

MOON QUEEN

By Elizabeth Anne Nelson



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MOON QUEEN

by **Elizabeth Anne Nelson**

Jackie descended the main staircase dressed in a shirt—waist styled pastel pink nylon maid's uniform complete with white pumps, a starched white cotton ruffled bib apron, and perky matching cap. Under her uniform she wore practical white nylon support type panty hose, a white all in one body briefer, and a white slip. The perfect image of a maid about to begin her daily duties. For, although Jackie was a man, she was living her fantasy this weekend.

Walking into the living room she could still detect the scent of burnt pine logs from the fireplace used the night before as she opened the drapes to reveal an ice cold world of white through the frosted picture window that overlooked from a hillside snow covered vista Lake Berdache under stark blue sun lighted skies of the morning. It was a stunning contrasting world of warm blue sky, white ground, blue—white ice exposed by wisps of snow still sweeping the ice clean, and thick green and brown spruce bowed by caps of snow that sifted to the ground as the wind brushed the branches.

Feeling the coolness of the window she was glad she was inside. Jackie went to the kitchen to put on the coffee and began making breakfast for the “ladies”.

The Lake Berdache house was the perfect hideaway for their little group of cross dressers to meet from time to time for a weekend to delight in their adventure in petticoats.

On this particular weekend the ladies consisted of Jackie, Jo, Davida, June (who adored being a little girl), and Celeste, a strange new member of the group. During Friday night, while the first snows of winter fell, they passed the time before the fireplace telling stories. (See; Celeste, Reluctant Press.)

Jackie had just finished the pancake batter when a rather sheepish looking June, dressed in an orange wool sweater pulled down to below the waist over a green plaid pair of skeggings (a skirted pair of short leggings with the skirt open in front) with white calf length socks and white little girl styled running shoes with orange laces. Jackie, remembering how poor June was induced into wetting her bed while she slept, looked up from her work to smile at the childlike one with amused tolerance, knowing that poor June had been completely embarrassed by the incident and was expected to wash her soiled linens to make amends for her infantile behavior. “Good morning, Miss June, let me see if you have washed for breakfast?”

Meekly June stood before the maid to be inspected as if she were in fact a small child as the maid added to her embarrassment by sniffing her hands.

“No, pee pee. I guess you can set the breakfast table, dearest,” Jackie suggested with a taunting smile as she released June's hands. “You will wash your things after

breakfast, and then you can go out and play. But, I want you to stay close to the house so I can watch you, and in case you need to go to the bathroom. I want no day time accidents, do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," June managed still wondering how the accident the night before had happened. "Can I use the sled in the garage?"

"As long as you stay in sight, young lady," Jackie noted with a shrug seeing Davida enter dressed in jeans and a sweater. "Good morning, ma'am."

Davida nodded her good morning and poured herself a cup of coffee before retreating to a place setting at the long kitchen table to be joined by an equally sleepy Jo. "Have you seen Celeste this morning?"

Almost as if on cue, Celeste, dressed in a white angora like sweater with white wool slacks entered the room to greet their maid and accept a cup of coffee from the pot. "What is it that you plan to do today?"

"I thought that after lunch I might set up my camera equipment and we could have a little fashion show," Davida suggested, setting her cup aside and seeing their agreement.

And thus the perfect day began and slowly vanished towards supper, when the winds from the lake announced the approach of yet another heralding storm of winter. At Jackie's suggestion supper was to be a simple buffet served in the living room before the fireplace to chase away the day's chill.

"She has that little girl of her dreams on her mind," Davida suggested with a friendly smile towards her short little friend dressed in a pretty lavender satin party dress. "I think you would love to have a daughter, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes, and Jo could be her nanny," June promised. "Did you know that she has had five babies in the past three years and she is expecting again."

Jo shrugged, "I like babies. And I would like to spend more time with mine, but the business takes up much of my time."

"You inherited the business and you are wealthy enough to let someone else run it. I think you just like to keep the misses barefoot and pregnant just so you can keep her out of trouble," Davida taunted.

"My wife isn't half as passionate as yours seems," Jo countered a bit miffed. "And as to being rich, I can see no reason for you holding a job with her having so much money."

"I wouldn't sponge off her for anything," Davida swore.

"Now, girls," Jackie soothed. "I don't like cat fights."

"She is right," Celeste observed glancing at the lovely ones by the fireplace before reaching over to a nearby table and opening the white beaded bag she had brought to the room. "I want to show you something very special."

She placed the lovely bag in her lap and drew from it a roll of white mink trimmed deer skin leather which she unrolled to reveal that it really was four short straps.

“I make these little things and I thought that each one of you should have one as a memento of tonight.”

“What are they,” June asked accepting hers with childish delight over a gift and thanking Celeste with a little kiss.

“They are berdache pack straps. That is why they are made of albino skin and fur, for the berdache is usually paid for her services with albino furs.”

“Why do they call this Lake Berdache?” Davida asked as the ladies thanked Celeste for her lovely unusual gift.

“Perhaps Celeste knows?”

“Why, yes, I do,” Celeste replied with a faint smile.

*“As you know the berdache is the boy who elects to become a girl rather than disgrace himself in battle. Once he becomes as a woman, he usually serves as a shaman, and as my little story told (See: *The Shaman's Mirror*, in *Celeste*, Reluctant Press) they often as not serve as mid—wives. I think I shall tell you the legend of how the berdache began;*

THE FIRST TALE: LEGEND OF THE BERDACHE

Long ago before white man stole these hunting grounds from the Sioux there lived to the south the proud and once mighty Omaha.

Among the Omaha warfare was a noble duty and it was the custom to kill those who were not fit to be braves.

Now there is a Great Being, who lives within the snow forests of the moon, a Spirit Being you may call a God, but the Omaha knew him simply as the Moon Being.

The Moon Being became quite attached to a young boy, who was the son of a chief among the Omaha.

This boy was a great disappointment to his father; because the youth did not care for warfare or those things normally interesting to a young brave.

All he wanted to do was roam the forests and tell his playmates about how he knew the Moon Being, whom he had met while taking a swim in a lovely little lake far to the north of their village. Or he would prefer to play among the girls of the village when not found grinding corn with the women.

When the time of the rites of bravery came to test his son, the chief knew that the all too lovely youth would most certainly fail. And so it came to pass that the youth failed in his dream quest by returning from the forests carrying an arm full of lovely white flowers rather than an eagle's feather. As he spoke of how the Moon Being had given him the pretty flowers; the lesser chiefs sadly agreed that the boy was unfit to serve as a companion in battle.

Since it was the ancient tribal rite to kill such weak boys, rather than permit their weakness to influence the outcome of battle, the chief had no choice but to agree with the others that his son must die to avoid shame.

So the day of death came and the boy was taken from his mother's brave arms to the place of death in the secret lodge of the men, where his father stood ready to commit the act.

As his father raised his knife the sun was swallowed by the moon casting all the land into darkness!

"Oh, Mighty Lover, come save me," the boy cried out shamelessly to the blackened sky and suddenly a giant warrior dressed in white entered the death circle causing the already frightened men to know that this most certainly was the Moon Being, a warrior of fantastic powers.

"Why do you interrupt our rites, oh mighty ruler of the snow forests of the moon?" the tribal shaman demanded. "And why have you eaten the sun?"

"I have come for the boy," the Moon Being's voice deeply thundered.

"He is to die," the shaman proclaimed taking the knife from the boy's father's hand. "It is the way of the Omaha."

"If he dies the Omaha shall be eaten like the sun. They shall first suffer great hardships, and that which they hold dear shall vanish slowly before their eyes. And then they shall die from generation to generation until there are no Omaha. Your great grandchildren shall forget their ways and vanish into the lodges of strange men."

"He lies, the Omaha are mighty," the shaman countered raising the knife. "He loves the boy, as others do women. It is wrong, I shall summon the Great One and banish him."

The Moon Being laughed and pointed at the shaman; who vanished screaming from sight like snow melts.

"Mighty is the Moon Being," the chief acknowledged seeing that his son might still live.

"I have a gift for your son," the Moon Being announced holding towards the boy his great bow and a beautiful pack strap, like that used by women to carry wood for the lodge. "Take which ever one you wish?"

The boy reached out as if for the bow; But, the Moon Being smiled while his hands moved their gifts and the boy held unto the pack strap in surprise.

Suddenly the boy changed into a lovely girl dressed in white deer skin!

"So it shall be from now until the Omaha wish to vanish from their forests," the Moon Being announced taking the lovely child into his arms. "I shall come to your youths and offer them these same two gifts. If the youth takes the bow, mighty shall be the Omaha in battle. If he takes the pack strap he shall be given the dress of woman and shall live as woman. No man shall be denied him, nor shall any treat him with scorn; for he shall be a mighty shaman. If you forbid this the Omaha shall vanish as I have promised."

The girl, now known as the Moon Queen, and her lover vanished as the Great One's light slowly came from out of the moon's shadow.

And so it has come to pass that the Omahas allow those visited by the Moon Being to be women if they accept the pack strap and live in honor as women, for such are the beloved berdache of the Moon Being.

Since this lake is said to be the place where the Moon Being found his lovely wife, the lake is called Berdache.

Now, you may doubt my story but over a hundred years ago the Omaha are said to have driven out their last berdache because of a missionary and since then the prophesy has come true."

"Perhaps we have better return our straps," June laughed looking at the soft leather and brushing her fingers over the albino mink trim. "It's real mink, isn't it?"

"Yes," Celeste answered closing her purse and setting it upon the table as she arose. "I think I shall go to bed. It will soon be morning. And judging by the storm, I think we should take advantage of the snow plows when they arrive and go home early."

"She may be right," Jo said glancing out the window of his cabin knowing that the storm was cutting short his escape away from his wife and a world of toddlers and babies. "This snow storm might be the first sign of real winter. And if it is, fishing on Sunday will be out of the question."

The others nodded and arose as Jackie banked the dying fire.

"I shall be leaving quite early," Celeste commented picking up her purse. "I do hope that you find things quite satisfactory when you get home. Perhaps when the snow thaws and spring comes we may come back here with our wives, or is it husbands."

The women all laughed and retired to bed.

When morning come they discovered that it was still snowing and Celeste had vanished. While they completed breakfast Jackie told them; "I went up to make her bed, and it hadn't been slept in. She must have left just as soon as we all went to bed."

"Perhaps she was the Moon Queen herself," Joe laughed standing up from the table and putting on his overcoat. "I'll get the cars by the door since most of you didn't come dressed for this blizzard."

After clearing the breakfast things and cleaning up the kitchen Jackie changed back into Jack's clothes and was ready to go, as were the others.



Each of them loaded their things into the cars and truck and soon they drove their separate ways from the lonely snow covered cabin, not knowing if they would ever return, for here are the last four tales of the Moon Queen:

THE SECOND TALE: A DAUGHTER

Bud Norton took his bags from Dave's car and promised to call sometime during the week. Once the car drove off from his large suburban home Bud opened the front door calling, "Donna, I'm back!"

"Why darling, you're home much sooner than I expected," his wife called from upstairs. "Leave your bags by the door and I will hang up your lovelies up. And come up here and meet our new housekeeper."

Bud had promised his wife that she could hire a house—keeper if she wanted to; but, he hoped that she was just joking about her comment over his *lovelies*.

He didn't like the idea of strangers knowing about his deep secret; which he had only recently revealed to his wife when she discovered his hidden woman's wardrobe in the basement study.

Little June's things were more carefully hidden in a special closet built behind the one found by his wife. Like those cross dressers who adored being treated as little girls, he kept this secret even more carefully; because he was well aware of what others might think.

It took a long time for him to tell his friends at Lake Berdache about little June, and from the cruelty of the bed wetting incident he knew that they looked at June as an oddity, rather than as a person. Although, they did tolerate her more and more, and seemed to delight in having her about as a child. In a way his fantasy was helped because he was only four foot six, and therefore he was more believable than others as a child. In fact, like many little people, he was more often than not mistaken for a child most of his life.

When he first met his wife he was holding down a job as a portfolio manager for a large banking firm and she had just been promoted into his division to be his new boss. At first he was quite nervous about her because she seemed to have that amused almost motherly interest that many women display about little people. But, in time she settled into a business like relationship, which slowly grew into romance and marriage.

It was not until two years later, just within the past month, when her discovery of his secret wardrobe forced him to tell her the truth about his secret desire to dress as a woman. Yet, even then he was very careful to leave his little girl fantasy hidden. It was bad enough to make this partial confession to his wife; but, she was his boss still at work and he had visions of everything going down the tube!

Yet, she merely stared at him in silence and said nothing for a long time and then she shrugged telling him that if he wanted to dress up as a woman it was his privilege. Just so long as he didn't show up at work dressed in skirts. And, then greatly amused by the thought she insisted that he dress for her.

After overcoming his natural reluctance she helped him dress. But, once he was dressed she looked at him with a faint smile and suggested that he did look a bit silly as a woman. With this awful pronouncement he burst into tears causing her to apologize telling him that he just didn't understand. And that was the last time that he dressed for her.

Since that moment on she permitted him to dress in private as if *out of sight out of mind*; but, said nothing further about the matter. From time to time she might buy him a little bracelet or some other dainty as a means of letting him know that she really didn't object so long as he kept it to himself or his friends safely hidden in the cabin. Once she suggested that it really was too bad that she was so much larger than her rather petite husband; saying that it was really quite difficult to find clothes to fit his little June. Since, he was sensitive enough about his stature as a man she changed the subject.

Just a few days before he left for his weekend in petticoats she had been promoted to vice—president and in the flurry of her job change she failed to follow up on their efforts to adopt a little girl from the County Home. This led, of course, to a terrible argument that hadn't ended when he left for Lake Berdache.

Bud, somewhat relieved by his wife's happy tones, left his bags where she suggested and removed his jacket before he climbed the stairs hearing Donna's voice coming from the large spare bed room. When he came close to the room Donna stepped from inside followed by a woman dressed in a white nurse's uniform, who was taller than Donna and quite well built in a matronly way.

“Ah, Bud, this is Mrs. Rogers, our, er, housekeeper,” Donna said accepting his kiss. Looking down at her husband she smiled as he shook hands with Mrs. Rogers. “Did you have a nice rest in your pretty dresses, dear?”

Bud blushed three shades of pink while the amused Mrs. Rogers still held his hand in hers. “Darling...”

“Oh, don't worry,” Mrs. Rogers laughed with a friendly shrug. “Your wife told me all about what a lovely girl you are. Although I do believe your wife is quite right, you really are a bit small to be a truly beautiful woman.”

Bud was just too flustered to protest!

“Mrs. Rogers is a trained nurse as well as being a house—keeper,” Donna stated as if changing the subject to protect her husband's obvious embarrassment although she seemed to relish it because the frustrated look on his face looked so cute.

“We will need a nurse now that I have found a perfect little girl to share our home. We have just finished fixing up the guest room along the lines you and I planned when we sought to adopt that pretty little girl from the Home. It really was too bad that she was adopted by that other family before I could file our application.”

She smiled as if to dismiss their week long argument about her desires to be an executive rather than a mother with a few casual words and opened wide the bedroom door. “We have been working day and night upon this little room. Isn't it just adorable?”

Bud had to agree.

The room was furnished in early cheery wood colonial with all the furniture scaled for a primary school aged child. The large hook rug before the pink satin canopy bed with its youth guard rails carried the motif as did the doll house and play furniture in one corner with its large rocking cradle and toy chest. The wall paper was pastel pink with nursery room characters as if the child was much younger, or had just recently abandoned her crib for her more *mature* furnishings. The colonial white wood trim of the room blended with the white lace curtains as the pink satin drapes matched the bed canopy and bedspread complete with pink satin and white lace ruffled pillow shams and a large lovely walker doll that sat up to survey her mistress' room from the pillow shams.

All about the room were scattered decorative stuffed animals and dolls, as if left carelessly after play by their little owner. A vanity, two dresser chests, a desk stacked with coloring books, one standard adult straight back chair, and two similar chairs designed for a child completed the room's furnishings except for a little night table with its glowing night light.

"We already have selected her toys," Mrs. Rogers happily noted crossing the room to open a sliding door to reveal the fact that one wall of the room had been transformed into built in closets with mirrored doors including a large center sliding door that supported a ballet barre for the little girl to practice on. The door Mrs. Rogers opened revealed a storage area for shelves of games and toys suitable for any little girl.

"And her clothes are here," she continued walking to one side to slide open the large center closet door to display a double rack of pretty dresses, blouses, skirts and other things to gladden a little girl's heart. "All quite dainty and fashionable, including some jeans, skeggings, and other little girl play fads."

"How old is she?" Bud asked a bit disappointed over the fact that his wife had spent all this money without consulting him and had not given him a chance to meet the little girl first. It was just another reason why he wasn't happy with her recent behavior. She seemed to be determined to be his boss both at work and home. "And why didn't you tell me about her before I left?"

"I really don't know for sure, how old would you guess her to be, Mrs. Rogers?" Donna asked with a slight smile sensing his growing anger while calmly ignoring his last question running her fingers across the pink satin bedspread that matched the lace curtained window drapes and the dainty vanity skirt. "Eight?"

"Oh, eight or nine at the most," Mrs. Rogers replied a bit thoughtfully in agreement turning from the closet and placing a black velvet party dress upon the bed causing Bud to wonder why they didn't know the child's exact age. "Perhaps, Mrs. Norton you would like to take care of your husband's things while he helps me here to make ready for the child?"

"Of course," Donna replied turning and leaving her husband with Mrs. Rogers.

"It is nice for her to have a little girl. Women do so adore having their own daughters," Mrs. Rogers noted placing a set of white satin and lace underthings consisting of a matching slip, vest, and panty set upon the bed. She then produced from a drawer a

pair of white cotton anklets and from the closet a pair of black patent leather baby doll pumps.

“You should see the bathroom, it really is quite pretty. I am sure you will be pleased, we have so tried to make things like you wanted for our new little girl.”

“It is really quite lovely,” Bud noted opening the bath—room door to see that it now contained a vanity sink, bath tub, and toilet built a suitable height for a little child. From the nursery rhyme figures on its pastel pink walls to its tiles and fixtures furnished in bright pink it was designed to carry the recent nursery room theme of the bedroom.

Turning from the bathroom he noticed that Mrs. Rogers was closing the bed room door before she shrugged and returned to the bed.

“Where did my wife find this child?” he asked looking about to discover what he might do to help her prepare for the child.

“Oh, she lived quite close by. An only child left alone without parents, as I am told you were at a very young age,” Mrs. Rogers stated looking up from her work to see him nod. She looked at the clothes on the bed with a cheerful smile. “They are really lovely things aren't they? Little girls can have very pretty clothes if they are lucky, like she is to have such a wealthy mother. I fear she will be absolutely spoiled.”

He walked to her side resenting her comments about his wife while seemingly ignoring him; but with a shrug he picked up a pair of white satin and lace panties noting that they were really made of two layers with the inner layer made of soft absorbent cotton. They really were very dainty and June would no doubt soon envy such a lucky little girl.

And then he saw the little pink smooth plastic skin toned panties half hidden under the white satin and lacy slip on the bed which he pushed aside with his fingers, once he placed the white satin panties aside, to pick up the strange panties. These plastic panties were unlike any he had ever seen. They were quite light and felt a bit like flesh although he could tell that they were made of a very strong plastic, probably a silicon plastic made to resemble skin.

“What in the world are these?”

“Why, aren't they sweet,” she replied taking the panties from his hand as if delighted. “Mrs. Norton had them especially made for the child. It appears that the little girl has a birth deformity. But, with these on she will feel perfectly natural as a little girl with her peers.”

“Who is this girl, anyway?” he asked uncertainly staring at the panties in disbelief as she showed him the crotch of the panties that looked to all the world like a little girl's loins and rear complete with a puerile pudendum and anus!

“I believe her name is June, a very sweet name for a girl,” Mrs. Rogers commented causing a shiver to touch his spine in realization of who the panties were meant for! “I am to be her nanny, and teach her how to be a very delightfully lovable little eight year old, attending the third grade at St. Catherine's School for Girls with her dearest friends after her mother has brought her back from a special clinic where a plastic

surgeon will completely restore her childish beauty, replace her teeth with more suitable dentures, and give her a lovely piping soprano voice like her peers. That would be nice wouldn't it, dearest?"

Too stunned to protest he stood silently trying to think about what he could do to escape as she bent over and began to undress him while her intent eyes searched knowingly for some sign of rebellion on the part of the *child*.

"Eight is such a sweet and simple age. Why as soon as our neighbors heard of your pending divorce and how Mrs. Norton planned to adopt an eight year old girl, we have had several little girls come to visit with their little dollies to play with our lovely June. I'm certain that you will simply adore your new playmates, they are absolutely angelic, like you will be, I'm certain."

Once he was naked she helped him put on the skin like plastic panties placing its little hoses where they belonged as she pulled it to his waist to smooth them with her hands as the inner adhesive seemed to fuse them with his own body!

With tender concern his fingers explored the panties which had vanished into his form giving him the complete appearance of being a girl.

"Why?"

"Because your mommy wants you to be happy. She knows that you absolutely adore dressing up like a little girl from the lovely things she found in your secret storage room in the basement study closet. In fact we have added many of your pretty things to your new wardrobe; but, of course, the more mature things will need to be packed away."

Mrs. Rogers shrugged away his bewildered disbelief as she continued, "And, that as a man you would only grow to resent her success and her ability to support you as you remained stuck in a dead end job that might soon be abolished. And since it is almost impossible to find a little girl to adopt, she decided that this would be the perfect solution for both of you."

She looked at him with self satisfaction over their plans.

"You would become her little girl, and since she is your mother, you would have no reason to resent the fact that she supports you, has me to take care of you, and provides you with everything a little girl could ever want," she concluded taking June by the hand so that *she* could no longer explore the secrets of the all too female panty.

"Now dear, you really should learn not to play with yourself down there, it isn't nice. By your age you should know what little girls look like and you are just like any other little girl down there," she warned in a scolding voice, "Now come with me to the bath room where I will give you a nice hot bubble bath. And then we shall put on your pretty little party things and you can go down and show your new mommy what a pretty daughter she has. You would like to do that, wouldn't you, dear?"

He looked at the large matronly woman and knew that despite her soft plumpness she was more than capable of forcing him to do just as she expected.

"How long am I to be a little girl?" he asked in trembling tones as Mrs. Rogers led him by the hand into the bathroom where a mirror revealed his naked childlike form

while she started the bath water and while the tub began to fill took shaving soap and razor to remove what few hairs his own efforts over the weekend had missed, making certain to remove his sideburns and the short hairs on the back of his neck before she helped him into the tub and said:

“I just left a little girl like you at a very special convent school where she was enrolled as a novitiate of sixteen; since her mother had decided that it was finally time for her to be allowed to become an adult. She would age rapidly as a nun, but the Nazarene Order will train her to be a teaching nun and she will soon fit into the real world after living for thirty years as a little girl. She will know a great deal about how to teach little girls, of that I'm certain.”

“Thirty years?” he repeated in wonderment. “How?”

“Oh, you must learn to call me Nanny, or Mrs. Rogers. I expect my little girls to have perfect manners. In fact before we see your mother again I shall teach you how to curtsy like a charming eight year old,” she warned as if to ignore his question, but then she smiled and set about to give him a bath leaving him with the realization that whatever adult privacy he may have had, were gone to be replaced by childlike dependence upon adult attentions to almost every private need.

“Your mother's doctor believes that once every five or six years you may need major reconstructive work to keep your childlike appearance with a few minor beauty treatments along the way. So, for the next six years you will attend Saint Catherine's until you become thirteen and graduate to high school.” She rinsed out his hair and set it up in pink curlers. Once the pretty floral hair bonnet was in place she drained the tub and had him sit on the toilet as she gave him a manicure and pedicure before cleaning out the tub and starting it again for another bath using a bath scrub brush this time.

“But, you will then have your surgery and start all over again. By then your mother might agree with me that you would fit in much better with your little classmates if you were a few inches shorter. By fusing a few discs you will have much better posture for a little girl and you will no doubt start at a new school as a pretty first grader of barely six after a lovely summer in play school with other pre—school girls. My previous angel just adored play school.”

She had the childlike one step from the tub to apply a sweet smelling lotion to his body as he wondered if he really could adjust to this fantasy world of being a perpetual child?

“Now, while your hair dries we will shape your little eye—brows and apply some permanent eyelashes to give you a prettier feminine look,” she suggested wrapping him up into a thick bath towel and tucking it in under his arm like a sarong before leading him to his new bedroom pausing at the bathroom door mirror that reflected a child with her nanny. “I think you will love being a little girl, won't you?”

“Yes, nanny,” June replied uncertainly knowing now why Donna had said the June looked silly as a woman, all little girls dressed that way do look a little silly, and June was just a sweet little eight year old girl playing “dress—up” for her mommy.

“What is this,” Mrs. Rogers asked picking up the pack strap that had slipped from the trousers when she removed them from the floor to drop them into the waste basket

along with his other male clothing to be destroyed later. Unrolling it she folded it in half and struck the bed with it. "Perhaps it might make an excellent little strap for spanking bad little girls. But, you will be good, won't you?"

"Yes, nanny," June answered dutifully following her as she led the child into the bedroom. Looking at the pack strap that rested upon the pink satin bed next to *her* pretty black velvet party dress and lovely white satin and lace lingerie June began to wonder who Celeste really was?

But, the dolly seated against the pink pillow shams and dressed in matching pink satin merely stared back at her with outstretched arms as if to urge her little mommy to pick her up and play with her.

Only, June knew that her own mommy was waiting for her to get dressed so that she could go downstairs to hug and kiss her in a flurry of velvet, satin and lace skirts and petticoats as her enchanted sweet little daughter. Yes, June knew now that she would adore being a daughter, to be happy forever and ever in her fairy tale world.

THE THIRD TALE: THE PASSIONATE ONE

Dave Kelly drove his car into the garage. Deciding to leave his things in the back he left the car and walked through the large back hallway. Using the servant's lift he went to the second floor and to his bedroom. Knowing that his wife was no doubt out; he decided to take a bath and get some sleep. Reaching the bedroom he noted that his wife had removed the twin beds and had replaced them with a gigantic circular bed!

Shaking his head he decided to have a little chat with her about using her money to furnish the house. After all it was bad enough when her late father willed the Estate



house to her. He liked the apartment that they had furnished out of his own earnings as a partner in her father's firm, now they had to live in this outdated palace.

Swearing to himself he stripped and went into the bath room to discover that all of his things were gone!

Too tired to search he took a tub bath and was resting in the tub when a knock sounded on the bath room door and it swung open to reveal a giant black man!

"Who the hell are you!" David protested looking at the man dressed in white silken pajamas. Lord, she wouldn't be that obvious as to bring a lover right into the house!

"I'm your, er, valet, master," the man replied. "Mrs. Looms hired me about two weeks ago."

"Mrs. Looms?" Dave mused aloud and then it dawned upon him that Jane's maiden name was Looms. "It's Mrs. Kelly. And where in the hell did she find you?"

"In prison, master," he replied taking a large towel from a cabinet. "She stood for my parole, master, and has treated me fine. Yes, indeed, Mrs. Looms is an excellent woman."

"Again, it's Kelly," David muttered. "Who said it was Mrs. Looms?"

"She did, master, and said she would have me whipped if I called her anything but Mrs. Looms or Madam or ma'am." He looked down at David and grinned, "She was right, you are pretty like a young girl; but, hung like a stallion."

David sucked in his breath and almost timidly tried to hide his organs with his delicate hands.

"Get out of here, or I'll have you whipped."

The large man chuckled.

"Mrs. Looms told me that you had a temper. Here, let me dry you, master," he offered as David stepped from the tub and he placed the large towel over his shoulder. "You have a little boil on you shoulder, I'll take care of that, master."

"I'm not your master, and I can wipe myself," he swore taking the towel from the giant's hands. It was bad enough for her to bring her private stud into the house, but to make him her husband's valet, that was real brass. "What were you in prison for?"

"Rape," he replied opening the bath room door. "I brought up some breakfast for you, mas..., sir."

"Okay," David replied slipping into the cotton pajamas he had taken into the bath-room, which he had placed on the bed. They were several times to big for him! "Are these yours?"

"Yes, sir," the black replied with a faint smile. "I couldn't find any of your clothes up here so I put them out for you."

"Thanks," he swore again feeling that this was the last straw. "I suppose she feels pretty smug now that she has a big buck like you for a lover. I know she has gone outside, but you're something new."

The black looked at him in absolute amazement and then as if David had hurt him. "Your wife loves you very much, sir. She told me so, and I believe her."

"Well, maybe so," David mused helping himself to the breakfast seeing that she had put those damned potency pills on the tray. She no doubt told his valet that he was to take them with every meal too. Lord, what a woman! A new pill was with his usual pills. Taking the pills he looked at his servant wondering why she had to go to a prison to find her new lover? "You taking these now, too."

"I must go, master," the black giant answered with a half bow as he left David's question unanswered.

David spread out on the soft bed after breakfast trying to think what he should do about this new twist of events when he grew quite sleepy and drifted off into a deep dreamless sleep except for when he began to awake.

As he came awake he heard soft Arabian music. Stretching out he felt smooth satin glide over smooth satin. Opening his eyes in amazement he found himself within a great circular dais like bed covered with golden satin sheets while four slender Moorish columns held high overhead a great golden canopy draped with sheer shimmering white silk curtains. A bit shaken by his surroundings David removed the sheet to receive his next shock.

His toe nails were painted bright glittering red. About each ankle was a single golden anklet adorned with little golden bells that jingled as he moved his silken clad legs.

He wore a sheer golden pair of billowy harem pantaloons. Through these he could see that he wore tight golden satin panties and something unlike he had ever seen or heard of before. Running his fingers along the crotch of the sheer pantaloons he discovered that the ample folds were provided with a slit running from front to back between his legs. Parting this he found that the satin panty was similarly arranged so that when he gently pulled apart the tight folds of soft thick satin he saw what he felt.

His glans was ringed with a sponge lined steel and his penis was folded back between his legs and held tightly in that position across his scrotum dividing the two testes! At a point forward of his anus was a steel circular piece about the size of a silver dollar that had been covered by a freshly folded lip of skin cut and sutured so that in time the skin would seal the steel within its pocket. The ring about the glans was somehow magnetically set against this pocket and his attempts to separate the two resulted only in pain. A more careful examination showed that the glans ring no doubt split in half when the some sort of magnetic key was inserted to free his penis from this strange male chastity belt!

Covering this shameful device he arose from the golden bed to view the simple splendor of his room as well as examine the rest of his dress.

Standing in the deep soft pile of a crimson circular rug that bordered his fantastic couch he stepped into a pair of golden Persian slippers. He was naked except for a sheer golden silk skin tight pull over blouse with a wide Bertha type collar of rich ruf-

fled golden lace that barely covered the upper part of his chest. The sleeves were ballooned like the pantaloons and were cuffed at the wrist with a simple golden bracelet decorated with little slave girl bells.

Slightly bemused he noted that he wore in addition to his golden wedding band a lovely engagement ring. Over the lower half of his face was a golden silk veil held to each ear with a golden bell pierced earring that jingled when he turned his head to look down at his nipples which were somehow tinted a soft pink, he then noted that his body was completely devoid of hair and slightly pink indicating that the hair had been removed by the roots no doubt with an electric needle!

His trembling fingers touched his head to discover that his hair was now arranged in ringlet curls while his finger nails were glistening red.

Seeing that one wall of the large room was completely mirrored he picked up the golden jacket on the bed and put it over his nakedness as he walked to the soft mocking jingle of slave bells to view his shame in the mirror. A bit unnerved by the silly golden bells that tinkled whenever he moved he noted to his dismay that his bracelets and ankle rings with their circles of little golden ball bells were securely welded in place, reminding him of similar bells worn on collars by pet cats to warn birds away!

Clearly he was somebody's pet required to wear tinkling bells to warn others that he was moving about...

He saw that the jacket had loose flowing sleeves, a circular neckline that fit under the ruffled lace blouse collar, buttoned to the waist with coin like golden buttons, at the waist the tight fitting torso of the jacket gave way to a fingertip length pleated skirt.

Thankful at least for this covering he glanced into the mirror.

A very pretty boy looked back at him. A pendant diamond held by a gold chain hung in the middle of his forehead. His golden hair was styled into a Grecian classical coiffure. His brows were thinned and arched over lovely femininely curled eye lashes, pale blue tinted eye lids, and beautiful clear blue eyes that shown like jewels from the light mascara that created an allusion of wide eyed innocence.

Like his body the face glistened a soft hairless pink indicating the fact that he would no longer need to shave. Beneath the sheer veil he noted that his delicate lips seemed slightly fuller and more feminine to the point of being sensual. A bit curious he placed his finger against the tender pink flesh of his lips to see that they had not been subjected to any kind of lipstick, instead they had been delicately reshaped and permanently dyed somehow to the point where their natural pinkness was merely extended and clarified into a sensuous beauty!

Turning from the mirror he glanced at the Arabesque and Moorish design of the large bedroom. One wall was mirrored to create the allusion of greater size. Another wall was spaced with Moorish columns framing in their curving arch—ways arabesque screened glass doors.

Walking to one of the doors he looked out into a flowering tropical garden courtyard with three large flowing Moorish fountains. Opening the screen and glass door he

felt a warm breeze that meant that his new home was located far south of the wintry landscapes of his old home!

With trembling fingers he closed the door and screen to examine the rest of his new quarters. The opposite wall was draped with a huge Persian tapestry depicting of all things a harem scene!

“Quite suitable,” he murmured aloud to himself as he walked across the polished tile floor to the sound of his slave bells jingling to a door in the center of the mirrored wall that was framed in a Moorish doorway. The Arabesque silver screen was over a mirror and when he tried the door he discovered it to be locked.

Shrugging he walked across the floor to another similar door hearing again the simpering bells with each step to find that this door opened to reveal a beautiful marble bathing room with sunken pool adorned with a statue of a naked male whose erect organ spouted a flow of water, while his hands rested on his all too feminine hips to emphasize the general feminine contour of his body. On one side was a screened booth that was no doubt the toilet stall. Entering the bath room he saw that the walls were muraled with bathing scenes in a harem.

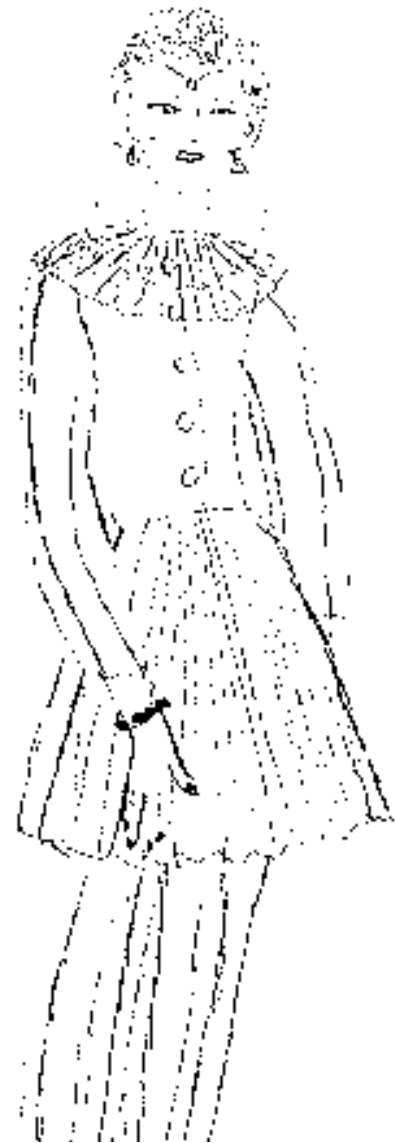
Turning from this discovery he re—entered the bed room to the constant jingling of the little bells to try another door that revealed a large dressing room complete with closets and vanity.

Feeling a bit curious about the music he opened the third door to reveal a scene unlike any he ever could have dreamed of!

A great room, at least three times the size of his bed room, greeted his eyes. This room carried the same general motif of his bedroom even to the point of the harem scene, but this scene was real people.

“All Eyes Know The Passionate One, Consort of Our Mistress!”

His giant black *valet* announced causing the dozen or so lovely ones to all face towards David and press their foreheads to the stone floor in obeisance! The black was supposed to be his valet, but he was dressed in a pair of red embroidered white cotton form fitting trousers and a bolero jacket with a wide red sash about his waist with a silver cane like stick stuck into the sash like a sword. David knew now how wrong he had been about the black for the tight pants revealed all too clearly that he was the Chief Eunuch of this strange harem!



And the dozen beautiful ones prostrated before David were the paramours of his mistress. Each one was dressed in a costume similar to that worn by a harem dancing girl right out of the 1001 Nights!

A bit reluctantly and feeling the complete humiliation of being seen in public dressed as he was he managed to walk across the room to the shameful sound of his slave bells to talk to the Chief Eunuch.

"I should like to talk in private with you," he said in a near trembling voice to the giant black who tolerantly smiled down at him as if he were some kind of simple minded child. "Can we go to my bedroom?"

"Yes, master," the black noted with a sigh of near impatience. "What does the Passionate One wish?"

With this David shook his head in wonder led the way to the sound of taunting bells back to the relative safety of his bedroom while the others began to chat as if nothing was out of the ordinary in their surroundings. Once inside the bed room and with the door closed David asked almost timidly in fear; "Where are we?"

"The Harem of Our Mistress," the Negro replied as if greatly amused. "And you are her consort, the others are lesser love slaves for her amusement. The servants are in another part of the harem being briefed by the Harem Keeper of the Gate, another eunuch in her service. The other servants are all passive males selected by the mistress from various places upon the mainland."

"All males?"

"Of course master, and it is my duty to call you master unless you wish to be addressed as Passionate One," The Chief Eunuch noted with a wink. "Her concubines are perfectly formed and capable males, and the first one to give her, her second child will be second in line of rank to you."

"Her second?"

"Our Mistress is heavy with your child." The Chief Eunuch appeared quite pleased. "When the child is born your breasts will swell and you can nurse it yourself as a reward for your passionate abilities."

David swallowed hard in sheer disbelief. "Breasts?"

"Yes, master. You will be very proud. It is a singular honor to serve her child thusly."

Almost tenderly he touched the smooth brocade bodice of his jacket. "Tell me all you can. I must know."

"Your wife is a proud woman, who wanted to enjoy the fruits of her wealth and the natural passions of her nature. Your working and insisting on supporting her led her to resent her status. When she discovered your love for pretty feminine clothes she felt even more uncomfortable until one night you put on a pair of harem pajamas instead of your usual nightgown, that set her to thinking.

“When she went on the private vacation to Florida she bought this island and its ancient Spanish plantation castle and had the castle refurbished and a large section, that was once the slave quarters, converted into our new home, The Harem.

“It is rather large and well suited for her purpose. The door from this bed room in that mirrored wall leads to a long back hallway that runs parallel to this room and several smaller bed rooms, which were originally the female slave dormitories. The large center chamber is the old auction room. There are rooms like these on the other side where other females were kept, these rooms are smaller and were used for breeding, the servants live there now. Each concubine has a room, small bath, and dressing room, with one such servant as a body servant. You have three such youths.

“The Keeper of the Gate has the only keys to the back hallway and the outer doors to the main house, and he is responsible for the gate and is usually stationed at the end of the hall during the evening to allow Our Mistress in. The door mirror is one way glass and she can view each one of you at rest and select the one that catches her fancy. In time she may tire of a youth and he will be castrated and be added to my staff and a new youth may take his place.”

“Even me?” David asked in renewed fear.

“No, master, the Fruitful Ones shall be given breasts if a child is born and they shall be transferred to suite of rooms nearer the Royal Nursery on the other side of your courtyard. You will also be permitted to be escorted by one of Gate Keeper's eunuchs to any place on the island with the understanding that you shall be dressed in women's clothes. As far as the natives are then concerned you will be one of her female guests. You may even be a hostess for her when she entertains friends from the mainland. I envy you.”

“Why?”

“Because you and those like you may be permitted to leave the Harem. We all are her slaves and I shall never leave these confines.”

David nodded. “Tell me more, please?”

“Once the castle was ready she spent a great deal of money to build a new seaport, village, sugar cane factory, hospital, and school for the natives of this island. She is greatly loved for the good works and I am certain she could commit any crime she wished against those within these walls. None question her requests, and her regular household staff is completely loyal for most of them are ex—prostitutes she has saved from their certain fate. She even has an Amazonian police force formed from the strong women in the village and her hand picked servants.

“The island is now a matriarchy since she only hires the women of the island. Since the men have always been used to a fairly soft life they have accepted this change with little trouble, although they are not too happy about keeping house and attending to the babies. But, already they are taking to the idea of being dressed handsomely, it is in our blood, males are by nature the most beautiful of animals. Look at the lion and you will see that.”

“And the peacock,” David laughed looking at his dress.

“Yes, Passionate One,” the Chief Eunuch laughed. “Splendid and virile is the peacock.”

“So she has changed the island?” he asked trying to cover his deep embarrassment over the Chief Eunuch's rather pointed pun.

“The income from the sugar and other products supports her castle and household staff. In time she plans to expand the harem, which is only partly used now. In these rooms she will place the beloved of her women friends, who have shown great interest in her amusing past times. Within a year you shall be the Chief Consort of a Grand Harem containing two thousand slaves.

“A slave, you are, do not forget that, or you shall be punished severely yourself by Our Mistress. The cane I carry is an electric prod, like the one used to drive steers into a slaughter house. It carries a stunning charge which burns like the fires of hell, but leaves no mark except upon your memory. Please do not give her an excuse to have me use it.”

The Chief Eunuch fingered the cane with a thin smile.

“I shall tell you of myself. I was a young buck working on a farm in one of the southern states. My boss man was a very powerful man and he had a beautiful daughter in her late teens, who got hot over me. When I declined her request for sex she tore her nightgown and rolled in the dirt screaming ‘Rape!’. Before I could move I was taken by the others. And in our state a sex crime, such as rape, calls for the death penalty, or castration and life. I was castrated because the idea amused her cruel fancy. Her rich father even arranged it so that she might see it done. Last year I came up for parole, but the state requires employment outside of the state for criminals such as I, so I knew that I should never be free; for, who wants an eunuch for a worker?

“But, your mistress came to me and offered me employment telling me roughly that I should have to be a kind of total slave. I accepted, and now I am quite content with my work and new life. I live in luxury and she treats me with great kindness and respect. I am responsible to see to the concubines, harem discipline, and the inner staff guard.

“My friend, the Keeper of the Gate, is a white eunuch who was castrated for assaulting a child in his state. He was a drunk and in a prison when she took him into her service. He will hold the keys and keep the outer guard, and I assure you he would gladly die for her. At present he controls the servant staff within the harem, but in time you will appoint a Harem Housekeeper from one of the new eunuchs, and he shall take over that duty and select a staff from the servants below him. In time the mistress plans to operate a full scale harem just like in ancient times with dancing boys and all.

“The concubines were all young gigolos who were lured by her to the island by signing a contract which promised them a large allowance and all that they would need to live comfortably. It was not until I explained to them the rules here that they began to realize two facts; one, a harem slave has little use for the allowance she may receive since there is little she can spend it on within these walls so all they can do is save the money; and, two, they have all they can ever need to live comfortably as a concubine.

The knowledge that they can never escape, plus the cane, keeps them quite content. And the possibility of becoming a Fruitful One directs their passions; while the fact that they may be castrated for a lack of passion keeps them actively interested. A woman doctor from the hospital will serve to cull out the less passionate ones and reward the fruitful ones.

“The servants are lovely little ones employed from the mainland, who come to this paradise quite willingly. They are skilled in many of the arts, and well trained in the arts of being handmaidens. Most of them are married to each other and are really quite happy here. Where else can they live so close to their own ideal, and not be scorned or mistreated by others who do not understand their natural passive ways? Lesbianism was rampant in the ancient harem, and in a way it is no less so here. You may be amused to know that all whole males wear a chastity belt like yours, even the pretty boys, which incidentally love that nickname here for some reason.

“As the Guardian of the Bed Chambers I keep the key for their belts, as your mistress keeps the key for your belt and that worn by each of her own toys. I can be petitioned by a pretty boy to permit him freedom for a night. I release them within one of the bed rooms, lock the door, and let them have their fun. When the door is opened the belt is secured. Our Mistress does not permit them to waste themselves. In a way it is an excellent way to keep them in line and they delight in this little game.

“Now, if one of them should catch her eye he may serve her bed wearing a safety, and if he does well and is willing enough she may have him transferred to a concubine suite. From then on his belt is no longer in my keeping and his activity becomes completely heterosexual, unless he wants to accept a lover from the back. But I doubt if any would if they were deprived of satisfying their own passions.

“The belt prevents even nocturnal emission, as well as self love. It prevents any waste as well as loss of masculine vigor. Our Mistress thinks that the belt helps her lovers to appreciate the freedom of the love couch, however for the next few weeks all but you shall be permitted some degree of freedom in the privacy of their room for she has no need of them. Since she is to be frustrated from her desires it is only fitting that you should suffer also. Judging by what I have learned about the virility pills the complete males must take and the restrictions of your chastity belt; you will become completely frantic for sex by the time you began to nurse your own baby for your mistress and can serve her desires.”

David kept his temper under control knowing that it was a useless luxury in such surroundings. She now held complete control. It seemed so very impossible. But here he was a love toy in a strange harem.

“The harem is housed in a part of the castle which was designed to house slaves. A single iron gate separates the harem from a long tunnel that ends at another gate. This gate in turn opens into a courtyard covered by a guard post watched over by the Amazons. The keeper of the Gate is the only one permitted to open the gates to the tunnel, the Captain of the Guard is the only one with a key to the courtyard, while the Captain can not keep her gate closed to Our Mistress, the Keeper of the Gate can keep his gates locked if he feels that there is any danger in the harem.

“As to the facilities of the harem, it is really quite well designed. The gardens are large and quite comfortable. There are several game rooms equipped with pool, billiards, and card tables. A shuffleboard room exists as well as a small bowling alley. A television room is available as well as a motion picture and theatrical stage, the later is for amateur productions. The theatrical, television, and movie productions are all under the control of Our Mistress' Secretary of Information. Program selection will generally be educational, such as cooking instruction and the like, fashion, women's informational programs, and programs suitable for small children. In time the harem may become large enough to operate its own station. Of course, then the programming will be more suitably selected for your needs.”

The Chief Eunuch smiled.

“Classes shall be offered in basic household skills, dancing, art, fashion design, modeling and poise, etiquette, music, and other subjects suited to your needs. It shall be your obligation to organize such activities and select the teachers from those in the harem. All here must attend those classes you feel that they need, and once they have finished the class they may be tested by the Secretary of Education. If the child fails he will be punished and so shall his teacher.

“A large library has been provided filled with suitable books . You will develop a publication for the harem to appear once each month. I shall help you with this. I became a skilled printer while in prison. Once the harem becomes larger you may appoint a staff to publish not only the magazine; but suitable books on fashion, or whatever you think right.

“There is plenty of room for little shops and the like for selling dresses and other precious vanities. Since there shall be plenty of money in the harem, these shops shall operate as businesses. You will need a treasurer, and sales managers. Anything needed to keep two thousand women happy will be provided by your shops, beauty shops and so on.

“Professional services such a medical and dental will be provided by Our Mistress until we are ready to bring such personnel into the harem.

“We operate a community kitchen that offers a strict diet. A slave that grows ten pounds overweight shall be starved under supervision. It shall be your responsibility to organize and staff these kitchens and appoint responsible personnel.”

The Chief Eunuch grew quite serious.

“During the next few months you will be faced with the task of making a small city function. You must be a tyrant, a father confessor, and a gentle wise Consort. You have absolute power within these walls against any but myself and the Keeper of the Gate. If you want you could have every concubine whipped, or even castrated, all you need is give the command. Your every wish will be a command. Only Our Mistress can punish you, or correct your mistakes. Make no mistake, although you are powerful, she could have you punished in such ways that you would whimper like a tortured puppy for hours until death released you. And this brings us to a little matter that Our Mistress wants to talk to you about. And I think it is time.”

The Chief Eunuch led the way back through the large room now filled with servants as well as concubines.

“All Eyes Know The Passionate One, Consort of Our Mistress!”

Silence fell over the room as they moved through the prostrate bodies and left the room to arrive at a staircase. Walking up the stairway they came to a large door where the Chief Eunuch knocked.

“Come in,” Jane's voice demanded causing poor David to tremble in terror. He couldn't believe that this was happening to him.

“Do I curtsy or something?” he managed to whisper.

“You kowtow and kiss the floor before her feet,” the Chief Eunuch observed opening the door and allowing the somewhat bemused David to enter first to the tinkling of his slave bells.

David went to his knees and dutifully kissed the tile floor.

“Hm, stand up,” his wife's voice ordered thoughtfully.

Meekly he stood up keeping his eyes towards the floor so that he could not see the taunting delight in her eyes over his humiliation.

“A very pretty picture, don't you think so Mrs. Gales?” Jane asked and he almost fainted for Mrs. Gales was his sister!

“Oh, Jane, he looks like a little fairy prince. And whenever he moves you can hear his pretty dancing girl bells jingle a silly little tune,” his sister giggled in sheer delight as she plucked at his wrist bracelet to set it jingling. “Or are you a princess, Davida?”

“Answer you superior, slave!” Jane voice ordered ruthlessly. “Tell her your full title as you kow tow before a true woman to show your obeisance as a mere slave.”

“Our Mistress wishes for me to be called, The Passionate One, Consort of Our Mistress, Madam,” he said thoughtfully after kissing the floor again before his sister's feet knowing that he must obey.

“Oh, Jane, how sweet, The Passionate One,” she laughed with open childish delight. “Is he really? My dear sweet little baby brother. Oh, how much he used to adore wearing my pretty hand—me—downs. And now he has dresses all of his own. I do wish Art could see him now,” she paused speaking of her husband, “But that can wait.”

A woman's slender hand lifted his chin until his lovely eyes looked into the taunting eyes of his amused younger sister. Without asking she unbuttoned the front of his golden jacket to see his quivering naked shame with his little tinted pink nipples. Taking her hand in a single move she lowered his trousers and panties to reveal his inner thighs pressed closely together. “Spread your legs, brother dear, I want to see your little captivated toy.”

Swallowing hard against his utter shame he wanted to refuse but he didn't dare so he allowed his thighs to relax and he opened his legs so she could view the humiliating chastity belt his wife had fashioned for him to wear.

“There, there, darling,” she laughed recovering him and patting him between the legs. “I just wanted to see. You should be so very happy to have your chastity so well protected. A love pet needs to feel that his toy is so very well protected.”

With this she left him and returned to her sister—in—law.

“Tell me slave, is it true that you told my Chief Eunuch that you thought he was my secret lover?” Jane asked suddenly.

Poor David just didn't know what so say. So he took the course of least resistance. “Yes, ma'am.”

“I see. for that you shall be punished, not because of your jealous beliefs. But, because you felt that it was within your power to say who I could or could not make love to. I want you to understand that you are my slave, my toy, to be played with or smashed. Since you were jealous of my Chief Eunuch I think he should punish you. Tell me what you think of that?”

“If Our Mistress wishes to punish a slave it is just,” he replied bowing his head.

“Drop your pants!”

Meekly he followed her command expecting to be spanked.

“Our Mistress wishes for the Passionate One to be punished,” the Chief Eunuch announced. “How shall it be?”

“Where my servant wishes.”

The Chief Eunuch nodded and stepped behind David. “How many times?”

“Until the dance.”

Suddenly David felt the cane slip between his legs and into his anus. “Oh, no, Pleas...”

The first shock stunned him and each searing shock thereafter only added to the paralyzing pains that tore through his bowels and then without any warning his legs began to move spastically as his arms flailed the air. And just as suddenly the cane withdrew and he slipped out of control to the floor.

“Get up!” the Chief Eunuch ordered touching the cane to his groin and pushing the button causing David's legs to jerk apart.

“How like a girl, to offer herself to avoid pain,” his sister said as he clapped his legs together and arose seeing now that he could replace his clothes. The pain had completely vanished and all he felt was a queasy stomach.

“Come here,” his wife ordered causing him to move to stand before her. “We understand each others now?”

“Yes, ma'am,” he whispered.

“Tell me what I wanted you to learn so that your sister may see why I punished you.”

“Our Mistress wishes to teach her slave that it is his duty to accept any wish she may desire and obey it. She has the power to love, the power to punish. A slave can but obey. The Chief Eunuch punished this slave the way he did because the slave was

presumptuous enough to think that he could say who Our Mistress may or may not love. His body was violated to remind him that he has no privacy, no power, no choice but to dance to the whims of Our Mistress.”

“Very good,” she countered. “Did the Chief Eunuch tell you of our blessed coming event?”

“Yes, ma'am,” he glanced down at his chest.

“Ah, indeed he has told you,” Jane laughed with joy taking David into her arms and kissing him upon the lips as her hands caressed his face. “You still do love me, don't you?”

“Yes,” he replied a bit gravely. And then he realized that she had taken him into her arms and that she really did love him, despite her cruelties. It had been her duty to punish him, but this was her true heart's desire.

With his past forgotten he flung his arms about her and kissed her again and again. “Oh, yes, I love you, forgive me, but I can love only you. Do what you will to me, but always let me remember how much I love you.”

She kissed him and gently held him away.

“I have done this to make us happy. You dreamed of harem's when you put those lovely pajamas on. I know you want to be my slave. And so I have made you my Passionate One. You will be happy here won't you?”

“Yes, Jane, oh yes, oh yes,” he cried as she again held him close. “I have never been so happy in my life as I am now when I can make you happy.”

And thus the Passionate One, accepted his fate, knowing that he would be as happy so long as he served his proud mistress and attended to her every need. He would live up to his name...

THE FOURTH TALE: DOMESTICATION

Jack Dutton maintained a private apartment for Jackie in a large apartment building. This apartment was in her name just in case her things might be discovered by a building caretaker, or the like.

Here during the year he entertained his other T.V. friends and even their wives. He had never told his own wife about Jackie. He tried to tell her; but, her reaction to his discussion of a recent comedy movie surrounding the subject pre—vented him from going further; for, despite her somewhat shrewish ways, he loved her. His *business trips* explained his visits to the apartment and in general he liked the arrangement.

Unpacking Jackie's things he hung up the dresses, leaving the other delights for Jackie to attend to during the next weekend.

Satisfied that all was well he locked the apartment and returned to his car driving home to his suburban home. When he arrived he found a note from his wife saying that she was out shopping and that she planned to have some friends over for supper, suggesting that he might rest and take a bath around four, also making note of the lunch she had left for him in the kitchen.

After lunch he went to their bedroom and sitting upon the master bed he undressed and slept in his shorts until the alarm awoke him about four. Getting up from bed he went into the master bathroom and began to bathe. In a few minutes he heard his wife enter the bed room. "Is that you, dear?"

"Yes," her voice replied simply as the sound of her moving about in bedroom reached his ears. "I bought you some of that nice men's lotion and stuff. It's on the vanity sink, and please shave, after all you know how nice you look clean shaven and I imagine you look like a tramp after being in that woodsy cabin of your friend's."

"Okay," he muttered hearing her leave the bed room.

Wiping himself and cleaning the tub he discovered the toilet articles that she had mentioned. Opening the cologne he found that it had a delicate lilac and rose fragrance, despite the label that indicated a masculine trade name. A bath powder, deodorant stick, shaving cream, after—shave lotion, and skin lotion completed the set. Feeling that he might please her by using the stuff he shaved and made liberal application of her gift despite the fact that its aroma was really a bit too strong for his masculine tastes. Satisfied, he wrapped a towel about his loins and walked back into the bedroom.

Apparently she was already making ready for her own bath. On the bed he saw an assortment of feminine underthings. He was mildly surprised to note that the lingerie was a bit more feminine than her usual taste. Perhaps she was in the mood for such dainties. Smiling to himself he opened his bureau drawer to see it empty!

"Say, honey, where are my things?" he shouted hearing her about to enter the bedroom. Automatically he tried another drawer to find it also empty.

"Why, dearest, they are on the bed where I placed them," she noted casually as she entered the room. "My it smells dainty in here."

"On the bed?" he asked a bit confused as he turned to face her.

Betty pointed to the feminine dainties,

"Yes, dearest, I bought them especially for tonight. I'm certain that they will fit, and they are perfectly suited to Jacqueline's nature, from what I saw in her little apartment."

Jack's eyes opened wide in surprise as his heart pumped its wild fears. "How did you find out?"

"It was all very amusing," she noted picking up a pair of black satin and lace panties. "Frankly I must admit that I didn't believe your stories about those *business trips*, and when I called the office about two months ago to check about the Wilson party I discovered that your very co—operative secretary was under the impression that you were at home; since your office calendar didn't note the business trip.

"Naturally I thought the worst. So when you returned, I noticed a lipstick smudge on the corner of your lips, so I resolved to hire a detective. After all I did have the right to know how involved you were with your mistress. The detective followed you on one of your *business trips* and told me that you had bought a black silk baby doll nighty."

She smiled, as if great amused, as her eyes studied his smooth almost feminine form. “Really, black silk baby dolls, how charming.”

He blushed and looked away from her twinkling delighted eyes.

“He reported that you went to an apartment registered in the name of a Miss Jacqueline Hutton, a sweet name, dear—est. He noted that you stayed there all weekend and left for home late Sunday night. He further indicated that he saw a very sexy looking black haired woman leave the apartment and return from her grocery shopping. Frankly he was very impressed with your taste in women, to be exact he described your little mistress as being:

“A sexy doll, about five foot ten in heels, dressed in a black satin form fitting number, and a black car coat. High French heels, black patent shoes and bag, and matching gloves. A small white pillbox hat set on a neat pageboy style. She walks with undulating grace and no doubt is a model or was trained as one. Her face was really very pretty. And in general, Mrs. Dutton, I would say your husband really has a flair for picking real lookers.”

She smiled as her fingers brushed the satin.

“Okay, Betty, I can take a joke,” he protested nervously.

“But, Jacqueline, you should know enough to call me, ma'am or Mrs. Dutton, after all a maid can't call her mistress by her first name. It just doesn't show proper manners,” Betty laughed as her hand extended the black satin panties.

“Besides, I am not done with his charming report.

“I checked with the neighbors who reported that your husband was a regular caller as well as other men, individually or in small groups. Mr. Dutton usually brought packages or groceries to the apartment and the real estate office indicated that he paid her rent in cash. Beyond a doubt he keeps her as his mistress.

“They report that usually she is not in during the week and some saw her going to work in a maid's uniform and most felt that she worked and stayed in during the week where she served as a domestic. Apparently your husband visited her on her weekends off, a very cozy arrangement.

“The building caretaker could not be bribed so I was unable to make a routine check on apartment. Her mail was limited to usual homeowner or apartment dweller circular, fashion magazines, and letters from female friends. Other male visitors came when husband was in apartment. Music and some drinking, no doubt some stage affairs. I feel sure that she is a high class maid making money on the side as a prostitute.”

“Oh, really, Jacqueline, how could you?”

“Ah, come off it,” Jack demanded angrily. “You know God damn well what happened and I have taken just about enough of this!”

“Why, Jacqueline, a maid doesn't swear like that. It's too unbecoming,” she taunted suddenly reaching out and snatching the towel from his, as her other hand pressed the black satin panty into his free hand!

“Put on something to cover yourself, girl! While I tell my story all the way through. If you are thinking of playing any silly games, I think the boys at the office might like to hear all about the boss' mistress. Now put them on, now!”

“Betty, please, this is silly.”

“Jacqueline I have warned you,” she said in a threatening voice. “And I can't stand the sight of naked women.”

Meekly he stepped into the black satin panties realizing that they were made of a tight spandex material to insure feminine lines while saucy white satin tiers of rumba ruffles trimmed with lace accented its seat!

Thinking that she might be trying to taunt him and feeling that it might be wise to go along with the game until he could learn of her plans he adjusted the taunt slippery smooth panties trying not to think of little ruffles in back. He also submitted because he didn't want her to get carried away with her threats: She might be spiteful enough to tell his office crew!

“How sweet,” she noted patting his now all too smooth groin with amused delight over his trembling effort to step away before she picked up a steel stayed corset of black satin that laced in the back. With a taunting smile she handed this to her docile husband with one hand as her other picked up a pair of falsies. “I'll lace it, dearest, just this time. Maid's must learn to dress themselves.”

She laughed.

“Now, where was I... Oh, yes,... you were a working prostitute.”

He cringed at her bluntness.

“Well, my dear, a girl just can't accept gifts from men and entertain them alone in her apartment. Especially when her lover pays for the place and its nice cozy bed,” she observed caustically as she turned him around and wrapped the laces in her hands before pulling them so tight that his face became slightly hued with a blush. “Now suck in your tummy, dearest, after all we do want a good fit.”

Swallowing hard he did as she said feeling the corset cinch the steel stays even tighter forcing him to breath gently from the chest as the pressure from the uplifting bra cups began to push the falsies in place against his soft skin creating the allusion of a natural cleavage. Too surprised to protest he stood watching as she placed her hand inside each cup and lifted the plump bulges formed by the corset's tight bodice making for a more ample femininity.

“I was, of course, very jealous,” she mused pointing to the bed and handing her husband a pair of black tinted nylons.

“So, I decided to investigate the affair a little closer by paying your mistress a personal call. When I arrived, I found that she was not in. So, I visited the caretaker and simply told him I was her sister and that she had told me that if I were to arrive early the caretaker might let me in. I showed him an envelope as if she had written me. Being a very trusting soul, especially about women, he was all too happy to help her sister. Needless to say it was all very exciting.”

She paused to watch him roll on the nylons and attach them to the corslet garters while his fingers absent mindedly caressed the taunt smooth nylons. Without a word she pointed to a pair of four inch high heeled French shoes of smooth black patent leather and pointed toes.

“Once I was in the apartment I decided to do a little investigating of my own to find enough evidence for our probable divorce.”

He looked up at her anxiously as he uncrossed his legs and stood up in the dainty high heeled shoes.

“Well, after all, dear, you were committing adultery, and that is grounds for divorce in this state,” she noted with a mock tone of bitterness. “You may use the make—up and things on the vanity, Jacqueline.”

Nodding he walked across the floor to the vanity stool and sat.

“Why, Jacqueline, your walk is positively sexy in heels,” she exclaimed with delight. “I would never have guessed. But, how could I have, you usually appear to be a bit clumsy and so slovenly as a man. Those clothes have worked wonders, girl.”

Resolving to make the most of an embarrassing situation her husband donned the make—up cape and began to meticulously apply the make—up base for if he was to be so humiliated he did not want to look ridiculous as well.

“You will note that I have taken great care to purchase just what you like the best, girl,” she commented picking up the bottle of make—up base that he had used.

“I found that your mistress has interesting taste in both her wardrobe and cosmetics. Her clothes tended to be quite sexually provocative, no doubt due to her profession. While her make—up was top of the line, no doubt the results of years of experience with applying make—up. But, my search turned up some very strange things. A total lack of hygiene articles, a must for any women. A most interesting collection of reading materials about cross—dressing and the like, most amusing reading for a prostitute. And a very amusing little photo album. You have certainly improved over the years, dearest. Yes, indeed.

“Needless to say, I was just mortified to think that my husband was some sort of fairy. I almost would rather had you be anything but that. A woman just can't picture her husband as a passive homosexual. My God, you have no idea how I suffered in that perfumed love nest of yours!”

“Dam it Betty, I'm not a queer!” he swore angrily turning to face her as his hands clasped together while he tried to control himself. “You know damned well I'm not!”

She laughed in sheer joy.

“Oh, darling, what a cartoon that would make. A pretty fairy at a vanity applying make—up and protesting that he wasn't a queer. How delightfully funny!”

“Oh, God,” he cried in frustration. “Please believe me...”

“Of course I do,” she murmured almost out of sympathy. “I read some of your strange books and talked to a psychiatrist. After all, I became quite concerned about my own role in your problem. Had I driven you into becoming a fairy? God knows, I

asked that question and others far worse! But, in time I learned a great deal about transvestites. And I know you are not a fairy. So don't cry and ruin your lovely make—up. I want to see you at your very best.”

Her husband bowed his head and returned to the vanity.

“Frankly, I thought of divorcing you, even after I saw the psychiatrist. But then I thought about the scandal involved and how it might ruin both of us. You are quite well—to—do, I checked with a lawyer. But, I found out that the best I could expect was fifty—fifty of what you had, or less. And most likely less; since, the courts are trying to understand people like you. After—all I swore for better or for worse, and you were protecting me from the 'worse' part. The lawyer felt he could get quite a bit, but I would lose a lot because of your needing to sell out quickly from a ruined business.”

She shrugged.

“Certainly I wouldn't do bad out of the deal, but I could not see you get off so easily, nor could I stand the idea of public trial and such.”

He arose from the vanity and allowed his red nails to dry as he went gracefully to the bed and waited with his back to her hoping to hide his feeling of happiness over her decision not to divorce him.

Bending over he gingerly picked up the black lace and satin slip noting that the bodice was a delight of lace deco—rated satin while the skirt was rather short consisting of bouffant layers of nylon lace over a stiff satin lace trimmed underskirt intended to maintain the slip's bouffantness.

Once sure that his nails were dry he slipped into the feminine delight noting to his dismay that it was fingertip length, and then he remembered the saucy white satin and lace rumba ruffles that decorated the seat of his black satin panties!

“So I have devised a most amusing solution to our problem,” she stated as he turned to face her wanting to ask about the short bouffant skirts; but, he saw her answer as she closed the closet door and held for his inspection a short full skirted black satin taffeta French maid's uniform complete with white nylon and ruffled lace bib apron and dainty cap!

In silence they faced each other with her amused expectant eyes upon his maidenly form and his upon the all too revealing uniform.

“Ah, the moment of truth, Jacqueline,” she finally announced. “I think you should put it on. It is much prettier than the simple uniforms in your wardrobe.”

“If you want me to,” he whispered accepting the hanger. Removing the apron and cap he took the uniform from the hanger and unzipped the back. With trembling fingers he allowed the short skirted dress to cover his lingerie and barely hide the tops of his black tinted nylons. While his smiling wife zipped up the back, he adjusted the white nylon and lace trimmed puff sleeves.

When she finished her little task she giggled with amused delight to brush up the white satin and lace rumba ruffles before she actually goosed him and laughed as he all but fainted in shame!

"I'm sorry, dearest, but you tempted me so. Your short skirts are just too too revealing. And your panty ruffles will be just adorably flirty when you bend over. Men will just cream in their jeans when they see you swish about as my French maid."

As he cautiously withdrew from her insulting hand he went to open a round box on the vanity to take from it a full shoulder length wig and block.

Without a word he put on the dainty apron tying its wide nylon bow in the back before pinning the bib in place. Adjusting the white nylon and lace collar of the uniform he went to the vanity and very carefully adjusted the beautifully coiffure raven haired wig in place using bobby pins to make it quite secure.

Sighing without shame he looked at the pretty maid reflected in the vanity mirror and placed the dainty lace ruffled cap on her lovely head pinning it in place. Noticing on the glass topped vanity a pair of simple pearl button earrings, a black velvet strapped wrist watch, and a little silver rhinestone cross hung by a black velvet necklace he put them on completing the maid's wardrobe.

"Now let me see you, Jacqueline," she encouraged causing the pretty French maid to arise and face her.

"Curtsy sweetly for you mistress."

Blushing slightly the maid did as requested feeling the all too short skirts as they floated upwards with revealing and humiliating femininity both in front and back before her amused watchful eyes.

"Oh, the men will love the view, although I do believe that you should learn how to curtsy with a bit more feminine modesty. Perhaps a few hours of practice before a mirror will smooth off the rough edges and curb your sexuality, so to speak."

Mrs. Dutton studied her blushing maid very carefully with mock seriousness.

"You'll do quite nicely. Now just stand there quietly while I look at you," she suggested noting with pleasure his obvious embarrassment.

"As I was explaining, Jacqueline," she continued, "I considered divorcing my unfaithful husband. But, rather than face the scandal and shame of a public divorce," she paused and opened a nearby jewel box to produce a legal folder containing a neat stack of forms, "I think he will prefer to agree to meet my terms. It was all quite legal and proper. But, oh my goodness, I almost forgot."

She reached over and placed the folder upon the vanity as she took another form from the jewel box.



“This is your new employment contract, Jacqueline. My lawyer was quite amused when he drew it up especially for your services. But, he assures me that it is quite legal. I shall spare you the usual legal language and read the most important sections. Do stand with your hands pressed palm to palm behind your back, while you stand straight before your new mistress with your pretty feet together heel to heel, as I read the terms of your employment.” “

She cleared her throat in mock businesslike fashion when he assumed the position she required, causing his all too short skirt front to float up to reveal the tops of his gartered black shaded silken nylons and a hint of panty, and read:

“In accordance with the provisions of this employment contract, I, Jacqueline Angelica Hutton, agree to faithfully serve as a domestic servant for a period of service agreed upon by Mrs. Jack P. Dutton,” she paused to skim the page, *“It is understood, that as a legal minor, I shall receive as payment for my services, if deemed satisfactory; room and board, uniforms and the clothes my mistress wishes to supply, and fifty dollars a week to be deposited in a bank account controlled by my mistress for my benefit.”*

She smiled saying, “Don't worry dearest I shall keep you in the style that will be suitable for work and your social status as a servant girl. You can see by your present uniform that I only desire for you to have the very best, within reason.”

She returned to the document to read further:

“In return for such benefits, I shall faithfully perform the following duties as required; general housework and cleaning, cooking, sewing and repairing, laundry and light dry cleaning, ironing, general duties of a lady's maid, and any other homemaking and personal domestic service Mrs. Jack P. Dutton should require.”

She glanced up at him with a slight frown of concern.

“My, my, that uniform just simply would not do for scrubbing floors,” she murmured with a disapproving shake of her head.

“But, don't worry, Jacqueline, I have provided you with a suitable little room next to the kitchen and laundry room; for now, until we move to our new country home. You shall have a complete maid's wardrobe with necessary lingerie.

“White utility nylon or pastel uniforms for morning; grey or pale blue utility starched cotton uniforms for afternoons; and black basic nylon or cotton starched uniforms for basic evening wear. Of course, you will have with a few dainty ones, like the one you have now, for special occasions or during more formal affairs when I entertain my lady,” she paused with intrigued delight for his reaction, “Or gentlemen friends.”

His hands trembled as it dawned to him that she might actually plan to have him presented as a sexy maid before her guests!

“Having you about, as a saucy French maid, will be ever so entertaining for them, I'm certain. With your experiences as a prostitute, who knows what wonderful services you could provide in your own all too provocatively sexy way.”

Feeling the taunt nylons about his smooth shaved legs and the tickling lacy hems of his all too short black slipper smooth satin skirts, and seeing the swelling fullness of his breasts trying to escape the tight corset bra with each breath he knew what

other men might think if they saw him walking about before them with plump inviting hips and....

“Since you seem to prefer wearing provocatively sexy clothes, as a young girl from your social class might desire, I have selected for the roving masculine eye from your lovely Frederick's of Hollywood and other collections in your apartment closet your feminine wardrobe for off duty wear.

“This includes items to be worn while going to the beauty shop for your weekly electrolysis treatments, or normative beauty care, or when you go to my doctor for corrective hormonal medication, or when you do our shopping, or when you take your afternoon off to spend your little allowance.

“And you will have no credit cards, checking accounts, or other economic status symbols unsuitable for a poor working girl; since, I will not want you to buy anything foolish like bus tickets,” she chuckled, “If you do travel, you will be dressed properly as my personal servant. You will also have the usual lovely bed things and recreational clothes a person of your status might own. Right out of your own closet, so to speak..

“Of course, once your hair is naturally long, your plastic surgery is done, and your hormonal balance is completely feminine in nature you will be permitted more time off. If your duties are done to my complete satisfaction.”

“Plastic surgery, hormones?” he asked with sexily pouting red lips of uncertain fears, only to see her anger which faded when he remembered to lift his dainty skirts in a docile curtsy, “Ma'am?”

“Well, dearest, I do believe that a maid should be both useful and decorative,” she mused placing the contract aside on the vanity seeing that he was going to do better with a firm hand and proper training. “So, I took the liberty of showing your photographs to that nice doctor, who did my face lift last year.

“She was kind enough to suggest that we give you a trouble free brow, a more delicate up turned nose, wide expressive eyes, apple cheeks, and full sensual lips. There is an operation to alter your vocal cords for soprano tones and shaving your Adam's apple until there is none. Then there are things to be done with the rest of you,” she observed seeing the growing fear in his eyes.

She placed her hands beneath his breasts, “I think that implants and a breast lift will do wonders for your obvious charms,” she patted his waist with self agreement, “I then feel that we should take in the waist and tummy with a tuck and liposuction, using the excess fat to enhance your hips and rear with a lovely fanny lift. When the hormones help to plump you out a bit, you will just simply drive men wild for a chance to sleep with you.”

She shrugged, “But, so long as you serve me as a dutiful maid, and I am pleased with your services, we shall keep your little secret intact, for there will be nothing else male about you. There is a hormone which will keep you positively randy while you prance about as a very feminine sexy maid eager to catch masculine eyes and interests. I am told that you will absolutely be frantic as a male, almost as frantic as the men who will lust after my sensual French maid!

“And, perhaps, from time to time we might explore your charms in my bedroom. I have always been a bit of a lesbian in my fantasies, and I have some books on lesbian love making techniques which you must memorize just for the right moment. I think that once you are feminized with lovely full breasts bouncing eagerly in a baby doll with wide hips and a pretty plump inviting rear ready for my own dildo. Who knows what fun we can have with your dildo too, just so long as I am fully satisfied...

“And so long as you keep your little male symbol tucked safely away I will know what you can do to satisfy other men, from time to time if I desire, as my eagerly sexy French maid (so willing to attend to their little masculine urges). This can only add to your humiliation. I think of it as a suitable little punishment for trying to deceive others into thinking that you were a prostitute. I am certain that it will amuse me to watch your shame as you pay obeisance to their very maleness as the female sex object you seem to want to be.”

She patted his lacy rear causing him to blush in shame.

She opened the legal folder on the vanity.

“Now let me see,” she mused glancing at the frightened maid before her.

“My husband signed a power of attorney over all properties and so on, to me,” she continued turning the pages as she noted each. “With this money I certainly can afford a dutiful French maid to attend to my every need while keeping my country house as neat as a pin. I have a lovely place in mind with six bedrooms for my visiting friends and our various relatives, who will think that my late husband has passed on; such as your father, who does have the roving eye for obligingly sexy women like my saucy French maid.

“As my dutiful maid, you should be quite anxious to please all my guests, especially the men, my dear. Especially the men, Jacqueline. You do understand that, don't you girl?”

“Yes, ma'am,” was the trembling curtsied response as he wondered in disbelief how she was going to manage all this?

“You have always opposed my mother living with us, because she is so demanding. But, as our maid you will be quite prepared to serve mother, no matter how very demanding she may be. In fact, since your former business interests must be managed by me, I plan to have mother live in with us, to supervise the household staff, including, of course you. She can't wait until she takes charge of her new maid.

“She will bring Mrs. Ryan to serve as our housekeeper and cook, while Mr. Ryan serves as chauffeur and gardener. You will live with them in the servant's quarters, under the direct authority of Mrs. Ryan with the understanding that her husband will see to any discipline you might require if you are lax. Mrs. Ryan was quite concerned about this because he was once fired for forcing a maid to, er..” she cleared her throat with an amused little grin, “shall we say relieve his male tensions with her mouth,” she suggested seeing the understanding fear grow in Jackie's eyes. “Of course, I assured her that I would not fire him for such a natural need so long as our maid was properly disciplined at all times to do what was required of her. You have no idea how pleased she was to hear this and she promised me that you will become an absolute jewel.”

She nodded in self satisfaction and reached out to gently adjust the full butterfly bow of his apron knowing from his downcast eyes that he understood her plans for disciplining him if he wasn't *an absolute jewel!*

“Of course, mother is most anxious to see to your proper training. It will do wonders for both of you, I'm certain. She will have someone to order about, and you will become a perfect servant girl willing to curtsy at the mere flutter of her eye lashes, as she claims.”

Jackie, now Jacqueline, knew that his mother—in—law was going through her change of life and she was an absolute fuss budget as a result. He had no doubt that the woman, who didn't like her son—in—law, would do everything she could to make certain that he would become the perfect maid!

“My husband also signed an agreement to accept my guardianship, an action based upon the state law indicating that mental defectives, such as sexual deviants, are unfit to manage their own affairs and therefore require guardianship and custodial management as minors.”

She folded the paper to place it with the others she expected him to sign.

“I have here an application for castration surgery for those morally unfit for reason of sexual perversion under the same law,” she smiled grimly to herself. “As I explained, I have no desire to alter your sex. But, you will sign the paper because I want you to know what I will do to you if you are not a perfect servant. This final decision will be shared by my mother, who can best judge you by your willingness to attend to her every whim; Mrs. Ryan, as a neutral judge; and myself, who may be swayed from better judgment because of love, or perhaps desire.”

Ignoring his curtsied pleas she continued...

“A medical release for cosmetic surgery and more complete feminization. And an application to change his name to Jacqueline Angelica Hutton. Separation papers for reason of impotence. And finally a lovely little document making you my ward, as an infantile minor. It appears that in this state a female is a legal infant until marriage. This little paper deprives you of all rights, liberties, and privileges enjoyed by an adult or child—minor and requires me to furnish complete support as well as any discipline or training a total dependent needs.”

She placed the contracts into the folder and took a fountain pen which she placed upon the vanity before him.

“Now, just in case you have any idea that I might merely divorce you, I must warn you that frankly the laws of this state are most amusing and very archaic. So that you may understand I will explain what your alternative is according to my lawyer. Your apartment and scrap book plus the testimony of your neighbors supplies me with all that is required to prove that you are a moral and sexual deviant and pervert. As your wife I can only watch as the law takes its pound of flesh,” she patted the front of her skirt so that he knew what she meant, “and have you committed in the state insane asylum. In that case I will dutifully visit my poor husband and try to seek his release. Which is very rare in such cases..I would still have complete control of your estate and

by the time you may be released by the courts, if ever, in five or ten years, you will be quite docile and prepared to accept what—ever terms the State and I will require.”

She shrugged adding, “I leave it up to you; eunuchism in an insane asylum as well as public disgrace, or a discreet legal process with my late husband legally dead as you in turn become my dutiful maid in another part of the state, where only we few shall share your secret shame?”

In total awe of her plans Jacqueline could see that there really was little choice...

“I want you to know that as far as I am concerned, I deeply loved you once, but I have never cared for your macho sex role. As my maid you shall be required to live under the formal etiquette and discipline mere servant girl. If you do well, that is to be expected. If you are lax, you will be severely punish—ed. Yet, you will be treated fairly and given every chance to prove your true worth as a maid, and perhaps as an object of pleasure for me. Under these terms you may find your life both useful and content; for I do want you to become loyal dutiful servant and companion.”

Jacqueline bowed *her* lovely head as she signed the papers on the vanity and then she curtsied with a docile smile. “Your servant, ma'am.

THE FIFTH TALE: WITH LOVING CARE

Joe Benson drove his camping truck into the back garage and walked across the yard passing the rows of drying diapers that hung flapping in the wintry sun. Opening the kitchen door he saw Mrs. Summers preparing the noon meal. “Hi, what's for lunch?”

“Hot milk and pabulum,” she laughed looking up from her work to glance at him with a friendly warm smile. “Back from the cabin, eh?”

“Yeah, the snow sort of cut into our fishing plans. Where's the little mother?”

“Upstairs with Mrs. Paulson taking care of your brood. The morning paper is in the living room. It must have been a tough drive in this snow. I'll call Mrs. Benson on the intercom and tell her that the lord and master has returned to his family.”

Joe laughed and walked through the large kitchen and dining room. As he crossed the library room floor he thought over how really lucky he was. He married a rich girl, inherited a parcel of money, and now had five children and more on the way. The last tests showed twins again. A real stud, that was what Joe Benson was. Three sets of twins and one all alone in a little over three years. Well she wanted a large family, and she was certainly getting it.

Sliding back the living room door he went to his easy chair and picked up the papers. Turning to the sports section he sat back and relaxed thinking about the agreement he and his wife made upon their marriage. He faced up to the fact that she had to know about his little hobby so he told her.

She listened, smiled, and asked to see what his 'sister' looked like. So while in his apartment living room she waited until Jo entered from the bed room. After a brief si-

lence she arose and embraced Jo. The rest of the evening Jo served as her hostess preparing and serving supper for her and in general engaging her in a delightfully feminine conversation about the latest fashions from Paris and probable trends. When supper was over Jo offered to show her all the delights of a very secret wardrobe and while they compared tastes it became all too apparent that the fairly plain, but rich, Monica was quite pleased with her very entertaining and beautiful new friend. If not just a little envious.

And, so they married; and in time Joe took charge of her family estate and bought the farm they now lived on for privacy, so that they could enjoy the company of his *sister*.

The farm itself was operated on a share basis by Mrs. Summers' husband, who farmed their land together with his own. The two thousand productive acres earned enough money to tide over his insurance business for the first few years and now the Benson Utility and Insurance Corporation was big enough to support its millionaire chairman of the board.

Actually Joe really didn't need to work, but his work kept him out from underfoot in the house full of babies and women.

When the first twins came Joe made a bargain that for the sake of the children he would give up his *sister*. But after five or six months the old craving came back so Jo's petticoats were moved to the lake cottage where she could find delightful release in her fantasies.

Of course Monica, who took charge of the household and farm accounts so that he could operate the corporation, did not know about his secret. Although she had lots of questions about the bills for winterizing the lake home. He just explained that he needed a place to get away from the kids and do a little hunting and fishing any time he wanted to. She merely shook her head and signed the checks saying that she wished she could run away too.

He tactfully suggested that after all it was her idea to have so many kids; causing her to smile as she studied him closely and asked if Jo liked kids. He swore and arose saying he had given Jo up.

She shrugged and laughed saying that perhaps he was wise. She then told him that she planned to keep herself constantly pregnant for the next few years until she had at least six kids and then she wanted to settle down to raising her own family. She wanted to know if he might object, but he assured her that if she wanted a dozen it was all up to her.

After all he had the business to keep him busy, perhaps she needed something to keep her busy. And so he had four boys and a girl, three of the births just a little over ten months apart and now this new batch in the *oven*.

Returning his thoughts to the basketball scores he was disturbed by Mrs. Paulson, who stood at the doorway and asked, "I wonder Mr. Benson if you wouldn't mind giving us a hand. It's feeding time and..."

"No, Mrs. Benson and I have already made a bargain. The kids are her responsibility and I have mine," he replied angrily turning the page.

"I guess...." she began and then she shrugged leaving him in peace.

About a half hour later Monica came in dressed in a neat blue smock and skirt styled maternity dress. Hurrying over to him she bent and kissed his cheek allowing her fingers to glide over his smooth soft face.

"Just like a baby's bottom," she laughed kissing him again. "How was the fishing?"

"Snowed," he replied a bit coldly before setting the paper aside and looking up at her. "I thought we made a bargain, I gave up Jo and you are in complete charge of the babies and household."

"Why, yes we did," she answered patting his cheek before she took awkwardly lowered herself to the seat in the other easy chair causing her maternal form to bulge almost grotesquely as she leaned back and patted her full tummy. "Twins, I can hear their hearts beat and feel them move about just a little. Girls this time, I'm positive."

Seeing him advert his eyes from her expectant form she asked, "Why don't you like our babies?"

"Oh, Monica, I love kids" he protested. "It's just that may—be, as a man, I just feel nervous around babies." Joe's eyes turned from her intently interested stare and obvious shape, "Babies do belong to women, not with men. And I have my own responsibilities."

"Responsibilities," she mused aloud patting her swollen belly again. "I guess we both share in these responsibilities. If I had known that banning Jo would have resulted in your becoming a throw back to the absolute father role of the nineteenth century I never would have done it. At least Jo could have been a comfort and an extra hand. I'm certain the other ladies would have welcomed her with open arms. If you are willing, I can release you from your part of the bargain until the children are four or so?"

"Look, you're the one that wanted to be rid of Jo, not me. I made an agreement to the effect that Jo went out of our lives just as long as I didn't need to take care of the kids. It was a fair bargain, but it was tough."

He folded the paper angrily, as if to make his point.

"And I know that you wanted to destroy Jo because she was a strange kind of rival. I don't understand how you think. No woman would turn herself into a brood mare like you have in the past three years. God knows I love you, and Jo envied you for your femaleness, almost as much as you held her beauty against her. But, I think this baby factory business is intended to deprive me of a sexual outlet, just out of spite, and by depriving me of Jo, it has been just like making me some kind of artificial insemination device."

She nodded her head thoughtfully, as if she understood, but he knew that she was listening to the babies inside of her, rather than to his complaints...

"You banned Jo to deprive her of the joys of sharing in our child, that was why I made the stipulation about not taking care of the household and babies. Remember, Jo liked to help you around the house?"

“If I was going to be made into a whole man I thought I had the right to have the complete freedom of a man from such details. If I had to help, why couldn't Jo help, at least until they reached an age when it was no longer practical. But you cut her out of me. Now that you need her you think all you have to do is ask for her help after the horrible things you have done to her!”

He shook his head continuing his protest despite her seeming lack of interest....

“How do you know she is still alive...maybe her exile has distorted her figure too? Why do you want her back? She couldn't understand why you wanted her to leave, and I doubt if she could ever want to help you with children that you consider to be completely yours; to the point where they have become an obsession; deprived you of my desire to make love to you when I need your love; and, destroyed the woman who may have been your friend and companion, and our children's companion.”

“Well, well, well,” Monica muttered using her arms to thrust her bulk upwards while arising from the chair and fixing her smock skirt. “You may well be right.”

She shrugged with a smile. “Am I really that cruel?”

“No, damn it,” he swore. “I just don't like to talk about this thing between us. That was why I went to the cabin all last week to work out there and fix it up for the guys that were to come up fishing, and then this snow came and cut off even that little relaxation.”

“Poor lamb,” she noted sympathetically turning to see Mrs. Paulson enter the room. “You must be all tired out from your hard work. Poor child spent all week in his little cabin and is just all tuckered out.”

Mrs. Paulson shook her head with mock sympathy, “Poor thing.”

“Ah, come on,” he complained not liking to be teased as if he was a small child. “So I had a little peace and quiet away from this nursery. After all I'm not a woman and I can't stand crying babies. I haven't the patience. So I went out and fixed up the cabin.”

“While you were fixing the cabin I had the Little House completely refurbished,” Mrs. Benson glanced at Mrs. Paulson, who nodded. “Perhaps you would like to look it over?”

“Sure.”

Knowing that he would get little peace until he did look at what she had done; Joe reluctantly got up from the easy chair to follow her toddling form through the house to the enclosed glass walled hallway that let from their large estate house to the original older estate farm house.

The older house was kept as a servants' house by the previous owners and now was used as a guest house and storage place. Actually, Joe was a bit surprised at hearing that she had spent any time or money on the old place.

Monica opened the front door by operating some sort of push button time lock to reveal that the entrance hall had been enlarged into a waiting room complete with couches and low magazine tables.

The spiral staircase was repainted an ivory white and under the arch formed by the spiral he noted that an elevator door occupied the space once held by a door that led back to the service area.

A small crystal chandelier bathed the pastel blue walls in sparkling light and Joe noted that the room was dominated by a portrait of a lovely brown haired little girl of about six with her beautiful hair swept back into a large blue satin bow with a pony tail formed of several dainty long curls that rested upon her wide white silk and lace collar. Her dress was of matching blue satin of the infantile style so popular for little girls in the fifties and before with its very full short skirts, sash bow of blue silk, and dainty lacy petticoats of white silk that blended with her long white silk stockings and black patent leather Mary Jane pumps. She was attended by a French governess who was handing her a pretty doll.

“Why that's,” Joe began to protest recognizing that the portrait was taken from a snap shot that his mother had taken so many years before of her lovely little petticoated boy!

“Shhh,” Monica murmured with an amused smile. “She was a lovely child, and I thought that her portrait here would be so very decorative.”

She slid open the former library doors to the right of the entrance lounge. The room was a kindergarten styled sleeping lounge with little cots designed for little tots to take their periodic naps during their busy school day. To the right of the double door Joe saw two separate doors decorated with a little Dutch boy and girl respectively to designate the use of the rooms they led into. The sleeping room was decorated in a deep rich yellow gold that was quite interesting in the fact that the plaster bearing the paint apparently had been applied in such a way as to be a very subtle bias—relief depicting several nursery rhymes. At the end of the sleeping room was an infirmary with its own private bedroom and bath.

Monica turned from this room to walk across the entrance lobby to slide open the double doors that once led into the library. Here Joe discovered a large well laid out nursery school playroom—classroom, complete to the last detail for use as a day care pre—school.

From here she led them towards the back of the house through the old dining room that now served as a dining room for pre—schoolers complete with youth chairs and low table; the old kitchen and pantry area, that was now a very modern kitchen service area designed to feed several people or children; and, to the old summer kitchen, which was now a large efficient laundry room complete with commercial washers, dryers with sterilized lighting, and various ironing devices as well as ample storage place for linens and clean clothes.

Joe noted as Monica pressed a button to summon a new back elevator designed so that special soiled clothes carts could be used to move dirty clothes. And that one such cart was placed inside of a little closet with a laundry chute from the upper floors emptying into it.

“It's all very impressive, but isn't it kind of big for seven kids?” he asked getting into the elevator with the two women as Monica pressed the button marked ‘B’. “It looks like a day care center here.”

“It probably is, dearest. Day care centers are very much in demand now days. But, it is difficult to find even unskilled help,” Monica replied as the door slid open to reveal a basement recreation lounge and game room surrounded by several doors. “Each door leads to a private bedroom area. The last door on the right leads to a fire escape. The one on the right is to the old food cellar which has been converted into a very convenient storage area for the children's seasonal clothes. The two doors at this end are for the large bathrooms, one for the boys the other for the girls. All rooms in the building can be monitored for normative disciplinary control.”

“Quite a layout,” he replied noting that there were fourteen bed rooms. “I count fourteen bedrooms, Monica?”

Pretending to count the rooms she smiled impishly and pushed the elevator button marked `2'. “Why, yes, I do believe there are fourteen bedrooms!”

“I thought you only planned on six to begin with? Or is this to be a part of the day care center?”

“I guess it just doesn't hurt to be ready. Just in case your, er, artificial insemination services continue to be as satisfactory as it has been in the past,” she responded with a nervous little giggle.

“Monica,” he protested glancing at Mrs. Paulson, who merely smiled.

His wife laughed with a playful pat on her swollen tummy. “Why not have triplets the next time?”

He shook his head in utter disbelief. Why in the world would she want to have so many babies?

“But, for now I am thinking that we might use the basement rooms for our older boys and girls. We have found a teacher willing to run special after school care center for primary school children until they can be picked up by their parents.”

The elevator door opened and she motioned for them to step out before her. Stepping from the elevator Joe discovered himself in a strange sort of room that vaguely resembled a kind of sound control room for a radio engineer.

The room was generally shaped like an isosceles triangle with the hypotenuse being the long wall that the elevator and back fire escape entered into. The hypotenuse wall also provided for little doors that led to a laundry chute and another small electric elevator that not doubt was used to supply food from the kitchen below and take away dirty dishes. A stainless steel serving counter with a warming oven below it served as the general purpose food storing and tray stacking area. Above the little dumb waiter was another kitchen storage cabinet section.

The two sides of the triangle consisted of glass panels held by tall vertical steel frames with a panel in each such wall mounted as a sliding door. The walls were very similar to those used for glass porches, but when Joe looked into one of the rooms he noticed with surprise that a mirror in the room gave no indication of the glass windows, instead it reflected a panel of a mirrored wall. The wall was made of one way mirror glass!

The `cap' of the triangle was missing so that the slanted walls did not meet. Instead they abutted a short glass wall that was parallel to the hypotenuse. About fifteen feet from the hypotenuse a parallel platform began with three steps leading up to it. This platform had a short guard rail that contained an intercommunications monitor. Facing the short wall was a straight back captain's chair, the seat where the monitor could view what was happening straight ahead and in the rooms to either side.

Through the windowed wall on the right side he saw a toddler's nursery with a padded floor. Two walls contained large plastic draped windows. The wall facing towards the front of the house had a standard door, and another door led into the little room faced by the panel of glass in front of the captain's chair as well as windows and doors the nursery room had several built in wall cupboards designed to store nursery play and service equipment not in use. In general the nursery contained: a sand box set; a toddlers gym set with see—saw, swings, and slide; a large play doll house; a little play table with chairs scaled to toddler size; several high chairs for eating; three playpen like areas for private playing; and four giant stuffed animals for riding and cuddling. The general decor of the toddlers' room was attuned to Mother Goose and in a way Joe thought the room to be quite charming.

The left side windows of the triangle looked into a complete infant care nursery for pre—toddlers. Joe studied the room in fascination seeing five basket cribs similar to those used in hospitals, roller playpens, a bath station with a counter for diapering, a weighing table, a small formula kitchen, large cabinets for diaper and clothing storage, and so much equipment that Joe had no idea as to what it all could be used for. He noted also that a door led from this room to the little room in front of the captain's chair and another mirror door led from the baby nursery through a mirrored wall causing Joe to guess that that wall also permitted a view into the nursery.

Above the captain's chair he noted several TV monitor screens that looked into individual rooms or bath rooms. But, being a bit curious about the little wall facing the captain's chair below the screens he walked up the three steps and looked down from behind the chair to see that the glass wall looked into a small bathroom with a toilet bowl facing away from the captain's chair so that the monitor could watch each toddler's little rear as she relieved herself in her training chair. The fact that the toilet itself was made of clear glass intrigued him.

“Why?” he asked as he pointed.

Monica touched a button on the captain's chair and the toilet flushed.

“An efficient way to monitor toilet training and still allow a certain amount of self sufficiency. Also the nurse can keep track of every child and her aide all the time.

“Does the nurse use that bathroom?” Joe asked doubtfully.

“Of course, the room is quite private. But, I guess she really would have enough privacy; because, as you so wisely noted, only women attend to babies.”

With this comment she slid open the door into the toddler nursery and led the way to the other door that opened unto a long hall parallel by five doors on either side. Pausing at one of the doors she opened it to reveal a toddler bedroom with its crib.

“Isn't it darling. The room is monitored from the captain's chair and the door to the left leads to a little short hallway that connects this bedroom with the next and permits the children to share the bathroom between their two rooms. One child to each room. The two bed rooms at the end of the hall have their own private bathroom individually; for those rooms are for the eldest pre—schoolers. With everything monitored by the nursemaid in the captain's chair.”

Closing the bedroom door she continued down the hallway until they reached a lounge area. Turning to her left she passed the elevator and stair entrance to her left and opened a door straight ahead of her. The door opened into a short narrow hallway. To the right of the hallway was a femininely styled bathroom and a little dressing room with considerable closet space. To the left of the hallway was a large bedroom.

Three of its walls were decorated with an ivory white wall paper with little floral bouquets held by dainty pink cherubs design adding to the paper's soft finish. Dark blue satin drapes, bedspread, and vanity skirt gave the room a restful feminine touch as did the starched lace curtains. The rug was a matching dark blue in soft pile to blend with the drapes. The furniture was early modern in design made out of dark cheery wood. The vanity and night stand had little doll lamps, while the ceiling was indirect. A single straight back chair, a rocking chair, and the vanity stool provided the total seating space other than the bed.

A console stereo T.V., VCR, AM—FM. stereo, and CD tape unit with record storage area provided the basic recreational focus of the room as did a large bookcase which Joe noted contained books mostly on infant and small child care, and nursery reading books. Most of the video tapes under the VCR were also instructional tapes on infant and child care.

What once may have been a large closet now served as a glass door isolation room containing a small crib and several items of nursery equipment.

As Joe had guessed correctly before, one entire wall centered with a sliding door was a window looking into the large infant nursery.

What intrigued Joe most of all was a large portrait which hung over the head of the bed. The reason that he was interested was because the picture was covered with blue satin.

“Isn't this a lovely room for our staff nurse maid?” Monica asked lowering herself into a near sitting position in the comfortable rocking chair.

“It looks okay. It will do.”

“I'm glad you are so enthusiastic,” she laughed as Mrs. Summers entered the bedroom also. “I do so want you to be happy. You have seemed to be so very unhappy recently. Perhaps you are suffering from a guilty conscience. When did you break our bargain, dearest?”

Joe was shocked by her lack of discretion before the other two women. But, most of all, he was surprised to discover that she may have know the truth.

Looking at the two smiling women and then at his wife, who was very gently rocking herself as her hands rested placidly upon her swollen belly, he gambled.

“I have kept my part of the bargain,” he lied turning his head from her to the nursery and then towards the two amused women standing in the closed door way to the bed room. He had the uneasy feeling that he was somehow being prepared for a trap!

With growing nervousness he unconsciously measured the physical size of the two matrons, but their eyes only showed amused tolerance.

“Have you really, my dearest?” she countered patting her tummy. “I think not. You have been pampering little Jo behind my back.”

“Must we drag our dirty linen out in front of our friends?” he protested.

“They are quite accustomed to dirty linen, after all babies..,” she sighed with a shrug. “But, you wouldn't understand.”

“I have kept our bargain.”

“I doubt that. I've know about your use of the cabin ever since you had it suitable for year around use. When I signed the checks I had a feeling that your part of our bargain had already been broke. So I had Mrs. Summers drive me up to look over the cabin to see for myself what changes you had made. I felt just like a jealous wife raiding a love nest kept by her unfaithful husband.

“I was rather disappointed, a woman five months pregnant is all to concerned about the husband's love now that her figure is so plump and unattractive, and you couldn't even keep your promise for a few months.”

“I'm sorry, honey. I just had too. But, it has nothing to do with your being pregnant, it was just that Jo had to live too.”

He felt like a small child caught cheating.

“I guess I really never understood your personality,” she continued dismissing his apology. “You really are two completely different people. I did not know that, if I had we may never have had our present problems. I felt that perhaps you needed Jo to make you happy while my time was filled with our first little burdens. I also hoped that your bringing Jo back might soften the hardness you seemed to be developing towards our unborn darlings. After all, your dear feminine soul mate often spoke of children and how much she would love to have been able to have her own, and of how much she envied me.”

She closed her eyes and learned back in the chair saying;

“I was quite optimistic, but wrong. The closer my time came the more defined became your masculine personality became despite your little visits to the cabin. I began to see that the Jo I knew and the Joe I married were really two completely different people. And frankly the feminine Jo would have been more sympathetic to my condition, as any woman might, even a rival like Jo. I had thought that our first children might give you interests that might lure you away from your feminine self. I will admit to that.

“But, when I saw you abandon your own wife for her I knew that I had made a very grave mistake. Do you have any idea of how I felt when you come back from your little love affairs with yourself to play at making love with me in hopes that your virility would make me heavy again so that you could return to your true love? It became a

kind of joke with you. At home you were the stern father refusing to share in attending to our children and using a bargain you had secretly broken as an excuse to be cold towards your own wife and children. And away from home you could play while I kept my end of the bargain in hopes that you might change.”

“I’ll admit that I may have been pretty unfair, but if you knew my secret why didn’t you just tell me. I would have told you the truth,” he stated honestly enough. “I need Jo perhaps as much as you want to be perpetually pregnant.”

Monica laughed until little tears ran down her cheek.

“Oh, my, how very pretty you make our relationship sound. But you are so wrong about me. All I wanted was a couple of babies. A boy for me and a girl for you. That is all.”

“But, you have talked of having six or more since...”

“Shhh,” she admonished placing her finger to her lips. “I shall now tell you the truth. It is our little moment of truth. Yes, I told your lovely ‘sister’ I wanted six children. Do you ever remember anytime before the twins that I told you I wanted more than one baby?”

“I guess not.”

“I was just teasing her a little.” Mrs. Benson nodded her head as if that was all. “Catty girl talk. But, when I had the twins and knew of your unfaithfulness, I considered all kinds of ways to get you back. I had lots of time to think about it. Maternity gives a woman lots of time to think.

“First I had to add it all up between myself and Jo...”

“You talk as if she was a real woman,” he protested in disbelief. “She is just a fantasy, a whim. No more. I’ll sell the cabin...”

“I have made arrangements for that already.” she announced with an impatient wave to dismiss his suggestion. “Besides, I think we have had enough of your promises and I am now ready to set matters straight.”

“What right have you to sell the cabin?” he demanded angrily.

“It’s mine legally, or did you forget about my responsibilities as mistress of this house as well as your own as master? I just sold it, and that was that. It is indeed fortunate that the lovely Jo is just a little larger in size than I for I think she has excellent taste in clothes.”

She clasped her hands under her tummy and rocked a bit.

“But, let’s talk about lovely Jo and I. To begin with she was an old flame of yours, whom you have known all your life. I was a recent friend. She was poor but beautiful, and I was plain but rich. You know I didn’t think of it then when you introduced me to your amusingly beautiful beloved but you were like a sultan introducing a new rich concubine to his first love,” she giggled, “I think you are bigamist.”

“Oh, come off it and be serious!”

“Well, now for some silly man, who has been parading around in satin and lacy skirts like a burlesque comic while his wife bore his children and nursed them; you

are hardly in the position to tell her she isn't entitled to a little foolishness," Mrs. Benson countered. "So, now, be a good dear and listen to me."

Seeing him bow his head she continued;

"When I saw those dresses in your little cabin hide—a—way I began to do some serious thinking about the two women in your life. Oh, how tempted I was to expose you. But, I would stand to lose a great deal; for divorce is not an easy thing for a woman with babies. The mere economics of life would make divorce quite complicated.

"So I had to seek another answer to our problem. For many hours I sat discussing things with Mrs. Summers and Mrs. Paulson, and then I think we came up with a most intriguing idea. My first step was to consolidate my controls over our family estate and then I had a long heart to heart chat with your business manager, a very ambitious young man."

"You didn't tell him?" he almost pleaded...

"No, dearest," she replied with an amused smile. "I just talked to him about his taking over the corporation. Remember the proxy you gave me for your votes because you were afraid that your single ownership might cause tax troubles? And that time when you signed that power of attorney over the farm to me? Really, dearest, you are a very poor businessman, when it comes to picking general managers and lawyers, but come to think of it the lawyer was mine, wasn't he? So, to make it short, I own everything, look, stock, and barrel."

"But..." he stammered in wonderment. "The corporation..."

"You forgot that when the corporation was formed my lawyer suggested that its capital investment fund be based upon the real value of the farm. It is not so very complicated. With the proxy votes for control of the corporation and the farm I merely combined the two and had you sign the farm and all of its properties over to me. And now I am chairman of the board and your general manager is president of the corporation. You have had a very expensive week, up at the cabin this week, you have lost everything you own. But, don't fret dearest I shall care for you."

"But, I trusted you," and then he realized that she too could break a promise for she had pledged to use the votes of proxy only upon his consent. "So we are even. I suppose you want me to pack up and leave."

"Ah, how easy you make it all sound," she laughed to herself. "But, in a way, you are right."

He nodded his understanding. "Can I take Jo's things with me?"

Mrs. Benson glanced at the two women and smiled.

"You know, I am wondering about something. About two years ago you began to complain about being overweight, remember when you complained and I suggested that you see my doctor and have her give you a diet?"

"Yes," he replied.

"I suppose you have had to buy new clothes for Jo?"

“The diet kept things under control pretty much,” he countered with a slight blush. “Just a size larger.”

She nodded her head.

“Well, I guess you have been lucky. I have grown considerably more than one size in the past four years, and I doubt if any diet will help to reduce me,” she placed her hands under her large full bosoms.

“Brood mares began to lose their maidenly shape after the third set of twins. I must eat so that the babies are properly nourished before and after birth, thus I must make allowances in my weight. It's too bad. Jo is very lucky she isn't a matron. Yes, very lucky to keep her vaunted beauty, that so appeals to you and takes you from plain little Monica.”

“I have always loved you,” he murmured. “And as you have said, Jo was naturally a little taller and bigger than you. If you want her things after the kids have been born you can have them. I'll let you have them if we can patch things up and try again.

“Ah, I am happy to hear that you want to stay. And I shall be all too happy to take Jo's lovely wardrobe. I had planned to anyway.”

She placed the palms of her hands firmly against her lap.

“Perhaps we can start all over again. That would be all right. Only, this time we shall make no bargains. The last time I let you have lots of sex, allowed you to play at being the big executive, let you keep a mistress at the cabin, and allowed you to lie for almost four years. Now you are going to learn all about responsibility.”

She studied him quite thoughtfully.

“Yes, indeed, you are going to become very responsible. I am going to give you only that which you can earn. Do you think you can work hard enough to earn back your self respect in my eyes?”

“I'll try,” he retorted almost sarcastically, not liking the idea of her talking down to him as if he were one of her toddlers or some sort of servant.

“And then you can play at being Jo. I see no reason to let Jo hide herself. We can become close friends again.”

Mrs. Benson shrugged glancing up from her husband to her matronly friends. “And she can have two more womanly friends as well. A regular bridge club.”

“I...” he began a bit doubtfully, knowing that she was teasing him. “I, don't know...”

“But, Mrs. Benson is so right, dearest,” Mrs. Summers exclaimed as she and Mrs. Paulson each took one of his hands and patted them affectionately.

“Another woman about the house would be wonderful,” Mrs. Paulson promised. “Your wife has shown us pictures of your *sister* and she must be quite sweet. We simply must meet her. We do want to be her friends.”

Joe felt a little thrill of happiness. Perhaps things might be much better than he had at first thought. Jo and Monica had once been very good girl friends, almost sisters. “If you want, Monica?”

“Of course dearest, I wouldn't have it any other way.”

She waved her hand as if the matter were settled.

“But, this weight business of yours does bother me a bit. I thought the doctor's diet would help. And we have made certain that you kept strictly to it while you were here. After all, Jo shouldn't let her pretty figure go. Certainly not like I have let mine go. Are you secretly eating when you are at the cabin?”

“No,” he murmured in reply; for, his weight had also bothered him. In fact he, tended to keep to the diet, if not stricter, when he was Jo. “But, I just haven't been able to stop gaining weight. Although, I must say the scales haven't shown any actual weight gain. It's as if the weight were shifting. My arms and legs and neck are thinner.”

“Yes, even your face seems less plump. But, your beard has become lighter also, which must make Jo very happy,” Monica added seriously. “If your body is becoming thinner, where is the weight going? To your waistline?”

“Oh, no,” he answered knowingly. “My waist hasn't gained a single inch. But my hips and chest are quite a bit plumper than before.”

“How strange,” Monica observed as if a bit awed. And then she quite suddenly began to laugh. “Why, Joe, darling, it sounds like you are turning in to a woman!”

He had thought of that uncomfortable thought himself. “Impossible.”

“But, darling, your are,” she stated with a shrug.

“After all we have been giving you a regular increasing dosage of estrogen with that lovely diet. And those weight reducing pills are a wonderful combination of hormones ranging from those produced in the female pituitary to thyroxin and hydrocortisone. Our doctor has been quite understanding, hasn't she?”

“No!” he cried out in angry protest, “Monica, you can't! I'm your husband!”

“I like Jo better,” she stated with childlike certainty, “and since you seem to prefer her also,” she shrugged as if the matter were settled adding a little chuckle. “Why I bet you must fill that B cup you use to fill so comfortably with foam rubber.”

He blushed a deep pink touching his chest to confirm her suspicion causing the other matrons to look at each other with a knowing nod.

“Mrs. Summers was a nurse before she married her husband. She did most of her nursing in obstetrics. She has been quite handy and I am certain she will become a great help, as has her husband.”

“Her husband?” Joe asked becoming even more confused by her changing the subject. “I don't understand.”

“You will,” she promised.

“I don't like this business.” he muttered turning to leave but discovering that the two matrons still held his hands and that they were now holding him quite firmly. “Okay, what is going on here?”

“Why, I am going to teach you how to grow up. I have produced just about enough babies, and now they will require our full attention”

He tried to understand what was happening. “I..”

“Oh, not you dearest, you don't like babies,” she laughed to herself as if enjoying a private joke. “I am just about done with my husband Joe. But, I do need our darling Jo. It is time that she stopped being a little girl and began to accept her role as a woman. If she is to be self supporting as a woman, she must have suitable work for someone still unskilled. Although she may well soon have some very valuable attributes.”

She arose to exchange a knowing secret grin with the other two matrons, who chuckled over some secret joke that he did not understand as she reached over to snatch the blue satin drape from the portrait to reveal a beautiful woman dressed in a white satin ball gown.

“I have always cherished this photo of Jo when she went with me to the country club dance. No one knew that their lovely dancing partner was really my nice masculine husband. Of all your little pictures I think this one shows our Jo at her peak of feminine beauty. So I had this painting made of her for her bedroom, as a special reminder.”

“Bed...,” he began to protest and then he struggled like a wild animal against the firm holds of the two matrons, who were no longer smiling!

“No!”

Mrs. Benson merely ignored his pleas and sat in the rocker to pat her tummy thoughtfully and watch as he struggled helplessly while the other two matrons set about to methodically removed his clothes to reveal the near feminine perfection of his naked body with its nearly flat tummy, narrow waistline, wide hips, and all too rounded rear to his wife, who noted with amused pleasure the obvious fullness of his breasts surmounted by plump erect finger like nipples jutting from the nearly conical aureole area!

“Please, Monica, tell me this is some kind of joke,” he started to plead as Mrs. Paulson and Mrs. Summers held his arms behind his back while his wife arose to use her hands to inspect the results of his feminization, even to the point of examining his all too excited sexual organs!

“That will never do, Jo dearest. Women simply just do not have such nasty randy tumors,” his wife giggled releasing his organ with a wry smile of mock disgust. “But, I must confess that the rest of you is coming along just fine. Don't you agree ladies?”

“Frankly, I agree with you about those awful tumors,” Mrs. Paulson laughed with a disapproving nod of her head. “And I do feel that we should do something to make her a little more docile. We shouldn't have to wrestle with her every time we want her to do something.”

“Yes,” Mrs. Summers concurred holding him in check with an arm lock as he still struggled to break free, “We must tame her somehow.” She patted his rear thought-

fully to add, "I also think she could add about twenty pounds. Nurse maids should be a bit chubby."

"Well then, let's see what we agree upon," his wife noted as if summing up their opinions. "It appears that we want to be rid of those nasty tumors," the ladies nodded their agreement causing him to renew his efforts to escape! "Which should make her more docile and help fatten her up."

"I think that sums it up perfectly," Mrs. Summers laughed before she released her grip to go into the bathroom only to return quickly carrying a tray which she placed upon the night stand to take from it a bottle and a large hypodermic needle!

As he watched in absolute terror; she dabbed a piece of cotton in alcohol and then approached his now kicking and struggling form that frantically tried to break free from Mrs. Paulson's arm—lock.

"Help!"

His wife arose and pulled the satin bedspread aside from the bed to reveal that the bed was covered with a large white rubber sheet.

"Tie her!"

Mrs. Summers set the needle and cotton aside to grab one of his legs and suddenly he found himself tied spread eagle between the bed posts, held firmly with lengths of nylon cords furnished by his wife from her smock pocket.

He was tied so that he was partially sitting against the pillows while Mrs. Summers picked the needle up again and as his wife gently lifted his sexual organs he continued to struggle against the bonds in desperation seeing that Mrs. Summers was now calmly swabbing a spot beneath his scrotum held carefully up by his wife with his testes between her fingers as the needle slipped in place before Mrs. Summers pushed in the plunger.

Holding the pad over the needle she withdrew it and quickly disposed of it before placing the hypodermic syringe on the tray and throwing the cotton swab she used into a waste basket.

Slowly an anesthetic like numbness spread over his loin while the women turned their backs to his struggling efforts leaving him to his fears of what they had in mind.

"Please, I beg of you!" he cried feeling the numbness give way to a strange burning sensation throughout his testicles!

"But, dearest, I'm not going to harm *you*, *Jo dearest*. We have done nothing to you that a woman should fear," she murmured in a soothing tone. "And, after all, Joe you did complain that you didn't want to be an artificial insemination machine any more. Now you won't have to be one."

"Please, NOOOOOoooo!" his screams filled the room as he felt the burning searing through his loins.

"Now, when Mr. Summers uses that chemical castration injection on his little piglets and baby bulls, you should hear them squeal," Mrs. Summers noted reaching over and gently examining his now empty scrotum! "There now, you have had your little

accident and our doctor can try to fix you up,” she noted without any emotion. “She will, of course, conclude that the only solution is to rid you of the rest of that useless nasty growth and make you into a woman, now that you have tried to mutilate yourself for the same purpose. You have no idea how horrified we all were to find out about your accident.”

He turned his face towards the wall to hide his tears.

“Poor child,” Mrs. Summers sighed preparing another needle.

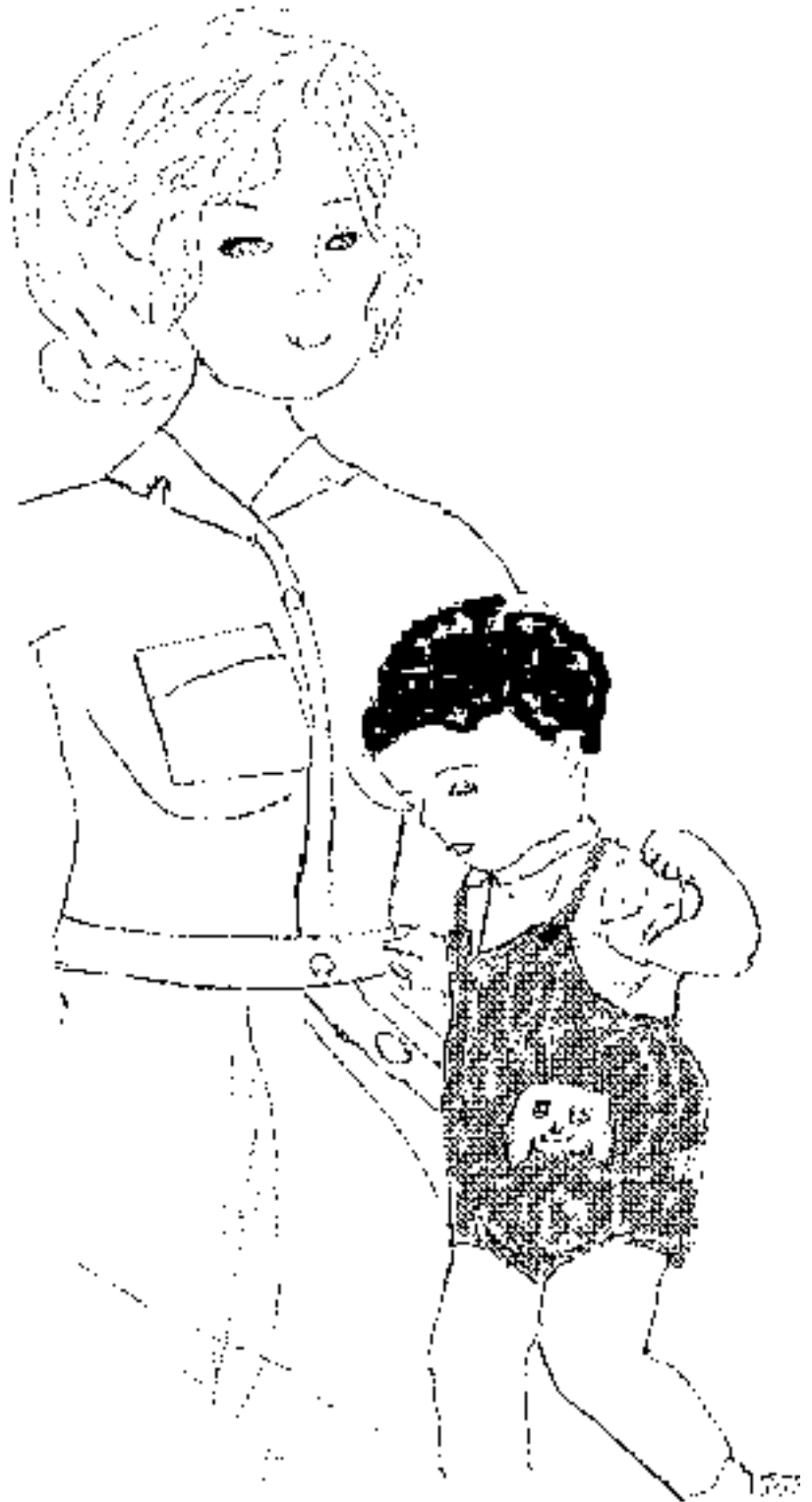
“This should make you feel a lot better. It's a tranquilizer we use on very aggressive patients. It makes them frightened little mice. After a few weeks we will stop using it because by then your hormone balance should do just about the same task. Domestic animals are really quite docile.”

He pretended not to hear her, feeling the needle enter his arm. In a few minutes his pumping heart slowed slightly and he felt quite relaxed as the tensions from his recent experience retreated before the drug. A kind of complacency took over his anxious mind.

“How do you feel, dear?”

“Relaxed,” he murmured truthfully. “It's very strange, just as if I really didn't have a care in the world.”

“You really don't, anymore,” his wife observed. “Soon you will be the girl of your dreams. And we want her to be quite content, very happy. You do believe me, don't you?”



"I think so," he whispered feeling Mrs. Paulson release the cords about his wrist and ankles. "Yes. You're cruel, but you do want me to be happy."

"Hmmm," Mrs. Summers mused filling another hypodermic needle. "I had no idea that her breasts would be so well formed at this stage. This stuff is pretty potent Mrs. Benson."

"How much does you husband usually use?" his wife asked watching Mrs. Summers complete the task of filling the large hypo. "Our doctor said that once the estrogen and the other chemicals had multiplied and increased the size of the ducts and created the buds it would require just a little hormone to trigger the balance."

"I'm not particularly worried about a lack of potency," Mrs. Summers replied placing the needle aside as her fingers examined his breasts, which were quite fat and yet firm. "I would guess `C' cups?"

"Yes," he replied almost amused by her concern. "But I prefer to wear a smaller cup so that they are held firmer. They are really quite pretty, aren't they," he laughed, no longer feeling any shame.

"Hmm," she said looking up at Mrs. Benson. "My husband says that the hormone causes considerable enlargement."

"Dr. Butler was certain that the hormone would be quite effective, but she wasn't too sure of its aesthetic results on a human being," his wife mentioned. "It's pretty experimental. How long will it take before they become firm, and how big will they be?"

"Probably four days of constant swelling as the previous medication is bolstered and encouraged to increase their results, and then two days to stimulate the pituitary. A week. As to size," she shrugged, "I can only say that I wouldn't be surprised at DD cups at the smallest."

Almost tenderly he touched his breasts. "They could be firmer."

"Ah, how vain she always is," Mrs. Benson observed to their giggling delight. "I think the local should have worn off enough for her to dress herself."

"Okay," Mrs. Summers murmured with a knowing shrug seeing that the die was cast. Taking a dab of cotton soaked in alcohol she touched the aureole of his right breast and then slipped the needle deeply into the fatty tissue. She then repeated the process with his other breast. "Do you think you can stand up now Jo?"

"I don't like that name Jo," Mrs. Paulson announced watching him slowly sit up, and then stand up. "She needs a better name."

"How about Bossy," Mrs. Summers announced causing the others to laugh.

"Delightful," Mrs. Benson replied. "But, not naturally feminine. I think she should pick her own name, a name suitable for a plump contented nurse maid. Darling, while you think of a name, Mrs. Paulson will help you dress."

Meekly he nodded his head and followed Mrs. Paulson to the dressing room wondering why his wife seemed so determined to fatten him up.

"First a bath and your toilette. You can do that yourself, I'm told, so why don't you?"

“Yes, ma'am,” he murmured and retreated into the bath room. After a few minutes he returned from the bathroom and the soft fragrance of roses filled the room.

“I don't believe you have ever worn sanitary panties and cloth before. But you may bleed a little today,” Mrs. Paulson suggested handing him the panty with a napkin pad, which he slipped on and adjusted.

“The corset isn't very pretty, but it is very practical. Unfortunately we didn't have your correct size exactly. We borrowed most of these clothes just to keep you comfortable for the first week. And then we should know the right size for at least your bra cup.”

He nodded his understanding and accepted the cotton and boned white corset which he easily zipped up once it was in place. Actually it was quite loose fitting except at the waist where it hugged his form firmly but gently. The bust cups were D cups and Mrs. Paulson merely padded them to assure a proper fit with a set of falsies.

“In a few days we won't need them,” she commented seriously as her fingers adjusted the shoulder straps and checked the fit. Satisfied with her handiwork she handed him a simple white nylon slip with wide comfortable straps and no frill trimming. “Your wife felt that your clothes should be comfortable and very practical.”

His nylons were white and once they were tautly attached to his garters he noticed that they were support hose made of a sturdy combination of cotton and nylon. The shoes were white Oxford nurse's shoes designed for working rather than fashion. The dress was a white nylon nurse's uniform tailored to fit the corset lines with large pocket at each breast.

The uniform zipped up in the back and once he had managed to zip it closed she took him back into the bath room where she placed a cape about his shoulders and began to dampen his hair for a permanent wave.

“Once you have been with us awhile your hair should grow long enough for a more delightfully feminine styling. But it should be like a summer cut now. I suppose you prefer a wig?”

“Yes, I have some at the cabin.”

She smiled. “Well, then, this shall have to do.”

Finished with setting his hair she attached a drying cap and allowed him to apply the basic cosmetics available. Clear nail polish, lipstick, powder base and powder, eye shadow, mascara, eyebrow pencil, lash curler, and tweezers to pluck out stray eyebrow hairs into a thin all too feminine arch, which she did.

A simple wrist watch and white plastic apron completed his dress. In a few minutes his hair was dry and she styled it.

“There, all ready to meet your mistress. For, now you are the household nurse maid,” Mrs. Summers announced. “You will remember your station, woman. As a domestic you must be polite. You address us by our status and name, and her babies by their first names, and the infants as Master or Mistress with their first name. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mrs. Paulson.”

“A slight curtsy would be sweet,” she suggested. “And remember you are hired to attend to her children and not to be an individual. If we want to hear you speak, we shall address you. If you want to speak to us, curtsy and ask permission. The word ‘I’ must be eliminated from your conversation, the polite address is, ‘Does Mrs. Paulson wish her servant to do such and such.’ Or, ‘May nanny help you, Master Joseph?’ Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mrs. Paulson, your servant understands.” He curtsied.

“Excellent. Now come with me.”

Once they had returned to the bedroom Mrs. Benson, quite pleased with the transformation that had taken place, examined her new servant carefully, . “Well, what is your new name to be?”

“Josephine, ma'am,” he replied with a curtsy.

“Hmmm, much too fancy,” his wife mused. “I’ll call you Emily, I looked it up in the name book and it means ‘the industrious’. Would you like to be called Emily?”

“Yes, Mrs. Benson,” was the curtsied answer.

“Emily,” she began returning to the rocking chair as the two women left the room.

“I have taken you into my employment despite the fact that you have no references. Mrs. Summers and Mrs. Paulson will train you in your new duties. You will have complete twenty—four hour responsibility for this floor of the nursery, and you shall live in this room. There is a large open back roof area over the garages which I have fenced and set up as the outdoor play yard. It is large enough for the infants for their winter and summer play, and will permit you a chance to get some fresh air. Otherwise you shall not be permitted to leave this floor of the house. Your meals, and those of the babies will be sent up to you on the little dumb waiter. In short this shall be your new home, as well as the home for my children.”

“I am certain you will be kept very busy.” She chuckled. “You will be permitted off this floor for four hours, twice a week,” she continued with renewed seriousness using a condescending voice as her eyes studied the new servant girl.

“Twice a week Mrs. Summers shall inspect these quarters and escort you to the laundry room where you may relax from the demands of the duties here and care for the nursery as well as your own laundry; while Mrs. Summers baby sits for you. After four hours you shall be returned to here by Mrs. Paulson, who will have supervised your laundry work.”

She paused to straighten her smock skirt.

“We have made every effort to protect the children from harm. The elevator is locked and only we shall have the key, but not you. The fire doors are rigged with a fire lock that sounds an alarm when the glass is broken to reach the door handle. The windows are screened and the porch is fenced in. No one on this floor can run away, or be foolish, without setting off an alarm.”

He nodded his silent understanding.

“Your duties are suitable for an unskilled woman. You will keep this place antiseptically clean, including your own quarters. The floors, walls, and everything solid will be scrubbed with a hand brush and carefully polished to a lovely shine to the point where you can see your face in its mirror like gloss. The beds will be all neatly made with precise tautness and folds, and you shall not use starch to keep things crisp. Starch is hard on tender skin. Linens and body clothes will be completely changed each day, including your own. In short you will keep your home meticulously clean.

“If not, you will simply sleep in a laundry hamper filled with soiled diapers over night, so that you will understand the importance of cleanliness.”

Emily winced at the mere thought of such a torture.

“I'm certain you won't allow yourself that pleasure,” Mrs. Benson remarked.

“You will watch the babies and infants from the little control booth we have provided for you. You will attend to their every need and in general serve as their nurse from morning to night. There will be, at first, five babies and four infants. Three of the babies are ours. The last twins and the little one before. The twins are ours also, to account for two of the infant toddlers. The two other babies belong to Mrs. Summer's sister, who works in town and will pay for their care so that she may be free. The two other infants belong to Mrs. Paulson. In time you will have my newest twins and that should make it seven and four. Others may be added as word about our day care center spreads.

“A big responsibility, but I am certain you will find your work enjoyable and rewarding once your motherly instincts come into play. Since you are unable to bear your own young, this shall make an excellent substitute, I'm sure. Jo spoke so lovingly of having lots of children that I am certain your fondest dreams will be satisfied. Let us hope that the real thing is not too far from your dreams, Emily.”

Through the windowed wall Emily watched Mrs. Summers and Mrs. Paulson place their little burdens into three cribs as another woman removed the bunting from her babies and placed them into the two remaining cribs. Two of the women withdrew to leave Mrs. Summers in charge.

“As I have said, Mrs. Paulson will train you in your housekeeping and infant care duties. And Mrs. Summers shall train you in the art of taking care of the babies. You shall learn by doing and within three weeks you should be ready to take complete charge. During this period I shall help you in your training also, so that from six in the morning to ten at night we shall each take a shift and train you in a different phase. I assure you, we will make you a very capable nurse maid. And you will be at your very best behavior, won't you? I shouldn't want to discipline you further.”

“Yes, ma'am.”

“Of course you will,” she agreed as the door opened to reveal Mrs. Paulson with one of the twin infant boys, who upon seeing his mother quickly ran to her side.

“How is my little baby boy,” she asked leaning forward in the chair to hug the little two and a half year old. With a smile towards Emily and Mrs. Paulson she opened her blouse causing the infant boy to eagerly seek what she had to offer him!

Emily watched in stunned amazement as the boy began to nurse!

“I have kept them at my breast for special little treats,” she laughed looking at Emily. “It helps to drain the excess and at the same time I find it most comforting. Yet, I must admit that I have done it for a very special reason. Of course, the twins are old enough to take solids and only once each day are they entitled to this little treat. Which they thoroughly enjoy, as you can see.

“It is absolutely amazing how maternal I have become because of my husband's little whims. But, in a few weeks I shall wean them all and began to enjoy being a normal woman again.”

Withdrawing the pap she re—buttoned her blouse and held the boy close.

“Come here, Emily, I want you to meet Master Joseph,” she noted turning the child until he faced his new nanny. “Joey, this is your new nanny. She will love you, just like mommy does.”

“Nanny, nanny, nanny,” he repeated a bit uncertainly as he eyed the large woman before him dressed in white.

“You haven't met your children before, I am afraid he is a little shy. Perhaps if you crouch before him you won't appear to be so gigantic?”

“Yes, ma'am,” Emily replied doing as directed and motioning for the child to come forward. “Come to Emily, Master Joseph, like a good little boy.”

Quite shyly he began to walk towards Emily and then he suddenly saw a familiar sight and fairly ran to her crying, “Nursy, Emily, nursy!”

As Emily enfolded the eager loving little child his little hands rested on her bosom and before she realized his experienced fingers pulled aside the pocket flap to reveal her slip, and in absolute disbelief Emily saw the child place each hand to the vertical seam on the slip bosom bodice to part the older seam revealing the bra.

“No, Master Joseph, that...”

With a happy smile he tugged the nursing flap open allowing the falsie to fall to the floor before his somewhat surprised eyes.

“No, nursy,” he exclaimed with bitter disappointment.

“He is a very bright little boy,” Mrs. Benson observed in laughing delight taking the boy back into her arms. “I wore that dress and I guess he just automatically assumed. In fact these clothes in this room are all mine with a few new ones and leaving out the less useful things. After all, you will have very little use for cocktail dresses and the like.”

Mrs. Paulson took the boy from his mother and left the room.

“Well, now, that should take care of most of this interview, Emily,” she commented standing up and watching Emily replace the falsie and closed the front of the bodice with knowing fears.

“Don't be too disappointed, dearest, in a week you won't need to stuff your bras-siere.”

She watched Emily stand up and straighten the uniform and noted with amusement how loosely it hung about the servant's form. "It is a rather large dress, isn't it Emily, not at all like the lovely form fitting dresses you usually wear."

"It is rather large, ma'am," Emily murmured.

"Yes, it is a bit of a change from a sixteen to a forty—two. It is a very motherly size, just right for a nurse maid with nine babies. And in a few weeks you will require that corset to keep your plump form in shape," she gleefully suggested. "For the doctor has suggested a very rich diet for you. I am afraid that you will have to envy the petite one in the painting over your bed, just as I have these many years."

Emily looked at the painting and then to Mrs. Benson beginning to see the full measure of her revenge against the lovely Jo. "But, Emily will look just awful, ma'am."

"The children will find her very cuddly and soft just like a big rubber dolly," Mrs. Benson remarked with taunting delight. "And, besides, I am more interested in production than beauty."

The word washed over Emily's mind like ice cold water.

"Production, ma'am?"

"A woman must eat quite well if she is to be in shape to care for nine hungry babies and infants," Mrs. Benson observed reaching over to touch her new servant's bodice.

"Mrs. Summers has stimulated your lovely breasts with a thyroxin, hydrocortisone, insulin, and a pituitary drug which in turn will suppress the hormones we gave you earlier to give you your feminine form; just as my little operation cut off the male hormone supply. Soon your pituitary will began to produce a large continuous quality of prolactin which will in about two days began to fill your milk buds and then the ducts. In a week you will began to let down more milk than any wet nurse known."

Emily stared at her in absolute wonderment.

"Mr. Summers has been using a new wonder hormone for his dairy herd," she continued seeing with sheer delight the anxious expression on Emily's frightened face. "It doubles milk production requiring four milkings a day instead of the usual two."

Emily covered a lovely face knowing now what she had planned and why she had had so many babies.

"Please, no, Monica, please!"

Monica patted her transformed husband upon the shoulder as if to console him.

"But, darling, you wanted to have many little babies, and some one must wet nurse them. Just think of all the bottles you won't have to mess with and all the formula you won't need to mix."

She smiled savoring the pleasure of her revenge against the lovely Jo.

"Just think of how nice it will be to cradle a little baby in you plump little arms and feel her sweet suckling lips tenderly massaging your large full pap until her little belly is filled with your rich warm sweet milk."

She released Emily and glanced at the painting.

“Oh, how vain you were as a little girl, and now you shall share in the duty of motherhood. When I put on my slim dresses and began to go out into the world again I shall indeed envy you and your beautiful babies, just as Jo once did.

“Perhaps, in time, I may forget my hours of child—bearing as I visit those lovely Paris shops and try on those new gowns I shall buy with our money. Yes, perhaps, in time, I may began to forget those four long years when my body slowly lost all of its femininity in favor of my present cow like existence.

“In four years they shall all be old enough for you to become pretty again, but unlike a woman, your breasts will not really shrink as much as they should. You shall always have that matronly bosom that American men are said to adore so much. A perfect thirty six figure with a forty two bosom, an enchanting figure.”

Emily placed lovely long fingers upon a slowly swelling bosom wondering at the thought of becoming a wet nurse for so many babies!

“But, dearest, who knows, I may find another husband. After all I am a young woman still. Twenty—five. If I marry I can have more babies to give over to you so that you may rear and nurse them also with loving care.

“After all in a few years you will have come to love taking care of little babies. We have so many working mothers, like Mrs. Summer's sister, who will need a baby care center like this, and a well trained wet nurse maid for their babies...

“There is something enchanting about a woman nursing a child. It stimulates a deep tie between you and the child, a kind of mutual gratification unlike anything in the world you have ever known. It is quite rewarding and satisfying to know that some one very close you your heart needs you, and wants you.”

She kissed Emily and walked to the door.

“Emily, you are very lucky to be a wet nurse. I think Jo would have been very happy to be in your place, despite what you may think at this moment.

“In time you will forget this day and think only of being a woman instead of a vain little girl. When you have learned how to be a woman I shall let you go your own way, if you wish. A simple operation may return your productive breasts to that beauty you once so dearly wanted. And then perhaps instead o mistress and wet nurse we can again become sisters. It all depends upon you.

“We once made a bargain that you broke. Now, I am going to trust you once again, I want you to promise me as Jo, or Emily, instead of as Joe, my late husband. I want you to take loving care of our babies while I relax and enjoy the outside world, as you once did.

“If within four years time you have done as well as I have I shall give Emily back her beauty, and I shall not remarry.

“But, if you fail me in any way, I shall remarry and have enough children to keep you busy for another four years and then I shall simply discharge you, or keep you on as a wet nurse. That will be our new bargain. Are you willing to agree, darling?”

Emily removed her fingers from her bosom and folded them together as if in prayer.

“Yes, ma'am, oh, yes, ma'am!”

“Fine,” she announced leaving the room while Emily looked out of the bedroom into the nursery.

“Yes, ma'am,” she repeated truthfully looking at a cute little baby that Mrs. Summers held in her arms. Seeing the pacifier in the baby's mouth she knew that soon those pretty lips would be enfolding Emily's own tit to suckle just as eagerly on it as Emily attended to her hunger with loving care.