

Michelle



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Michelle

By B  b   Talons

I

Mike O'Connor gazed out the train window at the rolling countryside with no joy in his heart. He sighed deeply and dug at his eye when a tear started to tickle his cheek.

"It's going to be all right, my dear Michelle," the fashionably dressed woman sitting beside him consoled. "Just wait and see if I'm not right!" She patted his nylon covered thigh gently and squeezed his limp, red tipped fingers reassuringly. "Now, don't cry else you will spoil your make-up and have to do it all over again!" she warned.

'Yeah, sure it will!' he thought defiantly. 'A lot you know! If the guys back at the Home could see me now,

they'd all die laughing!' he lamented silently, blushing at the thought.

Mike's dilemma had started some three years ago when he was almost fifteen years old upon the sudden death of his military parents in the Desert Storm Campaign and there had been no near relative to accept the responsibility for his care and up-bringing. The only solution, according to the Suffolk County Department of Child Protection Agency was to place him in a home until such time as he would be adopted. Except that a fifteen year old boy was not a prime candidate for adoption by anyone. Had he been five or six years old instead or a girl of any age, he would have been snapped up in a heartbeat what with his golden blonde hair, blue eyes and clear, peaches and cream complexion! Had Mike been born a girl, he would have been beautiful instead of merely overly handsome.

But, he wasn't five or six years old, and he hadn't been born a girl! He hadn't been adopted, and he for sure wasn't beautiful by a damn site! At least in his estimation, he wasn't.

Very handsome?

Now, that was a different kettle of fish altogether!

That he could live with!

He didn't like it, but he could live with it.

The fact that he stood just five feet and one inches tall while weighing one hundred and no pounds did not add to his desirability. As one couple had put it, "He was too heavy for light work and too light for heavy work!" And that had not added to his self-esteem at all!

To compound matters, Mike had been injured during an altercation at the home with an older bully when

the bully had shoved him bodily through a plate glass door and he had landed on a sharp shard of the plate glass that had severed his scrotum from his body while cutting his testicles to shreds, well beyond saving with the result that he had been totally, permanently emasculated. He would be speaking and singing as a "high" mezzo-soprano for the rest of his life! This was only one more reason people had not given him a second glance. Every one of them had wanted a "perfect" child, not some unsexed freak!

So, Mike had reconciled himself to staying in the home until he was eighteen when he would inherit his parents' estates plus their GI death benefits which would enable him to go to college and prepare for a better life. To that end, Mike had applied himself diligently to his studies and had earned the dislike of many of the other kids at the home with his straight-A grades, Boy Scout's Eagle rank and his bookish mannerisms. Mike didn't care what the others thought for the most part, and as a result, he was a lonely boy with an outward non-caring attitude that won him no friends either!

Then, long after he had given up any hope of being adopted and just weeks shy his eighteenth birthday, a lady had appeared at the home out of the blue one day and announced to Mrs. Gatesby, the matron in charge, that she had come to claim her grand nephew, Michelle O'Connor! She had produced papers that proved she was the sole surviving member of Mike's own O'Connor Grand-Parent's family. The woman was the widow of his own GrandFather's youngest brother, who had been completely unaware of Mike's orphaned state because of the lack of communication between the branches of their extended family, until very recently.

Mike had been introduced to the woman, and while she might have been his relation, there was no resemblance between her and the short, white-haired, roly-poly, always laughing woman who had baked cookies for him so often when she was alive.

Still, it was a Heaven sent chance to escape the dreary confines of the juvenile home and broaden his horizons. Besides, who was he to look a gift horse in the mouth?

And so it was, on a rather frigid day in late January, they had ridden the train to mid-town Manhattan where she had registered them at a posh hotel on Broadway and his whole world had been turned up-side down in the twinkling of an eye!

First of all, on the train ride into Manhattan, he had been told outright that even though he was no blood relationship to the woman except through marriage, he was still to call her "Mother" at all times. He didn't object because deep down inside, Mike missed his own Mother terribly and welcomed the chance to call someone Mother, even if it was only pretend!

Second, he learned that she had been looking for a certain type of boy, having hired detectives all over the United States and Canada to search for a boy of intelligence and beauty with a passive demeanor and the desire to change his life.

Why she had chosen him, Mike did not know.

Nor did he care.

Third, he was now Miss Michelle Louise O'Connor, and she produced a birth certificate that showed his given name as Michelle Louise and his birth sex as female. Everything else was the same, birth date, parents, place of birth, doctor of record, date of certificate filing,

it was all the same. It was a genuine birth certificate, duly stamped and certified by the state, and had been issued back when he was born. Mike vaguely recalled having been told of a twin sister who had died shortly before her first birthday and he surmised that this woman had gotten hold of his sister's birth certificate instead. How she had managed to change things around to make him his own sister, Michelle Louise, and female to boot, Mike did not understand and he took her at her word that it had been a bureaucratic screw-up and beyond their ability to change without more hassle than it was worth. After all, what did he know?

Fourth, what bothered him the most was her insistence that he become a girl for real now. And to that end, she told him that once they arrived at their eventual destination, he would be wearing dresses and blouses and skirts and corsets and dainty lingerie and nylons and high heels only, and he had been struck dumb with fear!

Of course, Mike had objected loudly, but he soon found himself without his trousers and underpants, up-ended over the woman's ready knee and spanked soundly until he had given in reluctantly. She informed him that her manner of dealing with any rebellious child was to spank its bare bottom until it had agreed to her requests, no matter how much it might cry and sob and carry on. After she had spanked him, she taught him how to curtsy and to thank her for correcting him. She made him practice curtsying for almost an hour until he could do it expertly and without thinking. Mike was a fast learner and it only took three sound spankings (the second that very afternoon when he refused to wear the clothing she gave him, and the third much later that same afternoon in a woman's

dress shop in front of the owner and her two shop girls, after which he had had to curtsy to the Modiste and her girls and ask them to forgive his offensive behavior!) to teach him the futility of disobedience.

That had been two days ago and he now accepted his feminine appearance without a whimper and if he was ever in doubt as to whether he should curtsy or not, he curtsied without thought. Not only was he wearing nylon panty-hose, but around his waist was a very snug corset! Mother and the shop lady had fitted him and when they were done, he had small, perky, rudimentary breasts in his stretchy bra and a waist so constricted that he had trouble breathing. The most embarrassing thing about the corset was the soft leather cupped piece that went between his legs and fastened to the bottom of the thing in back, giving him a slight rounded mound in his panties! The shop girls had just laughed at him, saying, "Wait until you really get down to size! Then see what happens!" which only increased his dread of the future.

But his new clothing was only the first of the many surprises to come his way. Not only was he dressed in feminine clothing, but he was paraded out in public where everyone could see his humiliation! She had begun immediately to teach him to be girlish in every way, and to his surprise, it seemed to work because no one gave any sign of knowing the truth about him!

Even Madame la Modiste in the dress shop had not known until Mother had stripped him to the buff so that the woman could take very careful, minute measurements of every square inch of his blushing body! How humiliating and embarrassing that had been!

His trousers had been exchanged for very short, tight, white, micro-mini skirts with back zips and no

kick pleat. His polo shirts were now white blouses with long sleeves and wide French cuffs, high necks, back snaps and made of a semi-sheer silk that showed plainly that he was wearing a black or red or pink training bra and the restrictive corset beneath! His shoes had been exchanged for white opera pumps with three inch high heels that had the added humiliation of ankle straps so that he couldn't "lose" them accidentally.

He had been subjected to the expertise of a beautician that left him with a short, boyish, crew-cut hair-do, brightly painted nails. The eye-shadow she used made his eyes look round and innocent, much to his utter chagrin. His ears had been pierced so that now huge golden hoops brushed his neck at every movement! He had cringed internally when she painted his lips with a deep shade of red and he had about died when she then spritzed him with a dainty perfumery fragrance that excited his senses in spite of himself!

"Pay close attention to what is being done because you must learn how to apply your own make-up and do it correctly every time in future!" Mother warned.

When he saw himself in the mirror that the lady held in front of his face, he could not believe that the beautiful boy staring out at him was him!

When he stood, tottering on the unfamiliar heels, the woman told him, "You are going to be a heart breaker, my sweet! With beauty like yours, the men are going to fight over you at every turn! There's not a man alive who wouldn't give his eye teeth to get into your panties!"

"M-men?" he gasped. "Oh, no!"

“Oh, yes, men!” she teased. “I can see right now that you’re going to be a cock-teaser of the first order, and you will love it!”

“I don’t doubt that,” Mother interjected with a soft laugh. “But I have special plans for Michelle!” But what those special plans were, she did not say. . . then.

Back to the woman’s dress shop where Mother bought him a sort of picture hat with a veil that completely disguised his boyish hair, and a white faux-fur jacket with a high collar and huge, white buttons for closure, some white fur sno-boots and several pairs of lacey-white, fingerless gloves.

Then she took him to a Broadway play and to dinner after, and Mike was surprised at the admiring glances he garnered from the male half of the population, and quite a few of the distaff side too. He found himself smiling encouragingly but coyly at these glances with never a thought that he was a mere boy garbed as a beautiful girl! Of course, the wide brimmed, short crowned picture hat and veil disguised completely his boyish hair style.

At the hotel room they shared, she introduced him to a polished cotton granny gown and his dreams were full of strange thoughts. Several times during the night, he awoke crying, and finally, Mother took him into her bed and held him close to her breasts until morning. She was not surprised that he slept soundly when she held him. Instinctively, she had recognized his loneliness and was using it to her advantage!

Then, she dressed him in his traveling suit; the corset, the panty-hose, the red training bra, the tight, white micro-mini skirt, a semi-sheer, white silk blouse that fastened in back, the opera pumps and a stretchy belt

around his middle that only added to his breathing problem!

A make-up session soon followed in which he showed his progressive expertise, then the huge hoop earrings, a dazzling bracelet for his right wrist, a dainty wrist watch for his left, a spritz of the light perfume, the furry, fuzzy white faux-fur coat, the half-gloves that showed his painted nails and the flat brimmed hat with its veil stretched around his face and tied beneath his chin. A last look around the room by Mother to make sure they were leaving nothing of import behind, and it was down to a taxi for the short ride to Grand Central Station where the train waited to carry them wherever it was they were going.

And so it was that Mike (dressed in his mini skirt, sheer blouse, panty hose and the high heeled opera pumps and all in white!) and Mother were seated in a private compartment of a passenger car that was soon making its way across New Jersey, then Pennsylvania and into Ohio. The walk across the train station to the departure platform had been pure torture for Mike as he envisioned every other person seeing right through his skirted disguise and know instinctively that he was just another boy, but dressed as a girl!

Shortly after the train started, Mike had become bored with looking out the window. He had fidgeted and Mother had warned him to sit still else his skirt ride up to show the tiny bulge in the front of his snug white pantie-hose! He had been slightly insulted when Mother gave him the latest copies of *Modern Girl* and *Modern Miss* and then ordered him to read every article in both magazines, paying close attention to all the ads, and especially those he found the most interesting

or the most puzzling because of their unfamiliar feminine content and/or reference.

At first, Mike had been less than enthused with the magazines with their ads for girls' clothing and girls' intimate products and the articles that were all aimed at a girl's search for a long term male companionship, marriage, a home, children and a life as a happy housewife with a new recipe to try out on her unsuspecting, but loving, husband! Mike found some of the things that were advised totally hilarious and even ludicrous!

'Boy,' he thought, 'girls are sure gullible!' And then he blushed deeply because he was supposed to be a girl himself now!

He blushed even harder some time later when Mother began to discuss some of the more intimate aspects of what he had read and seen. She spared him no modesty, saying, "Girls and women often discuss their most personal thoughts and needs with one another, and so it must be between you and me. You see, for all practical purposes, I am now your Mother and you are my young Daughter, to be taught the ways of females and femininity. And as you will learn, those ways include everything discussed in your magazines, plus a lot more!"

"But, Mother," Mike protested mildly, "I am not a girl, I am a boy! No matter what my clothes try to say about me, I am still a boy!"

"Oh, Michelle, my dear girl," Mother crooned, "don't you know? When you had that accident with the plate glass door a few years ago and spent so much time in hospital, you ceased being a boy at that point?"

Mike stared at her. "What are you talking about?" he demanded, horror struck.

“That glass that pierced your groin severed your scrotum from your body and tore your undeveloped testicles to pieces, so much so that the doctors could not repair nor save either of them. That is why you still have a girlish skin and why your voice is still a high operatic mezzo-soprano and why you have not developed any of the common secondary physical traits of the maturing male. In fact, unless something is done, you will always remain arrested at age thirteen!”

“But, I’m almost eighteen!” Mike protested weakly. “I will be of age a few days before Valentine’s and then I could have left the home under my own power and have control of my life and go to college and get a degree so that I can earn a decent salary and get married and support myself and my wife and not be a burden to anyone!”

“With the underdeveloped body of a twelve or thirteen year old girl!” she declared.

“But . . . but . . .”

“It’s OK, my darling!” Mother soothed. “You’re going to be all right! Don’t you worry your pretty little head about a thing! Mother will see to all your needs, and where you are going eventually, you will be some years shy of your majority!”

“But . . . how?”

“Michelle, I probably should not tell you this, but I feel that we should have no secrets between us. You see, what I told Mrs. Gates back at the home was the truth as far as I went. I have been looking for a special boy for a long time. I don’t know how many thousands of dollars I have spent searching for you, but, since I am a millionairess many times over, the monetary expense was never of any real concern to me.

“You see, Michelle, I had need of a genetic boy who is passively female and utterly feminine in the extreme, and you, dear one, were the answer to my prayers!”

“I don’t understand,” Mike murmured. “Why a feminine boy, and why me in particular?”

“It’s Maurice Morse, my nephew, the only issue of my late, beloved brother, Maurice, and his late wife, Gloria.”

“But what does your nephew have to do with me?” Mike asked, puzzled.

“Maurice is a homosexual,” she admitted slowly.

“So what? That’s no big deal! I knew lots of guys back at the home who’re gay!”

“I have to make absolutely sure of the boy I give to Maurice as his wife,” she whispered.

“So? What does that. . . that. . . have. . . to do. . . with. . .” he stammered. Then, “You want me to be his wife! I could never do that! I’m a boy! I can’t be a wife! Besides, I like girls!” he protested vehemently.

“Of course you do, my sweet! And that is exactly why you will be the perfect wife for my Maurice!” she enthused.

“But, why? How?”

“Just leave it up to Mother, Michelle, and everything will work out just the way I have planned it. Just wait and see.”

With that, she had launched into a long discussion about one of the articles and in spite of himself, he found that he was interested in the whole concept of femininity and becoming a girlish girl. He was getting used to the seductive feel of the nylon and silk on his

body and even his breathing had become easier and more natural with extended wear.

He soon found himself answering even the most intimate questions regarding females and femininity fully and without embarrassment, enjoying the friendly give-and-take intimacy of their burgeoning relationship as Mother and Daughter. Somehow, being her daughter was no longer a repugnant thought as his loneliness dissipated, to eventually disappear altogether as his admiration and love for the woman grew.

Mother smiled to herself, 'Yes, my little androgyne, you will make a perfect wife for my Maurice, even though you may think otherwise right now!'

Somewhere in Ohio, Mother and Mike went forward to the dining car, and once more, his swaying hips atop the high heels and the long stemmed legs encased in shimmery nylon and the micro-mini skirt garnered more than their share of approving glances from the other, mostly male, diners. Mike, was totally unconscious of the impact he had on others, but Mother took notice of every glance with her own approval! 'Oh, yes, he will do admirably!' she thought. "Maurice will be so pleased!"

By the time they had made their way through two cars back to their compartment, Mike was getting quite used to the added height beneath his heels and his unconsciously swaying walk became easier and easier to manage. Mother nodded and thought, 'Soon I'll have to get you into higher heels, my pet!'

Back in their compartment, they found that the porter had made up their bed and since it was rather late (after 10:00P.M.), they got ready for bed. Mother helped Mike out of his blouse, bra and corset, then watched closely as he creamed his face to remove his

make-up before disrobing completely, preparing to get into his pink, polished cotton, old-fashioned granny gown. He felt a momentary shyness at being nude before Mother and slipped into his gown quickly, turning so she could snap it closed in back.

Then he helped her remove her blouse, bra and corset, and watched as she creamed her face too before disrobing for bed. Mike stared unashamedly at the nude woman, marveling at her firm, up-standing breasts, the trim waist and the lyre shaped hips with the patch of curls at their juncture. She turned slowly, letting him get a good look at her shapely bottom and long, model-like legs before slipping a rather skimpy baby doll nightie over her head and gliding in beside Mike. She gathered him close in her arms, pressing his face tightly against her breasts.

“Good night, daughter mine,” she whispered.

“Good night. . . Mo. . . Mother,” he stammered.

She tipped his head back and kissed his wide open mouth lingeringly. “Oh, Michelle,” she whispered after a bit, “you taste so sweet! Almost good enough to eat!”

“I think I love you, Mother,” he responded.

“Yes, Michelle, Mother! Remember, we’re Mother and Daughter now! I no longer am a stranger to you, I am your Mother and you should love me!”

“Oh, yes, Mother!” Mike cried. “And I do want to be your daughter!”

“And you want to learn how to be the best woman ever, don’t you, Sweetheart?” she prompted.

In spite of himself, Mike nodded, his tenuous masculinity dissolving completely to the overpowering need to be loved. “Oh, yes, Mother! Please, teach me to

be a good girl! Teach me to be a good wife to Maurice!
Teach me to be the woman that he can be proud of, one
in whose company he can hold his head high! Teach
me how to please him! Teach me to be his wife! Oh,
God! I don't even know him yet, and I want to do any-
thing to please him, and I do mean, anything!"

"Slow down, Michelle," Mother laughed. "There
are things that Maurice likes that you may find dis-
tasteful, even abhorrent!" she cautioned.

"I don't care!" Mike blurted. "I just want to do what
you want me to do!"

She pulled her nightie aside and poked a turgid
nipple at his trembling lips.

Surprised, he started sucking instinctively while she
cooed her approval. "Oh, yes, my little Michelle, nurse
me gently," she whispered.

After a long time, she smoothed the hair from his
sleepy eyes and whispered in his ear, "Do you remem-
ber when Madame Modiste told you that you would be
a perfect cock-teaser?"

He nodded, not letting go of her nipple.

"With lips like yours, my pet, you will be a perfect
cock-sucker too!" she teased.

Mike shivered involuntarily. He no longer cared
about anything more except pleasing his new Mother
in any way she desired, and if she wanted him to suck
on Maurice's cock, he would suck on Maurice's cock. . .

Whatever Mother wanted him to do. . .

He would do!

Willingly. . .

Eagerly!



||

The next afternoon, the train arrived in Chicago and Mother announced that they were going to spend a few days there. She had some friends she wanted to visit and there were some special shops she wanted to introduce Mike to.

It was quite windy when they got to Chicago and Mike was a bit sorry that he had let Mother talk him into wearing a full circle skirt like hers because the cool breeze off Lake Michigan kept blowing up under it, sending it flying up around his torso and showing everything underneath to the world! Their pantie-hose had been exchanged for nylons clipped to garters attached to their corsets and their snug panties had been traded for filmy pairs of pink silk thong panties.

When he had complained about his bare bottom being on full view when the wind blew, Mother just laughed. "Oh, Michelle, you'd be surprised by how many girls like to show their bare bottoms accidentally! Be proud of your luscious curves and share them with others! In time, you will become quite daring in your dressing habits and will begin to enjoy your flirty exhibitions! I know that I did when I was your age!" She giggled fondly at the memory.

"Mother! You didn't!" Mike gasped in astonishment. The mere thought of this severely dressed Matron with her long skirt, high necked and long-sleeved blouses and high heeled button boots could ever been dressed in such blatantly sexy clothing, much less show her assets to the world!

"Michelle! I surely did!" she affirmed with a giggle. "And quite often too!" she bragged.

The next time the wind blew his skirts up around his torso, Mike smoothed them down in front but conveniently forgot his back where his bare bottom was on full display. He found it very exciting to be so daring and innocent, especially since he had Mother's full approval!

In front of the hotel, the wind caught them again, and again they felt the delicious thrill of having their

bare bottoms seen by so many strangers. Two men walked right into one another because they were paying more attention to Mike's and Mother's bare bottoms than they were in where they were going! He found that greatly amusing.

That evening, he and Mother wore very short, tight, matching, strapless sheathe dresses that scarcely covered their nipples on top and barely came to the edges of their ripe bottom cheeks on the bottom. With nothing but panty-hose and opera pumps with three inch heels, the only covering either had was that sheathe dress! She had even dispatched with the picture hat so that his boyish crew cut showed plainly!

Mike complained that everyone could see that he was just a boy in a very revealing dress and Mother reassured him that, "No one will ever guess you're a boy! Lots of teen-aged girls cut their hair short like a boy's. Remember Annie Lennox or Sinead O'Connor? They both cut their hair close to their skulls!"

"I had forgotten," Mike admitted, but he still felt almost naked in such revealing garb, until Mother assured him that they would be the hit of the dining room.

And he was!

Their dinner was interrupted several times by men and women asking them to dance, and with Mother's blessing, he had enjoyed each experience greatly, although it was the first time he had ever danced with men, much less another women! With his natural grace and elegance, he had adapted to each person's style of dance with an ease that usually comes only with years of experience. He noticed that Mother was equally being asked to dance and that made him feel better about the whole experience.

He was glowing with excitement when he at last had a chance to eat something. "Oh, Mother," he gushed excitedly, "it was such fun! And not a one of them guessed a thing about me! They all thought I am a real girl!"

"You will find, Michelle," she commented wryly, "that people see what they want to see. In your case, they see a beautiful young girl in a provocative dress and fuck-me heels, and all at once, you are an object of desire to them. There is nothing male about you, and after you learn how to be a woman in all ways, no one will ever question your right to wear a skirt, nor even give it a second thought!"

"And they all kept looking down the front of my bodice!" he giggled. "The women too!"

"Imagine the thrill when you have real tits to show them and go braless!" she giggled.

"Mother!" he gasped with delight. "Dare I?"

"Why not? I do and they were looking down my front too!" she retorted gaily.

"You are a real trip, Mother!" he giggled.

"Yep, that too," she agreed.

"I love you so much!" Mike affirmed, leaning across the table to kiss her gently.

That night, they slept in each other's arms, both naked as the day they were born, her nipple in his mouth as he sucked, contented and happy.

Mike's dreams were confusing. In one of them, he was sucking something and it was not Mother's nipple! But when he tried to see what it was, he shifted to another scene where he was dancing with some faceless man and both of them were nude and the man's erec-

tion kept poking him in the belly and making him laugh and the more he tried to avoid contact with it, the more aware he became of it. And the more aware he became of it, the more he wanted to hold it and squeeze it and caress it, and yes, even to suck on it, and yet, his arms seemed to be too short to grasp it!

How far he had progressed to femininity in such a short time!

In the morning, they awoke, refreshed and happy and eager to get going. Still, Mother felt a little lazy this morning and she dawdled, teasing and kissing Mike to distraction until he finally stopped trying to get dressed and turned his attentions to Mother's waiting mouth and breasts, much to her delight and encouragement. It was almost noon before they got up and dressed for the day.

Mother had made an appointment to see one of her female friends, a gynecologist who was also a specialist in obstetrics. Mike was surprised when he was taken into an examination room by Mother, disrobed to his skin and poked and prodded by the doctor who seemed not to notice the vestigial penis and lack of other male appendages.

"Yes, Juney, an excellent specimen, ideal for your work."

"Then you approve my selection?" Mother asked anxiously.

The doctor nodded. "You couldn't have done better if you had planned it!"

"About the computer and the other things?" Mother asked shyly.

"Of course." The doctor turned to Mike and held out a glass of a milky liquid. "Here, girl, drink this!"

“What is it?” Mike asked timidly.

“Just something to help you relax while I run some tests,” she answered calmly.

“It won’t hurt you, Sweetheart,” Mother cooed. “Go on, drink up!”

Obediently, Mike drank and in a short while, he was sound asleep.

Moving swiftly and efficiently, they had him on an obstetrics table with his feet in the stirrups and his legs spread wide and back as far as they would go, opening him fully to whatever they were about to do.

The doctor sprayed his crotch with a deadening agent, then explained to Mother what she was doing.

“First, we make a little incision right about here,” and she touched his skin with her scalpel, making a deep cut. There was very little blood and it was easily controlled with a sponge. “Now we place the computer inside the incision and connect it like so, then we close the incision and glue it shut.”

“Glue it?” Mother asked, shocked.

The doctor smiled. “Yep, this super glue works just fine and it speeds healing by a considerable amount. The computer is good for a full year or more. It will deliver a steady, measured stream of female hormones into his system that will be unnoticeable on a day to day basis, but its cumulative effect will be quite dramatic. Be prepared for an onslaught of feminine reaction to the hormones. He will go through all the symptoms of having a period or becoming pregnant with its accompanying need to urinate frequently, strange requests for food or drink, moodiness, backaches, morning sickness, tiredness, the whole nine yards. With the shots of intensified hormones in each

of his breasts, he may begin lactation which will cause further enlargement of the breasts. The shots of the growth inducer in each of his bottom cheeks will cause his buttocks to swell so that he will develop a curvaceous, feminine body before the computer needs to be recharged. At that point, you will have to decide the extent to which you wish to go with him. It is my considered recommendation that you have S.R.S. performed as soon as possible, to finish the job you started," she continued.

"Oh, but, Doreen!, no! I am doing this for Maurice. You know he is homosexual, and if I had Michelle done, he would no longer be acceptable to Maurice. Besides, Michelle, the sweet little darling, has confessed to me that he wants to be a boy for Maurice and still be the perfect wife for him. I have already got him started on exhibitionistic tendencies and have encouraged him to show his naked self off whenever possible and to revel in doing so! I have also begun to teach him the ways of females and femininity and girlish behavior, and I must say, he is taking to it like a duck to water!"

"Or a baby to a nipple!" the doctor teased.

"Yes, that too," Mother admitted, giggling. "I just love his lips sucking on my nipples!"

"I can fix you so that you can lactate and nurse him for real," Doctor smiled at Mother encouragingly.

Mother colored prettily. "Oh! I was wondering about that!" she admitted.

"Yes, it's called Lactaid and it takes about a week to start milk production. As long as you take the medication, you will produce milk, but I warn you, you must be milked regularly as not to be milked will cause you extreme discomfort. With the size of your firm C-Cups,

I would imagine that you will need at least three or four or more milkings a day, every day, seven days a week! Do you still want to produce milk?"

"Oh, yes, Doreen! I have always wanted to be able to nurse a daughter, but until now, I never had a daughter to hold to my breast, and it feels so wonderful to have Michelle sucking on me. I know he loves sucking on me even though he gets nothing from it except the serene feeling of belonging, which I do believe is more than acceptable to him!"

"Just remember, milk in and of itself can not be used in place of a regular diet in mature persons. Drinking only milk has a tendency to soften the human body and reduce strength in certain muscles."

"Like?"

"His arms and legs. His muscles will become soft and cushiony like a harem denizen and because soft femininity is your eventual goal, I should suppose that would be the route you would choose for him to follow!"

"Would that be so bad?" Mother asked, laughing softly.

Doreen laughed. "No, I suppose not," she admitted. "How does he feel about sucking a man's erection?"

"He claims that he wants to do just that for Maurice, but I sense that he is only saying it to make me feel better," she confessed reluctantly.

"I'll give you some pills that will allay his fears and make him much more receptive to anything having to do with going against his former male conceptions of normalcy, which as you know, do not include entering a homosexual relationship willingly unless the inclination is there to start. The effect of this medication is to

dull the negative while enhancing the positive so that what was abnormal becomes the right thing to do, if you get my drift."

"You mean that he will want to be what Maurice wants in spite of his preconceived notions of what is right sexually, eventually becomes right and what was right becomes wrong."

"Well, not entirely, but you get the picture."

"So if I give him these pills, is the effect permanent?"

The doctor shook her head. "No. As long as he takes them regularly, they will have the desired effect."

"So if I stop them, his willingness to be Maurice's wife will diminish?"

"Possibly," the doctor admitted. "On the other hand, he may accept these alterations of his attitudes and sexual proclivities and enter into the marriage of his own free will!"

"That would be best, wouldn't it?"

"Well, it's your project, Dear Heart, so have at it! And speaking of sucking, we can reshape his jaw to make it easier for him to suck."

"Really? Tell me more!"

"His jaw is still supple enough to force into a less prominent spread by the judicious use of dental braces to force the desired new shape. This can be augmented by having him suck a pacifier of some sort constantly, and since you want him to suck cocks at some point, what better item than an erect penis pacifier?"

"Indeed!" Mother laughed.

A moment later, she had injected a copious amount of growth hormone into each one of Mike's nipples and an equal amount in each of his plump, rounded bottom cheeks.

"Now remember, Juney," the doctor cautioned, "you must start on the pelvic spreading as soon as possible. If you like, we could do it while you are still in Chicago. It would only add about two weeks to your visit and the end results will be unbelievable until you see it!"

"Well, I had planned on leaving tomorrow, but I guess another couple of weeks won't do any harm."

"Good! Scrub up and we'll do it in about an hour when my regular nurse leaves. No sense in her knowing what she shouldn't know. And we can take little Michelle down in the freight elevator with no one the wiser and take her to my private clinic where she will be safe from harm and the public eye. OK?"

And so it was that shortly after 5:00 P.M. on that fateful Friday, Mike had his pubic bone surgically severed and a spreader bar installed between the two halves that thereby shifted his center of gravity to a wider, more feminine, walking stance than previously. The doctor treated the severed ends of the bone so they could not knit and turned the set screw out three turns, showing Mother how to readjust the bar as Mike got used to the new position of his hips.

While they were at it, doctor removed the two lower ribs on each side of the cage, trimmed his Adam's apple, repositioned his navel and removed all his wisdom teeth so that the reshaping of his mouth would be more pronounced and infinitely more feminine in appearance and broke his feet to re-arch his in-steps to make it much easier for him to wear the

highest of heels and enable him to walk en pointe easily during his up-coming ballet training. They kept him in the clinic for a whole month under heavy sedation before letting him revive. Mike had no idea that he had been unconscious for so long! And while he felt a little strange in walking, he soon adapted to his new gait and thought nothing of the new four inch heels on his shoes. What bothered him was that every time he got used to his new gait, the next morning he would wake up with the familiar tenseness in his pubic area and he would have to readjust all over again!

At the same time, the new dental braces were forcing his mouth into a more gentle curve, except that it hurt enough to bring tears to his eyes and he didn't understand the holes in the back of his jaw until Mother explained that the teeth had been diseased, forcing their removal. Doctor prescribed some pain killers in liquid form that were stored in his penis pacifier and he only had to suck diligently for instant relief. Like everything else, he soon adjusted to his enforced sucking and began to feel naked without the thing bobbing between his lips! In fact, he grew so used to his pacifier that he didn't even notice the shocked stares of some persons he didn't know and would never know when they met in the street.

With Mother's encouragement, Mike ignored them all.

By the time they returned to the doctor's office six months later, the spreading was complete and his pubic bone had adjusted completely to its new conformation and Mike never thought about it again!

Too, the braces were also removed, leaving him with a softer, more girlish jaw line. But even with a new jaw line, the sucking would never stop!

* * *

III

Three days after leaving Chicago, they arrived in the large mountainous region that encompassed western Montana and eastern Idaho. They were met by a woman driving a long Cadillac limousine and Mike was quite impressed by her rather severe uniform. She wore a tight, sleeveless, black leather jacket, black leather chaps, high heeled cowgirl boots, a black Stetson hat and black leather half-gloves. Mike noticed immediately that even though it was still rather cool with patches of snow on the ground, the woman was braless, and since her jacket was not zipped closed, her huge breasts bounced freely atop her chest. Her make-up was all black and she wore a sharp spiked leather collar around her neck with leather cuffs on her wrists that had small rings fastened to them. When she turned, he saw that she was not wearing jeans beneath her chaps, nor anything else that he could see and he marveled at her ability to withstand the cold that was making him shiver in spite of his warm coat! He whistled low in appreciation, then curtseyed to her, embarrassed at his unconscious faux pas.

The woman grinned at him and curtseyed politely to him. "And you're not bad looking either, Missy!"

she exclaimed, handing Mother and him into the back seat (patting his bottom familiarly) before stowing their luggage in the voluminous trunk, then getting into the driver's seat and driving away from the train station.

"Aren't we almost there?" Mike asked around his bobbing pacifier.

Mother laughed. "Oh, not for another couple of hours at least," she explained. "We live way back of that hogback you see off in the distance. It's quite a secluded valley that my late grandfather filed on when he discovered gold there back in the late 1870's. That was before he came off the mountain with his fortune and got married. He managed to keep it a secret from claim-jumpers until he was rich enough to hire his own police force to protect it. He used to claim that he had to shoot five men to keep alive himself, and from what I have read of local history, he did just that!"

"Wow!" Mike breathed.

"Except that now, we do very little mining, having sold it to a large conglomerate some years ago, and we raise beef cattle and horses, which is much more profitable in the long run."

"Where does Maurice live?" Mike asked timidly.

"No where in particular. You see, his parents left their fortunes to him and he sort of lives a vagabond existence. Sometimes he stays with me, but then he gets bored with just ranching and he's off to Reno or Atlantic City or somewhere equally exotic. If he had a wife to stick around for, he'd be more of a homebody like he was when Marty was his live-in.

"That lasted about three years before Marty got itchy feet and Maurice, being a normally monogamous

person, did not want to share Marty with any one else. So, after Marty left, Maurice started a search for a replacement, but the last I knew, he hadn't found anyone to his liking, and that is where you come in, my pet! When we get done with you, you will be an extremely feminized and feminine boy, a virgin bride and a willing bed mate, expecting nothing while giving everything and ripe for a virile male.

"Oh, don't worry! I will make sure that Maurice woos you, wines you and dines you and gives you presents, flatters your vanity and makes you fall in love with him. Of course, it helps that you are so willing to become a feminine boy for him, but even if you weren't, you would be when your training is complete!"

"Er, Mother?" Mike quavered. "About how long will it take to make me a suitable wife candidate for Maurice? And when will I meet him?"

"I imagine that you will be ready in six or seven months, say just before your nineteenth birthday, and in this state, you can marry at age eighteen!" she exclaimed happily.

"But, I'm a boy and I will still be a boy, and a boy can't marry a man, no matter how much they might be in love!" he continued to protest.

"Normally, that would be true," Mother agreed slowly. "However, remember, your birth certificate says you're a female with a female name, and no one ever questions government paperwork!"

"Well, maybe. . ." Mike nodded, his pacifier bobbing rhythmically.

"No maybe's about it, little girl!" Mother enthused.

“Oh, I do so want Maurice to love me!” Mike confessed. “I have never felt so close to anyone like I have you and I do not want to lose that feeling of belonging, no matter what!”

“You’ll never lose my love, Sweetheart,” Mother vowed. “You’re my daughter forever!”

“Oh, I am so glad!” Mike whispered, going into her arms for a loving hug.

“Now, it’s getting late and we still have a ways to go, so why don’t you lay your head in my lap and take a little nap?” Mother suggested.

Mike yawned tiredly. “I didn’t realize I was so tired,” he admitted, scooting around and laying his head in Mother’s waiting lap. He breathed her feminine scent deeply, sighed happily and was asleep in seconds.

Mother gazed at Mike adoringly, then remembered the Lactaid pills. Reaching into her purse, she popped one into her mouth and swallowed it dry, wondering as she did how long it would take to begin producing milk for her Darling little Daughter!

Soon, Mother nodded, and she slept too.

Mike awakened when he felt himself being carried and he struggled to get down. “Hold still, you little nymph!” growled the chauffeur. “Mistress Jane said to carry you upstairs to your bedroom and that’s what I’m going to do!”

So, he relaxed and allowed the larger woman to carry him up the stairs, down a long hallway and into a huge bedroom all done in pretty pinks and whites and pastels, a typical color scheme for a girl and Mike loved it immediately. He looked around and everywhere he looked, there were pictures of men. Then Mike noticed

that they were all of the same man and he deduced quite correctly that these were pictures of his future husband, Maurice Morse!

The chauffeur placed him gently atop the huge bed and smiled at him. "There now, my little nympnette, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

Mike thought a moment, then shook his head. "No, Ma'am, it surely wasn't! Matter of fact, it was downright pleasant!" he confessed, speaking around his pacifier.

"Then you can bet I'll be carrying you a lot," the woman replied with a big grin. "I just love carrying pretty little girls around! Have you ever ridden a woman piggy-back?"

Mike shook his head. "No. . . but I think it would be fun. . ."

"We will try it some day, little girl," the woman promised, then turned and hurried from the room, leaving Mike staring at her bare bottom and alone with his thoughts.

'Gee, is everyone different around here?' he wondered silently. He could hardly wait to meet the next denizen of Mother's home!

Which wasn't long in coming. "Hello, Missy," came a soft voice from the doorway.

Mike twisted on the bed and saw a young girl in a blue maid's uniform standing there. "Hi," he replied. "I'm Mike. Who're you?"

"My name is Darlene," she answered. "Do you always suck that pacifier?"

Mike nodded. "Yes, it contains pain killer for my braces," he explained, removing the pacifier and grin-

ning at her. "But why are you here in my bedroom?" he asked.

"Oh, that, I'm to be your personal lady's maid," the girl explained.

"Oh, I don't think so!" Mike exploded in wild laughter.

Immediately, the girl's eyes filled with tears. "You don't like me!" she accused, "and I never did a thing to you!"

"No, wait! That's not it at all!" Mike jumped from the bed and hurried to grab the girl's arm before she disappeared. "It's just that I'm not like other girls," he explained. "I think we had better see Mother first."

Taking the girl's hand in his, Mike walked down the hall, looking for Mother's room. A soft murmur from behind one door stopped him and he knocked gently.

After a moment, a muffled voice came, "Come!"

Opening the door and leading Darlene behind him, Mike went in, only to see Mother standing there, absolutely naked, while the chauffeur knelt at her feet with her face buried in Mother's crotch. "Yes, Darling?"

"Mother, Darlene says that she's to be my personal lady's maid. Is that true?"

"Why, yes, Darling, every girl needs her own personal maid," Mother agreed, wriggling her crotch in the chauffeur's up-turned face. "Why, don't you like her?"

"Yes, I like her a lot, but I don't think I should have a personal lady's maid. I mean, after all, I am not a lady and. . ."

“Oh, Darlene knows that, Darling,” Mother replied. “Don’t you worry, she’s part of your retraining. In fact, she will be a big part of it, and you’ll be a lady before you know it!”

“Oh, I didn’t know,” Mike apologized.

“Well, now you do, so run along and let Mother enjoy herself!”

“Yes, Mother,” Mike replied, dropping into a deep curtsy, as did Darlene, before turning and leaving the room.

‘My good God!’ Mike thought, ‘they’re all a bunch of loonies!’

He stopped and turned to face Darlene. “So you know all about me, eh?”

She nodded. “Yes, Miss Michelle, and I would have told you had you but asked.”

“OK, I’m sorry I flew off the handle at you. It’s just that I’m not used to all this female and twisted sex role stuff yet. It’s going to take some time for me to understand it all.”

“Yes, Miss Michelle,” Darlene agreed, “but I was hired to be your personal lady’s maid, and I was briefed by Chauffeur long before you and Miss Jane arrived home.”

“OK, I suppose the first thing is to bring my luggage up and unpack. . .”

“Oh, Chauffeur did that right after she carried you upstairs. It’s all in your closet. But I suggest you take a nap before dinner and we can tackle the rest of the unpacking in the morning, unless there’s something special you want unpacked so you can wear it at dinner?”

Mike shook his head. "No, not really, Darlene. This is still all new to me and I'm still learning what to do and when to do it."

"Stick with me, Miss Michelle, and I'll help you as much as I can."

"Can you kiss?" Mike asked suddenly.

Darlene started guiltily. "Why. . . yes. . . but I don't think. . ."

"Are you my personal lady's maid or are you not my personal lady's maid?" Mike demanded hoarsely.

"I am your personal lady's maid," she averred proudly.

"Then please answer my question."

Darlene curtseyed. "Yes, Miss Michelle, I can kiss, but. . ."

"But, nothing! Either you can kiss or you can't kiss. If you can, good. If you can't, it's about time you learned!"

"But, I'm not your equal! I'm only your maid!" the girl protested.

"You're what I say you are, nothing more and nothing less. So sayeth our Queen Jane! Understood?"

The girl nodded obediently, curtseying quickly. "Yes, Miss Michelle."

"Good! I want you to kiss me on the mouth and I want you to put some feeling into it." he ordered imperiously.

"But I've never kissed a boy. . . er, I mean. . . I've only kissed other gir. . ."

“Just make believe that I am the girl, Michelle, and that you want to kiss me.”

“Yes, Miss Michelle,” Darlene agreed, stepping close and folding Mike into her arms. Her soft breath tickled his nose as she gently removed his pacifier and touched her fluid lips to his timidly, then with more force until she was kissing him like Mother did!

When they broke, Mike smiled at Darlene. “You’ll do just fine,” he praised. “Now, get me ready for that nap.”

Darlene smiled and curtsied. “Yes, Miss Michelle!”

A few minutes later, she had him stripped to the buff and was lowering a sheer nightie over his head. Then she held the blanket back for him to slip between the soft sheets before tucking it around his shoulders.

“There you are, Miss Michelle,” Darlene whispered, leaning over to kiss his lips gently. “Do you suck your pacifier while you sleep?”

Mike nodded. “Yes,” he admitted, blushing.

“Good girl!” she praised. “I’ll wake you in plenty of time to get you dressed for dinner. OK?”

“Sounds like a plan,” Mike murmured as he drifted off to sleep.

“Sleep well, my Miss Michelle,” Darlene whispered in his ear.

Mike never heard a word.

* * *

IV

He awoke some time later when he felt soft lips kissing his cheek and an insistent voice urging him to, "Wake up, Miss Michelle!" Of course it was Darlene and before the startled girl knew what he was doing, Mike had put his arms around her and tumbled her into bed with him, his mouth covering her protesting lips possessively. Caught off guard for a moment, Darlene struggled, then relaxed and kissed her little Mistress willingly.

"Umm, nice!" Mike whispered.

"Oh, Miss Michelle!" Darlene gasped. "Mistress the Chauffeur will have my ass if she ever caught me in your bed! I'm supposed to be your maid, not your lover!" she exclaimed.

"And it's such a spankable ass too!" Mike teased.

"It's not funny! She has a hard hand!"

"I don't mind if you don't," Mike responded boldly.

"But I do mind! I mean, it's all right if you spank me because I belong to you and you have that right, but Chauffeur likes to spank a bare, feminine ass, just for the pure joy of it!"

"She'll love mine then," Mike teased.

“Oh, Chauffeur would never dare spank you! You’re Miss Jane’s daughter!”

“Somehow,” Mike giggled, “if I screw up, I don’t think that will matter in the least!”

“Come on now, let’s get you in the tub and then I can get you dressed for dinner. Cook has prepared barbeque and I am to serve at table!” the girl gushed proudly.

Some moments later, Mike sat on the toilet while Darlene filled his tub with bubble bath and a sweet smelling oil. Then it was into the suds and she wielded a wash cloth with expert hands, her fingers missing nothing in their quest to cleanse him thoroughly.

At first, Mike was embarrassed to be naked in front of this girl who was only a few years older than he, and then to submit to her searching hands in a bath! He relaxed and thought, ‘I had better get used to all these women handling me so intimately because Mother wishes it! And what Mother wishes, I will do, if it kills me!’ he vowed to himself.

He stood as the bubbles drained away while Darlene rinsed him off with the portable spray. Then he had to stand patiently while she toweled him dry and examined his body closely, searching, so she claimed, “For any stray hairs that might be marring the beauty of your femininity!” Even when she held his stiffened little penis, pulling it this way and that, up and down, searching for hair, he was required to stand absolutely still and endure the humiliation his fading masculinity took a dim view of! I mean, after all, no real boy likes to be treated as a piece of meat by any girl, inspection or no inspection!

But, this too passed and he sat on a boudoir chair while she worked sheer panty-hose up his legs and settled them around his hips. There was a moment of extreme embarrassment when she reached into his panty-hose from the rear, grasped his penis and pulled it back between his thighs where the stretchy nylon held it firmly out of the way.

Then he sat there while she combed and brushed his hair and fussed with the style for some minutes until she was satisfied. Then he had to sit still while she applied make-up to him and when he looked in the mirror, he saw those same innocent eyes staring back at him and his lips were oh'd and blood red. He shivered when he realized that the beautiful girl he saw was in fact, his own reflection and he felt a thrill of pride go shooting down his spine.

"I don't know how you did it, Darlene," he whispered reverently, "but you have made me more beautiful than ever!"

"Oh, it's easy when I have such a beautiful face to start with!" she praised. "OK, up with you! I have chosen a nice bustiere dress for you. It's quite plain really, but its nude shade of pinkness will show you off to absolute perfection, and Miss Jane has ordered that you learn to exhibit yourself as fully as possible and still remain virginal and modest and innocent appearing!" she enthused. "You must have the appearance of lust, but you are not to be lusty nor sexy deliberately. You can look like a slut, but you must always be and act virginal!"

"Lead on, MacDuff!" Mike quipped.

Darlene curtseyed and lifted a dress over his hair carefully, lowering it into place about his torso. It was indeed a very simple dress with no adornment, the

corselette top molding itself to his body when Darlene hooked it closed up the back. As did the dress he had worn in Chicago, his nipples were barely covered and the hem came to the very tops of his thighs, leaving his rounded cheeks almost on display.

Darlene reached into the bodice of the dress and lifted each of his growing mounds so that his cleavage was emphasized with his aureolae showing while covering each of his fully erect nipples completely.

Huge hoop earrings went into his pierced lobes, brushing tantalizingly against his neck with even the slightest movement, a simple strand of pearls around his neck, a spring ring in his septum, a shiny ID chain bracelet around his right wrist, a matching silver chain around his left ankle, a dainty wrist watch on his left wrist, matching pink opera pumps with four inch heels that he easily managed after many hours spent practicing with his three inch ones, a small pink satin purse, his penis pacifier inserted, and Darlene pronounced him ready.

Mike stopped in front of the floor length mirror on the back of his door and shook his head in wonder. "I look like I'm about to be the sacrificial offering at some native feast!" he quipped throatily, the pacifier bobbing as he spoke.

"My Lady," Darlene replied, "you are rape bait if I've ever seen it!"

"If I am a Lady, as you claim, maid mine, it's all your doing!" Mike praised. "Thank you so much!"

Darlene curtseyed low. "Just doing my job, my Lady!" she murmured.

A few moments later, Mike slowly descended the circular staircase that led to the downstairs foyer, step-

ping carefully on the towering heels and mincing gracefully into the drawing room where several people were gathered. All conversation stopped when he entered and he had the distinct impression that he had been the main topic of conversation!

“Ah, Michelle!” Mother cried with delight. “Ladies and Gentlemen, may I present my daughter, Miss Michelle Louise O’Connor? Michelle, my guests!” Mother exclaimed.

“Welcome, Michelle,” the assembled guests said almost in unison.

Mike curtseyed deep, bowing his head in obeisance. “I’m very happy to meet you all!” he replied politely, trying to speak plainly around the bobbing pacifier. He felt so embarrassed and humiliated at being forced to suck on the thing, especially in front of Mother’s guests!

“This is Colonel Baker,” Mother told him, stepping before a distinguished gentleman who looked every bit the ex-infantry commander he had been.

“My pleasure,” the colonel murmured, bending over Mike’s hand and kissing the knuckles in the continental manner.

“And this is Mrs. Baker,” Mother introduced him to a much younger woman who gazed at him with open admiration. Instinctively, Mike sensed that this woman could be dangerous to his existence on this ranch, but he curtseyed politely.

“You are a real doll, sweets!” Mrs. Baker exclaimed, taking him into her arms and kissing his lips fiercely, pacifier and all. How humiliating!

Mother extricated him from the woman’s arms and introduced him to her next guest. “And this is Miss

Hurlbert. She is to be your teacher for the next few months. The nearest school is over a hundred miles away, so I have arranged to have you home schooled."

"Thank you, Mother," Mike murmured politely. "Good evening, Miss Hurlbert," he greeted, curtsying to the woman. "I am very pleased to meet you."

"And I, you," the woman replied coolly. They shook hands gravely.

"And this last is Miss Helena Hurlbert. She is Miss Hurlbert's daughter and she will be your boon companion as long as Miss Hurlbert is your tutor."

Mike curtsied to the girl even though he sensed her resentment of him. "I am glad to meet you, Miss Hurlbert," he murmured.

"Well, I'm not glad to meet you!" the girl burst out. "I don't want to be here. . ."

"Helena!" Miss Hurlbert hissed. "That will be quite enough from you!"

"Well, I don't!" the girl insisted vehemently. "I want to go live with my Daddy!"

"We shall discuss it later," Miss Hurlbert continued quietly.

Mike noticed Helena's suddenly pale face and her sharply inhaled breath, and he knew instinctively exactly how Miss Hurlbert would "discuss" any situation of which she disapproved!

"Shall we all go in to dinner?" Mother asked brightly, taking the colonel's arm and going into the dining room. Mrs. Baker took Helena's arm, leaving Miss Hurlbert to escort him.

In the dining room, Mike allowed Miss Hurlbert to seat him and push his chair up to the table. He noticed that he was seated at the furthest end of the table from Mother with the colonel to his right and Miss Hurlbert to his left, with Mrs. Baker sitting next to Miss Hurlbert and Helena sitting next to the colonel.

Mike wondered about this arrangement for a moment, then deduced rightfully that as the daughter of their host, it was his position to sit opposite her at the table.

Moments after they were seated, Darlene appeared bearing a full tray of the most delicious smelling meat Mike had ever encountered. She placed it on the side board, and as cook sliced the meat, she served Mother and her guests, with Mike being last.

Mike noticed that Darlene had changed her maid's dress and was now wearing a satin uniform with a fitted bodice and a short, flaring skirt with her black nylons and her black high heel opera pumps. He noticed with a start that she was more beautiful than he had imagined!

When she served him, she accidentally brushed her full breast against his cheek and smiled knowingly into his eyes. Immediately, Mike understood that it was no accident and he blushed with pleasure, his penis erecting painfully.

Mike was allowed to remove the pacifier as long as he was eating, but he had to keep it right by his plate so it could be reinserted when he finished.

The dinner conversation was about what one might expect from a ranch community, and there was never a hint of Mike's true status in Mother's household. She had introduced him as her daughter, and as she had

observed so long ago, "People see what they want to see. I told them you were my daughter and they will accept you without reservation as my daughter because I said so!"

After dinner, they all went into the library, well, most of them. Miss Hurlbert had retired dragging a reluctant Helena behind her. Mother and the colonel and his wife were soon deep in conversation about beef cattle, leaving Mike to wander. He returned to the dining room just in time to see Darlene clearing the table. Instinctively, he moved to help her.

"Oh, no, Miss Michelle!" Darlene protested. "You mustn't help me!"

"Why not?" Mike was confused.

"Because I'm the maid and you're the daughter of the Mistress!" she explained.

"Well, if I'm ever to be the perfect wife for Maurice, I have to learn all phases of a wife's responsibilities and duties!" he protested.

"And just what those be, young Miss Michelle?" came a strange voice.

Mike looked up just as Darlene fell into a deep curtsy. Without thought, Mike copied Darlene's obeisance.

Cook nodded her approval.

"Are you Cook?" Mike asked politely.

"I am!" the woman declared stoutly.

"I wanted to help Darlene clear the table and straighten up the room, but she objected. I explained that if I'm ever going to learn to be a proper, competent wife for Maurice, I have to learn all the duties con-

nected with a household, and that would include all the menial tasks as well. After all, after I'm married, I won't have a house full of maids to help me, and if I don't know what to do, nor when to do it, nor even how to do it in the first place, I'll be up that well known tributary without any means of locomotion!"

Cook laughed heartily. "Ye do have a point there, Missy," she agreed, "but dressed as ye are now, 'tis hardly a work uniform!"

Mike glanced down at his attire and blushed with humiliation. "Yes, Ma'am, I know, but this is the way Mother insists I be dressed for formal occasions and I'm afraid I have no say in the matter whatsoever, as Darlene can attest to," he offered as excuse for his revealing dress.

Darlene broke in. "Yes, Cook, this is what Madame ordered me to dress Miss Michelle in for dinner tonight." she affirmed. "She had no say in the matter whatsoever!"

"Humph," Cook snorted. "Well, I can't have ye working in my kitchen in that dress. I will have a talk with the missus and see what we can do about it."

"Oh, thank you so much, Cook!" Mike enthused, dropping a quick curtsy to the woman. "And now I think I had better get back to the library before I'm missed!" He dropped another quick curtsy and hurried back, only to find the three adults still deep in their conversation about breeding and the calf crop and things of that nature.

Mike looked around and went to read the backs of some of the books. Finding one with an appealing title, "Husbandry," he took it down and opening it at random, was surprised at the contents. Blushing furiously,

he replaced the book and selected another likely candidate, "Care of the Young Colt." Leafing through the book, he found an interesting chapter and he curled up in a comfortable chair, becoming lost in a new world of horses, a world that he loved instantly. In time, Mike would become as horse crazy as any other young female!

Finally, he realized that Mother's guests were preparing to leave and he stood politely.

"Good night, young Michelle," the colonel commented as he helped his wife on with her fur coat. "We must have you and Jane for dinner some evening soon."

Mike curtseyed. "That would be nice, I'm sure," he murmured softly, smiling shyly at the leering man whose eyes were riveted to Mike's revealing cleavage!

And then they were gone and Mother was holding him close in her arms. "You made a tremendous hit with the Bakers," she smiled.

Mike giggled. "Yeah, and did you see the way the old goat oogled my boobs? I thought he was going to push his nose right into my cleavage at one point!"

"Yes, but he's harmless enough," Mother laughed. "It's his wife you have to be wary of! She's a holy terror and Hell on wheels when she gets her hogback up!"

"I'll be sure to keep well away from her!" Mike vowed. Then, he looked up at her with a question in his eyes. "Mother, is it all right if I have some uniforms like Darlene?"

"Why, whatever for? Surely you don't want to be a maid!"

“Oh, no Mother, that’s not it at all! It’s just that I got to thinking and it came to me that there are a lot of things I will have to learn in order to become the perfect wife candidate for Maurice. I won’t have a household of servants to do for me when we are married, so I will have to learn how to keep house for him. Cook has volunteered to teach me what to do in the kitchen, you know, how to cook, bake, clean up, plan meals, and like that, but she says that my dress isn’t at all appropriate for menial work, and that’s why I would like some maid’s uniforms like Darlene’s.”

Mother hugged him tightly and when he looked into her face, he saw a tear glistening in the corner of an eye. “Why are you crying, Mother?” he asked shyly.

“Because you are such a dear treasure. Never in all the years I spent in looking for you did I ever believe that you would be such a dear, dear boy and so willing to learn those things that would be completely alien to any other boy!” she confessed. ‘I am so glad those pills are working so well!’ she thought happily.

“But that’s just it, Mother, I’m not like any other boy! While it is true that I still have a sort of male appendage that can become hard and erect, it is absolutely worthless and because of it, I can never be a male among men. But, I can learn to make the most of my situation and make an entirely different life for myself by becoming an almost fully functioning woman as far as the outside world is concerned and still be boy enough to please Maurice in those ways that boys have always pleased their virile masters!” he declared boldly. He gazed at her with beseeching eyes.

She hugged him fiercely. “Oh, Maurice will be so proud of you! And I’m sure that some of Darlene’s uniforms will fit you. You are, after all, of a size, but I shall

expect you to learn well as I might just decide to use you as a servant at some point, not as punishment, but as an extra pair of hands when needed."

"Oh, Mother, may I? That way I could help Darlene at table and be of some use to someone! Honestly, I have felt so useless these past few weeks since we left the home," he confessed shyly.

"You should never feel that way, my Darling!" Mother replied. "You are now, after all, the daughter of the owner, second in command, if you will," she pointed out.

"But, Mother, I am not qualified to be second in command! I have not had the proper female and feminine background training to enable me to step into your shoes nor to be Maurice's wife, no matter how much I might wish it were so!" he lamented.

"And that's what Miss Hurlbert is for, to teach you to be a girl in all ways! Believe me, she is a competent teacher and you will learn what she has to teach or your bottom will feel the pain of your incompetence!"

"You mean she will spank me?"

Mother shook her head, smiling, "No, Sweetheart, she will birch you!"

"Birch me?"

"Yes, she will cut a birch withe and apply it to your bottom in such a manner that you will be more than glad to pay close attention to everything she will show you!" she laughed.

"Oh, Mother, I am so afraid!" he murmured fearfully.

"Just apply yourself to your studies and you will get along just fine with her. Frankly, it isn't you who I

think will give her conniption fits but her own daughter, Miss Helena! Just be on your guard so that Helena doesn't drag you into any of her schemes!"

"Oh, I shall, Mother, never fear!"

"Now, go upstairs and let Darlene put you to bed for the night. It is, after all, well after midnight and young girls need their beauty sleep!"

"Yes, Mother," Mike laughed, turning to go.

"Are you getting along with Darlene? I mean, are you adjusting to having a personal lady's maid to wait on you for everything you might need?" she asked.

Mike nodded. "Yes, Mother. At first, I was quite embarrassed to be naked before her, but then I just pretended that she was you, and it was all right. In fact, I didn't even mind it when she handled my most intimate person!"

"That's my good girl!" Mother praised. "We women should never have any secrets among us, well, with certain exceptions," she amended.

"Like Mrs. Baker," Mike giggled.

"Exactly!" Mother agreed with a soft laugh. "Now, off with you!"

Laughing gaily, Mike mined out the door and climbed the stairs, trying to maneuver the steps without holding on to the rail. He almost made it!

Upon entering his bedroom, he found Darlene standing on her tiptoes in a corner, her nose pressed into the vee, her hands clasped behind her back at waist level with her bottom jutting out invitingly as she bent at the waist. He noticed that her skirt was folded neatly at her waist and her panties were down around her ankles.



“Darlene!” he exclaimed, moving to stand beside her. “What’s this all about?”

“Oh, Miss Michelle, I am so ashamed of myself!” Darlene cried brokenly. “I broke one of Mistress’s plates accidentally and Cook spanked me. Then she told me to come up to your room, assume the position and await your pleasure, and here I am!”

“But why are you standing like that?” he asked.

“Because this is the position!” she explained without moving.

“Well, what’s my pleasure got to do with anything?”

“You must spank me with your wooden back hair brush at least twenty times and I have to count them out, one by one, and if I miss count, you have to start all over again until I have counted twenty straight blows to my bare bottom, and they can’t be love taps either!”

“What’s a love tap?”

“That’s a spank that isn’t meant to hurt. In order to be most effective, you must spank me as hard as you can because I will have to report to Cook after I get you into bed so that she can see if I was attended to properly.”

“But I don’t want to spank you, Darlene!” he protested.

“You have to, there is no other way!” she insisted.

“I don’t even have a wooden back hair brush!” he explained doggedly.

“Look on your vanity. It’s always kept there.”

Reluctantly, Mike picked up the hair brush and stood behind Darlene. He tapped her bare bottom experimentally. She clenched her cheeks and moaned softly. He could see the marks Cook had left on her skin and he was loathe to add to the girl’s discomfit!

“Are you sure there is no other way?” Mike asked gently.

“No, Miss Michelle, there is no other way and if you don’t do it, she will report you to Mistress and then we will both be in for it!”

“Well, OK,” he agreed. “But I don’t want to!”

He raised the brush high in the air and all of a sudden he felt the power he had over this girl surge through his body like molten fire and he struck her as hard as he could!

SMACK!

“Oh, Miss Michelle, it hurts so!” Darlene cried in surprise. “One!” she counted.

“Was that all right?” Mike asked facetiously.

“Oh, yes, Miss Michelle, that raised me right up onto my toes!” Darlene answered, fresh tears rolling down her cheeks.

Without warning, Mike struck again.

SMACK!

“Oh, oh, two!” Darlene counted.

SMACK! SMACK! The two blows sounded as one although they struck each cheek a formidable blow that caused poor Darlene to burst into a torrent of tears.

“Oh, yes, Miss Michelle, that’s the way! Three! Four!” she counted obediently.

Mike noticed that while Darlene kept clenching her cheeks to counter the pain, her back jutted out and up as she danced about on her toes, her thighs gaping widely in open invitation, and Mike knew that he was expected to punish the girl’s unsuspecting sex with blows every bit as fierce as those applied to her bouncing bottom cheeks!

He waited for the perfect opportunity, then shifted his attack slightly.

SMACK! SMACK!

The hair brush struck her defenseless nether lips twice in quick succession, thereby eliciting a scream of

anguish at this unexpected assault on her very intimate person!

“Oh, Miss Michelle! Yes, there too!” she gasped. Then, “Oh, five! Six!”

For the next few minutes, Mike gave her the full measure of twenty blows, alternating between her bouncing cheeks and her cringing pubes, until her skin was mottled with blood blisters and purple bruises.

Upon the conclusion of spanking, she fell to her knees before Mike and pressed her tear streaked cheeks between his nylon covered thighs and sobbed her heart out for many long moments before he reached down and pulled her to her feet. Holding her gently, he half-carried the prostrate girl to his bed and lay her atop the satin coverlet. Darlene gasped at even the smooth touch of the satin, then flushed with shame when Mike lay down beside her and held her tenderly. He caressed her gently, his palms cupping and caressing her beaten cheeks and red hot nether lips lovingly.

“There, there, dear one,” he soothed. “It’s all over and I hope Cook is satisfied!”

“Oh, Miss Michelle, I have never been spanked like that before! Thank you! Thank you so much!” she whispered.

“For hurting you?” he asked in disbelief.

“It’s supposed to hurt, Miss Michelle, otherwise, how will I learn to be more careful and not to drop plates?” she asked with a certain irrefutable logic.

“You wait right here for a minute,” Mike ordered, rising and going over to his vanity and picking up a jar of something. Returning to the bed, he knelt beside Darlene and began to massage a cool cream into her outraged skin. At first it hurt like anything, but then

the soothing motion of his gently kneading fingers chased the hurt away.

He spared her no modesty, reasoning that turn-about was fair play, if she could handle his sex, why couldn't he handle hers? His hands moved insistently between her thighs to soothe away the pain in her sex as well as her punished buttocks. Soon, the tears vanished to be replaced with purrs of contentment as his slippery fingers touched her twin virginities, making her shiver with a rising passionate need.

It was a long time later before she had him undressed, redressed in a slinky nightie and was tucking him in with gentle, loving hands. She bent and kissed his pacifier sweetly. "Good night, Miss Michelle, sleep tight! Cook will be so pleased with you! And now you know what you must do whenever you enter your room and find me in position, don't you?"

"I'm to spank your bare bottom hard," he murmured.

"Exactly, just like you did tonight!"

"Shall you be naked sometimes?" he asked slyly.

"If you wish, I can be naked every time, dear Miss Michelle," Darlene replied, blushing to her very roots.

"And maybe sometimes I can spank just your pussy?"

Darlene blushed even harder. "Oh, Miss Michelle! That would be so exciting. Yes! Yes, a million times, yes, spank my pussy as hard as you can! Then take me to your bed and oil me thoroughly!" she gasped, her eyes shining with anticipation.

"I am so glad, Darlene, I love spanking you!" he murmured. "And maybe I could use a dog whip or a horse's crop or a birch on you instead of the hair brush?"

"Whatever you wish to use, you may! I belong to you, dear Miss Michelle. I am yours for anything and everything you wish!" she averred.

"You are a dream come true," Mike murmured, settling deeper into his warm nest. "Oh, I almost forgot, Mother said I could borrow some uniforms from you when I work for Cook in the kitchen."

"You are such a scamp!" Darlene scolded fondly. "But don't say that I didn't warn you!" she cautioned. "Being a maid isn't all fun and games, you know and Cook will have no qualms in baring your bottom for a deserved spanking!"

"I know Darlene," Mike replied, "but I don't care. I have to learn everything! A real girl is so lucky! She gets to learn everything right from birth while I have to play Johnny-catch-up!"

"Don't you worry your pretty little blonde head about that, Miss Michelle," Darlene promised, "we'll have you up to speed in no time flat!"

"I'm so glad you're my personal lady's maid!" Mike murmured.

"Me too, baby girl, me too!" Darlene replied, kissing his red, red lips sweetly.

But Mike didn't hear her.

He was sound asleep.

* * *

V

Sometime during the night, a naked Chauffeur entered Mike's bedroom, gathered him up in her arms and carried him into Mother's bedroom where she removed his pacifier and slid him under the covers next to Mother's naked body. His lips immediately closed over one of her fully erect, waiting nipples and he sucked contentedly while Mother crooned a silly song in his ear. Chauffeur went to stand facing her naked self rigidly into the convenient corner, her nose pressed into the vee, her hands clasped behind her arched back at her waist level, and standing on her tiptoes, exactly like Darlene had in Mike's bedroom earlier.

Except that the only ones who knew were Chauffeur and Mother as Mike was sound asleep, sucking diligently. Mother smiled to herself with absolute contentment.

Early in the morning, Mother called softly to Chauffeur who immediately turned and knelt by her bedside. "Madame wishes?" she asked throatily.

"Put Michelle back in his own bed without wakening him, Chauffeur and replace his pacifier, please," Mother ordered softly. "Then return to me. My pussy is itching!"

“As Mistress commands, so too shall it be done!” Chauffeur replied, rising and gathering Mike up in her arms. Moments later, he was back in his own bed, his pacifier bobbing steadily, still sound asleep. It was many weeks before Mike discovered that Chauffeur carried him to Mother after he had gone to sleep and that he nursed at her breast until the woman brought him back to his own bed.

And it was only a few days later than Mother discovered that her breasts were leaking some sort of liquid. Alarmed, she called Doreen in Chicago, only to learn from that laughing woman that this fluid was the precursor to milk production. Doreen wished Mother, “Good luck with your being a milch cow!” and hung up.

“Who are you calling a cow?” Mother gasped in outrage, then smiled as she realized that what Doreen had said was the truth. She would be a milch cow and Michelle would be her little calf! The mere thought of Michelle sucking her milk filled breasts gave her a thrill and she felt the swift flow of moisture between her tightly pressed thighs!

Back to Mike.

When he was awakened by Darlene’s soft lips nibbling at his ear and nose later on that next morning, he reached up, grabbed the unsuspecting girl and pulled her down to lie beside him. He kissed her surprised lips and she melted into his arms willingly. His hand slid down her body and patted her plump bottom with an easy familiarity. “And how is my favorite ass this morning?” he asked the dazed girl.

“Oh, Miss Michelle! My bottom is so sore! Even the light touch of your hand makes me tingle all over and

makes my bottom quiver and shiver and hurt all over again!" she confessed.

"Shall I touch it up a bit, my girl?" he asked slyly.

"Oh, Miss Michelle!" she gasped. "If you think it needs it, by all means!" she replied hesitantly, hoping he was kidding her.

Mike laughed. "Some other time, dear girl. Today I want one of your uniforms and start my learning in the kitchen," he declared.

"Well, if you'd rather work than tend to me, that's your prerogative, I guess," she pouted.

Mike smiled. "So, you do want that ass whipped again?"

Darlene colored brightly. "Oh, yes, Miss Michelle, but only if you do it!"

"Very well, assume the position!" he ordered.

And so it was that a few minutes later, a freshly spanked Darlene led the almost naked Mike down the hall (he was wearing his corset and nylons and make-up and nothing else) and up the back stairs to the third floor to her room where she soon had him attired in one of her blue, afternoon maid's dresses and a pair of her work heels.

Looking into the mirror, they could have been twins, except that Mike was blonde and blue eyed while Darlene was an auburn haired beauty with hazel eyes.

"Today you will be Michelle, the scullery maid, the lowest of the low, subject to anyone's whim without a whimper. Are you ready for that?" she asked seriously.

“If it helps me learn how to be the perfect wife for my Master Maurice, I’m all for it!” he replied in return, blushing at his admission.

In the kitchen, Cook gazed at him with disdain and a sort of repugnance. “Well girl, are you ready to learn?”

Mike curtsied low before the woman. “Yes, Cook,” he replied softly.

“Well, we shall see. The first thing you do is get rid of the garbage.”

“Yes, Ma’am, where is it and where does it go?” he asked.

“Oh, for Heaven’s sake, child!” the exasperated woman growled, “Look in the garbage pail under the sink and the garbage bins are out in back.”

“I’ll show you,” Darlene offered.

“You will not!” Cook thundered. “She wants to learn, let her learn! And be quick about it, Missy, else I’ll lay me hand on your bare bottom! There’s pots to scour and an oven to clean and a floor to wash and Heaven knows what else!”

Mike curtsied politely. “Yes, Ma’am,” he murmured softly.

It was the start of a busy, work filled morning for Mike. Cook had him scouring crusted pots and pans with baked on food, and to top it all off, she had him on his hands and knees with a scouring brush in his hands, washing the entire kitchen floor carefully with hot, soapy water, making sure he got into all the tight corners as she directed. Cook raised his skirt once to slap his panty covered bottom for missing a small spot, and he had to admit, Cook had a hard hand!

At noon, Cook told him to run along because she had had enough of him underfoot all morning, that he was to go and bother someone else!

And so it was that Mother found him a little later, curled up in one of her chairs in the library, his nylon covered feet tucked under his legs so that he sat sideways in the chair. He was reading a book about horses and their training.

“Ah, Michelle, Darling!” she greeted, bending to kiss his up-turned lips gently. “So you like horses, do you?”

Mike nodded eagerly. “Oh, yes, Mother,” he enthused. “I think I love them! They are so graceful and beautiful! I wish I had one!”

“Spoken like a true girl!” Mother laughed joyously.

“Mike looked up in surprise. “What do you mean, Mother?”

“Just that I have never known a girl who didn’t love horses and either to be one or to own one of her very own!” she explained.

“Well, I don’t care!” he shook his head causing his blonde hair to fly about his face. “I wouldn’t mind being a horse at all!”

“Well, how about the next best thing?” she asked softly. “How would you like your very own horse? I have a pretty little filly who would love to be owned by such a lovely girl!”

Mike sat straight up, the book lying forgotten in his lap. “Oh, Mother, do you really mean it? May I truly have my own horse?”

Mother nodded. “Yes, you may, but you must remember, owning a filly is not all fun and games. She

has to be curried and groomed and she has to be fed and watered every single day and she has to have her stall mucked out daily and you have to keep your saddle and bridle clean and oiled to keep it supple, and oh, so many other things that go into owning your own horse!”

“I don’t care, Mother!” Mike exclaimed. “I’d do anything to have my very own horse!”

“Very well, follow me and we’ll see if I have a riding habit that will fit you,” Mother ordered as she led him upstairs to her room where she rummaged in her closet, finally finding what she was searching for. She held up a rather old-fashioned, black taffeta dress that had long, balloon sleeves, a tightly fitted bodice with a waist that obviously cried out for a tightly corsetted waist, and an ankle length full circle skirt! Mike felt his heart leap into his mouth at the sight of the dress. It was styled exactly like the dresses Mother habitually wore, except that it was of a much smaller size. ‘More his size,’ he realized with a start.

Mother pressed a button and in moment, Chauffeur appeared at the door.

“You rang, Madame?” Chauffeur asked in a deep, Lurch-like voice that Mike found infinitely amusing. The woman curtsied to Mother.

“Yes, Chauffeur, will you please disrobe Michelle so that I may try this riding habit on him?” she asked in passing as though it were an everyday event.

Chauffeur curtsied again. “As Madame wishes.” And in moments, Mike had been expertly undressed and was standing in his bare skin in front of the two women who scrutinized him from head to toe. “Ma-

dame has made a wise decision with this one," Chauffeur observed.

"Thank you, Chauffeur, I think so too! But I think Michelle needs a hair cut, don't you? Please attend to it?"



Chauffeur curtsayed. "As you wish, Mistress," she agreed.

"Would you run down to his room and bring back his tightest corset, the new black satin one with the six garters attached?"

Chauffeur curtsayed and left the room hurriedly, only to return in moments with the item in question. Without a word, Chauffeur placed it around his body and fastened the hooks behind. When she had finished, Mike felt as though he were being cut in half, except that Mother thought he looked absolutely divine (her words)!

Before he knew it, they had rolled black lisle stockings up his legs and fastened them securely to the six dangling garter tabs. A pair of black taffeta bloomers were next, followed by a pair of black leather button boots with four inch high heels. He stood passively as they lowered the dress over his head and smoothed it around his body. Then, while Mother did his make-up in dark shades with black lip-stick, finishing him off with black nail polish, Chauffeur buttoned the myriad of buttons up in the back. A wide, black leather belt was cinched about his already severely restricted waist and a narrow brimmed, flat crown black hat pinned to his hair that had a black veil that covered his face and was then tied securely under his chin. A pair of black leather fingerless gloves were placed on his hands, showing his black tipped nails and giving him a thrill like he had never felt before. His penis pacifier completed his outfit.

At last Mother was satisfied with his appearance and Mike squealed in alarm when Chauffeur stooped, gathered Mike up in her arms and started down the stairs. Moments later they arrived in the stables and

Mike was allowed to stand on his own two feet while Mother and the Chauffeur opened a stall gate and brought out a small palomino horse for Mike to see.

“Well what do you think of her, Michelle?” Mother asked quietly.

“Oh, Mother!” Mike breathed in awe. “She’s beautiful! May I pet her?”

“Be careful, Darling,” Mother warned. “Don’t startle her!”

“Oh, I won’t Mother! Oh, she is just beautiful!”

Reverently, Mike petted the horse’s soft nose before running his hand down her velvety neck. The filly just stood there as Mike explored her body. “Oh, may I ride her?” Mike asked excitedly.

“Have you ever ridden a horse before?” Mother asked with a hint of familial indulgence in her voice.

“Only the ones on the merry-go-round at the carnival,” he admitted with a sinking heart.

“Well, riding a real horse is some different than riding a merry-go-round!” She turned, “Chauffeur, please saddle Michelle’s horse for him. You may use the girl’s side saddle!”

Chauffeur curtsied. “Yes, Madame!”

In moments, the saddle had been placed on the horse’s back and cinched tightly so that it would not fall off. The bridle followed swiftly and all was ready. Then, Chauffeur held her cupped hands for him to put his foot into and mount to the saddle. Mike tried to swing his leg over the horse’s back like he had seen in countless western movies, only to be stopped by Mother.

“No, no, Darling!” Mother remonstrated. “A properly dressed girl always rides her horse side saddle. You sort of turn a bit, settle into the seat, insert your right foot into the stirrup and hook your left knee around the pommel projection. When you ride, keep your back straight and sit erect, holding the reins in both hands for total control. Chauffeur, walk the horse around to acclimate Michelle to her new saddle.”

Chauffeur curtsied. “Yes, Madame,” and taking the horse’s bit ring in her hand, she led the horse out into the cool wintry breeze that was blowing.

From where he sat on the horse’s back, Mike could see that Chauffeur was still wearing the leather chaps with nothing at all beneath them. He thought she must get awful cold, but then he became caught up in his first ride as he urged the horse into a quick walk, forcing Chauffeur to run to keep up. Suddenly, she let go and Mike was riding all alone! He drummed his foot against his horse’s side and she obediently broke into a smooth gaited trot, bouncing Mike’s bottom up and down, spanking him lightly, but not unpleasantly, with each contact of the leather seat as he sucked steadily at the soft plastic erection that filled his mouth.

“God! I feel like a Queen!” he thought and then blushed furiously because he was not a Queen nor even a Princess. He was just plain old Mike in an old-fashioned woman’s black, muslin riding habit playing at being a girl and bitter tears stung his eyes as he guided his mount back inside the stable.

Chauffeur lifted him down and Mother saw the tears in his eyes. “Why, whatever is the matter, Darling? I thought that you would be pleased with your new toy!”

“Oh, I love her!” Mike admitted with a snuffle. “It’s just that I felt so good, like a Queen or a Princess and then I realized that I am just plain old Mike and it made me so sad!” he sobbed, burying his face against her breasts.

Mother held him tight while he cried, her hands patting his back reassuringly and caressing his shoulders lovingly.

“But you are a Queen, Darling! You’re Maurice’s Queen, and you’re my Princess!”

“Oh, Mother, if only it could be so for real!” he sobbed brokenly.

Mike made no protest when the woman picked him up and carried him back to the house. “Miss Michelle needs adequate spurs and a proper riding crop,” chauffeur commented laconically.

Mother just smiled knowingly. “Well, Christmas will be coming around again soon!”

Chauffeur deposited Mike atop his bed and left. Only to be replaced by an anxious Darlene moments later. “Oh, Miss Michelle!” she gushed. “I hear you have your own horse now! What’s her name?”

“I don’t know,” he admitted.

“Well, what do you want to call her?”

“I don’t know.”

“Let’s go ask Mistress,” Darlene urged.

And so they found themselves standing before Mother in her library, Mike still fully attired in his riding habit and Darlene in her blue afternoon maid’s uniform.

“Mother,” Mike asked, “What is my filly’s name?”

“Why, that’s up to you, Princess. We’ve been calling her ‘Goldie,’ because she’s a palomino, but you can call her anything you wish.”

“Well, I kind of had a name in mind,” he admitted.

“And that would be?” she prodded.

“Well, I sort of like ‘The Queen’s Mount’ or ‘Queenie,’ for short,” he admitted slowly.

“Then ‘The Queen’s Mount’ shall be her registered name and you may call her ‘Queenie,’” Mother affirmed. “Now run along and let Chauffeur cut your hair. Then take a bath and take your nap. You’ve had an exciting day, my sweet!” Mother ordered. “Oh, and please wear your riding habit when you come to dinner tonight, OK?”

“Of course, Mother, as you wish,” Mike agreed, smiling broadly.

“I wish,” Mother laughed.

The two girls curtsied low and hand in hand, hurried from the library to find Chauffeur who shortly had buzzed Mike’s hair close and sent the girls on their way. They raced back up the stairs and into Mike’s bedroom.

In less time than it takes to tell, Mike was stripped, bathed and redressed in a heavy cotton granny gown with long, full sleeves, a high neck and a long, floor length skirt that fastened in back, well out of reach of his questing fingers. If that weren’t enough, there was a small lock on the end of the zipper that would prevent removal by an unauthorized person who might be rash enough to try! Which did not mean that Mike would not try to get it undone, he did. Every time he wore it!

When Darlene tried to tuck him in, he grabbed her and rolled her into bed beside him. "Oh, Miss Michelle!" Darlene squealed. "You mustn't!" she protested weakly, "and you are supposed to keep sucking your penis pacifier!" she cautioned as he removed it and tossed it aside.

"Oh, but I must! And I don't need the pacifier for what I want!" he replied slyly, his hands cupping the girl's out thrust breasts possessively. "In fact, I want you naked and in this bed with me right now!"

"Oh, but I can't!" she objected. "It is not allowed!"

"Are you my personal lady's maid or are you not my personal lady's maid?" he asked.

"Of course, I am your personal lady's maid," she replied, puzzled. "Why do you ask?"

"And is it not the duty of a personal lady's maid to do as her mistress demands? Is it allowed for a personal lady's maid to be disobedient to her mistress? And am I not your Mistress Michelle, even if I am a boy?" he demanded

"Oh, no, Miss Michelle, I must be obedient to your wishes!" she admitted with a shy smile of understanding. "And I rather like a Mistress who is a real boy!" she added shyly.

"Flattery will get you everything, girl!" Mike laughed, "Now then, get those clothes off and get that delectable ass into this bed with me or else I shall spank you like there is no tomorrow!" he threatened with a sly smile.

"Oh, Miss Michelle, you are so masterful! I am like putty in your hands! Take me and mold me into whatever you desire!" Darlene cried, disrobing as fast as her nimble fingers could manage before sliding into the

bed beside Mike. "Here I am, Master!" she whispered excitedly.

"That wasn't so bad, was it?" Mike asked. "Isn't being here with me better than having your pretty little ass beaten to a pulp?"

"I wouldn't ever mind being spanked if you are the one giving me the spanking, Master," she admitted shyly, lowering her eyelashes demurely.

Mike's lips claimed hers and his hand slipped back to cup her still throbbing bottom cheek and squeeze insinuatingly.

"Oh, Master," Darlene whispered as Mike's fingers explored her voluptuous body thoroughly.

"Shhh, my dearest," Mike soothed, wriggling down in the bed until his face was even with her crotch. He leaned in and kissed the hairless lips gently.

"Oh, Master, be careful, please! I still hurt so much down there!" There was a moment of silence, then a long sigh of contentment as an inquisitive tongue laved the swollen lips and wormed its way between them to caress the swollen nubbin hidden there.

Then Darlene arched her back and she screamed with ecstasy as the first wave of her orgasm swept over her body.

"Oh, Master!" she whispered hoarsely, "don't ever stop doing that!"

Mike settled down to licking and caressing and chewing on the girl's pussy. . .

And so they spent his nap time. . .

* * *

VI

Mother noticed the strange smile of satisfaction and contentment on Darlene's lips and she instinctively knew what had transpired. 'Well, well,' she thought, 'so my little daughter likes to kiss a pussy too! I'll have to see about that!'

"How do you like your riding habit, Michelle?" she asked brightly.

"Oh, I absolutely adore it!" Mike replied, lapsing into a girlish cant that he knew Mother preferred he use and curtseying low.

"You don't find it a bit constrictive or old fashioned?" she queried.

"Heaven's no, Mother!" he exclaimed. "Why would I ever think that? I am just happy that you are letting me dress like you do!"

"You are so sweet, my dearest daughter!" Mother beamed approvingly. "I shall wire Madame la Modiste to make some dresses and underclothes like mine for you and some newer, smaller corsets. Would you like that?"

"Oh, Mother," Mike exclaimed, rising from his place at the table and approaching her. "I would adore

it!" And he kissed her fervently. "I just love the way you dress!"

"Perhaps I should use you as my personal lady's maid so that you may become more intimately acquainted with every aspect of my dress," she teased.



“Oh, Mother! May I?” Mike asked breathlessly.

“Yes, my sweet, and I think you should start tonight,” she agreed.

“Oh, what sort of maid’s uniform do you want me to wear?” he asked shyly.

“I think you should be wearing your corset, your stockings, your highest heels and your blood red lipstick. Anything else would be superfluous, don’t you think?”

“As you wish, Mistress,” he smiled with shy anticipation.

“And I have another surprise for you, my pet. How would you like to drink milk when you suck on my nips?”

“Mother! Is that possible?” he gasped breathlessly, only half believing her.

“Not only possible, but factual! In fact, I will have so much milk that you will be forced to milk me four or five times every day! You will get so much of my milk that you will have need of little nourishment otherwise!”

“Oh, Mother, that’s wonderful, a dream come true!” he whispered reverently. “May I have some with dinner?”

Doreen’s words came back to her and she smiled. “What do you say we adjourn to my bedroom and you can have some milk instead of dinner. Would you like that?”

“Oh, Mother! That sounds wonderful.

The two old fashionably dressed persons hurried up the stairs, Mother running along quickly with Mike

close behind. In her bedroom, Mike helped her take off the top of her dress, baring her breasts to his eager sight.

“Oh, Mother, look!” Mike exclaimed. “They’re leaking!”

“And so they are, Darling! Better hop to it!” she urged, lying back on her bed. In less time than it takes to tell, Mike was cuddled in the woman’s arms and her leaking nipple had been caught between his sucking lips. After a bit, she switched nipples and he attacked them like he had not eaten in days!

Mother sighed happily and closed her eyes as the waves of an impending orgasm began to build in her body.

God!

His sucking mouth was driving her to distraction.

Her hand crept between her thighs and she caressed eagerly, letting the orgasm build until it swept her over a cliff, then began to build again.

“Yes, My Darling,” she whispered, “you will do just fine!

Soon, a pattern was set wherein he would nurse her breasts at designated times during the day, and after he was asleep at night, Chauffeur would carry him gently into Mother’s bed where he would suck all night long until Chauffeur would carry him back to his own bed shortly before dawn. For some weeks, Mike received his only nourishment from Mother’s breasts, and true to the doctor’s warning, the flesh of his thighs and calves and arms became soft as butter with a slight layer of baby fat covering everything.

Studies began the third morning with Miss Hurlbert assigning reading for after class and she lectured during class, urging Mike to pay close attention because she would test him on what he had learned from time to time. Helena was his classmate, but she was definitely a big problem for Miss Hurlbert. She was constantly talking out of turn or making strange noises with her voice that irritated Miss Hurlbert no end. Helena was forever having to raise her skirts and lower her bloomers for a prolonged birching which seemed to do no good.

Mike, for his part, heeded Mother's advice and avoided Helena's whispered schemes to the best of his ability. He soon proved himself to be almost as adept at learning how to be a feminine female as he had when studying back at the home, except that he now was birched when he made a mistake, which was too often for his liking, but much to Miss Hurlbert's delight.

Mother was very pleased at the glowing reports Miss Hurlbert gave her regarding Mike (Michelle)'s progress into femininity, but saw to it that his other training under the guiding hands of Cook, Chauffeur and Darlene did not falter.

Mike soon mastered the rudiments of cooking and was able to become quite competent with the simple recipes Cook taught him. One thing that amazed all of them was his ability to learn a task right the first time and to successfully complete the same task at a later point with no additional prompting. And as time passed, Mike became more and more Michelle and often forgot entirely that he was still a genetic boy in his silky panties.

Everyone on Mother's ranch treated him as a girl and all referred to him in the feminine gender when they spoke to or about him at all.

As Mike gained additional expertise in femininity and things female, he rode almost daily, always side-saddle and always in the delightfully old-fashioned riding habits Mother obtained for him. His corsets became tighter and tighter and one afternoon, Darlene informed Mother that he had attained a twenty-inch waist measurement!

For some time, Mike had been concerned with his body. His thigh muscles seemed to be made of soft rubber and his body had become softer and rounder. His breasts came as no surprise to him as he had been aware of their growth for some time. What did surprise him was when Mother informed him that he would have to wear a 32 C-Cup bra for support! Even his bloomers which had been somewhat loose around his hips, seemed to have shrunk overnight. Either that or his hips and bottom had grown!

Only one thing spoiled the beauty of his new body when Darlene had him stripped for his bath nightly and that was the small vestige of sex between his legs that marred his feminine shape. Darlene just laughed and tucked it back between his thighs, making it look almost as if he had a pussy there instead!

Because he was taking to femininity so well, Mother had granted his wish to have Darlene as his nightly bed partner, but Mother made the condition that both he and Darlene had to wear a sort of chastity girdle to keep them "safe" and "out of trouble."

This requirement put an effective end to their sex games, but they accepted it as part of growing up.

The two girls soon became the best of friends and where you found one, the other was usually close by. Mother even gave Darlene a horse of her own so that she and Mike could ride together. Darlene thought their riding habits were hilarious, but she wore it with panache and dressed identically to Mike, the only way to tell them apart was by the color of their hair. They threw those who watched a curve by Darlene wearing her hair done up and completely hid by her Stetson. Mike, of course, continued to wear his own Stetson, thereby covering his hair as effectively as Darlene's hat did for her! All in all, they were just two mischievous girls enjoying being girls.

Darlene thought it was a "kick" when Chauffeur carried Mike everywhere and she would tease him about having two broken legs. When he protested that he had no say in the matter, she merely laughed all the harder.

He spoke to Mother about Chauffeur.

"Is she hurting you, Michelle?" Mother asked softly.

Mike shook his head vigorously. "Oh, no, Mother! It's just that I have two perfectly good legs to walk on and yet Chauffeur insists on carrying me everywhere!"

"If I were you, Michelle, I would keep my peace and allow Chauffeur her little oddities and idiosyncracies. She absolutely adores you and wants to do even more to make things easier for you."

"OK, Mother," Mike agreed. "But it will be difficult."

"Just bear with it, my dear. It's all for the best!"

The winter was upon them and western winters are no laughing matter! Covered walkways had been built between the bunk house and the house and the stables,

and to some of the other outlying buildings so that they could move about freely even during the worst of the western blizzards.

Mike and Darlene were fascinated by the snow and wheedled Mother into getting them some skis and snowshoes. Chauffeur even cleared off the frozen pond where they learned to ice skate while wearing their voluminous riding habits which had become a sort of all-purpose garb for a number of activities.

Still, Mike noticed that no matter how cold it got nor how much snow she shoveled, Chauffeur never wore more than her leather chaps and sleeveless leather jacket, and he put it down to just another of her oddities or idiosyncracies!

As the late fall season progressed into December and Christmas, Mother began to be secretive about certain things. She even spanked Mike soundly when he accidentally found some packages in a closet in her room when he had been looking for a certain blouse that she had said he could have.

Christmas morning when he and Darlene awoke to a bright, sunshiny day with the world covered in white, he discovered the reason for Mother's secrecy. She had been hiding all the presents that she had acquired for them.

They were amazed by the variety of presents, from new cook books from Cook, to new spurs and riding crops for both of them from Chauffeur, to tons of clothes from Mother. By then, Miss Hurlbert and Helena had departed for warmer climes, but neither was missed by either girl! Helena had never been friendly with either Mike or Darlene.

On Christmas afternoon, Chauffeur strapped the new spurs to Mile's boots, then knelt so he could mount her piggy-back and she raced with him on her back to the stable.

Once there, she let him dismount and he sat on a bale of hay while she went into the tack room, to emerge moments later with some leather straps in her hands.

Mike stared, open-mouthed. "What's that for, Chauffeur?" he asked shyly.

"This is my bridle and reins so that you may guide me in the direction you wish to go. and this is the saddle I must strap on so that you can ride properly See? It even has stirrups for your feet."

Mike started. "Bridle? You mean, like the one Queenie wears when I ride?"

Chauffeur nodded. "Exactly, and when you're astride my back, you must treat me as your horse. You must not be afraid to yank on my reins to guide me, nor must you be shy about using your spurs and riding crop to urge me on!"

"I don't understand, Chauffeur. . ." Mike murmured.

Oh, come now, Mistress Michelle, surely you must know by now that I am a dyed-in-the-wool masochist? Haven't you seen the stripes on my bottom from Mistress Jane's whip?" she teased gently.

"Well, yes, but that's between you and Mother!" he averred.

"And now it's also between you and I," she whispered excitedly. "Don't ever be afraid of hurting me be-

cause that only adds to the excitement and pleasure for me!"

"When do you want to start?" Mike asked breathlessly. Suddenly, the whole idea of riding the woman and using his brand new spurs and riding crop on her was appealing in a way that he had never experienced before! His body felt like it did just before he spanked Darlene

and he almost swooned with anticipation.

"Now!" Chauffeur stated. Quickly, she shrugged out of her leather jacket and let her chaps fall to the ground, leaving her naked except for her high heeled cowboy boots. As he watched, open-mouthed, she strapped the saddle around her waist, drawing the cinch in as tight as she could. Then she fitted the leather strap thing around her head and Mike saw the vicious spade bit she slipped into her mouth before buckling it securely to her head.

Then, she bent at the waist and waited patiently.

Mike took the trailing reins and led the saddled woman out of the barn and into the frigid wintry blast of December in Montana! Chauffeur followed him readily, shivering slightly as the coldness caressed her skin. Mike stopped her, stuck his foot into the stirrup and swung up and over her back, settling solidly into the saddle seat as his other foot found the matching stirrup.

He tightened his grip on the reins and slapped her rump with his riding crop at the same time he jabbed his new spurs sharply into her unsuspecting thighs!

"Hi yo, Beauty!" he yelled as Chauffeur broke into a startled run, soon smoothing out her gait as she followed the reins that pulled on the bit thrust so deep

into her mouth! The crop and the spurs urged her to run as fast as she could, and even when she began to feel a bit tired, the crop and spurs urged her onward, faster and faster until her breath was coming in raw, ragged gasps. She could feel the unaccustomed heat building in her crotch and when the first orgasm struck, she faltered momentarily before regaining control. At that moment, Chauffeur knew that she would do anything her rider demanded of her and the knowledge triggered another, more intense orgasm that shook her to the core!

Then, Mike saw that he was tiring his new mount and he slowed her to a fast walk, not letting her stop and tighten up, but to keep her moving to cool her down.

The feeling of such intense ecstasy was almost indescribable and Mike's heart beat raggedly, erratically, in his chest, while his whole body glowed and trembled with excitement.

He reached out and patted Chauffeur's cheek gently. "Good girl!" he praised. "Now, a good gallop back to the barn where I'll give you a nice rub-down and a scoop of rolled oats. How's that sound?"

"Neigh, neigh!" Chauffeur whinnied, and at the touch of spurs and crop, set off at a dead run for the barn. She was completely out of breath when they arrived at the barnyard, her legs trembling uncontrollably, her chest heaving, her lungs on fire, every muscle of her body crying out for relief! Mike slowed her down to a fast walk around the barn-yard until her breathing had returned to normal before riding her into the barn and dismounting. He stripped the saddle from her back, poured some oats into the manger, and, still bent at the waist, tied her in place and began to rub her

down with a rough cloth that he found. He was as thorough in rubbing Chauffeur down as he was when rubbing oil into Darlene ravaged flesh. He noticed that she was bleeding from the corners of her mouth from the action of the bit, but when he went to remove the bridle, Chauffeur shook her head violently, indicating that she wanted it left in place!

Otherwise, Chauffeur made no move to avoid his hands, even when they handled her intimately with an easy familiarity. She spread her legs slightly and Mike's soft, gentle fingers caressed her swollen nether lips tenderly, kneading and squeezing with a knowing touch as he smoothed a soothing salve into her flesh. In moments, she shuddered with orgasmic fury and her mind went completely blank as she gave herself up to this joyous ecstasy.

She stood in the stable stall as Mike draped a rough, woolen horse blanket over her body and contentedly munched on the oats, her mind and body lost in the ecstasy of their extended gallop, in her mind looking forward to their next encounter with great relish!

Chauffeur couldn't wait until she could tell Mother all about it!

* * *

One day, shortly after the New Year, as Mike was preparing to leave for the stables to curry his horse, dressed in one of his severe black muslin riding habits and high heeled button boots, Mother called him into the library where she bared her breasts for his regular feeding. He was fully satiated when he stood and bent to kiss her with his milky lips. She startled him when she reached up under his voluminous skirts and petticoats and pulled his bloomers down, then had him step out of them. When he asked why, she told him because she wanted the wind to whistle up under his skirts and keep his little sex toy shriveled with the cold in preparation for a surprise she would have for him later on that afternoon.

“Oh, Mother!” he exclaimed girlishly. “What is it? I dearly love surprises!” he enthused.

“If I told you, it wouldn’t be a surprise, now, would it?” she teased.

“Oh, Mother!” he wailed, pouting prettily.

“Get along with you, girl, else I’ll warm that fat ass before you go!” she threatened.

“Mother!” Mike gasped in shock. “I do not have a fat ass and you know it! It has grown slightly because of my hormones, but it is far from fat!” he protested.

Mother smiled knowingly.

“Well, it’s not!” Mike emphasized as he ran for the door.

Mother just smiled and smiled.

Mike spent almost an hour currying his horse, soaping polishing his leather gear to make it water-proof, and filling the manger with sweet smelling hay and the oats his horse loved. He fed her two carrots which she

gobbled eagerly. Mike laughed and patted her nose affectionately. "And I love you too, Queenie," he whispered, kissing the horse's long nose.

When he entered the house, he heard a strange male voice coming from the library and Mother was laughing and answering him! He tried to tiptoe past so he wouldn't disturb Mother and her guest, when Mother spied him. "Oh, there you are, Michelle! Come in here, please. I have someone I want you to meet."

Mike entered the library and saw a tall, well dressed gentleman seated next to Mother's desk. He held a glass of some sort of amber liquid and Mike correctly identified the liquid as some sort of whiskey. He curtsayed politely. "I did not wish to disturb you, Mother. . ."

"Mother?" the man laughed heartily. "Honestly, Auntie, you are the limit!"

"Oh, hush! Michelle, may I present my nephew, Maurice Morse? Maurice, this is Miss Michelle Louise O'Connor, your soon to be fiancée."

"My fiancée? Surely you jest, Auntie! You know I have no use for a girl, even one as beautiful and curvaceous as this one! I especially like her riding habit though. I assume that you have been taught to ride side saddle, girl?" he asked Mike.

Mike curtsayed politely, replying, "Yes, Sir." His heart was filled with fear of this man.

"Oh, honestly, Maurice!" Mother scolded fondly. "Did you ever think I would bring in a ringer on you?"

"Auntie, I would never put a thing past your devious mind!" Maurice laughed.

Mother beckoned. "Come and stand by me, Michelle," she ordered. After he had obeyed, she looked up at him. "Now, Michelle, you know that I would never do anything at all to hurt you, don't you?"

Mike nodded. "Of course, Mother, I know that!" he blurted.

"Good. Now, I want you to remove your hat."

Obediently, Mike undid the laces around his chin and drew his Stetson off, exposing his crew cut hair to Maurice.

"Oh, Auntie!" Maurice whispered reverently.

Mike just blushed prettily.

"Now, Michelle, my dearest, I want you to take hold of all the hems of your skirts and petticoats with your enameled finger nails and raise them slowly until they are being held well above your waist."

"But, Mother, I am not wearing my bloomers!" he protested. "I'm completely naked under my skirts!" he whispered in shame.

"I know," Mother replied. Then, "Please do as I say, Michelle," she ordered evenly

Mike knew better than to disobey that tone of voice. Blushing furiously, he raised his skirts well up about his waist so that his cold, shriveled penis was on full display to the man's astonished gaze!

"Auntie!" he exclaimed. "I would never have believed it had I not seen it with my own eyes! A genetic boy who looks and acts like a girl born to the manor!" He rose and bowed to Mike. "Michelle Louise, what beautiful names! But I shall call you Mike. May I assume that Mike is your boy name?" He took Mike's

hand in his as Mike's skirts fell into place, bent and kissed his knuckles tenderly.

Mike nodded dumbly. "Ye. . . yes, Sir," he stammered.

"And he even has a girl's sort of mezzo-soprano voice, Auntie! You think of everything!" He sat again and pulled Mike down into his waiting lap. Mike could feel the stiffness of the man's erection poking him in the backs of his thighs and he wriggled with discomfort. "Oh, Sir!" he moaned softly, blushing with embarrassment.

"Oh, Sir, indeed!" Maurice laughed. Before Mike realized what the man was going to do, his hand had caressed up his leg, fondled his knee and slid up his lisle covered thigh to flick his shriveled penis playfully. Mike reacted as blood flowed into his penis and he erected painfully under the man's gentle touch.

"Tell me, Auntie, is he fully male? I mean, I don't feel any scrotum."

"No, Maurice. Unfortunately, our Michelle suffered the loss of his masculine pieces some time before I took custody of his welfare, his training and his up-bringing. He was shamelessly abused and neglected before I found him and rescued him. Now, he is a boy who is fully aware that he is a boy, yet still girlish and ready to love a virile male. You, my dear!"

Maurice looked into Mike's eyes. "Is that true, Mike?" he asked softly.

Mike nodded and blushed even harder. "Yes, Sir," he murmured.

"My good Lord!" Maurice exclaimed, pinching Mike's straining erection cruelly.

“Oh. . . Sir. . .” Mike moaned as he jutted his hips forward in open invitation to the man’s sadistic intentions.

“And he likes to have it pinched, doesn’t he, Auntie?”

“Yes, Maurice, but only if you or I do it to him. He has been carefully trained in that particular respect.”

“You do think of everything, Auntie!” he laughed. “But what’s this thing stuck in Mike’s mouth? It looks like some sort of plastic male prick at full erection.”

“That’s exactly what it is, my dear boy,” Mother beamed. “After all, Michelle had to be reconditioned so that he would accept your erect prick in his mouth too!” she giggled. “And you can believe it or not, Michelle is eager to take your erection into his mouth!”

Mike blushed anew and hung his head, hiding his face against the man’s wool suit coat. “Oh, Mother,” he cried brokenly.

“Hush, Michelle,” Mother ordered. “You will find that you are going to love every minute of being courted and married and then fucked by your new husband, Maurice, but only after you have been safely married to him!”

Mike squirmed with humiliated embarrassment like he had not felt since Mother had discussed certain extremely intimate feminine hygiene matters with him!

Maurice tipped Mike’s head up and back, and when the boy’s mouth opened wide involuntarily, he kissed him gently, soon increasing the pressure until Mike felt himself erecting against his will, but enjoying and welcoming the man’s oral caress fully!

"I think that is quite enough for now, Maurice," Mother cautioned. "After all, it is dear Michelle's very first experience with a male soon to be his husband!"

"Husband!" Maurice laughed. "Who would've ever thought it?"

"My dear boy," Mother continued, "You know perfectly well that I have been searching for a suitable wife for you ever since that Marty fiasco!"

"Now, Auntie, be nice!" Maurice warned, an edge creeping into his voice. "You know how I feel about that whole business!"

"But I am being nice!" she protested. "After all, it was he who had the itchy foot, not you!" she continued.

Maurice nodded. "I know. . ." he whispered.

"And where Marty was promiscuous in the extreme, Michelle is monogamous to a fault! He has been told why I selected him and he accepted my terms without qualm one. Michelle has been taught how to be a girl in every way possible, save one. He is totally virgin to man!"

"You mean. . ." Maurice began.

Mother nodded. "Yes, I do mean!" she affirmed. "Michelle has some inkling of how to please a virile male, but has no first hand knowledge. That is for his husband to teach him!"

"Well, I will be sheep-dipped!" Maurice exclaimed, laughing uproariously!

In spite of himself, Mike giggled at the thought of this man being driven through the sheep dipping pen!

“Oh, you find that humorous, do you, Mikey?” Maurice exclaimed, tickling the boy on his sensitive ribs.

“Oh, Sir!” Mike protested. “That tickles!”

“Take back your giggle them!” Maurice ordered.

“Oh, I’m sorry I laughed, Sir, but it was just too funny for words!” Mike explained.

“It was pretty funny, Maurice,” Mother laughed. “Even you have to see the humor of your statement!”

“Yeah, I do. . . now!” Maurice admitted. He kissed Mike’s soft, rounded, lip-sticked mouth lingeringly. “I forgive you, Mikey!”

Mike melted into the man’s arms, his arms slipping around the man’s neck and holding on tight and kissing him back with all the fervor exploding from his heart.

Mother smiled knowingly, recognizing the obvious fruit of her manipulations as shown by the two unsuspecting participants.

‘Oh, my goodness!’ Mother thought. ‘Michelle will be a most beautiful bride, all in white, and Maurice will be an adoring husband-to-be for Michelle, even though Maurice has too many doubts now!’

She rose and left the two alone, knowing that Maurice would be a gentleman with Michelle, or at least she hoped he would be!

Much later, Mike rested in Mother's arms, his mouth sucking steadily at her nipple while they carried on a conversation of sorts.

"Oh, Mother," Mike whispered excitedly, "I just loved it when Maurice kissed me, and when he put his hands under my skirt, I thought I would die with pleasure! I just loved it when he pinched and pulled on my little wee wee!"

"That's to be expected, Michelle, my dear girl," Mother replied.

"What was to be expected?" Mike asked, losing the thought momentarily.

"Loving to be kissed by a grown male," Mother teased. "After all, that was the idea from the start, to make you receptive to a mature male's oral kisses."

"Well, all I can say is it worked!" Mike enthused. He sucked steadily for some moments, then, "Mother?"

"Yes, dear girl?"

"Mother, what's it like to go to bed with a man who is your husband?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you that. You will just have to marry the man and go to bed with him on your wedding night and find out first hand!"

"But, wouldn't it be better for Maurice if I knew what was expected of me and what he would like his wife to know and do?"

"My dear girl, Maurice is quite capable of teaching you what he wants you to know," Mother equivocated.

"But that's not fair!" Mike protested.

"No one ever said that life was fair, dearest," Mother soothed.

It got very quiet and soon Mike had fallen asleep.

Carefully, Chauffeur lifted the sleeping boy into her capable arms and carried him into his own bedroom where she placed him beneath the satin sheets and coverlet. She bent, kissed his lips sweetly and left the room just as Darlene entered.

Chauffeur patted Darlene's bottom affectionately. "Nice ass, girl!"

Darlene blushed and hurried to undress and get into bed with Mike. Chauffeur nodded her approval when she saw the chastity device that Darlene wore, closed the door and went to rejoin her Mistress and see to Mistress' sexual gratification.

Chauffeur was expert at satisfying Mother's urges. .

IX

"Dear Mikey," Maurice exclaimed as he drew his horse to a stop at the edge of the creek. "I must say, you sit your saddle like a professional rider!"

Mike laughed joyously. They had been riding for some time, ever since Chauffeur had saddled his mare and boosted him into the awkward side saddle back at the stable.

"Well, of course I do!" I yelped happily. "Mother and Chauffeur taught me well!"

"I would never had believed that a mere slip of a boy riding side saddle could have beaten me in any race!" Maurice groused, pouting playfully.

"Oh, Sir!" Mike giggled. "I had a head start and your horse was less than cooperative!"

"True," Maurice acknowledged, "but I should have won anyway! After all, I am a male!"

"Oh, pooh, so am I and you don't hear me complaining when I lose!" Mike countered, his soft, painted lips wreathed in a happy smile.

"Shall we rest?" Maurice asked, stepping from the saddle and holding his hand up invitingly for Mike to dismount.

"Well," Mike pretended to think it over. "Well, all right, but you will have to help me remount when we start out again!"

"Done!" Maurice laughed as Mike swung his leg over the pommel horn and leaped lightly to the ground. Maurice caught the boy and when Mike turned frightened eyes upward, kissed the surprised lips soundly. Mike quickly melted into the man's embrace and kissed him back with all the love in his young heart.

When they paused a moment or so later, Mike whispered, "Oh, Sir! Whatever is it that you do to me? You kiss me and all I want to do is let you do anything you wish with me!"

"You're just falling in love, my dear boy," Maurice whispered hoarsely. "I know because you have the same effect on me!"

"I do?" Mike was amazed. He had never realized the power he was beginning to have over this man's af-

fections and his all encompassing love, and it came as a shock to him as it began to be clear to him. "Oh, I bet you say that to all the little fairies you know!" Mike laughed.

"Believe it or not, "Maurice was completely serious, "you are the only fairy in my life now and that's the way I want it! Oh, Auntie sure picked the right one for me. That lady knows what she's doing all right!"

"Am I really your little fairy boy?" Mike asked shyly, hesitantly. He wondered anew at his acceptance of the term, fairy. Back at the home he would have bridled angrily if anyone had dared refer to him as a fairy boy!

"Maurice nodded eagerly. "You certainly are, Mikey!" He bent and kissed the boy again as they fell to the ground, their arms wrapped tightly around one another. They lay on the soft grass for many long moments as Maurice tenderly caressed the quiescent boy beside him.

It was several hours later before the disheveled pair finally made it back to the stable where Mother was waiting apprehensively.

"Oh, my dears, I was so worried!" she exclaimed, then saw their disheveled state. "Well, I should hope that you didn't violate my daughter, Maurice!" she scolded.

"No, Auntie," Maurice laughed, "Mikey is still a virgin to man, although I must admit, I did come this close to popping his cherries!"

"Maurice! Watch your language! Michelle is not used to that street vernacular!"

"Sorry, Auntie," Maurice apologized. "I spoke without thinking."

"Watch yourself in future," Mother warned, "else I shall punish you severely!"

'What cherrries is he talking about?' Mike wondered to himself. He determined to ask Mother when they went to bed that night and before Chauffeur removed him to his own bed.

"It would take an army, Auntie!" Maurice chuckled.

"That I am well prepared to muster, if need be!" she retorted. Then, to Mike, "Run up and get changed for dinner, Michelle," she ordered. "I have instructed your maid in how I wish you to be dressed this evening."

"Yes, Mother," Mike replied, curtsying and hurrying off.

"I love his curtseys!" Maurice exclaimed. "Oh, Auntie, he is just perfect!"

"See that you keep him that way until after the wedding. I want him to be a virgin in his mind as well as his body, in every sense of the word! What he has to know about sex with a man is something you will have to teach him, as is the right of any husband with his virgin wife!" Mother stated. "I was a complete virgin when I was married and I wish Michelle to be equally unspoiled!"

"You're just an old softie, Aunt Jane!" Maurice teased, kissing her cheek affectionately.

"Oh, go on with your blarney!" she giggled as they walked into the house.

Mike had already disappeared into the house and was dashing up the stairs when a stern voice stopped him.

"Why are you running?" came the voice.

Mike stopped and turned to see a naked Chauffeur standing in the library door. "Mother told me to hurry and get dressed for dinner," he explained. "Because it was so late for Maurice and me to return from our ride."

"Looks to me that you did more than ride!" Chauffeur observed sarcastically.

Mike blushed. "Maurice tried to have his way with me but I was able to stop him!"

"Are you still virgin?"

Mike nodded. "I guess so. What's a virgin? I keep hearing Mother using the word but I don't know what it means."

"A virgin is a girl who has not lain with a man for sexual intercourse," Chauffeur began, unsure how far to go with any explanation.

"We did lie together," Mike admitted.

"Were you undressed?" she demanded.

"No," Mike admitted.

"Was he undressed?"

"No."

"Did you or he play with one another's things?"

"Oh, no, Chauffeur, there was none of that!"

"Then what did you do?"

"Well, Maurice kissed me hard and I kissed him back and he ran his hands all over my body and. . ."

"Did you run your hands over his body?"

"Just his shoulders," Mike admitted.

"Then I would say that you are still a virgin," Chauffeur concluded and Mike knew that was all the information he would get from the woman. "Tomorrow, while Master Maurice is gone with Madame, we shall take a little ride, you and I. It's been some time since I was exercised!" she growled.

Mike giggled because he knew Chauffeur was an old softy, just like Mother! Unafraid, he went into the woman's arms and turned his lips up for her fervent kiss. His mischievous eyes gazed at her affectionately. "Oh, I shall ride you well, Chauffeur," he whispered. "You can bet on it!"

"I can hardly wait!" Chauffeur replied huskily. "Would you wear a special riding costume for me?"

"Of course, Chauffeur, just tell me what and I shall oblige your fetish!"

The woman smiled and pressed his face between her breasts. "It's a surprise!"

"Oh, I love surprises!" Mike giggled. "What is it?"

"Now if I told you, it wouldn't be a surprise, would it?" she smiled at him affectionately.

"Oh, you're just an old meanie!" he grouched, his fingers trailing down her body and into the soft juncture of her hairless sex. He caressed her with a smooth, familiar touch.

"So? Just use me well when you ride!" she chuckled, shuddering with pleasure..

"Oh, I shall, Chauffeur, I most certainly shall!" he promised as their lips met. . . lingeringly. . .

Then, Chauffeur broke away, turned Mike and slapped his bottom briskly. "Go on up and get changed, and tell that Darlene quiff that I have not for-

gotten." Smiling and stepping back, Chauffeur closed the door between them.

Shaking his head, Mike hurried up the stairs and into his bedroom where Darlene was waiting for him, nose in the corner, bare bottom on full display, standing on tiptoe and crying great crocodile tears of self-pity.

"Oh, Darlene, Baby! What did you do now?" Mike cried in anguish.

"No. . . nothing, Miss Michelle!" the girl replied hesitantly.

"So you're just standing there prepared to be spanked just because you want to be spanked?" Mike asked sarcastically.

"Oh, no, Miss Michelle!" Darlene cried. "It's just. . . just. . . it's just. . ."

"Yes, just. . . what?" Mike urged.

"It's just that I sassed Cook when she was working and complaining that Master Maurice was taking up all the time you used to spend in the kitchen and. . . and I was just jealous of him!"

"Oh, is that all?" Mike laughed. "Well, I'll just go and have a little chat with Cook! After all, I am the number two woman in this household, and it's time she realized it!"

"Oh, please don't do that, Miss Michelle!" Darlene begged. "Cook will just take her anger out on my poor bottom!"

"Not when I get done with her!" Mike declared firmly.

“Oh, please, Miss Michelle, don’t anger Cook on my account! I’m not worth it!”

“To me, you’re worth a dozen Cooks!” Mike stated stoutly.

“Please, Miss Michelle, just spank me and get it over with, please?” she begged.

“Well. . . all right,” Mike conceded, the excitement of spanking the girl’s delectable bottom over coming his reluctance. “Where’s my hair brush?”

“On the vanity, where you always keep it,” Darlene replied.

Mike looked. “Oh, I see it.” He picked up the brush and smacked his hand several times, causing Darlene to wince when he did so. Mike stepped up beside Darlene and laid his free hand on the back of her waist. “Don’t forget to count,” he warned sternly.

“I won’t!” Darlene promised breathlessly, because as much as a spanking hurt her, she loved it best when her beloved Miss Michelle was doing it!”

Then, SWISH. . . SMACK! SWISH. . . SMACK!

“Oh, Miss Michelle,” Darlene cried in anguish. “It hurts so much! One! Two!

SWISH. . . SMACK! SWISH. . . SMACK!

Darlene bit her lip to keep from crying out. Oh, oh, three! Four! Unconsciously, she danced from foot to foot, exposing her secret flesh blatantly to his appreciative eyes!

SWISH. . . SMACK! SWISH. . . SMACK!

As she had expected, the next two struck her full on her swollen pussy lips and she danced about madly.

“Oh, Miss Michelle! My Darling Miss Michelle! Oh, I love you so much!” she gasped, then remembered to count. “Oh, oh, five! Six!” she sobbed.

Mike took pity on the girl and only smacked her ten times before he cast the brush aside and took the sobbing girl into his bed to soothe her hurts and to calm her tears.

It took a long time.

* * *

X

Mike looked up into the face of his dance partner and sighed happily. He and Maurice had been to a restaurant in a nearby town for dinner and were now dancing in a local honky tonk bar. Maurice smiled down at him, then asked, puzzled, “What?”

Mike smiled. “Oh, nothing, my beloved,” he whispered. “I was just thinking that I am the luckiest boy in the whole world!”

“And how do you figure that, my dear?”

“That’s easy,” Mike grinned. “I am dancing with the most handsome man in the place and all the other girls are so jealous of me because you belong to me!” he giggled.

“Conceited!” Maurice teased.

“It may be so, but I don’t know, it sounds like blarney to me!” Mike sing-songed.

Maurice twirled him around, making his circle skirt fly up around his waist to reveal the pink thong panties he wore beneath.

“You’re awful!” Mike gasped. “Making me show my bare ass like that!”

“Then you shouldn’t’ve worn that skirt, my love!” Maurice rejoined.

“I only wore it because I know you like it,” Mike explained. “And now I know why, you dirty old man!”

“Guilty as charged, my love!”

Again, Maurice twirled Mike several times, the boy’s skirt flying uncontrollably high up around his waist as he danced atop the toes of his four inch high heel opera pumps.

“Stop that, you big bully!” Mike gasped, his face flaming with embarrassment.

“What?” Maurice asked. “This?”

And he twirled the hapless boy again.

“Oh, you. . . you. . . man!” Mike retorted. “You’re incorrigible!”

“Goodness,” Maurice laughed. “I surely hope that it’s not contagious!”

A few moments later, they were sitting in a booth with their drinks. Mike was having a root beer while Maurice enjoyed his white Russian, when a young man came up to them and, taking Mike’s hand in his, asked, “May I have the pleasure of the next dance, My Lady?”

Mike looked helplessly at Maurice who leaned back in his seat, saying nothing.

“Do you mind, Sir?” the boy asked Maurice.

“Why should I mind? She has a mouth and is perfectly able to speak for herself!”

The boy turned back to Mike. “Ma’am?”

Mike smiled brilliantly. “Why, certainly, since my escort is all tired out!” Mike rose and followed the boy onto the dance floor where he soon found himself one of the female partners in a square dance set, and once more, his skirts went flying. But, Mike didn’t care. He loved to show his body off to strangers, and what was more, he realized, Maurice knew it and blatantly encouraged it!

They left the honky tonk and walked back to Maurice’s Jeep. Maurice handed Mike in and started the vehicle’s engine.

“Did you enjoy yourself, Mikey?” he asked softly.

Mike snuggled as close as the split seats would allow and replied, “You know I did!”

“Shall we get a milk shake before we go back to the ranch?”

“I’d like that very much,” Mike replied dreamily.

The drive-in was crowded and it took some time before they had their milk shakes and were driving along the highway. Suddenly, Maurice turned off on a dirt road and some minutes later they topped out on the rise and could see the lights of the town spread out around them.

Mike gasped in wonder. “Oh, Maurice, it’s beautiful!”

“Yes, it is nice, isn’t it?”

“Oh, thank you for bringing me up here!”

“You’re entirely welcome.” Maurice reached for Mike’s hand and then they were in one another’s arms and Mike was being kissed like the end of the world!

When they came up for air, Mike whistled softly. “Wow! What was that all about?”

“Mikey, you know I love you,” Maurice began.

“Oh, I know no such thing!” Mike protested.

“Mikey. when we get back to the ranch, I have something for you that I think you will like a lot,” Maurice whispered softly.

“Oooh! What is it?” Mike asked breathlessly.

“It’s a surprise,” Maurice answered.

“Oh, I love surprises!” Mike enthused. “What is it?”

“Now if I told you, it would no longer be a surprise, would it?” Maurice countered.

How many times had he heard those very same words? Mike sighed wistfully. “Oh, I guess not,” Mike agreed. “But if you didn’t want me to know, you should never have told me in the first place!” he blurted.

It was a long, silent ride back home.

Then, in the library with Mother present, Maurice knelt in front of Mike and took his hand in his, holding it gently, tenderly. “Mikey,” he began, “I have fallen in love with you. . .”

“I know,” Mike replied softly. “And I have loved you since Mother took me out of that awful orphanage back East.”

“Mikey, will you marry me?” Maurice asked while slipping a huge diamond ring onto Mike’s third finger left hand.

Mike stared at the man, awestruck! “Oh, Maurice!” he exclaimed, holding his hand out and moving it to make the diamonds sparkle in the soft light. “I thought you’d never ask!” he blurted excitedly. “Of course, my dear man, I will gladly marry you!”

Then, Maurice was standing and Mike was in his arms and their lips were glued together as they sealed their engagement.

“Well, I’m so glad that that is settled!” Mother exclaimed happily. “I thought the two of you were never going to get off dead center!”

Mike held his hand out so Mother could see the ring. “Oh, look, Mother, isn’t it just the most beautiful ring you have ever seen?”

“Yes, Michelle, it looks just as right on your finger as it did on mine!”

For a minute, Mother’s statement did not penetrate, then it struck Mike right between the eyes. “Oh, Mother! I could never take your ring from you! I know how much you loved your husband and I would never deprive you of the joy of wearing his ring!” He started to remove it and give it back, but she stopped him.

“No, Darling,” she whispered, her eyes shining with untold happiness. “I made myself a promise that if I ever had a daughter, I would want her to wear my ring and would hope that she would have as much happiness as I did in my marriage!”

“Oh, thank you, Mother!” Mike cried, throwing his arms around the woman’s neck and kissing her fiercely. “I can never thank you enough!”

“Just wear it with pride and love and that will be quite enough for me,” she replied softly.

“Auntie,” Maurice chimed in gently, “I’ll say it again, you are a sentimental old softie, and I love you for it!” He kissed her cheek tenderly.

“Oh, go on with your blarney!” she retorted, tears in her eyes.

“When?” Mike asked excitedly.

“Well, today’s the Saturday after Thanksgiving,” Maurice mused. “How about a month from now, sat Christmas Day, or better yet, Christmas Eve, than you could be my Christmas present!” Maurice finished triumphantly.

“Oh, no, you don’t!” Mother exclaimed angrily. “And deprive me of the joy of planning my only daughter’s wedding? Not by a long shot, Maurice Morse! The earliest date I will consent to is February fourteenth. Then you can be each other’s valentines!”

“Like I said,” Maurice groused with a smile, “You’re just a sentimental old softie, Aunt Jane! But I love you anyway!” he teased.

Mother just smiled and smiled and smiled.

“Oh, Mother, I’ll need a dress and a trousseau and a bride’s maid and we have to make arrangements for the church! Do you think Reverend Mother would perform the ceremony?”

“For a donation to the church coffers, I’m sure she’d do most anything!” Mother laughed.

“But she mustn’t know that I’m a boy marrying a man!” Mike replied urgently.

“My dear Boy, Reverend Mother already knows about you!” Mother smiled.

Mike was shocked. “But in all the times we’ve attended services, she has never mentioned word one to me about it!”

“Reverend Mother is more aware of things in the world than you think, Michelle,” Mother replied gently. “Reverend Mother had her S.R.S. some twelve years ago, a few months before she became our pastor!”

“I didn’t know,” Mike admitted softly, ashamed of himself.

“Just keep it to yourself,” Mother warned.

“Forever and ever!” Mike promised. Then, turning back to Maurice, he went into the man’s arms, lips open and inviting. Maurice did not disappoint him.

Mike was kissed. . .

Hard!

* * *

XI

“But, what am I to do when you are married?”
Darlene cried. She was naked and under the blankets

with Mike later on that same evening after the proposal.

"But, Darlene, you have known all along that I was meant to become a blushing bride for Maurice," Mike whispered in her ear.

"Well. . . yes. . . but I never thought I would be separated from you!" she sobbed.

"I'll speak to Mother," Mike promised. "Maybe she will let you go with me."

"Oh, Dear Mistress Michelle," the distraught girl whispered, "I belong to thee, my Sweet Mistress, and only thee. Whither thou goest, so too shall I go, and whither thou lodgest, so too shall I lodge, and whatsoever thou commandeth of me, so too shall I obey, willingly, happily, joyfully, with all my heart, for thou are the sweetest, truest Mistress any girl could ever have!

"To thee I have committed my soul, my body, my very being, to use as thee wishes, in any way or manner thee wishes, without reservation, without qualm.

"I am thine forever, dear Mistress Michelle, and I will wear your mark gladly, proudly, yet with humility for having chosen me from all others to tend to thee!

"Wouldst that thou couldst wed me and take me to thy bed, to use me, to abuse me, to force me into womanhood, to make me thine forever!"

"Oh, my dearest Darlene Ruth," Mike murmured reverently, "You make me think of myself as Naomi from the book of Ruth!"

"That is the way of a woman in love," Darlene whispered, diving beneath the blanket, burying her flaming face between Mike's spread thighs, her questing lips seeking, touching, nibbling, finding, sucking,

swallowing its sought for prize, her teeth chewing hungrily at his shortened nub, deliberately, insistently.

Mike arched his hips forward. "Oh, Darlene, yes. . . yes! YES!" he cried as she moved to obey his whispered command.

Mike sighed happily and let Darlene have her way with him. . .

* * *

XII

"I seem to have a little problem, Mother," Mike whispered as he cuddled next to her breasts later that evening.

"And what could possibly be troubling my Darling Daughter?" Mother teased.

"It's Darlene," Mike whispered. "She's so worried about what will happen to her after I am married and go off to live with Maurice, my husband," he explained.

"But. . . why? Doesn't she know that Maurice has consented to remain on the ranch and take over as ram-rod? I have already made arrangements for the third floor to be redone as your living quarters!" she reminded.

"I'm not sure she understands," Mike explained. "She feels as though she is being abandoned and just swept aside!"

"Oh, that poor girl!" Mother exclaimed, sitting bolt upright in the bed, surprising Mike. "I never gave her a thought!" She swung her feet over the edge of the bed. "Come, Michelle, we must find her right now!"

A few minutes later, they had climbed to the third floor and were knocking softly at a closed door.

"Who is it?" came a sleepy voice.

"It's me!" Mike answered.

"What do you want?" came the sleep-irritated voice.

"Please open the door, Darlene," Mike wheedled.

"Oh, all right." They heard her shuffle across the floor and then the door opened and a naked Darlene stood there. "What do you want, Miss Michelle?" Darlene asked, yawning. Then she saw Mother standing behind Mike. "Oh, Mistress! I didn't know you were here too!" she exclaimed, dropping into a deep curtsey. Then she remembered her nakedness and she blushed. "Oh, oh! I am so ashamed," she whispered.

"Don't be, dear girl," Mother soothed. "I have seen thousands of naked little girls in my lifetime!" She patted the blushing cheek familiarly. "I understand you are worrying about your future, my child?" Mother asked gently.

All of a sudden, the tears spilled shamelessly from Darlene's eyes as she sobbed her heart out. Mother held out her arms and gathered Darlene close to her breasts, holding her as she would a small child. "There,

there, little one," she soothed. "It's going to be all right."

But Darlene just cried all the harder, her small body wracked with her sobs of grief.

Mike hugged Darlene and Mother, his eyes full of tears. "Oh, Darlene, don't cry!" he begged brokenly. "Mother will fix it!"

"Indeed," Mother soothed. "Did you honestly think that we would abandon you?" she asked gently.

"I . . . I . . . don't know," the girl stammered.

"Well, what I would like to do with you is promote you to my own personal lady's maid," Mother proposed brightly.

Darlene looked up into Mother's face. "Do you really mean that, Mistress?" came the small voice.

Mother nodded. "I really do," she replied.

"See?" Mike exclaimed. "I told you Mother would fix everything!" he laughed in relief.

"And you can start right now by drying those tears and getting us a pot of tea, served in my bedroom, of course," Mother ordered.

Darlene stood and curtseyed low to Mother. "As you wish, Mistress," and she curtseyed again while Mother laughed in good humor.

"Get on with it, you little scamp before I tan you good!" she threatened with a smile.

Ten minutes later, Darlene rapped gently on Mother's door, and at the soft, "Come," entered bearing a fully loaded tea tray.

The three of them drank tea and talked and drank more tea and talked some more, all the while with

Chauffeur standing in her usual position in Mother's bedroom corner. Not one of the three took any notice of Chauffeur, nor did that woman acknowledge their presence.

When Darlene started to yawn, Mother told her to take the tea things out to the kitchen, then return to her bedroom and the three of them would share her bed for the rest of the night.

When they were snuggled under the blankets, each girl with a leaky nipple in her mouth, Mother relaxed and dreamed of the future. She was losing her daughter, true, but she was gaining another girl who would be a suitable replacement and eventually, a daughter too!

She smiled and kissed the tops of the two busy heads at her breasts.

* * *

XIII

"I think the antique white satin with the white lace overlay would be best, don't you, Michelle?" Mother asked as she fingered the fabric in question.

"Oh, Mother!" Mike exclaimed. "It's perfect for me!"

'Yes,' Mother thought, 'all virgins should wear white!' Aloud, "Madame, can you have it ready for Valentine's Day?" she asked the hovering Modiste.

"But of course, Mrs. O'Connor!" the woman replied. "Oh, she will be so beautiful!" the woman gushed enthusiastically.

"Yes, the pattern is an exact replica of the dress I inherited from my own Mother, and that I had hoped would be worn by my daughter! But, alas, time, flood and mice have spoiled that dream irrevocably!" she lamented sadly.

"She will need a tighter corset, Madame, one with half-shelves for her breasts so that her nipples will remain erect from the friction of the fabric rubbing against them and thus keep her excited and agitated the whole time she wears it!"

"Capitol!" Mother agreed. She smiled knowingly at Mike and patted his blushing cheek affectionately. "It's perfect!"

The Modiste busied herself removing the pinned gown from Mike's body, never having a clue that he was a boy in his silky panties. As Mother had observed many times, "People see what they expect to see. They seldom see beneath the surface!"

"And of course, we must have the white taffeta bloomers and white lisle stockings and a floor length petticoat to give the skirt body and of course, white lace glovelets and a tiara with a white veil," Mother mused.

"I have just the thing!" Modiste exclaimed, moving to the side of the dressing room and opening a huge drawer. She removed several garments and held them

up for Mother's inspection. Mike didn't care which ones she chose, they were all so beautiful!

"What do you think about a train?" Mother mused.

"I think it would detract from the simple lines of the gown," the Modiste replied, "but if you wish, one can easily be attached."

"No, on second thought, you are absolutely right!" Mother beamed at the woman. She knew just what to say to get the service she expected!

After the Modiste, it was off to the shoemakers where Mother ordered several pairs of four and five inch high heeled shoes, one of the five inch ones, button boots in white glacé to match his wedding gown and the other various court and opera pumps.

"Boy, I sure hope Maurice appreciates all the trouble we are going through just to marry him!" Mike whispered as the shoemaker measured his foot carefully.

"Oh, he will, Darling, he will!" Mother soothed.

The shoemaker thought that this girl was strange, what with her hair cut short just like a boy's military cut! But, his own daughter had a small ring in her nose, so he kept his thoughts to himself. After all, a sale is a sale, and four thousand dollar orders were few and far between!

They spent the next few hours going from shop to shop, buying here, not buying there, until their arms were loaded with parcels of goodies. Finally, they stopped in a small tea shop and rested. Mike was happy to sit down as the high heels he wore were brand new and had not been properly broken in as yet, giving him wobbly ankles.

It was quite late when Chauffeur drove them home and deposited them at the front door where they were met by an anxious Darlene.

Since becoming Mother's personal lady's maid, Darlene had taken to her new duties seriously, becoming somewhat of a pest at times. But, Mother smiled and said nothing. 'After all,' she thought, 'the girl only wants to please!'

Chauffeur had other thoughts, but wisely kept her own counsel. She well knew how painful Mistress' sessions with the whip could be!

After all the years with Mistress, she knew her place in the woman's life was secure as Fort Knox!

* * *

XIV

Mike danced from foot to foot as the music welled up inside the chapel. "Hold still!" Darlene admonished. "You're making me nervous! Do you have to go to the bathroom?"

"No! Er, I mean, yes! No! Oh, I don't know!" Mike replied in agitation. "I just wish this was all over and we were on the train to Niagara Falls!"

"It'll happen soon enough, Miss Michelle," Darlene retorted. "Now, stand still!"

She fussed with Mike's gown and the veil, patting and pushing and smoothing what had no need for attention.

Then, Chauffeur appeared and smiled at Mike. "Are you ready, my little troglodyte?"

"Hunh?" Mike asked.

"She wants to know if you're ready," Darlene interpreted.

"Oh, yeah, I suppose so," he murmured, not sure at all!

The twin doors opened before them and Mike heard the strains of Lohengrin fill his ears as he stepped reluctantly through the door and started hesitation walking down the long aisle, his white gloved hand resting atop Chauffeur's forearm. Earlier he had seen Chauffeur wearing new white leather chaps and a white leather bolero jacket buttoned tightly across her braless breasts. When she turned, he saw that she was wearing a tight pair of pink trunks beneath her chaps, the snug legs of the garment barely covering the lower curves of her ample bottom and he breathed a small sigh of relief, even though he realized that anyone giving a casual glance would think the woman was naked!.

He stopped before the white robed woman on the dais. She smiled at Mike and asked, "Who giveth this bride to be married to this groom?"

"I do!" Mother stood and spoke up, "her Mother!"

Mike's head was buzzing and he never did remember quite what was said in the next few minutes, some-

thing about sharing and loving and honoring and obeying and until death do ye part and rings being exchanged, and then, "I now pronounce you husband and wife!" Reverend Mother smiled and spoke softly, "You may now kiss your bride!" she told Maurice and he did just that!

Then, hand in hand, they raced up the aisle, giggling and laughing happily.

It was done!

They were truly married!

Husband and wife!

Mike still found it hard to believe!

Even much later, as he was lying on his new husband's chest in their private room on the sleeper car and the train was rushing across the prairie towards Niagara Falls and he was no longer an unknowing, innocent virgin, long after Maurice had introduced him into the mystique and associated pain and discomfort of being a virgin bride, he marveled that Mother had kept her promise and made him an acceptable mate for Maurice.

Mike winced at the stab from his rear as he moved and he remembered how he had lay out on his back in the bed, his legs spread wide as Maurice settled atop him and probed between his legs for the entrance hidden there. And when Maurice had lunged forward, forever removing his virgin state, Mike had felt an overwhelming feeling of happiness as he became a wife, Maurice's wife. He smiled around the huge penis that filled his mouth so completely and he marveled anew that something so huge could fit into his tightness and bring him so much pleasure.

He sighed with happy contentment because he knew that even though he was brand new at all this, he would be the perfect wife for this virile male and make him happy in so many as yet unexplored ways!

Mike sucked steadily at the huge flesh pole in his mouth and he rejoiced that the penis pacifier had been so efficiently replaced with the real thing!

As he fell asleep, his thoughts were of his new role as wife and all those things the future held when he became a housewife for better or worse, just as Reverend Mother had predicted! He was not afraid.

He looked forward eagerly to the future. . .

A future as a happily married housewife. . .

Maurice's wife!

Life was good!

Mother had taught him too well.

* * *