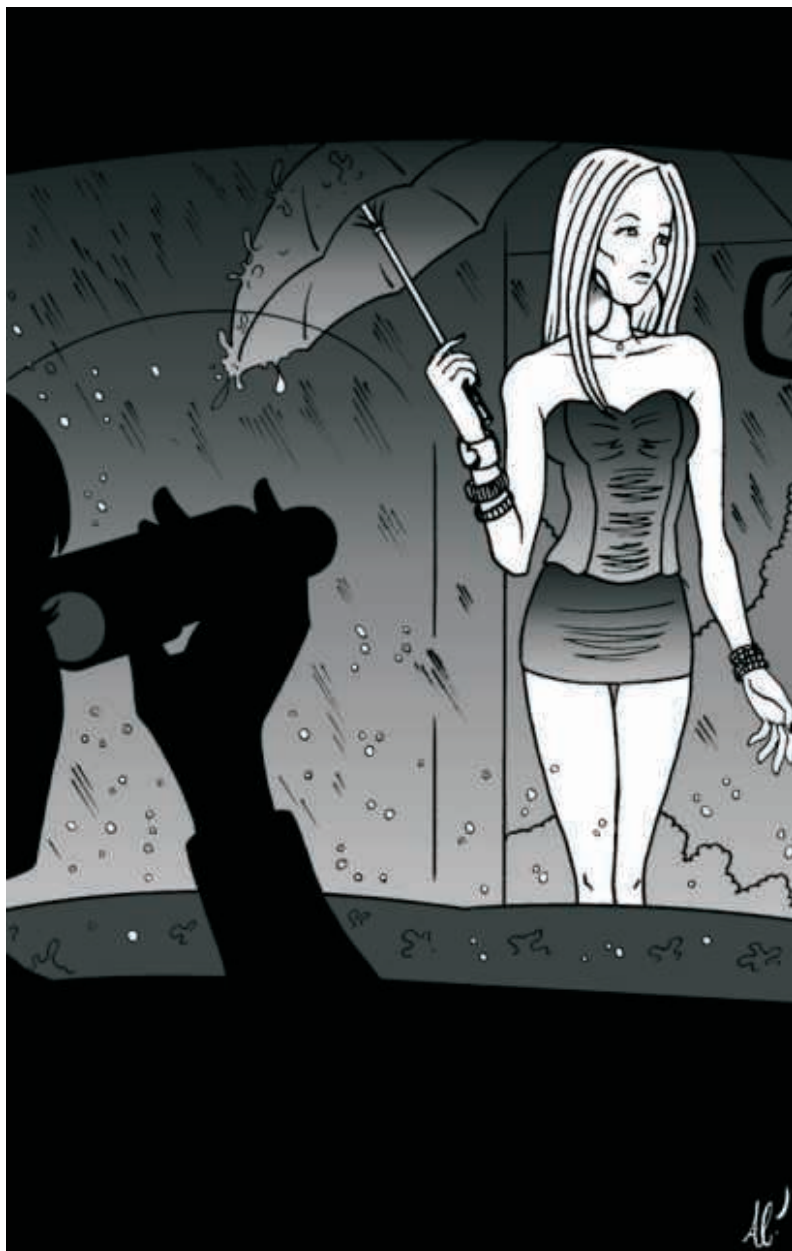
"Hi, I'm Cindy. I can give you a good time for a couple of hundred," said, the whore, not perturbed in the least by seeing a woman at the driving wheel for in the past a few women had picked up some of the girls.

"I'm sure you could, Cindy, but how would you like to earn a couple of hundred and more without servicing me?" Irene opened her purse and took out a rolled-up wad of notes with an elastic band round them.

"Sure, what would you want me to do for you? I'm game for anything."

"Listen carefully, this is what I want you to do. There is a girl round the corner dressed as follows."

Irene gave an accurate description of me and finished up with, “and she is holding a clear plastic umbrella.”



Cindy took it all in. “She must be new here from what you say. She must need the money like me for some of the regular girls don’t come out in weather like this and business is slow. What you want me to do?”

“I want you to walk round to her and stand beside her. If she gets a pick-up, make sure she doesn’t back out. Do I make myself clear?”

“Very, Ma’am.” Irene handed the wad over to Cindy who stuffed it between her ample exposed breasts. As she walked away, she asked, “Why are you concerned about this girl? Are you her pimp?”

“No Cindy, I’m her wife?”

Cindy thought, “Well, that explains everything!”

My wife drove the car to where she dropped me off, then switched the engine off. She opened a compartment in the dashboard, withdrew a pair of infrared binoculars, brought them to her eyes and focused on where I stood. Irene intently watched all that took place from now on.

I’d been standing there maybe ten minutes; a few cars had passed me by at the spot by the railings where I stood. The rain still came down, my umbrella saving me from being damp. A young woman approached me. “Hi there, I’m Cindy. Business is slow tonight, isn’t it?” she said in a friendly manner. She seemed an amicable sort. I was glad to speak to someone in my nervous state.

“Business slow?” she repeated, I didn’t answer, not really knowing what to say.

“You’re new here, aren’t you?”

“Yes. I’m Flossie. Wish the rain would go off.”

“I know. I hate nights like this. Punters don’t come out so much.” She looked at a watch on her wrist. “Tell you what, Flossie, give it another ten or so minutes. Nothing doing, go for a cuppa and burger at Joe’s cafe. Come back round midnight. Best time even if it’s wet.”

“Sure Cindy, lead the way. Come under my umbrella, that scarf must be soaking.”

“That’s real nice of you, Flossie. It’ll save my hair from being scraggly.”

We chatted for a few minutes, enough for me to learn Cindy’s boyfriend was giving her a bad time and had sent her out on the streets. Yet she said she loved him. Women can be funny. I thought of my own situation with Irene.

We had been standing maybe four minutes when a car slowly came along the road. “We may be in business, Flossie,” said my hooker companion, her keen eye spotting it well before me.

The car came to a halt right in front of where Cindy and I stood. My heart pounded and pounded. Then I thought that it would be Cindy he would proposition, not me. I didn’t know whether to be happy or disappointed at that prospect. I was to find matters taken out of my hands as Cindy linked her arm round mine and I found myself walking the short distance towards the car.

The window at the passenger side rolled down and Cindy quickly put her head in. “Flossie does good blow jobs. You won’t get better and she’ll give you a good time for a few hundred.” There seems to be some trading going on between Cindy and the man inside whom I cannot see, Cindy’s body obscuring my view.

I was beginning to panic. I pushed Cindy out the away, stuck my head in the window, looked at the bespectacled gent and proclaimed, "I'm a man."

He looked at me for a second and gradually a smile spread across his face. "Are you? Then this must be my lucky day."

The passenger door quickly opened. I was trying to get out of the way, forgetting Cindy was behind me. A swift movement of her backside hit me at my side and before I knew it I was sitting in the passenger seat. Cindy briskly slammed the door shut, gave me a wave and the thumbs up and smartly walked away with my umbrella in her hand. There was no way I could back out now. I looked at my male companion, a man in his fifties with thinning greyish hair, wearing glasses and a grey pin striped suit. I would say he was a business man of some sort. He hadn't moved the car yet but had a hand already on my fishnet stocking-covered knee, rubbing it.

"What's your name, honey?"

My throat is almost dry as I huskily bring out the word, "Flossie."

"Nice. You can earn a lot more for the wife is away visiting her mother. I'll have you for a few days, more money than your pimp suggested. Then you can show me your expertise in blow jobs. I've a thing about men dressed as women."

He obviously thought Cindy was my pimp. Why? I asked myself but she did seem rather keen to put me in this car. His hands were exploring further than my knee. Well, I had asked for this, I thought but now, having gone so far, the adrenaline was starting all over again. He knew what he was going

to receive when he put a hand in my panties but that was what he was looking for anyway.

I was beginning to have an erection at the thought. What kind of man was I? Did I really want anal intercourse? Whatever the answer, there was no doubt I was excited. Was I gay with such thoughts? What was Irene doing to me? Why didn't I give this man a punch in the face like I did at the fancy dress ball. His hand has traversed higher than the knee and yet I did nothing to stop him. Past the garter straps his hand went and entered my small black satin panties. My faithful gaff was still there.

“Okay Flossie, that is enough excitement for present. I've plenty of time for the rest. You'll be flat on your back in our bed for the next couple of days.” By that remark, I presumed he meant the bed him and his wife sleep in. “You take this, the rest you'll get afterwards,” said he, handing me a bundle of notes which went in my handbag. Next he gave me a kiss, started the car up and we were on our way.

Meantime Irene had watched everything through the infrared binocs all taking place however below our chest level she couldn't see because of the car door. Irene was getting her kinky kicks but something happened then that probably excited her further.

As I said, the punter started the car and was about to go when from nowhere a number of cop cars screamed into the square. One stopped in front of us, blocking the path of the car I was in. A number of uniform policemen got out and a big burly sergeant rapidly knocked on the window. “Get out, your time's up, sweetie.” he informed me.

My punter was being quizzed by another cop as to why he was here at that time of night, name and address being taken. By this time my big and friendly sergeant had opened the car door, pulled me out and escorted me to a waiting paddy wagon. My mind was scrambled and I was in a panic as I sat among the other girls.

“You might have thought they would have better things to do on a night like this,” one said with rain dripping off her face.

I learn from the conversation it is a raid from the vice squad. I asked one of the girls what will happen to us. She quickly realised by the sound of my voice that I’m a man.

“You’re in the wrong place tonight, dearie. You should have been on Portman St. with the rest of the trannies hawking your mutton. You would have been all right there for it’s not their night to be raided. I don’t know what they will do with you once you’re found to be a man. Put in a cell on your own, I expect.”

For the rest of the ride to the police station, I received a few dirty looks from some of the women once it was known I was a man. “Interloper! Stick with your own kind, taking business away from us,” I was informed by one.

The police station reached, we were led in an orderly file where the station sergeant took our names and addresses at his desk. We were put in cells till I came to the desk. The cat was let out the bag as one girl had let it be known I was a man in no uncertain terms.

The desk sergeant looked up from where he was writing on the charge sheet. “Oh, is she? I think we

have a nice little cell for her all to herself. Now isn't that sweet of us?" he loudly laughed. "Now buttercup, give me your name and address and I'll pass it on to some of the lads."

I found myself safely locked up by myself, having been charged with soliciting for immoral purposes. I had never done anything wrong in my life, never been in court before.

"Why, why you stupid fool, did you do it? But, admit it, you did get a thrill excitement. But what will it cost you? There's no doubt that the papers will be splashing it all over once it is known that the husband of Irene De Burges of Ogden Clothes is in court on a charge of soliciting."

However, I tell myself, Irene must take some of the blame. Didn't she encourage me even if I went along willingly. She isn't the one who will be in dock, though.

Just then when I was feeling sorry for myself, the desk sergeant came to my cell and opened it. "You've been bailed. Get out!" I came to the desk where I was charged. Irene stood there, said nothing and we exited the station. All was silence in the car as we made our way home.

"How was it, Flossie?" I was asked in our bedroom, the first words between us since Irene dropped me off near the square.

"How did you know I was at the police station?" The whole story about Cindy and the infrared binoculars came out. I looked at her, angry. "You're a scheming little bitch, Irene," I exploded. "Did you

ever think about the consequences if everything went wrong, which it did?”

“Yes, yes, I did and how exciting that was, Flossie. I intend to be there for you in court tomorrow and tell everyone it was my idea. It’ll only be a one-day wonder and people will soon forget. It only speeds up our plans for you going full-time as a woman. Now I want to know all that transpired after you left the car.”

“But you know. You saw all through the infrared binoculars.”

“Yes, saw but didn’t hear.” So I recited everything that transpired, every little detail of it. Irene seemed to be aroused by it all.

It was two o’clock in the morning and we went to bed but not to sleep. I found Irene had a hand on my penis “Flossie, what would you have done if that man had taken you back to his home?”

“If you want the truth, Irene, I would have had sex with him. Remember, you were to the instigator.”

Irene thought for a moment. “You punched that man at the fancy dress ball.”

“True but the situation and circumstances were completely different then.”

“Then you are gay, Flossie?”

“No, if I was I wouldn’t love you or have sex with you. I love you. You know that, don’t you?”

“Yes, I’ve never doubted it. I am going to do something we have never done before; everything that occurred tonight has inflamed me. We are going to have anal sex. If you do have any homosexual desires, such sex will replace them through me.”

Strange sort of logic, I thought. It was true we never had anal sex before. It was possible if the vice cops hadn't raided, I may have given such or received it.

Irene soon had my cock standing to full attention; my short black satin nightie had been drawn up by my wife to the hips. The events of the night had definitely stimulated us both even if I had been slung in the cooler. Irene's white silk nightgown was around her hips, my finger was in her pussy and her clit was rising, extending itself. We were French kissing like there was no tomorrow. "Don't cum yet, Flossie," was whispered in my ear.

Irene broke the kissing off, took a pillow, rolled over on her stomach, and placed herself on the pillow. This brought into my sight the raised white fleshy cheeks of her derriere What a delicious scene lay before me. I put gentle kisses on her neck, lingering there for a while. I could feel shivers of excitement pass through my wife's body. I started a slow kissing all the way down to the spot where Irene had desired me to enter my penis.

"Kiss it first!" I was told in a low, soft, loving voice. That order would be attended to but I was in no hurry to end this sequence of kisses just yet. Besides it would prolong our loving to the pleasure of us both. Eventually that puckered opening in Irene nether regions would be reached, the place she desired intercourse this night.

The pillow under Irene's stomach had elevated her backside to a most desirable height and position. The aperture between her bottom cheeks was a tempting proposition. I kissed each of her offered buttocks and soft and pliant they felt under the pressure from my cheap trashy lipsticked mouth

(Irene's words, not mine). I was proud that two lipstick imprints were left there, a sign of the conquest of her by me. As a result of this, Irene moved her legs further apart, widening that small opening in her anus.

"Kiss it please!" Irene pleaded and she raised her firm backside further off the bed. Such a second pleading could not be ignored. Besides, my own desires were rising. The labours of the night would only reach their fulfilment once I entered her puckered anus and intercourse ended it all in a great and crashing climax to the satisfaction of us both.

My lips and tongue were about to come into play. My hands tenderly pulled her precious derriere apart. My lips came closer and kissed the sacred place which I desired to pleasure. Such a place must be given the status that holy sites like it deserve. Kisses upon kisses showered on the spot, appreciated by my wife as I could tell from her rapid breathing. I wanted further exploration, my tongue wanted it and before I knew it, it had entered the desired entrance. Irene quickly reacted to the invader within and her sphincter closed, clamped on it, thereby giving me the opportunity to continue my explorations.

My hands had gone under Irene's stomach and pulled her buttocks closer to me, helping my eager tongue get further inward to our mutual pleasure. However such pleasuring, we both knew, was but only a foretaste of what we wanted. To that end my tongue departed for all was prepared for the final act.

The purple-headed dome of my penis was now at the entrance to Irene's anxiously waiting anus but not for long as it easily entered the well-prepared

opening. My preparations had been more than successful. I now started the slow in and out movement inside my wife. Irene had put a finger inside my own anus to a surprised gasp from me. Not that I was objecting to the pleasant fingering of my innards by any means. As before, Irene's sphincter quickly encased my cock and milked it. The sensation was much more intense than it had been on my tongue. My hand was embracing one of Irene's breasts. I could feel the hardness of it.

Everything was combining to make my movements go faster. I think Irene wanted that too as her finger in my anus wiggled quicker and so the love making went faster and faster Tighter and tighter I gripped my wife. "More, more!" moaned Irene. "I want more" our climax was approaching at a break-neck speed.

"Oh yes!" came from my red lipsticked lips as I came, spurt after spurt of my love juice was lodged inside Irene's anus. I withdrew my dripping penis and Irene rolled over on to her back.. She held my hand and softly whispered, "That was good, Flossie, very good." A kiss was placed on my forehead and her eyes closed to sleep.

We rose from sleep about 7:30. There was a lot to do this day. I phoned the office and said I would not be in today. Something had turned up that I had to attend to. Irene said something similar but then who was going to challenge her?

"I think you should put the black skirt and white blouse on with the beige stockings and black

low-heeled pumps for court this morning. That outfit looks so smart. We want to make a good impression, don't we?"

"Yes dear, but I think it is too late for making good impressions," I said.

Irene and I entered the court room arm-in-arm and sat with the rest of the girls from last night about twenty of us in total.

"Look at Miss Fancy Pants all done up in her Sunday best," was the snide remark from one of the girls.

Irene gripped my arm tighter; maybe she had regrets about the outcome of last night. She said nothing. There are a number of cases before the magistrate before ours, mostly drunk and disorderly charges and such.

The clerk of the court called, "Case nine, your honour. These women are accused of procuring for immoral purposes." Then he read out the names. "And finally James Rankin."

The magistrate raised his eyebrow, looked up, then asked, "Who is James Rankin?"

My wife said, "It's Flossie Rankin, or soon will be." It was my turn to raise an eyebrow.

"Who the devil is this woman?" questioned the magistrate to the clerk of the court.

"I've no idea, your honour," he replied.

"I'm Flossie's wife," informed Irene.

"Mrs. Rankin, if you don't keep quiet, you may be up before me. Beside you're in the wrong place. You should be in the public gallery. Remove her at once

and put her there.” So my beloved wife found herself sitting there.

“How do all these women and Mr. James Rankin plead? “ We all pleaded guilty.

“This town is trying to clean up our streets of vice and an example must be made. I see from records that you, Mr. Rankin have never been in trouble before. What excuse do you have for this deplorable vice?”

Up jumped Irene again. “It’s entirely my fault, your honour. If it wasn’t for me, Flossie would not have been there.”

The magistrate looked up. “I’ll not have any more disruption. Remove that woman from court.” Irene found herself being led from court by two women bailiffs.

“Well, what have you to say for yourself, Mr. Rankin?” asked the magistrate.

“Nothing except that it was a dare by my wife which I foolishly took up, much to my regret,” I said, hoping that lame excuse would satisfy the magistrate.

“Did you indeed, Mr. Rankin?” the magistrate said, giving me a strange look in my black skirt, white blouse, and heels. “I don’t know what kind of funny games you and your wife play. Your only saving grace is that you have a clean record so I won’t send you to jail. However I will place a fine of £1000. Should you come before this court again, you will go to jail so don’t come here again.”

Irene of course wanted to know what happened inside. “I’ll pay the fine, Flossie.”

“It’s only what I expected, Irene, seeing all the trouble you landed me in.”

There was silence for a while as we drove back home. Then Irene spoke. “It was thrilling and exciting, wasn’t it, Flossie? Go on, admit it, you got a buzz too, didn’t you? Such adventures keep our marriage alive.”

We spent the rest of the day in serious discussion as to what our next move would be. Irene’s parents would be told immediately of my dressing 24/7 in women’s dresses and that I would soon be stopping work. Irene told me she had already consulted with her doctor about herbal treatment for my breasts. That would start shortly after a medical examination of my body by the doctor. Irene seemed quite excited by the fact that over time I would eventually have real breasts filling my brassiere.

“How long, Irene?” I asked her.

“The doctor said in about three or four months we should see the first signs of budding breasts. They will only increase in size from then on.” I received a passionate kiss and hug from my wife.

The following day I was told to report to the senior manager. Remember, I had been promoted from junior manager to manager. George Harding was the overall manager of us all. There I was sitting before him. He looked at me with a serious expression. “You have seen the papers I take it, Jimmy?” Of course I had. It was the talk of the office that I had been arrested for procuring for immoral purposes. No one in the office had the slightest idea I dressed

in women's clothes prior to it being reported in the press.

"Yes George," I answered.

"The company takes a dim view of such matters when one of its employees is involved and the company name is mentioned in the papers. You understand what I am saying, Jimmy?"

"Yes George, I expected some sort of repercussion from the company."

"The company was all for sacking you. I persuaded them to keep you on as you are a most excellent manager but you will have to be demoted. I'm afraid you will have to drop through the ranks and start on the tools again. Your salary will reduce in accordance with your rank."

"Thanks for all you have done, George, but I may be leaving the company shortly anyway. I shall be dressing full-time as a woman."

George Harding's face fell in surprise. "Why do you do these things, Jimmy?"

"There is no answer to that, George. You just wouldn't understand."

That night, Irene and I confronted her parents. Irene insisted I wear a dress. I wanted to go in male clothes. Helen, their maid, answered the door. She gave me a strange look when Irene told her I was her husband but she said nothing and led us to the living room. At that moment Irene's mother was sitting talking with her husband Henry who didn't look

at all well. I wondered if this was the right time to drop this bombshell on her parents.

It was Euphemia who first saw me, although I'm sure she had no idea who I was. Irene dutifully kissed her mother and father. Irene who opened the conversation. "I suppose you have seen the papers this morning, Mummy and Daddy."

"Yes Irene, I expect you have come here to explain what this is all about. Disgraceful behaviour indeed. I hope that husband of yours can explain himself," said her mother sternly.

"Mother, it's a long story but Flossie is not to blame."

Euphemia interrupted. "Who is Flossie?"

"It's Jimmy, Mother but if you will just listen you'll be wiser, Mother, Father." Irene went on to explain everything from the beginning of our relationship to the last few days.

"And that's it up to date, Mother."

I could see Euphemia was listening very intently and taking in every word her daughter said. I didn't know it then she was scheming and storing the ammunition she would use against me when the opportune moment presented itself.

"What will happen now?" asked Euphemia.

"Flossie and I have discussed this. Soon she will stop working, dress full-time in skirts and start to have breasts."

"Oh," said Euphemia, "does that mean she will have the operation and lose her male attachments?" The last part was said with a smile.

“No Mother, we are not taking it that far. Flossie will be taking herbal pills to increase her breast size, nothing else.”

The smile on Euphemia’s face melted. “I suppose you know best, dear.” Irene’s mother seemed a bit disappointed by that news to me.

“I do hope you understand, Mother and Father. We have been honest with you.”

“Oh yes, dear, we will support you, won’t we, Henry?”

Irene’s father, who had said nothing till now, looked at me. “You’re a brave man, Jimmy,” he said, nothing else. Irene’s mother, I got the feeling, was highly delighted I was in a skirt. I think she would have been jubilant if I was to lose my cock.

THE WAY TO WOMANHOOD

It had started. I no longer worked in the phone business; I was at home full-time dressed in a frock. It was sort of queer, if that is the right word, being at home all day on my own with no one to talk to. I looked forward to Irene coming home at night to greet her with a kiss and a hot dinner. Irene was right, I *was* the little housewife cleaning the house and making the meals. I actually began looking at some cookbooks for recipes.

I had been to the doctor accompanied by Irene and had a full medical check-up, dressed in a skirt of course.

“You’re a 100% fit man, Mr. Rankin. The herbal treatment will do you no harm at all. I’ll make out the prescription for it. Come back and see me in

three month's time." And that was that; I was on my way to having breasts.

Irene had made me a special little present of a brassiere in expectation of my growing breasts. Nothing at present filled it except breast forms. I must admit I was pleased with the appearance of it: white satin with lace patterns all over it a small white bow between my bosoms. I don't know how to put it, being in feminine clothes and surrounded by such womanly things, I was beginning to feel...well, sort of girlie.

One day soon after my doctor visit, Irene came home all excited. "I've got them, Flossie. You're on your way." After I calmed her down, Irene explained everything.

Opening her purse, Irene produced what she called a breast enhancement blend kit. It consisted of two bottles, one larger than the other. The larger bottle contained 300 yellow pills while the smaller bottle contained a liquid.

The yellow pills, I was informed by Irene, contained pure fenugreek and wild yam among other things. I had to take three times a day. The smaller bottle had liquid with the same ingredients as the pills. It had to be massaged once a day into the breast area.

"We'll start after tea, darling. I'll massage your breasts before we go to bed tonight."

After tea, Irene brought a glass of water in, opened the large bottle and took out two yellow pills.

"Open wide, Flossie." Then my wife placed the pills one at a time in my mouth, followed by a sip of water. "Isn't it wonderful, Flossie? You're on the way

to have real breasts and I shall watch every night to see how they progress.”

Having gone this far there was no backing out but maybe I didn't want to.

That night I saw Irene pay much attention to my breasts as she massaged them. This was to become a nightly ritual which often ended up in sex. As time went on, my bosom became a very sensitive area. Over time the breast forms that once filled the bra became redundant.

It was now time for my three-month check-up. I sat with Irene before the doctor, having had my medical.

“You're 100% fit, same as last time. The breasts are coming along just fine. I'm increasing the dosage to four capsules three times a day for the next year. You're still massaging them every night, Mr. Rankin?”

“Yes doctor,” I answered, looking lovingly at Irene.

“Good. Have you any questions, Mr. Rankin?”

“How long will I have to take the pills and will they affect sex with my wife?”

“After a year we will see. If all goes to expectations we will reduce but I'm afraid you may be taking them for the rest of your life. Sex?” he said, looking at my light summery dress with rose pattern. “Sex?” he said again, looking at me, then across to Irene. “I see no harm in that however you and your wife perform the act.”

I got a distinct felling our doctor was under the absurd impression that Irene and I made love as two women would. I still had my cock!

We called in at the chemist to pick up my increased prescription. On our way home I noticed that Irene had made a wrong turn going out of town. I mentioned it to her

“I know, Flossie. That doctor got me all frustrated. I’m sure he thinks we’re a couple of lezzies. Well, we’ll show him we’re not.”

What was my wife up to now? I hadn’t long to wait for the answer. We had gone well past the city limits. In the surrounding countryside we pulled into a lay-by just off the road. The car came to a rest and Irene switched the engine off.

“It’s time to get your knickers down, Flossie.”

I looked at Irene. “But it is broad daylight, darling.”

“I know but that is not going to stop us, is it?”

Certainly not, I thought as I wriggled my knickers down in the passenger seat. My white cotton ones soon lay on the car floor beside Irene’s black silk ones. My hand was taken by my wife and into the back seat we went. There, fully stretched out, lay Irene, her skirt pulled up. She was hungrily waiting for me to enter her pussy. She didn’t have to wait long as I lay on top of her and entered my member. It did function as a male member despite what the doctor may have thought.

What Irene and I did not know was that there were two witnesses to our sexual intercourse. A van with a rack on top with ladders tied on had come along the road. Two men in painters overalls were inside. The man in the passenger seat had been pleasantly admiring the country scene as the van went along.

“Whoa, hold it there, Joe. I think we passed something back there that could be very interesting.” The van was reversed back to the lay-by. From where they were both men had a grandstand view to all that Irene and I were up to on the back seat of her car.

It certainly would have been a sight to which many people were not privileged. They would have seen what they may have at first thought was one woman on top of another. That illusion would be caused by the sight of seeing my bare bottom and my white summery skirt hitched up my thighs. Looking downward, suspenders from a garter belt tautly holding up black nylon stockings would be seen. Who knows, they may have had erections at that. That would have been until I withdrew my penis to plunge it once more into Irene’s sopping pussy.

Irene spent longer and longer every night fussing over my breasts like they were gold. She would knead them endlessly, pulling the loose skin, upward manipulating it and trying to form an ample bosom. In the morning as we dressed it was Irene who put my brassiere on for me, deftly doing the hook and eye at the back and adjusting the shoulder straps to her satisfaction, then giving me a kiss.

“I hope you’re taking your pills when I’m not here,” Irene warned me before she left for work. What she would do if I didn’t, I don’t know but she needn’t worry. I was taking my meds, happily.

I was learning that Irene would do everything in her power to make me a woman except one thing. She would stop short of the full operation. She wanted my cock in full working order.

I had been about five months into the breast pill regimen when Irene's father died. His death was not entirely unexpected by us. Nevertheless she took it bad for Irene had always been close to her father. But even such a sad event did not have me back in male clothes for the funeral.

Irene and I wore identical outfits for the funeral, consisting of a long sombre black frock down to our ankles and flat black shoes. We both wore a black hat from which a black mesh veil hung covering our eyes along with black satin gloves and a black clutch purse to match. I held Irene tightly as the coffin was lowered into the grave and she dabbed her eyes with a white lace-trimmed hanky.

Irene's mother was there of course. The fact her husband was now dead meant that his shares in the company passed to her in his will. From that point on, she took more interest in the running of the company although she didn't interfere much as Irene was doing a good job.

In other matters, however, Euphemia felt she had a freer hand to do as she wished than when her husband been alive.

Irene paid regular visits to her mother to keep her company, maybe two or three nights a week on the way after work.

VICTORIAN MAID

One night, Euphemia, my devious mother-in-law slyly suggested the following.

“You like playing dressing-up games with Flossie, don’t you?”

“Yes Mother, I told you that when Flossie and I made a clean breast of it.”

“I know, dear. I never said anything negative about that desire, did I, Irene?”

“No Mother, you did not so why bring the subject up now?”

“Just this. As you seem to be experimenting with all aspects of womanhood on your husband have you ever thought of Flossie in a more menial job?”

“Like what, Mother?”

“A maid.”

“French maid?”

“No, not a frivolous thing like that, a real housemaid who will actually be doing hard work in the house. After all, you did want her to work for money as a hooker, didn’t you, dear? There is no chance of her coming up in court as a maid, is there?”

My wife was more than interested at this prospect. “But who is going to employ Flossie and pay her? I’ve still have the money her punter gave her as a hooker and the crinoline she wore at the fancy dress ball.”

“If that is all you are worried about, I will employ her and pay her. A maid doesn’t earn all that much. But I’m not employing her just for a day or even a week, you understand, dear. I don’t know what would have happened if there had not been that raid. Would she still have been on the street?”

My wife never answered that but she accepted what her mother said and nodded her head.

“Good. I leave her maid’s uniform up to you but it will have to be Victorian-style for that is what I want. When do you think Flossie will start her new job?”

“Next week, Mother. I’ll get the girls to make her outfits as a Victorian Maid. I’m already planning matters in my head.”

“Remember, whatever happens I am the Mistress and Flossie is the Maid. You have no say in that relationship whatsoever. This is a real-life ongoing situation like when she was a hooker.”

“Yes Mother”

Euphemia had worked her little plan out nicely. She was in complete control of the situation and I had no say in the matter.

“You needn’t stay at home lonely everyday anymore. You have a job!” Irene announced one night.

“Oh have I?” I said much surprised. “Not another hooker job is it for that is definitely out after last time.”

“No, this will suit you and it’s something you’re used to after you left work. Your new job will be a maid to...Mummy.”

I raised my eyebrows. That was one job that I certainly did not look forward to. “Part-time, I presume.”

“No Flossie, full-time as Mummy’s live-in maid. She will supervise all that has to be done. I’ll get the girls to run you up all that is needed for a maid’s outfit.”

“For just the week I take it, darling.”

“No, longer than that. Mummy hasn’t yet decided.”

I was trapped. My cunning mother-in-law had me exactly where she wanted me: under her thumb. I could only guess as to what she would do to me now that I was in her power.

I was soon wearing the maids outfit but not yet in Irene’s mother’s house. My wife brought it home one night. It was a long black dress all the way down to my ankles. A crisp white apron was over it and a white mop cap with two streaming white ribbons at the back accompanied it. Irene gave me a feather duster, telling me that from now I could use it around our house to practice for her mother’s.

“Will I see you at your mother’s home, darling?”

Irene took a long time to answer my question. “I don’t really know, sweetheart. I don’t want to intrude on my mother as to what she wants from her maid. After all, it was her idea and she may think I am getting in her way.”

“Don’t you want to see how my breasts are progressing?”

“Yes. I may drop in from time-to-time but Mother will keep me up to date about that.” No more was said.

Irene drove me to her mother’s house. We were greeted at the front door by Euphemia, my mother-in-law. We were informed that Helen, her maid, had been released from her duties.

“There is no need for her any longer as Flossie will take over from her. I did reward her for the long and faithful service she gave me. I expect the same loyalty from her replacement,” we were told. Irene and I kissed before she left. I wondered when I would see her again.

As Irene left, I stood in the living room, luggage in hand. Euphemia looked me up and down. “Follow me,” she said in a harsh tone of voice. I was taken down to the basement where I had never been before. We stopped before a small room. “This was Helen’s room, it will be yours while in my service. You have brought the maid’s uniform?”

“Yes Euphemia, it is in the case.”

I saw the first signs of approaching trouble as my mother-in-law face turned a deep red.

“I will not have insolence from my inferiors. You will address me as ‘Mistress’ in the future. No personal names in my presence. If you fail to do so, I will severely punish you. Is that UNDERSTOOD? Change into the maid’s dress for I want to inspect it. Be quick and come to the living room.” With that, she abruptly left.

Euphemia had made it clear that I was not going to have an easy time with her. I would have to be prepared for anything in this house. I changed and made my way to the living room.

Euphemia sat on the well-upholstered chair. “Come here!” she beckoned. “Turn around.” This I did as she sat watching. “I’m not satisfied with your shoes.”

“What would you suggest, Mistress?” I asked her.

A smile came on her face. "I am pleased I have been addressed in the proper manner, Flossie. Now as to footwear, we will see about lace-up ankle boots. Raise your dress slowly."

My mother-in-law was calling the shots. I took the edge of the skirts and slow pulled them up. My petticoats were revealed to Euphemia's approval. "The petticoats are nice. Now lift them so that I see your drawers underneath." I did.

"Oh dear. They will never do, Flossie," my mother-in-law said, looking at my small panties.

"Never mind. I shall inform Irene and her girls will soon have the 19th century style drawers made for you. Show me a curtsy, Flossie."

"I'm not sure I can do one, Mistress."

"That is a must for all my maids. I'm afraid you shall be chastised for that. Pay attention, I shall show how just once. I expect you to practice it well and not be slovenly about it for that would be punished too." Euphemia gave a deep curtsy and finished with, "Can I be of any further service to you, Mistress?"

So there was I, taking a firm hold of the side of my skirts, bending my knees, making a deep curtsy and saying, "Can I be of any further service to you, Mistress?"

"You'll have to improve. Flossie, you are dismissed. That skirt you have on? I want you to iron the pleats razor sharp but that can be done in your spare time."

I then went through the rigmarole Euphemia had just taught me, the curtsy and all that. She seemed pleased; I was where she wanted me: under her

thumb. As for spare time, I began to wonder where I would find any.

I had previously been shown where the dusters, mops, and vacuum cleaners were kept. My mother-in-law's home was large and I had to rush that morning to go through various rooms, Hoovering and dusting. When I was finished, Euphemia gave a thorough inspection

"I'm not satisfied with some things but you have no time to sort that at the moment as your afternoon work is now at hand."

I followed Euphemia around like a lap dog and had to endure her criticism silently.

Back in the living room, Euphemia sat in her cosy upholstered chair like a Queen giving orders. "Around this time of day, I expect you to make lunch for me. Soup and a meat dish is all that is required. You know where the kitchen is. Go about it now." With that, I was dismissed. A deep curtsy from me and off to the kitchen I went.

After half an hour I emerged with a plate of broth and pork chops, potato, and peas on a plate. This I served to Euphemia as she sat at the dining room table. There I stood to attention as Euphemia gave more orders.

"Come with me, Flossie," she said as she wiped her face with a linen serviette. I found myself in Euphemia's bedroom. "This is my laundry basket. Every afternoon you shall come here and take the clothes away, wash, and iron them. I expect my clothes in a neat bundle on my bed the following morning ready for me to wear. Is that clearly understood?"

I had to do a curtsy and answer, "Yes Mistress."

“Good. Before that, you shall clean the kitchen and toilets. Take the laundry basket as you leave.”

A sweeping curtsy and I left my Mistress’ room. I am sure Helen never got this workload. My mother-in-law was making things awkward as possible for me.

I found from the laundry basket that Euphemia was changing clothes at least three times a day. This was another devious trick to keep me constantly at work with no time to spare. The only saving grace was that there was a washing machine. The clothes went into it and were washed while I finished my other tasks. Then I had to iron them.

Then there was dinner to make. Euphemia gave me precise instructions as to what she wanted. They were given the day before so that I could prepare the ingredients. That first day I was shattered and run off my feet. Was I glad to go to bed! But if I thought my ordeal was at an end, I was very much mistaken.

I had hardly been in my room a minute to rest my weary body when Euphemia entered without a by-your-leave. “Come to my bedroom at once, Flossie.”

I followed Euphemia to her room. “Stand there!” she ordered me. “I feel I have been lenient with you today. I’m afraid you shall have to be disciplined for failing to call me Mistress that first time this morning. You will be caned for that insolence. To keep you in line, every morning before breakfast you will be caned to remind you to always pay obedience to my orders and of your low position in my house.” Euphemia placed herself on a Queen Anne chair after having lifted a small rattan cane from her bed. Comfortable, she adjusted her dress.

“Come here and get what you rightly deserve, naughty Flossie.”

I couldn't believe what was to happen. Me, a grown man, was about to be caned by a woman, my mother-in-law no less. But there I was, actually walking towards her to receive punishment.

“Place yourself across my knees!”

This I did, finding myself staring at the carpeted floor. I felt the back of my black maid's skirt being lifted followed by my two petticoats. My black panties would be exposed to all.

I heard the swish of the cane above my head although Euphemia had not as yet landed a blow. That was to put fear into me of the coming chastisement. Then it came. Thwack, thwack and more thwacks. It was plain to me that Euphemia had a strong hand. I was sore and I left her bedroom rubbing my arse through the maid's dress. Euphemia had a broad satisfied smile on her face.

That first week, every day was the same. Euphemia worked me off my feet. Then one afternoon I was told to report to her room. “This is your pay packet for the week's work, not that you deserve any.” I held my hand out.

“However it shall go to Irene to add to her collection of souvenirs this first time.”

I gazed at the clear envelope which contained a few low value notes and coins. I was being paid a pittance. Cheap labour. All Euphemia was giving me was a bed and meals which I made myself.

A few afternoons a week my devilish mother-in-law would go to Ogden's HQ to see Irene. Euphemia became President of her Lady's club which was devoted to helping the unfortunate. As President, Euphemia held a meeting of the members once a week at her home which was a nuisance for it meant extra work for me. I had to prepare the sandwiches, canapés and such and go around serving them with a trayful of drinks too, all this on top of my usual duties. I had to stand by in the kitchen waiting for a tinkling of a bell from Euphemia, the signal to serve her ladies.

If you remember, at the start of this narrative I mentioned that Mrs. Kathleen Smyth-Hyde was the secretary of Euphemia's bunch of goodie-goodies. One day she turned up at Euphemia's front door, overnight case in hand.

"Flossie," my Mistress said, "prepare the spare room for Mrs. Smyth-Hyde. She will be here for a few days." Will she indeed? I said to myself. Why was she not at home with her husband? I soon found that hubby was away on a business trip for a few days.

As I mentioned at the start of this narrative, Mrs. Kathleen Smyth-Hyde was somewhat plump. Since then she had liposuction which made her trimmer and a nice-looking mature woman.

They were both dressed to the nines for dinner. After dinner, they sat together on the chaise lounge, making merry conversation as I served dry Martinis.

"Flossie," said my Mistress, full of her own importance, "you may leave. Your services will no longer be required tonight."

“Yes Madam.” She liked being addressed as Madam. I leave as Euphemia slipped a hand into Kathleen Smyth-Hyde’s. She must have thought I did not notice.

As I said before my room was in the basement so I made for there, got out of the Victorian Maid’s clothes and slipped a long white nylon nightdress on. I put my hair up in cutlers and took my makeup off. By now I was most familiar with the layout of Euphemia’s manor house, so I sneaked up to the kitchen from where I could hear all the conversation in the dining room.

“Kathleen, lets retire to my bedroom.”

“Oh yes, darling, let’s do,” replied Kathleen Smyth-Hyde.

That sounded very interesting thought and I knew exactly where they are heading for. Unfortunately I was just in time to see my Mistress’ bedroom door shut. I was a little frustrated for I couldn’t see what was happening in the bedroom. My ear was pressed against the door. I could hear what I can only describe as a sort of humming and a few soft giggles, nothing else. I hear no more so there was nothing for it but to go to bed.

I lay in bed trying to figure what is happening. If only I could see for myself. “Flossie,” I said to myself, “you weren’t a telephone engineer for nothing.” An idea formed in my head.

The following morning Euphemia and Kathleen appeared hand-in-hand at the breakfast table, dressed in the prettiest of nightdresses, all blue and fluffy.

“Flossie, Kathleen and I will be gone all day shopping but don’t think you will have it easy. I expect a

high standard of cleaning and you will find double washing and ironing as Kathleen had put her own clothes in the wash basket.”

“Yes Mistress, I shall attend to that and have all laid out on your bed for inspection. What do you wish I make for dinner, Ma’am?”

Kathleen cut in here. “We are going to the Flamingo restaurant for a candle-lit dinner, dear,” she said, holding Euphemia’s hand softly.

“There is no need to make anything, Flossie.”

“Will that be all, Mistress?”

“Yes,” she answered. I gave a sweeping deep curtsy that I knew was going to please Euphemia. It did as I noticed the superior smile that spread over her face.

They were gone and I had much to do. I lifted the phone and punch some numbers. A man answered

“Hello,” he said, “who is it?”

“It’s Jimmy Rankin, Bert.”

“Who?”

“Jimmy Rankin,” I say again.

“I’m afraid you got the wrong number, ma’am.”

My voice had gone female over the previous several months.

“Listen Bert, you were only an apprentice wet behind the ears when we did the Ogden job and now you’re sitting on the seat that I once occupied

“Christ, Jimmy, you sound like a woman. They say you did funny things like dressing in women’s clothes.”

“Yes, they do say that,” I answered, looking at the maid’s outfit I have on at present. “Bert, I haven’t all day to spend on idle chatter. Can you do me a favour for old time’s sake.”

Within the hour, Bert Harris personally delivered all I needed. I think he was curious to see me.

“It’s true, you do wear women’s dresses and you look like one. Why? And why is it a Victorian Maids outfit? Christ, you’ve even got tits. And what do you want all this equipment for?”

“Bert, it would take too long to explain and I haven’t the time. I’ll tell you later.”

He left and I quickly set about what I wanted to do.

There I lay on the bed, no listening at doors this time, with a clear picture on the monitor. I had rigged the cam and concealed it within Euphemia’s room for sound and vision. At present the room was in darkness. Everything was ready for tonight.

About 10 that night, Euphemia and Kathleen arrived back. “Flossie, two dry Martinis for Kathleen and me at once.”

“Yes Mistress. Your clothes and Mrs. Smyth-Hyde’s are on the bed, ready for your inspection.”

“They better be clean and in good condition otherwise you know the repercussion.” Turning to Mrs. Smyth-Hyde, she continued, “You know I chastise her when she is a naughty girl.”

“Quite right, too. Maids like her should know their place.”

I poured out the Martinis and came with the tray to my Mistress. “Is there anything else you require,

Mistress Euphemia?” I knew that was going to please her for I had made emphasis on the word Mistress.

Her face beaming in smiles, she replied, “No Flossie, that will be all for tonight. We may wish breakfast in bed in the morning. You will be informed. Oh and leave the bottle on the table.”

Oh, would they indeed? I thought. It looked like I’d get some interesting pictures on the monitor tonight.

VOYEUR

I just lay on the bed resting till such time as the action started which I was sure it would. So there I was, lying back on my bed with a biscuit in hand when the light in Euphemia’s bedroom went on. Giggles and laughter from the two ladies; they were rather tipsy by the sound. I think they had polished off the bottle. Euphemia inspected the clothes on her bed, gave a hmmm and put them on top of her chest of drawers.

I could see Euphemia and Kathleen had been on a shopping spree as I perused their outfits, all brand new. Euphemia was wearing a revealing little black dress with plunging neckline. It was stretch fit, revealing an elasticised back with multi cross straps. She wore chic gold jewels, chunky dropper earrings, a gold necklace and bangle strappy black buckle heels.

Kathleen had on a champagne-coloured evening dress that was an A-line. It was sleeveless with sweetheart beading. She also sported a pearl necklace and earrings along with white flat heels.

Neither woman needed any prompting for Euphemia hitched her dress to reveal her knickers, not a pretty sight, which were promptly taken down and thrown on the nearby chair. My Mistress plopped down on the bed, exposing her charms for the watching eyes of Kathleen.

Kathleen, not slow on the uptake, delved into her purse and out came an ivory-coloured vibrator and switched it on. Ah I say to myself that was the humming sound I heard the other night. Anyway I am intrigued to see what it is used as. It entered Euphemia's pussy to squirms and contortions. Kathleen eventually tired of that and withdrew the vibrator. It was then mouth-to-pussy action as Euphemia wrapped her black lace top stocking-covered legs round her lady paramour. Kathleen was trapped with no way out, not that I think she was particularly worried about this situation.

Well well, my mother-in-law is a lesbian. Interesting indeed. It eventually stopped as two tired ladies fell exhausted to the bed. There is not a lot more one can say, is there?

Kathleen Smyth-Hyde was indeed a disciple of Sappho and understood her sex very well. In Euphemia de Burges she discovered a outlet for her latent lesbianism and released it. While her husband was alive she could keep it in control; after his death, the restraints were off. And boy were they off as she incessantly indulged herself in her first lesbian affair.

I had recorded all that took place in Euphemia's bedroom. I had a plan.

So there I was the following morning in my best maid's outfit, breakfast tray in hand, placing it over

the two ladies. "Is all to your liking, Mistress?" I asked as I looked at both with arms around each other. Euphemia had one large breast hanging outside the top of the bed sheets.

"You will be informed later. I may spank you for the devil of it," laughed my Mistress.

"I'd like to see that," chimed in Mrs. Smyth-Hyde.

"Then you shall, Kathleen dear, and you may select whatever paddle that you fancy."

MY KINKY WIFE RETURNS

The news I have been wanting for! Irene had come back from wherever she was in the Far East.

"Polish the silver and lay a sumptuous meal on for my daughter is coming for dinner tonight. Oh, and make sure her room is spotless. I shall inspect," ordered my mother-in-law.

Not a word about Irene being my wife. "Won't she be sleeping with me, Mistress?"

Euphemia looked at me as if I were dirt. "Not in my house she won't. You're just the maid around here. Know your place, you little slut." With that, she turned heel and walked away.

We'll see about that. I prepared a room for my wife and prepared an excellent dinner of chicken, potatoes, peas and carrots. Trouble was, I might not be eating any of it.

Irene arrived later that night. She looked beautiful and tanned from her trip in the Far East. She kissed me on the cheek. Her mother was watching. "You mustn't do that with the servants, dear. It gives them ideas beyond their station."

“But Mother, she is my husband.”

“It doesn’t matter. It was understood that I would have complete control over Flossie, wasn’t it?”

Irene never answered but she had answered my question. She had not divorced me. “My husband.” I would question Irene further about that.

The problem was getting Irene on her own to talk to her. At present she was gushing about all the contracts she had secured for the company and the work it meant for all. And of course Euphemia had relegated me to the confines of the kitchen. However I did get a chance when I brought the coffee and petite fours in.

“Irene,” I said, “would you like to see how my breasts are progressing?” I thrust them out to their best advantage. I knew that would get her.

“Well...” I thrust the said items as much as I could within my black maid’s dress. “Yes, I do have to see their progress.” Euphemia had no answer to that.

We were soon in my room, me stripping down to my bra and drawers and Irene anxiously waiting to see and feel my mammary assets. Irene was assisting me to take the bra off. On observing the result so far, she exclaimed, “Oh, they have expanded very much since I last beheld them.”

She tenderly placed a hand on one, fingering a nipple which swelled at her touch. If Irene was excited, so was I. But that would not deter me from the purpose I had brought her here for.

There was no other way for it so I came right out with, “Irene, your mother is a lesbian.”

She froze for a moment. “Never!” Then, “no, never.”

“I don’t blame you for disbelieving me but I have proof. Watch.” I then played the video I had taken of her mother and Kathleen Smyth-Hyde. “Now do you believe me, Irene?”

She gasped. “I wouldn’t have believed it! My own mother, a lesbian.”

Now was the time to twist the knife. “Maybe it’s time I wasn’t here any longer. Maybe she’ll turn me to that persuasion and I’ll not be interested in you.”

As far as I was concerned there wasn’t much chance of that but I would use it as a means of freeing myself from the clutches of Euphemia. As for Irene, I knew she wasn’t into women as her dream had been turning a man into as near a woman as possible but with one crucial thing left between his legs.

“You’re leaving this house this very night. Pack your things.” Sweet music to my ears.

Euphemia de Burges must have wondered what was happening as her daughter swept past her, me in tow and neither of us answering her questions.

Isn’t it nice to be home and in pretty dresses once more? I said to myself. None of your Victorian Maid’s stuff, just an old pinafore dress with a rose pattern as I made dinner for my wife coming home from work. Irene gives me flowers every night. I like it, it keeps our love together. I know she is tired most nights so I never ask for sex. But she will from

time to time have her kinky sex which keeps our marriage alive. But whether she wants sex or not, my breasts get fondled every night by her. I like that. It makes me feel I am wanted. Then we fall asleep.

My breasts are adequate for both of us and was no thought of expanding them. Irene is happy the way we are. She has her dream come true of making a man as near a woman as possible without disposing of his male member. Having said that, however, Irene is still stretching the boundaries to see how much of a woman she can make me without losing my penis.

“Darling,” she said one night, “just what would you have done that night as a hooker if the police hadn’t interfered?”

“You’re not sending me out on the streets again, are you, Irene?”

“No, nothing like that. Besides, I still have the souvenir,” she said as she held the notes up in her hand.

“Well, what are you talking about?”

“You’ll see, dear.”

I didn’t think any more about that conversation for the time being.

“I’ll have a surprise for you tonight, darling,” my beloved says as she fondles one of my breasts in my diaphanous white nylon nightgown at the breakfast table.

“What is it, darling?” I ask.

“I said it was a surprise. Now pretty yourself up,” says she, picking up her brown briefcase and kissing me on the cheek. I look at my wife smartly

dressed in her white blouse, tight black business skirt and jacket, and black pumps.

Irene has got me all worked up and I can't wait for tonight. She earns the money and I stay at home, looking pretty. I love it and Irene would rather have it that way.

I make our bed, wash the dishes, then off to the bathroom I go. I run a hot steaming bath and sprinkle honeysuckle-scented bath salts into the water.

After a long relaxing soak, I dust myself down with lavender talc and smell like a woman. The hard work has only started. I tell you, it's not easy being a woman.

I sit naked before my dressing table mirror, except for a pair of black panties to cover my male-ness. I don't really want to see that which is below; it only would remind me of what I don't want to think about. There are plenty of moisturising creams before me. My skin is softer since I started on the herbal pills whither they had something to do with that I don't know and it wasn't worrying me.

My face is now all prepared to be beautified by powder, blusher, eye shadow, mascara and other beautifying female cosmetics. I even put a touch of lip-gloss on my luscious red lips. Now to remove the bathing cap and fluff and out my gorgeous hair. I look as pretty as a picture.

My wardrobe is full of beautiful dresses. I haven't had male clothes on my body for years now. I pick a nice red rose-coloured cotton frock that makes me look like a wife waiting for her husband after a hard day's work. I am excited as I opened my knickers drawer. I have the feeling Irene will have a hand inside my panties. That really turns me on. The

crotchless are out, not right for the atmosphere I envision for the coming night. Then I spot the black satin panties with a heart in red and an arrow through it. We both like them so the decision is made. I then put on a black nylon petticoat with lace hem and black bra. I have black seamed stockings and open toe mules to go with all this.

I've completed my dressing and have time to file and shape my nails and apply pearl-coloured nail polish. I look in the mirror and adjust a stray hair. I am indeed a pretty woman. I sit in the lounge, lift a woman's magazine and flip it open to the beauty page. There are some beauty treatments they recommended in which I am interested. I cross my legs and little shivers go through my body as nylon stockinged leg caresses nylon stockinged leg. I am having an erection in my panties and not for the first time. That is one of the nice things about wearing women's hose.

Irene comes home from work and I receive my customary kiss on the cheek and a little hug.

"You go and relax on the couch, darling. Dinner will shortly be ready," I say with loving eyes for my beloved wife.

I serve dinner salad. "That was nice, sweetheart," my darling wife says. "Did you read that article on beauty treatment?"

"Yes I did, very interesting and informative."

"Would you desire what they recommended, Flossie?"

“I would indeed, dear.”

“Then say no more. I shall arrange for such. I want to see you pretty.”

Then I broach the subject. “When shall I receive my surprise?”

A big smile spreads across Irene’s face. “You’re anxious for it, aren’t you? You shall get it this night, never fear. I see you have prettied yourself up. You deserve all that is coming to you.”

We are now in our bedroom retiring for bed. Irene is in a playful mood as she puts a hand inside my nightdress and plays with a breast, fingering a nipple. “You like that, don’t you?”

“You know very well I do.”

“Good. I think it is time we explored our love life a bit further. You will do as I ask without question?”

“You know I will. Didn’t I play the hooker for you and act the maid at your Mother’s? What do you want of me now?”

“Go on all fours on the bed.”

I love her so there I am on all fours as she asked. There seems to be nothing happening for I cannot see what she is doing behind me. Then I feel her hands on my back and something hard pressing against my anus. I hear a sort of grunt from Irene and a hard object is right up my nether region, Irene forcing it all the way. My God! I’m being fucked by my wife...AND I’M LOVING IT!

I moan in ecstasy as Irene quickens the pace, not saying a word. My cock has stiffened naturally and Irene is fondling both my breasts lovingly. I am going to come with a thundering climax. Everything is

so wonderful. Suddenly, all is over, too quickly for my liking.

“Well darling, what did you think of the surprise? You seemed to be enjoying everything,” Irene says as she unbuckles the black strap-on dildo.

“It was just fantastic! I’ve never felt like this before.”

“Then you shall have it again in our love play. Does this mean you would have gone all the way when you were picked up that night in Vernon Square?”

That’s an answer I cannot give for in all honesty I do not know myself. If the answer is yes, am I homosexual? Is Irene a lesbian, wanting me to have breasts. I know she gets exited fondling them.

We both could go to a shrink and have ourselves analysed but I don’t think I want to go down that road for Irene and I are happy the way we are. I love her wouldn’t chance losing her for anything in the world. I never know what surprises she has up her sleeve.

We never see Euphemia my-mother-in-law anymore or want to. I hear she is now a full-blown lesbian. Kathleen has introduced her to her circle of Sapphic friends.

Irene and I live as two women together. Life is never dull with my kinky wife.

“Flossie,” she said to me the other day, “how would you like to be a lady’s live-in companion?”

The End